

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 were no 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 and 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.

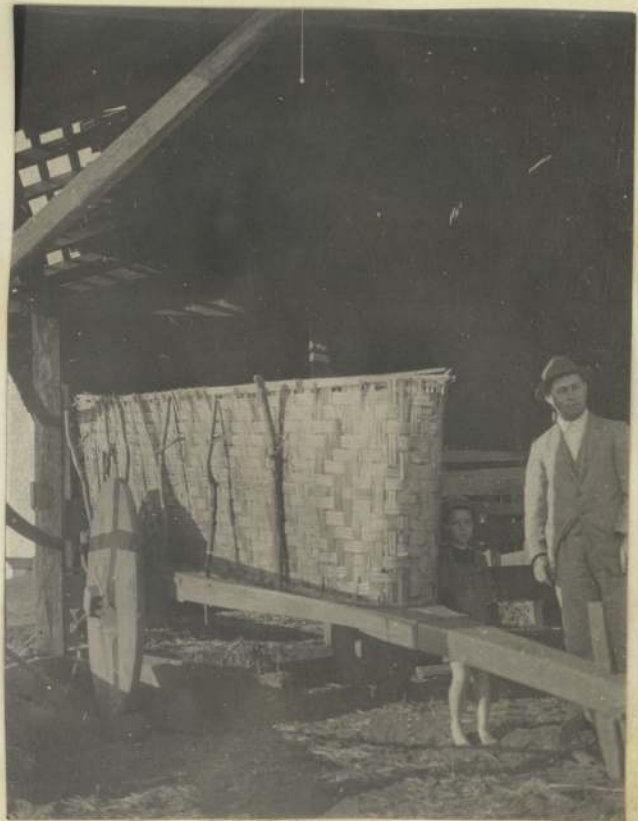
"Tell him that the Company is going to start legal proceed-
ings against him" said the manager.

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

[Faint handwritten notes, possibly describing the coffee drying process or location.]

The Palacio



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 opilacae -- 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 polite conversation! A dinner party is something else again in Moscow, to what it was in Boston!

If any of the offsprings 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 toux 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 sacodir,
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, watching 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 jougo 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 worshipers -- 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} ~~floor~~, 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 cimes of four notes, and soon the lead mule ~~xit~~ 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 "milho" 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 with 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-precoc state so far as company goes and are sort of aloof and intangible as the result of a little learning. But the 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 off 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