

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 hers. 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 in an 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 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 <sup>to</sup> 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?

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 sandals 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  
Sousas 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 acsate 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-rbbs 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 flōwers 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 these forms of existence.

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

*return to my publisher  
copy to the printer*

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 matto. 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 Belguims 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  
Matte



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.  
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 ceiling 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 parring 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 hervea 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.



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 worth while 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 roud. Such  
perfection in wasting time. Such obviuos gun barrels  
on the hip when they stoop over.

Along the side of the road the chachin, great  
trunks of red brown porous fire-<sup>br</sup>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 boll. And along the road too the matte trees and their  
owners, stripping the long well leaved shoots twirling  
then for a minute in the fire--

a great crackling and smoke  
for a cond --- and then  
-laying them in big piles to  
be taken to the drying kiln  
and the crude machine they have  
have for rubbing and breaking t  
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.

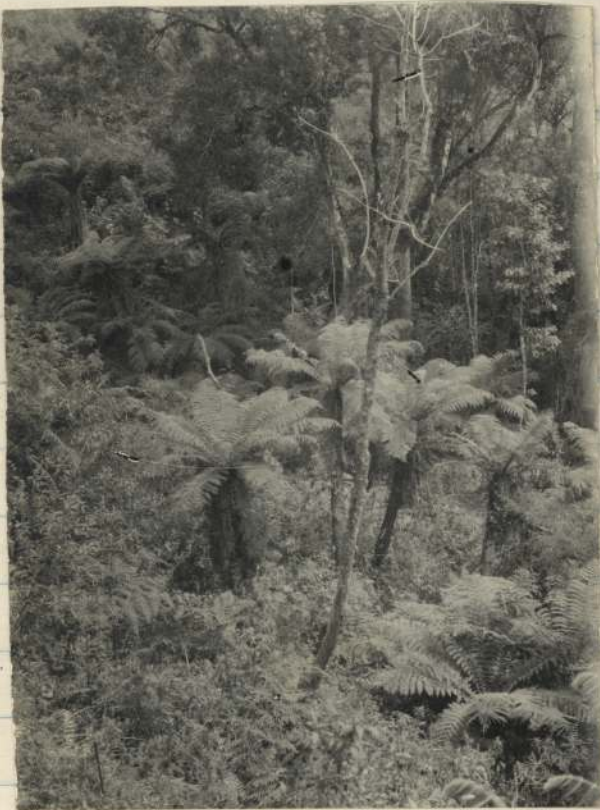


*Harva preparation*

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 Banaxnal 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 anant 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 conhecel-o" etc etc. All with a 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 proceeded to the chefe's neat little house. We found him without his collar but the usual diamond set in the collar button, -- a kindly intelligent man with a thin ascetic mouth and pleasant brown eyes with none of the suspicious roving scrutiny in them that most of the politicos have. He heard my story and is going to send his lieutenants 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 don't mean that he can't 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 don't 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



The Kolbs

yesterday and it was certainly 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 consanguin-  
ous marriage.*

*Hereditary defect.*



*Helping the CR*



September 21 1919

Dear \_\_\_\_\_;

Thanks for your letter of July 10 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 lachrymal 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 ~~be~~<sup>beat</sup> out ~~the~~<sup>the</sup>. 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 crême 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 <sup>you</sup> 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)