

Florianopolis.

Feb. 16 1920

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Since November the first I have examined 10250 people for hookworm, malarial history and spleen enlargement, seen to 3000 odd treatments for hookworm and travelled all over this smaller state of Santa Catharina. There ~~is~~ are a number of interesting things about this public health game: the one that appeals to me the most is that with a little instruction all the patients don't have to have the disease all over again--- and the general standard of living is coming up a bit as a result of instruction. We have explained the whole game to about 8000 people and Hackett has certainly got the governments stirred up to a great pitch of enthusiasm. They are paying a very tidy part of the freight now; and we stay on running the works. I'll stick in a card we use to give you an idea. The numbers in the right hand corner are for the heights of all under 21 and I am going to have some interesting figures on the influence of hookworm on growth when I get time to sit down and analyse 10000 cards. The teve lues (syphilis history) is very generously filled out. There is no such thing as reserve on that subject here.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Luckily the scar is only mental! *Mauvais quart d'œu*

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

*Congratulations
on Wedding
Anniversary
for example*

Your lovink brother

Chefe da Commissao Rockefeller deste Estado



The Kids I played with



15





The water supply.



Dear _____:

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

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

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

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



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

Bananas are queer trees for if you cut one down the next morning there is almost a foot of new banana plant already above the level of the cut. I didn't believe this when they told me so I had to be shown. They know very well because after one bunch of bananas has grown on a tree it won't bear any more until it is cut down and a new tree grows from the same root.

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

If Elise were a Brazilian (which I am glad she isn't) she would certainly be wearing a figa , which is a hand carved out of coral or ivory or ebony, with the thumb tucked between the first and second finger and the hand closed over it. It is just the way my Mother holds her hand when she is eating at the table-- only the figa is always the right hand instead of the left. Faith Bemis used to sleep that way when she was little so we seem to have it in the family. Here they believe it is the best sign to make to keep away the evil eye and bad luck-- so they carve it in ivory or coral and wear it on a little chain---- which helps them a lot !

Here the fisherman-- this is a fishing village and nothing more-- use a big circular net with pieces of lead all around the edge and a long cord tied just at the center, so that when you hold it by the cord it hangs down like a skirt. They wade out in the shallow water and fling it very gracefully and skillfully so that it lands all spread out and sinks in the water in the shape of a cone. The frightened shrimp are too slow to get outside the leaded sinking border and then the fisherman begins to pull gently and the border slowly closes together with plenty of shrimp caught in the meshes of the net. You can always eat shrimp-- a charao-- if you don't use them all up as bait out in the harbor. When the day has been bad for fishing I can always tell at night walking along by the huts because the children are all crying of hunger.

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

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

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

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

Your loving uncle

February 23 1920

Dearest Pa and Ma:

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

" Dear Doctor:

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

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

You find you
 more by the
 ...

February 23 1930

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

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

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

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

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

would be so dangerous
You young son H

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

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

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

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

