

April 1919

We finally got away from Newport News on Tuesday morning about nine in the morning of the 20th of March, heavily laden with coal that we could not get in New York, and by breakfast time only a low line remained of the Virginia Capes. In Newport News the stevedores were getting \$1.10 an hour, not a good place to stay in --- especially if you watched them loafing on a job they could easily bearn my salary at. (Of course I can tell myself that I would soon tire of such heavy stupid work; but outdoor work at \$280.00 per month?)

Night before last it was a bit rough. I was standing up in my berth about two G.M. wondering if it wouldnt be wise to close the portholes of the cabin when a great big warm lovely wave poured down my neck and nestled into bed with me. Every one of the cabins on our floor got the same, and Schwebbroek the steward was not quite so cheery in his "Morgan, Gentleman"!

Today it has been beautifully balmy, and two or three of the men have come out in their summer clothes---tomorrow it will be much more so. We have just had a swift sunset, darkness almost complete in half an hour. I looked out to the West this evening just before dinner and saw the young moon, the penumbra very plain, and a big planet burning unusually plain nearby. I wonder what tropical forests it was hanging over, and how long it will be before I see one.

Nver had I imagined the blue of the tropical seas as strong and as full of color as it is. It is not the opaque staring blue of the Italian lakes, it is a sea of waving blue light, the same difference there is between dead blue eyes and those that shine with living light. Looking out over it you see the tip-ups in dazzling contrast to the purplish-blue, and then like tiny aeroplanes at a distance, the tiny flying fish hurrying along over the surface, their little fins buzzing in the sunlight, silvery white against this extraordinary sea.

Am learning Portuguese from a dazzling blonde and her less blinding husband, and it is a curious sort of hog-Latin-Spanish. I make it up as I go along, and that seems to entertain them.

April 4th finds everything very tropical. Flying fish are

numerous, the color of the sea is even bluer, and the steady e eastern winds are the only things that keep it from being opp-
ressively hot. The shantung silk clothes I got were no mistake,
though they looked odd at 8 Colliston Rd.

The Dutch sailors have a neat way of fixing their wash-
ing to the line: they simply pry one of the strands away from
the others and tuck a corner of the shirt into the gap---so
when the wind blows it tightens the rope on the shirt. For this
reason no shirts are found in the Gulf Stream.

I have read McGrath's The Princess Elopes, Cooper's The
Brazilians and Their Country, Hergesheimer's Java Head, and White
Mechanisms of Character Formation. The best is the last--- and
full of more satisfactory novel- material than either of the no-
vels.

April 5. Today brought us to our first land.



The soft green mountains of Dominica, steep and covered with
waving sultry green. Then sheering away from Dominica we came
up to Martinique, lovely heaps of steep-banked foliage above a
shore fringed with palms. These were my first palms, and they
were better than I expected--- the tops a thicket of waving

tracery and ~~the~~ beneath an inviting depth of shadowed trunks where walked red-calicoed figures about their native business. A huge cloud hung over us as we passed, bringing out as fairly emerald the spots where the sun shone. All rather easy and slow going, these figures we were catching glimpses of along the gray shining shore.

As we rounded the corner of the island we had full view of Mont Pelee.

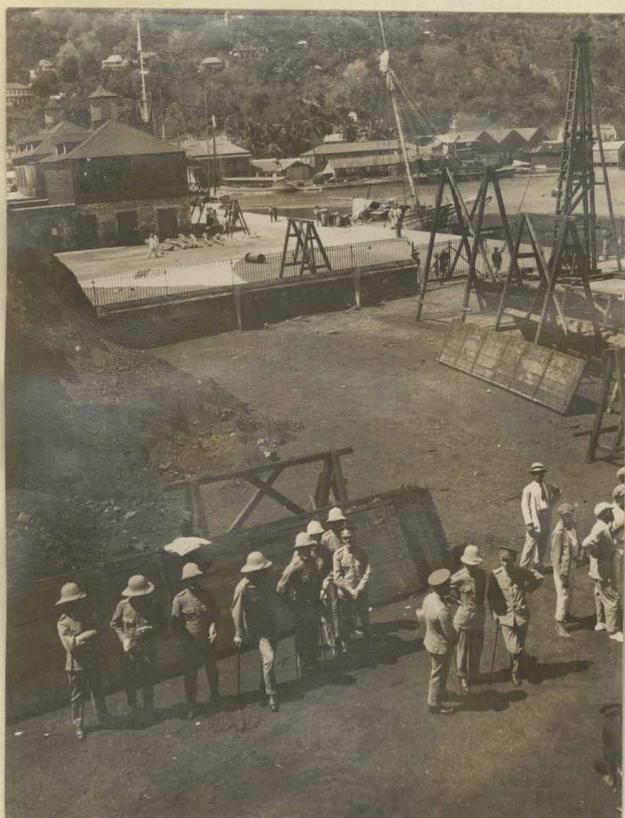


It was a parched, jagged, towering pile whose southern sides are banked with streams of the lava that reaches in a motionless gray river down to the buried houses of St. Pierre. No trees and as yet few plants of any kind have begun to grow on this side of the mountain. The visible houses are roofless, quite deserted ---an unshattered Bailleul.

April 6th. Last night we arrived at Castries, St. Lucia, after dinner, to take on coal. With an arc-light and much shouting we sidled up to a low-lying coalpier, where by an arc hung over the ship's side we saw one or two very British looking men in pith helmets and khaki duck, or in old looking civilian clothes, and a rapidly growing crowd of niggers of the genus Nigger --- and

every one of them pretty mighty excited at seeing the first regular passenger boat since before the war!

We walked down the gang-plank to talk with some of the soldiers, who we found were Canadians! They took Quinn and me up to the Maple Leaf Hotel where a great bearish looking coon ran a bar and boasted by signs on the wall of his American origin. We had some beer with the Canadians who were desperate for the sight of some strange face, for they have been down on this post with not a thing to do, not for six months as they had been



promised, but for two and a half to three years-- with a C.O. who'd have lost his rank of Lt.Col. and reverted to a Lt. if he had reported the station as not requiring the men there. Somewhat like another situation. As George Bigelow says, "Ask me who!"

When we got back from the pub we found coaling going on at a pace and in a way that was all that has been said of it. Hundreds of negro wenchies, bare-legged to the knees and trussed up in the most ragged and disintegrated clothes I have ever seen, were standing or walking with large baskets of coal upon their heads. The general flow of the crowd was from the dump towards the ship where stood at the very edge of the bunker a checker, who as each woman passed him, basket on head and hand outstretched, gave her a copper coin marked McGregor Peters-- the value of which for it is the money of this town, is about 1 cent. The baskets as I saw on the scales, weighed between 100 and 120 pounds. A contrast to the coaling at Newport News!



I have never seen such peculiar and admirably erect figures of women, such swaying loose walking, nor so abundant cause to believe that you were looking at no more than a female animal-- as sturdy and independent as the male and differing only as a matter of structure. They talk a patter of French--"Viñny see"! was come here! ---all in a flat loud piercing tone, their pink tongues rolling about ~~thair~~ between their gleaming teeth. And Lord what hard work!

This morning after a sleep troubled by the screams and thuds of the coaling process just on the other side of my closed porthole, I got up feeling rather dopey. But on looking out I saw the island that had been hidden the night before, the cleanest greenest looking sweepof hill you ever saw. Palms---yes and the finest wavy sort of them, up against the skyline. I got up into the town without much delay. At a store I got some post-cards and as I was looking about aimlessly for anything else I might need there was suddenly a great burst of screaming pain of the actual horsewhōp-- and the loud selfrighteous of the user of the whip, and the click of the rawhide in action. And behold a terrified little nigger of perhaps nine and his equally agonized small sister of twelve getting collectively horsewhipped by a big fat ~~xxxx~~ very distingue looking coon

with a white goatee. The screams of the little boy were drawing a crowd rapidly when the old fellow gave up-- only to be succeeded as a source of terror by the native police. A tall



shriveled negress in the most flowingly copious and roaringly pink calico dress I have ever seen, with a deep red bandana and a large straw hat, stood by and gave shrill approval to the punishment. Then the crowd as usual disregarded opinions, sought action elsewhere and melted away, leaving her in loud unanimity with the goatee.

Walked to the top of the hill overlooking the bay, seeing my first living bamboo--- whose beauty is not in the dry stalks we see at home. Such a smooth strong green columns, and such soft creamy green. Many chameleons on the way down the road, bright green if near the bamboo and stone grey against the wall. A warm close morning by ten o'clock. And so back to the boat, through narrow flat streets flanked by low verandahed houses, with much staring by the population.

Then came midday sleeping in that damned hot cabin of mine. Read some of the Smart Set this P.M. and happened upon Mencken's definition of a theatrical star---"a heavenly body". Saw the Southern Cross this evening -- tis not very bright but improves upon further acquaintance. Also identified the Scorpio and the Centaur, Scorpio very easily.

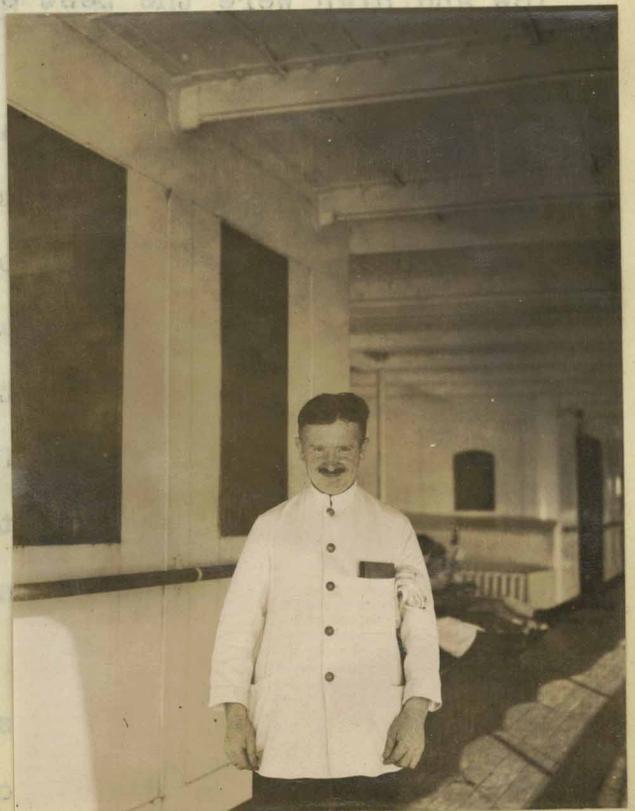
April 12th. One day differs not much from the other these days, and so it is that I can sum up a few suns into one page. After leaving ST. Lucia we turned eastward and began the accomplishment of that part of the journey which nobody realizes at home-- the big eastward swing to get around



The bay at Castries, St. Lucia.

Cape San Roque. About the only change I have noticed is that the cabin is a little hotter at night and the wind a little stronger by day---with a little more rolling by day. I have not had any ~~more~~ more baby waves coming in to sleep with me, but have rigged up a jury sail out of a pillow-case and a cane, which reaches out of the port like a hand and pulls in a most refreshing current of air onto me peacefully sleeping. Nobody is seasick, only just a bit drowsy.

Three days ago after dinner the boy went round the boat with a gong, and so as usual we all assembled in the smoking room to see what it was about. Mr. Israels, a blonde Jew from New Orleans coffee merchant, who wears his captain's two bars still on his soft shirt collar, took the floor. He explained that the guesses on the next day's run, "the pool", were to be



run thus: 20 numbers from 275 to 294 had been sold during the afternoon for \$4.00 each . We would now proceed to the auction of these numbers to the highest bidders, the seeler retaining half the price realised, and the final bids being for high and low field, i.e. any number of miles the ship might go above or below the given range of numbers. The pot was to be made from the other half of the ~~numbers~~ amounts bid, plus what was given for high and low fields. Everybody looked dully intelligent and the bidding went on slowly but surely, till about \$400.00 was up. If you bid for the number 284, and the boat ran 284 miles that next day then you'd get half the pot and numbers 274 and 294 would divide the other half. Of course



low and high were the best of all bets, but this Jew was more familiar with game than the others and nobody bid him higher than \$74.00. Now he had heard earlier in the day that the boat was not making good time.-----The boat made 261 miles Mr. Israels won the entire pot, gave away \$50.00 to the stewards-----but despite this gallant and humane action failed to protect his good name from the muttered oaths of his fellow passengers . This was the first time I have ever seen a Jew in a game of chance-- or better I might say I have not yet seen a Jew in a Game of Chance.

Last night we had a fancy dress party. It was very hot and I saw myself best as a baby, in all the heat and tumult of the evening. So I got Mrs. Best to give me a night-

gown---Mrs. Van Rensellaer had told me that nowadays the younger generation never wore anything that could even be loaned to anybody, ---so Mrs. Best gave me a garment in which size obviously struggled with girlish coyness, pretty little fake flowers over a "throat" that went well around me. Mrs. B. is (a) #148. From other sources came bib, a bottle, a pink hair-ribbon from Mrs. Fitz-Patrick. It was a coy and dangerously thin costume, but I lived a happy baby's life in ~~xx~~ it until I found it was beginning to stick to me, so I left and I had a long succession of warming the tropical tepid water while the rest of the crowd filled the bar and emptied the bottles. Roxo and Jugo were dressed as a Brazilian coon and his wife, Israel wore his Sam Browne belt in addition to his regular uniform, Lutfy was a sailor, Mrs. van Pely a pink accordion pleated gown which she says is a petticoat but which looked pretty chic for all that. Quinn the Canadian at my table, started to dress up for my nurse but found himself too convincing and irresistible as a demimonde and naturally left me to take care of myself. Brito was in the Captain's hat and his own pajamas and looked quite like a wilted officer one of these days.



Yesterday came the ceremony of crossing the equator and being initiated by Father Neptune into the company of all good mariners. This consists of getting dressed in your bathing suit and parading round the deck and ending at a large on the after deck where Father Neptune appears dressed in long flowing robes triton, etc., and after lathering your face, eyes, neck, and head, turns you while you are tightly closing both eyes to keep out the lather, head over heels into a tub of water or rather a tank of water, while the rest of the passengers yell with

pleasure.

This morning I found in my dreams my cigarette case which I lost in New York,--- I looked at it and then as I would do again I yelled "YAY"! My loud yell woke me up and I looked in my empty hand to find NO CIGARETTE CASE. Don's cigars have as is usual with his presents been much appreciated.

Three or four mornings ago I came down to the cabin to find Sweebroek the steward reading this diary intently, and when he saw me his only comment was that his name was misspelt! If he saw this evening's copy he'd have numerous complaints to make, for the stenographer is sitting in the buff exclusively, right under the electric fan and tired from too little to do.

April 14

It is a Sunday afternoon and we've been about three hours across the equator and in a blaze of the most blinding sunlight, and the sea an unbelievable sea of blue light, and the boat just rolling along carefree and swashy, the flying fish hurrying over the top of the waves.....all things warm cheery and agreeable. Madame Godoy, a beautiful Brazilian widow, is sitting in here listening to a friend of hers play the piano.

Just a week ago this time we were looking over the port side of the boat at Martinique...a glorious pile of steep hills, almost emerald green where the sun filtered through the big rain clouds of summer. All the way up those steep gorges and hills were filigree palms waving contentedly in the warm air and along the shore, barely distinguishable through the field glasses, white and red clothed figures. Then St. Pierre with its 20000 dead, more than half still buried beneath the lava, a sight that seems to have kept the settlers from coming back.

And that night we coaled. All night long the stream of nigger wenches with the coal baskets on their heads, swaying and lurching up to the ship's side, screaming and chattering, to throw their 100 pounds into the bunker and go back for more. To see the palms, the passion flowers, the bamboo, and the bright bay of Castries, where Spaniard and Englishman fought it out in the old days,---- all this color and abundance made me

keen to get on to the end of my journey.



But St. Lucia is as far from us as Europe is from you almost, and to-day a few lone birds have been earnest of nearing land, Pernambuco tomorrow.

A Baptist minister has just left me sorrowing. He came around with a book of trench poetry, and gave me the book to

read. I read half of two and all of one, and then I couldn't go on.

"A proud and fearless woman
Seeing pictures in the fire,
And a torn and mangled body
On the wire".

Quinn took them up a while and in three or four minutes I asked him (he was in the 8th of Oct. show of the Canadians) "Well how do you like them?"

"Oh they put me in the blues again", he said uneasily.

"Those are real good pomes, aren't they!" said Dr. Brown-
ing coming up to us suddenly. ~~W~~

Well I suppose they were but we could not be sure. It bores me a bit to have so many want thrills without any suffering.

April 15. We got into Pernambuco about 11 o'clock this morning. In some way I got my directions confused and as a result the place stays in my mind as if it were on the coast of Africa with all the country lying to the east instead of the





KONINKLIJKE HOLLANDSCHE LLOYD
S.S. „HOLLANDIA”

AEQUATOR, den *11^{ew} April* 19*19*

Wij, NEPTUNUS, God der Oceanen, Zeeën, Baaien, Golven en aller andere (behalve minerale) Wateren en van alle leven, hetwelk daarin scharrelt, dwarrelt, friemelt en wriemelt, enz., enz., enz.;

verklaren hiermede dat

Mr. Allan Gregg

voor de eerste maal Ons gebied heeft betreden en aan alle eischen en voorschriften heeft voldaan, waarom hij hiermede van Onzentwege het recht verkrijgt te allen tijde in Ons gebied te verwijlen. Als blijk Onzer hooge tevredenheid verleen en wij hem de gunst allen zeenymphen het hof te mogen maken en doopen Wij hem met den naam:

Shark

welken naam Wij hem gelasten waardig te dragen.

Gegeven in den ATLANTISCHEN OCEAAN,

den *11^{ew} April* 19*19*

NEPTUNUS,

GEZIEN, DE KAPITEIN:

GOD DER OCEANEN, ENZ.

M. Schuur



west. It was a low lying port with a long jetty and a few skiffs filled with bananas and oranges, an old Dutch light house and a group of clean looking white houses that looked as O. Henry says "like a hard-boiled egg on a piece of lettuce". They have an amusing scheme of unloading their people from the boat there: a large basket, a cross between a clothes basket and a sentry box was stood on its end and a few people crowded into it through the opened side. It was suddenly swept into the air by the crane and the people dangled in the air for a moment only to be suddenly dropped on to the bobbing deck of the tender. The contents were anything but happy, especially when the tender rose suddenly and struck the descending basket on the bottom.

Mrs. Croher is ~~was~~ usual roaring into everything in an engaging way and has bought a parrot from an old Indian. We have begun to get other impressions than just sight ---we had mangoes for lunch, and they certainly taste odd.

As we left the harbor a rainstorm began, the first they have had since November, and the distant water got quite purple and the nearer water got a bright blue like an Italian lake. We passed a fisherman sitting on the four poles lashed together and handling the tiny sail of his raft, very much alone in the sea, but going as far as 35 miles outside of the sight of land because he has unvarying trades to blow him back.

April 16 I think it was tonight we came into Bahia. You cant do anything in the tropics by dusk, it doesnt last long enough. After dinner we went to the city in an automobile with Mrs. Pyles, Drand Mrs Titus, Brito and Bennett, climbing up the cliff on which the city lies and gave it the onceover from an automobile, going out to the pensao which is kept by Guynemer's mother, where we met a friend of Bennetts, whose career is interesting.

His name is Mosely, a small swarthy young Englishman, with a shifty eye and a handshake like crumbling tissue-paper & In the summer of 1914 he and a friend were at Monte Carlo. His friend one night when they were in the gambling-room said, "Here put this twenty francs on the red ". He did and won 140 francs

---and some more that night . Since when he has been gambling with any money he can get his hands on. He tried to enlist, but was rejected on his stature, so hearing the reputation of Rio as a center for gambling, and ashamed to show his face at home he came to Rio. In three months he had lost nearly 150,000 dollars of his own and his family's money. If a boat came in on Friday night he would hardly sleep for the excitement of getting the draft from home. If it didnt come in time to get to the bank on Sat. he would take a launch across the bay and get a friend to cash it as a special favor---- to use up that night till he was where he was before. He got almost to starvation, went to Bahia to get away from his pals of Rio, got a job in a commercial house and had a safe made out of heavy steel with a slot in it through which he begged his employer to put a third of his savings--against himself. One night the longing got the upper hand and he got a cold chisel, opened the box and lost the salary at roulette. When we saw him Bennett said "Well old man how goes it?" Mosely put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a handful of chips and grinned a queer sort of leer.

The air was soft and loaded with smells I have never known before, the palms along the streets are all they say of them, the houses a strange ornate, formal but I suspect very cool sort, a bit like the modern French houses in Lille or along the Boulevard de Lille in Roubaix. The stores were all open in Bahia, simply without any front wall, and the proprietor stands round loafing quite like the orient. The music goes on the time of Dud da-dada da Dud da-dada da. The favorite place of light and life is a combination cigar and rum shop with tables for other forms of food.

Since Pernambuco I have shared my cabin with Antonio Caeta Ribeiro, em firma A.C. Ribeiro, Caixas 245 RECIFE. We grin inanelly at each other but I can see that I study the Portuguese pretty soon now. Antonio is much intrigued by

my stropping my razor in the morning; he doesn't do it to his
and the noise he makes shaving makes me cringe with the pain
it must give him. Though he may be beyond suffering from the
desperate fumes of the perfume he uses. Thank God he doesn't
mind fresh air.

An election here was lost recently because the
trumpcard was saved till the very last and then played with
a crash. At nine o'clock of the night before the elections
the orators sallied forth and mounting the stumps said "This
man they ask you to vote for is not worthy of your vote and
we have just discovered a fact that proves it. Why he is so
weak and soft a character that he doesn't even keep a mistress"

April 17 Now that I have become used to the palms, mangoes,
zapotos, and the bamboos, and the parrot we bought at Pernam-
buco, my wonderment has been aroused more by the natives than
by flora or fauna. Some of the haute monde do Brasil got on the
boat at Bahia. They seem to me like slightly swarthy Frenchmen
very well educated and speaking at least the three languages
and often five, very amusing company in some cases, and much
more civilised in the French meaning of the term than we of
North America. They are keen about the U.S. and are much more
favorably disposed to us than the Argentines, at least so every
one says. The country bred folk are in the business of absorb-
ing the black blood which is like taking an inkspot out of
flannel breeches by adding more water and rubbing the affair
into a larger ^{spot} ~~affair~~ than ever. The coons have none of our
jolly clattering spirit---nor have their whites much joie
de vivre either. The naval men we had down here ~~as~~ were an
excellent sort and made no end of a killing with apparently
everyone &

I gather from the numerous commercial men on board that
the trade conditions here will revert to the European advant-
age very largely, now that deliveries can be made from the o-
ther side, but that Brazil looks with great favor on the U.
S. partly to counter-act the extreme favor with which the

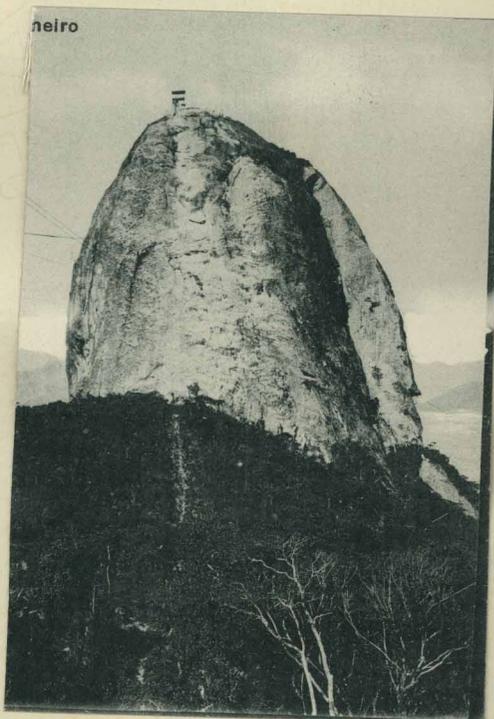
Argentines regard Europe. Everyone says that we are lending to Europe at five percent and they are come down here with it and using the friendships of before the war are able to push the Americans out, and getting 8 to 25% on the money they pay us back with great gusto. And a smile for our innocent good-will. Hell, what's the difference! I think we have a long road to go before we are good foreign traders, and besides we dont need the money so we havent even the first principles og an excuse to do anybody else out of their old means of livelihood.

We have three Japs, six Norvegians, one French, two Venezuelans, a Mexican, and the balance in Argentines Brazilians and "100% Americans". Our table is nothing but men and no two born in the same country---but that doesnt keep it from being the sort of a place that the hotel Faloria was. There is an Argentine whose only word in English is VERY CATCHY. If you wear a new necktie or carve your meat quickly or tell a rough story that pleases, you are rewarded with an approving nod and a "vairree Ketshee" from Signor De Miguel, Mr. De Mike as Quinn calls him. Brito one of the Brazilians is funny as the deuce for the gestures he uses--- I never saw a man so dependent on the hands feet legs and back to express what he wants as this "SR Nascimento". "And she iss sair!"

I saw Clarine in New York before I sailed, and her husband too. I think he would be as good as any in the Bronx to irk Mrs Hanks but Clarine told me things were much easier in that line than before, and Mrs Hanks is anxious to patch it up. Clarine looked very well and made the naive remark that when you had a baby you didnt seem to get your brains back ! She said you got sort of cow-like and contented and that Hetty had noticed the same thing too. The only thing I could think of if it must be like is being taken into the Fly Alec and so I guess You and I are barred from that sensation!

April 19

At two in the morning I woke up and saw the huge half-shadowed mountain of Cabo Frio rising out of the sea quite near us, the now scant moon giving no more light than to show gray-green rocks with blue mist floating over them, and the strange shape of the outline against an already misty starlight. Dawn was not for some time but I soon got up. And as soon as I got up on deck the northern part of the sky began to show an increasingly strange and fairy book sort of horizon, jagged mountains of blue-black running along the



coast. We were running before the dawn. The sky behind us more and more golden, the mountains more and more a china blue, the sea greener. The loneliness of being on deck was nothing, I didn't notice it till a gust from the land itself brought a lot of earthy odors that made me want company to enjoy them with. Very soon we could see a huge beak of gray granite, smooth and cold, nosing right up out of the sea at the mouth of the harbor, looked

morenlike Sugar Loaf--Pao dAssucar -- and so I knew Rio.

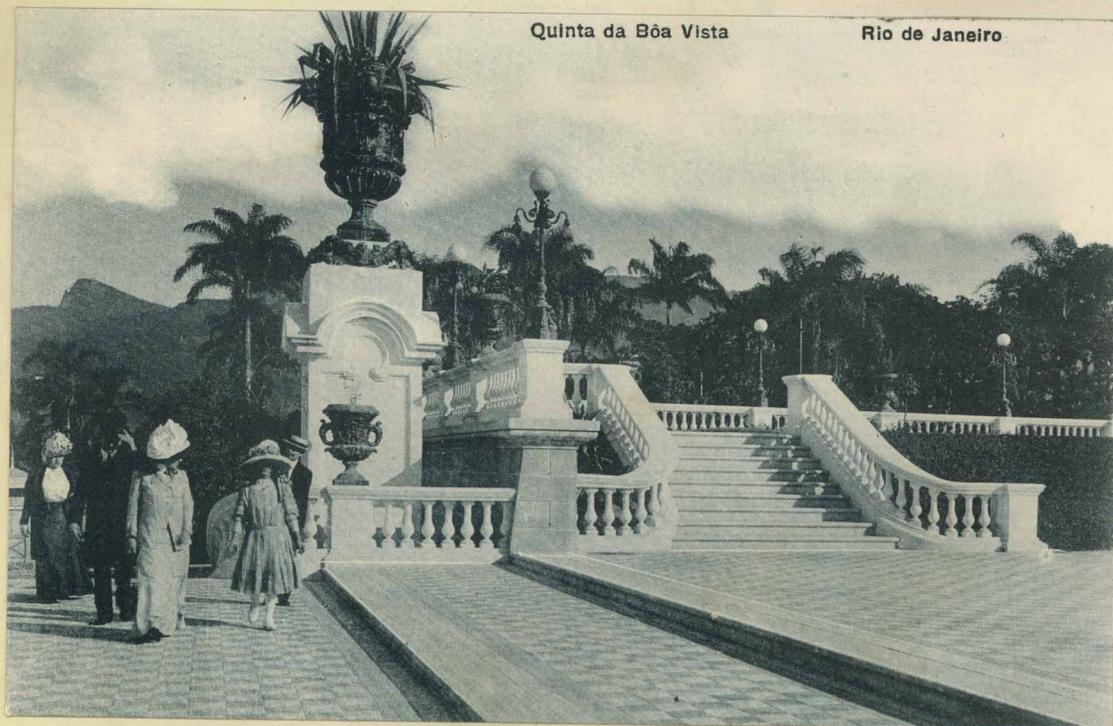
Now you will never read any exaggeration of Rio Harbor. It is a little bit like what would happen if Keene Valley were filled with clean water to the level of the top of Sunset Hill and the sides of the hills covered with palms etc., and the entrance from the Ausable lakes, no, from the Chapel Pond side. The city would lie to the south and southwest and west of the bay, a rambling enormous affair of pink, lilac, blue, buff or white plaster fingering up into but thoroughly afraid of conquering the tree-covered mountains that hover ^{over} the bay. There are identically the same big rainstain slides of granite as in the Adirondacks, but everything on a vast scale.

In the morning sun the Brazilian flag looked very much

like a young tree, so very green and so very yellow.
As we were waiting for the Customs and Port officials
Mme. Godoy's family came on board and made a good deal
of a scene. Her husband's family really, people she had
never seen before---which must be very hard&

Met Hackett at the dock and also Dr. Thomas Al-
ves, a Government official in the Public Health Service
who has been loaned to the Commission . The name Rock-
efeller is somewhat of a sesame here --- I went through
the customs with no examination. Then getting into the
bCommission's Ford we road up to the Hotel International
one of the finest sites I have ever seen.

Rio itself is rather exceptional, it has the
formality and cleanliness of Paris, the hurry and lack
of tradition of the U.S., all the warm open house sub-
tropical things I had never seen before, and something
additional which needs watching before it appears in
the literature. But there's no more question about
it's beauty than that of Nancy Graves----it simply is
the loveliest I have ever seen or I imagined



Entrada da barra do Rio de Janeiro

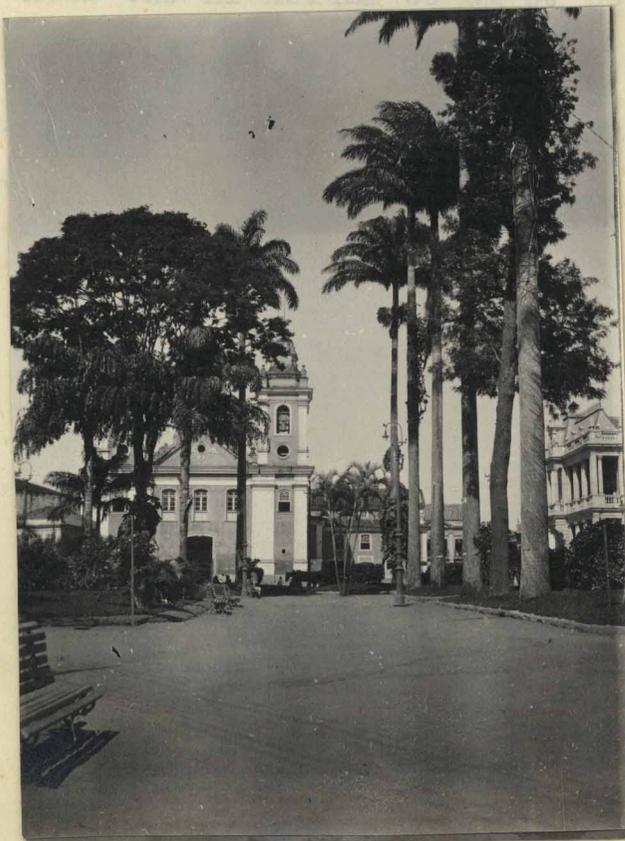


At the International I met Dr. Austin, a Philadelphia man who knew Hal Thomas and Arthur Lyon at the R. Inst. Also Dr. Pearce of Pennsylvania, who is going round on an inspection tour of all the South American countries for the Foundation. He is about as approachable as a stone wall round a cemetery, but proves rather a cheerful duck at the end of a long attack and no fool at the main chance. He used to go to Marion in the dark ages, and so knew the Sweetser's. He told me a story typical of the Brazilian method of expression,--- a grammar gave the local definition of language as "WHAT IS LANGUAGE?" "Language is divided into three forms: 1Written 2 Spoken 3 Gesticulated.

Met also Dr Hydrick who did the H* in the Camayan Islands, Trinidad and Tobago. A very nice Southerner a man with brains enough to go to England as a Rhodes scholar and not waste his time studying books instead of Englishmen and their ideas. He took me over to Nicktheroy, across the harbor on the eastern side and there at the Hacketts we had a delicious warm swim and a pleasant

dinner---waffles off an electric iron at the table and some beans much like home. I dont suppose there are many sunsets in the world more beautiful than the ones you see from Nicktheroy.

Coming back with Hydrick I saw an example of what others have noticed here,--the solemn determined way the Brazilians have a good time. They try not with the jerky, selfconscious mortified abandon of some sections of the Nordic race, but with a melancholy, distant look that the experts say hides a tremendous whirlwind of happiness. At any rate he simply stares with joy at an American who really is noisy and happy and original in his fun. Hackett says that an American can do anything down here and the Brazilians say to themselves "He is an American!" or "The Americans are a practical people, he must have a reason". This polite and cautious of three or four boys from the battleship of PUEBLO who solemnly imitated a barnyard scene in the street in Nicktheroy was no doubt made by all intelligent Brazilian!



The Church in Carrizos

April 20th. Dr. Pierce gave a luncheon today to the members of the Commission and their wives, where I met Dr. Darling and also Dr. Crowell and his wife. Darling is a tall, long-haired, open eyed man of ideas; he'd be at the head of a new religion if he were not at the head of the ranks in this new phase of medicine. He is a person who loves vistas, medical and anthropological especially- and the way he talks of the Nordic race, the Mediterraneans etc., is most fascinating, because he knows a great deal about it. Smillie thinks he knows more about mosquitoes than all but two or three other men alive and I don't doubt it. The Crowells knew Don in the Philippines and have been most kind to me. He is at the Oswaldo Cruz Institute as the Pathologist. She seems rather the worse for her time in the Islands, and looks very tired. Dr. Chagas of the Institute was there also and I got along with him fairly well in French --- it is going to be my salvation until I get some Portuguese. Chagas is going to the U.S. and if you get a chance to hear him, do so.

After dinner I went up on the hill and watched the sunset over the bay. It is the most beautiful place I have ever seen, Rio de Janeiro.

In the evening sat and talked with Pierce and Austin. The night was wonderful and you should see and smell the night here! The tobacco is GOOD.

From what Hackett says I shall go to Sao Paulo with Smillie and get familiar with various mosquitoes and worms and the simpler phases of the Portuguese tongue for a month or so, and then return to Rio with a chance to really get to work. I suspect that I will be sent to the state of Santa Catherina to do a H* survey and then perhaps to keep on there in charge of a few posts. The work here in Brazil is opening up with a most gratifying and tantalizing rapidity, for example there are eleven enormous counties that have requested surveys lately but we can't help them because we are so short of trained men. That is a month's crop of requests ---and look at the size of Brazil! I see where I get what I came for -- experience in health administration.

April 21st. After lunch with Hydrick and Alves at a delight-
queer restaurant down town we went over to Nicktheroy and
had a row over to the outside beach with an Englishman
by the name of Waugh, who has just married Dr. Hacketts secret-
ary and is living at the H's house. 'Twas pleasant seeing an
Englishman again.

At 8:30 in the evening we took the train for Campos,
a sugar town in the state of Rio, and after a
very hot and close ride arrived the next morn-
ing at 7. The R.R. was called the Leopoldina
an English affair and it burns wood ---nor is
it more prosperous in appearance than it need be.
We went to the post in town where the guardas bring in the
bring in the work for the microscopists, and then we went
then we went out to the field, where in the
heart of the sugar cane country a large blue
stucco house gives quarters to the men who
ride about from village to hamlet, giving treatment and coll-
treatment and collecting specimens. The
sign outside on two high posts driven into a five foot anthill
read COMMICAO ROCKEFELLER. The guardas are all rather super-
ior men and ride well these funny little single-footing horses.



In the post
at Campos

FRANCIS
BIBERLIN

BOTAFOGO RIO de JANEIRO BRASIL

5.





EST. 1910

RIO DE JANEIRO VISTO DO ALTO DO CORCOVADO



FRIPUS
RIO

PRAIA de BOTAFOGO RIO de JANEIRO BRASIL.



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RIO de JANEIRO

PUNTA de SAVER

Nº 107

AVENIDA NUNHEVER

April 24

Hackett and Smillie and I went out to a suburb well out of town early this morning to see a place where there has been a great deal of malaria among the laborers in a large brick-yard. Going from pool to pool scooping up shallow pans of water and spooning out the larvae to take home and hatch out, thus we spent a very hot four hours. The sea water has seeped in to a considerable extent in the pits from which the clay has been taken and forms pools of graduated salt content. We took specimens to be tested for salt %. Brick yards are entirely uncontrolled and unadvised in the matter of the drainage of their pits here, so far as I know.

As we went along the road I remarked to Hackett about the way the bullock-carts were droning and squeaking--you could hear them quite a long way off before you came upon them. He said that the oxen have to be whipped all the time unless they can have that squeak to cheer them on the way, so the driver s put charcoal in the axle, and the result is enough to convince any living creature that something goes on. The towns make them tone it down with soap within the city limits.

We got to the hotel to a very formal dinner given by the Crowells to the DR Pearce, with Mr. Morgan the U.S. Ambassador, as one of the chief guests. It took an interminable time. I had a simple creature to converse with---most of the time it was serving, for she never returned anything but a few easy ones underhand, and I got well cleared out of leads by the end of the evening. Mr. Morgan gives the impression of a porcine dilettante, the sort that wears a check suit, black pearls, and with the handkerchief in the sleeve, and a handshake like a warm oyster or a surgeons rubber glove filled with warm water. He is said to be shrewd, and commanding of respect in the later stages of acquaintance, and is a great favorite with the Brazilians.

I think it would be interesting to know what happens to our natural antipathy when we smother it for utilities sake.

April 25

Smillie left this morning for Rezende, but it didnt

seem wise for me to speed up to quite that extent, so I stayed at the hotel and didnt get up till one. Pearce and Austin led an equally lazy life !

Brazilian meals are not on our schedule at all. In the early morning they nothing but strong coffee and perhaps a little bread. At 10:30 or 11:00 they have almoco, a com-

In the case of Campos



bined breakfast and lunch, then comes jantar at 5:00 and thereafter nothing at all.

They are very fond of meats and greasy things, and beans are the only vegetable as common

as our potato. Ther is a great plenty of fruit but they do

not eat it much, and have quite a lot of rules about the eating of itn milk and oranges NO!

Fruit with breakfast ? NO! etc,

Limes are common and Pearce

says that everything we take

lemon on is better still with

lime, abacate especially, and in tea. Oranges can be bought

for 1\$000 or about 25% a hundred, and of course bananas

are cheap too. Mamaos are melon-like things (our name

for them is paw-paw) which have the flavor of Easter lil-

ies and are good. My stomach is meeting a total stranger

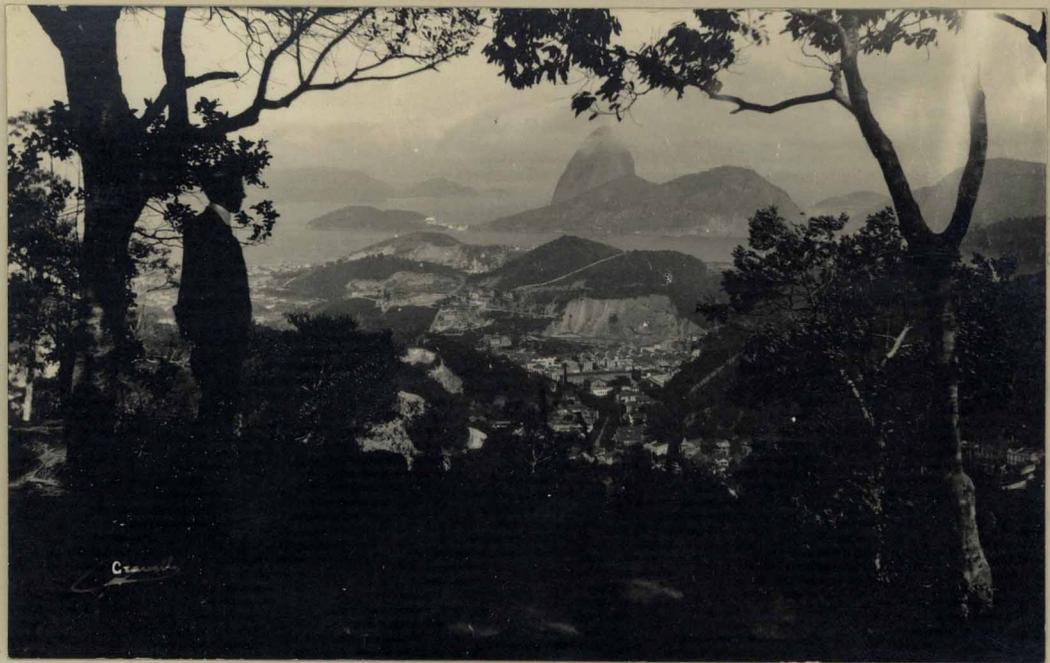
about twice a day now .

Rio is the most beautiful city now, especially at night and from Nicktheroy. They dont care what they spend in street lights, millions of them in long twinkling lines along the sea or sparkling in festoons and chainsn on the mountains. The plan is not to have a certain amount of light for a certain amount of money, but to have it look well; and it certainly succeeds.

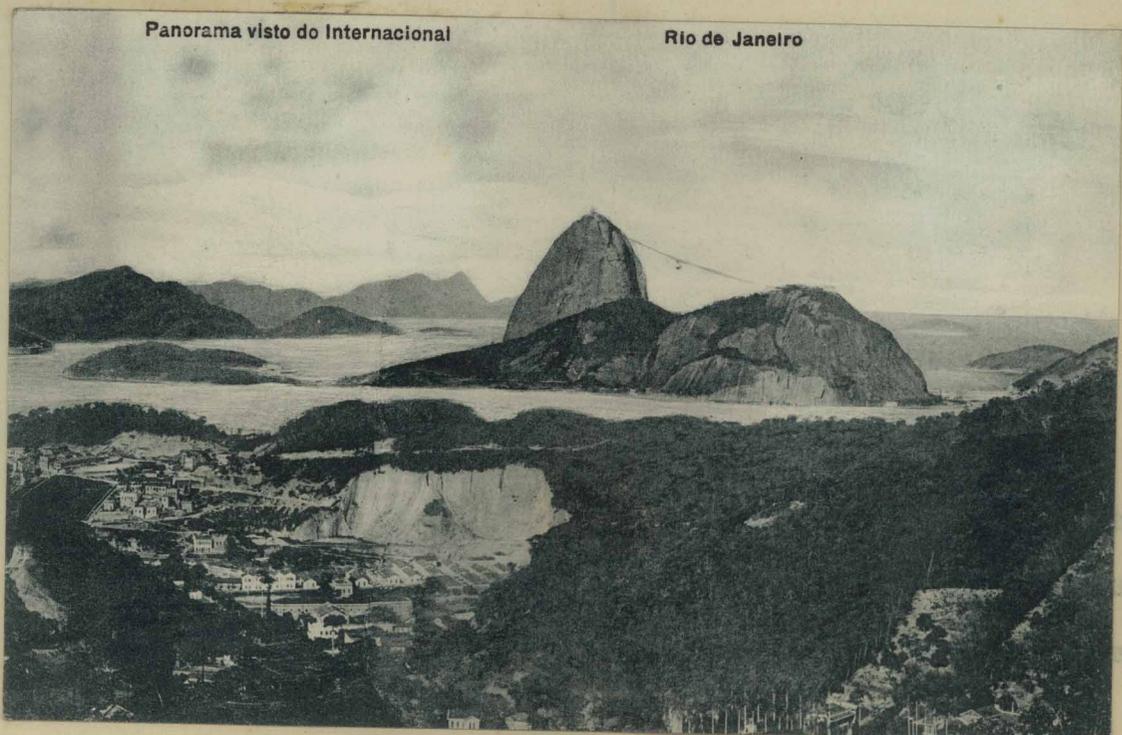
April 26th

Up before dawn to catch the train for Rezende

The ride to the station in the auto was very quiet and beautiful the chauffeur seemed to have pleasure in going that way.



This is quite unlike the normal Brazilian chauffeur, who has a very niggery idea of driving and is hair-raising to a degree in the way he cuts behind street cars etc., taking chances that would make Barney Oldfield turn in his grave. It is funny to see four policemen a block, standing in the center of the sidewalk to keep the people walking only on the right side,



while automobiles are threatening death out in the street.

Writing this on the train finds me climbing up and up these bananax and palm-covered mountains in an ordinary coach. A good roadbed and in good time. The sun is still very hot but the air is more refreshing than in Rio.

Imet Smillie in Rezende safely and we went on to Sao Paulo, a long but interesting ride into country of good elevation and perhaps more civilized than around RIO. Sunday 27th.

Things here in S.P. are extremely interesting, just as they were in Rio. The country, rich beyond computation, booming, graft-sustaining, fazendas yielding 20 to 30% a year, scant native culture, careless, raw, active, eager,----- this country is our own country of 1830 to 1850 all over again. States Rights are far stronger than Federal power.



They are keen for the Rockefeller Commissao---it is in demand far beyond its ability. What with my travelling expenses paid, with new places opening up everywhere, a moderate amount of money to work with and every kind of country in the world to be visited and work to be done in many of them, I feel satisfied I shall get valuable administrative experience plus an extraordinarily

interesting life along other paths.

Most of the food is new, the language is new but not too hard, there is going to be enough interesting medicine to keep a man busy on that alone, and there is enough contact with everybody----from the Naval Attachees wife round the circle meeting the Indian sqaw at the place where the ladies drink, gamble and keep cool.

When we were out in Campos scooping up the larvae, Smillie said "If only my clinical professors could see me now!" But after considering it we decided that they pay \$100 a week for the chance each summer and refer to it as fishing, whereas we get get paid for doing it ---and, catching no fish either we score morally by not calling it "fishing".

I expect to call it off here after about a month or two of studying hookworm, malaria and Portuguese. And in June or July I'll go to Santa Catherina to make a survey there --- nice cool country, I'm told.

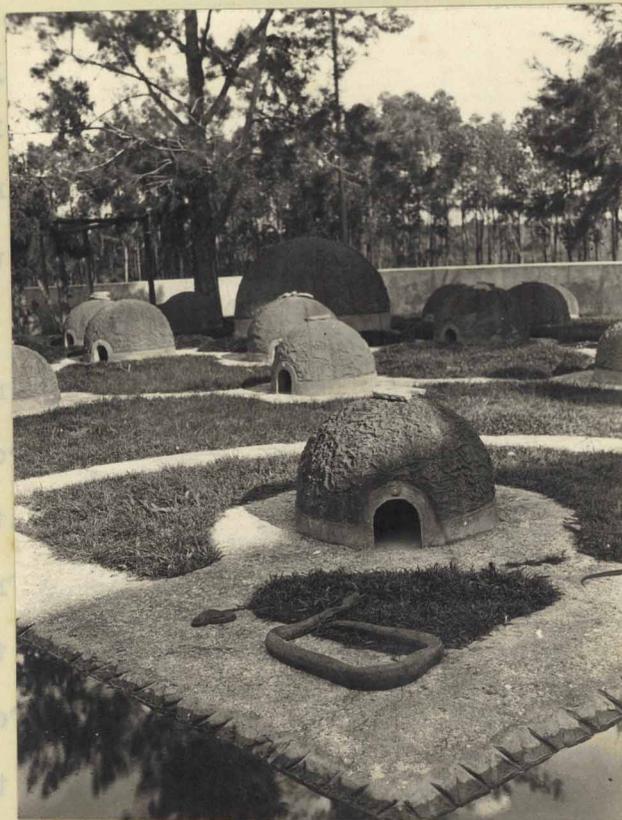
This town of Sao Paulo is a delightfully cool wellkept Californian town in a high rolling section of hills, and in all the obvious ways a good place to live in. It is not as beautiful as Rio but nothing could be very well, though it is more cool and comfortable.

Smillie bought a parroquet yesterday in Rezende and we solemnly carried the little green devil through two lines of swell Brazilian soldiers in the station last night, who were standing at attention, awaiting a pair of French Commissioners who came down with us on the train. After this impressive reception to the bird, and an extremely affectionate and excited greeting by young John Smillie, aged 4, the parroquet met tragic end by being under the advancing toe of Grandmother Anderson---- and now the only thing that stands plain is that there are lots more paroquets in Brazil and we were going to get another anyway. Good luck to you all and dont worry that these pages aren't numbered---much of Homer, we are told was carried in the heads of those who liked his stuff---and I shall do better when I settle down.

II — Mussurana (*Oxyrhopus cloelia*) matando uma jararaca (*Lachesis lanceolatus*) serpente venenosa



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May 3

Today is a holiday in Brazil, these are frequent and thoroughly observed because they do not have our custom of a single long holiday in the summer. As I said well observed, excepting the men who make a tidy penny each holiday by hiding in the office buildings and arresting the people who try to work against the law---the detective is given half the fine!

The last three days Smillie and I have been getting up at six and hurrying over to the Santa Casa de Misericordia a huge hospital run by the Catholic Sisters, to run through some clinical tests on the use of beta-naphthol as a remedy for hookworm. The patients are all uneducated Brazilians, in one of the eye wards, most of them having trachoma, and all of them well infected with H* (hookworm). It is simply a perfect little laboratory we work in, though the gift of as much as five milreis (\$1.) would be so frightfully liberal an act that you'd be put in the papers for it instanter. Where the money comes from to run the whole big place is problematical---except that the Catholic church is behind it. Were it not for the awful numbers of flies and the crowding of patients one on a high bed and one on the floor beneath him, the hospital would be quite presentable. The gardens around which the buildings lie cloistered are of course lovely. There are royal palms, fir trees that come down only to 15 feet from the ground with a little hedge of young bamboo in pots to make a cool little retreat under the fir tree complete. And a dull droning noise fills the air, pouring out of the imposing chapel that stands in the center of the garden,--- the prayers of the sick for relief from their ills. When one of our patients, Jose Boli, a pasty faced little defective with trachoma and an unquenchable grin, prayed this week it worked wonders and Jose is host no longer of 768 hungry H* worms and is fast convincing me that even if you don't prevent H* recurring in Brazil you can do an enormous lot of benefit to some pretty miserably ill men

down here.

I keep dreaming that I am going to South America, which under the circumstances is an amusing thing --my dream comes to with a rush each morning when my eyes open on the graceful palm waving by my window.

The winter suit that I brought down here has not been too hot yet, and it bids fair to grow cooler still, though an overcoat will never be a necessity.

The food here at the Instituto Paulista is simply delicious especially the meat. I am getting so that I can get my gastric claims attended to by the waiter pretty well but he is shocked more than he can help showing by the small meals I take and the ever present "Chega" with which I waive aside three courses of meat or tree kinds of jelly. The coffee here is simply delicious and the Brazilians take it the way the English take tea. There's a big difference in their sugar though; it is fine and flakey and dissolves almost immediately in any size cup. Of course the fruit is good especially some of these things I have never tasted before.

Up on my walls here already hang the pictures that adorned the walls at 355 Marlborough, the M.G.H. and General Hospital 22, or at least some of them, for I think there's a good deal to be said for hauling the Penates around with you. As soon as I get to a post and settle down (as the sea gulls say) I shall put up those famous flame colored curtains which turned up quite unexpectedly in some of the stuff I unpacked in that lovely city of RIO. It was a humorous sight to see them roll out in all their Tupper madness of color upon the well swept floor of the Internacional,--- if a few certain spoons had rattled out with them the illusion would have been complete!

Which one of the family likes the flavor of sassafrass especially? They have boxes made of the wood here and the smell is really very pleasant and not too strong. When I get to travelling though there will be a lot of things to get so I'd best wait.

May 5th.

This is supposed to be the beginning of the cold weather today. So I took advantage of the chance and walked home with my coat and waistcoat over my arm and a nice layer of silk between my flea-bitten chinos and the mild breezes of Illmo. Dr. Epitachio Pessoa's native land. (He's the nut that has just been elected president of Brazil). As I said this is the beginning of the cold weather, and so I celebrated by going out to Páheiros and collecting some anopheles and culex larvae to study this next week. Elavo the negro diener at the school of hygiene went with me and took great pride in talking Portuguese to me the entire time, while I took equal pride in understanding him, which I can do now to my great amazement by assuming that he is a French Canadian trying to talk Latin when flushed with the fumes of wine. The words bear about that relation to anything you ever heard before. Coming home I did feel the need of a more satisfactory medium of exchange, for a very inebriate elderly negress of navy's dimensions reminded me of "My Sunday at Home" and I knew fear what it was. The motormen on these bondes (street cars) stop the car any time anywhere and for anything---it reminds me of La Belle France.

Before I forget it let me call attention to the low salaries and the equally elevated morals of the the Customs Officials in this great land---if you must send me anything that can be worn or sold send it to 61 Broadway with the explicit directions on it To be sent in any shipment to Dr Hackett, and not in the mail. Things otherwise get stolen or require ages of quarreling with the authorities before they can be delivered.

Yesterday Smillie and I went to the Darlings for Sunday dinner. Dr. Darling was one of General Gorgas' chiefs in Panama from 1905 in the yellow fever days to 1913, is in the R. Commission now and is the head of the school of Hygiene which the State of Sao Paulo has begun here. For the last three years he has been in Java on H* and Malaria and in addition to these remarkable experiences is a man who

could take you out to the barn and be worth listening to on anything he happened to see first. Of course he is fascinating as an authority on Java for he is crazy about it---- sleeps in a sarong wears it all the time in his den, used to chew betel nut, which he says has everything that a cocktail has except the alcohol, and has a collection of Javan things that I've never seen equalled on any similar subject. His wife is so amusing! She is a fat cheery outspoken high tempered Southerner who is just as well defined a character as her husband and is the mother of four perfectly delightful and very outspoken and determined children. She is the boss as well as the mother and the morale of the troops is obviously good. I had an awfully good time there and shall go again. The Professor is one of the worlds authorities on mosquitoes and is the livest brain I've seen here yet.

You should see the use of the Boston garter here,-- it is but another illustration of the fact that you can do anything somewhere in this world and get by without comment. All the sporty children in the cities wear half length socks with a bright blue or purple garter man's style holding the sock in place. An old stage device as I remember it at Keith's that made all the women scream with raucous pleasure!

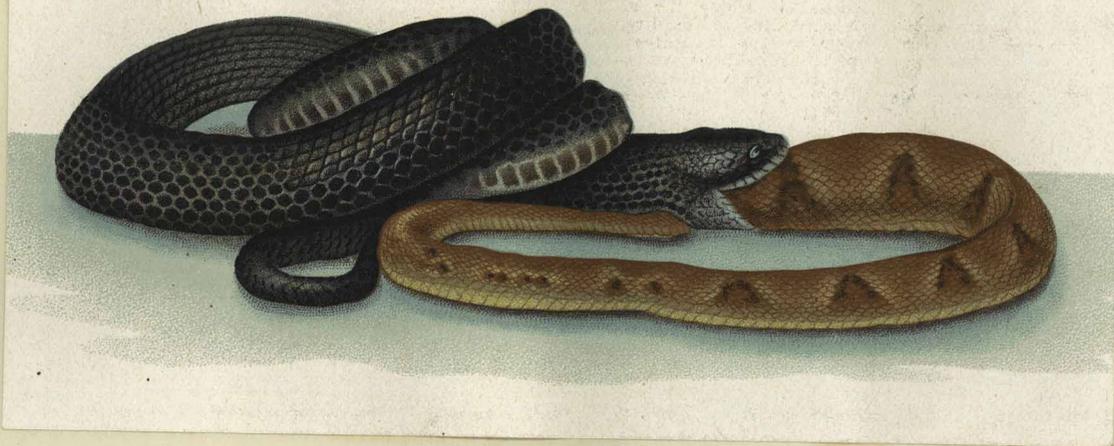
We used to think the soil in Colorado was red. Compared with the deep dye here it was the delicate pink of a shell. It is really a magnificent combination the deep red of the soil and the rich subtropical greens of all the plants.

I got Father's letter of April third on the 30th of the same month and was glad to find it as prompt as that. The opening of the ~~ite~~ letters he mentioned was quite all as it should be and if similar apparently impersonal things turn up do the same for it is no pleasure to have an ~~anasterti~~ advertisement

chase you all over the world.

There are no changes in the plan to stay here till at least June 1st and there is not a suggestion of any difficulty in acclimating myself to this type of continual sunshine. Good luck to every Griggs ---its good to remember what a tall blond looks like!

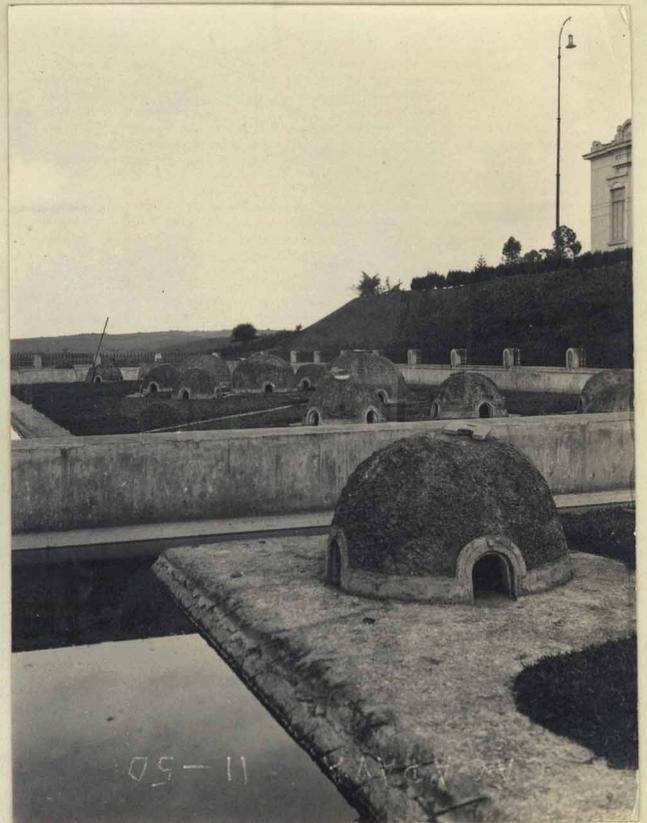
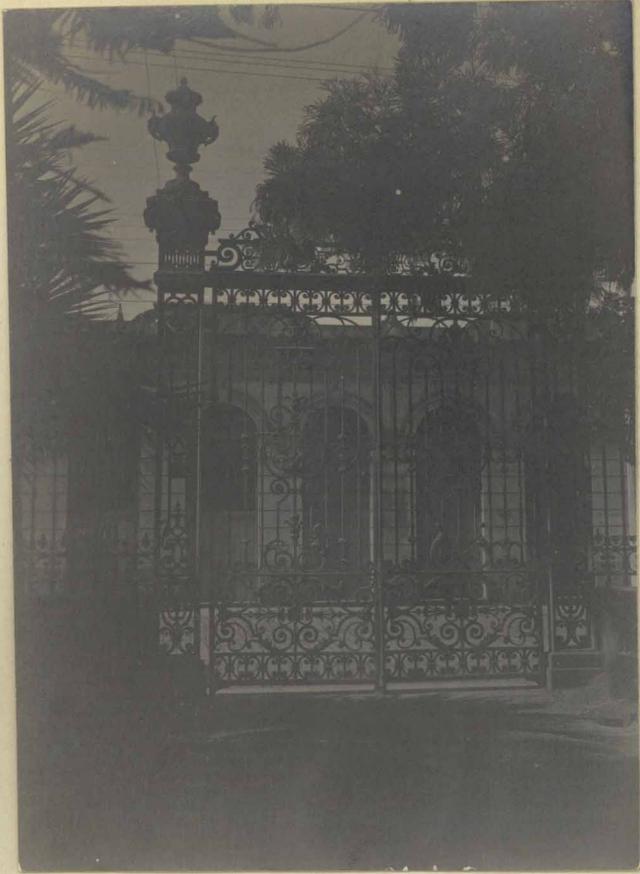
III — A Mussurana (*Oxyrhopus cloelia*) engolindo sua victima



Sao Paulo - A mussurana killing a
poisonous snake + swallowing him.



In Santos the path up the hill



May 10th Domingo

Please let me know if these typewritten offerings on the family hearth are too much influenced by the commercial school (dropping my aitches a bit) of thought, because I don't want to be so formal and typewritten to the boosum of the family.

During the past week I have been JOHN W. SARGENT to a most interesting group of mosquitoes and though you may say that the portrait of that elderly female culex is an outrageous caricature and not at all flattering ---- you must admit that the one of those two old anophelines eating together is wonderfully spirited, -- an amazing bit. I have also been Margeret E. Sanger to those mosquitoes (business of birth control among the larvae) and have been Katherine (in the Bemis sense of the word) too: so that theres little I dont know about them. Though I may sound bored by so much concentration as a matter of fact it is a great relief to be at consecutive well-ordered work again and the hours in the Laboratorio de Hygiene e Saude Publica are satisfactory.

There are some amusing things to be seen here in the way of customs and points of view. Its good technique if you and your wife belong to the liesure class, to lock her in when you go down town in the afternoon. Quite the thing for her to look out of the front window though and her counter move is to make a nice little cushion that fits the window and there she lolls all the P.M. shall we say slightly bored in expression. It is a town where all the fazienderos or big plantation owners, come to live from "the coffee" when they have become so absurdly rich that they have to have company to live it down. So they blow in, or rather out a good deal in perfume, in automoveis (guess at it), and as their women are following the U.S. movies as a standard of dress and behaviour the Society is rather dress suity and the women run to fluff and picture hats: simple -- like an orchid. On the street cars the conductor always blows a tin whistle as a warning that he soon will ring the bell, and en route the motorman anxiously looks up and down the cross

streets for possible lean-passengers or probable fat-ones, at almost any distance.

The people are odd in one way that I have mentioned before, they are so subdued and sober. They are the sort of people it is impossible to take off, because they have no tangible identity to begin with and they'd take it with seriousness and fortitude or with that wonderful explanation they give for many North American incomprehensible acts "the North Americans are a practical people -- there is a reason for that somewhere". But I notice that Hackett and Smillie are both much quieter than the men at home and they seem to have caught the spiritless spirit. The negro blood has failed to cheer up the people in any perceptible way, though it's the same negro in most other ways. In fact Smillie tells me that up in the interior you can hear them telling most of the Uncle Remus stories -- handed down from the original African source. Darling believes that they must have killed off a very large number of the active spirited stock among the Portuguese during the Inquisition, and to that lethal selection you can undoubtedly add the cumulative effect of the rule of celibacy for hundreds of years in the recruited priesthood, and the fact that of the adventurers who survived their adventures and settled here in the early days usually diluted their abilities in the colored blood around them. The effect may not come from these causes but it is just what the causes would give, I can assure you.

I am getting very fond of the Brazilian oxen the more I see of their touchingly simple attitude toward their work: if they don't hear the wheels squeaking they stop then there and for good. So the drivers -- whose mothers are usually ministers wives and have had practise with similar situations in the parish -- put charcoal in the axles, and you should hear country life in Brazil! Its ascream!

Good luck to you and my love to the missus

Y. L. B .

Alan.

A warm blue-fogged autumn day with the night's cold mist scarcely rolled back off the mountains around us----- and you write May on the letter if you are down here for the winter! I haven't been able to feel cold yet and have been here in two or three hot waves but these people are selling charcoal braziers and the ladies have begun wearing their furs when they go out walking under the bananas and palm trees. It is very attractively cool here and no mistake about that.

Your letters have been more welcome than you'd suspect without ^{you} the reminiscences of Bordeaux and the queer wave of isolation that comes over you before you can get a foothold in a new place. Mankind handles the problem of Isolation in various ways. Aeneas as I remember it made it quite objective by believing two of the gods were mixed up in his leaving home, and when things went badly he referred to wrathful Juno interms anywhere from petulance to blasphemy and when things went better he thanked his stars for what few protagonists he did have in heaven. English colonials settle it by taking out a great quantity of home with them and never thinking of returning for good; thus ending by having more lovable living in Kuala Lumpur or Cape Town than they could possibly secure at "home". Our friends the Christians who are morally so intent on the dismal business of self-isolation begin about in the late after-noon to feel how far away they are from everything and what a cool and unrelenting world of toil and struggle they are in. It is in this evensong and vespers etc. that they reassure themselves that there is some help for man's lonely lot, his throes of melancholy, his nakedness to the winds of adversity, and that (excepting in epic circumstances like 1914/ 1918) most suffering and dying is done without solace of companionship-- and alone. So they reassure themselves with calling each other's attention to the "Rock of Ages Cleft for me" (ME!!!) or to the fact that Jesus gives "the weary calm and soft repose" and with the burden of the struggle if not lightened at least rearranged they fare homeward---- feeling a bit less isolated. Still other people handle their isolation by great memory feasts and recollection parties, ending with "just wait till I get back"!, "Boy, won't that boat look good to me"! --- and others wellknown.

And still others, like the Supt. at the Good Samaritan Hospital who says she won't have another dog because she expects to be too miserable when she loses her first, refuse to feel anything lest they feel alone sometimes!

I have had the proof in the past two weeks that the Past, with all its certainties and known pleasures, its mellow satisfactions, its maudlin securities, acts as the great inertia and obstruction to the Desire and Impulse of any sort; capable of smothering by logic any and every of the stange ^{new} unreasonable sparks of wanting-to-do-something-for-its-own-sake. Of the strength of the Past -- letters from home, photographs, and My God tunes on the Victor ---- I've had proof adequate of late, but I never have had such a magnificent knowledge of freedom as breaking with it gives, nor have I ~~been~~ ever felt as the danger of perpetual security as fresh as now comes the delicate security of perpetual danger and isolation. You are one of the few people I know who I know can understand what I mean---- and you know as well as I do that sometimes the Past gets a merciless inning, that the worst of being sick is the vague homesickness that goes with it, and how disgracefully grateful you feel to the people who protect you for a second and then plant you on your feet again ----but the other you like as much as I: looking over this Brazilian ^{valley} to the palms, cedars, and bananas trees, the bright red earth, the pink and yellow stucco houses, the distant fazendas, and the blue mountains at the rim of the sky---- thats all new, beautiful, and it is reality, for I'm out in those hills in a week treating 400 Portuguese a day and trying to get ideas of how to live into them at the same time. Which is a great deal better than ~~lekk~~ looking out and thinking of "what used to be " etc etc. I am grateful to have you to write to for nobody else I know could possibly conclude that (1) I am not lying away homesickness, or (2) that I am ~~not~~ on the verge of becoming a Brazilian---- they would inevitably believe one or the other.

I wish you were knocking around with me here, roaring with pleasure, as I do (much to the surprise and delight of the sombre natives) at all the things I see, things that amuse all grades from Rabelais to Charles Lamb. 'Twould be such a delight --- for

I know you'd think of them much about the same as I and they are certainly like nothing on earth. Yesterday I heard a pleasant flutey ~~ser~~ sylvan sort of music in front of me on the street. A rough thin slouching ~~so~~ man approached with a large glass case with cakes in it balanced beautifully on his head, and in his hand he held to his mouth an absolute replica of the pipes of Pan-- reeds bound together , on which he was solemnly rather wistfully blowing---his cakes for sale---- as he walked down between the open windows of his clientele on the Rua Brigadiero Thomazo Tobias.

¶ Hydrick-- one of the Commissao Rockfellar men down here says that about 8 years ago an American Gunboat, having occasion to go up the Amazon a way, sighted a Brazilian flag flying over a fort . The Commander was feeling tactful and ordered a four gun salute to the Brazilian flag--- which was duly carried out, A single gun from the fort acknowledged the salute----- and a launch put out from the fort with a huge white flag flying and the C.O. of the fort in beautiful uniform, to say that he would have held out to the end but that he ran out of powder!

There's a wave of anti- Americanism being fostered by the Italians and the anti-government crowd here now, and its great sport to watch our opportunities to extend or retract our work as the opportunities occur. Wilson's ~~Mez~~ Mexican policy and his attitude to our foreign possessions, in the opinion of the men who have been here 40 years, is the only reason that it is possible for Americans to live openly or honestly here at all. There were some very mercenary and shady deals about to be backed up by the U.S. government had not W. been elected. Kermit was much involved! Ha!HA!

Good luck and tell me what goes on, when the spirit moves you

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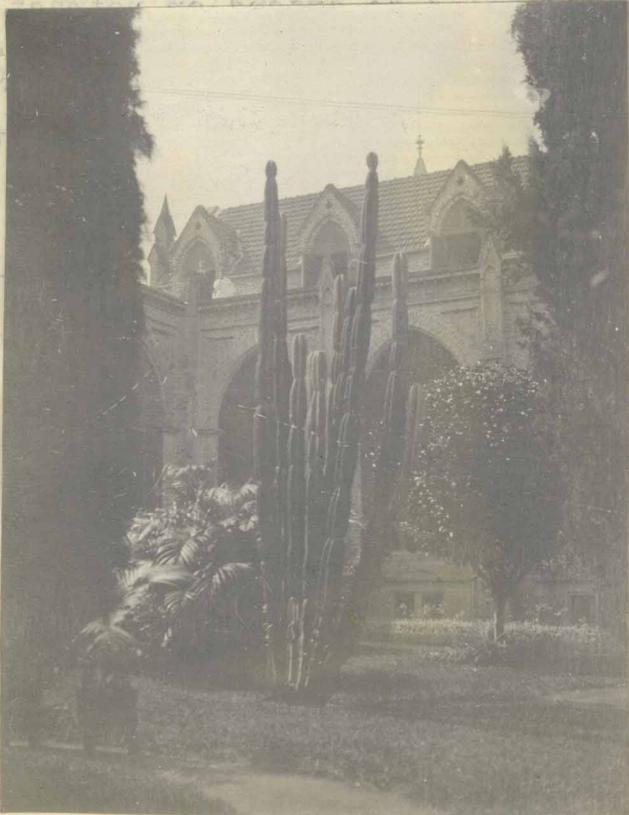
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Good luck and
spirit moves you

Does it inwardly irritate you to have it type-written? I won't again if it does but it is so convenient to have all the letters describing things down here done this way to keep the copies of for the future and the rest of the family ---well I have yet to hear from them as a matter of fact on this and other subjects.

To-night, May 19th, makes the end of my first month in Brazil, but I won't burden you with the soggy sort of review of deeds that falls due upon anniversaries, but pass on to all the things that are making this long chance I took more and more successful as time goes by. Of course the 19th of May is most famous to me as the great national holiday of that paragon among nations, the TROBANS, but the surfeit of holidays among the Brazilians has begun to eclipse the rare days given over to rejoicing among the smaller peoples.

I have been here in Sao Paulo for about three weeks picking up some of the medicine and lab. work that is going to be useful to me at work here. In having the comradeship and direction of Jack Smillie, a C.C. graduate who was in II Academy Greek with me and is assistant in the Govt. School of Hygiene here and in the Rockefeller Foundation as well, I am certainly fortunate. And it is just as comfortable to have as chief boss Lewis Hackett, who preceded me up at the Richards Camp. This week I shall go out to Atybaia or to Parana to a post up in the coffee to get broken in to the real field work. And thence to Rezende again with Smillie for a longer stay and probably some real first hand work. August (the dead of winter) will see me in my own field possibly in Santa Catherina or Marinhao where it is assumed I shall be the boss and run things to suit myself and write my own reports and have the management of three or four posts and all the microscopists and guardas(men nurses) that it takes to run them.

But as things seldom are the same as you expect and as prophecy is not anybody's forte these days, to confine my letters to what I've seen will satisfy you best. But I catch

myself wondering where you are and what goes on? So much so that I am going to send this home to the Flat and rely on your home coming about the time this gets to the U.S.

Yesterday as I was coming home to lunch a ragged slouching sort of man approached me and he was making a pleasant sylvan sort of music somehow with something at his mouth. Balanced beautifully on his head a large glass case of cakes, and in his hand sure enough Pan's Pipes--reeds bound together with a thong on which as he was solemnly rather wistfully blowing----his cakes for sale----as he walked down between the open windows of his clientele along the Rua Brigadiero Tobias. 'Tis a great place here to find new and consequently very old customs.

When you pass the cemetery here every hat in the street car is lifted. And a block further on if the girl in front of you gets off she says goodbye with her hand palm up wiggling all the fingers, to the friend she is leaving still on the car. All the carrying is done on the head ---up to pianos, where it is recognised that four heads are better than one. Of course all the stores are open to the street, and the same holds true for the many laundries, apparently the girls who iron there in their bare calves and white dresses find that looking at all the passersby makes their work drag less boringly. The butcher shops have to sell each day's meat before noon or it is taken away from them. And if you like fresh milk, as the cow might say to the ^{farmer} calf "you know what you can do" --- for the milking can be done out on the street in front of your house.

There is no libel law here at all and the art of scurrilous writing flourishes to an astonishing degree, with plenty of sheets like "Perfuso"(which means the screw) to ruin peoples names. But of course the writing is amusing and it must be a relief when you have a good mad on to be able to publish all of it!

During the past week I was the speaker at a Current Events class where with a Coldstream Guardsman I told them about this war --- ~~that~~ that they are so blissfully ignorant of down here. I didnt let them off with the journalist's ideas about the war and told them that if the Americans had not boasted so much about

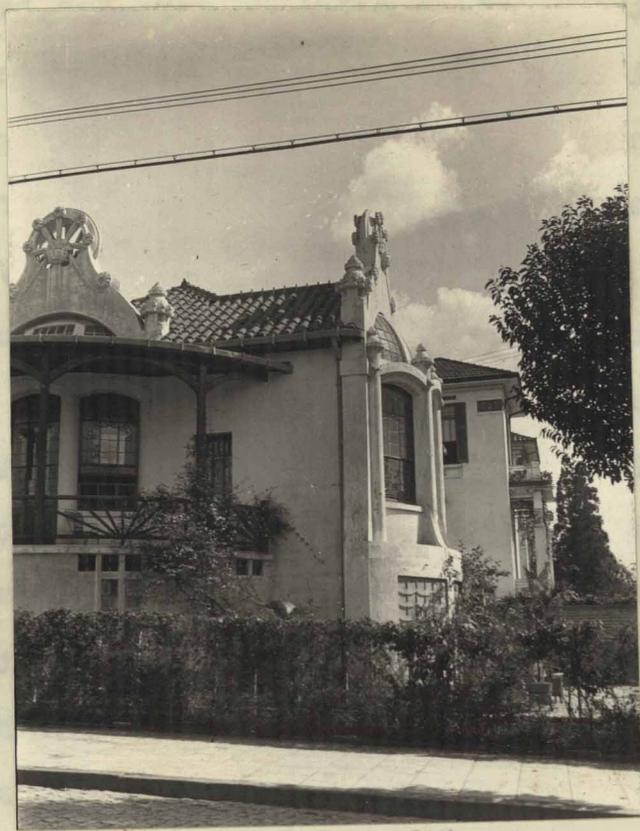
the perfection of all they did and of how they had won the War and of how well the mail was being delivered to the boys etc and of how the American soldiers were the best fed of all etc then I should not feel so inclined to criticise, but that as it is ---and then I told them some of the things I have seen among the Americans and I told them the most interesting thing to me about those facts was that I couldn't get anyone at home to believe them, and they wouldn't either. The Y.M.C.A. criticisms were brought up of course and I told them everything can happen in war and that I think that the current feeling among the troops was due more to Y. inefficiency than to sectarian resentment (a reason suggested by a woman whose brother is in the Y.!). I also think that some of the Y. difficulty was due to the fact that there were large numbers of Americans who up to the end didn't know that there was a WAR on and were acting a bit peevish because things didn't go as smoothly as they had been told about in those damned newspapers we all read and got our ideas from in the U.S.

Well to tell the truth I found homecoming a very dispiriting business because I don't think the crowd who stayed at home will ever realise what has been done for them, --- I didn't see enough folks who were worth all the dying that I saw being done for them. Too many curs.

There are perfectly lovely woods here in Brazil. Such colors and arrangements of grain as you could not dream of, and in the hands of some of these native woodworkers a marvel of their own possibilities. I shall not leave without some of their boxes and trays.

Do be a good lady and write me a bit of a letter about how you find these United States when you return. You'll find Faith's family more amusing and delightful than ever. She is the only one who making much application of the sterling principles of large families which we learned at 731 North Cascade. And as a partial result the place is in the most agreeable stir all the time. I liked it better than ever.

Good luck and cheerio--- wish I could have waited till you came back before rolling down to Rio



Brazilian Architecture



Old Iron Gate

Hearing that the Uberaba is leaving Santos on the 25th I am going to chance a letter filled with the urgent trivial requests that seem to develop so acutely when you are miles from any sort of stores or agencies for the wellbeing of man.

Sometime when you are in town can you order a pair of low shoes from Coes & Young (they have my size and style) and going next door order at Delanos a good Leghorn or Bangkok hat size 7 3/8 or 7 1/4 large. And can you telephone M. Sullivan in Cambridge on Mt. Auburn St. near Boylston and tell him to make me two suits of light white duck and two of light weight kahki drill, with waist coats, i.e. 3 piece suits. He has my measurements. And give to each the enclosed paper to be put on the package when it is sent to International Health Board 61 Broadway, New York City, to be forwarded from there. Charge them to yourself and I will see that you get a check for \$100. in time to save your using the back door as they flow in the front door bills in hand. Clothes can be gotten in about 2 to 4 months time thus and are infinitely to be preferred to the atrocious prices and doubtful workmanship here.

If Sullivan is dead or out of reach they may remember me at Macullar Parker's where I got a suit in shantung silk about Feb 23 last.

Today as I was working at the School of Hygiene I heard a wild yell or two and then the usual sequence of pistol shots and more yells and then looked out to see the whole neighborhood on the dead run toward the row, which means it was a civilian affair because in the case of its being the State Police in a row the crowd is always and wisely centrifugal. I don't know whether any one was killed but like our own early days fights are managed that way. On one of the fazendas we did some work on a well known bad man got into trouble with the owner. At eight o'clock in the evening he told his friends that he was going to shoot the owner the next time he saw him. The fazendhiero knew the man meant what he said, when he heard the threat two hours later. He knew that the gunman would enter the fazenda at about 6 the next morning and he knew the gate he would be coming by. So at 5 the owner went to the

gate with no gun showing and when the murderer came up on his pony surprised him so that he simply told him that he didnt dare murder him and that if he did to try. All the fazendiero had said the night before when told this fellow was after him was " I will see him before he works himself up to it".

My period of instruction is nearly over. It has been simply invaluable, as you would suppose for I knew nothing of H* or malaria when I came. I shall be at Rezende doing regular post work next and will write you from there. I have seen what a tremendous disease hookworm is demonstrated on the small hospital scale here. The seriously infected look like pernicious anemia with bloods as low as 20% hemoglobin, and the common rate being 40 to 50. It is interesting to be able to predict a mans wages in the coffee by taking his hemoglobin; so closely does the proportion work out. And another interesting thing is that in the Malay States the proportion between ankylostomes and necators was so definite that for each race, -- Chinese, Tamils, Europeans etc. that Darling thinks it may be of some value in unravelling the obscure points in the origins of the races there, ethnic groups widely scattered having the same "ankylostome index". He is a most stimulating and interesting man, and has a mental sweep that is quite rare and yet not at all put on.

I fthe Gregg family ^{dont} wish to have a bro. that in the immobile immortal phrase of Mrs. Forbes, "is out of touch with things in Milton" they could club together at say July 11th and give me a subscription to the Sunday Herald.

Your birthday will go by before you get this but best of luck and frequent thinkings of you.

Y.L.B.

May 21 -

Dear _____:

It is the third of June ---the dead of winter here ,the time most dreaded by the coffee growers on account of the chance of frost and when you look at the beauty of the endlessly blue sky and the temperature of South Tamworth in late May ,-- it is not a very threatening sort of winter after all.

Since the 25th of May I have been up in the interior-- that is about 12 hours in , at two places named Brodowski and Atibaia, tiny primitive frontier places where we have posts and work going on actively among the coffee and cotton fazendas. To Brodowski the night train from Sao Paulo takes 12 hours, at first on a perfect rail , later on the wildest sequence of jerks and lurches that was ever called a railroad, pulled by the usual woodburning engine. These woodburning engines are no joke, the glowing cinders frequently burn your travelling clothes in large holes, --- but at night are quite fine to see, a cross between a volcano and a pinwheel.

I went up with Dr. Hydrick and his successor here as state director Dr. Mario Pernambuco. Hydrick is a very likable and polished southerner, a Rhodes scholar, and a very good man. Dr. Mario is a wise, even-tempered little fat man, with the face a highly educated baby, and a pleasant way of deliberate contemplative action. Brazilians are much more careful about meeting their friends and employers at the station than we are, so it was no surprise to see most of the personnel of the post at the train when we arrived. We walked right up to the post and surprised the secretary still in his pajamas at 7 o'clock in the morn,--for which he promptly got a cool comment from Dr Hydrick who is one of those enviable people who doesn't lose his own balance when he wants to upset others. We found that the guardas (the men who ride out and give treatment under the doctors orders) were on strike and the mornings business rapidly turned to the interviewing of all the guardas, and running a South American strike among about twenty rather frightened but defiant men. Not knowing enough Portuguese to follow the talk I spent my time trying to decide whether they were lying or not. You would be surprised to see how much behaviour tells, how little what is said. At the end

we had fired three men. These went to the others and started a little movement to call our hand by all going. Hydrick's southern temper was just the thing for this and when he went out to them with eyes blazing and called out "Que mais ? que mais?" (who else ? who else ?") they decided they wouldnt go after all and the strike waxed very weak. The cause, in case Richard's social instincts are aroused by the apparently high handed treatment of labor, was the fact that they were all reprimanded for being late to break fast by their chefe, who owed a little money to the ring leader of the "strike".

The town of Brodowski is flat and western in the completeness of the plan and the incompleteness of the settlement. It is in high rolling hills which are covered with unending rows of coffee bushes, a rich deep green and a beautiful thing to see. You do not think of Brazil as mountains, but that is almost all I have seen thusfar and Hackett says that is nearly all there is. The ground is a very deep red, almost purple, and looks just like blood on the horses legs when you come in from a zone or area of treatment. It is an enormous country and in the interior I was just at Abraham Lincoln's time--- the early settlers are pushing out into the wilderness with muzzle-loading rifles and axes, the shanties are shared by much of the livestock, and life in many ways is dated 1835.

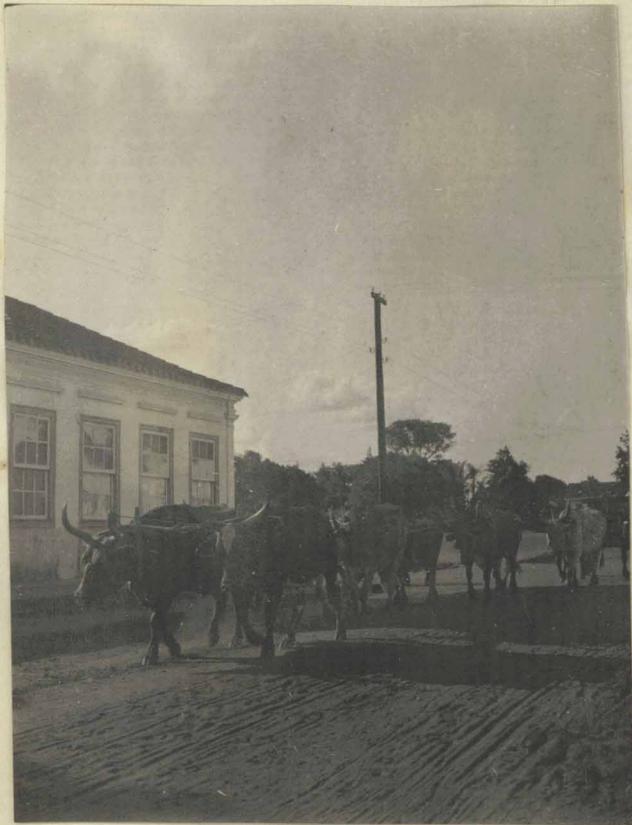
On the 29th, starting at 4 A.M., on a little single footing horse, Raoul Dini, the guarda, and I rode out to the fazenda Olhos d'Agua. Most of the way it was bright starlight with a cool morning breeze and everything on the roadside looming very large and more than ever strange, as in a fog. When we got to the fazenda madrugada was just breaking over lovely rolling hills whose outline against the red sky showed the low even planted coffee bushes as far as I could see. Our ponies wheeled sharply into a court-yard of a large low building and two large dogs charged at them



Giving our treatments on the fazenda



The Post at Brodowski



An ox cart



in a professional-watchdog sort of way, to be silenced gruffly by the fazendero who came out in the half-darkness with a candle in his hand to bid us "Bom dia"! He was a large fat short-necked man with porky eyes, a rough unkempt beard, a swarthy skin, but rather gracious manners and obviously nobody's fool. He led the way up some low and cramped stairs to a large dark room where we had some excellent coffee and bread and were eyed with giggling curiosity from the depths of the kitchen, by what later proved to be his daughter. The dawn came on quickly and soon we went out to some of the colonistas houses to give the medicina to various members of the family--- usually a very weary and uncorsetted mother, a tired and wrinkled father pale under his sunburn and an assortment of undersized tired children, on for every year since the Catholic church lent its authority. The baby always howled and spat out 1/3 of the medicine, but the guarda had become an expert and didnt lose his temper at all, but shovelled in the goo with all the zeal ef-a that comes of an incomplete training in the art of medicine. Then wandering round the fazenda till there waxeno possibilities of any poisoning from the medicine I was shown more amusing new fruits, insects, and methods of farm management than I have ever seen in so short a space of time. There were cidras, bright yellow fruit on low vines that seem a cross between a squash and an orange and make delicious doces or candied fruit. On gnarled low trees I picked and ate jaboticaba, a berry about the size of a large cherry an with the flavor of a jaboticaba--- the best that can be done by way of telling you what to expect when you taste them for yourself. They grew in an unusual way from the under side of the branches of the tree each from a tiny stiff little stem sticking straight downward. And crawling on the ground were ants of an enormous size, nearly all head and jaws, and you can pick them up safely which enrages them and they will bite whatever is placed in front of them. They can easily draw blood. And out on a tree was a very neatly built hollow globe of red mud, with a nice little entrance or doorway, the home of a bird called Jao de Barro, John of the mud, another of whose nests I saw later on

the cross bar of a telephone pole just so that the wires went in-
to his house and out of it again, as if he were central him-
self. One day a new line-manager from the U.S. found a line
that was shorted-circuited and sent a lineman out to find
out what the matter was. The man found one of the nests just
like the one I saw, promptly climbed the pole attached his
apparatus to the wire and called up the line-manager.

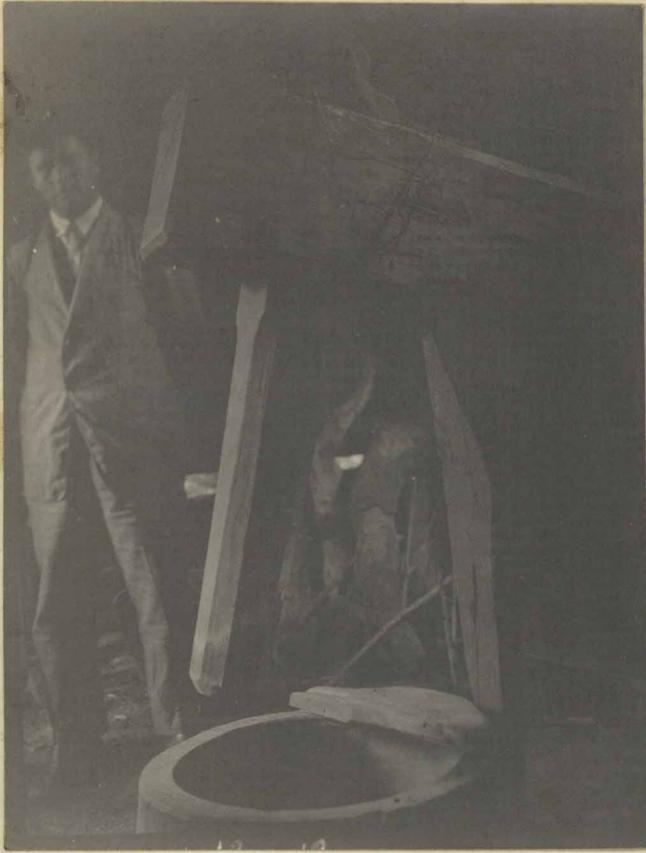
"Well, who is causing the trouble?" said the line-manager.

"Jao de Barro" said the man laconically, having seen the same
thing before.

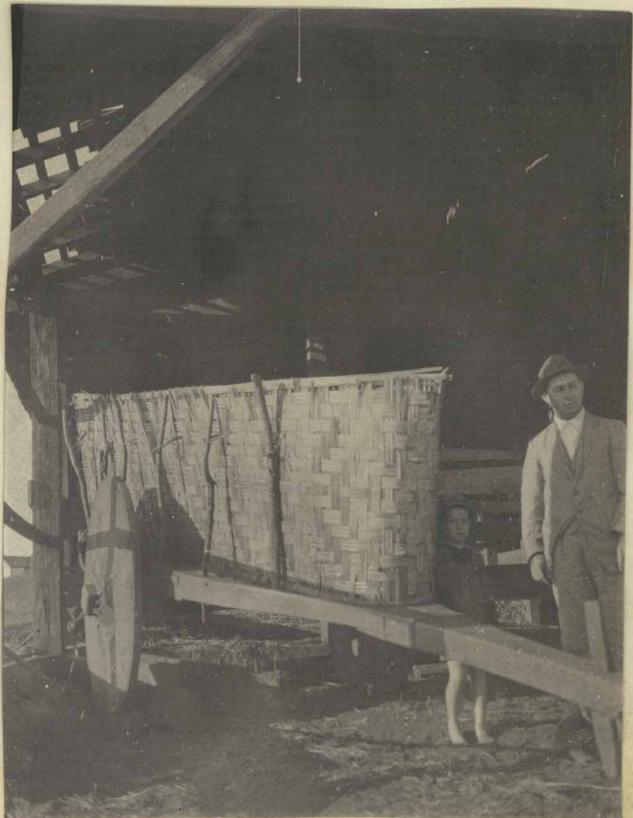
"Tell him that the Company is going to start legal proceed-
ings against him" said the manager.

They have a pleasant musical and very antiquated way of mill-
ing the grain out in the rural districts here. In a rough open-
air shed on the fazenda there was placed on a big stone base the
stump of a cedar tree about two feet high and hollowed out in the
center into a huge bowl, gleaming red grain of the wood polished
by constant use. The rest of the tree, along heavy log, was bal-
anced in the middle like a see-saw, with one end just over the
bowl and the other sticking out of the shed. Sticking down into
the bowl was a very large peg fixed at right angles into the
log, and the end sticking out of the shed was hollowed into a
huge spoon which they led a small brook from a chute or
spout. The water filled up the spoon, with a loud creak the log
teetered down, poured out the water and with a thud fell back into
position to refill--the other end with the peg thus pounding down
into the wooden bowl heavily. It made a pleasant noise, dull and
ambling like the work of oxen, and the shed was cool and moss grown
with a sort of swallow nesting and flitting in among the eaves.

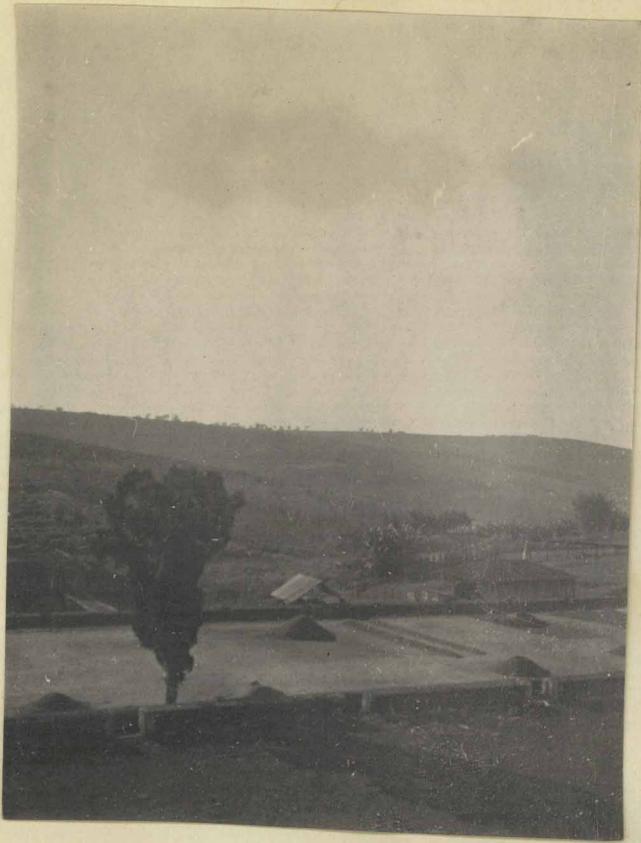
In Atibaia on the 1st of June I took a bully long trip
on horseback, 11 hours in the saddle and an endless variety of
mountain scenery and native customs I have never seen of course,
nor even imagined the possibility of. You would ride down a steep
hill to come suddenly upon a barefooted man carrying a muzzle
loading rifle and a otterskin hunting bag out after his dinner,



The Majoolo.



A cart with wicker sides for taking coffee to the Railroad.



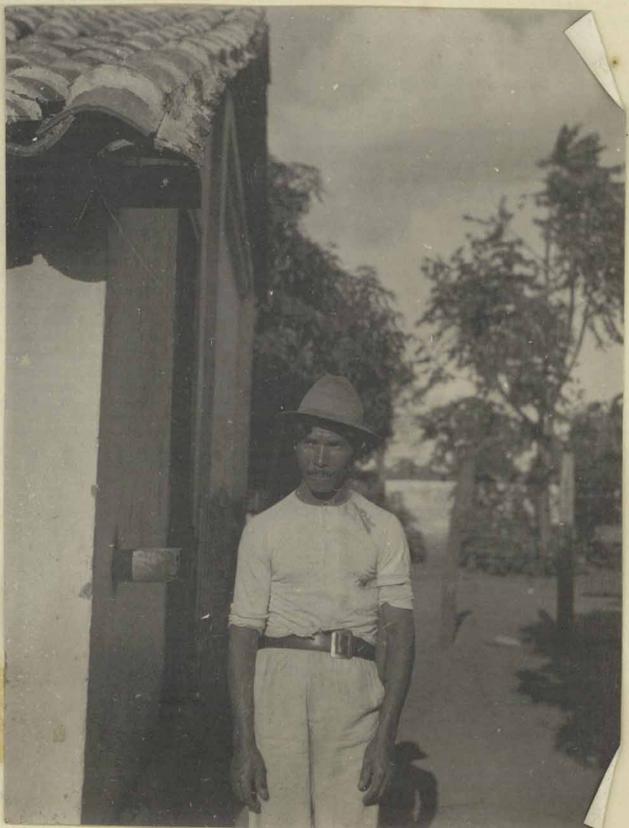
Coffee drying

The coffee is dried
in the sun all day long
and is then packed
in a bag.

The coffee is



Threshing with flails



coffee to the railroad

simply Daniel Boone all over again. Or you would be received with great ceremony and hospitality in some dirt-floor parlor to see a variety of things besides opilacao -- the native name for hookworm, of things that the local medicine man the curandiero has told the people are incurable, and they take his word as religiously as some take R.C. Cabot's in other parts of the world. I just longed for a few instruments --- it's rather fun to be taken for a miracle worker when you are sure of your results!

The doctor at Atibaia was DR. A. Pimental Salgado, whose name in Portuguese means pepper and salt, and who was rather amusing company and a source of some new information about Brazil. He has blue eyes --an English grandfather --- which is a distinct relief nowadays a more welcome and safer sign of reliability than it was at home. That sounds ridiculous probably but blue eyes mean less of the tar-brush, and as a rule you know that means something. He told me a gesture which was new --- if you snap your fingers against your neck it means " dont ask me to talk about such a thing !" and another, if you put the thumb of the right hand in the palm of the left and turn it , it means "that man is a thief --- he's cheating you". He tells me he made ~~xxxx~~ \$3000. in the grippe epidemic here last spring in about 6 weeks and just barely out of school at that.

On the 6th I go to Rezende for some field work there. It is about three hours out of Rio and in perfectly lovely country. Thank the Lord I got my sense of direction back while I was at Atibaia, it was so hard to think of the sun coming from the north! And at first down here I was lost beyond hope because I couldn't keep my directions straight.

Am getting very much interested in zoology with so many new things to see down here. It is still time Dr. Darling says to name a new species after yourself! He has refused a mosquito and two ticks--- I would be proud of anything. There are entirely strange diseases here that do not appear in our English textbooks, just freshly described and discovered.

I notice the absence of much to admire or be fond of

but that is not uncommon in living in foreign countries and letters remind me that there are such things. It will be odd to have the same isolation from the rest of people as regards Brazil when I get back that I had about European War when I was at home. It will be fun meeting people from----Brazil!! They will be live birds in many cases--you should see how the crossing of the equator enlarges the realms of topics acceptable in political conversation! A dinner party is something else again in Moscow, to what it was in Boston!

If any of the offspring have stamp collections I am looking for a position as foreign agent for @ Brazil and will be pleased to serve.

I do not believe that Farwell is regretting his trip at all, and though I never thought him one to frivel overmuch I'll bet he is pretty serious minded when he comes back. Take him round a bit as soon as can be-- it is hard and tiring work to try and bear the burdens of the world at this particular stage of the game. I should be so interested to talk with him when he comes back. I shall be interested to know what his impressions of England are.

I hope that the biological details of your family are beginning to take less and less of your time, the brushing of teeth, the wiping of noses, the cutting of teeth and God knows what more. Make them take care of themselves for a bit and put in a prayerful half hour each day thinking of what you'd most like to do and doing it. Just because you have had a large and happy family, nor lost a husband to death or to indifference like many other women, nor lost a son in the war, these are no good reasons for not being as happy as can be now that the family is fair into college. You'll make better hay in this bit of sunshine if body is given over to spirits and diapers your scrutiny is given to theatre programs instead of the eternal diaper. Without more advice from a brother as old as Jim was when your second was born (figurative way of saying young but not so awfully young) you can continue your wellknown domestic triumphs unaided ---but do write me some

It is Sunday and we have just finished the morning meal called almoco, at 11:30 and Smillei and I are sitting in the bed room waiting for the spirit to come over us to make out a list of all the people we have treated since 6 this morning both in the Santa Casa de Misericordia and elsewhere. We are no longer in the state of Sao Paulo but down near Rio in a town by the name of Rezende, situated much like Colorado Springs, with splendid high mountains to the west of us and with the same beautiful weather to bless us all day long.

We came on the 6th and today is the 8th ; yesterday went into a long day of wandering up and down the village street looking for special cases to treat today---an attempt to test the routine treatment for its efficiency in getting rid of H* infection and to try out the value of some more fresh chenopodium. I begin to see signs of people here being keen about the work in the receptions given youx in the native huts, and in the voluntary requests for treatment from the people who have seen what it has done for their friends. The number of negroes here is much above what it is down in Sao Paulo, and the houses are even more sketchy than ever.

Part of our work is in the local Santa Casa, a combination of poor house and hospital. It is large and airy but none too clean and floating about there is that same old acrid smell of the poor and unkempt, that makes me thankful at least that it is not Russia with any excuse for closing the windows ! There is a girl who propels herself about the floor onx her hands, legs long since paralysed, who sifts the corn and leers at the strangers or beats the wandering chickens cats and dogs who are far more real to her than touz us. There is an old man who wanders about telling us that if he had had any sense he would have taken kerosene years ago for it brings the air in his body just as it takes the air into a lamp--and he then produces a bottle of it from his dirty pocket and drinks plenty of it for a demonstration. " I used to like Jac Periera da Silva once" he murmurs frequently "but thanks

e to God I dont likr him any more". And all the other inanities of a Portugues or rather a Brazilian poor house, and its ruel stupidities.

Outside two Royal Palms reach up their flawless shafts seventy or eighty feet with a thick rich collar of green at the top from which sway the innumerable stately leaves--- one of the most wonderfully satisfactory trees I have ever seen. And to the west down a picturesque street of blue, white yellow or bronzed houses stands an old church against the deep blue of these strange irregular mountains. Long teams of oxen lazily drone down the street, the whells creaking exactly as the bookcase in Fathers study used to, louder and never ending while the catr still turns its solid wooden wheels.

Last night the village drunk, Gabriel, came round to see us, 70 years old, but happy with pinga (the native whiskey) and insisting on long conversations with himself or any one else, only too delighted to sing and dance for us in the moonlit garden the songs of the early days when he was a slave and a man he knew who tried to kill his former master. He is a perfect natural clown, and I can see him still dancing extravagantly and to a chorus of handclapping a song to a flea

Estava na cosinha
Fazendo o meu jantar
O diabo da pulga

Mordeu meu calcanhar.

Olhe como pula,
Como transita,
Como e travessa
Esta maldita.

Pulga te juro,
Dou testemunha
Pego-te no dedo,
Estalo-te na unha.

Sacudo a cobertura, Torno a sacudir,
O diabo da pulga
Nao me deixa dormir.

Father's polyglot tendencies will probably suffice to unravel all this, which was sung in a very thick gutteral way that I could only recognize parts of.

A letter from Hackett tonight confirms my impression which I wrote to you that I would go south to do a survey there.

He says "We have two pieces of work to be done this year since the budgets expire on December 31st. These are the surveys of Santa Catherina and Parana. Since the work in Santa Catherina is to be followed by the immediate installation of an intensive post, it would be well to do Parana first. The trained personal from the Parana survey can then be taken to Santa Catherina, and later used as the nucleus of an intensive post. You will want to begin this work in July."

Which when translated into terms of one U.S. syllable means that I am going into the coolest part of Brazil among more white people than anywhere else to do the work of finding out the extent of infection in a state and later going to do the same thing in even a cooler and more southern part of Brazil this later time among the great German section!

Look up your map and find me ---for I'll be there by the time this gets to you.

That was rather extraordinary news about Gerald Seldom-ridge that you wrote me. Gene Prston had taken the element of surprise out of it by what he had said to me the year I was out in the Springs but I cant say it is any less impressive. As you say 1934 ought to be a great celebration and I think you can count on my being at the table with a few remarks about how well I like the U.S. food and what it all means to have a large family of siblings and a supernormal Mother and Father of the ANGLO-SAXON race! In these things I am content.

All the afternoon we have spent at the Santa Casa, wathing a girl with severe symptoms of poisoning after her dosage this morning, and poor old Smillie whose wife died here in Brazil last fall in childbirth, has all the scene recalled to him every time he comes near to death. I dont suppose that I will ever have to see so much as at Remy--- and surely I hope not. She is much better this evening poor thing. When we left the hospital the crawling girl and the old old man were sitting out together on the stone porch in the twilight quiet in the quietness that cannot if it would---simply without help.

Good night to you both



Out of the Cosinha window Itatiaia.

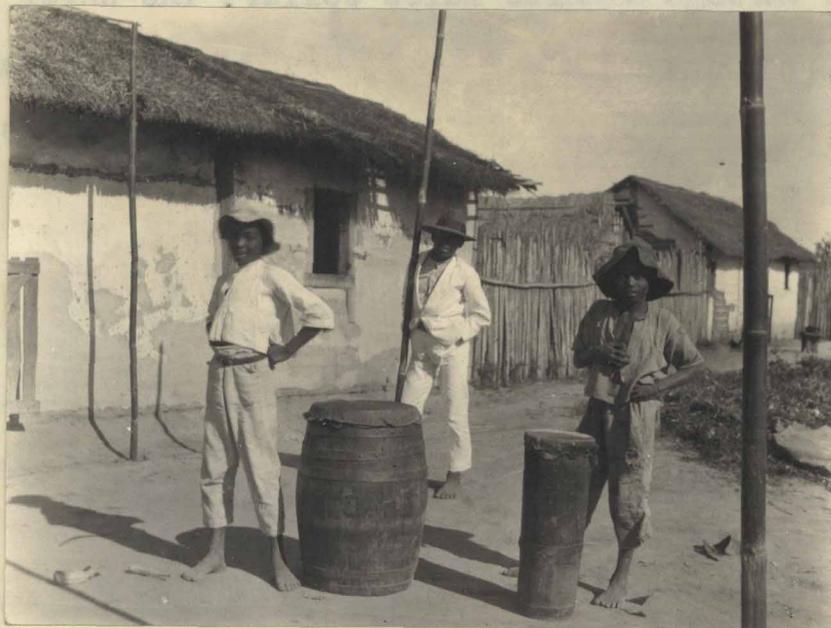
Coming over from the mangero tonight I passed two enormous palms, splendid, smooth-shafted, Royal Palms, eighty feet high, quiet and motionless in the soft brilliant moonlight, against the strange irregular outline of Itatiaia, cloud ridden and high ^{above} against the white huts. It is a village by day of bullock carts squeaking down from the hills, bringing rice, beans, and other coarse farm produce to exchange them for salt and such implements as they may be intelligent ^{enough} to want. But for all the beauty and novelty I do not forget that part of the world where hushed, stark, two-storied farm-houses stand, not low white-walled casas humming with the chords of guitars, nor where flutters white birches in the moonlight and not tall ~~white~~ shining-leaved palms. With moonlight on its slow swaying leaves--- well you say it's unforgetably beautiful, but the chief trouble is that such beauty is forgettable, it surpasses memory and all that stays is the remembrance of being overwhelmed.

June 1st finds Smillie and me up on a huge fazenda at Itatiaia the highest mountain in Brazil, busy treating the natives here on some especially controlled work to determine the effectiveness of the previous treatment they had. It is very satisfactory to see that the hemoglobin of those who have had the treatment before is notably higher than it was when they were first treated, and to see the willingness of the people to take the treatment.

Smillie is a very good sort, with the saving virtue of insatiable curiosity on a wide range of subjects and consequently now well informed on many things here in Brazil. He has been doing the same sort of work in the U.S. before coming down here and has had several amusing experiences down in N. Carolina. When a diagnosis was in doubt yesterday he remarked that if we were in N. Carolina it would be easier because with children there can be only two things the matter: "Hives" and "thrash". There can be the bold hives, the inward hives, or the plain hives. The bold hives is always fatal. Inward hives are where no rash appears. Thrash is any disease of the throat or mouth and includes what we call diphtheria, tonsillitis, thrush, bronchitis and peritonsillar abscess. The treatment for thrash is to pass the child backward through a white mule's collar. The chief cause of death is perishing to death and when pushed for an elucidation of the term the county clerk explained that "it happens that way". I call these things to mind when tempted to think that things are a bit backward in Brazil!

You'd have been a perfect companion at a party I saw night before last. It was a negro dance, ^{called the jongo and I think} straight from Africa, held ^{full} on the new moon, in the full moonlight and around a fire under a crude thatch of banana leaves, to the rhythm of two "tambours" or raw-hide drums beaten with the heel of the hand. When I saw an excited buck in the store about eight in the evening buying ten bottles of rum and taking them away in a huge demi-john it was clear there was a party to come. These dances are always on church holidays and are preceded by much prayer, so that Smillie and I waited till ten o'clock before we heard the thud of the tambour. Wandering down toward the negro quarters we came upon a mule train camping by the road, the animals just unloaded were rolling in the road while the men cooked coffee and warm-

ed up some beans for the evening meal, around a fire in the dust of many a former mule train. The men told us that the pretos (Portuguese for blacks) would take a bit more time with their prayers, but that soon the "jongo" would begin. In the bright moonlight I drifted down to the little chapel, which looks for all the world like a parched whitened bone on the treeless field, and listened to the end of the service. It was wild wailing and intoning, with the left hand holding the forehead while the right ^{covered} held the chin. A dog, suffering terribly from the fleas wandered in and out among the worshippers -- while they screamed requests to Sao Antonio. Suspecting by merely Congregational intuition that services were nearly over I drifted back to the fire where Smillie was still talking to the men of the mule train. We could hear the queer resonant thud of the tambours, getting higher and higher pitched as they were dried by the fire, and soon church was out and we saw the white figures of the negroes dresses drifting across the fields. We followed and came to a hut with a small cleared dirt yard in front of it and a roof of



Two of
the drums

of the yard
banana leaves covering one part near the house. Nothing can quite describe the noise that two men were making on the tambours--- a most intricate, evasive rhythm from a most primitive drum. A combination of resonant thud and shallow rattle, the contrast will carry a league on a quiet night. A tall very black buck stood swaying and

crouching by the fire-light, in his right hand a tincan with seeds in it, which he struck against his left hand in rhythm with the drummers. He was singing a loud dance song also in perfect time, and as a chorus to this the negro women standing at the edge of the floor wailed a series of yah-ai ah. Other negroes not singing took turns rushing into the center of the ^{open space} ~~area~~, and choosing a woman from the chorus danced around her with wild leaps and snapping of the legs and general muscular taut extravagance, while she unconcernedly spun slowly ever to face her partner at two poles of an ebleng oval through which they danced. This to nothing but rhythm and wild songs from ten till six the next morning. I woke at four by chance and still could hear the strange beating of the tambours far away and an occasional welling up of the song into the night. Later I learned that the big coon sang an "enigma" or conundrum and if the chorus couldn't answer back ~~the~~ correctly he sang the same question all night at them and in the morning he would have to give the answer they should have guessed.

I spoke of the mule train. You'd have liked to see them coming down the valley road, first a distant tinkling cloud of dust in the moonlight, then a beautiful slow ringing ^h cimes of four notes, and soon the lead mule ~~kit~~ quite proudly ahead of all the others and his owners, his collar hung with bells which rang clear and true, as he passed, to point the way to the heavy-laden drooping followers that scuffled along behind him, with their barefooted darkskinned owners and a stray cur exhaustedly heeling the whole procession *out of sight again into a dusty moonlight.*

They have an amusing phrase for board and lodging when it is included in a man's pay. He is payed "nilho" or wet, whereas if living is not included he is payed "secca," dry.

I wonder what happened to the search for my good old cigarette case. I havent heard of it at all,

ich I can bear with fortitude, but if it was found by
osh I will be angry at the Brazilians if it has disappeared
in their mail or their customs. If you are holding it till
hearing from me, send it to me marked as a package to be sent
down to Dr. Hackett and send it to the International Health
Board at 61 Broadway. I am certainly attached to the thing
for it recalls many queer and some very hectic as well as
happy times ---besides being of adequate size and shape.

The fleas are something shocking here and I am
deflecting the course of miserable contemplation by consid-
ering the whole persecution in the coal though somewhat
pruritic light of anaphylaxis. I can take the top of of a welt
with more good cheer and as much zeal when I remember that
each bite reduces my sensitiveness to the toxin of the
flea.

I shall soon have finished a description of one
of the posts, the one at Brodowski, of which there will be
a carbon copy to show you a bit more satisfactorily what a
sort of work it is here.

Do not let anybody worry about the fact there has
been yellow fever in Rio. We shall not have anything to do
with it and there is no evidence or liklihood of its spread.

Good luck and lots of it from

Y.L.B.



Part of a pack train, loaded c coffee

Itatiaia, June 14

IX I'm out on the fazenda Itatiaia, at the foot of the highest mountain in Brazil, with a deep blue panorama about us, a wild and simple sort of patriarchal community, treating the workers tabalhadore, for their hookworm infection and learning this extraordinary language--Portuguese. "Language" begins my grammar didactically, "may be spoken, written or gesticulated". The last is the most novel and engaging sport, a gesture here is usually a brisk summary of a set of ideas too complicated or unsatisfactory to explain, and they have such amusing ones.

Snapping the fingers during any statement means that the speaker is incapable of finding strong enough words at the moment to express his ideas. Rapping the collar with the back of the index finger means "Don't ask me to explain such a fierce thing to you!" Spinning the hand with the thumb down as a pivot means or rather is a warning of against being robbed: it once meant 'a corporal and ~~three~~ four soldiers' and hence a robbery on the horizon! The language itself is not hard to be poor at, but very much too rich in synonyms and subjunctives to be spoken easily and well at the same time.

I wonder if the Freudian dope is still taking much of your time: 'twas awfully interesting to find a person perfectly intelligent, knowing the jargon and more cheery than morbid as a result. Most people who "study" it get in a sort of dementia-precox state so far as company goes and are sort of aloof and intangible as the result of a little learning. But the ~~point~~ point of view means such an engagingly openhearted and cheery way of going at trouble that I can't quite understand their gloom. And thank God you hadnt that abstract and superior air of the psychologue ordinaire --- that is boring to an amazing degree and so futile.

Down here I have waves of considerable loneliness, with much interest and satisfaction in between. If ever I went into psychiatry etc. this would be forever an interesting contrast to remember---- for where psychiatry devotes much time to patching up a man to be adequate to his environment and demands, pub-

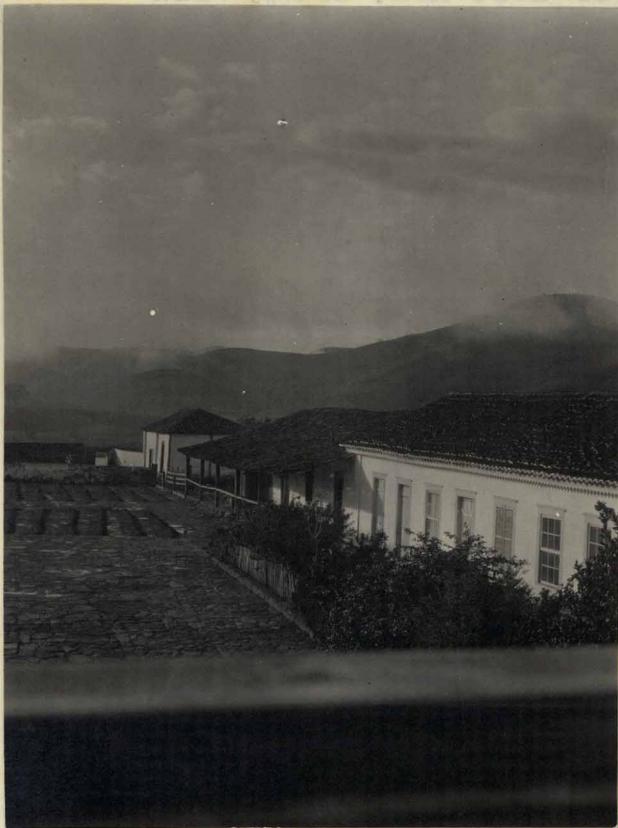
lic health attempts so to modify his environment that no break can take place. i do not know much about either of them yet--- but at the rate of the past two weeks I'll soon know more about P.H. than psychiatry.

A nice old nigger, Jovita, (little Jove) has just come in and given me a cup of delicious coffee; with the nicest manners you could imagine. Life is rather beautiful here for all its crudities and inconveniences, and with work that sees me out of bed at from four to six in the morning I am not worrying puritanically about my soul's being able to arise ,stretch every nerve etc. Ready rising and psychic integrity are somehow related, don't you think so? Abrupt full consciousness seems to cut short a large amount of furtive half memories and moods that cramp a days work or play continually. Nao e ? I have had rare experiences with ready rising, I may proudly add.

In the Smart Set the stuff by Nathan and Mencken at the end of the number is worth everything you pay in buying a copy except the agony of the jejune aphorisms about Love, that are scattered through it like brilliants in a haircomb. I liked Nathan's definition of a Broadway star---" usually a heavenly body".

I wonder where you are this summer---but it is pleasant to reflect that you're not one of those for whom the question of "what are you going to do this winter"? has any terrors or desperate importance. I would invite you to Brazil on any acceptable outrageous pretext, and write railroad passes for you even when you chose to visitar, provided you refused to learn to speak any Portuguese to me and provided you wore some shade of blue that I might never be under even the fleeting impression of a fear that I was looking at another browneyed creature! In case you can imagine anything more delightful and refreshing than wandering in a lovely country (expenses free*)X among a kindly

simple pastoral people, raising their hemoglobins, wages and what is more their spirits--- with fleas and the distance from New York as the only drawbacks --- come on ! In case you can imagine a glorified California, where no one is ever criticised or restrained, because it is well known that Americans live very strange but very happy lives (they adore our movies), and in case you can think of our Brazil as just as healthy a place as Baltimore, and a wonderful hop into the middle of next summer--- in case all these things suddenly surprise you all at once and you begin secretly to look up the sailings to Rio during say the month of November, please write in time and tell me what you are going to do next winter !



Coffee drying (at sunrise and not yet spread out)

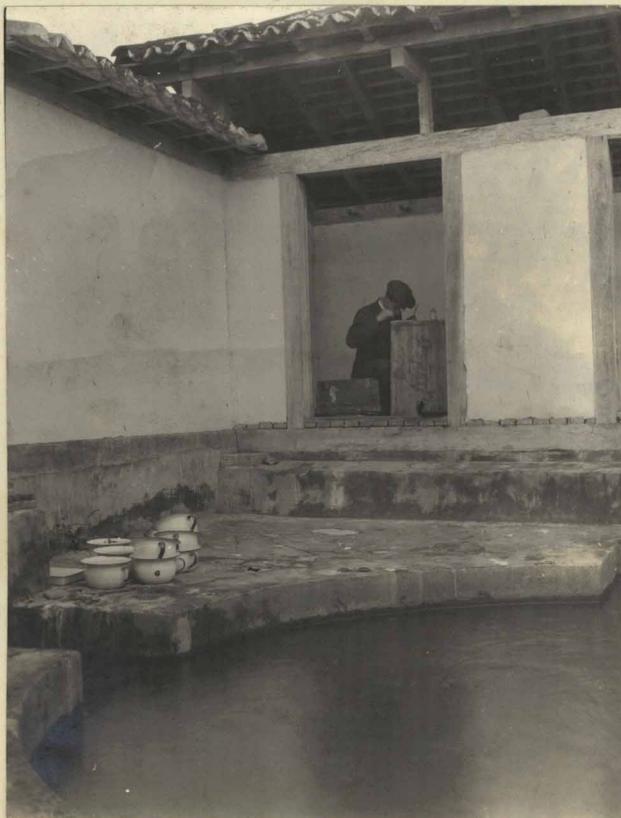


G.H.B.

I've been counting and differentiating some 5000 worms in the past two days with Dr. Smillie and living during the scuro hours of the night in a large Brazilian fazenda. 'Tis most interesting as a form of life --simply our own & West of 1848 all over again so far as the distances, fortunes, life in the saddle, frequency of justifiable homicide, and the other ephemeral phenomena that go to ~~make~~ be remembered as our lives. I am enjoying it a lot but would be more so had I found some U.S. blond of all the nameable and unnameable virtues to "share" this life with me. I will admit that "sharing" would include the following dialogue:

"Ermintrude" (I am in terror lest Mrs. Gregg will have some exotic name that I will be all the time forgetting so that I will have to punch her to get her attention)
"Ermintrude, the fleas have bitten are biting and will bite me terribly today".

And she would reply with delicious brevity and an eczematous sweep of the hand "Me too"-----and that would be sharing life.



Smillie
at work

June 10th

Dear Martin:

Your letter of June 10th making splendid time got here just in time for my birthday and helped the day on a lot. And before you stop to call me a toad for writing you on a typewriter, I want to explain that ink isn't easy to get here and another man has my fountain pen for the moment and he is up in Sao Paulo, and that I will write you a longer letter to make up and ask your pardon for it anyway. Gosh how I would like to be there if you decided to grant a pardon!

I am going to send you a picture that will, yes it's got to, make you stop thinking that California is as good as can be had. There can be no place in the world as wonderful as Rio harbor. Most of the globe trotters say so and I can not imagine a more beautiful nor more unreal place in all the wide world. The mountains tumble into a bay that reaches in 15 miles through rocks and slides and palm-covered hills and the city with all its pink and blue and yellow houses seems not a city at all but a few dwellings hidden by the trees. Royal Palms that reach eighty feet up into the air a clean smooth shaft and then flare out in a great easy swaying tuft of big shining green leaves. And colors such as I never believed could be except in dreams. When the picture comes you may as well look up the sailings to Rio! That will settle it!

I go to Parana in a week I expect and start a survey there of the extent of hookworm in that part of Brazil. It will be wilder and I expect rougher work than up to now and will last till October or November I expect. You have a chief guarda or nurse, a man of about 37 in my case, and a microscopist, another doctor and one or two nurses, also men. You go into a country and take a town you want to do, arrange and give a lecture and then examine and treat the people after for anywhere from 5 days to two weeks, examining far more than you treat, but keeping a careful record of all the people so that when a post is established later you can save all the time and get right to work treating and using a cure as an argument show them how to prevent the recurrence of the

disease. What I get out of it mainly is the management of men and money and I hope I dont go galley west on either side. I have a good boss here in the Central office who wont do a thing but give me all the free rein you can think of giving a man, so I think things may prosper.

You write a very satisfactory sort of letter Marie (Gosh I dont know any Marie: what goes on here in Brazil!) Martha you write a very satisfactory letter and along in September or whenever this reaches you, forget that Marie writes a good letter and remember what Martie can do.;;; and do it. And inasmuch as I got a birthday letter from you when would I be writing to return the sensation which was a pleasant one ? When, I repeat.

Has Dwink come home yet? And have you seen the Illustrissimo Dr. Schollyxk yet? I shall be very worried when I hear he is loose in California so do not write me when it happens.

I asked an old Brazilian woman we were treating how old she was. "Thanks be to God I do not know" she said. "Well have you any children?" "I have lots of them" she replied. "Where is the eldest"? Pointing at the railroad down the valley she said in despair "For the love of God Senhor ! Before those iron boxes went sliding down the valley to Rio I could know something about my children, but Nossa Signora how is a woman to know anything about her family nowadays!"

If you dont get a word from S.America for a bit know, blame the iron boxes because they are to blame again.

Good night



RIO DE JANEIRO, COPACABANA

BOND



RIO DE JANEIRO BRASIL

113



Kesende Co

This is the 22nd of June and a holiday. We have returned to Rezende for a fresh start on our small travels and I have seen some of my mail, gotten some fresh clothes and generally cleaned up for the next sally.

We-- Smillie and I --- have been out on two big fazendas, the one belonging to the Itatiaia Company and the Fazenda Boa Vista which belongs to the Villa-Forte family. In the first case we were interested in the results of treatment which Hackett had given some 20 or 22 months ago, and we treated the same crowd together with several others and found that the treatment had made a great difference in the number of worms and the hemoglobin. The work at Boa Vista was to try out a modification in the present routine treatment and see if it can be improved upon.

At Itatiaia we were in a huge old "bighouse", now empty but very well adapted to our purposes and as the manager of the place was a cheerful bachelor in another part of the place entirely we felt free to come and go as we chose. The people on the fazenda were satisfactory to treat and the manager was gracious and helpful so that work was not any too strenuous. There's always some man or woman who takes kindly to such work at the very outset, has enough influence to heckle the others into having their hemoglobins done and immediately marshals his entire family to take the treatment. Antonio Pereira was our man there and I wish you could have seen him shoveling the sugar and chenopodium into his offspring age three and spanking the little brown behind a mighty whack to ensure prompt obedience to his roared command of "Engolhe!". While his fat handsome negro wife stood by and smiled and laughed, especially when Antonio himself ran out under the banana trees to swallow valiantly his cup of Mag. Sulf., with much groaning and "Nossa SENHORA" in sing-song Portuguese agony and much staring pre-occupiedly at the horizon as people do when awaiting news of a threatened gastric revolt.

The stay at Boa Vista was not so comfortable in many ways. Work was conditioned by meal-times, there was no light to read

by at night, and the weather was cold enough to be very uncomfortable with only one blanket. But we had a violin and piano every night and a bit of Brazilian family life which was most agreeable and entertaining. There was a girl who played Liszt's Liebestraum very well, also Rachmaninoff's Prelude, and both of these I like especially. 'Twas queer to hear them in such a different surrounding--- walking up and down among century plants and banana trees in a fine old Brazilian garden, with these surprisingly loud bullfrogs filling in the intermissions instead of the human clatter and racket of a concert. The last time I heard the Liszt was in Paris at the Concerts Touche--- and it almost seems as though it was another decade rather than less than a year ago. My but this part of the world has been far away from the war! It isn't a war except for the pressmen, one would suppose.

At the Villa-Forêt's there was a very cunning little kiddie who wore a bright scarlet jacket and in among the poinsettia tress would have scarcely been visible. They had her recite at the table one day and she stood up and with every conceivable sort of gesture spoke in a timid little undertone the following:

N'esta maozinha direita
Eu tenho cinco dedinhos
Fazem tudode uma feita
Fazem tudo ligeirinho

Sao pequenos, sao prendados
Sao formosos, pois nao sao
Eu acho tao engraçados
Os dedos da minha mao

Sao espertos nos brinquedos
Os meus dedinhos minosos,
Mas da esquerda, estes meus dedos
Ja sao muito preguicosos.

Well, "without more" as the local letters frequently observe, may I subscribe myself

June 28th ---Itatiaia. You should have seen us yesterday. We had a special group to be treated to see whether our routine treatment is effective in getting all the worms:--which is important when the medication bills are running into the tens of thousands. Me in command of two slaves whisking white enamel affairs about the village, going from hut to hut explaining in wretched Portuguese what I wanted done. Animation. Delicacy. Gayety. And then a second time around with capsules of vile-smelling oil of chenopodium, nailing each unfortunate Brazilian purgee as he stood groaning in his hut, and greeted everywhere with a sort of Epsom Salt expression of the eyes and a fresh groan of "Nossa Sign^oa" Presenting the capsules and roaring "Engolhe" ! till the victims choke them down. Today we counted the worms expelled. Average 160 per person. One man had 976, but he was too anemic to be capable of any emotion on seeing them. His friends however rallied well and their circle of marvelling astonishment was damned funny. They sing-song their talk: "NOSSA SIGNORA ! OHE OS COBRAS"!

"By Our Lady will you look at the snakes!#"

I am getting to the point where I begin on my own hook down South, which is the first place I have ever been in except one or two Clearing Stations in France where I didn't know somebody who knew somebody who I knew etc.etc. Being in Public Health is no sacrifice to my private stock of the same-- I've been much out of doors, some days 11 hours in the saddle, Devil taking my hindmost. I'm roaming up and down a perfectly glorious country, learning administrative methods first in terms of Hookworm and later in terms of malaria, I hope. Fifty per cent of the hemoglobins in the State of Rio are below 70%, I've seen them down to 10%. 85 to 98% of the rural population is infected with hookworm, and with the good cooperation we have from the govt., a totally new strange country and the distance from N.Y. and fleas as the only real drawbacks, you can see an existence pretty full of opportunity to keep busy and away from worrying when i shall be able to earn my salt. Of course

af I miss a few objects of inveterate interest such as an occasional mad merciless dance, a rush to some show or game an occasional (and please God well corsetted) blue-eyed sympatica, and the chance to see firends I'm in no hurry to forget. But much of these chances fade with advancing age and retreating front-hair anyhow, so I cant mourn very loud without hearing ridiculous overtones.

Junho 29th. Today we started work at 6, dark cold and misty, quite like Remy of an early morning, and kept counting and differentiating till about eleven when we stopped for breakfast. As we finished an old negro sorcerer of some 100 years came wearily flatfooting up the road. We had asked out of curiosity for him to come to see us, for he is credited locally with the power to cast love and destruction spells. The old fellow was awed by too many



The Church on
the Fazenda

strangely dressed men, not evidently in search of his aid seriously, and in his canninesshe said "Oh no, Signors ! If I could do such a thing as Magic it would have made me rich". Well, as a matter of fact it has kept him alive some 100 years here in this valley, with quite a humming trade in curses, especially in slavery days. As our administrator on the fazenda said "If the old man's magic were effective all the fazendeiros would have been dead long ago from the curses their slaves paid this old man to cast". When you can see the heavy iron manacles rusting in the

barn, scarcely an object of interest as yet,--- the manacles that bound slaves hands and feet together in a bunch for days at a time, in active use till 1888, you can realize we're just out of the pretty raw stage of life here.

I got the most amusing comment on the railroad as afa an instrument of progress and service from an old mullatto woman whose age I was trying to get from her. "How old are you"? "Thanks be to God I do not know". "Have you any children?" "Oh yes", "Where are they"? "Why Signor in the old days it was allright and I could have answered the Signor, but Nossa Signora! with these iron boxes running down to Rio so fast how in the name of God can a person know where their family is!" Isn't that delightful !

The children here have a variation of our old game of horse, in that they use a bamboo pole half broken in the angle of the horse head to his neck, and with the nose they tap the ground so that it makes just the noise of a single footer---the only gentleman's pace here.



Sugar Mill!



Off for Co. Pastriel



An Alberque

July 8th Yesterday and today I have been in Caxambu which is a watering place and mineral spring up in the state of Minas. I am writing much to the excitement of the local Jaca-tatus or country boobs, on the train down to Cruzeiro, on the way home. Hands are blue from the cold, which seems unbearable to the Brazilians, but which is simply enough to make me shiver a little and feel like work. It is a great mistake to think of Brazil as a hot country exclusively--it is far from that.

On July 2 went down from Rezende to Rio to stay at the ~~Hydricks~~ Hydricks for a few days. The ride up the hill from the Central station was a joy because the chauffeur did not realise what a long distance it was and he certainly had to use lots of gasoline before we arrived. He was very angry to be paid only 20\$000 instead of 25\$000 and we had the usual passionate refusals of anything at all, followed by the requests and later commands to get out --vae embora!--this time by Dr. Hydrick. The taxi men here always work in pairs here one to drive and the other to ride on the front seat and argue when you come to paying the fare. Really the essential thing to realise in all bargains is that these people if they can possibly avoid it will not work steadily and conscientiously at anything and so are forced to charge you for the amount of livelihood they might have been earning since the last victim was stung.

The stay in Rio at the Hydrick's was very good fun. They are a pair of young Southerners who have been down ~~here~~ here two years. Mrs. H. is very young and simple in tastes and requirements, affectionately threatens to beat her husband whenever he teases her, treats her servant girl so decently that said girl stays on and is keen to work for her--while Mrs. H. marvels at her luck, innocently. She is pretty tired of Brazil and the wanderer's life, but is too young to know the situation any more clearly than in terms of "feeling blue". Her husband runs the roost in all things except where her vivid instincts result quite unconsciously in a persistence of attack which wears away his interest in the question to

be settled and he doesn't bring up the subject again. They have one small boy 2 years old named Pete, who has a most amusing face, a sort of infantile Irish prelate of a face, and who talks the most delightful mixture of Portuguese and English. He always starts a request in Portuguese and then if he doesn't get his result he slides into English in a very canny way that speaks volumes for the casual good nature of the maid as contrasted with the more careful hesitation of his Pae e Mae. They make one queer mistake with him which is not common to see nowadays, his Dad is very short with him, insisting on a good deal more forethought and care than a kiddie of 2 is capable of maintaining, so that there are frequent castigations and reference to Father is usually followed by a sudden arrest of all Pete's activity, cerebration and innocent cheer, and a concentration on the question "Is He going to give me a whipping and for why"? The end result at 17 years is not hard to guess---but I may be wrong. Anyhow the effect at 2 years is pitiful, but Hydrick has thin lips and is a disciplinarian, not caring enough to see the effect on Pete's feelings.

On the Fourth we went to a dinner and dance at the Central Club --held by the American crowd here, and it was really very good fun. They had the old technique of settling each course into place by dancing while the waiters changed the plates, and what with Mrs. Hydrick, Miss Williams, the new and rather beautiful secretary just down from New York, and three or four local rainhas, and two or three of the people from the good ship Hollandia, there were enough to manage the evening very well. It still amuses me to see the fascinated astonishment of the Brazilians watching the Americans having a good time. The fact that all ~~that~~ the moving pictures here are made in the U.S. has influenced the standards of dress here enormously and all the truly chic things for men and women here must be at least on the pattern of The Americanos. I expect that Joseph Lee or Mrs.

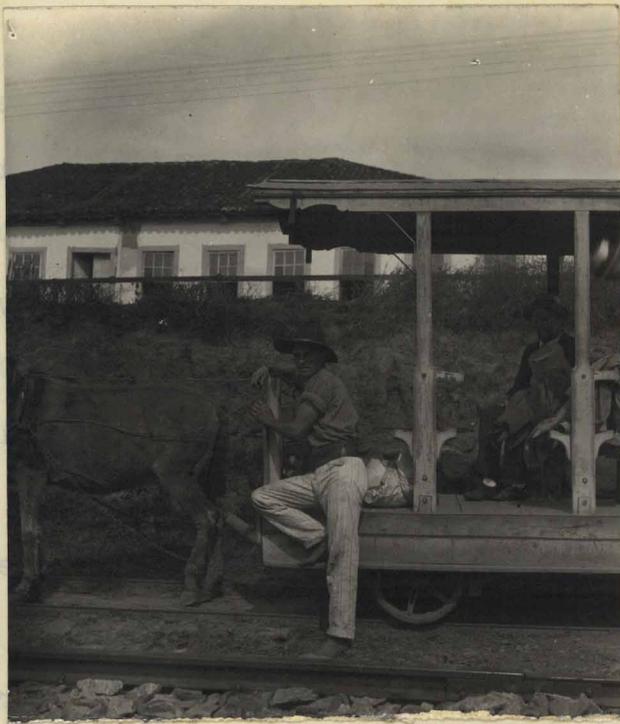
Hodder will soon be out among the motion picture people telling 'em what Right Living really is ---for the sake of their influence on the American youth. Or a solemn conclave will be held at the R.C.C's in Sandy Cove on Our Duty towards the "Movies". Considering how very little we are satisfied with life in the U. S. we do a good deal of telling others how to conduct their existences. There are niggers down here who dont have even a chance to read somebody-else's Atlantic Monthly, who are making a happier ~~T~~ 59 years of life than---than they might if we decided they ought to read it.

Last night I went to a soiree Brasileira at the home of Senorita Nair Paiva in Caxambu. The Dr. of the post took me, or rather with endless frightfully coy loks and much trembly giggling the Senorita consented yesterday afternoon to have us in for the evening. The guardas were all there tambem, and it was very humorous. Like us the Brazileros want nothing but praise from strangers which is tiresome after the spontaneous variety is spent. I get my second wind though when I see how a little extra laud and flattery willbrighten a dull eye and moisten a parched lip, and I go on to the limit of my words, which are scant but ready for an -osa or an -oso any time. A piano in^a heallish condition of discord and tincanniness was the instrument of our relaxation and enjoyment and had it not been for a lovely big rocking-chair which gave the appearance of rest to anything that sat in it, I would have blown a fuse at the noise that a Brasileira, playing the works of a Braziliero, on a piano Braziliero. I danced the tango with the local beauties staring excitedly at the third button of my waistcoat or about that level, with all the grace that markedly unequal ~~XXXX~~ ^{femurs} can ever extract from cacophonous music, and what is more thanked ^{as senoritas} effusively for the chance, which was agony to t them too--- and for this they think me "muito simpatico" !!!
However as the proverbhere says:

Cada roda com seu fuso	Every wheel to its own speed
Cada terra com seu uso.	Every land to its own customs.

In a week or ten days I shall be off on my survey down south and though that will make letters a little more delayed it has

50
advantage of being reall work on me own and in a country
cooler when all else is hot, than much of the state of Rio.



Lavrinhas, a station on the E.F.C.B.
coming down from the trip to Caxambu.



July 13th.

Well, Alice, your letter of June 15 arrived just on July 11th which is a date of great celebration in Brazil with me because it was my birthday. You say the next one to you should be a real letter, well here's hoping.

The picture of the funny little huts I took at Sao Paulo where the Government runs a big snake farm. They have more poisonous snakes down here in Brazil than any where in the world and lots of people were killed by them every year. Some of the Brazilian doctors got interested in trying to stop all these deaths and so studied the snakes and their poisons. They found that if you could catch a rattlesnake and hold him in the right way you could take all his poison out of him through a hollow needle and then if you gave just a weeny bit of it to a horse on one day and a weeny little bit more in a week and a bit more in a week after that, adding a little bit more every week to the amount of snake poison you stuck into the horse's skin every time you could get the horse so used to the snake poison that you could give him a tremendous dose of it and it wouldnt hurt him at all. It is just the same with mosquito bites at the Farm --- they always itch more at the beginning of the summer than in late August. Well when the horse is so strong against the snake poison that he can stand as much venom as would have killed him at the beginning, the doctors take a little of his blood out of a vein in his neck (which doesnt hurt as much as a crack with a whip), and then they save the blood in the ice- box. When a man anywhere in Brazil is bitten by a snake that he thinks is poisonous he can get in any small town some of the horse's blood from this laboratory and by injecting it under his skin he can be protected against the snakes poison by the horses blood. Perhaps you think this is a poor life for the horses but compared with the ordinary horse's life here it is a paradise at Butantan the name of the town where the snakes are kept. Butantan is a suburb of Sao Paulo.

They have lots of other kinds of snakes of course. The giboas up north are 30 feet long and can strangle a cow quite easily. Their lower jaws are not attached to their heads as ours are, and so they can swallow the cow just as you might pull your stocking up over a toy cow. But the giboa doesnt like the horns, so he coils near a big tree or a rock and then with the horns still sticking out of his mouth he swings his head right by the tree so close that the horns hit it and are broken off and the skull is crumpled in so it will get digested better. I saw the skeleton of one of these snakes and it was naerly 40 feet long.

A friend of mine here took some pictures of some of the East Indians who have settled in the West Indies where he was working. He took a picture of a woman and it came out so well he went and showed it to her. He had printed the picture on Velox paper which as you know is a black and white paper. The Indian woman was furious at him and tried to stick him with her knife, because she had never seen a snapshot before and thought that it was a magical mirror and that he had turned her black. Dr. Smillie and I had the same sort of thing happen to us up in the interior. We were testing how good people's blood was by pricking their ears and seeing how red the drop of blood was on a piece of blotting paper. The curandiero or medicine man there did not like to see his patients being treated by anybody else so he told them that we were selling the blood on the blotting paper to the Devil. So all the people ran home and we had nobody left to work with in that town! That was only just a few weeks ago.

In the farmers' houses here all the animals come in and out of the house at their own sweet will. The people are all very polite though and when the pig tries to rub his back against my leg they yell "SIST!" and the pig gets a kickout of doors.

There are lots more humming birds here than in

the United States. They are called beijo-flores in Brazilian which means kiss-flowers. I am going to get some stuffed ones which you can see or have as you chose when I get home.

Instead of stirrups the ladies when they ride horseback here put their feet into big brass sandals which hang just so you can put your foot right into them the way you would if you cut all the leather off your shoe around the heel. And the saddles have a big silver piece that keeps you from slipping forward when the horse goes down a very steep hill, or when he shies suddenly. For this reason I haven't gone ^a costing down my horse's neck off onto the ground yet---but my time will come. Has Yours?

There is a club of Americans here in Rio or rather it was started by Americans but is mostly Brazilians now and the name of it is the High Life Club. The Brazilians though always call it Oh Cloob Higgy Liffy ! And they always call a streetcar a Bondie because when the streetcar line was first built they had to wait a long long time before the company could sell enough bonds to buy cars with and the newspapers kept saying that the trouble was that the bonds couldn't be settled ---and when the cars finally came everybody thought they were the bonds and so now they haven't got any other name.

You had better be glad you are not a Brazilian little girl-- though I forget you're not little any longer--- because they don't have much fun and are never allowed to chase around at all. I am glad to know that cocoa-butter is good for mosquito bites--- I have a good chance at getting the bites but no chance of getting the butter here. If you discover anything better than scratching in the treatment of flea bites make a letter out of it!

I met an old old woman a while ago who complained to me that she did not like the railroads at all because before they came she used to know where her son (aged 45) was but now with the railroads he can go away so far that even the neighbors can't tell her what he is up to!

Last year at this time I was in France and the Germans were coming stronger every minute and I wished I was in America: this year I am in America and the fleas are coming stronger every minute and I wish I was in France).

Goodby and excuse mistakes and bad spelling.
When Brazilians have had you to their house and it comes time for you to go they always say "Good-bye and I hope the Signor will excuse all my wretched mistakes". And then you say "Pois nao, Nada signor nao tem nada-verdade"

With love to you and the rest of the
Bemi



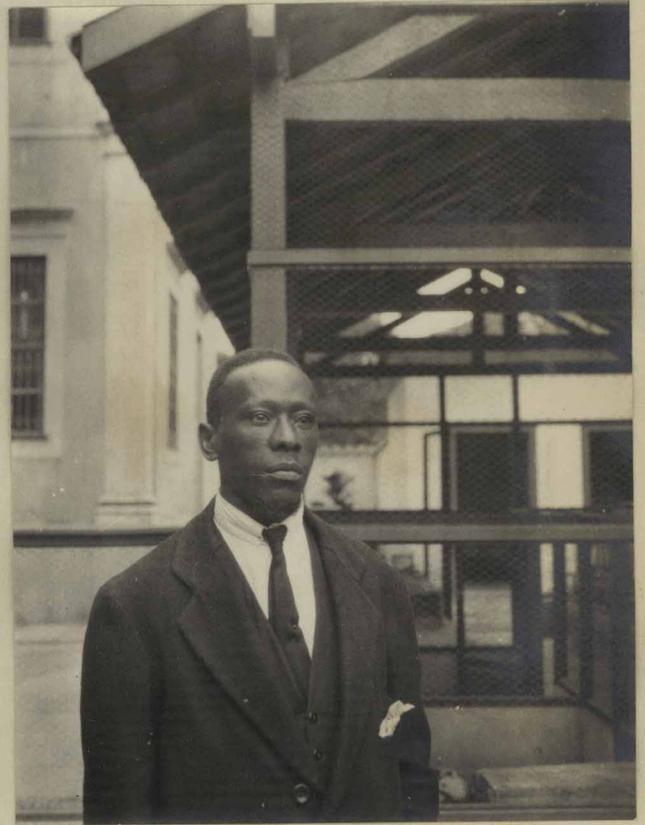
I met an old man who was a while ago who...
the trees he did not like the...
they could not see to know...
now with the...
neighbors and tell...



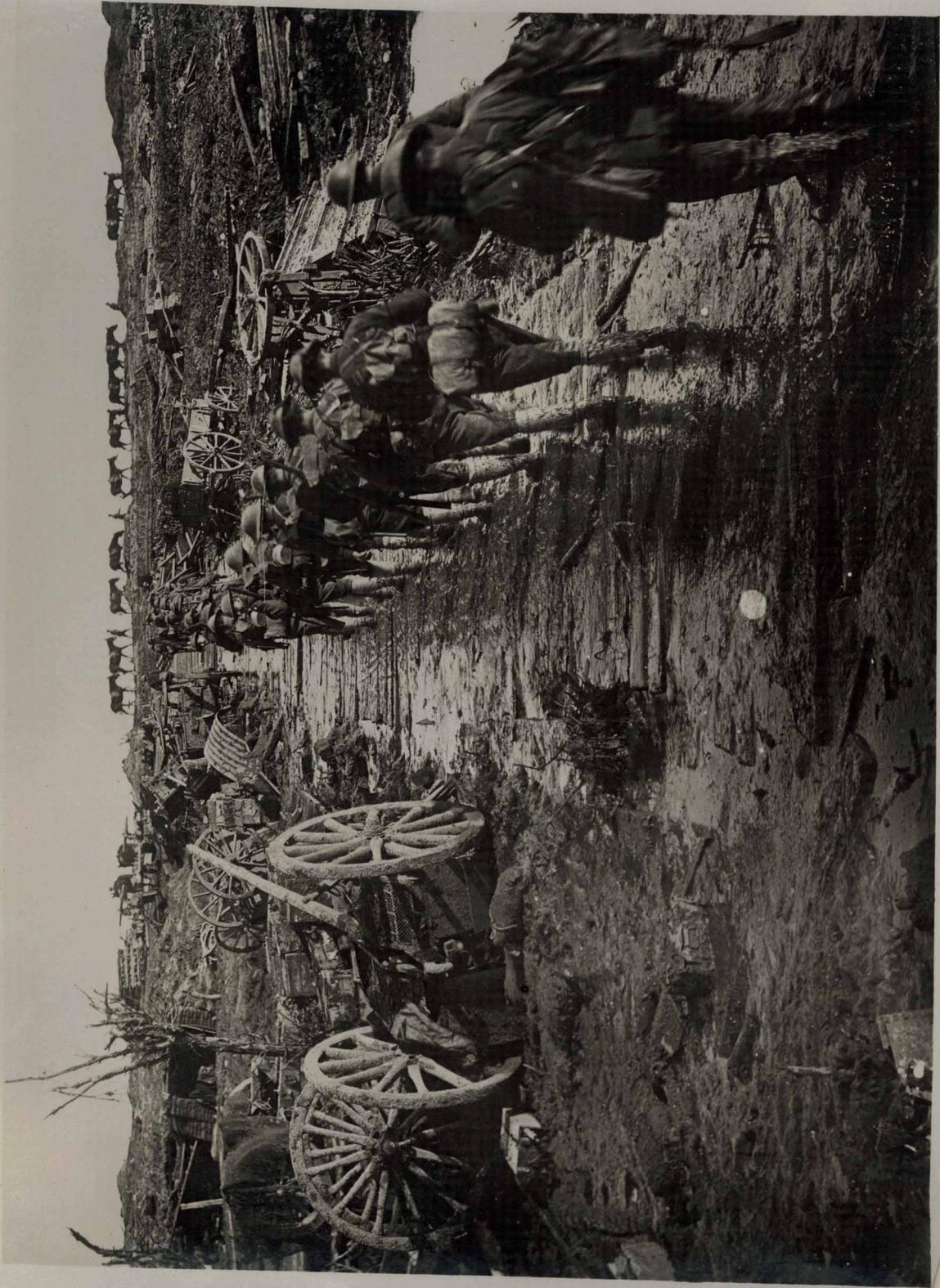
Salamão - Suill's Servant



The Chief Politeo !
near Hahaione



Olava
Darling's Servant



last year

W. E. BROWN



„LUAR“ na AVENIDA NIEMEYER (LEBLON)

6

RIO de JANEIRO BRASIL

ROBERT
BIBBING
1911

This Year

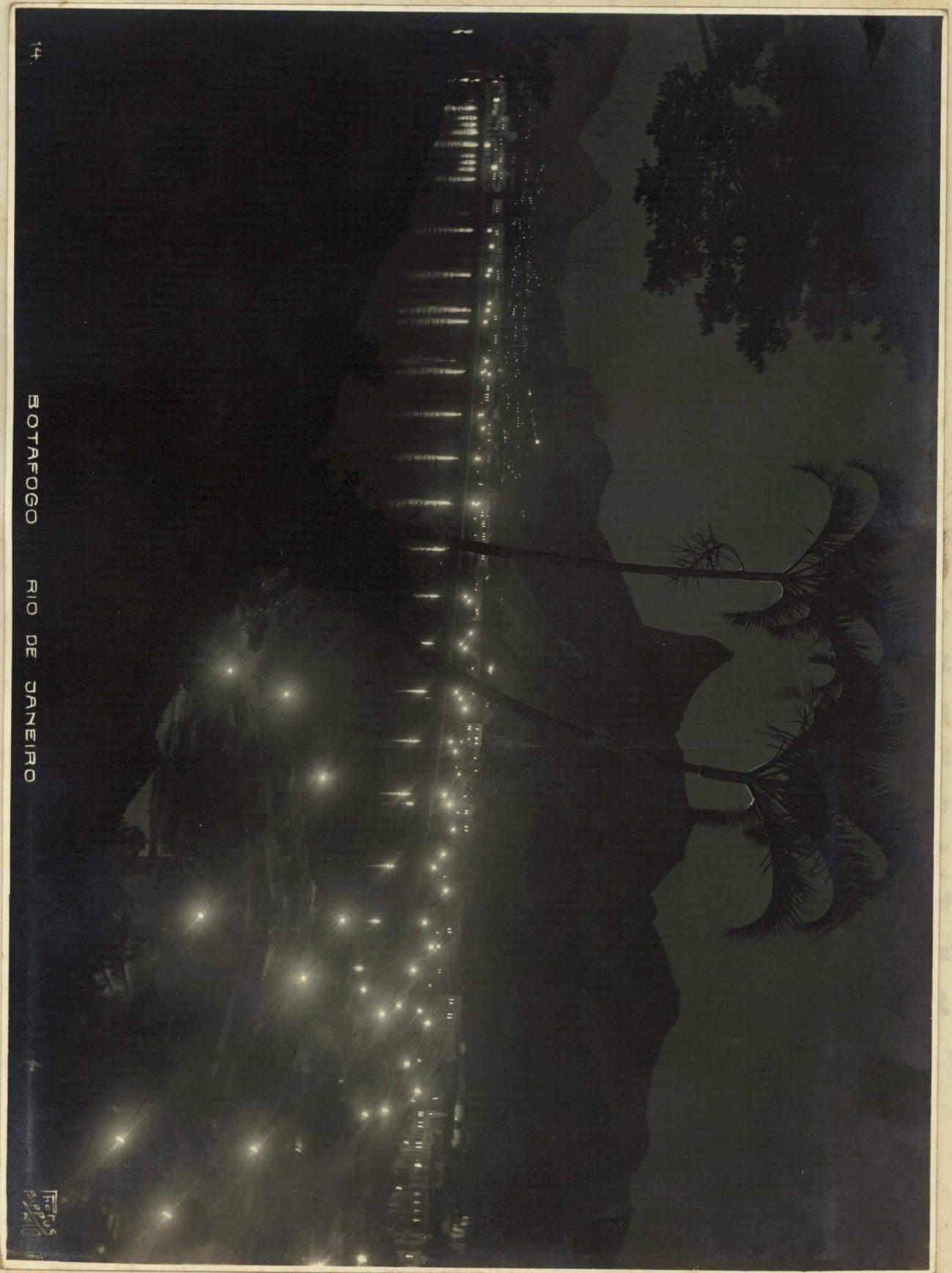
Paysagem na Serra de Santos — E. de São Paulo.



Paysagem na Serra de Santos — E. de São Paulo.



July 13. Since the third I have been hereat the Hydricks in Rio with very little to do except wait for Hackett to come back from the South and enjoy a touch of the civilised life again. I never have seen a town as beautiful as Rio. The day is picturesque, the night is overwhelming especially from this



house here where you look down on the town in the moonlight twinkling and humming far out to the sea, where Pao Dassucar

stands sentinel; and twice aday in the most wonderful sun-sets I have everseen ---once a day to be accurate but the dawn is as good as the dusk . The bay winds in among a long succession of mountains, the air is filled with a purple and golden haze, the long stretches of quiet bay water shine green-blue in the twilight---well I cant do it anyk longer , it is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. And then the million lights begin to twinkle and the moon rises between two steep rocks at the entrance to the harbor..... dots meaning gewalt I cant stand it no longer.

Met a Mrs. Nash yesterday at the International, who is down here on a pleasure and business trip with her husband, and who is a classic dancer at home in New York. Her husband is very amusing and delightful company. He has been up in Ilheos looking over a cacao plantation and has been gone 8 weeks, during which time she waited for him nervously here. He had malaria and was afraid to call in a local doctor for fear he would say it was yellow fever and intern him. He was up there with his step daughter a Miss Ryan and finally they got from Mrs Nash a desperate telegram asking where they were and when they were coming down to R~~ia~~ Rio. His telegram back was "Keep your tail on the dashboard Ulysses and Circe coming by the first boat." And the only person Mrs Nash could show the telegram to for sympathy was a Swiss who was just learning English!

Pete, the Hydricks kid is the most delightful kid I have ever seen. He is keen for everything and is most satisfactory to play with. He calls me Shan-shan and he talks a wonderful blend of Portuguese

and English---"olha! Bichos!
Olha Aqui! Look!" and he
certainly misses very few of
tricks. He goes to bed with
no protests, usually he
announces that he is ready
for it "Queir cama, mamae"
and he has the other re-
markable virtue of not cry-
ing when he falls down---
they do the same thing on
these occasions that Jack
and Hope Richardson used to

in not consoling the kid very often for his hard luck. The
noonday nap he is not so ready to take though, and two
days ago when he was told to vae na cama he came back with
with "onde sta cama"? (where is the bed?"

The watch on the Rhine here certainly has a Swiss
movement---everybody is at least a Swiss here now and the
number of Danes and Swedes who know German is certainly large.
Last night on the bonde coming down from the Hotel I saw
a most affectionate and Brazilian farewell to a family that
was getting on the bonde--- the affect of the numerous adeus
and passa bems was sort of spoiled by one of the little kids
who bawled out to his father "Wo geht's Mutter?"

The weather is glorious and I am very lazy. I want
to get off a few letters to all my young friends before I
go South--- for I imagine that once the work begins I shant
have much time for that sort of thing. I keep in the best of
health and everything goes muito bom. Got thirteen letters
for me birthday and what more do ye want at this distance!



Selling Chickens in Rio



July 20th

This is another Sunday in Rio and at the Hydricks, and I feel much as if it were on leave because I know that not far ahead now comes work.

The past week has gone in small errands, in seeing the new office established and in playing about a bit with a few people here in a very small way, but pleasantly as a contrast to the rather marked lack of folks at the fazenda existence. Last Monday we went up Pao dAssucar, the huge rock at the mouth of the harbor, which shoots up so abruptly that an aerial cable is the only way to get up to it. It is 400 metres up off the sea and one of the most remarkable places I have ever seen for the view of the harbor and the mountains at the West. We saw the sunset sky fade out quickly from orange to red embers and from dull smoky red to violet and then to night, while the lights along Copacabana came out twinkling along a graceful, curved shore. Then in an hour the sky in the east grew red and the full moon floated up over one of the islands out at sea and the moonlight began. You must learn to pardon all this description--- it is almost impossible to think of doing anything down here in Rio without thinking how beautiful it is, --everywhere.



Hydrick told me an amusing thing about Elavo, the diener at Sao Paulo. Dr Darling has made out some tables of figures comparing infant mortality with the amount of income. Elavo who is a wonderfully funny looking coon, very usefull but terrified of Darling looked at the tables with closest att-

ention. He has been trying to get his courage up for six months to the point of asking for a raise in salary to help out with his new white wife of whom he is very proud. He came to Smillie and said "How is a man going to raise a child if that table is true? '200 milreis most of the children die, 75 milreis all the children die'---and he wont give me more than 70 milreis!# How is that baby of mine going to get along in this hygiene job!"

There was a neat little skit in the news paper yesterday about the fact that Wilson has appointed a Commission to study the causes of race hatred in Poland, which is doing so much to keep the nation from a state of admirable unity. It went on to say that already the world was the beneficiary of two American millionaires: Carnegie who in 1913 had done so much to promote the world's Peace, and Rockefeller whose efforts are meeting with a more favorable reception. How can Poland show its appreciation for this considerate interest from the United States? Perhaps the most delicate way would be to appoint a Commission to go to the United States to study why the Negroes there were not given their civic rights and allowed to attain their ambitions to be regarded as the equals of the whites, and why the Japs were not getting along so very well on the Pacific Coast.

Incidentally the position of the negroes here and in the North is so nearly that of the whites that if I were Jim I would look into the feasibility of teaching Portuguese to the boys at Hampton. They could come down here as representatives of firms in the U.S. and enjoy a type of life and climate much more to their tastes than anywhere at home. And complete equality with the whites.

July 23

Just abit of t~~ime~~ tonight to write an additional note or two in time to get into the mail onto the Byron on the 26th.

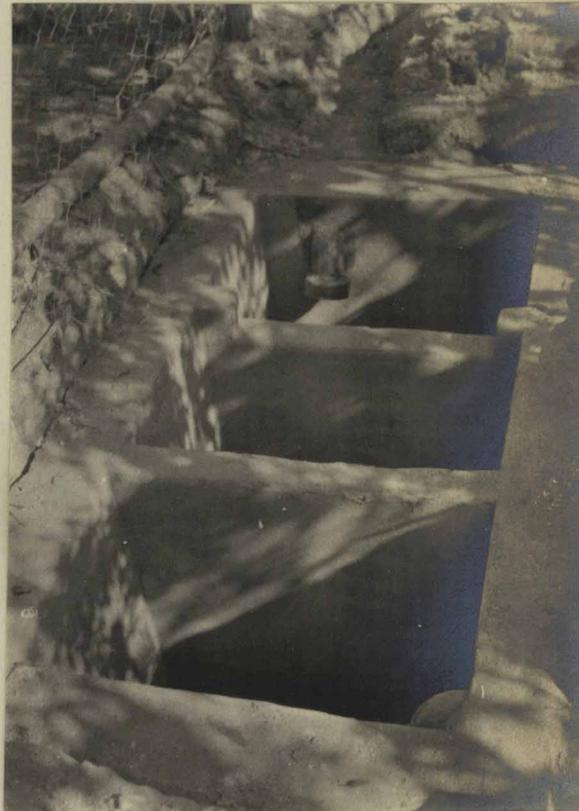
Today I have been out to Jacarapagua with Dr. Alvez taking some pictures of septic tanks which he is forcing the people there to install.

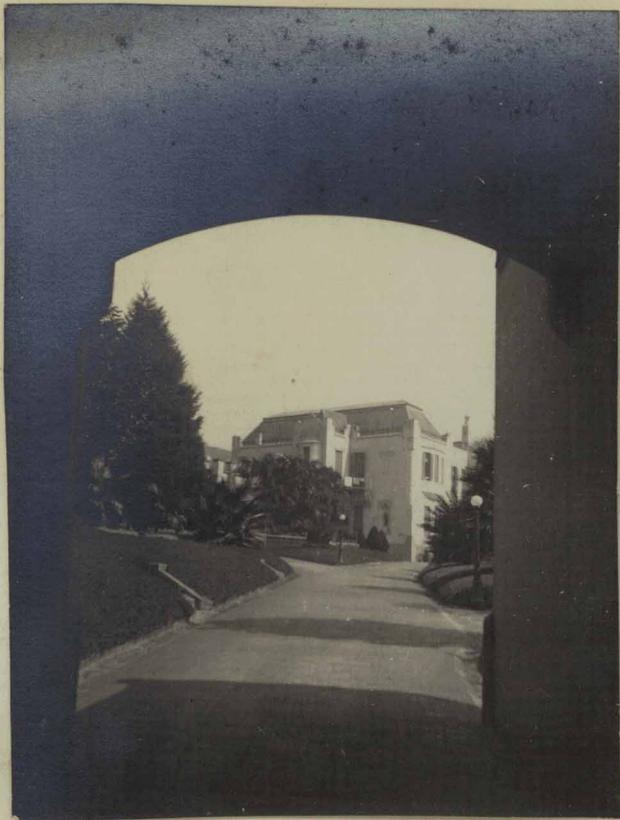
They make a good deal of trouble at first but about the time the tanks are done they owners begin to show signs of pride and swell up with pleasure when you tell them the thing is very well built.

It was a hot day up there and I shall notice the excess sunlight unless I get some glasses to keep out the glare. The heat as heat is not excessive though and surely it would surprise some of the well informed in the Benighted States to know that Americans are actually using hot water bottles at night. Here in Rio that is.

I am going to be delayed a little longer in getting to work in the South, because Dr. Placido Barbosa has taken a job as head of the health service in Piauhy and this means that instead of having a man who can talk English going down with me I will be alone with the Portuguese language and heppy days those will be!

Well best of luck and thanks especially for the Lam-
poon which is going the rounds of the Harvard colony here with a great relish.





July 27th finds me still in Rio buying frying ppns, soap, and mosquito netting, keeping desperately strict account of all that goes out of the purse and planning to leave for the South in three days time collecting the personnel of my survey as I go. That means three other new men plus my guarda chefe or sergeant, so to speak, whom I have already chosen. This being the last fling I shall have at the English tongue for a while I have been going to parties a bit and otherwise eating such hunks of butter as will have to serve in memory to go with the plain fare to come. I was about to say the loaf to come but that would give an unfair idea of what it will prove to be, for the securing of so much information in three months time on a limited budget and from a crowd of men that will loaf on the job on the least pretext will use most of the time and brains the Lord gave me. Of the country I shall see I know very little except that the life is very primitive and largely in the saddle, no towns and not much civilization, more hookworm than anything else----but of that more when I am there.

I do not know how much it means but the animals here are all suspicious of man. If you say "hello ket"! to a cat nearby it is enough---she cowers and runs. And if you reach out to stroke a horse's head he rears in apprehension of a blow. I wonder sometimes that the people do not suspect us more, as did a man to-day in the office. "What is this commission of doctors anyway"? he said to our factotum. Then all the pride of Alfredo in the patriotic labors of the Brazilians in the Commissao and his pride in being in it came out and he told the man how the health of the Brazilians was being benefited etc. etc. all for nothing, and at no expense. "now" said the man after Alfredo had finished, "tell me the real story!B".

If they are still giving History 17 a course in the history of the middle west especially, or better of the country in terms of western settlement and westward expansion, take it

if Turner is still giving it. Take courses for the men not for the subject. I used to think that was the fooliest advice I ever heard, for how was anyone to know anything with so hodge-podge a preparation? But unless you know much more than merely the profession or business you are going into you will get more for your time from seeing enthusiastic thoroughness and genius at close range on some subject you may not immediately calling your job for life, than it is to wade through book after book under some teacher who has no other advantage over you than that of a headstart in time. A poor sentence for the English of it but the idea is good.

I am finishing this in Sao Paulo where I am finishing the preparations for my dash into the wilds: buying all sorts of stuff in the way of household furnishings etc for many a time and oft we shall be provided only with a shack and will have to have everything else "found" with us. It will be the real thing in the line of excitement and I will be as great a variety for the natives as they are for me.

As soon as I get something more than the cleanliness of Sao Paulo to write about I will .



Sorocabana R.R.

August the third

Well I am in the sleeping car of this funny little railroad and

opposite sits a young German talking the lingo with loud gutturals with another of his sort--- the first long conversations I have heard since the time when I was interpreter at C.C.S. 45 near Doullens. Gosh less than a ye ar ago!

With Joao Miragaya, Jose Machado, and Deodoro Silveira I go south to Parana to make an inspection of that neck of the woods. It will last about three months probably and will take me round into all sorts of places, some far from the R.R. and a good many on the same. The men are my guardas and microspopists and it was very good fun picking them out. It is my first real whack out alone since I can remeber and it certainly is very good fun. I have kissed goodbye to the old language I used to be so fond of , to wit English and am hereafter committed to a mixture of Portuguese and Bosch which will be amusing I am sure. Gosh you'd be amused to see all these things we pass: men in long flowing shawls and all shades and races of them too. I am getting a new point of view on this business of being a foreigner. It may seem funny to see a Dane out here on a lonely fazenda here in Brazil; it did to me when I first saw one blue eyed and towering out in the wilds but when I came ti think it over I realized that it would not have seemed queer to see him in Montana----well Montana is just as much of a change for him as Brazil is , from his native Denmark. It had always seemed natural for them to come to us in America, but it seemed very odd to have one turn up in Brazil! Do yu get the new point of view?

Ther are a lot of interesting people to be met with down here. Last night I went to dinner at the Robert's house in Sao Paulo. He is a huge kindly quiet self-possessed engineer from Princeton; she a talkative quick-witteed amusing Westerner from the WEST whose voice is loud and who would make Mrs Parkman shudder and Malcolm Peabody feel awfully

Christlike and forgiving, but who has a very good head on her and a very clear mind as well to deal with all the things that come up when your husband is gone some- times a year at a time in the woods of Brazil---and believe me that is a plenty. He is a very good sort and has done a lot of Surveying work for the railroads---so much life in the wilds has meant to him the common price down here which he has just learned but really does not realise I think-- the ulcer de Barru or Button of India a disease which begins as a sore on the leg and ends pretty horribly in a long deferred death which no one at home knows enough about to make home going worth while, for the treat ment of it. As the preceding suggests the writing was stopped for the urgent reason of getting some sleep and I continue in an appallingly and palatially stuffy room in the Hotel John- scher in Curityba, where Frieda has just been blitted to maken eine bad fur the herrschaft and things are much as before Chicken Wheeler announced at the home-coming party she had given her in 1914 that there was a war on in Europe. Gosh I remember that day well! Up in Ipswich. Etc.Etc.

We rode all today through high rolling cool grass- covered country, with valleys lined with pines of the local varie variety, which in effect are like giant candelabra and very handsome too. Instead of dry gullies as the average superficial winding depressions would have been in Coloroado they all had beautiful clear streams of water flowing on shallow channels in the living rock which un- derlies so closely the surface of the soil. The rock was pinkish and full of potholes, called here calderao which are all the way from a soap dish to a barrel in size and shape and were bright green in the sunlight with all the clear water in them. A strange effect as of tourmalines strung irregularly. But the air was fresh and cool and in the unforrested sweeps of hills I had all the reason in the world to imagine myself well north

of the Equator and going into Wyoming or Montana instead of Parana(which is pronounced with the *sz* accent on the last syllable). The red dust rose in clouds when the train was going in the line of the wind and poured in over everything and everybody, but every hour or two we'd come to a lonely little station where we all piled out and swallowed a small cup of very black and very fragrant coffee and I decided NO on the question of dozes or the local idea of what sweets should be. The engine would wander down the track a bit to the woodpile and some huskies would throw big sticks up onto the coalcar till the thing looked twice the size of the engine and then we'd go on. When I got to the station I heard "DOATOR GRREGY DOTER GRREGY !" being called so stepped out to see the Brazilian with whom and through whom all my plans must get their accomplishment and found a beautiful smooth article in a cutaway coat, on the black and white line, white pallid skin and black hair eyes and mustache, black tie and gloves, and all smiles and temporary graciousness, a Hervey Wetzel of a man with pretence in place of reserve, and slopover in place of girlishness. I expect to be very simpatico but am rather disgusted with him as time goes on. But he is nearly my contemporary and that will be fun, for the chance I have to make a swift and effective survey is good, if this fellow is to use the old and honorable idiom, HANDLED RIGHT.

You should here the churches here on Sunday. A man gets up in the belfry with a hammer and proceeds to tune up on the three bells they always have thus: Dee, dee, dee! dee-dee-dee-dee-dee. Dum, dum, dum! dum-dum-dum-dum-dum-dum. Dang, dang, dang! Dang-dang-dang-dang-dang-dang. Deedum, deedum, deedumpty deedum, etc, till it sounds like a ragtime syncopation, except that it's hopelessly loud even for that. It keeps up for ten minutes this syncopation from the belfry and then begins in twenty minutes all over again.

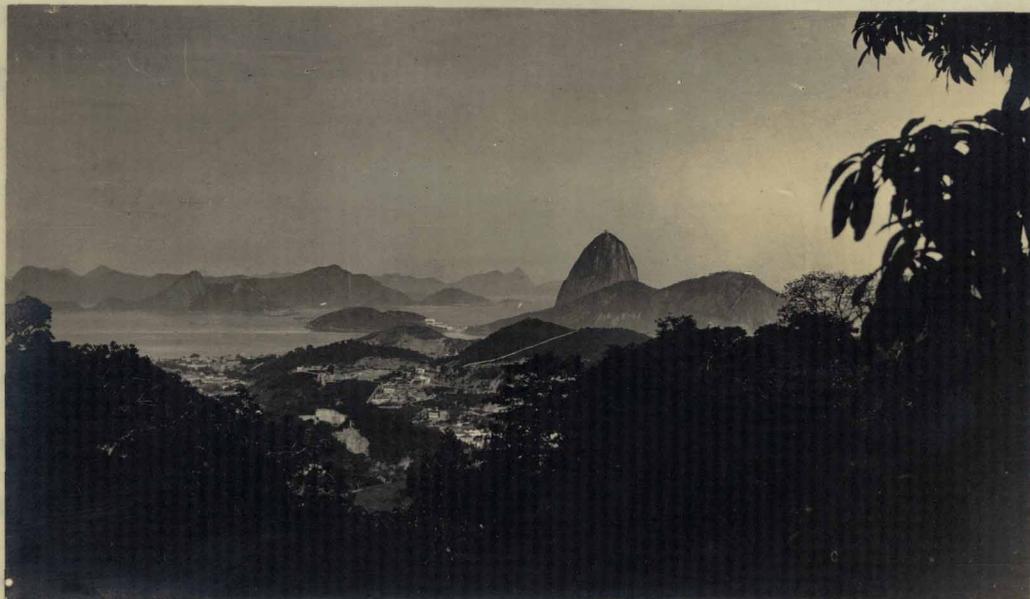
This town humorously is now to be my official home

you know, the sort of a place like Chestnut Hill,
convenient place to refer to when ushering at a
wedding or when trying to think of some one place on
God's green earth where they could send a bill and have it n
have it not marked :95 =:92:(fig instead of cap)

NOT KNOWN and returned to the sender. Well in case
anybody wants to know where I was raised or where
my home is or anything, tell 'em I'm a Curityba boy
and wont hear of ever having lived in Marlborough
street and that home is home and that's that!

Good luck on those Giant Slides if as the
paper says the First Division gets home on the 15th
of August. God knows I'd like to be with you but
would amend that to read 'like you to be with me'
and send the minutes of the meeting thus amended to be read i
read in the upper house.

'te logo



Itapema

Aug 9th

Imagine a huge well built flour mill built at the water's edge along a narrow strip of land that separates big fantastic tree covered mountains ^{jungle} from a warm, lazy, deserted inlet of the sea, a huge mill whose gate opens actually on the wild matto or bush, showing no sign of extending its influence beyond the royal palm which waves peacefully at the mill gate to the wild palms on the hillside two hundred yards away. A big boat from the Argentine nestles against a steel pier while through a long pipe its load of wheat is sucked by a vacuum machine, 30 tons an hour, into the mill. A little red faced Englishman is manager, --- and to the place is doctor, policeman judge and foot-ball promoter to 300 Brazilians, Italians, and Spaniards, living all alone but for a setter and a great dane, in a fine little chacara up on the hill, and boasting that next Christmas he will see his England again. A nice simple little fellow who has been out so long that he talks English with lapses into Brazilian-- he told me today ruefully that he had had a monkey and two deer, but that when one of the deer and the monkey were killed by rattlers he was so disanimated (desanimado = discouraged in Portuguese) that he had tried to keep any more than his dogs. Outside the mill the hogs go in happy processions up and down the streets and under the houses and life rolls on in what would be but for the disease a fairly happy and self-determined squalor. We arrived yesterday and in the evening gave a magic lantern show to 40 or 50 of the village and today we have been examining about 30 for hookworm (only two were negative) and tomorrow we shall treat these and examine probably 100 more, if Brazilian habits are anything to rely on. I have a very decent Brazilian doctor and four trained assistants with me and ~~we~~ am spending the next three months coasting around the state of Parana, scarcely settled as yet, but cooler than Rio and

in its wild poor half-settled condition a wonderfully interesting place to be turned loose with a book of railroad passes and ones own wishes as the sole points to be considered in the great and increasingly amusing question of where next. Of course it is well to admit that you are a bit exaggerating. I do have to go to the places that need to be examined for hookworm and that runs the choice of places -- but necessity frequently means more variety in places than choice, as anyone who has fallen off a cliff will be ready to admit, and so there is some consolation to the fact that where the hookworm there hook I.

It is great sport learning Portuguese now. When you can understand everything or quasi tudo (there's a chance for you) it is encouraging even to listen in on everything, and night before last when I had the first dream wherein Portuguese was spoken and enjoyed by all you can bet it set me up for a day. Tonight they told me the classical Brazilian stories of intoxication and if its not like mentioning rain to a sensitive Saharan? The latch-key saga here varies only in that the man is found waving key in air at moderate distance from house and when asked for why he does it replies that he waiting for the house to come along again just a little bit nearer. Another of a sort new to me was of a querulous plaintive welleducated man who said at a certain stage in the evening "But I dont see why Gallileo got so much credit for his discovery!" ~~no at trace see early work~~

A funny thing happened to one of the doctors down here a while ago. He was smoking and happened to blow a little cloud out of his mouth and then to inhale it through his nose. A Brazilian gawped at the sight and said immediately and in all seriousness "Truly you Americans are marvellously economical! You even use the tobacco smoke twice!" They watch us all the time and attend the movies not indesultory twos and threes but impressing crowds all the afternoon houseful after houseful.

Tonight walking down to Itapema-em-baixo I stopped by the side of a pool and in the half-moonlight was able to see without in the least disturbing what I have never been able to see without being considered as de trop, the evening social life of frogs. I don't mind saying that they appeal to me tremendously on the epic side of their existence. They are an immeasurably old form of life, and consequently either much favored or else very perfectly fitted to the task of existence, and when you consider how many strange forms of organisms they have outlived, marsh forms long since fossilized, the driving resonance of the evening's puddle of frogs, and its ringing mellow continuousness is impressive. A very simple very perfect answer to the forever puzzling riddle of what will the morrow bring and how can we keep going? They are killed by drought and by any ingress of too much water and yet in the delicate *balance* in between they've lived ^{in their lyric fashion} and outlived the rest of us by millions of years. Frogs and pigeons--I'm fond of pigeons, but they have none of the Jack London antiquity about them that a frog has. You see it is early early spring here now.

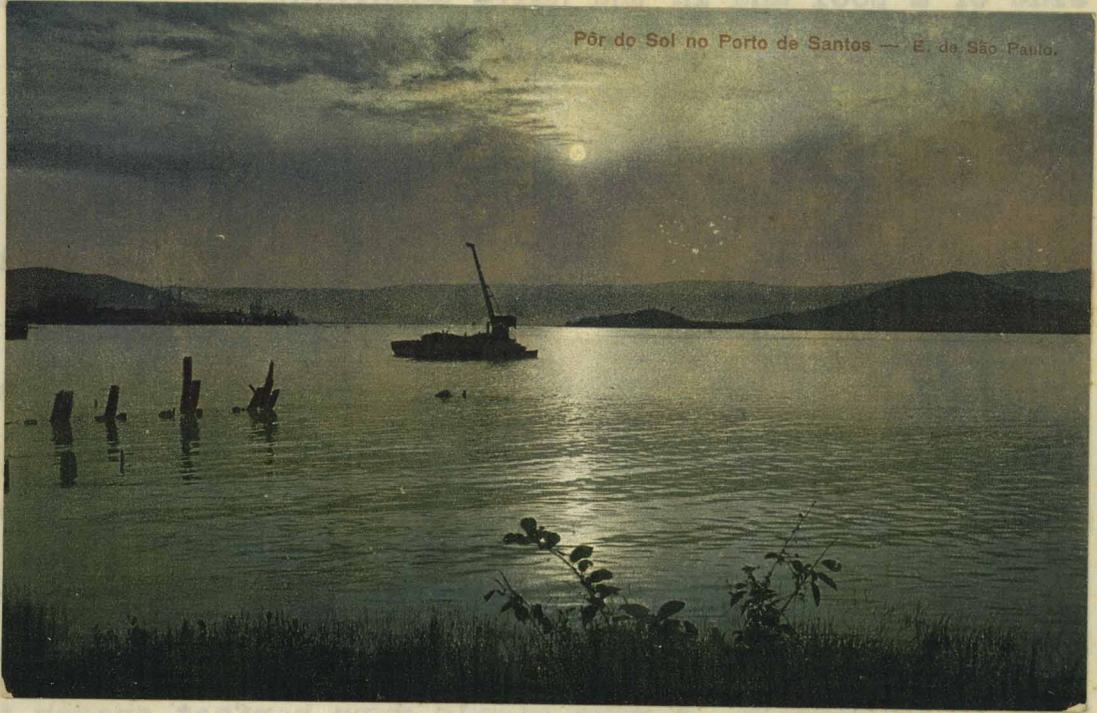
We are very far from the war here. I am picking up a bit of German again because we are nearing the blonde region of Brazil now and because I used to like German.

I am doddering on and with muitos tratimentos para fazer amanha eu vou a cama, nao e?



Caixa Postal
R.

Treatments
in Itapema



Pôr do Sol no Porto de Santos — E. de São Paulo.



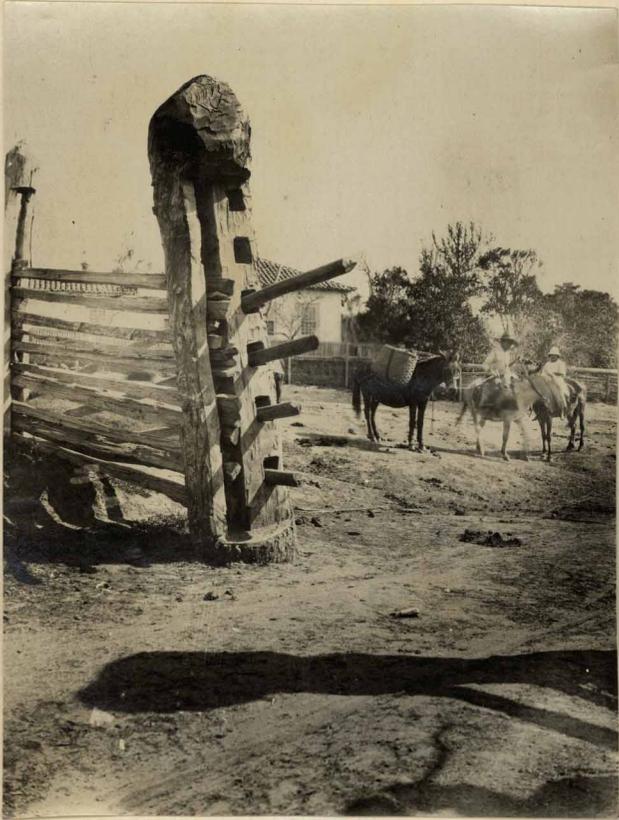
Arredores da Cidade de Santos — E. de São Paulo.



Bonini + Minegaye
Microscopists



School near Hapue



Corral gate



A Fisherman's Cottage



Dear _____:

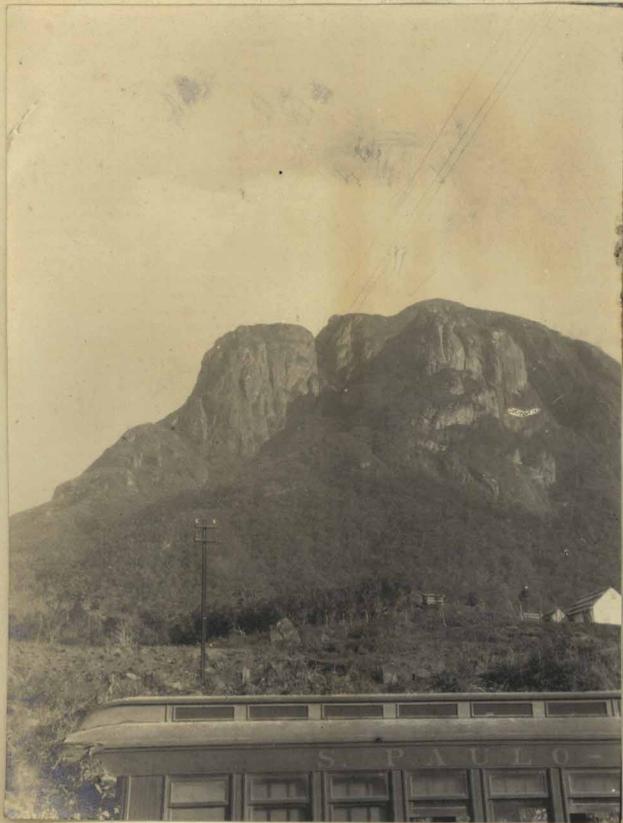
It being August the 10th today I naturally awoke in tears to think of how much older we are all getting, more particularly yourself, and then to of how small a chance I run of getting anyone to take you a birthday present to you in time from here in Itapema, which though it is on the same water as North Haven is a bit difficult now that servants cost so. I keep my servants -- and I have four here -- all busy at the job of finding out how much of this queer little place has Hookworm. Out of 197 thusfar we have found 4 who havent Hookworm I say some fellers have all the Luck dont they?



Fisherman's Ketch
the evenings grain, doublestringed bows called bodoques with which they throw stones and kill evenings roast as he sings in the tree, figas or little carved hands to keep off the evil eye, old muzzle-loading flint locks or cap rifles ----and the very latest ideas in the treatment of their Hookworm provided with much amusement and pleasure and satisfaction by yours truly.

This is my first stop in the survey of a large and sparsely settled state called Parana in the south of Brazil, where I make it immediately clear I heap all the clothes of Massachusetts and N.H. on the top of the bed of a night --- briefly Gaspar, I aint in the tropics by an overcoat and two pairs of undies.

Yesterday with a hemoglobin book in my pocket and a guarda (male nurse) to do the difficult talking I started out on some house to house investigation which yielded me about 60 cases and was the most interesting and amusing work you can think of. The natives can barely read, live in the simplest sort of traditional existence and with swarthy skins, earrings, large straw hats, wooden bowls for



Parana is cold distinctly so and at present we are in the warmest part. Dont share the opinion of the Benighted States in general that Brazil is a fine country place filled with many handsome boaconstrictors -- to use a phrase dear to the heart of any Andoverian, and youre one in point of fact. There are as fine huge rolling hills here in Parana, as fine pine forests as ever I saw in the U.S.----- but here only

a beginning at settlement and still a map that reads in big blank spaces 'terra incognita'. At Guarapuava we shall be in a place 80 miles from the railroad or more and with more Indians and Caboclos to treat than anything else. Imagine the English ranch up in Matto Grosso 330 miles on one side and 300 miles on the other where a troop of horsemen simply ride in every once in a while and round up as many as they want and then ride out again! And that is going on now-- when frontier life was supposed to be dead.

After I finish this survey herein Parana I shall go South to the next State Santa Catherina and do the same thing there. All this lasting till about February of 1921. I find it bully fun but at times get homesick for friends and the sound of English spoken. Letters too have the same high value that you might suspect them of possessing and thanks a lot for your description of the reunion of the class of 1911. It is diverting but not flattering to my intelligence to think of they way I used to agonize to myself about the class reunions having a good spirit etc All that work over appearances! I should have loved to have seen some of 'em curse Carlie Hann

under their breaths. Or to have merely seen the Bish ! My God what a charming thing it is to marry young and never have anything happen to you! Missing street-cars, going to "little dinners", being rung up on the damned telephone all day, and wiping noses of little snipes people ingratiatingly say look like you----- well I am going to do it sometime but it wont be (a) Now (b) in Brazil.

The chief difficulty I find in this job is in the abrupt change from trying to like what I get after all is over, to trying to anticipate exactly what I want and then getting it or making other people get it for me. It is the change of existence from one of landing various jobs which were considered as good and then trying to fill them decently, to an existence quite without any criterion or precedent, where the ideas and the necessities must all come from me and be passed on energetically enough to make a go of things. As a matter of fun it is immense--- I sit up here planning their tomorrows work as if I was the Lord, or perhaps Chas Storey on the Peace Commission in Paris, something pretty big anyhow, and before I know it I cant think of anything more to be done. The funny thing to me is that they say "Sim, Signor" (which sounds more like 'Seashore') and then they go and do it and come back with results miles ahead of what I thought they could have secured.

I had a diveting time seeing the president of this State when I was in Curityba. He was a rotten looking little sawed off Brazilian who you can see any day consuming toothpicks and whispering and grunting in front of City Hall and he was in deep conversation with the chief of State Police and a heeler, but he gave me a very polite interview and I got a book of passes for the Survey off him, so I cant complain. But POLITICS ! as the saying goes here among



The Americans " Hell, Tamany would be put in the Kindergarten class in Brazil". And really that is true. The mayor of Antonina does nothing profitable but buy and sell government concessions, \$30,000, is about right for a small concession! And everyone knows it.

However you can apply the local proverb locally, "Servico de crianca e pouco" A child's work is small. "Mas quem depressa e louco" Who hurries it is a fool. To which yesterday the microscopist Miragaya remarked at almoco (lunch) "Tive um parent qui morreu por causa d'isso" (I had a parent who died for that reason)

We all eat dinner in the RESTAURANT ITAPEMA



which is run by a big cheerful Italian who thought I was Rockefeller's son and tried to charge us double prices. So I had to set aside half a morning and go and talk to him which was very amusing and excellent practice for me for I am coming to like dickering and palayras de negocios.

Let me recommend the Brazilian day for work. You get up at 6 to 7 have hot coffee and bread only. Then you work till 11 when you have almoco. Then till 2 when you have more coffee simplis, and then at 5 or 5:30 jantar or the big meal and the last one. The evening that begins at 6 and lasts till 12 can contain work in pretty fair quantities.

Well best of luck Alec The empty spaces in the text are for photographs to come later, for my films must go to Rio to be done decently.

My best to Eleanor and the rest of the family

Lapa August 14 1919

Dear Pa

I am out in the garden at a house we've just been given here, writing on an old wooden grinding mill turned upside down while my guardas are out in the highways and byways inviting the gusts, metaphorically speaking to the feast which we hold tonight in the local cinema to instruct the local Jaca-tatu (the Brazilian for hayseeds) as to the meaning and purpose of the Rockefeller' Foondaish in Brazil. There will be a crowd and when all is over with the speeches, and I'll back my Brazilian doctor Doutor Remigio against all comers in the art of Portuguese oratory, when he is all through, we give out the little tin latinhas and go home with the first days work done. Early tomorrow will begin a stream of people to be examined, and in three days we ought to have 400 or more examined, and as soon as I get 500 to 600 I am going to beat it for Rio Negro, the next stop.

Lapa is on a high flat table-land and it is good and cold here now, down around freezing at night. But there is a pleasant little orange tree out in front of me as I write so what do I care! It has a curious parasite this tree, a thin green cord without form al beginning nor ending, which clings to the lower part of the smaller branches and winds its way out to the extremity in the most meaning less and structureless way. In the barn walks the prize gamecock of the neighborhood, red-legged and meanlooking, and the urubus, great ugly carrion vultures who are the only permanent and reliable public health officers encouraged here, fly awkwardly about and quarrel over roosts and food. They are more vindictive in their quarreling than most other birds, for I notice that when one has obviously vanquished the other

Urubus



he flies after him for some time, with a sort of follow-up system. The people encourage the urubus --- that is they have a law against killing them --- which is more of an exemption from criticism than the other public health officers are likely to enjoy for sometime yet. Dr Darling has made it



fairly clear that they are not true public health agents, because they fill the role all too frequently of carriers of anthrax, and probably act as carriers

for some of the animal parasites. They naturally play quite a part in the local folk-lore: the urubu who went to Nossa Signora's feast in Heaven carried in his violin

a turtle who hid in it because he could not fly. When they got to the party the Urubu discovered the turtle and was very angry at his social pretensions--so he threw him out. But Nossa Signora took pity on him and though his fall broke him in a thousand pieces, She gathered them together and gave them life---- and that is why you see a turtle's back made up of so many pieces.

It is humorous to see how these poor men suffer from the cold and even more amusing to see the awe with which they regard my sleeping out on these nights that leave frost on my trench-coat as it lies over me out in this nice little yard, under the orange tree. This town is about 2500 feet up and this clear early spring weather is much the same as September in the Adirondacks. The village doesn't awaken until nearly 8 o'clock. Then come the men with their palas or big tasseled woolen ponchos, shivering and unhappy.

The shady side of the street is quite deserted and it is a full two hours before the sun has made things comfortable. We are finding a low rate of infection here, which makes the work of the microscopists more wearing and which holds us down on the number of treatments. I am afraid that the numbers gathered in wont reach 500 as soon as I thought, but I have learned that you cannot ignite people here with ideas that will take in three hours or spread with any effectiveness under 24 to 48 hours.

There is a cinema here which has inherited a pianola from somewhere and last night while I stayed here going over the Itapema records I heard one of the kktz Litz Rhapsodie Hongroise set winding out into the brilliant moonlight in the garden here. "Thence" to quote quote an illustrious predecessor, "to bed" under a new bunch of stars to stare at till insistent incoherent remarks began to crowd into my hearing and I saw and talked to a few Americans whom I did not see yesterday in the funny little town of Lapa.

I have been having to dinner an interesting old party of 68--an Englishman of the the wild and wander-sort-- who has spent the last 50 years of his life in Parana, and speaks Portuguese, French and German with the same speed that he talks Cockney. He is the station-agent here, a fine old pink and white specimen whose race now serves to retain the superiority that his age





has need of. He is rather an amazing old bird but for general purposes the experiences fell on rather uncritical and unobservant senses, so that he is not the mine of stories and anecdotes that old Buddha Waddell at the American college in São Paulo can be. But he has an old French Bible that dates from the time of Good Queen Bess, handed down in his family as an heirloom, which I am going to see tonight when Re-

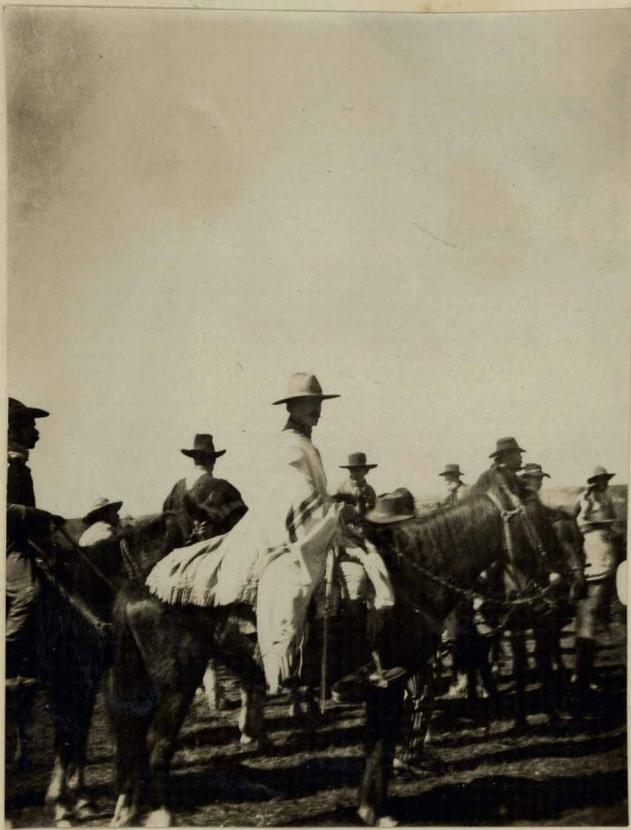
Migio and I go down to take matte with him. He agrees with me that nothing has done so much to civilize the people here as the American Cinema--- he says that their manners of greeting each other, and of all social behaviour are now modelled on the habits observed in crowded houses every other Sunday. Of course that will put a finish on lots of interesting customs here--- I've always maintained that love making must be more and more standardized and unoriginal as the Youth of the land attend the Movies. In fact if I were a girl of spirit and experience 'twould be an interesting game to place them all in whatever school they most closely aped--- those young friends of mine. But to get back to Brazil ~~the movies~~ says my friend Sgnr. Tamplin, is notably civilized in the past ten years by ~~the~~ *the movies.*

While I pick off the hoar-frost from my cot in the morning those who had a tear their eye at my coming suffering from the tropic heat, are drawing 106° without fresh air in their homes in the North.

Happy days !



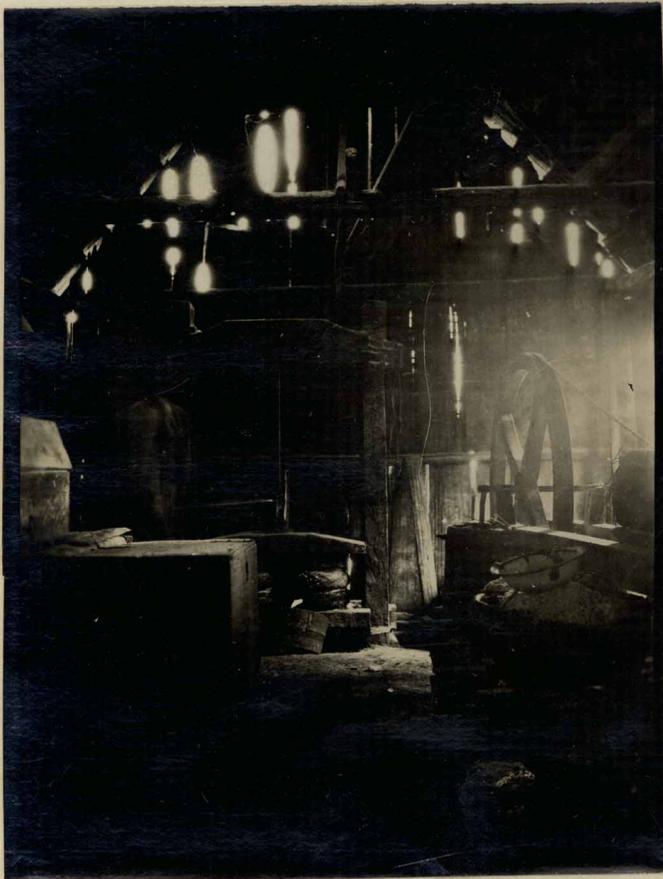
Waiting for Treatment
Cruz Lapa



Sunday Houserace
Lapa



Thanks for his treatment



Mandioc Preparation



Now that I am fairly well into the job here and beginning to know from first hand experience what things are like here in Brazil it is easier to do what has for some time been my intention and write to you.

At the moment I have been assigned the job of investigating the extent of Hookworm infection in the southern part of Brazil, first in the State of Parana and later in Sta. Catherina, both regions quite cool and comfortable thusfar and not at all like the general impression of Brazil which involves white plaster houses cocoa plantations and spare revolutions p.r.n. The survey of this State began on the 4th of August, when with a Brazilian doctor two trained male-nurses and two microscopists well versed in the local parasitology, I started out a wandering region-to-region existence which will keep on till I finish in Sta. Catherina in February.

Our procedure is this: we have our beds and skeeto-netting, our kitchen utensils, three Bausch and Lomb'scopes, a special centrifuge, about ten thousand capsules and enough oil of chenopodium to fill them as required, and a good deal more miscellaneous material all ready and in trunks. We choose a series of regions to be visited and with the aid of a pass-book and much ⁿpatiecia we get to a town. The town prefect is overwhelmed with pride at being visited(often mixed with suspicion and a certain arch "oh-yes-but you-wont-find-hookworm-here" expression) and we are installed in the local city hall. That night the Brazilian doctor gives a talk in the local cinema with our lantern slides greatly aiding him in explaining what uncinariose is, and at the end of the service we make not a collection ~~af~~ but a distribution of small tin cans for the specimens of feces. The next day the stream begins and I stay in the laboratory examining the spleens and the hemoglobins and seeing that things dont go galley-west and keeping an eye open for whatever interesting may turn up in the way of clinical pathology. The places chosen have been all

been small and fairly typical of this part of the country. Though it sounds like rather a limited field of interest it proves to be anything but that, for I am expected to get a fair idea of the general prevention of rural diseases which ~~can~~ could be applied--and thus mosquito-hunts, visiting and talking with the local M.D. (when the place sported one) and making notes on medicine in general here has been part of the program. Naturally there is abundant interest on the sides of life other than medical, and now that my mail has begun to come through with regularity though well spaced and in big batches, I find this life very profitable in every way. Not that Brazil will be my dwelling place for good. No, not that by any means, but I am getting ample experience on the side of administrative public health and that is what I came for.

The curandheiro, or wizard-medicine-man here occupies an interesting position. So powerful and widely recognized are they that as yet the medical profession is unable to deal with them, for they frequently have political influence and as is frequently remarked, in Brazil Tammany would have to start in the Kindergarten class. Among the caboclos or peasants of the forest, I know of a curandheiro who makes the prognosis of all severe coughs as follows: a fish about the size of a sucker is caught and the patient is instructed to spit in the living fish's mouth; the fish is then thrown

into the water and if he swims upstream the patient will live if down the patient will die. And it is well recognized that

if a woman in labor will change shirts with her husband each wearing the other's inside out, she sitting with his hat on, in the center of a twenty-litre measure, she "give ^{the child} to the light to the child" as the phrase goes, much more successfully.

A young doctor out in the matte, told me that after a nine league ride the sight of such a thing nearly compensates for the trouble.

No one can exaggerate the effect of the American cinema here in Brazil. For many little hamlets it comes once a week

serving as the sole but a curiously effective contact with the outer contemporaneous world of which they see nothing else. In the last ten years dress and all the habits of social greeting have changed and I am asked in the same breath if I know Dr Carrel personally and if I happen to know Tom Mix, or Dustin Farnum, or Mary Pickford. They look on the American Army as its fondest jingoistic admirer would not dream of doing-- they think the Estados Unidos are always worth watching, with admiration ready to flow, like the saliva of Pawlow's dogs--before it is justified. Some day the date of the first moving picture will be given place with Guttenburgs work as a factor in education.

There is one place here where work of the very best sort is being done and that is the Institute at Butantan, where Dr Vital Brazil has worked out serums for the poisonous snakes of Brazil with remarkable success, and now is receiving very satisfactory public support. If the full details of this would interest you, or if you have any friends who would like a full report of the technique I could send gladly a copy of the report of the process in French.

The work of the Commission here has resulted in an increased interest on the part of the Government in various problems of public administration of sanitation, and now their reports are published along side of ours every month in the newspapers. Mr Morgan the U.S. Ambassador says that the Commission is the only American organization that has not as yet gotten into trouble in Brazil!

Perhaps we will have a chance to continue our 10,000 treatments a month for a little while longer !

I am writing this on a crazy little river boat on the Ig-uassu river trying to take 800 sacks of herba matte up a shallow and tortuous stream from Sao Matheus where we have just finished a survey, to Poarte Amazonas and later Ponta Grossa, where perhaps I shall find some mail from the States--a thing that is like roast beef and ~~xxx~~ mush-rooms to a hungry man. Lord, A delicacy !

Now that you know the general outlines of what I am doing it will not be hard to drop you a line with less of formal descrip-

tion and more of what is going on from day to day under the
sky that sports the Southern Cross, the Centaur and a
Moon that rises and sets with a brilliance and a speed
that makes me forgive the theatre for all its dash
and vigor in this particular.

With the very best of remembrances and I think
from all I know now of Brazilian postoffices, the
very best of Christmas



In Campo de Tenente

Polak Family in Sao Matheus



August 19th 1919.

Dear Mr. [unclear]:

Amid the thousands of letters with a more familiar post-mark than this one I thought you'd be amused to have some mail from a young Brazilian friend. He opens with a politeness characteristic of the country and hopes that ^{the} hurried departure from U.S. battleship without saying goodbye to lady who made stay in Rio more pleasant than otherwise would have been, will be as excused as it was justified. Just got to train in time to have a five-milreis squabble with the porter--- and that is as late as you can economically be to a train, here no Brazil.

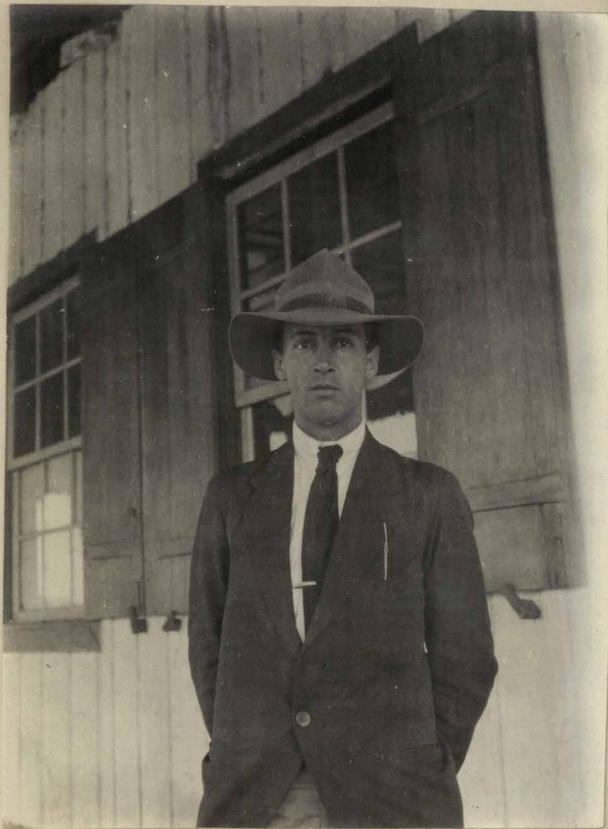
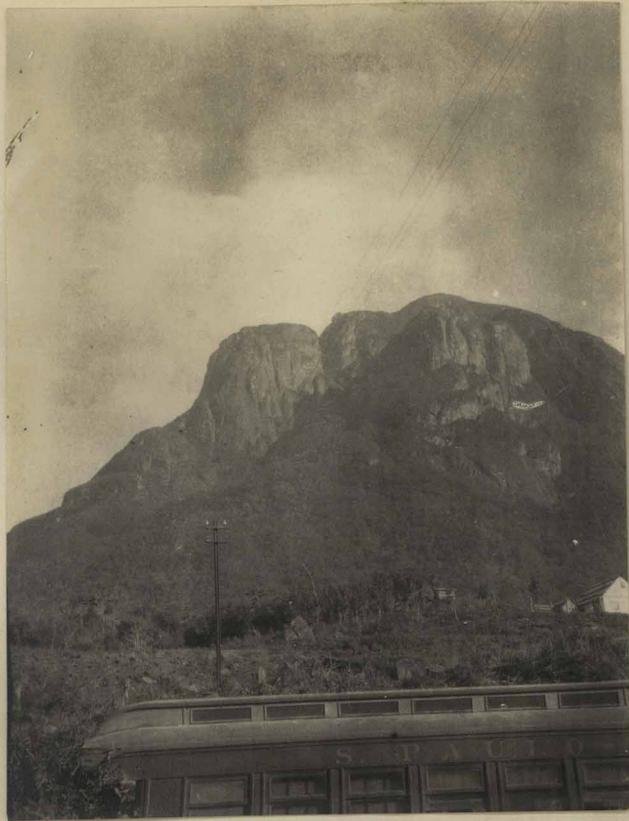
Today was a scream. We asked the Prefect of Lapa to give us a horse to go out to the colony outside town. He came across with a swell barouche drawn by four scrawny but unquestionably spirited or pigheaded bays, with thousands of sleigh bells everywhere about them--- and depoiss almoco with the whole village salaaming reverently a guarda and I set to the colony about six miles out of town. The road was the sort that keeps you apologising for innocent violence the whole time, and when we arrived I was glad to look the driver in the eye and memorise what that sort of a driver is apt to look like. He kept giving the horses the right of self-determination and the fore pair never looked at a cross-roads in the same way that the hind pair did--- I jumped out and had to hold the municipal barouche from going over the edge of a hill, because the driver couldn't get enough unanimity in the team at the last minute.

The colonists are Italians, really splendid looking peasants but they have had nothing much better to copy than the local customs, and the result is a little sad. The main room of the kitchen is nearly always a mud floor around an open fire built on a raised platform---no suggestion of a chimney. The entire colony of forty or more houses has been built without any sawed wood at all and the effect of the

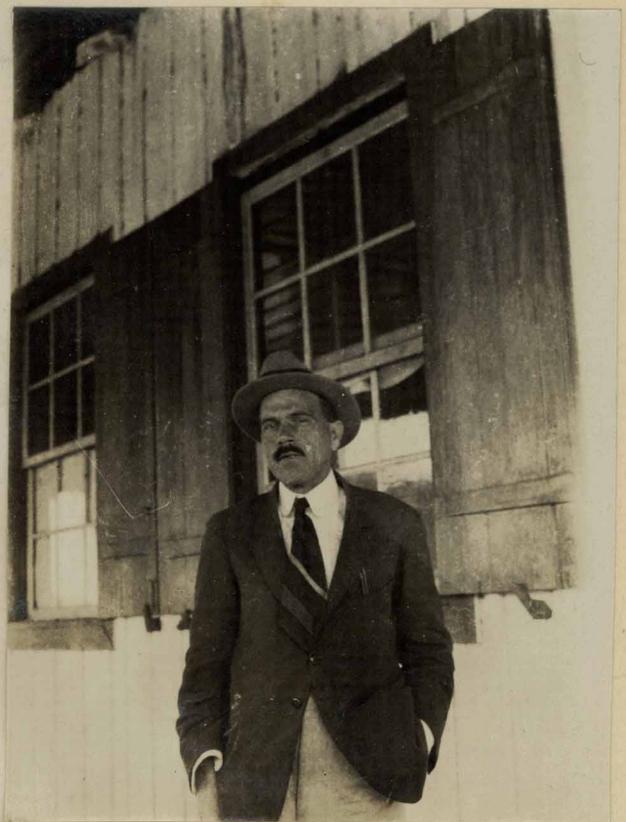
constant thick smoke on these huge slabs of the rough wood makes really a very handsome though dirty house interior. I don't think that in one afternoon I have ever seen so many kindly faces as today-- they were all so cheerful and pleasant and agreeable, and told us all their troubles in the simplest and cheer-fullest way. We would examine the whole family from the Pai on down to the pequeno, all of them tall pink-cheeked Italians and smiling and laughing the whole time.

This is the country for you. High rolling hills, no life that is not on horseback. Frost on my bed in the morning, to the horror of my crew who think that to sleep out under a fine little orange tree on a cold starlit night is the height of insanity. Verdade it is cold here. I have had to buy a local comforter which makes a good bedding roll even if it is lavender on the outside. Yesterday they had a horserace out near the church and it is a very picturesque costume, the long fine woolen poncho that the horsemen wear here. The horses are good too-- in fact this is no more like the rest of what I've seen than Montana or New Mexico is like Palm Beach. It is a country of pine trees and clean cool fresh skies and I like it. There is about a 5% infection here in Lapa---so I expect I shall never see this town again.

Much obliged for the forwarding of all the stuff; my address will continue to be Caixa 295 while out in the interior of this bon little state, whose capital is my home--and if ever a word deserved " " marks that word home is the word sint it?



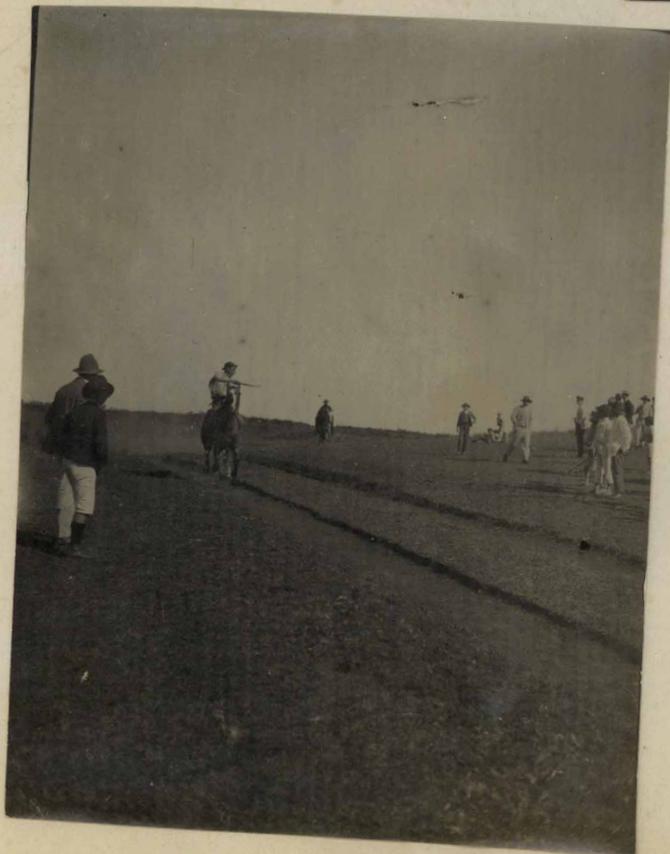
Silveira



Machado



Church Lape



Horse race
Lape

August 19

To-night I have been down at the Station Agent's, Mr T^o Tamplin's house, first talking at some length with his Brazilian wife about the habits and customs here in this country and later going over Tamplins siter-in law to find a full blown Tb. process in her right upper lobe. They were rather amazed at the fulness of the examination, which was good fun merely for the practice it recalled.

The women here nurse their children up to ~~xxxx~~ two years of age; seldom leaving off before the third month and it is very rare to find a case of undernourishment among the infants. In cases where they wish to wean the baby an early start is made by squeezing beans up and cramming them into the kids mouth almost from the start and going on to a gruel made of flour or milho which is I think a rough native flour. It is admitted that this is hard for the baby but it is practiced philosophically and some seem to survive.

Tamplin's father was a feather merchant in England who lost through illhealth a successful business in London. He happened to go the Brazilian consulate in London when he was hard pressed for a new chance and seeing there the alluring posters of life in the colonies of Brazil, he sold the family plate and all but a fine harmonium bought at the Paris exposition in 1853, which he brought to Curityba for his wife to have in the new land. The President of the Province of Barana when he saw it was so keen to have it that he offered 100 pounds on the spot to Mr T senior for it as he wished the Church in the Capitol to possess the first Harmonium ever seen or heard in the Province. But Mrs T felt so badly to lose it that her husband refused to sell it. This angered the President so much that when with endless trials they finally got to the colony in the matte near Serro Azul they found that the Local

head of the Colony there had orders to send that Ingleze Tamplin into the matte itself. So Tamplin, his wife who had had in London most of the ordinary luxuries, and five children, were dragged up into the bush to a place where the only clearing was around their hut, and where they used sheets and old opera-cloaks to keep out the rain and where Tamplin's mother's bed was a pile of banana leaves, and their only food beans and cane sugar! Mr T. died there of heart disease and Tamplin worked in the bush for eight years till he was twenty four. At that time his mother happened to have made some sketches of insects and especially butterflies, which she sent as a mere keepsake to the British consul in Rio whom she had a debt of gratitude to. A Brazilian official happened to see these and in his admiration for them arranged that she be brought out of the matte to Curityba to do a set for the Government: that is the only way that the family ever saw the light of day again. He told me this looking in an odd way at his hands and saying from time to time "What they have seen!" Which is probably true.

Tonight I heard the frogs that cry like babies and of course I went way out of my road to rescue the kids that were lost. Such a funny noise, for to be coming from a ditch full of nothing but frogs.

We are off to Campos de Tenente tomorrow, where I suppose Remigio is saying "Mas eu digo com franqueza"--- Of this leaving I do not think the Brazilian line is particularly true:

o que é
Quem inventou a partida
Nao sabe ~~aa~~ Amor
Quem parte parte chorando
Quem fica morreu de dor.

Bonini's Version

*Quem inventou a partida
Nao sabe ~~be~~ querer bem
Quem parte parte chorando
Quem fica perdeu o trou.*

August

Here it is the very end of August and I have finished the inspection of two more towns, Campo de Tenente and Rio Negro with but little to show for it all in the way of letters to the North.

Campo de Tenente was an informal little place, largely German, and devoted to a box factory of Snr. Henrique Stahlke and consisting of lovely flat topped pinhão trees stuck casually about some scattered houses, with geese and endless mule trains and stray horses drifting through the lanes. There were also some cedars of a new sort-- the most lovely I have ever seen, because the cold touches their tips with a deep purple red, and only the depths of the foliage is green, the rest is all a gentle mixture of the softest reds and browns and greens. Sprigs of this are going North if it can be done.

One evening as I was trying to do accounts I heard a most unpleasant humming noise-- just the noise that a year ago used to mean Fritz coming ^{by} to the Hospital ^{on} for a raid. Just the same noise---- I was astonished and started out to see what in the world it was. There wasnt any firing of course and it suddenly came to me that it was only the saw-mill of Snr, Stahlke --instead of the Mercedes of Herr Stahlke! Gosh that's a bit of a change for one year's time.

We left Campo on the 27th having examined 375 people in five days and finding 144 of them with hookworm. Twas a bon little town and Stahlke was very helpful and jovial---- but I am sorry to say I cant fall for all of the German joviality as yet.

But when we got into the train I found Dr Araujo with a suit- case nearly full of magazines and some letters tambem and here it is that my letter really begins for I have been so long on the trail that I'd almost forgotten what other people were aware of my existence--having May as the last date to go by. I was simply delighted and mail does look good you know, at times. I had Scientific Americans, and The Nation (Eng.) numerous Christian Science Monitors (the best paper

most ways that I know), some copies of Science and some medical journals and as a finale System and Poetry (separate magazines if you understand me rightly). Perfectly happy. I opened a typewritten letter first out of curiosity and was rewarded to find that it was yours, and ~~was~~ delighted to learn that the Trotter book had not gone wide of the mark--- I'd agree that the conclusions are too anxiously drawn. I think no book by an intelligent man should be gotten ~~at~~ out without a simple statement of what he'd like to believe on the subject at hand as a preface --" Where the treasure is there is the heart also".

I have the system of reading (I really never did anything systematically in my life except toothbrushing) ^x one newspaper each evening; to make things last and to give a sense of progress to the week. But I can't be so selfcontrolled on letters and whacked 'em all open at once, including one I shouldn't have opened to one of my men from his Brazilian enamorado, and before I knew it I was well into the heart of a very hearty Portuguese sonnet--- and I couldn't think who in the world in the U.S. knew me and Portuguese well enough to be writing such a load!

It is a curious thing isn't it how quickly you can fall out of one existence into another? Already here I begin to feel that so much has happened to make a big distance even bigger that I am not writing to people because it seems somehow necessary to give an introduction to a sudden onslaught delivered from so strange a place as Brazil. Please advise (as they say in commercial circles) me if you get bored by tribute from a wild and distant state-- and at times from a wild and distant ditto of mind --- you are the only person I have seen yet who can maintain a mental EXISTENCE without going in for absurd generalities and theories whose purity is stifled by their falseness and their deadly boredom. Not a light sentence---but the idea is that I don't find many who can endure a good Christian and yet feel the pleasant charm together with the di-

x and you here can't stick to one 'dentifrice'

verting buncombe of Greenwich Village, (which I'd defend to any Ladies Home Journal mind with more loyalty than hope of success). Perhaps a queer petition this --but I had nearly thought you hull down over the horizon until your letter came. I'll burble on and the Brazilians and Burleson will get half ---dont curse Mr Burleson, like the cornet soloist he may be doing the best he can.

I enclose an interesting description of a man. You dont find many like that---and frequently the few that do exist fail recognition in either sense of the word. There are not many things more all outdoors than such absence of cant and inherited prejudices; I know of nothing more desirable in friends or acquaintances. I think I will get me the book.

I have much chance to wear out prejudice here in Brazil, but there come times when the longing for mine own and all that that means, comes very strong. They have a different set of values here. Promptness, energy, cooperation, impersonal kindness, disinterested gentility especially toward women, prodigality of effort and insistence on efficient methods, silent ~~in~~ self-effacing service, spontaneity of wit or originality of mind find less value here than at home. Here more "homenagem" goes to tribe loyalty, ability to express verbally friendship, felicitations, tribe good-will, and amity-with - a-string , and to the recognition of natural beauty, and the maintainance of undisciplined personal identity and self-respect. More perfume and jewels among the men. I have made no railroad journeys without an escort to and from the station. Slapping a man in rage is an insufferable insult to his dignity. And I have seen three grown men rush to the window to exclaim "Que ^{com} bonita! Ah Doutor como linda essa sabia!" at the sight of a gray green robin in the orange tree. The men are the only ones to have anything approaching intellectual independence and ~~in~~ ^{by} this, friends. To the women I think life must be very dreary--- their faces have a powdered stolidity that

is not a very high tribute to their men. I have often wondered why the husbands of beautiful women, instead of being the objects of shallow praise for having made such a catch, are not more often complimented for the beauty or spirit of their wives long after the catch was caught. As it seems that would be a rare thing in Brazil.

I am now in the funniest little boat you ever saw being stared at by some rustics to whom this is an extraordinary scene. We are going down to Sao Matheus, the boat ordinarily takes loads of matte up from down river, and the green powder lies all over the deck. I shall have the most interesting time--- birds I have never seen before and types of scenery too. A fourteen hours trip for \$2.00 with jerked beef and the local beans to eat. A dirty looking place to be sure but we shall simply fit out our camp beds where the matte is usually and have really a delightfully cool and pleasant night of it. It is very hot now, but this part of Brazil gets cool by night and the Christian Science Monitor has just provided me with a map of the Southern Heavens which the pleasant clear weather will make good fun to study. I had a lot of fun on the boat down; in the Tropics you get a "close-up" on them all and the stars are even more worth while than ever.

I wish the pictures that are stored in my camera could accompany but Rio de Janeiro is the nearest place for decent development and that takes about a month from here. The answer is mais tarde which is local for later on --- a frequent expression of the human spirit as it has its being here. It is not fair to say lives and moves and has its being---it cant do all thatk in one day: mais tarde.

Good Luck and cheerio

A. G.

P.S. I am not a medical missionary no more'n yourea social worker.

Lastnight we had a big party here -- a baile of which the invitation runs

EXMO, SNR.

A commissao abaixo assignada convida V. Se Exma. familia para assisterem ao baile que se realizara na noite de sabbado 6 de corrente, nos saloes do Club "IDEAL", offerecido aos dignos noivos Snr Gilberto de Paula Leal e Senhorita Elvira Polati em regosjioso de seu enlace matrimonial.

Dr Paulo Foretes Pedro G dos Santos

Theophilo Sabbag Jose Portes

Jose A. Wolff

No dia seguinte haverá baile infantil das 4 horas em diante.

The Commissao Rokafell' was invited and it was certainly worth going to. They had a band like nothing on earth and the room of the clooby was filled with beautiful and fearful looking mocas who when I arrived were walking round and round with a fella supporting them, making sort of a grand circle in the center of the room---because as I found out it was a social error to sit down with a moça (the local for young lady) especially in the chair absolutely next to her! They have a system that should be copied everywhere---you walk round and round until you find a seat and then you leave her--just leave her that's all!

I had an amusing time. They dance the onestep here already but they dance it at arms length and the sensation of dancing anything is lost. More like gymnasium exercises where you try to follow the instructor everytime he moves--but youre always a little bit late. In the middle of the festivities suddenly a youth stepped forward and began to talk in a loud voice to the bridegroom who was standing rigid and miserable under the gaze of all--- the saudacoes was a fearfully flowery affair in Portuguese of the orators school, all about how splendid an idea marriage was and how we are indebted to our direct forefathers the Romans for all that it means to us and ending up with the usual good wishes very heavily expressed. The sort of thing you did when

at seventeen your bosom friend got married and you
tried to write a serious letter adequate to the situation.

I am a bit disanimated to-day---low in the mind to be
less Brazilian--- because we stayed on to treat the Poles
after they had come out from church, admonished and advised
by the Padre, but only about seventy have come. Two hundred
is what we wanted, and we never would be wasting these three
days if we had known that theyre only going to yield this
tiny crop. This morning up till 12 o'clock I was a surgeon
working with Dr Paulo Fortes over a little Polish lad whose
right fibula and tibia received a compound fracture 20 days
ago out in the matte. We made a window splint and got some
traction fairly well applied after an interminable time
spent in cleaning the wound up--Dr P.F. had let the things
drift on from bad to worse. He had nothing prepared and no
idea of what was going to happen next. There was so little
surgeons plaster left in town that now that they have just
told me the traction has come off I am not surprised-- but
here what the devil to do next. When the last ten inches
has gone by the boards? Luckily the little boy is not in
any pain. Gosh what a lot of work there is for anyone who
wants primarily to practice medicine and surgery and second-
arily to belong to a club, raise a family and stick to the
standards that he has quietly absorbed all his life as the
thing to do, city life etc etc.

There are some interesting forms of leaves and flowers
here, a tree that has a heart-shaped center quite black with
white wood around it, call ~~xxx~~ coracao do preto or negroes
heart. Here is a leaf I got on the Iguassu coming down here.
Ive had no dinner and hence my spirit is not strong for
litrachoor but cheery Oh ---as the Tommies letters used to
finish.

was and how we are indebted to our direct forefathers the Romans
for all that it means to us and ending us with the usual good
wishes very heavily expressed. The sort of thing you did when

The next night I rode out to the fazenda of Major Infante Viera on a bully horse he provided for me and spending the night there started treatments early the next morning begin-



Mother 32 8 yrs 16 yrs

ing with this family, whose son and heir is 16 and his sister 6. That shows what H* can do. The entire colony of workers had hookworm, it was our first group of 100% established infection, and I used up all my chenopodium treating them. After the treatments were over I went over the estate with the Major and I have never seen coffee as fertile and promising looking.

His opinions of Americans were that they talked and bluffed a good deal but their chief virtue was that when they made up their mind to have something they stuck to it until they got it. I was interested to see in his bed room library "A Forca de Vontade" by Samuel Smiles.

Saturday and Sunday went in treatments and in routine wormcounts in the pouring rain, so that by Monday I was more than ready to get out. Again we had a pouring rain, so we put off going at 10 o'clock exactly to favor the driver of the trolly. Characteristically enough he called up about two to say that he couldnt go that day for the price agreed upon but would only be able to go for 20 mil more. I went right up to his barn and took his name down in a notebook for effect, and, being theroughly fed up with such behaviour indulged what Cannon calls " 10 minutes fury" with him because he wouldnt understand our cold northern scorn. He came back to his original price but if it had rained heavily before it was nothing to what began just as we were leaving the hotel in an uncovered buckboard. The road out of the

town of Jacarezinho was nothing but a mill-race of red mud on a very steep hill and of course the nigh mule upon being unmercifully beaten kicked the harness into ribbons and lay in the slippery mud and water while my banker friend told me it was impossible to get out to the R.R. that day, and was arranging to have his luggage left by the roadside and return to the hotel. After we got the mule up and to the top of the hill he changed his mind and we finished by being in Ourinhos much ahead of time and very wet indeed, but glad of the chance to get the train the next morning at 3:40.

All that next day and the day following was on the train and finally when we got to Curitiba I was delighted to find a lot of letters and to see all my stuff in the trunks I had left there in August 4 just as they were left. It was nice too to talk a bit of English to a Scotchman named Machattie, at the London and River Plate Bank. When he introduced me to the manager I forgot what to say in English and started "Muito prazer de conhecel-o" quite naturally---which made me feel ridiculous, as he looked rather askance.

The next day I started on a flying trip to Serro Azul but on arriving at Rio Branco found a thirty or forty kilometer journey in a doubtful diligencia and no satisfactory assurance of cooperation from the Prefeito, whom I met, so we returned to Curitiba and the second day after that we went down to Paranagua and caught the boat for this next field of labor, the State of Santa Catherina. The boat served to remind me what a backwoods sort of life I have been up to recently and I was filled with SAUDADES of the U.S. and my trip down to RIO. Saudades means a cross between memories of a pleasant and close sort and homesickness and is a word the Brazilians are very jealous of-- they say there is no translation for it.

In many ways this Sao Mattheus is the most interesting place we have seen yet. The trip down the river was by night and finished by day in a rain that was too heavy to allow taking pictures. At night we sat--- my Italian guarda and I out in the prow of the boat watching the winding black river overhung with moss-laden trees down which we slid and sidled. He has a pleasant tenor voice and gladly sang whole pages of his favorite opera to me --Pagliacchi, interrupted occasionally by the boat crashing into the bank on a badly steered curve. Once we stopped for wood which the caboclos with streaming gunny-sacks over their heads carried down from a tiny clearing in the dense matto. And once for three sacks of oranges which three ruffians brought to the boat's edge from more perfectly black matto. With earrings and red scarfs over their heads, rough beards animal eyes and a large facao or bowie knife stuck in their belts they were worth sitting up for. Then we went to bed--- the center of the boat was free from its ordinary load of matto and it was easy to set up our nice clean American camping beds and sleep under netting in peace and uninterrupted isolation.

Sao Mattheus proved to be a wild backwoods town cut out of the matto; the Prefeito did not seem very excited to see us but let us have the Camara Municipal without more adieu and said that he would arrange a man to come and transport the beds and equipment from the wharf to the Camara. After waiting two hours in the rain I began to fume and we got a man on our own hook who hauled the stuff for us.

I sent Bonini and Miragaya out to a store and to the post-office with microscopes and some specimens that showed active and convincing worms and again the next day similar propaganda but with but little result. Visits to the Polish colonies were very discouraging too, because the people seemed to be very suspicious and we were getting almost no-one to examine. Most of the Poles though though there has been a colony here for 27 years cannot yet speak Portuguese and naturally that

made it hard ---Deodoro Silveira came back furious that there should be people in Brazil so long and yet not know the linda lingua, the beautiful language of Portuguese.

The night of the second day we had our conferencia and 130 were there at first curious, then dumb-founded and incredulous and at last keen for an examination. Poor devils they have never had anything from the hand of strangers that did not cost something in the end and naturally they dont see why an American millionaire should be doing any such thing. I am tempted to tell them that he is doing it as a matter of penance, which would make it all instantly comprehensible to them --- and I wonder how far I'd be off.

Not till today did I discover why they have been so slow here. The Poles have circulated a rumor that I am a representative of the American Army that there is going to be another war in the U.S. and that we are getting the names and ages of possible conscripts---taking the names of the women and children is only a blind to fool people with. We went to the Padre who rules with a rod of iron-- he will instruct them tomorrow which is Sunday that they are to be examined and in the conferencia after church I am going to get a Pole to explain to all the people what we are doing. I was interested to have the Polish teacher say "Why the Rockefeller Commission was in Poland too during the war!" which was the job Reggie Foster did after his fiancee shot herself and he couldnt stick it in America any longer. His work is helping me.

Of what happens at church I'll tell you later

Published for the information of all ranks:

- (1) METHOD OF RENDERING LABOR EASY AND RAPID
Homen takes off his shirt when pains begin. Mulher takes off hern. Both will turn their shirts inside out and then exchange them and put them on. Mulher will then sit, with exchanged shirt on, in a meia-alcara (20 litre tub) with hat of homen on back of head.
- (2) METHOD OF PROGNOSIS IN SEVERE COUGHS
Catch a mayu (fish ten inches long) and hold near the patient who will spit in fishes mouth a good sized quantity. Fish will be immediately replaced in happier surroundings. If fish swims up stream patient will live, if down, die.
- (3) REMEDY FOR EARACHE
Patient will pour one bottle of castor oil into a little chicken soup and then swallow, following immediately with three grains of incense inan orange leaf.
- (4) CURE OF MENINGITIS
Catch rabbit, kill and while warm make generous laparotomy to fit head of patient. Jam down over the ears tightly; seldom fails if it really was meningitis.
- (5) TO EXTRACT PLACENTA
Cut cord and apply to the inside of right leg. Place a slipper sole outwards over cord and tie with red ribbon.

Dear Tom;

I hope you can use some one of these soon as they represent the very best of the medical practice in Sao Matheus and vicinity and I spent much time and strength in acquiring them. It was a lovely little hamlet in the very heart of this herve growing wilds, and now I am seated in a crazy little river steamer trying our best to get up a very shallow river and looking forward with quasi-military resignation to spending two days to get 40 miles. The boat is filled with huge sacks of matte, a bunch of curious half breeds and a Brazilian family of 6 which seems to follow the machine gun principle, no time lost between times, and every variety of trunk or bag that the world has seen.

Your letter was grand-- a review of everything at the hospital that I wanted to know about, as well as the important information as to the establishment of the Maison Goethals, to the visiting of which I look forward with the greatest pleasure. I read it along with one or two others on the way to Rio Negro.

This game of inspection is certainly damned good fun. I can speak the lingo now enough to go and interview the Prefeito

and the constant variety of country, of people, and of prevalent diseases is certainly interesting.

An engineer was doing some work near Sao Mathews a while ago. The natives heard him called "docter" and before long an anxious caboclo was at the door begging him to give him a prescription for rendering childbirth easy. He told the man he was an engineer not a medico but that was one degree beyond the caboclo's comprehension and as an excuse it did nothing toward removing the man from the door. So, being a man of resources he said he had no remedy with him but he could ~~write~~ give a very good oracao or prayer which she could wear around her neck as is the custom with oracaos. But when he came to look for paper he found nothing but a receipted bill for a mule ---nao faz mal--- he wrapt it up and it was borne away carefully by the pleased native. Well, the labor went beautifully, and for two years the oracao went from neck to neck, and when it finally wore out it was taken to a medico for him to rearrange it for a career of further usefulness. Nor can the caboclos yet understand why he was a little peeved as he gave it back ^{to} the owner insisted on having it, and no blooming ergot or pituitrin.

A letter from Smillie tells me that a tray from me to you and Mary is on the way to the Mass.Gen.Hosp. God knows I do hope it arrives and that it is in good shape on arrival.

When I get to Ponta Grossa I will read your letter again and if there is anything to answer I will write separately, and again anyhow soon. My regards to Hink. What is the news I won-

Pete Scholl?

s ever

Sao Mathews

School child



All morning out in a Polish colony on the edge of
matto or forest which for density has no equal, getting off the
horse and clapping hands as a signal that you'd like to be in-
vited in, ceremoniously shaking hands with a frightened and em-
barrassed peasant and his wife while the kids rush into the
bush and hide, taking hemoglobin and examining spleens, and
urging them to come to the laboratory, looking over the saints
of Poland massed in regiments over the walls while the parents
catch their children and drag them in weeping or grinning with
embarrassment, looking at the queer system they have for drying
and grinding their matte-- the tea they export here-- and then
returning to the tiny Camara Municipal or City Hall where my
cot bed adorns the back porch and the worhties of Brazilian
history gaze absent mindedly from antique and rotten portraits
upon two Bausch and Lomb microscopes and two of my microscopists
at work finding what the rate of infection is here in Sao Matheus
--- that's what September fifth finds me at, in a tiny settle-
ment reached once a week by a river boat on the Iguassu river
state of Parana, southern Brazil.

Tonight we have a baile or ball, held in homage to the
excellentissima bride of Snr Gilberto de Paula Leal em rego-
sijo de seu enlace matrimonial (in rejoicement of their enlacing
matrimonially) which I look forward to with great joy, for we
are invited to the first ball this place has ever blown itself
to and if Brazilians are good at anything it is in screamingly
useless cermonials and celebrations all held with a solemnity
that is beyond my fondest dreams of what is funny. Right now
the band is shambling by, horns rusty and useless looking, some
of the men in sandles others with high leather boots, some with
black kerchiefs and patent American collar buttons, others gall-
ing against celluloid affairs, but all delightfully serious and
without embarrassment, bound for the house of hte bride where
they will play in hellish discord till jantar (evening meal)

x a fireman on the river boat.

band in hope of a funeral which played
Jovias El Capitan March all out of tune
for a dead march, reminding me of another

and then later at the baile.

I am floating round this state of Parana which is in the south of Brazil and about seven times the size of Belgium finding out in an inspection whether and where the Commission can do the most effective work. Some places have an infection of 80 to 90 % with hookworms others much less, but this is good direct work in a most interesting part of the country and when I can keep the accounts of the tax other five men stright I am more or less content.

I like to see occasional English-speaking people like Mr Jobbins-- a sailor who landed because he overheard the Captain say to the First Mate that he was going to imprison all the crew until the beer that had disappeared on the way out from Hamburg to Rio was accounted for. This forty three years ago, when Signor Jobbins slid over-board in Rio harbor and escaped --- to the Heart of Parana where he has stayed ever since. Jobbins presents me with a cuia to drink matte from saying "I opes you will accate it, Sir" -- his English mixed with the Portuguese acceitar meaning to accept.

The Poles knit red thread around used electric light globes and use them for decoations in their houses. Hides of animals like otters for example are five mil-rbts or about a dollar. All the medical side of life is fearfully primitive of course. But the animals and the plants and trees and I imagine the flowers that are to come soon-- all these are tremendously interesting and doubly interesting because really nothing is as yet known of them. If I stop this wandering life I shall try to fit up a little lab and get to work on the essentials of some of thesek forms of existence.

Not that I am going to spend my days in Brazil --- give my best to the folks I know--Ruth Harrington

para in parte of a former...

Dear Mrs Rice:

Whenever I mount a festive or even a docile steed I think of you and all your family. So this morning when the time came for me to get on board and go out to the Polish colony here I found myself wondering again how everything is at Turner Hill and thinking that I would like to write and find out perhaps in time for Christmas. This is not a reflection on you as a correspondent! It is just the way things happen here. I am very far from civilization here, it is just on the edge of untouched trees and unmapped country, where the evenings diversions are the experiences of those present with the various queer animals and the numerous poisonous snakes that are two to three leagues away. It is still the time of Daniel Boone here for you see bare-footed men out in the matto with a powder horn and a flint lock rifle getting the evening meal from a tree or a bush. All the animals are new; tatu, paca, cachoeira do matto lonta etc and the scenery is fascinating especially as spring is just beginning.

The name of the place is Sao Matheus; its raison d'etre is the trade in matte. A tiny town quite helpless if the river is too low for the funny little boats that bring the weakly mail from Curityba, our capital here in Parana. If the river Iguassu gets too low from lack of rains they have nothing for it but PATIENCIA (which is their virtue and their vice here in Brazil).

Here in this state of Parana, which is about the size of seven Belgioms lumped together and poorly explored, I am making a survey to see if there is enough Hookworm to make work on a large scale worth while for the Commission. I have under me and ever with me a Brazilian doctor and four trained microscopists, and with whom I am going all over the state examining the people and getting statistics of the amount of infection. It is identically the same wandering life that was in France the charm and the curse of existence in Field Hospitals, but with a number of easily surmised advant:

For me it is proving to be what I wanted-- very good administrative experience together with a large amount of adventure sights sounds and forms of food that I have never seen before, to say nothing of the extraordinary interest on the medical side.

The end result of the work of the Commission here is the cure of eight to ten thousand persons per month for the whole of the country and a very interesting stimulus to similar government undertakings independent of our direction. Largely assisted by the American moving pictures, and having part of its origin in the political necessities of Brazil as regards the Argentine there is here a great deal of interest in and enthusiasm for the United States. As long as we keep out of Mexico this will keep on growing--that is what the oldest American residents pray for the most, but they watch our relations with Mexico with a hawk's eye as do the Brazilians for when we adopt the part of chastiser they have no effective weapon except hatred and distrust.

Out in the colony we have run into some difficulty here in getting the Poles to come for examination. The rumor has gone around that really I am an officer in the American army and that I am here getting the names and ages and physical condition of possible future conscripts for a war we are going to have in the United States soon! The examinations of the women and the thousands of children are only to hide the real purpose of the mission. An experience like another we had where the local wizard told the people that the drops of blood we took to examine we were selling to the Devil at enough profit to make us fabulously wealthy. We had no more chance in that village--- the people hid in their houses till we left. But tomorrow the Padre will explain what we are-- and I

hope for two hundred after church. There is no question but that
of the opportunity to help people is a favor which they confer
upon you: that free hospitals owe thanks to their patients
and that even passing rage at those who refuse assistance
is in this light utter stupidity. Perhaps medical training blinds
the doctor to this. But it is a fact and when it is recognized
Public Health will take a big leap forward.

Forgive this heavy philosophising, I should perhaps
be telling you of the more interesting things here: of the
night I went well out of my way to rescue a lost child who
was crying in a ditch by a hill trail---only to find it
was a jubilant frog singing in the mud crying just like a child.
Or of a bird that sings in flocks one sitting on a branch in
front of the rest and setting the time by swinging his body
orchestra birds they call them. Of royal palms, of the labor-
atory where Brazilian doctors have worked out effective
serums for all the poisonous snakes in Brazil except one,
of the enormous vogue that lotteries have here, and of all the
thousand things that seem odd to me. But these I will
leave until I can learn everything at first hand or perhaps
better till I can tell a few to you in that delightful breakfast
room at your house.

I am getting a little bit firmer on horseback and
hope that you will see some progress next time I get a
chance to slide down to Ipswich. My very best to you all
and a Merry Christmas!

As ever



Mill for
Herve
Matti



A flour mill in the Polish colony in Sao Matheus, made from a single log cut in two and the two opposing surfaces filled with steel nails.



Pinienwald am Rio Preto. Streitiges Gebiet zwischen St. Catharina und Paraná.
Pin Pinhal no Rio Preto. Zona contestada entre St. Catharina e Paraná.



Sept 14

It is a cold evening in Imbetetuva, Estado do Parana, and I am sitting in the kitchen of an unrented unfurnished house with the bright 36 candle power light which we carry about us making the cieling whiter, the door greener and the floor redder than they are by the day light. Outside the streets are deserted and a cold mist is purring in the pinheiros that crowd up almost into the city from all sides.

Imbetetuva is a town well into the center of the state established on the old trail to Guarapuava, and now a frontier town of the real sort, where you meet every day huge big prairie schooners drawn by two lines of mules four abreast and covered with great sheets of dark red canvas, which protects from the rain the hides and the herve matte that nearly always crowd the driver in his seat. It is a town of horsemen and as we approach the Argentine line that begins to mean more and more, for the animals are better bred and have fewer parasites and as a result look very handsome. A town too where lions skins hang casually from the axe-hewn posts of the vendas, for sale at \$4.00 each. And such a town as to make it good policy for the Padre to dress like a man and to try to behave like one; for there is much more manhood afloat here than elsewhere I have seen----contact with much leather seems to have a definite effect on mens spirits!

Last night Silveira was telling me of the habits of the caboclos here in the Matte. He has been a fur trader and he says that the most valuable hide is that of an onca (or word ounce) or S.A. tiger, when it has been killed by



1172
a caboclo with a forquilla. A forquilla is a long forked pole of strong wood. So deft do these natives become, (they are mostly Indian blood) that they dare to tease a tiger into springing at them and are able to jab the fork right at his neck and strangle him and fix him by the weight of his own flying body so firmly that a companion or some times alone they can beat the onca to death and thus leave his skin without a scratch. Another more valorous method is to wrap a large amount of straw around the left arm and outside this slats of wood and outside this withes of cipo or a loose growing very useful vine that is almost as good as rope, so that the caboclo has finally a forearm as big or bigger than his leg. He then takes his hunting dagger and starts out for trouble. When he finally meets his onca he throws rocks at him dances about and taunts the tiger into a rage. When the tigre finally springs the caboclo guards with his left arm which the tiger bites in whole-hearted rage while the caboclo plunges with his free right arm the dagger into the tigers heart or of necessity very close to it, before he falls down in the final tussle. Of course frequently the onca gets in a fearful swipe with his claws and frequently the fight is not at all one sided when the reckoning is made ---but it strikes me as a pretty sporting sort of a fight.



They are an interesting type of humanity, these caboclos, much like our Indians in their knowledge of the woods. Their hair is very fine and silky and very black and frequently their eyes have a good deal of frankness and beauty which the other races here dont have. They are amazingly simple in their methods of living but have a serious simplicity that is a great contrast to the leering carelessness of the degenerated European. (back to)

September 19

Today has been the first leg of a journey to Guarapuava, an old old settlement in the heart of the state, thirty leagues from Imbetuva, to which I am going alone to see if it is worthwhile for an inspection. The other five I am leaving at work in Imbetuva ready to go on to Majolino if I telegraph them to.

I sit in a green Japanese kimono which Elinor gave me these many years ago, while sulphur burns death to the fleas in my clothes in my duffle bag close by. The town being Prudentopolis the hotel being the Roth. Of the town and its streets, of the type of church and houses we got but a glimpse as the diligencia jolted down the red-purple road at twilight. But just that glimpse showed a Greek style of church and a tendency to second stories on the Russian plan---which is all natural enough, this is a Polish colony aged some 25 years. Of a certainty when we start out in the morning we shall see the white haired pasty faced children "Brazilians".

Verdade, which is P. for truly but is said very sing-song, ver-da-de, this is interesting country. It is all hills and all pine trees, and all along these red-purple roads we



sweep into eight horse prairie schooners like this one, deep wine red in color and presided over by the same stern type that once kept Frederic Remington busy. Or occasionally will come sliding along on a fine single-footer a man with a hat that fairly covers him, black neckerchief high black boots and a raw hide lariat attached to his

high saddle that shines in front and back with repousse
in silver metal. It is in its own way our west all over
again and why oh why doesnt anybody know about it!
Such punctilious greetings when these fellows dismount--
"-Sim meus senhores!" and shaking hands all round. Such
perfection in wasting time. Such obvious gun barrels
on the hip when they stoop over.

Along the side of the road the chachin, great
trunks of red brown porous fire^{br}-y stuff, topped by a
huge burst of fern leaves. Sometimes these in fences
trunk to trunk-- to be admired but not explored for the
cascavels or local rattler is so apt to be nestling in
the hollow. And along the road too the matte trees and their
owners, stripping the long well leaved shoots twirling
them for a minute in the fire--

a great crackling and smoke
for a second --- and then
-laying them in big piles to
be taken to the drying kilns
and the crude machine they have
have for rubbing and breaking
the leaves off. I walked two
hours and a half this morning
and saw it all; green parrots
in swift flight at approach,
and beautiful buff-colored
jays.



Hawa preparation

All by stage this journey
and tomorrow we strike the real edge of the woods so at Banan
-al Ill continue.

September 21 1919

But instead of at Banaznal I am now at Guarapuava itself and having a time. It is a low sweeping town that covers an enormous amount of ground with scattered white plaster houses painted robbins egg blue or a soft terra cotta color or egg yellow, and it has been for more than a hundred years a town for the caboclos or half breeds and an ~~ant~~ out post against the Argentine and Paraguay. Twenty six leagues from here there is a semicivilized colony of the Coroados-- Indians that three hundred years ago were organized by the Spanish Jesuits into a colony of a hundred thousand, to be destroyed utterly by the roving Paulistas from the north. Some of the church bells in Sao Paulo now were made by these same Indians under Jesuit guidance.



You would be interested in the place I am pretty sure and I am going to get a bastante amount of photographs of whatever is interesting. I came on here alone to spy out the land for a possible survey and I find everything points to the chances of making a good one. You ought to have seen the formal presentations at the Camara Municipal, a screaming amount of solemn bowing and affable smiles--"Tenho muito prazer de conhecê-lo" etc etc. All with a

Xaxim fearful crowd of hangers-on who when I really got to the point of asking for a house and for cooperation in advertising our stay among the hundreds of out-lying ranches or fazendas, said it would be much better to go to the Chefe Politico and get his word for it all. Forwith Dr Thaumaturgo de Miranda, a cheerful fat little Bahiaan who is giving me great assist-

September 21 1919



Gate built 1770

ance here, and I pro-
 ceeded to the chefe's
 neat little house.
 We found him without
 his collar but the
 usual diamond set in
 the collar button,
 -- a kindly inteell-

igent man with a thin
 ascetic mouth and
 pleasant brown eyes
 with none of the sus-
 picious roving scru-
 tiny in them that most
 of the politicaoos have. He heard my story and is going
 to send his lieutenents in all the districts word to
 send in their subjects: he is acknowledged as being the
 boss with none of the secrecy that ours have-- but
 I dont mean that he cant do some shady work because
 he is openly recognised. As we were talking I heard
 a queer thudding noise and looking out saw in the
 street on horse back a leper with most of his fingers
 They are allowed to come in to town twice a
 week and beg provided they dont get off their horses.
 I saw eight yesterday for this place is a veritable
 nest for leprosy. The ones in the colony are the bravest
 they chose to do what one told me was the only thing
 he could do for his family---keep away from it.
 and I say chose because there is no obligation to get
 away; it is in rich and powerful families here who
 will not allow any such law to be made or enforced.
 Just yesterday a girl was yanked out of the Escola
 de Nossa Senhora De Belem next door---sick four months

to the point where the doctors diagnosis was merely confirmatory-- they all knew the child had leprosy. This is a country of perfect individualism and it has its virtues and its vices. "What do the fazendeiros do with their money"? I asked yesterday at almoco of a young advocate. "Loan it at 12% per month" was the reply and the rest confirmed him.

There is an American Missionary here, a wizened little man with gentle manners and a dirty black coat and a Jencks like beard, with a wife who is a relation of the Gastons in Boston: daughter of a Columbia S.C. physician who was on Stonewall Jackson's Staff and lost all in the Civil War and left for Brazil. Mrs Kolb always refers to the local Presbyterians as "one of the Faith" and has exactly the face that looks out of the daguerro types of 1857, plain, honest kindly and stern, and nearsighted. Two daughters who speak English with a pleasant crisp accent from an utterly Brazilian point of view. They take the Ladies Home Journal, The Review of Reviews, and the Geographical Magazine-- and America is to them a strange place of lost friends and interrupted acquaintances. I took almoco there yesterday and it was certainly



The Kolbs

good. Thank the Lord you have been in France so that you know what I mean when I say that I was surprised and delighted to find OATMEAL on the table with milk and sugar ! First time since March, and this being winter I had thought of it several times. But I was a bit done in when they suddenly started family prayers in Portuguese with Moddy and Sankey hymns and Port-

uguese words "Ganho uma c'roa del Rei" instead of "a kingly crown I'd gain" etc.

Today I am just off for the church service--- more of this very odd flavor of Senhor Guillerme Moody e Senhor Ira Sankey.

Best of Luck and I'm almost tempted to say Merry Christmas. Thanks for the suggestion as to an arreja for the horses at South Tamworth.



Off spring of consanguineous marriage.

Hereditary defect.



Helping the CR

September 21 1919

Dear _____;

Thanks for your letter of July 19 which though it is now September 21 seems very new and fresh and contains all the news that is fit to print about H.M.T. jr. and his Hon. discharge from the Service; very plainly I agree with you not a lachrimal discharge by a good deal. I too suffered from salute-shock for many days particularly the first day I put on civies in London-- pardon the foreign touch.

The humor of an inspection trip through the state of Paraná is so strange that it is hard to communicate, but we have it. I started out with splendid wisdom and forethought to protect my personnel against the usual personnel infections but to my amusement found that in all but two cases I could direct prophylactic zeal only against tertiary symptoms! I laugh to think of the hour in the morning that man will have to rise in Brazil who expects to ^{beat} be out ^{of} ^{the} ^{morning}. It is really almost universal and is O.K. as light conversation: as the man in the diligence said with the characteristic paciencia of this country "When it is not hereditary it comes more easily".

They have marvellous crème de cacao here and the best beer I have had since the war began: but why talk rain to a man in the Sahara? I forget myself. Dr Thaumaturgo de Miranda and I had an extra beer last night to the health of the anti-alcohol movement. As you well remark What can the Lampoon be now! Drink to me only with thine eyes. As Bob Benchley remarks "See if ^{you} can say over the names of nine light wines without bursting into tears".

I am in Guarapuava thirty leagues from the railroad in the center of a big cattle country which has all the characteristics of our own West: prairie schooners, three day gambling parties, cachaca or poisonous native whiskey, high boots, sombreros and real men and rare women and infinitely rarer ladies, painfully large knives and pleasant little illconcealed pistols. Medically a nest for leprosy: they come in to town twice a week and beg from

horseback. Yesterday I had to drop my contribution into
one's pocket for an obvious reason --no hand. But it
keeps on-- because it is scattered in among rich and powerful
families and they wont hear of any interference with their
personal liberties.

Your job at the City sounds awfully good to me.
I commend to you Eddie Harding who ought to be there part of
your stay there. His manner is rough and boreal but he is a
fighting gentleman if such there be, and he has got more
guts than the ordinary 30 feet that most of us use.

Have more songs ready for soirree at those delightful
sisters in Balto. When you write tell 'em I am using "Someone
else may be there while I'm gone" whenever I look up through
the palm leaves at this extraordinary moon. Gewalt ! If you
ever see a city more wonderfully beautiful than Rio I will
want to know it, too, before I'm old. Go see Mary Lee when
you are in B. --she's been the only woman in a regiment on the
Rhine and will therefore find the change back to Chestnut Hill
at times more than the barometer can register. And at cheering
folks up I have still to find your equal.

Must write to Harry A the coming Internist of Peoria
one of these days. I had rather expected him to stick with C
Cushing and become a neurologist of a broad sort.

Give my best regards to your family from me: if that
No Thought sect evr decides to send Foreign Missionaries into
the field , frankly dont you think I am the logical choice
for Brazil ?

'Te logo

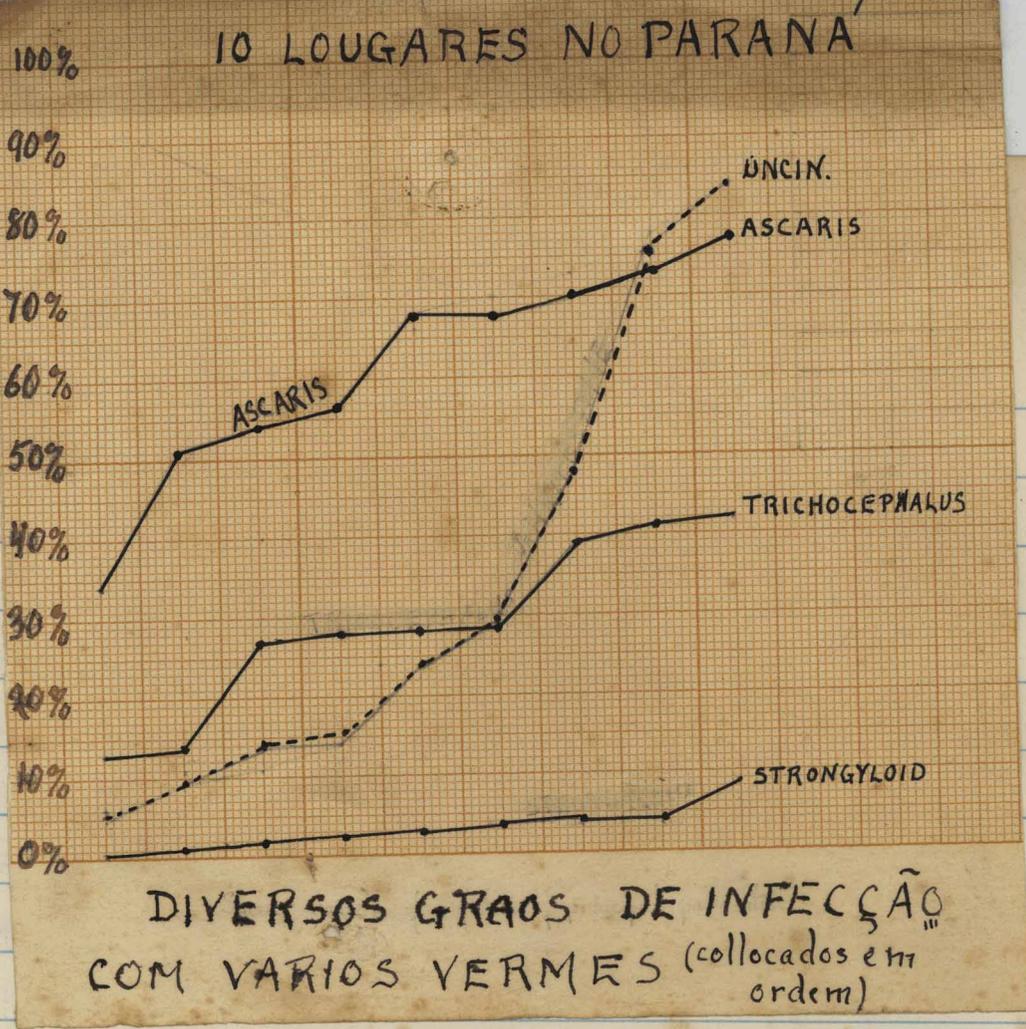
A.G. (lost fountain pen trying to catch
magnificent butterflies on the way in here by diligencia)

Yesterday I got to Guarapuava. It is in the center for cattle raising; the country of prairie schooners, three day gambling parties, poisonous whiskey, sombreros and high boots, real men and rare women and infinitely rarer ladies, painfully large knives and pleasant little ill-concealed pistols.

It has been worth the leagues and leagues the diligencia jolted up over the Serra from Imbetuva where I left my gang working, up through Majolino, Prudentopolis, and up the mountain road to Chico Russo's house at Bananal on the summit of the pass, and finally down to Guarapuava the morning of the third day. Five horses pulling us continually goaded by the driver. Sitting next to me was Dona Franca the Senhora of Bento de Barros, genially enduring my Portuguese, or giving Titanic accommodations to the sleepy, well mannered little illegitimate son of her highly respected husband. It is a bit odd here at times in that particular--- Theses for degrees for instance are always marked by "o filho legitimo" of so-and-so.

Much of the time I was out of the diligencia to see the brilliant butterflies, the flowering trees and the humming birds or beijo flores, eight or ten shimmering and darting over one tree. And then at night in front of Chico's the tropiros making their fires in the dust near their horses and wagons. At night there you would think there was nothing in the world worth while but to stare up into the sky where stands the Centaur and the Southern Cross, and see but one shade darker and more velvety the outlines of these big pinheiros-- crossing and recrossing each other against the sky.

The third day we rolled down through the colonies of frontiersmen burning the forest stumps and planting the first crop, and then suddenly we swung out into high rolling country with a fresh wind on the short grass or waving the tops of of the trees that wind irregularly with the little brooks far off to a hazy spring horizon. Cattle and horses and still more of the big



red prairie schooners we had met on the road from Imbetuva, and horsemen, stern and tough looking, in ponchos, huge sombreros and black neckerchiefs, baggy cotton trousers and high black leather boots with buckles of silver high on the outside of the leg, riding an easy pacer in high saddles silver mounted.

It is a low sweeping sort of town, scattered white plaster houses painted robbins egg blue or a soft terra cotta, or egg yellow, or pink.

It was more or less of a Brodie to come out from the rest and try my hand at negociations alone, but I can talk well enough to manage and I was anxious not to spend time and money if we are not going to be able to get figures on the cabeclos here.

Antônio the stage driver told me there was a padre Norte Americano in town and showed me a miserable little brick house to which I steered after almoco. There was a little old dignified quiet man who looked at me through dirty glasses with the piercing simplicity of all nearsighted Christians, and received my story with all the modulations of feeling between an initial professional endurance of a total stranger, on towards a kindly but sort of broken zeal for the undertaking, as if to say, " Ah yes my boy,

this is good work, but as yet you have hardly begun and in our day we shall not see the Kingdom of God". Poor old duck, I couldn't blame him: we certainly wont.

He asked me if I wanted to see lepers. We went about four blocks, came to a big yard still in the town itself, and to our handclapping ~~thaxaxzama~~ (which is the dignified way of announcing yourself here) there came a tall stoop shouldered man, his face showing the swelling... etc of leprosy. He was very simple and gentle in his manner and when he said that the only thing he could do for his family was to leave them utterly---I got my first first hand impression of what is leprosy. Do you know why they cant get anything done here? The town is streaked with leprosy. Guess at it ---it is the old reason. Rich and powerful families wont stand for the segregation of their lepers.



Lepers begging on Saturday.
getting a local list ready for him.

On Saturday the lepers who have the courage to isolate themselves can come to town and beg from horseback, waiting with patient uncertainty, and tapping against the pommel of the saddle for esmolla ---alms. Paes Azevedo is already at work for the Commission getting the infection rate and the location of the cases here in Brazil-- but he cannot cover it and I am

Today I went to the minister's and there sure enough on the parlor wall was a picture of Robert E Speer, and a photograph of some college campus with the usual conglomeration of hideous antique architecture with the later Greco-New York fresh beauty of a dormitory given by some bankers widow in mem-

ory of her father who was amonister---. And on the parlor table was a copy of the National Geographic Magazine in which Mr Kolb took especial delight-- I suspect that a missionary is a special and subtle form of globe trotter. Being a wanderer is like being an artist-- it is all the easier if you are a bit out of conceit with your day and generation. But old Kolb's enthusiasm for travel and variety fair made me gasp---all the low passion for travel that infests x gypsy's hearts with none of the gypsy's blithe tolerance and acceptance of the world as it is.

Of all things they had OATMEAL for almoco at the K.'s-- I nearly collapsed for I had seen none for a long time and gosh you know I was brought up on the stuff. It was pleasant.

Just after the meal was finished I felt sort of an oppression such as the neurasthenic ladies describe to you on Ward C at the M.G.H. and suddenly realised that we were getting Bibles and Hymn books given us by

daughter One. Then began daughter Two suddenly to sing a Moodey and Sankey hymn with Portuguese words---such an odd flavor. But I was certainly floored when the old gentleman did a sort of a Minnesota shift and embracing his aged wife began to pray in a strongly English accent in Portuguese--- " Nosso Pae no Ceo nao esquece as criancas desta familia."

Work goes well: but the number of infected is not very large and I shall not be likely to return to this part of the world until the day when I go to see the Qedas de Santa Maria or the Sete Qedas de Iguassu, seventy leguas from here.



New Hampshire ! For
companion

Guarapuava October 1 1919

Here we are about to leave this section of the wild west of Brazil and are waiting the carroça to take us out three days journey to Fernandez Pinheiro a station on the railroad, where by the Grace of God I may find after a days journey some mail, and a haircut and a bathtub, and a bank and all the other sources of strength --including a letter from M Frain. We were to have left this place if it hadnt rained-- but it clouded up about an hour before zazz almoco and rained ---Me Gods how it rained! All of which means that the automobilist got cold feet and refused to go -- so we shall have to take the stage coach tomorrow and spend three days going what the machine could do in Half a day. So I am back at the vacant house we have been using and hauled out pajamas and box of butterflies from (what a typewriter!!!) suitcase and am preparing to spend another a night. Well just a year ago today it was raining miserably --near Xpres and we were recieving 600 to 1200 wounded in twenty-four hours and I was cutting down khaki coats and slitting up khaki breeches and arranging blankets and trying to get pulses on pulseless Tommies and arranging men in the order of impending collapse for admission into a steaming busy operating room--- so I think I cannot complain. Gosh what a sixweeks those were!

An interesting old caboclo or native Brazilian came to the door late last night with a little boy in tow and in the most scroupulously polite way asked if he could for a moment enter. He came in and with his rough home made straw hat in his hand he explained that he had just heard of our being here and had come 20 leagues on foot with the paizinho on a mule to be examined. He had not had much to eat he said



when we asked him about it. Now a league here is 4 English miles, Martie, so I was really touched by faith like that and we examined him right away and found him loaded with hookworm and he went away murmuring "Deus-lhe pague, Senhor" (God will pay you) cured of his illness. That is the sort of thing I like. I used to get bored with all the uncertainty of the Hospital treatment-- "discharged relieved to O.P.D." when I knew they werent much relieved nor discharged to a very happy land. But if I should meet this old bird a month from now I could have anything he has-- and that feeling is pure luxury for me. I get a bit bored with the medicos who insist that they are the salt of the earth and get very angry if they cant have their way in handling people---it is a luxury to be in a position to aid and take care of people if you are built that way-- and if youre are not built that way medicine and nursing were poor jobs to get into. Nao e? which is Portuguese for Aint I right Mable? "Tem razao" which is Portuguese for "Algernon youre on".

Americo Bonini a boy of mine here on the survey is studying a book of English which claims that the student will know the language in thirty days. One of the sentences which is a gem reads " Ai emm gou-ing tu bed; dro de car'tennz Uer izz ior el'dest siss'tar".

Well Martie, if I find a letter for me from you at Ponta Grossa I will write you a prompt reply and if I dont I will write you anyway -- so theres no way out of it from for you. I would like insted to be saying the following from "Englez em 30 dias" 'Gud morn'ning mai di'ar frend ai emm ver'i gled tu si iu'. Camm inn. Ai du not lai q tu breq'fasst alounn' ennd ai uozz eqss-peq'ting iu'.'

'Te qualquer dia
'Te ja
'Te logo
'T' manhan
A deus

All meaning gub bye
May

Imbetuva

October 5 1919

A cat has just torn by with a screaming senhora in pursuit and the evenings chop in its watering mouth. Long lines of jingling wine red prairie schooners are careening down the ruts of mud near my window and the Sponholzes are chattering a mixture of German and Portuguese on the other side of the blazing blue door that shuts my suite off from the sala of the hotel. The door is blue the frame maroon and the walls pea-green but so used am I now to such things that I do not notice it. It is Sunday and we are stalled here because there is a strike on among the railroad employes-- and being a 5 hour journey from the railroad and a days journey away from Ponta grossa, my destination, I am halting a day in the hopes that the strike may be settled and I may thereby save a day and about a hundred milreis by going down to Fernandez Pinheiro with my two detached men and all our baggage insted of making a weary drone all the way by carroca to Ponta Grossa. The rest are there ahead of me waiting to go on to Jaguariahyva-- but God knows when we will get there-- telegraphing inane Brazilians and expecting them to have ordinary reactions is indeed experimental--- and "good administrative parctise"---like nothing on earth.

The past three days I have been on a stage journey out from Guarapuava. Part of the time it rained heavily and the rest of the time I caught butterflies to my hearts content while the carroca dwindled and dawdled along the heavy road. Here in Brazil there are more beautiful and highly colored bee barboletas than exist in all the U.S. put together: I think I

have 15 different varieties from two mornings only.

I am going to go into it for a bit on the side and keep them carefully: they are very beautiful indeed. The day went rapidly chasing them. Down roads almost blood red, trees deep green, ferns, new birds and trees in bloom---truly as Smillie wrote me I have by far the best survey yet that any of us have had to do. But it has been a long time since I have heard from home in any way and it is true that without someone to compare notes with and talk to travelling becomes a little stale even the best of it. I remember though the same thing was true in Europe in 1911-- so I do not consider that I am in very hard luck.

The revelation of divine truth in the Swedenborgian sense of the word has taken place with regard to these Brazilians. Darling in Sao Paulo told me Swedenborg's definition of revelation "Revelation is an obscuring or clouding-over of Divine Truth". And so I can make a revelation of Brazilians. The thing about a Brazilian that is peculiar is that from the ordinary point of view they have no repressions whatever. Such a thing as self discipline is unknown and hence it is that frequently they seem and in effect are perfectly useless and foreign absolutely to our way of thinking. It is more to their absence of repression than to anything else that I would lay the extraordinary lack of expression in this country--- they are almost without art of any kind --- among the people itself. You can't buy any manufactured beauty that I can remember having seen. Just the way the U.S. was but perhaps worse. And in fact there are a good many comparisons of the same sort that can be made between Brazil and America of 50 years ago.

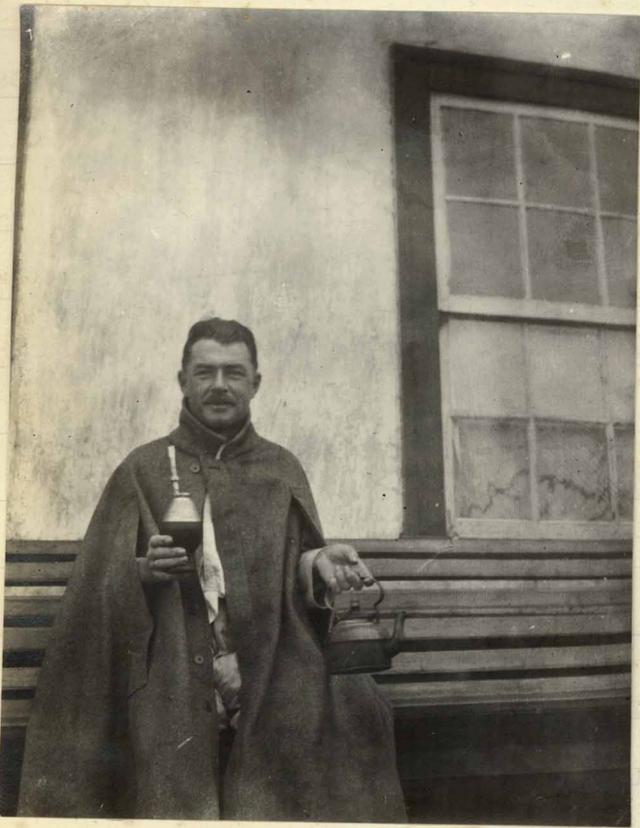
I have your letter of July 20 here with me and I was certainly glad to read it . You need not worry about not writing me man, I have lots of evenings free with nothing to do and a large admiring crowd like the present one to watch it me do it, whereas I can well see that you have a darned hard time to keep awake at night with the flat all full of nothing but bed and books and (will I ever see the thing again) a bath tub. What an odd thing it is to drop out of sight completely of all the English speakers and thinkers (I mean just folks) and not see anything that has a natural appearance from one week's end to another. You little realize how many familiar things there are in Keokuk until you have been three weeks in Guarapuava.

Thanks for the Nation. I expect it will be in Ponta Grossa when I get there--whenever that will be. It will be a great pleasure to read a bit of English again. But just as it is a pleasure to go back to English it certainly is a pleasure too to keep going forward in Portuguese---I am on the verge of being able to express shades of ideas instead of broad inaccuracies. And naturally that is a great pleasure. I was able to wring a hundred milreis out of the Camara Municipal in Guarapuava without much difficulty (for me-- God knows they probably suffered). The verbs are the difficulty especially the subjunctives. But it is a curiously loose and fluid tongue and but very few people in the world speak it correctly so everyone is tolerant. Tolerance is one of the chief virtues of this land,, which see absence of any repression.

One of the finest sights I have seen here lately was an old native--caboclo--- in Guarapuava who came to us with the finest sort of manners a bow and a request that we would do what we could for him and the little boy he brought

with him. He had come twenty leagues on foot to be examined. And when you realise that a legua here is four English miles-- and when you saw how many thousands of ~~mile~~ worms he had -- and when you heard him say "Deus-lhe pague Senhor" (God will pay you) --- and when you knew that he had had almost nothing to eat all of that journey---you'd agree with me. He was treated and in about a month he ought to be 1/4 again as strong as he was.

I enclose a picture of a very good sort of a young Brazilian German who has all the local habits -- and is taking matte from a cuia and a chaleira out in front of the Hotel Sponholz.



Sponholz taking his morning
Herbe Horra Matte



The professor is giving "music" lessons to the smoky little daughter of Senhor Santos of the hotel of that name here in Ponta Grossa, while I sit out under a rose covered arbor waiting for my train and a chance to get out into the field again. It has been some time since a letter to the President of the Company was directed your way, and a good deal has intervened of one kind or another, in the meantime. Instead of getting out of Guarapuava in six hours in an automobile, there came heavy rain and we had to take three days to it in a very uncomfortably jolty carroca. This got us to the railroad just in time to run into a strike which further held us up and then after we had gotten a little work done in Ponta Grossa and were all ready to go North for more, my guarda had an acute belly-ache which seemed so much like an appendix that I had to stay behind and see him through which has taken two more days. He fortunately turns out to be sick with nothing more than an acute abdominal grippe--if my old friends the clinicians will permit the term-- and I am by the contrast of what might have been very thankful.

I remember writing at least one letter to Marjorie from Guarapuava, which perhaps you will have seen by now and so I will not waste any time on telling about it. The trip out was in spite of rain very amusing for it cleared up the second day and I had a splendid day of butterfly catching and walking along the bright red roads among pinheiros and bamboo thickets and herva matte with the carroca dawdling behind and really nobody at all near to disturb the birds and the butterflies and the spiders and all the rest of the solitudes citizens.

I was delighted to learn from Father's letter that he has started to browse in Portuguese, because in sending him two newspapers from Guarapuava I had bet on just exactly that move and thought that when he got to the words Doutor Alan Gregg he probably would be able to read at sight for a spell. It really is a very easy tongue to read and is supposed to be more like Latin

than the other Latin tongues.

From a standpoint of customs and ideas these people are beginning to be comprehensible to me. They abhor effort and unless in the heat of the moment the educated classes do not seem capable of it. They do not know what self-direction is nor are they acquaintances with discipline--- in the schools the teacher with the shrillest loudest voice triumphs by virtue of it only. They are mystified almost by the uncanny ability of the Americans to be practical and to the point--- and somehow or other their highly estimated virtues seem to ~~be~~ suggest two of their own words always to me suadacoos and homenagem. The first is an oily sort of slop-over in the way of greeting and means but very little as regards constancy or loyalty but a great deal in the way of pleasing and ceremonious attention. Homenagem is not translatable, but is the outgrowth of the fact that they cannot have any common intellectual and at times any spiritual interests with their women and have as a result to spend it all upon their men friends-- which is homenagem as far as I can see now. I will admit I don't feel one of this --but the impression is certainly strong.

But what country and what Nature! Gosh it will be a long time before I can forget Rio Harbor and when it seems as if I were beginning to do so I shall try and go there again to renew the delight of it. Her too it is wonderfully good country and I hope someday to get to the Iguassu Falls and the real west of the state to see its life. It is modified by the feeling that it is not my country and never can be but as never failing interest it has few equals in my experience. And my experience is growing --- I will admit that it would take several napkins rings to keep all the names of the places I have been in in the past half year-- even the ten day intervals .

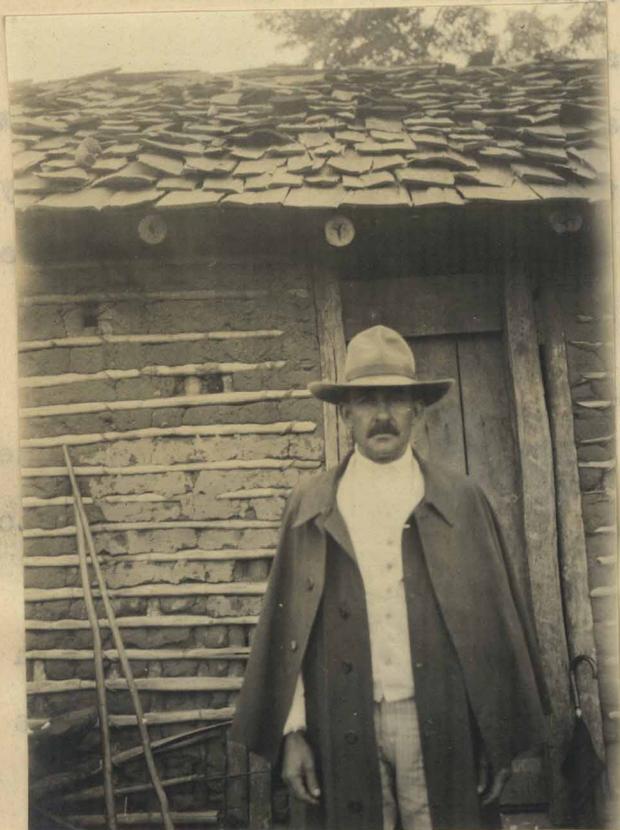
This has been a typical day-- typical of the sort of work that will be coming my way in all probability for the next three months. Here we are in Jacarezinho, on the 2t of October--here six days but with more than 900 people treated to an examination and more than 200 treated to a bastante dosagem of chenopodium.

We arrived after two days travel on the R.R. last Sunday, and it is now Saturday, and it was not hard to realize from the very first that the people here really have hookworm, and not only have it but are extremely anxious to get rid of it. We have not had such cooperation since the Itapema survey.

Monday, no Sunday was election day, and Remigio and I wander from one local authority to another explaining what we wanted to do but apparently in vain, for they were all preoccupied with politics. We met the chefe politico but he was drunk both with power and pinga and it seemed for a while as though the day was wasted, especially when it began to rain-- and that meant that the cinema would not come off till Monday and thus we might have to wait till Tuesday for the use of the hall--O Cinema Radium. But we did see a few tall and husky fazendheiros who had come to the elections and they took some of the latinhas and promised to advise their colonos to be examined.

Monday after waiting from 8 A.M. till 12:30 finally the trole or buckboard of SR DR Silveira arrived and Bonini and I went out to a perfectly beautiful coffee fazenda where we stayed on the front porch of the Big House and examined hemoglobins and spleens of about a hundred colonos--many husky smiling little Japanese. One Jap woman of 18 had a rather a thin little baby she grinningly with the intention of saying 2 "What had we better do in this case?" and after explaining to her what to do for infantile trouble such as the kid had I was not especially surprised to have a sudden swarm of Japs all with kids of just the same size and appearance, making the same curious noises. Olio Ricino for the entire colony! And a handsome negro girl of 18 sitting patiently

with a very swollen foot that the cat had bitten some three days before. I fixed this up with a great deal of pleasure in the variety it gave from the everlasting spleen palpation and hemoglobin taking.



Fazendiro

of mud huts

with the usual masto of Sao Jose floating over the sqalor--- a large print of that well known and useless saint on cloth, which is stretched tightly on a frame as if to be embroidered, but is instead swung on a rusty hinge at the top of a tall pole, and thus prevents the colonos from all ills including by force of reasoning, Hookworm. A kindly travelling bank agent who is interested in the region made the journey of 10 miles with me and was my secretary in the hut while we examined about a hundred of the natives, and the only difficulty was a setting hen that kept having to be thrown out of the clinic because she thought her nest was in a pile of reeds at my feet which is by courtesy here called a cama or bed. Then there was a dog fight in the bedroom---but I am getting 'used', and almost for-

The next day at 5 I was ready for an early start to the fazenda of Major Infante Veira, but the horses didnt come till quarter of eight. When after a perfectly beautiful ride we finally got there I was more than repaid for there on the side of a big red hill, with deep green coffee bushes in perfect lines running up and away on every side, was a group



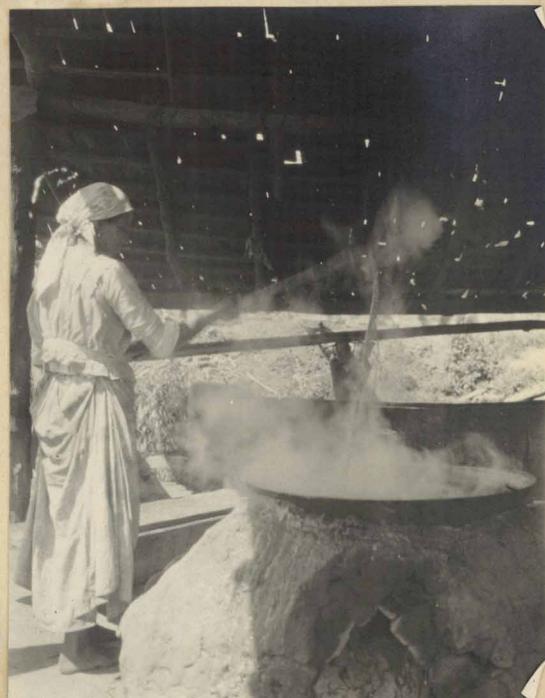
got about it. The dogs are wonderfully natural in their behaviour here. Nobody thinks of throwing them out of anywhere; at the cinema Monday they were there in great numbers and behaved just like people at the the opera-- before the show began walking round and round and seeing and sizing up all the other dogs, and when the show began watching it for a minute to make sure nothing unusual was happening, and then falling asleep.

I rode home from Major Infante's after we had had coffee three or four times at the Big House. And on both sides of the road huge fallen trees lying untouched in the fields, charred by the fire that is the only way to conquer the matto here, but coming up in regular rows in all this confusion was fine young coffee. They lack only capital and healthy labor to make 200% to 300% the years profit on an investment. I never have seen such evidence of fertility. And where there is no clearing it is all cool and shady and fragrant deep forest with strange birds calling in the depths and a frog screeching much like a streetcar on an uncoiled curve.

Tuesdays work was finished by some letters and a good amount of sleep while the Brazilians talked indefinitely out on the porch.

Wednesday I went in another direction out to Our Grande--- riding and talking to a very handsome young fazend-hiero named Sr Jesuino Jorge da Rosa who in many ways was delightfully typical of the country. He told me of that "cruel phase"

of the stranger " eu acho que foi um Inglez" who said that Brazil is a great country in size in riches and in its natural phenomena small only in the type of men it produced. To which I violently and promptly disagreed, much to his relief. We took a roundabout route stopping at o at a sugar mill run by a few caboclos where I took a picture of the oxen truning the huge wooden rollers that pinch the stalks of cane and squeeze out the juice whic runs down to a distant distant trough where it is scooped out and finally boiled down into rapadoura or cane sugar bars. These are the pictures I took of the process.



Sugar Mill

Coming home in the dusk I chased for quite a distance on horseback a huge thing called a lagarto, which is a cross effect between a lizard and an alligator this one was about four feet long and ran very swiftly like a mechanical toy straight down the road, not daring to try the low but stteped sides of the bank--like the Irish section who ran down the track before his first engine on the theory "If Ay couldnt breathe baist on th

livil how was Ay iver to bate him rrunnin up hill?" I didnt catch up with my lagarto, he made a sudden swerve and crackled away in the underbrush. The are very interesting anatomically because their ear drum is right on the surface and quite transparent and you can see the bones all in place and funtioning. Also the glottis sticks up into their mouth like the end of a speaking tube, instead of being almost out of sight.

Jacarezinho

Just back from a Fazenda, from examining some hundred pretty sick laboreres and their families and arranging for their subsequent treatment. It was all arranged that we would leave at dawn--- a baner and I, and cover the distance on horseback before the sun got too hot. He has just started a fazenda going and is very anxious that we examine and treat his laboreres.

Herewe are in the times that the United States was passing through in the Colonial Period--- the taming of an untouched wilderness, the planting of timid plants of corn in between huge logs of charrde trees, the costly encounters of bare feet and rattlesnakes, the use of the powder horn in relation to the evening meal --- and the enormous profits from land that never has served man before

Well it was arranged for dawn---"bem cedo"-- and I was ready at 5:30 but the light cool fog which aids so in travelling, had more than burned off when my large white mule hove in sight at 7 o'clock. Out we went in the clen early morning, along a deep-red colored road --the earth varies 'tween maroon and actual purple--- with perfectly magnificent young coffee bushes in long deep-green rows, running as far as you can see or at least to the thick wall of trees and vines that is the untouched forest.

When we got to his land we examined two very pallid women with hemoglobins of 45 and 50% . They lived in small mud huts and with a raft of children equally pale lived on the floor principally of the houses. Then up a hill and along a 5 kilometer stretch to a larger fazenda where a coffee hulling machine was roaring over the last arrobas (of a cousin who had no mill)of the season, and the Fazendeiro Major Infante was supping his after dinner coffee in a miserable room crowdw with flies. He was as usual very kindly and hospitable. After almoço we went up to the colonos settlement, the overseer leaned out of the window of his hut and blew on an old cow horn. You could hear the echo up through the deep green hills , f followed by the answering shouts of some seventy to a haundred trabalhadores, men women and children, who trouped down sheepishly

to the hut and I began taking their hemoglobins, and feeling for spleens, while the banker handled the question cards for me. Tomorrow we shall know who has hookworm and tomorrow night riding out there again I shall spend the night and treat at 6 A.M. the next day.

I feel many times that I ought to explain why I picked Brazil of all places to work in and hookworm of all diseases--- but when a crowd of 150 sick lines up in front of the laboratory in the morning and you know they are going to profit by the treatment, the best thing is to let the explanations go and just write that I am in Brazil and let it go at that--- and the travel and the new customs and the strange things I'll try to pass on from time to time.



Parana Parabeque

In the other room of this little hotel this very warm rainy evening, I hear the endless monologue of my Brazilian doctor, storming and threatening, playing Jeremiah for the whole of Brazil, crabbing the politicians and giving advice to the government,---'Eu digo com franqueza'--- till the dull circle of listening fazendheiros dwindles to a single man, who will without a doubt suddenly find that he is the only one left and taking that as a possible evidence of his own credulity or lack of judgement, suddenly leave-- with Dr. Remigio scarce warmed up to topic 3, which begins "Mas nossos caboclos nao sao stupidos"- etc.

We arrived here today after a two days ride in one of the dustiest trains I have ever been in, followed by four leagues of riding behind a native whose driving consisted of a continuous straffing of four underfed mules, utterly disregarding the position of the "troly" (cart) in the road. Before the lash fell each time he roared the name of the mule who was to get it-- "BRIOSO" ! "PARAHYBA" ! or "ZONAS"!--- and I was surprised that they did not know their names. I got very fed up and was utterly pleased when he nearly tore the back wheel off on a wooden stump, and Miragaya, one of my boys, had sense enough to pretend he wanted to drive, and thus the mules were spared the additional bad temper. The passage was interesting for the sight of several lagartos basking on logs by the roadside-- a kind of very large lizard about three feet long which has a very evil look and lives on snakes. After being bitten by snakes it always immediately repairs to a certain herb in which it rolls and rubs itself, to return later to the banquet. The herb has been proved on numerous occasions not to have the same effect when so used by man. Then too I saw the almost pure white "ferreiros" a

bird about the size of a flicker and with a sound just like a blacksmith pounding the anvil-- there is the sharp abrupt thud and the persistent ring of the metal after.

This is a country of as great or greater variety than the Benighted States. The change from one sort of hills to another, from palms and bananas to pines and low bushes is often sudden and quite complete. Yesterday for about a half an hour at sunset we were running along among a lovely shiny sort of grass that was in the mass green-gold, but at one angle caught the sun in a light violet color, with the same glint that golden hair will sometimes do. And suddenly again we were out of that region and in among nothing but hill after hill of the deep green of coffee bushes, which are much more beautiful (and this is no cringing tribute to the Anti-Saloon League) as a covering for hills than vines ever were.

But I have a friend who writes me of nature-- and the wealth that I know exists throws the paucity of his and hence my accounts of it well into contrast; perhaps you have the same-- boredom, on reading accounts of it.

There is a book by a bird with the extraordinary name of Sigfried Sassoon, gotten out by Dutton, which comes fiarly close to the War-- and should you ever have occasion to take anybody aside and give 'em a tip about the Glory of War, a few verses of Sassoon would do.

Does it matter --losing your legs.....
For people will always be kind,
And you need not show that you mind
When the others come in after hunting
To gobble their muffins and eggs.

Does it matter-- losing your sight?....
There's such splendid work for the blind;
And people will always be kind,
As you sit on the terrace remembering
And turning your face to the light.

and there's another which is still one too much, I cant begin the reminiscence business vet--- and I sometimes

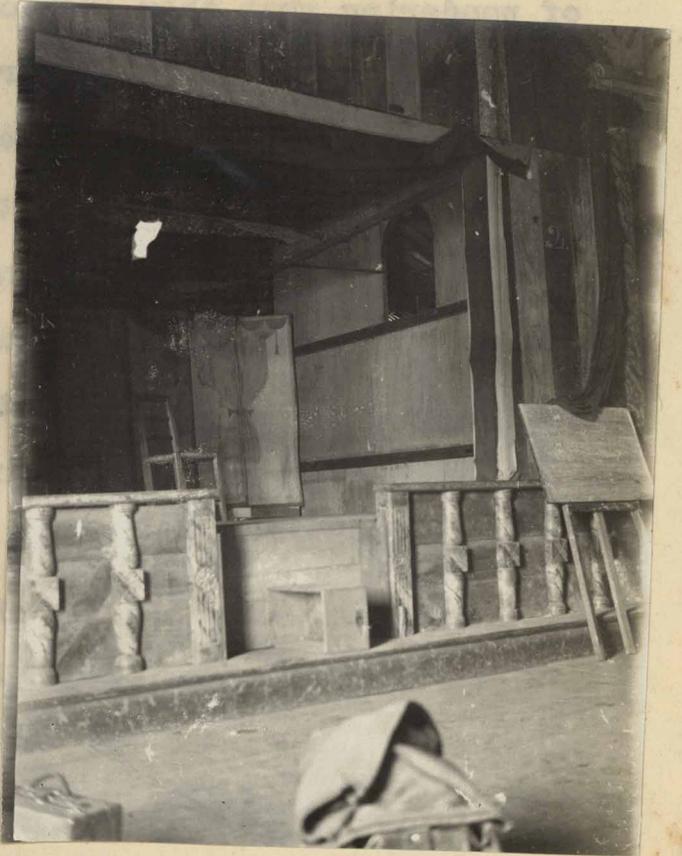
wonder if the Civil War was much of a war after all--- they all seemed to enjoy their reminiscences so. Good God!

It is an odd sort of thing to do-- to stick with strangers until you know them and then to know that you never will know them at all, and to stay away from acquaintances so long that you get to think of them as fixed impressions instead of wondering what they are going to do next. I doubt if reflection has the virtues currently given "in the pulpit and the press". I have reflected much and haven't even been fool enough to write people that I have learned a lot thus but I think that das so-genannte Reflection is more apt to precede things than to follow them-- and I doubt if I shall know anymore from heavy solitary "thinking" than from the half-conscious day-to-day hunches that go with a hectic American existence at home. Perhaps yes--- but not a shouting Methodist YES that drowns meaninglessly all dissent. It has a very bearish effect on the stock of friends one has; but they unfortunately become scarce as well as valuable, and I shall doubtless know again the rare and rather fine feeling that I had coming home from France, (which is considered pathetic and melancholy by some) that I cared a damn sight more for some people than they had reason to care for me, for I had had no substitutes the meantime, and they should have to put the poorest interpretation on it all.

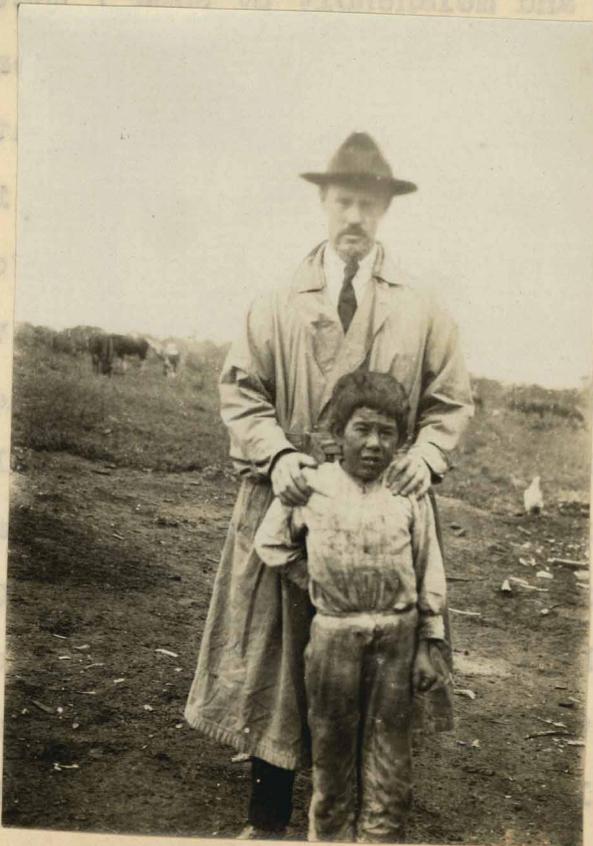
And along with the caring for people comes caring not at all for all the comforts of living-- which I wish I could care for. I had infinitely rather sleep out on the ground under this strangely dotted sky and sleepily outline the Centaur as it glows above a palm tree than to fulfill the current idea about where and how the Chefe of the Rockafell Foondaish should retire at night. Manello Patatisco ! (local for Fer th' love ov Mike) So I sleep out -- greatly to the loss of local Prestige of the Rockafell Foondaish. But this is so much nearer to a real job than I have ever had before

that ~~you must~~ I laugh aloud to think I might be answering
telephone calls as to milk formulas or treating neurotics
with bromides and 'tact' if I werent a free lance down here
in Jacarezinho.

Good luck and Merry Christmas



Waiting for examination



18 yr old boy.

November 12 1919

Cresciuma

Dear Richard!

Imagine to yourself a rather ruinous Hasty Pudding theatre in a very poor state of repair with many banks of school desks scattered through it, my camp bed in one corner and a bunch of Italian women with crying babies wandering through and around it, a fat little officious Brazilian doctor making physical examinations and a gang of thunderstruck Italians watching me write and saying "Ora ! Ora!" at each move of this personal machine. A commission of railroad employees are gasping "Nossa Senhora !" at the sight of such huge worms as the microscope shows them, and the flies are acting as the only common denominator of the crowd. We are working in a deserted church and the motto that is painted on the rough boards is "Adeamus cum fiducia ad thronum Dei". With some little fiducia (if I must admit it) I went up to one of the few coal mines of Brazil this morning and examined about a hundred miners---but it did not have the appearance of the throne of God--rather the tower of Babel, Polish, German, Portuguese, Spanish and Italian being the languages necessary to success.

The coal is a fat lignite type--with much pyrites, but all in horizontal layers and also without any gas at all, so that the mining is very easy and with no hazard to compare to what we have. The companies have been slow to get started and we are on and in the front wave of surveyors and exploiters--yesterday I saw the foundations of one of the stations of the railroad being built and the only things in sight beside the workmen and the stones were a blue print plan and a Winchester rifle. The trains to this district are running irregularly, with engines such as the General Beadle built in Leeds in 1881 and other treasures of malcoordinated steel which render as usual the virtue of Patiencia a mere *vis* - confused

-than-ever trait of this people. When the trains dont run they always have the hand cars which are run by two men with long poles and they pole the car along at a really surprising rate of speed. They can keep up with a train much of the way, and needless to say the handcars are ~~ana~~ much better than the train for

travelling in the clean and fresh air.

An interesting chap I met here last night is a Rumanian engineer who this time last year was a prisoner in Germany. He was shot through the belly in 1917 and got well cheerfully and apparently without much bother, to get it again five times in the legs. He thought that I was a German and I thought the same thing of him so naturally we were very pleased to find that stature and blue eyes and a red mustache can mean other things in Brazil. He is in great doubt about the future of Europe and is one of the few minds I have yet encountered who sets a sufficiently large value on the Bolchevist movement. It is amazing to me that people who have been taught all their lives that the Right will triumph in the end never stop to think that things that last any time at all usually have some considerable value and are not wholly bad----but I find many who think that there is no advantage in Bolchevism at all. The Rumanian said that it was spreading just like Christianity--- a remark that has a striking flavor. Much of what we consider as important now will be forgotten in the interest which Bolchevism will draw to itself in times to come.

Youve no idea what an easy social existence there is here. There is no repression along our lines. One of my guardas referred to his amour propre as his character and I am inclined to agree with him as I think it over, for there is no such thing as self control, nor any idea of state service or the common good. Work begins and ends when it pleases among the natives, and they simply dont know what application to work as an affair of the will is or can be. My guardas are no end proud of the fact that they are not as the others and are I think really grateful for the discipline they have received.

Well, I must cease this drool and go back to mines. The fourteenth member of a family of 15 has just come into the room to be examined. All Italian peasants at present 8 years here but not yet speaking Brazilian. I can understand the immigrant problem better now that I have been one. YLB ALAN.

The table has been cleared and to the music of a huge German music box, which will play the Wedding March from Lohengrin, or two Faust Waltzes or the march from Aida, twice without any encouragement, I find a pleasantly long Brazilian evening ahead of me and nothing exciting to do but dodge the millions of insects that arrive around the lamp every night.

The day was typical. Last night the local chefe politico a rather pleasant apoplectic Italian, who is distinctly first in the little Iberian village, promised us three horses and a carroca for four persons, to go an 8 hour journey to a place called Aranangua, of which I know really nothing except that it is low and hot and that we ought to be able to examine and more or less cure about 500 persons in about five days. The horses and the cart were to be ready to go in the coolness of 5 A M . Muito melior-----etc. In a miserable dark at about 4:30 Big Ben went intermittently mad, and mostly for the sake of example I got up quickly and made enough racket to make my men get up too. Dawn was very quick-- a lovely cloudy pink affair among very bright fresh green palms. We are quartered in a deserted church where we have finished examining 400 in 3 days-- nearly a 100% infection. So it was to the hotel we had to go once more to wash and to get our coffee. All bags and baggage were ready and we waited and waited and waited till suddenly at 7:30 a funny little cart turned up , of a size to carry 2 only , and no horses at all. So I had what Cannon describes as " ten minutes fury" (speaking mostly my native tongue), and arranged for the stereoptican to go on ahead and three of us to wait here till we could get conduicao. Set Bonini at work on the Parana statistics and went off with Silveira to the mines.

There we met the Mestre de Mina, Sr Comacho, a little Spaniard who has managed a French phosphate mine in Tunis and mines in the Andes. He speaks French, Arabic, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese well enough to be articulately angry in each, and who is an interesting fellow; besides having a lovely madonna of an Italian wife. She was always at me with a basin

of water, a fresh towel and good Paris soap, while I was examining the miners: Indians Germans Slovaks Italians Portuguese Spanish Poles Russians and Brazilians. No other equal courtesy under such conditions. After we were through he showed me a picture of the Andes which looked so much like Pikes Peak from a place near Glen Eyrie! We went down to the mine and ducked along the stoop-shouldered galleries where wet coal was picked out by big pale tired men. Of all inhuman work I can recommend for inhumanity coal mining:- but after all these men have it easy compared with the miners in the U.S.-- for there is here no fire damp and the seams are all horizontal.

After almoco I slept an hour and was wakened in much the same way I imagine people go to Heaven if that custom actually obtains: right in the middle of perfectly satisfactory realities such as dreams you suddenly hear a huge and inescapable "DOUTOR GREGGY!" and you open your eyes upon another world.

More miners examined and then a thunderstorm which caught us in the middle of the matto and some took off these useless clothes and had half an hour in the buff. Then back to eat and play the musicker and talk with Georg Jonescu, a great husky Rumanian engineer who is a kindred spirit from having been very much more than I in the war. Then too but eight months in Brazil, he is a person with whom I can freely discuss the country in French-- a great relief after three or four months among only those whose praise ranges all the way from biscuits to ambrosia and blame or unfavorable comment is between stupidity and deliberate insulence.

About 28 kilometers from here there is a package of mail for me: all the news up to October perhaps. How curiously some people slip over the horizon when

others don't ! Like old clothes nearly everyboddy fades to a rather better but less vivid shade. I think it is when you you return to them actually that the queer ^psotty effect appears as if a part of them was covered over and thus protected. The great speed with which communications are cut id a great argument for living in your own home town isnt it? And yet somehow or other I like to snatch at kindred spirits and try to keep them instead of wearing myself down or up to a humdrum familiarity with a fellow townsman who in all but houselots and subways might as well be 500 miles away. The people I have known and liked and now dont see at all are the only permanent fixtures among my acquaintances. Queer effect!

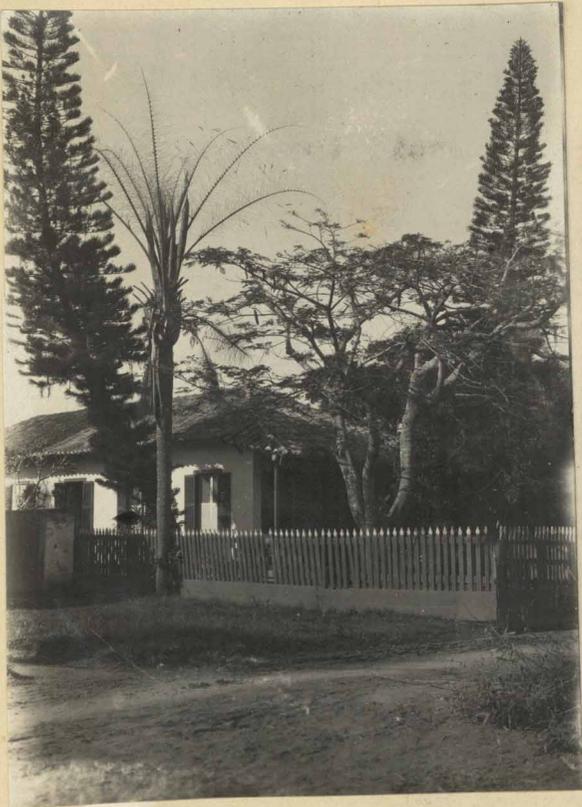
By the 27th we shall have examined and treated about 2000 men women and yowling children, and will be on our way to the German section Blumenau and Flakksanapaks Bruske. Then a month in the mountains and then a month in the island of Sta Catherina.

Well I burble on -- " Easy writing Sir makes damned hard reading".



Showing a cured patient
his wounds





Greetings to Commission

I cannot remember for the life of me whether I wrote you once before or not: my good intentions are of such a vivid character that they pass at times for reality. But at any rate I wanted to and now, having the chance while people are not coming in very fast to be examined and treated I'll take a chance on being a repeater. Tis at least better than a continuous--- I have been buying alarm clocks of late and the lingo clings.

At present we are on a survey of this state to see what fraction of the population has hookworm and how it is distributed among the people. I have five trained Brazilians as helpers and a Bz doctor as my team. We have portable and at times insupportable beds, railroad passes for anywhere that the R.R. goes, and the occasional honor of a special engine of our own, and the wilds are ours for the asking. We go anywhere that from a distance has the reputation of being a good place to find heavy infection and usually we find it. Good-- we examine about a hundred people a day, treat the sickest, give a magic lantern show with lots of lurid and forceful pictures and show 'em how to avoid the disease in the future, and later on if the place is valuable from a strategic point of view there comes a gang of ten or fifteen trained men nurses and a doctor under American direction and the region is really cleaned up at the rate of about 1000 a month. Medical prospecting is what it amounts to, and it is pretty darn good fun.

Day before yesterday a trip from Cressiume to this place up over some low hills and down onto this extraordinary smooth plain, a trip on horseback beginning at 7 and ending at 5 in the P M in sunlight poisonously hot-- but with lots of exercise and diversion for all that. This is low coastland and is well away from civilization-- all along

the road I saw in the adobe houses women with spinning wheels and looms going about our great-grandmother's business. We stopped in a ruinous little roadside store for almoco which is an eleven o'clock breakfast and after the meal the owner said that his wife begged a consultation. After I had talked to her and arranged for treatment, I asked him how much was almoco. With all the bucolic subtlety of wit that you can imagine he said "AH Senhor Doutor how much is your consultation?" I told him it wasn't anything-- and greatly pleased with his ruse the poor man said "Entao precisa pagar so a cerveja" (Then pay only for your beer).

Life is delightfully simple here. The hotel keepers daughter last night returned from a dance she had been to and came into the dining room, a very pretty little North Italian and shook hands with all the guests in a grave polite way-- but immediately brightened up when somebody asked if the dance was good. It was eight hours hard riding away from here-- at Nova Venizia, and was a big party on the anniversary of Nossa Senhora de Boa Vista; everybody from far and near, eight hours in the saddle as a preparation for all night dancing! Her mother every morning comes running from the kitchen almost wringing her hands with anxiety about my coffee, and I have been no Turk about it -- it's much better than what an X would get me at the Ritz! And such guava jelly! And cheese. Yo HO.

On this job all round the State till March and then I suspect to the North-- the Bahia region, the Brazil of the geography books, boas and parrots and monkeys and politics.

Gosh! This time anno passado I was in Paris having an extraordinarily agreeable leave---"and now just look at the poor dam thing".

Well it is a long cry since Sao Paulo where I think I wrote you last or first or at least once. Now I have a wild ambition to write to a few of me old and honorable friends and tell 'em what goes on.

This is in a town called Ararangua in the State of Santa Catherina, sufficiently removed from the ordinary cascades and whirlpools of progress for it to be merely the rule to see old women seated on the floor of the houses carding spinning and weaving their husbands and their own clothes and dyeing them with crude but beautiful vegetable dyes. We are here on the usual job of finding out the percentage of infection with hookworm and here up to the present have examined in the three days previous 500 persons and are well on the way to a hundred a day till our 800 are completed and our treatments finished. Thus wandering on one week medical stands throughout southern Brazil I have already spent 5 3 months and have the same amount of time to go. After March I may go to the North, i. E. the real tropics and see the Brazil of song and story, with alligators boa constrictors and monkeys and politics --- 'n evrything.

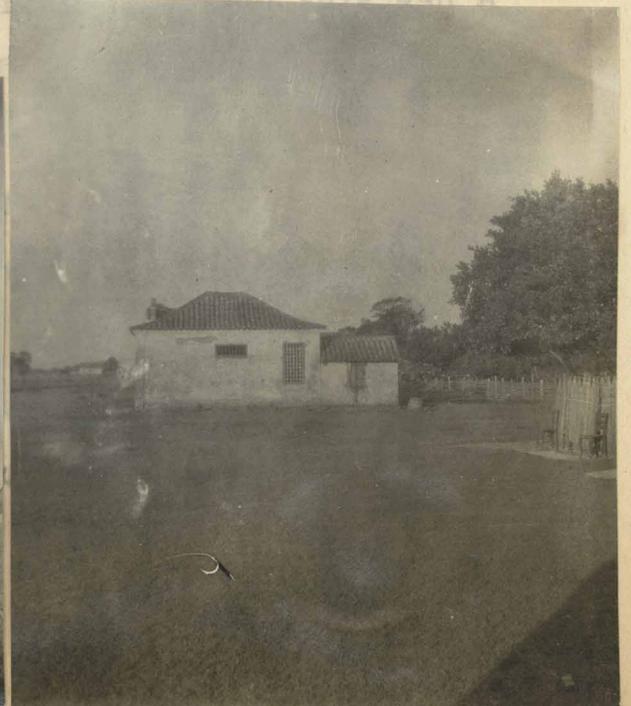
At present writing in the Camara Municipal of the town where we are doing our work and evry minute or so arrives a new sick one--- the infection is close to 92% --- to have me jab him in the ear and punch his side a bit and ask him a few improper questions and then send him forth wondering at the sight of the first Englishman he has ever seen--we make no distinctions between the English and the Americanos here. They all have very red noses and red mustaches and talk a very loathesome gutteral talk. There was a very amusing but very pale little rascal in here yesterday with his father and he didnt like me a little bit. He kept turning to his father and saying " Papai, chega ! Vamos embora !"

x which can be loathesomer when they are angry.

for which the translation is "Fatherk this is enough lets get out of here" But it has a funny flavor because 'chega' is what you say to a person who helps you to tooo much meat or beans---which is frequently the case here.

Last night very nearly all night long I heard the wild weeping of the father of the dona of the hotel who was over in a neighborly jail with senile dementia, weeping and orating and yelling bits of the past history of Italy at the top of a very a very hoarse voice. He was not a prisoner-- they have not the instincts for restraining eachother in Brazil that we have-- he was just there because having him in the house is a bit thick for the guests. But Gosh what a hellish noise. SACRRRRAMENTO!

This is a high alluvial plain, the town consisting of pretty pink or yellow or robin's egg blue plaster houses scattered round on one vest big absolutely smooth lawn of bright green grass. No roads at all. Of course it is beautiful and the distant sharp irregular mountains in a big semicircle and the sea at our backs-- well I have only to remember Commonwealth Ave in November to know that is mean to go any further . But dont forget that until you cut your thumb you never knew what it was for--- and until you go without speaking English a month or two and without letters for a month ---you dont know the advantages of Boston even in the winter time. I look forward to hearing a word from you for this same reason and in the meantime a very Happy New Year to you.



It is nine o'clock-- the local equivalent of our mid-
night -- and I am finishing a long and rather busy day. Next to
my cubicle a young Italian is having occasional epileptic con-
vulsions as a result of a brain tumor, outside an old man in the
municipal jail is raving at the top of a very hoarse voice--the
second year of a senile dementia, I have just been through a bog
or two on a visit to a man with a broken ankle, a woman with endo-
carditis, a man in the last hopeful stages of TB, and another with
spastic paralysis, ---leaving four others till tomorrow. Today we
had a hectic time with 350 patients all treated to the cure and
twas the darnedest job I have done since the walking wounded at
the 10 C.C.S.

I am doing what the old ladies think is a tremendous
lot of good ! Well- I know it is not that , but it is a comfort
to know that I might be waiting like a hungry spider in the U.S.
to do the same and then very doubtfully to charge for it! I have
given up the idea I once had that medicine is an honorable affair.
Why is it creditable to get up at night, to have all the fleas
that once starved on a Brazilian, or to make long explanations to
a neurotic ? A golfer cannot legitimately pity himself for the
difficulties that make the afternoon worth while. In other words
this job is too good fun to be creditable. The big difficulty is
that the brain tumors stay brain tumors and the old man raves on
--- I sometimes think that Jesus Christ had it pretty easy with
his miracles--- it is no fun to have people brought twenty miles
to see you and then to be helpless. But the other work which I
know is worth while makes a fly wheel to carry on by --- and so
it goes on, at times with great pleasure.

Of course the pleasant part of today was getting some
letters from home. One from you which was on the edge of starting
out for an A.M. and even in spite of the indecision ever so much
cheerfuller than the ones when you first got home . I dont want
to inhibit them at all but the two before made me feel very low--

it seemed so easy for me to flee the country which was not in the least real to me at the time-- whereas you had to stick it.

What do I think of the way the country received and supported Wilson? " And he went unto his own and his own received him not"---it reminds me of that a little. It gives me the same sensation, as I had occasion to remark to English 12 (I don't know how Cope got me into it), the same sensation you have at the the Mass. Gen. Hosp. when after staying up all night trying to save the life of a case of bichloride poisoning say, the ignorant family uneasy at the novelty and the strenuousness of your efforts decides that you are experimenting and that it is somehow wrong and proceeds to take the perilously sick one home--- you know to die. But they prefer the known to the unknown---, it takes a man to keep confidence in a plan instead of a custom when there is a crisis at hand. All good will and ignorance--- on the part of the people in the U.S. and sophisticated ignorance in Washington among our Senators. My God was there ever such a dearth of brains mixed with charity! I am bored at the whole business, and a good deal more than bored when I think of what used to be taking place in the C. C. S. But how little did I imagine what Ypres must have been in '15 from reading about it in Brookline---it was Ypres that made me understand. I suppose it is the same with Lodge and CO. I think that it is preposterous to treat a President with sullen resentment and distrust in March when American solidity of sentiment could have enabled him to dictate decent terms, and now to accuse him of being weakly overwhelmed at Paris. We have had our fling at being Saviours. I never knew a successful Saviour who was afraid of losing himself: incredulous ignorant timid Senators and 100% Americans pish !

No one ever tries to run anybody else here in Brazil. There is complete personal liberty if you have the money. If you haven't there is always a government job or a relative to live on--- and the interesting thing is that when no one makes an effort to progress there is absolute apathy towards any triat that is unprogressive. If a child of eight does not care to take the remedy -- then the Father says that the menino nao quer--- and there is not even the implied apology of a shrug of the shoulders. They put people in jail only when it is not profitable in the real sense of the word to have them out. And you can do what you k like. They just look on and talk--- but more than this nothing. And talk! An educated man who cannot harangue is NOWHERE. I have heard my doc Remigio hold forth on the cause of the failure of Brazil to take a leading place in the world for 45 minutes at a stretch-- fairly sreeching at the politicos and their favoritism--- and the next day he hints that we must certainly do a survey of Tuberao, for it is the home town of the head of the local Health Dept, and Dr Ferreira must keep his local prestige.

Last night after it was good and dark I went with the Padre down through a bog and through countless fence rail gates to a casual little mud house where flared a dirty oil lamp in the usual sooty chimney-less kitchen of the caboclo. "O Senhor Tiburcio!" shouted the Padre. "Sim Senhor!" from a timid woman who appeared in the doorway, " Ah O Padre-- pode entrar" in a tired lifeless voice. We went in stooping and there on a bed in the inner room lay an elderly man with his right foot wrapped up in a woman's red and black waist, very dirty and soaked in whiskey of the local evil smelling sort. There were butts of pailli cigarettes everywhere and with an agile snap of the wrist the old man caught crickets as they sallied from the mud chinks in the wall and dash them to the far corner of the room, where with this reprimand they escaped into the mud

chinks again. We unwrapped the foot and there it was, broken in two places-- the meta-tarsals- and very much swollen. He had taken the weight of a falling horse in a queer position. I had "commanded to be constructed" a right angle splint which the padre had with him, but there was no padding.

"Mariazinha ! Venca!" said the man in a low voice. The woman appeared and opened with here teeth a seam in a new quilt and there was plenty of crude cotton. After it was fixed up and we had had a desperate search for three pins all over the house, Mariazinha was told by her husband to bring a chicaras of cafe-- which promptly appeared and we all took some. It is always strong, and frequently very well made, but this was queer for the taste of the crude native sugar they use here. Then while the hoarse shouts of a friend trying to catch one of the ~~MAKAK~~ cavallos for the morrow became progressively nearer we talked about some of the neighbors until it was obviously useless to hope for a horse from Sr Tiburcio and so the Padre and I got up and left. And all quite without rancor--- because quite without ambition--- a funny country. A long walk through the bog in the blackest sort of night you could ask for-- to the house of an old German with a ruinous heart and a very large and mean family. Thence on to another family etc etc at the hour of eleven I was good and weary but possessed of the prospect at least of horses to get out the next day.

The next day it rained cats and dogs and we set out at eleven instead of four and went all along a big river bank with crude fishermans huts with distaffs and spinning wheels in use by countless old crones, and an old Xaron of a native to take us across the ferry. Thence on riding till six on rather a smooth little single footer. Thank the lord I am getting more used to horses: anatomically and psychically.

Pardon my weariness of the flesh. I must to bed depart for it is 5 am we rise on these days of treatment

Novembro 22

While the fat little Padre is wheedling, threatening, and coddling his flock or various members of it into giving us the ~~max~~ horses they promised yesterday for the six hours we have between here and Crissiuma, I take my Corona in hand---- They are afraid of rain here and as it was letting down buckets last night as well as at the hour of our departure 5 am, our horse owners naturally left the business to take its own course and we had no horses. Now the next hour is spent in convincing them that we really intend to go,,, "modo militar" it is called.

Yesterday was a barrbarridade. We treated 318 of the sickest people I ~~stax~~ have yet ~~de~~ seen, men looking as if they had had mortal hemorrhages-- weak and stupid they were and took a long time to answer any question that was put to them. Children it seemed by the hundred thousand. Gosh what a day! There is genuine danger with people like that --- the oil of chenopodium may poison themseverly and I was damned uneasy for the whole of the afternoon, waiting to be called to haul some kid out of convulsions, or the like. But today all is well and I seem to meet nobody who is ready for me with the long cooling knife. Graces a Deus.

In the town of Ararangua there is not a street. It is one vast level lawn 30 kilometers along the river bank. Little box like casas at great distances from eachother, with a few trees, and shining beautifully clean in the early morning light. There is a big horseshoe of blue mountains and a wide deep river running to the west of the town. I have been down to swim each day early-- there are few sensations so pleasant as swimming alone at dawn-- I ahev had but little of it since the days at Saranac lake.

There is no reason for doing anything in the world here. The natives just live and live. If it were not for their peculiar sad streak and their hookworm they would sing. The women are all sad-- but they do not know it.... I think they dont,,. but perhaps you dont have to know it.

It is the first time this municipio has had a doctor for a long time, and I have had countless wrecks brought to me to cure. Christ must have had an easy time-- it is harder to cure the in-



incurables by the modern methods. The stethoscope gives a prestige that the results of treatment will prove to be ill-founded.

But still, the hookworm side of my trade pays splendidly for I know that it is worth while, and even the tratados wax enthusiastic and claim to feel like dancing for the first time! We could have quite a baile

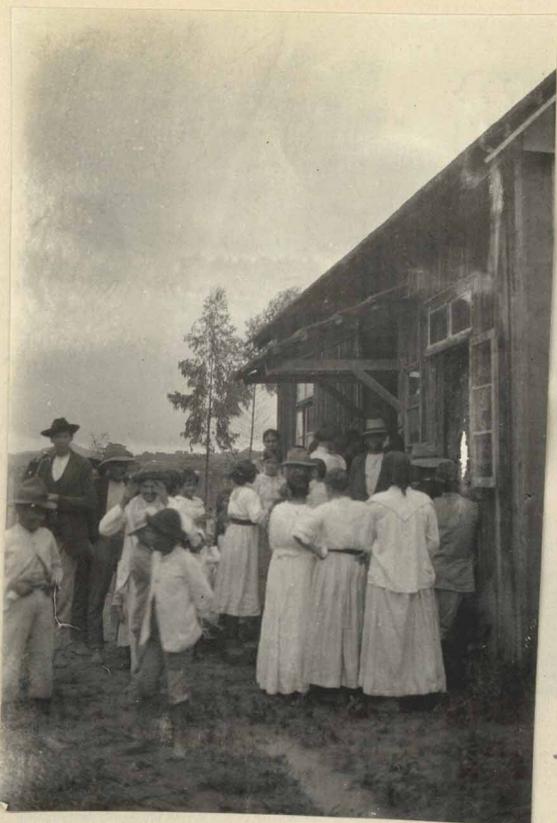
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Banana
Christmas 1911



Christmas 1915



November 30 1919

Like a desert, wherein no single sound, nor smell, nor color preeminently claims attention, my world of this evening seems limitless and full, with that immaculate fulness which without any natural emphasis is really perfect emptiness, with that wandering of notes unstressed which is no more than any gentle humming monotone. I have been reading the journals of September and early August and some of October: not as yet ancient history for I do not see the papers here, and I still have to read of the prophecies that long since have been fulfilled or else have given the prophets an hours chagrin or an easy alibi. The European news is depressing... "an ant-hill kicked to pieces by a fool". And vastly more than this. The Bullitt report of doings in the Peace Conference makes me more of an alien than ever to those who have had the direction of affairs: the deep chested men, whose clothing I used to cut off to their uncontrollable groans to find fine white bodies all purple and trembling-- these men were immeasurably "sold" by those in authority. Thank God I am not in apron strings this Christmas to be led to church to hear some preacher wriggle and maggot over 'Peace on Earth, Good Will toward Men' ! I can get drunk or give a hundred treatments for Hookworm-- and enjoy an honest form of self-deception thus. But imagine Eleanor, the suffering, and worse than this the despair of anything better, and the sense of being sold. Normally I am no penny dreadful, but I have no sponge of cheer to soak up all this agony. I do not read the papers because they are false much of the time intentionally... but I have seen physical suffering enough to know what goes on in Europe, and I have talked to enough working men evrywhere to know that their side is never given honestly, and to know the bitter stupid revengefulness that keeps on growing-- and the ghastly lack of any kindly justice to curb it all.

It is the custom at home as I remember it, to think of moods in terms of blood-pressure, or digestion; to call sorrow 'depress

ion' and to assume that the calm Ladies-Home- Journal optimism is the only normal state of being. But do you not have honest healthy days when despite a balance in the bank (or even an agreement with the bank and your own check book), despite a good sleep and a good job done during the day, you could weep for the world in its loneliness and its sorrow--- and still feel sane? For me there is no question about it, and thus I cannot honor that monotonously sanguine cult for their worship of Good Cheer. It would be a better cure to have somebody weep on my shoulder and try to console them out of the poverty of smiles than out of satiety of them.

We have finished the southern part of the State and tomorrow start at Biguassu, soon turning northward for the work of December. The job goes well now, a row among the men has blown into clear weather again and they have just asked permission for a day off on 'Natal' which is Christmas! Not strange though to ask for it is no such day as we have at home-- and not usually much of a party here. We certainly will have a day off on Natal. The chief benefit that I got out of the row was Bonini's definition of "Character". Here it is synonymous with Amour Propre-- a pleasant and penetrating comment on the amount of discipline here employed! "Mr Freud in Santa Catherina" is another book my publishers will have to refuse someday-- tis lovely to be in a country almost without repressions, after spending so much of my young life in one where the barbed wire was almost discouragingly plentiful.

As ever

January 14 1920

Florianapolis.

Dear Edith:

The western mountains are bright misty & blue, the bay is rough with warm brown waves and tip-ups, the afternoon summer sun of five thirty is blazing in at the window of my room here on the third floor of the Hotel Metropole, and I am much as Adam considered chic, in the warm strong and refreshing breeze, with my time quite my own. It is a three day rest between surveys and I am in a civilized hotel with a lot of Americans, good food and a novel of Gertrude Atherton lying on my rather crumpled-sheeted bed. Luxury in a word -- and depois d'amanha off we go again, this time to Lages in the mountains where there will be more of the wilds and the Western frontier element.

There's been a pleasant flavor about the last few days for the reason of being around with a bird named Bennett Reo Bennett a onetime reporter on the New York World, and a typical rover and raiser of the devil. Not in the roisterers sense but journalistically. He was the man that found there was a group of patriots busy buying the rights of the old French company in Panama for 3 million and getting ready to sell the same to the U.S. government for 40 million, and he took such thorough joy in showing the scheme up and just who was in it (Roosevelts brother-in-law) for example) that T.R. x sued the World for libel..... but was glad to have the suit declared unconstitutional a year or so after-- and Bennett was given the honor of a place on the Trade Commission to Brazil --- which he has found an exceedingly profitable country to live in, being completely sick of the essence of New York and journalism. He is keen and amusing and I have a time with him every evening. We have variety here in this hotel--- we have a miserable black-toothed little skinny Brazilian whose chief claim to distinction is that he has spent a year and a half in the Tower of London, for being the paramour of the famous lady who stole the plans of the British tanks and got

them to Germany. She was shot. He, being a Brazilian diplomatic attache was told never to risk his life on British soil again and so the world is somewhat smaller than it used to be for him. We have a gang of the General Electric Company here making a survey that will result in a street-railway in this funny little Capital. The boss of that gang I heard the first night I was here say in the loud voice of his kind, "But let me tell you the best fish in the world are the trout on the Denver and Rio Grande between Pueblo and Grand Junction"!

We have the governor's one eyed and black-haired son with his appalingly blond Danish wife. She can talk Danish German and English, he Portuguese french and English. They are confined to a language they neither can talk nor write with ease or even correctly! It is funny to hear them.

And besides that we have the daily parade out in front of the Palacio of all the office-seekers in Brazil and all the grafters and all the people with an axe bulging out of their pockets-- so ingenuously waiting upon the all powerful Governor that it is almost opera-bouffe Government. Government while wait. The Conjuror says "Look at the dicky-bird"! (that is the beneficent Rockafell' Foodaish sometimes) and evrybody looks, and the Governor makes a quick signature with the other hand and somefeller goes away from the Palacio so happy he has to get right out of town before he tells too many people. Tomorrow I am Somefeller instead of Refeller and I want to get the Gov. to give me an automobile in to Lages, and he is going to say "Look at the lulu bird!" and everybody will look and then I'll get a requisition for an automobile. That is called Governmental Cooperation in my Report-- but it treats m about 150 poor devils that wouldnt gettreated otherwise, and what wont a mother sacrifice for her young? Heh?

The poetic thought came to me this A.M. that St. Patrick has nothing very much on me. I am casting 'em out of a country a good deal bigger than Ireland! Nossa Senhora olha as cobras!

It is true that definitions are always in terms of something else. Lots of times the Flying Corps lads used to say that entering a cloud-bank at say 6000 feet and after shooting along for half an hour seeing nothing to steer by, they'd flash out into the sunshine.... to find themselves upside-down and the earth far far above them, where the blue had been. That is what it is like to come out of the wilds here suddenly and try and find out where you're at and where the world has slid to.

Today is a perfectly clear cool day, a perfectly blue day and the bay over to the Mountains to the West, is a soft ripply yellow green. So lovely a place that it must needs be the last port of call and glimpse of God's green earth for many a 49er on the way to Cape Horn, and whatever that meant. And a great place for pirates in the days gone by. And a few Perkinses and Taylors on the north of the island spell whaling vessels from New England too. I sound like the Henty Books, but here somehow it is not so hard to believe in them. For instance one gets used to the caboclos taking off their sheath knife as a sign of courtesy as they enter a house. Dulled to the ceremony one stays alive to the possibilities implied.

Yesterday I had the most delightfully clarifying idea. I've always been puzzled because I have always wanted to do more things than I really wanted to do. If I made a list I always fell behind it, or came in like a poor track athlete, completely sickened and exhausted by the technical victory. Then besides doing one thing with a whole heart makes that one thing change under your very hand to something different and bigger. Remarkable contrast! Yesterday it suddenly came to me that the desire to take some exercise for example or to write, or do some accounts were not ambitions vastly bigger than the energy to do them. Quite the reverse is true: the wishes are enormous but they can only poke concrete little suggestions up through the crust into our attentions. The thing is like a chick hatching--- the persistent little beak of the wish suggests a definite act and

thus only can crack through the shell . THE THING TO DO is to assist, voluntarily pick a bigger hole in the shell and then no wonder the deed grows as you go on with it. Last night I just barely wanted to take a walk, and instead of saying " Oh thunder I dont want to take a walk"! I sort of tore open the resistance, reserve, repression or whatever it is, and basking in the much bigger desire for exercise that lay below, took a magnificent and totally contented hour's walk along the starlit beach. That's an 'epoch- making' discovery... and the crazy desperate part of it is that it is no more communicable to you or anyone than the experience of swimming or fire or anything like that. And yet a wild anxiety to talk it over!

I am swirling about in a gang of Americans here, having a time before I go into the woods again. Last night I talked with a fat porcine American woman who reminded me of Mrs A. who has lived here for 8 years and knows the natives well . She has eyes like Bismarck's and yet with all her enormous eating and driving power quite a lovable creature and the years here have removed all conversational bands. Not exactly with the light touch but she conveys sincerity and honesty and kindheartedness. The marriage customs among the natives here are pretty sketchy: there being an excess of fidelity over ceremony. Mrs Bennett spends endless hot days there on the fazenda making wedding dresses that hang from the shoulders-- the next week to slave with more justifiable haste to line the cradle. She told me---we were talking of spiritualism-- how she and her maid were awakened at night after one of these ^{dress making} parties, by a figure in the room swooping to pick up the dress and kiss it. " Probably the girl's mother who died last year-- you know, mighta been grateful-- never kin tell" she said uneasily. They both saw the figure. (Hyslopover)

"Engoliou ? Engoliou?" (Did you swallow it? Did you swallow it?) these loud questions my guarda or man-nurse shouts to a small pallid boy who is struggling with a capsule-- trying to get it down safely. We are in the spacious committee room of the local city hall and queer old Portuguese look down from the walls at the procedure(the town began in 1794) rather amazed would the origin als be to see the mal de terra actually being cured. For here in Brazil the pallor and weakness and misery of hookworm disease is taken with a shrug of the shoulders and a great deal of well expressed horror--- but not much else.

I am on the job of finding out the extent of infection in a region here in a region about the size of the state of Colorado and half of New Mexico-- travelling these last six months constantly, stopping only a week in each place and then after about five to eight hundred people have been examined clearing out for another place. Naturally the experience has shown me a good deal I never thought of before, and in this sort of a job meeting usually with the boa vontade of the people I am in a position to see and be told things that an ordinary stranger doesnt get to see. After this survey is through with we shall establish posts for the intensive treatment of the infected in the worst places, and by treating the people to a cure show them what they could be having in the way of health, and with this extraordinary lever inculcate the primary ideas of sanitation into them. The curious thing about it really is that the scheme works--- they are profitting by it and adopting slowly the ideas of hygiene. And when you reflect that it was only in 1859 that the courts of Parliament in London had to close during the summer so horrible was the stench from the Thames from poorly disposed waste, or that the connection of sewres with the municipal drains of Paris was prohibited by law up till 1880---- perhaps the beginnings of sanitation here do not seem so insignificant.

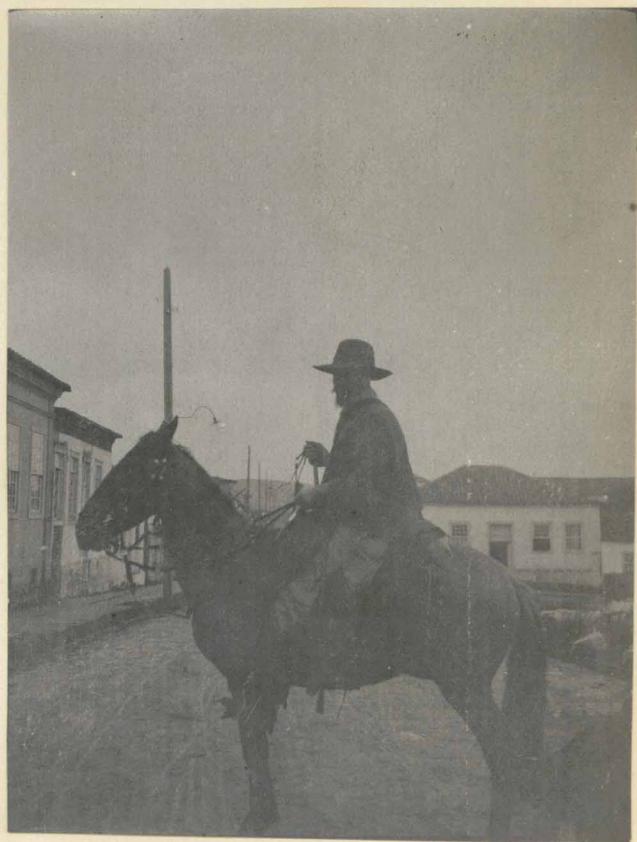
But omitting for the moment this general subject, which

takes much of the time of my day-- perhaps you'd be amused to read of other things less technical and more amusing.

Brazil is a mediaeval country with the constitution of the U.S. (practically) shoved down over it like a silk hat upon the head of a Roman plebe. It gives rise to incongruities --- especially when the transportation is still so ineffective that one region differs enormously from the other in almost every way. The Brazilian is one of the most easily governed men in my experience. In an enormous jam of people in Rio you can always move easily by say "Com licenca!"-- and they always give way. They cannot resist persistent and gentle pressure-- it wearsa them out completely! They never will refuse anything done slowly and quietly. My employees when I give them a choice as to where they would like to work look quite pained and one began gently to tell my the custom in Brazil was that the obligation of the employee was to do whatsoever the parao wished --- and not to choose his service at all! Imagine being lectured in a modern state on the k obligations of the employee! But easy as these people are to lead like children, they have had no experience and with their system of family life and schools never get the chance to know the technique of government of others. Governments here are strong on just the same principle that little boys armies keep their unity--- many titles and everybody happy--yes, a touch of impersonal 'good of the service' and the opposition feels a sudden accession of strngth and you are back where you were if not even furrher back.

Looking back upon the U.S. at this distance our national interest no longer seems to be liberty-- more it is production that we care about. The men who menace liberty are excused if they are producers. Here Liberty still flourishes and I have never seen so high a per cent of people who can and do do just what they like. And incidentalyy a production do desperately inconvenienced by that same Freedom.

But to leave generalities. Huges is in the high rolling



planalto on the other side of the coast range from the low hot coast line. It is midsummer but deliciously cool here. Frost fell last month and in the winter they have it around ten above our zero with snow. The lands are enormous and the life is all cattle raising. Horsemen in big and beautiful woolen pallas or ponchos, high loose leather boots, splendid horses and with a silver dagger if not a Colt revolver tucked a wee bit out of sight. Rare women, rarer ladies. Coming in we passed a huge herd of beeves being driven to market-- thousands of them, the cowboys in huge hats chaps and leather lasso. The screaming part of this Wild West is that they will ride leagues and leagues to see and enjoy an American Far West film. They think that Tom Mix and Dustin Farnum are simply gods-- and like many another thing in this here world the admiring audience is more nearly the real thing than the actors. It would be more than they could bear to think that these films (and the moving pictures from America are worth more than our entire diplomatic corps and all the fool trade commissions in the world for the purpose of an entente cordial between the U.S. and Brazil) would be unbearable to think that in the Far West we no longer have plunging bronchos and flaxen haired schoolteachers and desperadoes etc etc. But here I passed a bunch of horsethieves and would take some little making up to look their equals I can assure you. Living under lean-to tents with their Guarany or Botucudo half breed women; and horses! I should say so, scattered all around in the beautiful grassy plain where they were camped.

The per cent of infection here will not be over 13% where on the other side of the mountains down on the lovely palmy tropical littoral we have seen no place that had less than 88%. Several 96 and above. And very very sick people.

The practice of a similar form of belief to Christian science is very common here. The Curandheiros or benzoadors can manage a disease very well at a distance, and the Catholic priests are not far behind. A curandheiro cures but a benzoador

or blesser can avoid such things as the evil eye, cattle
pests flights of grasshoppers and frost. I know a priest
who sold little calico flags at five mil a piece-- value
here about \$5-- to keep the grasshoppers off. They did
not work very well-- but he said he had splendid silk
flags at 50 mil that would work wonders! This being more
money than a caboclo sees ever at one time-- naturally
it could not be denied that these big flags are good.
I know an intelligent American women-- even as the Eddy
followers are intelligent-- who here employs a blesser
for her ranch and believes in him. She has seen the cock-
roaches in droves swept out of the house after his prayers
and she is no questioner of HOW it is done--- she wants
the results. Instead of people being angry at such stup-
idity twould be better for medicine to learn what happens
and simply show if possible that with a phsical cause it
works better to have a phaisak physical remedy. Instead
of flying into a passion with the people who have found
spiritismo to worka as well as anything else. For if we
are right the thing to do is to prove it.



It is a cool clear refreshing afternoon with but little going on. Silveira is sitting in the big room of the intendencia cutting cards and talking with some of his fellow Rio Grandenses and I have nothing to do now that the accounts are all up to date. These big rolling hills with their sandstone cliffs are continually shifting color under the banks of rail big gray and white clouds that go rolling over them, a few urubus well up in the sky are circling patiently and waiting for something to drop dead the lojas are all sleepy and the horses are swishing flies in a lazy shade.

I do not suppose that outside of Brazil exists the same pure mediaeval spirit that exists here. A tall horseman from Rio Grande has just come in, smiling a most delightful clear and unsuspecting, unpolished smile, all courtesy and gentility, not with the greasy grovelling of the Saxon race but with a childish and yet selfrespecting independence. I dont suppose that his ^{wife} daughter who sits in the other room smoking a consolatory cigarette has ever seen the railroad nor does she know more than the squire's daughter in an England of 1740. The daughter is bony and impersonal minded and reminds me just a speck of Emma Mandell. They are the people whose simplicity of spirit makes this job we are doing seem perfectly natural to them-- they always have accepted easily and with a smile of gratitude and have given with less consciousness of being a giver than any other people I have ever seen-- and it seems perfectly natural to them that we should be doing this. Not so the more sophisticated-- who assemble in groups to discuss in an undertone what this Commission is doing anyhow. If you wanted an illustration of what an open heart is worth you'd find it here. The simple people reap all the benefit that they 'wise' leave in suspicion.

The entrance of a cleanly and well dressed human being into this consultorio nearly does me in! To think that there can be people who wash with a true inward zeal to be clean all over, people who like to keep their clothes all clean, who take the same

care of themselves that we usually give to pet dogs---that causes a queer rush of tribal feeling to go over me-- somewhat akin to the feeling you have when when you see a friend from Colorado Springs whom you have always known and liked suddenly coming upon you in say the fifth week of your stay in the stock yards or a carpet cleaning establishment or in the hold of a mackerel schooner. You straiten up and they look like nice pink and white Apâlãos and Dianas dropping down from another planet. The Brazilian caboclo has an odor of old old bacon and about him-- it is so pleasant to find somebody who hasnt.

I met a nice old German who has been collecting butterflies for 20 years here. He really collects the cucoons and raises the larvae butterflies themselves--- and in this way he gets better specimens. He has just shipped about 25000 to Kirk Europe and has collections of 540 different species. This I must look into. He was one of these people who simply adore Nature. They always have gentle kindly wives-- who treat them in a motherly sort of way and occasionally a boy with a passion for making money--- just to keep the balance in the family. He had. Nimrod was fond of hunting-- but where is the man in the Bible or in mythology who was fascinated by Nature. This man Hudson, W.H. Hudson, whose "Far Away and Long Ago" is a very good description of that disposition, is the best example I know of the sort of person whom watching Nature charms completely.

They keep on coming-- lord what an immense variety-- some giggling others crying, some trembling, others apparently without a nerve, some anxious to talk others on the defensive and silent, seem thinking that a P.E. is moral and above board others thinking that the medico is a necessary immorality, --- what an endless variety-- all in one little municipio which has never seen the light of day.

Day after tomorrow down to Florianopolis again, to start the work on the Ilha or island.

Lages Santa Cath
Catherina

When I settle as long as 8 days in one place I begin to go dry for material to make letters out of-- and thus through suffering as the Character Building Books tell us is sympathy engendered, and I am able to forgive all my friends --- and in fact to be more than a little grateful to them for all that they have contributed towards the fine work of Americanising me. For indeed you'll have a rank furriner in your midst if when I return if it weren't for the fine line of uplifting letters and depressing newspapers. As Mrs Rice observed in a priceless letter not long ago, .."I do not know what we are coming to in this country. The hunting season has begun and is splendid fun". Individually you seem to prosper but the State seems a bit off its feed.

This is a most interesting country. It is 24 hours in and over the mountains by a Boowheek (Buick) automovel and like Rammy's Virgin Coffee it has not been touched for some little time, there being no railroads within five days horseback. It is a high rolling country and is nice and cold even in this midsummer weather. Last month (comparable to June) they had a frost and the nights are always cool. But aside from this real estate drip the really interesting thing is that the people are all well removed from any form of outside contact except Fox and Triangle Films from the U.S. and the life is really that of the Argentine pampas, more than of Brazil. There is a heavy Indian streak and no little negro which is mixed with Portuguese and Austrian and German. The men are all horsemen and more or less gunmen and certainly handy with a knife if need be. They very politely disarm when I examine them and old cap pistols and 15 inch knives arent the rarest things I have seen.

The life is closely akin to that in Maine in those halcyon months of the year when there is but little fishin'. A charming tall Italian doctor who got me boiled on beer yesterday says that he is raising money for a statue to "O Trabalador de Lages" (the worker of Lages) to be put up in the Praça here in town and it

will be a tauro. He was a good old skate this Italian and gave me a good many points on the local customs and diseases that I had not known of before. All the old school type of drinking-- refusals of one more treated as an undebatable absurdity. Always crashing glasses on against the other and never saying Saude or any toast--- in a word a professional! Which sets me to wondering what is the state of drinking at home. Is it much the same in the small places? I should think the dances must have presented a rather smaller number of Franko Frenches and Minots painting themselves into a corner! Less "awfully funny" men for the husky Priscillas to leap around with.

Which leads me by a more abrupt transition to ask you hows all and what goes on. It is pathetic to see that 7000 miles really is some little distance. But I do not expect to be gone forever-- so whats the difference.

There is one charming thing about these Brazilians that I know I shall notice by its absence at home--- they are the most ductile malleable tensile and polite people on the face of the globe. It is nothing to ask a kid you ahve never seen before to go on a half an hours errand for you, & he just says "Pgis nao" and goes. You could spend three weeks as a total stranger in any one of these fazendas and have anything you wanted-- and it would be all smiles and dignified politeness. Really a remarkable thing.

Well here comes almoço in the shape of a little nigger who'll say in a high cracked voice with infinite dignity "O Senhor Doutor a boia sta na mesa!" which litterally means that the bull meatis on the table-- at times not a great ways from being a highly descriptive announcement.

Florianopolis

February 1 1920

I got back from Lages on the 26th and have been here rather without much variety since then: waiting for the month to end and my usual task to fall due of making up all the different accounts. This job will see me a complete accountant on the latest plan, before I am done with it. I am really glad to find that monthly statements are getting easier as time goes on. As I shall soon be running a fifty-thousand dollar budget here it is about time! All last night I played a little bridge with the Westinghouse gang here-- engineers a month out from New York-- and finally got a little rest from the endless recibos and conhecimentos of the day.

But really my news is mostly of Lages-- a high cool place 270 kilometers inland where I ate armadillo just freshly dilled out of his armor, and where I thoroughly enjoyed the energetic and cheerful people, and their cold climate.

The caboclos there too were charming: this old bird was all smiles and 'sea-shores'. They have one delightful phrase there on meeting each other. It goes "Ah, como vae! Como passa exSi Vossa Signoria? Como passa Sua Obrigacao?" (How is your gentlemanship? How goes your obligation"?-- And that means 'your family!') Another point about those caboclos-- when they meet they shake hands reach out and touch each other on the chest and then shake hands again! If on horseback they shake and then pat each other on the inner side of the forearm and then shake again.

It is a solemn ceremony-- and reminds me of the College Widow of George Ade's and the fraternity handshakes thereof. The Cariocans and Paulistas laugh, but it is no worse than their terrible embraces and scapula stroking! And the sing song of the talk



here! I never have heard its equal. Especially such a word as obrigacao.

I learned a delightful thing last night at the table. Many times here if a General here wants a bit of a show at the Station or on the Street-- to show that he is somebody--- why he can hire a few soldiers! They can be rented by the day-- para Ingleze ver as the phrase is. Think of a discipline so rigorous that soldiers need to be encouraged by pay for a little private parade. Oh well the Boston police had the same idea in mind perhaps! It is said that Brazil had officers enough for ten million men during the war. Privates were rather expensive to hire then though, and even the gallant marines revolted when they found to their terror that they were being sent beyond Bahia! It is queer for us, it always will be, to understand them. Why should the direct descendents of a race that showed the world what discipline and order could do, be the very ones to be so hopelessly deficient in discipline and order now?

There is a man named Hart here in the Westinhouse crowd who was in the Construction division of the Engineers in France, just the same time I went over he went but he stayed 6 months longer. He confirms the idea I have of the isolation from all home-keepers that the overseas crowd have come to have. He too cannot understand the Cabot Lodges, nor can he find a real issue in all the row going on over the League of Nations. I showed him the verse of Sassoon's called The Counter-attack

The place was rotten with dead; green clumsy legs
High-booted, sprawled and grovelled along the saps,
And trunks, face downward in the sucking mud,
Wallowed like trodden sandbags loosely filled;
And naked sodden buttocks, mats of hair,
Bulged, clotted heads slept in the plastering lime.
And then the rain began-- the jolly old rain!

--- Of course having experienced this we should be extremely cautious about binding ourselves as a nation to prevent it. Hart and I "agreed" about that.

I got a telegram from Hydrick in Rio saying that candy and other forms of food was there for me to the tune of ten or fifteen dollars to be sent to the Customs House people. I told him to pay and eat the perishables-- but I hope that anything will be sent to 61 Broadway in the future, its so much easier and shorter. The alfandega (customs) is the most irritating thing in Brazil and that is a pretty handsome compliment. A splendid isolation would be easier than to receive a package from unknown source and then have a fat mulatto official steal half of it and charge you for what's left.

I wish Jim would come down here and see what a wonderful social position the negroes and mulattoes have here. I never realised how neatly subjugated they are in the U.S. until I see them expansively embracing some blonde here in the R.R. station or at a public meeting. If I were a coon with any education I'd come to Brazil-- ^{and embrace a blonde purchase} they gain more than they lose by leaving the U&S. Portuguese is easy to pick up, and the educated coon here is just the same as a white. One of my boys is completely forgetful of color-- he never remembers to put it down on the census card, and all the rest too draw almost no line at all. The trouble is that the black race has no more wanderlust than an ebony newell-post and they never will get up and do something really new.

That was a great find Mother made of her mosaic pin: the mosaic law of chances seems at variance with the common law. I wish I could find two or three of the things I have lost here in the same cheery way. I am preparing to enter the needles eye it would seem by the way things are dropping from me. Develops a cold and ascetic attitude towards the baubles of this world to lose one P.R.N. (pro re nata, Mother, you never let a piece of slang slip by, Ill bet you were fierce at 18).

One month more and this suit-case life stops for a while. I'd like to have Elinor and Marjorie down here to

fit up some swell little seaside bungalow and stock

the guarda-comidas (ice-box) with
mamao and abicate and abacaxi.

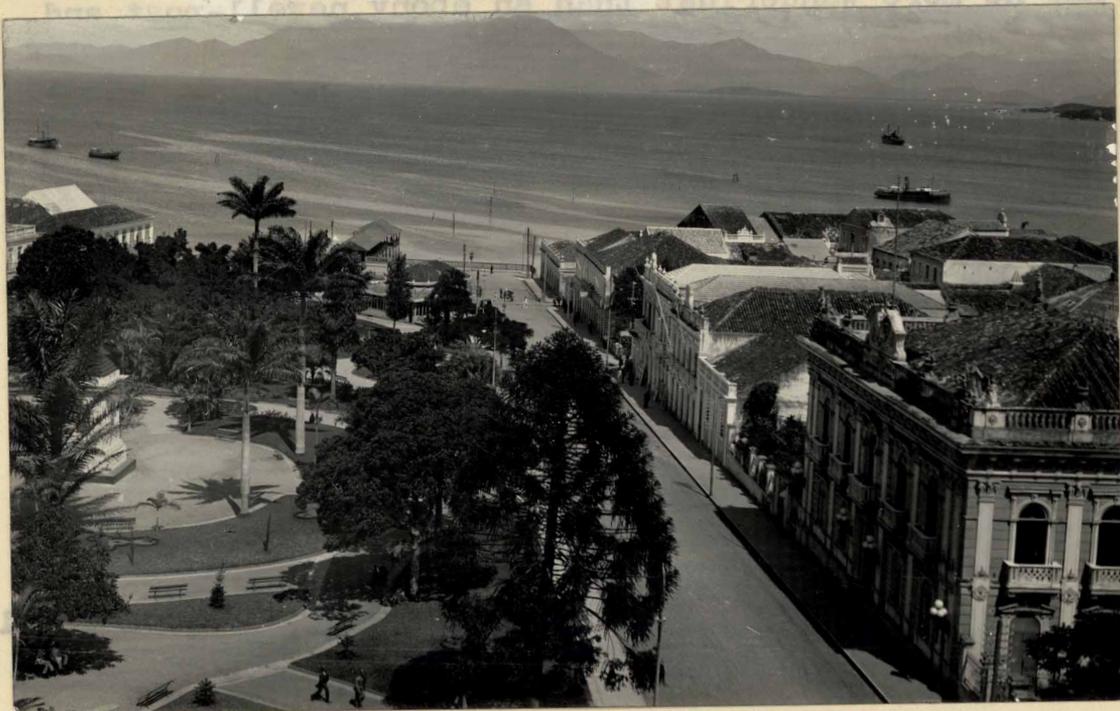
Then, oh then there would be
fruit eating and no more carne de
porco. Weel thats naw an eempossible
plan, however.

Florianopolis is a very pretty
and breeze-combed town, and there
could be worse things in February.

Having sat here in the buff,
in a north-coming sunlight that
makes me wonder whether and why
I dont look shiny red like a thin
hand over a strong flash-light,

I will now snak down to the bagnheiro
and turn on the
crank marked chuva (pluva in Latin) and
take me a bath.

Good luck and my love to the whole Tribe .







Ital.
Jackson
Noble St.
Spring
Miles to America
15.

The Italian Doctor.

February 2

I wonder if anyone ever wrote --or could write what was really happening to him? Do you suppose 'twould be comprehensible, or entertaining or with the least value atx all-- this complete fuse of binnen-leben with a lot of sights and sounds and smells. Now take my soap for example. I cant convey anything at all by saying that my cabin on the Hollandia going to Rio was a delightful place, that I liked the roll of the boat in those enormous shining blue sunlit seas, and those smoky-burning stars that popped out at night, that Schwebroek the steward was humorous, that the food was grand, and that it was the first time I had gone a-groping alone, that everybody on board nearly expected to make or break themselves in the country we were rolling to. I cant convey it at all. But if you had been there(my trunk was full of soap) all that would be necessary would be to hold up this cake I've just found today and say "'Member that" and you'd say "Gosh! The Hollandia! I should say I do!"

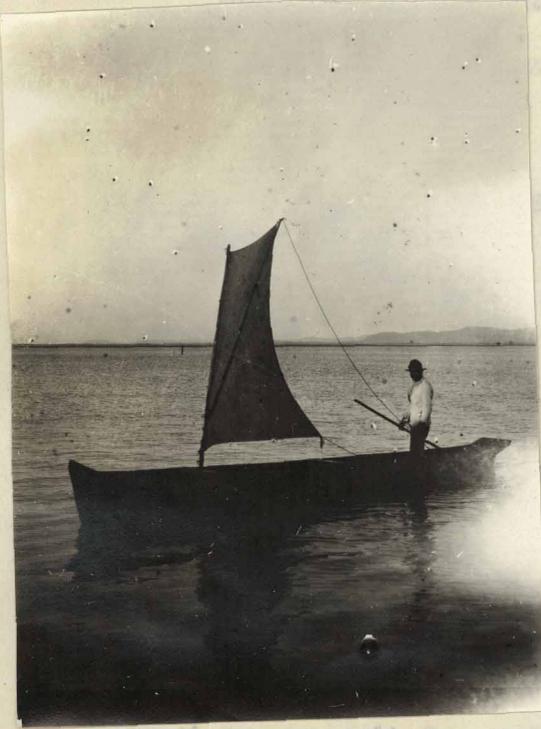
Well that is the sort of thing that living here is all woven over with-- thousands of new things and nary a chance to call up more by the mention of them than at best a weak Burton Holmesickness, and remarks about 'what an interesting!-da-da-daah it's pathetic this letter business!

But of course there are limits to this gloomy diatribe against literachoor in comparison with perfume as a form of spiritual correspondence. For example it takes no very great energy for you to picture my overweening pride when I tell you I was invited to be the Godfather of the Notary Public's 3rd illegitimate offspring-- a tremendous Cathedral service, 'n-evrything, that I had to pass up at the last minute because I turned out to be not a Catholic. But you cant say that the Illmo, Sr. Dr. Alam Gregy hasnt had honor proferred him in his Heydays! But they hurried out a mere Brazilian "compadre" for the kid, and Coronel Jose Ramos and the mother were able to get along without

February 8
me. I was bored to tears to be dropped, and now ~~the~~ I have the being-a-godfather-to-a-?-offspring as a repressed wish that leaps to my harried consciousness every time I ~~pa~~ hurry by the church!

There is a agng of American engineers here doing the typical act: crabbing incessantly and talking with endless beers long into the night about New York etc etc. How they crab the Brazilians! I am in possession of enough facts and stories to work their peeve into rabies grave--- and it's a pleasure to work 'em up to fever heat every evening and send 'em stumbling and cursing off to bed. It ^{the} is that there are few countries as thoroughly irritating as Brazil, to a personb who makes no intelligent efforts to amuse himself. But I cant miss the chance of bringing the ^{CE} Westinghouse men to a boil; they are so childish and so provincial even as a New Yorker is provincial, and so pathetically at the mercy of small things. They are the sort to dislike the Notre Dame because the chairs arent decently comfortable. Their boss was in ~~e~~ charge of the first three years of the excavation of the Grand Central Station, has built a power plant in the Pyrrenees etc, and has a very red-mottled face, very big even, tobacco-yellow teeth, and gets irritable if you dnnt drink a cocktail with him before dinner. He has a curly-lipped professional smile, and blood-shot eyes, and I ik like his directness--- but not much else. I think that I understand partly womens superior pity of men when I see Mr Eldredge with a listener, a dependent, or a stake to win. Women can be all three--- and Mr E. can be very easily managed by the bird in the cage. Rabindrath Tagore gets off what would be a cute remark if it didnt take him so long: "It is only when we get to the point of letting the bird out of the cage that we realise how free the bird has set us!"

It is a Sunday afternoon in a tiny fishing village on the coast of the island of Santa Catharina: a dozen pickanninnies and "whites" are strutting about under the palms with swords and slings made of banana-leaf stems, and our work goes slowly for the moment. There are few things more simple than a Brazilian fishing village: if they werent so sick it would be idyllic, these big sailing can-



oes made from one piece of wood, one big log hollowed out, these brown bare-legged fishermen stalking along in the flats at twilight casting the big skirt-like nets and dragging in the shrimp and dumping them into withe baskets, the wandering path along the shore, children weeping with hunger if the fishing has been poor (for they are absolutely poor here) and sick yellow women squatting in the doorways or making native lace at a tremendous speed on the wool or rag-stuffed pillows.

Out on the beach they may be making their twine on spinning jennies rigged up on the beach: the mother seated and surrounded with children while the husband works peacefully and occasionally shouts to the man at the other end of the long twisting twine-- while the pet pig in a very playful mood bowls over the baby. All this I saw last night and talked with them for a while and heard about the local curandeiro, or magician who can cure snake bites by thought transference and force of will and absent treatment, or write a benza (blessing) for your roça that will keep off the grasshoppers, and why the police came yesterday and caught Egidio Manoel de Jesus--- and other bits of news. Then I came back to the Club (pronounced clooby) and in true Brazilian style hung from the windows for a while watching the summer sun's glow die out over the mountains on the other side of the water. Then

came out a pickaninny in the dusk humming to himself, with his ragged coat pulled up over his head and quite unconscious of being watched. Round and round he shuffled in perfect grace and rhythm, thudding on the sand with his bare feet and spinning and halting in the queerest way -- just like the samba that the negroes dance in the state of Rio. He must have been ten years old-- and yet he knew the queer steps and time, the halts and the thuds and the wheeling ducks and bobs and shuffles, and danced to his African hearts content in the dusk.

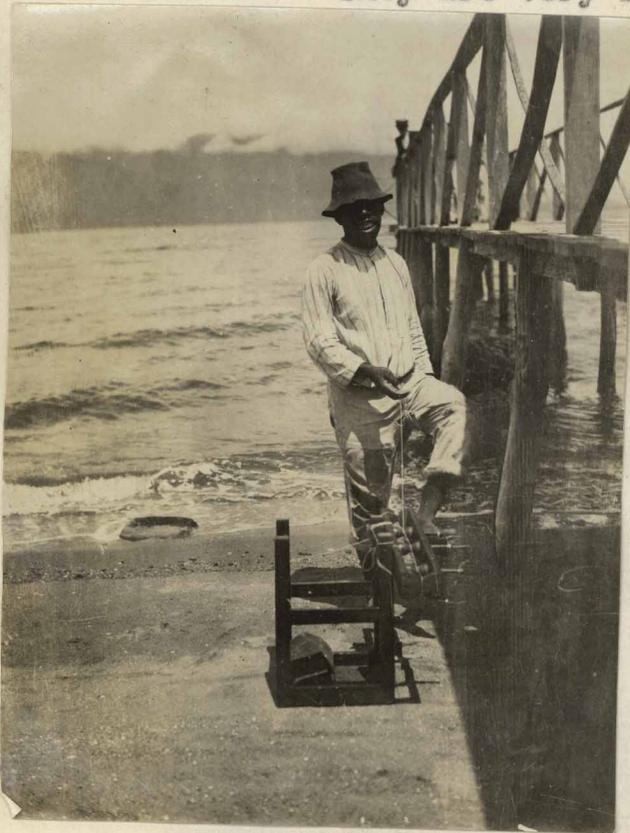
I went down to the shore and found a bit of beach where I lay and waited for the moon to come up over the mountain behind us. And finally on the slopes across the bay the air began to look like a Liberty veil and the moon was up for them I knew, so I went in and took a swim in molten silver with bright pearly flashes-- the half-tropical phosphorescence that made swimming under water almost dazzling. Then back along a narrow shore path, in the moonlight that floods in vain against the closed windows of the casas here.

It has been a great seven months-- I have seen more variety of things and minds and customs! And now comes the carnival four days when the whole of Brazil puts on a mask and becomes all but crazy, and when there is no more chance for work than during an earthquake. Mardi Gras is nothing to the carnival here. Then in March I am going to Rio to speak a little English--- and then back here to get things started here controlling the hookworm and antimalarial work, mainly administrative work.

You should see the way people talk here: it is all done by hand! Wiggling the fingers in front of your mouth means hungry or eating, holding a flat palm at the level of your waist, with palm down, means I am very hungry, rubbing thumb and forefinger together means money and riches if the fingers are snapped, beckoning with the palms up means good-

bye (which causes great confusion with me), forking the first two fingers over the other hand means I got on my horse, and snapping the fingers means I beat the horse and clapping the hands sort of on the bias means I fled. The big thing is to talk with your whole body-- and I have seen a man use two rooms to tell a story successfully. Their anecdotes have one curious feature there are always two climaxes and the second is always better than the first! And of course an enormous stock of sayings and sort of nursery conundrums that have an amusing flavor. "Why does a rooster always shut his eyes to crow?" -- "Why because he knows the song by heart" "Why does a dog enter a church? Because he finds the door is open" (they always say this when anybody is too willing to lay down the law about something he knows nothing about).

They are very fond of shaking hands here. You never



leave a room in a private house without shaking hands with everybody, and if you come back within a half an hour you have it to do all over again.

It is very wrong to leave anyone without saying "Com licença" and when you pass anyone you always say in the weariest voice you can manage (for fear of startling them) "Boa tarde" which is gloomily answered and the deed is correctly done. All this process is being observed by a gang of awestruck natives

who have never seen a typewriter before and are therefore the more intrigued. It is also great fun to hear them as they look through a microscope at a line on a piece of paper: "Veejee Maria!" says a young thing of 18 (Virgin Mary!) and they groan with terror at the sight of a worm. "Nossa Senhora olha as cobras! Barr-barr-i-dade!" We have just shown them a flies leg-- perna da mosca which one native thought was a perna da moça (moça meaning leg)

maiden) and he wanted to know after looking carefully through the microscope where the maiden was ! Much Old English merriment caused thereby. Which reminded me of one time when Dr Rosenau had some of the more politically inclined of the Boston Board of Health to visit him in his laboratory. He knew they were coming and arranged three microscopes one with a clear field of nothing at all and the other two with something to look at. Arrived a doctor at the empty microscope and peered down the barrel,---"Hi-o by George that's a beauty eh Doctor?" exclaimed the visitor-- never daunted !

In comes a girl of twenty -- mother of five and still very pretty. What a country!

Good luck to the whole family of Puts and with frequent thinkings of them all



Dear [unclear]:

Your double is here and you have no more chance in the world--- because you're way off and she is right here! I call her [unclear] -- which she can't pronounce, but she smiles the way you do-- not just the way because I'll admit nobody can do that -- but she smiles and promises to bring me flowers very soon. And she has just said of your cigarette holder "Que coisa linda -- para um moço tao agadavel!" and you have no more idea how that ~~stx~~ sounds! She thinks "What a beautiful thing for such an agreeable young fellow!" and she says it right out with a frightful sigh at the end. Last night she said "Mas ---que boca linda Nao tem dentes quebradas --nenhum!" (But what a beautiful mouth you have. No broken teeth--no not one!) She is twelve and she is the original cheery spirit from the forest.

Last night we danced--I didn't dance I was the orchestra roaring Turkey in the Staw and beating upon a tin can to the unlimited joy of twenty small kids many pickaninnies, who danced three and four rounds without the least exhaustion and then came and begged for more. I sang 'em the Pig Song and they called it uma especialidade and when I bought a whole mil reis worth of candy they all had to say good night three times and kiss my hands fervently with many wishes for good fortune in marrying the most beautiful lady in the world. I line of simplicity and charming manners that is hard to beat. When I read aloud in English they screamed with pleasure and begged for more, and ran wildly up and down the beach yelling for their companions to come, and hear O Doutor Gleggy.

Yesterday I found by the roadside an interesting plant that looked like a fern but if you touched it ever so lightly it closed all the little leaves and folded its stem right up so quickly that you had to pinch very quickly to catch a leaf open between thumb and forefinger.

You have heard of phosphorescence in the tropical waters. It is magnificent. I took a swim last night as usual and never have

I seen it so full of light. I could kick my leg and see its entire (beautiful) outline in the water, lit up by the liquid fire that I was swimming in. Wiggling your fingers makes the water light up and look like New York City at night, or even more beautiful, the Praia of Botafogo from the top of Pao dAssucar in Rio Harbor.

I shall soon be going up to Rio--- and what a funny thing that great mass of white people will seem! A colony of perhaps 150 Americans. And not one of them that I would have spent a bad penny to see two years ago-- and they all seem pretty darn good now. There are three exceptions to that rule about not caring for em -- so that I am really looking forward to it a lot. Dont worry about the Brazilian maids, they are the saddest females I have ever seen, and I have yet to see a pretty one over fifteen years old.

I dont feel as if I had learned anything new for a long time---medically speaking. But on scenery and cooking and customs and hookworm and keeping accounts and learning to plan programs for other folks to follow --- perhaps here is the difference. I certainly cant call it progress because I havent seen anybody to compare with. I feel like a fella that comes flying out of a cloud up-side down,-- and tries to find out where in the world the World is.

My enemorada is asking if I am single or married ! And now she says I am bored with her---I shall have to close and clear up this misunderstanding!

Yours in spite of the Double . . .

Yesterday I found by the roadside an interesting plant that looked like a fern but if you touched it ever so lightly it closed all the little leaves and folded its stem right up so quickly that you had to pinch very quickly to catch a leaf open between thumb and forefinger.

You have heard of phosphorescence in the tropical waters. It is magnificent. I took a swim last night as usual and never have

Florianopolis.

Feb. 16 1920

At home we think we have quite a carnival in New Orleans on Mardi Gras but there is nothing in the world that can touch Brazil when it comes to going crazy in carnival week. That is what it is here now and the barouches and automobiles already at 5:30 in the P.M. are rolling through the streets loaded with singing maidens, to go up to the public square and wheel round and round, while the world stares at their costumes and throws paper streamers at the good looking ones. That keeps up steadily till about 9 P.M. when the big dances begin and the crowd in the square diminishes a little. This is the second day-- we have one more to go-- and all the Sundays for the past two months have been half carnival in expectation.

But the thing that gives it the flavor is the custom of having battles with ethyl chloride sprays-- just like what you have in the O.P.D. only that dissolved in the stuff is good strong perfume ! Well everyone has these things --- everyone and the fights are on every minute. Your game as a Lothario is to get some down the back or into the ear of any girl you choose, she does the same in self diffence, and the SMELL OF PERFUME IS AWFUL. I never have imagined an atmosphere like that of one of the sporty clubs (called cloobby here) last night where I was at the dance. It was as hot as Glass Day but entirely indoors and evry minute these vile perfume squirts going all over you. My coat still smells as George Bigelow used to say of similar situations "like Mary Gardens axilla" and there is nothing to do but wait until carnival is over. But it is a blessing in disguise-- for we are not without socially accepted negroes here and perhaps fleurs d'amour is to be preferred. I am too wise to want to risk my happiness to fleurs d' Senegambia.

Well, since writing you my last letter much has happened. I have about two more weeks to go to finish the second survey I have made here. The first was of a region about the size of the

Feb. 18 1920

state of Idaho and this latter one has been a little smaller. I have seen much that has been intensely interesting and have taken a good many pictures and spent a good deal of time working up a system of statistics for the reports-- which always have to be Crede-d out after every long job, seems to me. In the months that come I shall be busy working out the treatment and prevention and treatment of the malaria and hookworm we have here in this littoral, and I ought to learn something if present ignorance is anything to go by.

Another wild night dancing with the dark eyed Senhoritas has passed since I started this. I never supposed a man could sweat so much, clothes that it certainly takes a very merry evening to forgive. They dont dance very well; one has to fall back on memories of 22 Gen. and Kitty Van Buskirk to keep from forgetting the game.

I was very glad to get all the news you wrote about the Unit, and certainly am delighted to know that you are seen to be hull down over the horizon on the seas of matrimony before very long. If I knew the girl I could come fairly close to complimenting her: all I know of her conduct and judgement thusfar (as a future Mrs Harding) commend her. She must be Steve Sabine's sister-in-lawrence ?

In that line so far as I go all is quiet on the Western Front: certainly no drive is being planned by the High Command for the year 1920, and it looks like another year of the war of positions (and mine is damn well protected by the 7000 mile No Mans Land !)

There is nothing here for an American surgeon. The Brazilians are very jealous of the right to practise and only a few Americans (born here mostly) are to be found. 15 years from now the American colony in Rio will be big enough to support a doctor on American work alone but not yet. Besides this is a very hard place for a girl: it is fairly near impossible, and I wouldnt advise anybody married to come down here for that reason,

for girls although they can stand an awful lot in a cause they think is good, depend a good deal more than we do on old friends and dry-goods stores and outside diversion: which arent this country's strong points. I've seen too many perfectly good women tiring themselves all out here, who have enjoyed life in other foreign countries, not to be very sceptical of it here.

Since November the first I have examined 10250 people for hookworm, malarial history and spleen enlargement, seen to 3000 odd treatments for hookworm and travelled all over this smaller state of Santa Catharina. There are a number of interesting things about this public health game: the one that appeals to me the most is that with a little instruction all the patients dont have to have the disease all over again--- and the general standard of living is coming up a bit as a result of instruction. We have explained the whole game to about 8000 people and Mackett has certainly got the governments stirred up to a great pitch of enthushasm. They are paying a very tidy part of the freight now: and we stay on running the works. I'll stick in a card we use to give you an idea. The numbers in the right hand corner are for the heights of all under 21 and I am going to have some interesting figures on the influence of hookworm on growth when I gat time to sit down and analyse 10000 cards. The teve lues (syphilis history) is very generously filled out. There is no such thing as reserve on that subject here.

The Bosch is here in great numbers and quite unabashed. I must say I get fed up to the teeth listening to the German I hear spoken everywhere here. But they are here to stay and mix in with the Brazilians -- so that you dont have to worry much about their future! As Germans they are not much beloved by the Brazilians-- but their industriousness and technical training and aptitude are a godsend to native "industies". I wish I could read their lingo better: the German papers are coming in from Europe now and I'd like to know what is up.

Give my regards to anybody you see there in the hospital: especially to Hal Thomas, who is one of the best fellahs I have ever known, and to Ted Parker and Frank Berry and Rusty McIntosh. I certainly will be glad to look in on you all one of these days.

Best of luck Eddie, and dont trouble to write --- I know what being Senior and being House means. You may be through with it all, but if not-- I can hear those damn bells and I have a plenty of excuses in my own past history for the man that doesnt find letter writing a natural form of resting himself between jumps.

Gosh do you remember the mighty Stookey that we worked for when Lille was being occupied and the retreat from Mons was being told all about! That seems a bit back in the past.

I have been talking with Reo Bennett again and he is certainly interesting and of an overwhelmingly interesting period. He was on the New York World at the time when the Panama Canal was being worked out of the hands of the old French company and being made ready for the use of the U.S. It happened that at that time a pair of New York engineers (for names see the World of that time) backed by Joe Leiter formed the Hackensack Meadows Company to drain Buttermilk Channel and develop the Meadows for factory sites. One of the engineers had had the contract for the Croton Dam for the city of New York and was naturally in a position to get a good many good things under way and an access to plenty of capital. Bennett was employed by the company to let the secret of this Hackensack company out--- the arrangement being that when the stock reached 75 (from 12) Bennett was to get some \$25,000. for his journalistic services. Well it was accomplished after Bennett had promised a good ripe rakeoff to a number of the Newspapermen of his acquaintance who had given their aid. Going to collect his \$25,000 he was told to get out of the office of the engineer, and naturally his friends being somewhat suspicious thought his failure to come across was due to his desire to pocket the whole sum. This made him thoroughly angry and he went over the ground to get something on the engineer. W. Barclay Parsons told him about the Croton contract and he found that the other engineer was under 17 indictments for peonage in Tennessee alone. Then came the bids for the Panama Canal and this firm of engineers was the lowest bid put up. Then Bennett's time came and with Barclay Parson's help and that of Lindon Bates he started analysing the Panama plans and so successfully did the destructive criticism work that new developments came along rapidly. It appeared that a company was well underway, to buy the old French Company out at 3 million and sell at 40 to the government--patriots all. Douglas Robinson was in it, Pierpont Morgan was in it, and there were a good many others who wished like the deuce they were in it.

Roosevelt sued the New York World in the capacity of President of the U.S. because the stories of the paper were subversive to discipline at West Point, or some such strange suit, and Bennett skipped to New Paris where he began collecting French information against the day of his extradition.

Alfred Henry Lewis telegraphed him to come home, and this time he was taken down to Washington to see the Colonel, -- who with a bottle and a half of Scotch to the three of them, began bawling out Bennett who began giving as much as he got. The upshot was the appointment at a later date of Goethals and the Canal put through on entirely different plans from the original. And Roosevelt offered Bennett the job of Brazilian Trade Commissioner--- and the world has been quieter ever since! As B. tells it all in all a fascinating story.

Also the story of the practical joker Cyrus G Ward. At the Times bar all the newspaper men had to congregate because it was too close to their work to go anywhere else as easily. The barkeep was notoriously tight fisted and the newspaper men decided to get him. So one day ~~one~~ when a fine old man was dozing in the corner one of the reporters lifted ~~the~~ cane and hurriedly bought the appropriate tissue paper etc and made, with all the reporters an atrociously sarcastic speech of presentation to the barkeeper-- which he took as being genuine and ordered up drinks all the afternoon and the cane was put in the window. Then the old man came back and the barkeep was sold. When the reporter who had pulled the trick came in the barkeep said "Well you got me all right-- but I'll get you yet!" thr reporter came right back "What! you let the old bluff have your cane that we gave to you! Why that was Cyrus G Ward and he bet me \$100 he could take the cane away from you the same day we gave it!" And again the barkeeper bit--and rushed out to find the true C.G.Ward in his office and tell him where to get off!

Bennett considers that the joy in being a New Yorker is a disease, an interesting disease because instead of feeling sorry for the people who have it as you do with most diseases the man with this disease feels sorry for the people who haven't got it. The disease of being a Brazilian I have not (I reassure you) succumbed to in that intensity. I still feel sorry for the people who have it.

After February I shall go up to Rio for the beginning of March and then return here to live for a month or so in the town of Florianopolis establishing the postmark here for the thorough treatment of the whole population. That will see me well into the month of April and probably into May.

I got some clothes yesterday from a tailor in Cambridge with a note saying that I had please to let him know if the clothes fit and he will then know whether to go on and finish the order. The request was dated July 3rd! It reminds me the way they reckon the distance of stars--- number of light years ! Trust you got a check from me recently for all of the loan of April 2 1919. I cannot bear to have America remain the Banker of the World too long! Us reconstructed countries arent always going to remain the debtors--- except in the spirit. The only period of time in my life that I cant remember being grateful to ~~man~~ you was that time you scalded me in th bath tub. Luckily the scar is only mental! *Mauvais quart d'eau*

We have a telegraph operator here who has malaria and that was the reason I didnt send you a telegram on the great occasion recently. When the chills are upon him who knows what he might be understood as trying to say. It has already been the despair of thousands here--- but what can you do!

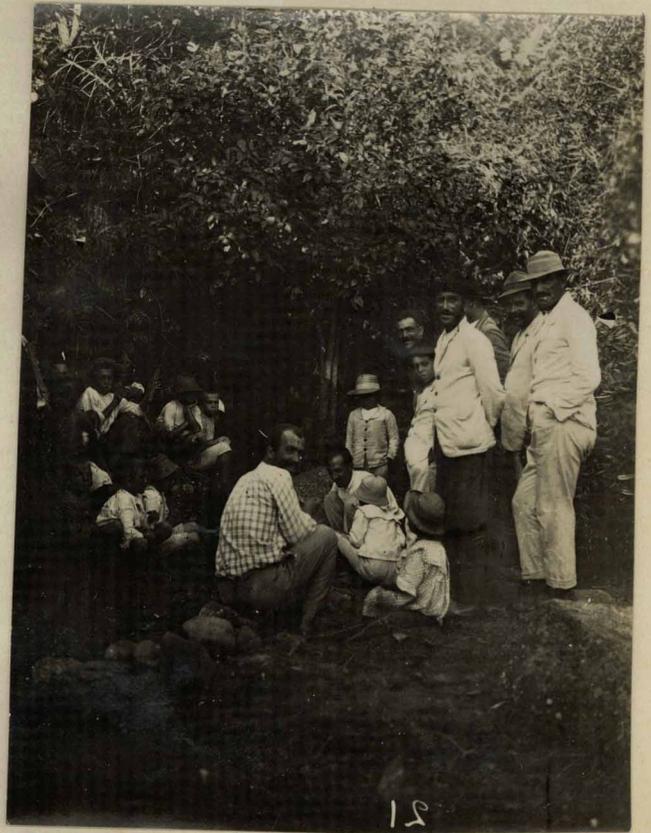
*Congratulations
on Wedding
Anniversary
for example*

Your lovink brother

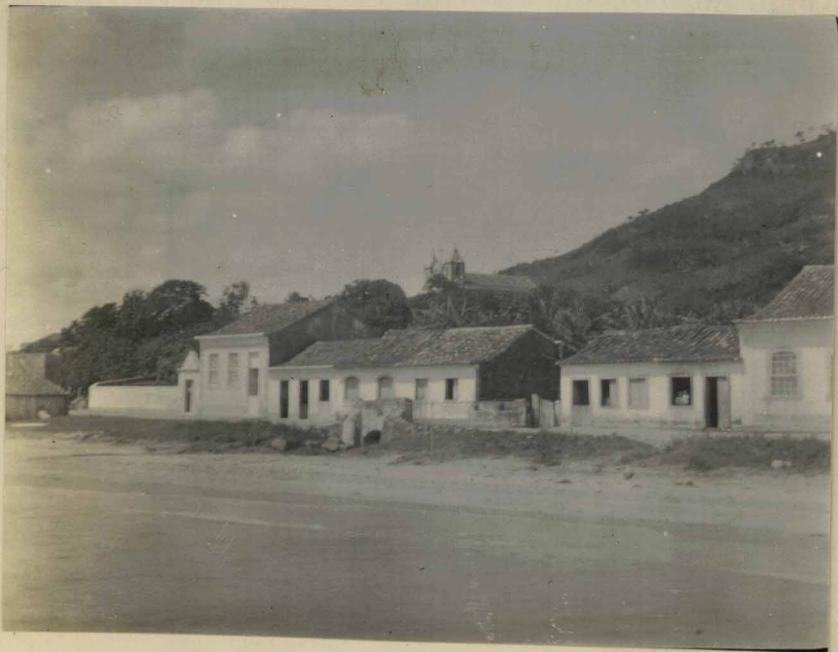
Chefe da Commissao Rockefeller deste Estado

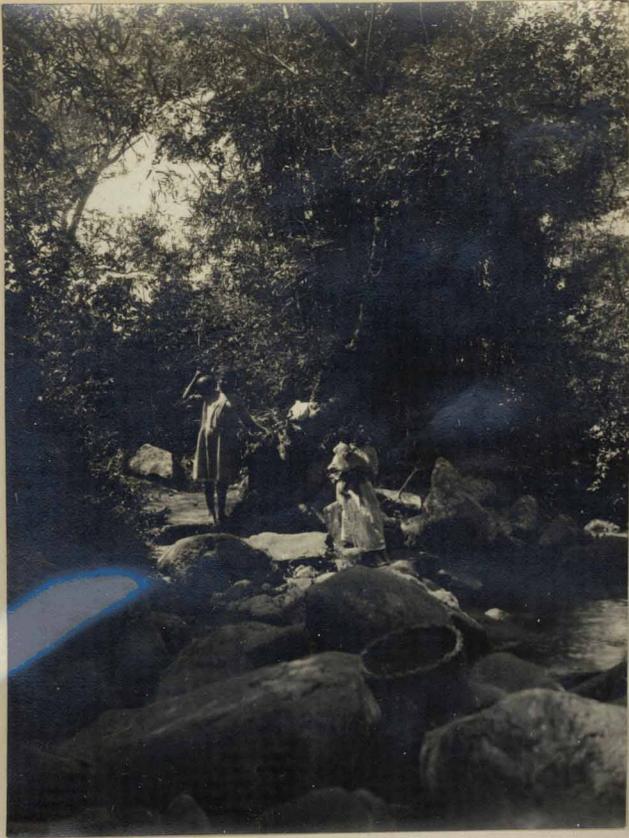


The Kids I played with



15





The water supply.



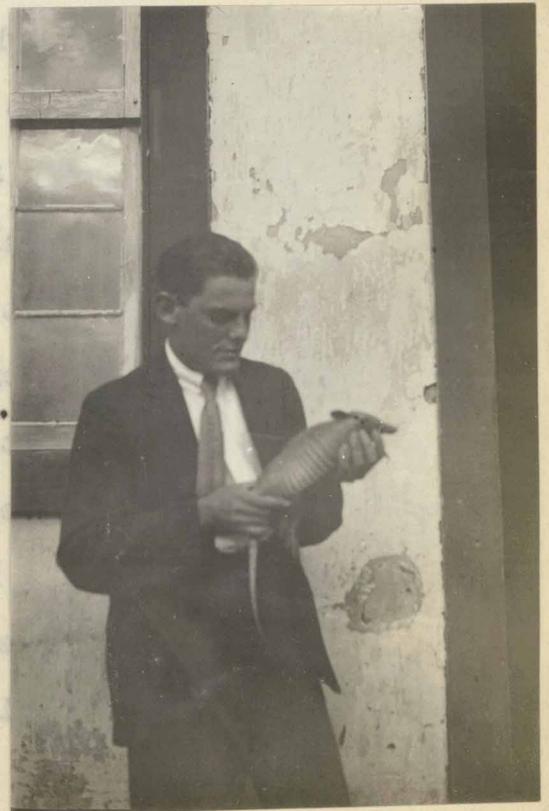
Dear Sirs:

I have just been out in the back-yard shooting with a bodogue which is pronounced bawdawck, and trying to shoot as straight as the natives-- which is hopeless. It is a combination of a sling and a bow and it looks like this: but in stead of arrows the natives use dried clay pellets which get very hard and are easily hard enough to kill birds with. The natives are so sure that you can throw a tostao (a piece of money the size of a quarter) into the air and they can hit it.

Then too I have been playing with a roarer, which is a piece of horse-hair twined thus over a twig and at the other end attached to a hollow drum open at one end so that the whining of the horse-hair makes a very loud noise.

When I was up at Lages -- which is a place you can perhaps find on the map about 270 Kilometers west of the island of Santa Catharina,--- I ate an armadillo and here is his picture before he was eaten. They are very hard to catch if they once get into the entrance of their holes because they bend over and the long scales stick out at right angles and grip the walls of the burrow. The meat is very sweet and they are rather rare now as a result.

I got some skins of ant-eaters which are called tamandoa a bandeira because their tails are so big and wavy they look like flags. One I saw was almost the size of a bull-hide and the claws were huge. He has three claws on each foot and when he fights



he pretends to be utterly tired out and lies down on his back in despair with his arms wide open. Any foolish dog that dives for his throat is caught in those terrible long talons which come together in a single embrace--- and one more enemy is disposed of. He gets his food as you know by ripping a big ant-hill open and laying his long tongue in among the angry ants & They seize it and suddenly disappear inside when he draws it in happily.

Bananas are queer trees for if you cut one down the next morning there is almost a foot of new banana plant already above the level of the cut. I didnt believe this when they told me so I had to be shown. They know very well because after one bunch of bananas has grown on a tree it wont bear any more until it is cut down and a new tree grows from the same root.

Up in Therezopolis I met a German who has spent 8 years collecting butterflies and moths. Last month he sent 25,000 to Europe so that I guess he is pretty successful! Many of them he had raised from the eggs so as to have perfect specimens and his collection numbers more than 532 different kinds. I do not think that in the U.S. we have more than 100 which are at all common-- so that you can see that he has a very fine collection.

If Elise were a Brazilian (which I am glad she isnt) she would certainly be wearing a figa , which is a hand ~~xx xx~~ carved out of coral or ivory or ebony, with the thumb tucked between the first and second finger and the hand closed over it. It is just the way my Mother holds her hand when she is eating at the table-- only the figa is always the right hand instead of the left. Faith Bemis used to sleep that way when she was little so we seem to have it in the family. Here they believe it is the best sign to k make to keep away the evil eye and bad luck-- so they carve it in ivory or coral and wear it on a little chain---- which helps them a lot !

About three weeks ago we were travelling in one of these
Here the fisherman-- this is a fishing village and nothing
more-- use a big circular net with pieces of lead all around the
edge and a long cord tied just at the center, so that when you
hold it by the cord it hangs down like a skirt. They wade out in
the shallow water and fling it very gracefully and skillfully
so that it lands all spread out and sinks in the water in the

shape of a cone. The frightened shrimp are too slow to get
outside the leaded sinking border and then the fisherman
begins to pull gently and the border slowly closes together
with plenty of shrimp caught in the meshes of the net. You
can always eat shrimp-- ^aamarao-- if you don't use them all up
as bait out in the harbor. When the day has been bad for
fishing I can always tell at night walking along by the huts
because the children are all crying of hunger.

An interesting thing here is their type of boat here.
One is a plain descendant of the whaling dories of the New
Bedford wanderers, with long keels and sharp prow and stern;
the other is a canoe or ~~an~~ canoe cut out of one single log
and very big and easy to paddle. They use a sail for these
canoes and can make very good time. Read Four Years Before The
Mast and you may find some reference to this island, for it was
where many of the boats put in for the last time before they
started around the Horn by the straits of Magellan. Magellan's
real name was Magellanes which is pronounced Magelyainish, so
he probably wouldn't look up from his maps if you were to shout
"Magellan!" ever so loudly. Oh, I forgot to say that this
island may be called Desterro in the old books for that was the
name that all the pirates and whalers used to give it.

About three weeks ago we were travelling in one of these tiny trains near Sao Francisco and I was looking out of the window watching the rain which was coming down in sheets of warm water. Suddenly a very big boulder up on the hillside topped over and began to roll toward us in the primeira classe. As the rock was bigger than the car I got all ready to have the survey in Santa Catharina stop then and there. But a very big tree was sacrificed instead and then a telegraph pole was snapped off and the boulder slowed down enough to miss the train. The rain is all the time letting you in for things like that-- but I havent seen any real harm done yet, except to roads which look very much the worse for wear after a trovoada or heavy rain.

There is a fruit here called mamao which we call paw-paw and if you put some of the juice in a bottle and then put a piece of meat in it the meat will all be digested the next day. Everybody thinks that is a great excuse for eating all the meat there is on the table and I have ofcten seen a Brazilian get away with four kinds of meat at one meal and then forget to eat his mamao !

Good-luck to you Jimmy. Dont you ever forget that if you work while you work it is always easier and you have a lot more time left over for everything else. Get Father to show you how to use the Encyclopedia-- you can always find out about things you want to know about in it.

Your loving uncle

February 23 1920

Dearest Pa and Ma:

For the third time my duck trousers have come back from the wash neatly pressed from side to side and remonstrances with the swarthy child have been meekly accepted. We are on our last stand on this inspection and it certainly is a ruinous one. The inhabitants of the island of Santa Catharina are the most densely ignorant and hopelessly distrustful that we have come across yet and here we have been waiting for people to examine for almost a week and only about 120 have turned up. I have had less ambition than at any time in my life, but thank the lord have had a few magazines to read. I like the English Nation better than any of our reviews. It has a letter from Benjamin Franklin to Dr Fothergill which when you have been lolling in a stifling barn for a week reading about what your friends are doing in the world that moves, has a certain pleasant flavor, to wit:

" Dear Doctor:

I recieved your favor of the 10th of December. It was a great deal for one to write, whose time is so little his own. By the way, when do you intend to live? i.e. to enjoy life. To be hurried about perpetually from one sick chamber to another is not living. Do you please yourself with the fancy that you are doing good? You are mistaken. Half the lives you save are not worth the saving, as being useless, and almost the other half ought not to be saved as being ~~useless~~ mischievous. Does your conscience never hint to you the impety of being in constant warfare against the plans of Providence? Disease was intended as the punishment of intemperance sloth and other vices; and the example of that punishment was intended to promote and strngthen the opposite virtues. You seem to be just the same service to society as some favorite first Minister, who out of the great benevolence of his heart should procure pardons for all criminals that applied for them".

It is a curious fact that only at rare intervals have I seen anyone with even a low average of ambition or intelligence and the constant daily contact with people who have all the appearance of having bled to death is in the long run strangely depressing. I am more surprised than peeved: I knew that there wouldnt be much mental excitement here--- but I did not suppose that the contact with 10300 hookwormed would leave me slightly in the discard so far as zip is concerned. That is the number we had finished at the end of last month-- this month we ought to have 11000 done.

You find your
 number for the
 year.

February 25 1950

In about a week I am going up to Rio. (You'll get this glad news after I have started back again) That will be a pleasant change for me as it is quite different from here. I will probably spend a painful sum of mil-reis and have a good enough time to last till the same time next year!

I got a bunch of letters when I got back from Lages and the large number from Pa was a delight. They give me quite a clear idea of all that's going on. Faith's family seems to be approaching like a railroad train or a herd of buffalo and I shouldn't wonder if she sometimes got rather flabbergasted at the determined and loud noise they make. Mothers theoretically should never stop ~~the~~ once they have begun-- they can of course slow down-- but grandchildren should be always sneaked under their wings before the ~~1st~~ 1st gen. youngest has begun to leave the nest for trial trips. Thus the mother can keep right in the game where the good ones always want to be.

I find I am losing now some of the reactions to things here in Brazil. But it is still an odd thing to come into one of our treatment parties and here and see the general scene. A group of pallid monkey-like men and extraordinarily dumpy women seated on their haunches along the walls, many smoking these terrible pale cigarettes and a guarda choking medicine into some lemon yellow kid about twelve years old in height and 18 by the word of the entire assembly. Gosh I can give you a sample of it all right when I get home.

Brazilian summers are not very bad here. It is the light more than the heat that gets me. I have been really surprised at the mildness of it. But they say there was nothing merciful in it season at Rio this year. I am glad I didn't have to be there for I am certainly better off in cold weather.

Looking over some of these typewritten letters I have been bored by them greatly for they seem to have nothing in them that Burton Holmes wouldn't feel was formal enough to use on next year's circuit. I'm sorry for this and should have seen it sooner. There is going to be less of Brazil now that I'll be more confined to Florianopolis-- so long hand letters will be more in order for various reasons. I won't have to live so much from a suit case as in the past and ink

would be so dangerous
You young son H

I have just returned from the movie, which was brightened and varied by the appearance of a disgracefully fat and painfully brunette (though pasty) Spanish dancer-- Strellita. Strellita's corsage after the first moult was reassuringly metallic in lustre though a half spin she did gave evidence of what heroic work was being done by hooks and eyes. She jellied fearfully in the brisker and more kittenish steps, singing quite without expression and rolling her eyes 1 rt. q lt. and 2 up. Her various changes behind the scene left her thinner and less formal--- but the voice and face were in no way relieved.

Then a Brazilian in the audience made a few remarks out-loud, wittily as he thought. Not so the manager, who advanced with three frightend policemen and began to expostulate with the fresh guy. Entire families were leaving the boxes and the house in general beamed interest and satisfaction at the diversion. Then came the head manager forward and because the witty one did not want to go out, screamed out "Voce esta preso!" (Youre a prisoner!). At this a wide circle of empty chairs formed around the disturber of the show who began orating on the rights of man, while three policemen and two managers lashed themselves into verbal fury crying "Youre arrested ! Youre a prisoner !" This lasted 10 minutes till the man allowed himself to be guided out by at least five pairs of hands, with numerous hot pauses of protest against actual coercion--- world wide privilege of the arrested it seems---- to the Delegacia da Policia. During the last twenty yards toward the Delegacia our wit began to weep with bitter humiliation, but by the time he got inside he was in full oratorical tongue.

-----After becoming accustomed to these what must a Brazilian think of an American arrest ! Worse than any crime!

Mrs Bennett told a story of one of Reo's parties which ended in his usual cheery imaginative irresponsibility and sensitiveness. When he came in at 2 A.M. he was still quite drunk but very harmlessly so and she thought that it would be a good time to punish him for it. So she simply did not recognise him, and persistently refused to understand who he was in spite of his aggrieved statements. He soon began to feel very miserable and sat down and cried for a while-- which was what she wanted. After a few minutes of grief he pulled himself together and began moving the bureau over against the door, then the wardrobe was dragged over. She lay in bed wondering what in the world he was going to do, and finally asked him why he was doing that. "Well" Madam" said Reo "Your see this is the first time in my life I have had to spend the night with a perfect stranger and I cant be interrupted!"



Lagoa, Santa Catharina

February 25 1920

Dear Eleanor:

Here are two long salt-water lakes with a sharp range of granite hills to the east, falling off negligently to the north to let in the fish into these lakes, and at the south to let in the cold rains from the Argentine. Behind us the hills on the west-- we are in a flat sand lagoon -- and if we had a glimpse of surf I think the sunrises here w'd be about as fine as anything I have ever seen. It comes so suddenly here, the dawn is so clean too, and the colors are everything you can think of, with distant island-mountains, bamboo and banana greenness, and fish jumping out of misty flame pink water. It is good to climb up on the railing of the crude bridge across the narrowest part of the lagoon, and while everything is still bright pink and breezes just beginning, leave the blanket behind, see the fish below you scatter in that short but priceless flash before you're in the water, and crash in for a small swim before the 'gente' begin to arrive and you play the role of sanhor doutor once more. I do like the in-the-air part of diving-- you never get enough of it.

I spent a liberal and very agreeable evening in the U.S. last night for the simple reason that I decided yesterday to give up any idea of going there till at least a year from now! Isn't that an odd thing, that when you give something up you get it in all its pleasant flavor of an evening, and if you refuse to give it up you don't have it at all. Quite a trite lesson to learn at this advanced age, I suppose-- but the age you learn it at doesn't make any difference after all. What a funny thing twould be to be brought up without any sense of what was old-- and then nothing would be tarnished by moral bromide.

Your trip to the Rocky Mountains sounds grand. I

cant accept the invitation to join much as I should like to. But the Rocky Mountains have one advantage that I have always been keen about-- they feel your own as you look at them and you dont have to discount any of your pride because they may belong to some one else. And besides that they are very clean and cool and make you feel as if the air was all through you as well as all around, and they dont allow a stuffy feeling, like waking up in a Pullman car. There is a place I am going to see when I get home: it is on top of Cameron's Cone and I am going to take a donkey and camp there a week and evry morning I can watch the sun rise over Colorado Springs and the plains and the evenings I can look at the Peak or down in Crystal Park in the nice purple gloaming that it used to have when I was a kid. The delightful part of this idea is that I am going to do it.

I rather wish I was in the Tyrol or the Dolomites or better in Vienna spending my time on people who have had some fun out of civilized life and dont want to lose it all, here it is a little different for they have never had any civilization and I am sceptical about the possibilities of their being able to carry it. Like shaving, to which barbarism was originally contrasted, civilization takes a certain amount of daily energy, and I am doubtfull if it is worth the time with the people who havent already gotten the idea, and somewhat into practise. I get very low at the news from abroad, I would rather be over in it again.

Dont adopt two neurotic Jew babies, Eleanor, that's flying in the face of their instincts. They like to be in higher dilutions-- one in twenty or fifty is about right-- then the neurottenner they are the better, but they'll be very domifugal if you have 'em too crowded. You ouhgt to get a wee Scot with yaller fuzz so 'st the Jew'll be misunderstood in his childhood even if you cant misunderstand him. What good is understanding for an artist-- it ruins em. Your plan reminds me of a saying at the Medical School "Oh well everybody has

his pet Jew". Which despite the Middle Ages and many trips to New York City and all the other examples of race hatred I think of is still true, and the funny part of it is that we like our one pet Jew quite a lot; and feel very warm and liberal about it all. I know a few I like a lot but like Americans and English and French and Germans they are apt to have friends you cant care so much for.

We have been down here in this little place nearly a week and have done almost nothing at all because the people are disconfiado and are sure that there is a string to this charity somewhere. So I have lost all my natives to be amused at and life has been very very slow. The sun is amazingly intense at noon and we have to pile out across a long field of mandioca to get to a dirty little store where we have bananas and hot chicken soup and jerked beef and weak lemon pop and coffee and very tough rolls. So that after the return journey --and I hate to always walk in a slow aimless digesting sort of way after every meal--we all fall on our cots and sleep, while the sun rolls across the north of the sky and finally the afternoon breeze starts up. People in the U.S. only guess at the stupidity and backwardness of these countries-- it is hard to imagine that if your best friend was bitten by a rattle snake you would not be able to get 7 dollars to buy a syringe to cure him-- but no; the people leave all that and shrug their shoulders, saying that they are very poor,-- and the next day he is much worse. They refuse evrything but what is put in their hands and use even that sparingly.

The ^rescivao has just arrived to pay a call. He pays one each day and says "Entao como vae?" and then sits around for half an hour or so saying nothing at all, which gets to me sooner or later and I start typewriting again and he watches for about ten minutes and then goes out and talks to my men, who are not bothered by a silence that is unhappy and a speech thah says nothing at all. It is a country where you talk not as some say to revert the sooner to silence, but for the form

the choice of words and the oratorical beauty of it all.
 Well you can imagine the unbearable boredom of listening
 to them six and eight each in a harsh voice proclaiming the
 beauties and wealth of Brazil or screaming jeremiads against
 the politicians who talk and do nothing! So I take to work
 and all evening long the noise of their arguments keeps
 me from falling asleep over it--- but to listen to it -
 Nevair!

Good luck and thanks for the letter



Malaria and Hookworm

8 yrs

Lagoa February 26 1920

Dear ... Here I am on the north side of this house and it in the quiet and rapidly getting hotter kind of a morning with everything very green and pleasant looking but the air very very close. We are waiting to clear out and around the porch of the old wireless station which we have used for a laboratory are still the victims of this mornings treatment waiting round for their final dose. The automobile will come over the hill about three hours from now and my trip to Rio will soon be beginning. Hurray for that trip to Rio!

Bamboo here grows in big feathery clusters called bamboozals which are a perfect paradise for birds --if the noise they make from the cool green inside is anything to go by. There is one that they call Alma de Gato or Soul of a Cat which is just like a kitten wandering round half lost and half enjoying it. Then there are a lot of perfectly wonderful humming birds of all colors and in a field nearby some wonderfully tame pheasants-- so that it is rather pleasant to sit out in all this pleasant weather and see the birds in a bamboozal like this. I am completely bamboozaled by it.

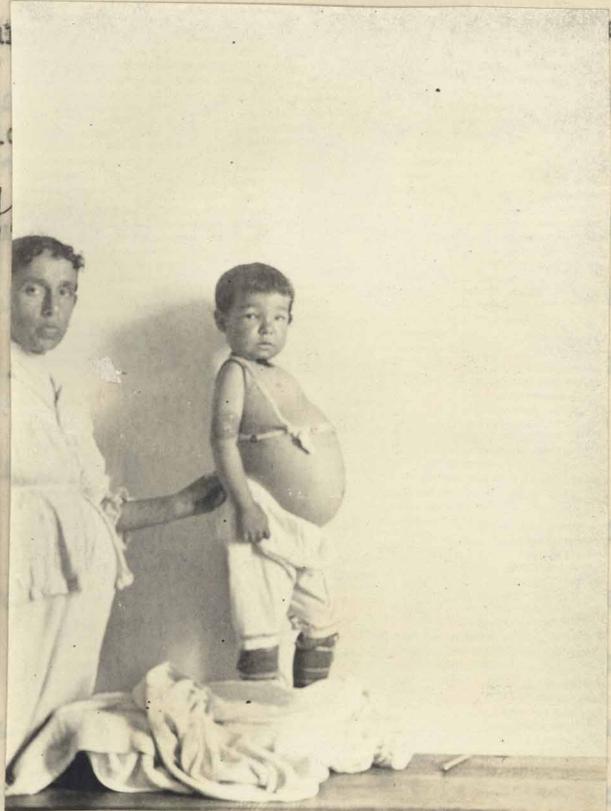
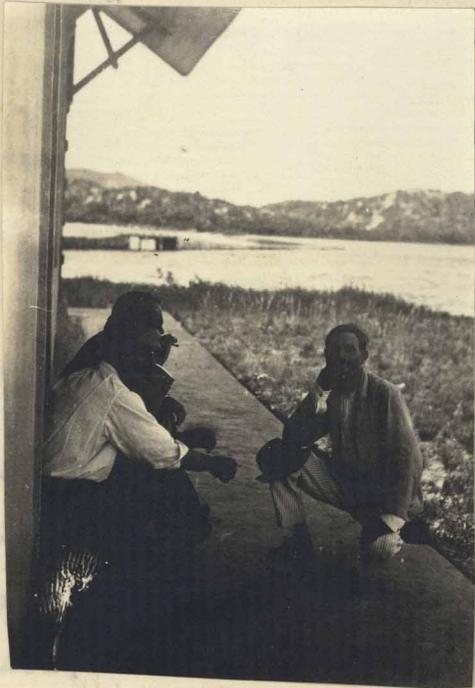
Well, wouldnt it be a nice thing to find you in Rio when I get there. ? You would be bored to tears there is so little to do as to theatres and dances etc. but you would like it when the new moon shines down there and all the smell of the tropical plants and all the bright plaster houses and all the strange part of it struck you. The beauty of it is hard to bear at times-- it really is !

I am getting so used to Brazil now that a lot of it doesnt seem strange to me anymore. But I am a long way from thinking of staying here for good. The people are not amusing and not being among my own people at all gets tiresome after a good long while. But I havent seen anything like the Brazil I want to see before going home and it may be that I'll have a few adventures yet before I turn home. I hope so.

The good old cigarette holder continues to hold out in splen-

Lagos February 28 1950

ador and usefulness and gathers compliments unto its giver
evry little while. I am still looking for something to
fit neatly over your fet neck or put more zip if it were
possible into that cute little face of yours--Gosh it
will be a long time before I forget it and that's the
truth. Why arent you there in Rio---waiting for me in
white silk at the International for dinner up there on
the terrace above the bay! Damn it I wish Brazil wasnt
such a rotten place for girls to stay in--and there'd be
more here, as you might say. I have just had a half hour's symptoms from a local
beauty-- and I am glad the Americans dont come if that is
the result of Brazil on vimmens.



Geeta's cousin

I am getting so used to Brazil now that a lot of it doesnt
seem strange to me anymore. But I am a long way from thinking of
staying here for good. The people are not amusing and not being
among my own people at all gets tiresome after a good long while.
But I havent seen anything like the Brazil I want to see before
going home and it may be that I'll have a few adventures yet before
I turn home. I hope so.
The good old cigarette holder continues to hold out its spien-

November 20th 1920

Conceição de Arroio

Rio Grande do Sul

This has been a grand day of travel. Tomorrow I shall see crocodiles and pink flamingoes, but today I have seen white cranes and little wild ostriches called here avestruzes, and I think in our geographies emus.

Yesterday I got up at 5 in the Grande Hotel in Porto Alegre said goodbye to a youth named McGurk with whom I had been rooming and took a nigger-driven barouche to a funny little wharf owned by one Edmundo Dreher. There was a queer little side-wheeler the Camaquam, which consisted of a Captains wheel house and cabin combined, and a large stateroom filled by the clothes of an old couple about 75, and a lower deck which was lunge and dining saloon combined in back and engine and boiler room in front and cargo space in the middle. Thus coming down the stairs one landed on sacks of salt and cans of Standard Oil or Brindilla kerosene, to your left standing bored looking mulatto engineers and to the right a saloon full of gente arriving. A curious smell of lemons leather and oil.

All day we sidewheeled through mud colored water, I reading and thus greatly impressing some of the passengers who see a book very rarely. Brazil in a year imports the printed matter that Argentine takes in a month, and Argentine only 8 million to Brazil's 20 or 25. At por do sol or sun set we peacefully ran on a bar, and with no swearing from the Captain nor impatience from the passengers quietly settled down to chicken soup and beans and rice, three kinds of beef, and coffee. Then the leading citizen on board told about a recent experience of his in being among those poisoned by arsenic, and a stern fat woman unravelled the motives of the culprit to her own satisfaction and to a dumb audience, the first citizen being too canny to interrupt her. I very soon went to sleep on the lounge and woke up occasionally to see all my friends in all the usually agonized positions sleeping and snoring. Possibly the least artistic thing in the world.

November 20th 1930
By seven o'clock we were sliding up a still river over-hung

with low flat trees with long wavy grey moss on the lower side of the branches and cactus, orchids and gravata on the upper side-- looking like a big tangle of everything green all the way up to the top. There were lots of blue heron and a bright green jagged-backed young crocodile who didn't

move enough to make me sure I have seen a live one yet.

There was a bird on the reeds, jet black with a thick finch beak and a crest and head as bright as scarlet as you could imagine. After many curves we came up along a big crude stores building along the and I got out thinking it was Palmares. There were a dozen or so big two-wheel oxcarts, wheels I think the broadest and largest I have ever seen and thatched with rushes woven in a broad arch, with an cow-hide untanned over one end. It is used for all the heavy carriage here and is drawn by six pairs of oxen all strung out in a line of pairs, a horseman or two to take care of the affair with a long pole. They oil the axles here so you don't here the unending squeaking and humming of the

carro de boi of the North. On asking for Dr George Roy an engineer to whom I had a letter from the Secretary of State (last company these days!) I was told by a very pretty and fearfully bashful little Dutch girl that he was la adiante and so I went to find him.

Sure enough out came a short little Frenchman speaking such terrific Portuguese that I asked him to say it in French which he was only too glad to do and we had a grand time. He has been in one place or another in 26 years outside of France-- several years in Tonkin with the French Chinese "empire builders" and then in Mexico the last one in the Argentine except for the war time when he was in France. A very cheerful soul indeed who was awfully nice to me and took very good care of my food and drinks. He waved me into his quarters with a grand gesture but found a hen nesting on the bed which he was too kindhearted to

shoo out, and who watched me shave in the noncommittal attentive way that hens have, but laid no eggs for me, although in spite of my polite silence.

Dr George Roy is the Chefe of a railroad which the French are building here-- perhaps the the queerest I have ever seen. The guage is 60 cm, which makes the width of the cars just wide enough for two people and a tiny passageway. The engine wouldnt work, so we had dinner, and then afterwards the Spanish Chief Engineer (he had one mulatto helper to distinguish him thus) sent in word as happy as a kid at Christmas that the engine would work after all. Dr George was not to be fooled, and had three mules hithched to a buckboard as un autre corde de mon arc and amidst a perfectly gratuitous and luxurious whistle we set off over the green prairie in the rain, sitting up on two benched right behind the engine. Numerous birds started up very near as the road has not been running very long, and the excited pleasure of the engineer and the Superintendent of Construction grew simply boundless as we passed the tenth kilometer without a breakdown, and perhaps ten yards ahead of the mules. We suddenly realised we needed more water-- out jumped the engineer and raked out half the fire while the fireman clattered down the track to borrow a bucket at the last ranch we'd passed. Then for twenty minutes they entied muddy water into the machina, and soon we went away again, later to meet a deserted engine and a few cars on the track. Out we got again, and dumped the cars off the track, and decided to push the engine in front. Suddenly we came to the end of the line. The cambion that had come to meet us for the 35 remaining kilometers was broken down in mid prairie. They little Frenchman told me "Restez tranquil" and we both got into the buckboard behind the mules. Six hours more said he would see us at the hotel in Conceçcao de Arroio. It had stopped raining a little and I didnt care.

The prairie was too interesting. It was quite flat, and in some directions stretched off to the horizon without a break in its green smoothness. But in many places you could see bamboo hedges and trees surrounding some far distant ranch-house, looking like Arnold Boecklin's Toteninsel, in a vast sea of prairie. Sometimes one was close enough to see the white plaster house and the red tile roof, or the thatched outbuildings and the bamboo lattice work of the walls. But usually from a distance only the green trees and bamboos leaning together over an unseen house. The prairie was bright green, our path was the smoother stretches of grass, almost like a lawn, and shallow puddles and poals were everywhere. A gray bird about as high as a chicken but much thinner, with a slow deliberate and rather choosy walk, gray on the body, with pure white wings edged with a broad black stripe, was on all sides and very tame. The name for it is quero-quero from the cry, and it has a beautiful way of flying in unison. We saw ~~quero~~ partridges quite close thinking they were hiding (ten feet away) and white cranes nabbing frogs quite undisturbed. Then came a Ford over the hill and as it was for us we got in and rocked away at twice the speed for the low line of blue mountains to the west. The ostriches were not at all frightened when we caught up on some I got out and tried to get a picture and they rattled away easily--they are only half the size of African ostriches but are really prettier and more graceful. I got about within 50 yards up to them before they got frightened. Then suddenly we got to a place where the houses with bamboos around them began to be bunched together and turning a corner we found a big green square with an old church in the centre and pink and white and blue houses all around it, --- which was Conceicao do Aroio.

It had stopped raining a little and I didn't care.

Sunday the 21 of November 1920

I am for the moment the king of the Bungaloes ! I am in a special boat chartered for my benefit and going a three day journey along a string of lakes. It is a humorous journey and there are some 23 men crowding into the cabin to see this process -- really a very funny sight, great big brown devils with hip boots crowding round and saying " Barbaridade!" and "Tao ligeira!"--- the first time a good many of them have ever seen a typewriter. Now that the ones who were here at first have stopped calling in their friends and the crush has abated the discussion has turned on the advantages of being educated and the amazing skill it requires to run a typewriter ! The things are synonomous.

It has happened this way. The question of where we would establish a post down in the State of Rio Grande do Sul came up and I had to decide the place and when. So the Secretary of State Dr Protasio Alves gave me a letter that must have said a good deal more than it seemed, for when I gave it to a very good little French engineer named Dr George Roy, he simply put everything at my disposition and I have a large sidewheeler to myself with the only drawback that I have to take the large part of the voters of the town of Tramandahy home after the election and the caboose of the boat is cheia de gente which is so much more than merely full of people would be.

Eastward we have a few dunes and then the sea, westward a range of irregular and heavily wooded hills, and we are winding in and out over a long chain of shallow lakes which tomorrow will be more a long swampy river and there I shall have great fun. Fun because I have never seen a crocodile in nature yet, nor any pink flamengoes, but these I am assured we shall pass in great abundance. And tonight after the voters have gotten off the boat I shall be boss of it completely and shall have to do nothing but command the ship to ~~WAY~~ weigh anchor early in the A.M. That will be my idea of a good time-- and I luckily

brought plenty of films and I certainly do hope I can get something worth while.

The notes I made about the frogs eggs proved to be about as accurate as most of the information you get from Brazilians about their own flora and fauna. They are exceptionally unreliable it seems to me-- a duck and a robbins a passaros --- and beyond that not much distinction is made! I opened some of the beautiful pink eggs and there was curled up the nicest little snail shell, the open front part yellowish and the finer spiral part a very bright cochineal red color. This tiny shell were floating in a gluey fluid, but were very plainly nothing to do with frogs at all.

Two customs which I have noticed again here but which I have not made any note of before I think are worth mentioning. When the steward came in to light the lamp on the Camaquam he turned to everybody as soon as the flame was going and said solemnly "Boa Noite!" and everybody answered "Boa Noite!". This I have seen widespread here but the other trick I noticed may not be so common for I have never seen it before. When a girl about 19 came into the breakfast room at about 6 in the A.M. she first went to what was either her brother or a very indifferent husband and waiting patiently for him to outstretch his hand finally took it rather perfunctorily, as I thought, and kissed it. I heard her say no "Bom Dia!" nor did he either.

Tramandahy proved to be a desolate sort of Provincetown-in-the-winter sort of a place and as the wind was high we rocked all night at anchor and in the morning went on to the bamboo surrounded fazenda of one Diehl where we telephoned for more gasoline. And finally towards dusk tied up in the lee of a mud bank-- Barro de Joao Pedro-- and when it was morning the sky had almost cleared and I knew it would be warm enough for the jacares (crocodiles) to be out when we got to them.

Along the river and even on the reeds in the Lagoa dos Barros there was a great abundance of bright salmon pink splotches about 3/4 of an inch wide and 2 inches long. I thought at first that these were eggs of some moth, but the invariably wet and exposed positions were contradictory, so I asked what they were. Frogs eggs! The individual eggs were 0 size a bright pink glue on the inside and pink but with a powdery white color on the shell which was a little stiff. On breaking one the glue dried very quickly and the big Dutchmen told me they used a paste of the eggs for sores in horses-- they cured immediately was his observation.

In these plains there is an enormous number of cattle nearly all wild and when the engine came near they hurried away over the smooth prairie at a great rate. Occasional horsemen passed by with palla or poncho sweeping down from their necks to cover almost completely man and his horse. They have a curiously dignifying effect; the rider seems to be sitting very erect and still and moves with his horse as one piece. We passed two men in the late afternoon who had encamped in the lee of a bamboo grove with their huge waggons providing shelter, for they use the tongue of the wagon as ridge-pole for a rawhide or canvas tent. They were lassoing ^a stakes on the end of the wagon tongue. The lasso here is always fine braided rawhide. They were hauling railroad ties in these big carts which take 50 to 65 ties (short and small of course) and get 60\$000 for the load which takes some 5 to 7 days (sometimes 4 to 5). This is with a normal exchange \$15.00 but here has more value if they do not buy foreign goods-- which there is scarcely an opportunity to do. Just as on the Amazon where 3 kilometers from Manaus you're in the jungle, here one has to go but a very short distance from Porto Allegre to slide back 200 years into the middle ages of agriculture, religion, medicine, music, and many customs. They plant by hand, they buy blessings for

the mares, they wrap up a compound fracture of the tibia in a dirty bandage and leave it till the owner dies, they sing Gregorian music mixed in with the carnival music of two years ago--- perhaps 200 years is stretching it a little. But bastante atrazado it certainly is.

Today is election day--- the hoteleiro begged my pardon for the noise that he is sure will take place here in the hotel about lunch time ! Muito barrulho sem qualquer duvida, Doutor.

There was barrulho, some hundred and fifty tall dark men in high boots or in sandals and clinking and jangling with spurs were drifting in and out all day long. The election as usual here was absolutley uncontested-- there was no other candidate than the intendente of Borges de Medeiros' party. The newly elected Intendente when I met him in the evening remark that Cox's telegram of congratulation to Harding was "correctissimo" and a phenomenon you'd never see in Brazil between two parties.

The day after the election Monday-no Sunday morning early Dr George Roy the little Frenchman took me down to where the dredge was getting its deadly work in and showed me with pride a cut from which they had taken 400,000 cubic meters with an apparatus built on the spot with every bit of iron hauled 60 kilometers in carro de boi. The dredge was built there too and really seems to be a very effective apparatus -- though I'm a better judge of aspiration apparatus than dredges.

He had to warn me several times of going into huts saying "Dont go in there! It's all bicho de pe there!" And sure enough a few days after I was digging one out of my foot. Three of his workers have had to stop work altogether and it is pathetic to see some of the dogs. Fleas too are no joke in this good ship "General Ozorio".

Leaving Corneilhos --which was a venda with a rather graceful
old tree sprawled out over the roof, a little pink chapel
with BOM JESUS written over it, and a few little hovels
with sick children sunning themselves or lying on the floor
saring at us-- we started up a winding stream through a huge
marsh that stretches for miles between the ocean sand dunes
to the east and the irregular flat topped mountains to the
west and north west. Not five minutes later I was seeing
one crocodile after another flop off the low banks and dis-
appear in the muddy water, or if at a greater distance
stealthily glide into the stream and wait with his head and
evil eyes just showing above the water until we were perhaps
twenty feet from him when he would whisk out of sight.
They are evil beasts to watch-- outright ferocity would be
more agreeable than this non-committal ~~xxxx~~ silent
guileful retirement. The size I did not remember to
estimate and memories are unreliable. Their eyes are wonder-
fully placed, on the top of their heads and elevated just
enough to be the last thing to disappear, periscope like
beneath the muddy water.

I never have seen such an amazing variety and number
of fresh water birds-- many I never have seen the like of before.
There was a huge goose with black and white wings and a gray
body and a very short face covered with red wattles. There
were lots of bigua, an ungainly duck like thin blackish
brown bird with a long sharp beak, that looked and dived much
like a loon. There was a black hen like looking one with
a red face, and two white patches on its wings, that almost
always ran and couched in the reeds rather than fly. One huge
black and white stork and another soft blue gray crane
and a beautiful little golden brown bird about the size of
a pheasant and a habit of holding up its almost transparent
golden wings when it alit. And another---but so it went on
fifteen or so new birds that I watched with the binoculars

from the prow of the boat. I would like with a ~~small~~
canoe to spend two weeks like a savage in these ~~wood~~
swamps, sleeping when he would about me sleeps and
feeding and wandering through the long days with the
peaceful content that comes with practice at living
so. The more one notices of living things the more
completely does the Scotchman's remark express the
situation -- "It's a grand life if ye don't weaken".
It does not seem to be as much of a universal slaugh-
ter house as it is considered by some. ~~Death~~
Death that has been preceded by some few "crowded
hours of glorious life" is no great tragedy, and
death that ends a life of misery and insufficiency
and sickness is a relief---- in nature these are the
two varieties. The death we abhor is the one of our
own making--- we keep putting off the crowded hour
and suddenly comes the end before we have run our race
and had our fling--- then of course it is bitter, and
of our own making the more poignant. But here in the
swamps if there is an abundance of food there are more
strong morphens and more strong-winged ducks that sur-
vive all the other struggles of living and the hawks
live on the excess weaklings-- which must bear some
fairly constant ratio to the total. To me wild life seems
a less brutal balance than I was taught to believe it,
and civilised goings-on considerably more so !

I always feel in places like this the way
you feel when two very agreeable looking people are
talking a language you cannot understand and but half
catch the ideas of. There is some sort of communion in
the wilderness that strangers cannot enter into with-
out a year or so of novitiate-- and perhaps much more
than mere time is involved as well.