

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 PUEBLO who solemnly imitated a barnyard scene in the street in Nicktheroy was no doubt made by all intelligent Brazilian!



The Church in Carayoa

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

FRANK
BIRKIN

BOTAFOGO RIO de JANEIRO BRASIL

5.





RIO DE JANEIRO VISTO DO ALTO DO CORCOVADO

FRANCO
ALVARO



PRAIA de BOTAFOGO RIO de JANEIRO BRASIL.



FRANCIS
L. RAY

RIO de JANEIRO

PRIMA DO SAVER

Nº 101

AVENIDA NIEMEYER

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 drivers 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

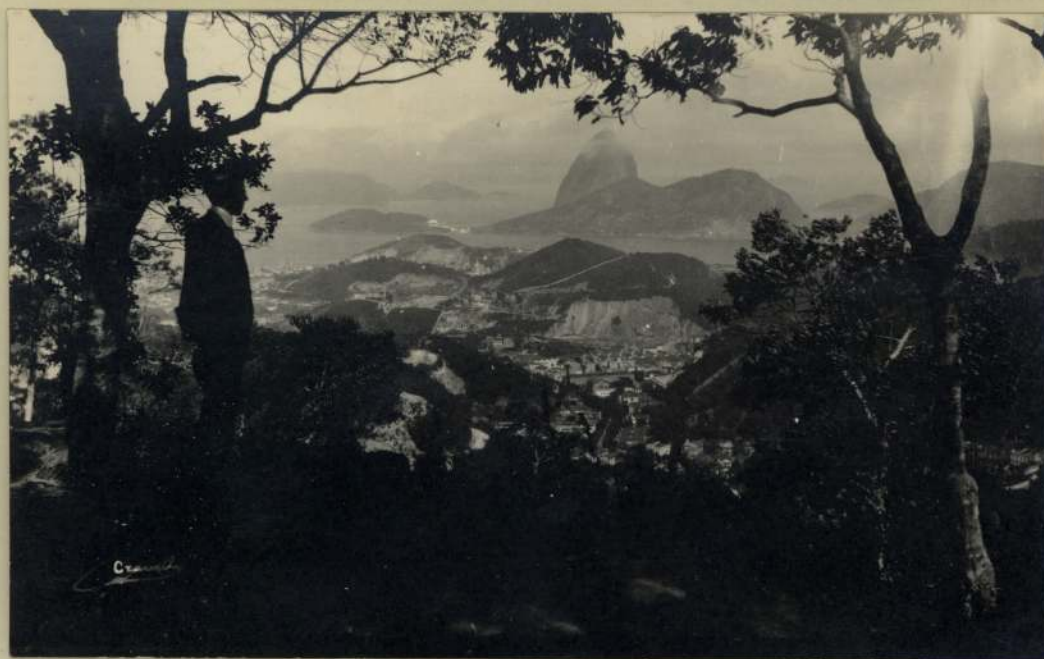
about twice a day now .

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 to 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 banana 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 dont 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 Pãheiros 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 ~~the~~ 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 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!