

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 ~~daughter~~ ^{wife} who sits in the other room smoking a consolatory cigarette has ever seen the railroad nor does she know more than the squires 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 Apôlôos 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 ~~xxx~~ butterflies themselves--- and in this way he gets better specimens. He has just shipped about 25000 to ~~Kixp~~ 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 treming, others apparently without a nerve, some anxious to talk others on the defensive and silent, soem 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 werent 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 iss 24 hours in and over the mountains by a Boowheek (Buick) automovel and like Rammy's Virgin Coffee is 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 1930

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 conheciamtos 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 ther on meeting eachother. 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 eachother on the chest and then shake hands again! If on horseback they shake and then pat eachother 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 futut 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 pæce 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







stal,
Jackson
Ninth St.
Spring
Union of America
etc.

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 Schwebbroek 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 ~~that~~ I have the being-a-godfather-to-a-?-offspring as a repressed wish that leaps to my harried consciousness every time I ~~pe~~ 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 ^{thru} 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 ^{CrE} 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 ~~a~~ 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 dnt 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 canoes



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 ...:

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 --- 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 ~~etc~~ 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 rellly 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 fellah 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

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