



Maria José Ribeiro, in nurse's uniform, inspects a vegetable garden she shows health club members how to plant. Gardening is one of 50 things she learned, to get her \$90-a-month job



One of Maria José's most difficult tasks is to banish ignorant folks' fear of hospitals

Concluding WE'RE BUILDING A BETTER HEMISPHERE

MIRACLE



Dr. Duval G. Tinoco, who was sent to the U.S. to study, examines a baby, held by Maria José, in Cametá, Brazil



That is the old
home of Maria José

Old huts are gradually being replaced by modern dwellings. All
malaria has been eliminated in many pest spots

ON THE AMAZON

By JOHN W. WHITE

Disease and poverty are being driven from the great river basin by an American-launched program, which in one Brazilian town has cut the yearly death rate from 20 per 100 to 7

Among the foreign policy aims which President Truman outlined in his 1950 inaugural address was a "bold new program" to provide American technical aid to the backward and undeveloped areas of the world. The program, now under way in 39 countries, is known as Point Four. But seven years earlier, a campaign was launched to lift the standards of health, education and agriculture in Latin America. This successful campaign set a pattern for world-wide Point Four

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Belém, Brazil

OF THE \$40,000,000,000 which Americans yield up in taxes every year, none is better or more excitingly spent than the \$9 which each month goes to a black-eyed, black-haired, olive-skinned twenty-three-year-old Brazilian *senhorita* named Maria José Ribeiro.

Maria José is only four feet eleven, and weighs a mere 89 pounds. At first she would reply no more than "*Sim, senhor*" or "*Não, senhor*" to my queries, but her timid voice expressed all the music in the Portuguese language, and her even teeth flashed a quick smile. Maria José Ribeiro is completely *simpática*.

Also, she is one of the tiniest cogs in a new kind of war machine with which the United States government, through its Institute of Inter-American Affairs, has fought a magnificent battle in 14 of the 21 republics south of the U.S. to free millions from the centuries-long bondage of disease and dirt which made their lives no better than that of animals.

The institute now carries on the Latin-America part of the Point Four program launched by the United States last July to help the backward, distressed nations of the world to help themselves to a better life.

The program—which seeks to raise standards of health and sanitation, agriculture and education—has got under way in 39 countries.

Maria José is a visiting nurse's aide, trained in American medical know-how, and her post is Cametá, Brazil, a little river town of 3,000 not far from here on the Amazon. Eight years ago, Cametá was notorious as one of the worst pestholes on the Amazon, itself known as a green hell. To-

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day Cametá's death rate is lower than ours back home, and Maria José helped lower it.

This slim young *visitadora* and several hundreds like her have, in fact, helped write one of the most heart-warming chapters in the history of man's attempt to help his fellow man, and one of the most ambitious.

In seven years the institute, working through U.S. doctors, nurses, technicians and Latin Americans coached by them, has improved the health and sanitary conditions of some 23,000,000 people—one in every six south of the Rio Grande.

This project, so gigantic as to defy the imagination, began on a note of strictly American self-interest. But soon—well before President Truman announced the Point Four program—it turned into a full-scale fight to help this underdeveloped neighbor continent of ours help itself to a better life and shed the weaknesses which make it prey to Communism.

During World War II's most desperate phase, in 1942, when we urgently needed the rubber and other raw materials of the Amazon Valley, the men we sent into its steaming jungles required protection from the diseases which had always plagued the river people. The U.S. and Brazil agreed on a co-operative health program. Nelson Rockefeller, then Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, asked Major General George C. Dunham to fly South and organize it.

Dunham, who had helped clean up the Canal Zone and the Philippines, was a natural for the job. Traveling 400,000 miles in Brazil, he set up hospitals, dispensaries, clinics and public health centers—all co-operative projects in which American doctors and nurses passed on public-health know-how to Brazilians. When the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, an autonomous outfit under the State Department, was organized to take over some of the co-ordinator's duties, Dunham returned to Washington.

Co-operative programs similar to Brazil's were set up in the other republics where we had bases or needed war materials. Eventually, we had 336 U.S. doctors, nurses, lab workers and other technicians working in all the republics except Argentina and Cuba. As fast as they could, the Americans trained local people and returned home. Only 140 Americans now are left in the field; but

with them today are some 10,000 local doctors, nurses and technicians, many of them trained at U.S. universities on scholarships.

In time the institute took on two other major Latin-American headaches besides health: food production and education. But because no man can think of farming or schooling when he is sick and disease-ridden, health-and-sanitation remains the institute's biggest program, and in many ways its most spectacular.

Certainly one of the most gripping human achievements of all time is the institute's cleanup of the strange jungle-and-water world of the Amazon Valley.

Superimposed on the United States, this fabulous region would reach from Manhattan to Yellowstone Park, from Duluth to New Orleans. The Boundaries Commission here in Belém, which is mapping the area, wouldn't even venture a guess for me as to how many thousands of miles of rivers flow into the Amazon; they do know, though, that only one of the many islands in the Amazon delta is bigger than Switzerland.

Few Children Survived First Year

The Amazon is a place of serious endemics that feed on the underfed state of its people. Living in thatched huts (now gradually being replaced by modern dwellings) along the riverbanks or a mile or two inland, most of these wretches, until the institute came, ate only fish, yucca root and a small palm berry called *assashy*. The few children who survived their first year went naked, their sorry little bellies protruding tightly over their overloads of worms.

Perhaps you, as a tourist, have seen some of the undernourished riverfolk and thought them lazy sleepers-in-the-sun. The grim truth is that the Amazon's 1,500,000 inhabitants carried around in their abdomens three and a half tons of intestinal worms—hardly a spur to enterprise. The region's intestinal parasites include almost everything in the catalogue, from near-invisible hookworms to six-foot tapeworms; thousands of people walked around with two pounds or more of 10-inch roundworms inside them. And if that were not enough, 90 per cent of the Amazon's population had malaria.

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Vollmer (right) tests a lie detector—a device which he introduced to police work—with the help of Mrs. Phyllis Seipel and Inspector Albert Riedel of the Berkeley, California, police department. Vollmer is credited with a long list of innovations in crime detection and prevention

America's Greatest Cop

August Vollmer pioneered in converting our antiquated police systems into a scientific weapon for the war on crime. Now criminologists from all over the world ask his advice

A PROMINENT feature of August Vollmer's home in Berkeley, California, is a well-stocked library, largely devoted to the exploits of the nation's toughest criminals and the methods used to track them down. Almost equally prominent is a large tin of hard candy balls. The candy is for the neighborhood kids who come to the house with their problems; its presence explains as perhaps nothing else does why Vollmer is widely known in criminological circles as the greatest modern police official this country has produced.

For nearly three decades, as police chief of Berkeley, Vollmer used to tell all rookies:

"Your main job as cop on the beat is not to make a lot of arrests, but to help prevent crime. The best way to do this is to start with the children. Make friends with them. Guide them toward law-abiding citizenship. Show them that the law is their friend, not their enemy."

For all of his seventy-four years, this has been one of August Vollmer's guiding principles. Another has been to make the fullest possible use of the scientific laboratory in the prevention and control of crime.

Using these as his guideposts, Vollmer pioneered

in transforming the nation's clumsy, hit-and-miss police systems into a scientific weapon for a real war on crime.

Experts credit him with being the first to put an entire police patrol force on wheels; among the first to introduce the signal-call system that keeps headquarters in contact with the cop on the beat, and one of the very first to experiment with radios in police cars. He revolutionized the arts of criminal investigation and identification. He introduced the lie detector in police work. He organized America's first community co-ordinating council, where the police and social agencies plan and execute a common attack on juvenile delinquency. As an ace police trouble shooter, he rejuvenated many a decrepit police system through his surveys and reorganizations in more than 200 cities.

Now retired, Vollmer has been known for years as the policeman's policeman, the crime expert's criminologist. His career is the fabulous story of a cop who never stopped asking questions and tracking down answers.

New Orleans-born, Vollmer came to Berkeley with his parents in 1888. After grammar school he spent two years in a business school, and then saw

action in the Philippines during our war with Spain, winning several citations for bravery.

On his return to Berkeley, he went to work as a letter carrier. On several occasions, he came close to being fired from this job because he liked to stop and visit with the folks whose mail he delivered. But the friendships he made in this fashion stood him in good stead when, in 1905, a reform group moved to clean up Berkeley—then a town of about 25,000 people whose feeble forces of law and order were inadequate to cope with the criminals spilling across the Bay from wide-open San Francisco. The reformers persuaded the friendly postman to run for town marshal; then they got him elected.

Vollmer recalls how he bungled one of his first murder cases after his election. A young man's body was found outside a fashionable home. Death was due to one of the most powerful poisons—potassium cyanide. It looked like suicide, but Vollmer consulted the world-famous biologist, Professor Jacques Loeb, at the University of California in Berkeley. Several witnesses had stated that at the time the body was discovered the empty poison vial was clutched in the dead man's hand.

"If that is true," Loeb told Vollmer, "it is plainly

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