

Here where an airplane will leave for America, Monday. Let us know will you if you get it any sooner than the others. Love Betty

Return and we will
copy

Missão de Chissamba
25 de Novembro de 1948
Thanksgiving Day

Dear Folks,

We were planning to get off a letter to you from a different post office, but guess we have failed. Betty is busy trying to help prepare a dinner for the Canadian friends here. I have been studying Umbundu. We have had lessons today, and I have been finding the going a little difficult the past two or three days, so must catch up. However, this is no good excuse for not writing when we have opportunity.

If I get this in the mail, an air mail from a town about fifteen miles from here, and supposedly a better connection, just in case we need one in a hurry, I'll put a mark on the outside of the letter.

Now I'll dash it over to Steed's and see. If it doesn't go today, it will go tomorrow in the regular mail, that is, the one we have been using.

SO SORRY! I didn't make it. Above marks indicate lapse of several hours. We'll see if we can get another chance to send a letter by above-mentioned way. We will let you know when we send a letter by what is supposed to be the quicker mail, and let you be the judges. Take note of how much time is required for this one to come to you. We would guess about seven days.

Now that I'm at it I might as well continue for a bit. The time is now four o'clock in the afternoon. The sun is shining brightly in a lovely blue sky which is filled with clouds promising thunder showers a while ago, but which is now almost clear. Our rains come in the mornings now for the most part. When we arrived we could expect them in the afternoon. Sometimes, we have seen two, there comes an extremely heavy thunder storm in the late afternoon. When such a one comes it lasts for several hours, and afterward the ditches and some planted areas may be well-gouged out and the roads badly rutted in places and on the surface where there aren't ruts there is likely to be a slimy mud. However, after four or five hours the mud disappears and the soil begins to dry and harden again. I don't think I've ever seen mud come so quickly, or leave so soon. We don't expect much of a shower this afternoon, if one comes, and I should expect that we would not get anything after another hour, although the heat just now is oppressive.

Betty and the boys are out now calling somewhere I guess. About half an hour ago Betty finished her lesson and went with the boys to the garden of the Canadian women to pick some greens, spinach and another variety. I saw her come from the garden, and trust that the boys are with her, or on their way to the house.

The children of our three missionary families which are newest here at Chissamba play over a wide area now. At each house there is a sandbox and various kinds of toys, a cart, bicycles, puppies and a kitten, and odds and ends of dishes and clothing. We've discovered that we don't have enough of the right kind of toys for our two, but somehow that we think we can take care of little by little; meanwhile all six of the children have full run of the mission area where the main houses are. Once in a while we lose sight of them, especially during class periods, but usually someone here knows where the youngsters are, or have just been.

Perhaps we enjoy them more because they are so much cheaper. Now I wish we could send you a whole stock of them about your flowers! There is one for Ruby and one for Oline. They are all there but you got to cut & sew them. They are folded so as to show you which is the front and the sleeves. They were bought in Madeira and all the embroidery is done by the Madeira Island people. You see a lot of these flowers in Lisbon. There is a package of handkerchiefs for my own use hand done by the Madeira women. You got to leave the curiosity of your grandsons.

For the fact that they were united and separated. Part of the floral decorations for Thanksgiving were wild native orchids just as beautiful as the variety in America but smaller. You can get me thought of you all eating roast pork & chicken at Ruby's. Kenneth and Thomas both have been very well since we arrived here. Last week they were both in bed several days with bad colds, of which Tommy's was the worst, but now they are on the mend again, and have only runny noses, which cause us some consternation when we see a stream of mucus coming from each nostril and can't locate one of the handkerchiefs immediately, but otherwise seem to be not too bad. When Dr. Gilchrist of the Canadian mission comes to see us all next week, we can check on the boys tonsils and adenoids once more. Possibly we won't have to have anything by way of operation just yet. But anyhow we'll check.

Betty and I are well. I've tumbled a number of times on my bike. Have also managed to sprain my ankle, and bruised my heel, but otherwise am in good health. The climate seems not to be too bad, although more humid than what we are accustomed to. Temperature runs about eighty during the day and at night drops to somewhere in the sixties. Occasionally nights are quite cool, and always comfortable for sleeping. We don't know yet that we have been bitten at any time by mosquitoes carrying malaria. Perhaps so, but if so, our chloroquine (aralen) and paludrine take care of the sickness. We cannot tell at this point whether we have it or not. The first drug, an American product, just Betty and I are taking now; although we all took it at first, now only the adults are taking it. The second drug, an English one, has no bitter taste like the first, and for this reason we are giving paludrine to the boys and taking the rest of the aralen tablets ourselves. We shall feel very grateful to the researchers in tropical medicine if we find that either or both these drugs keep us from having the disease, or too bad attacks of it.

Now let me leave you for a little. I want to look back over this letter to see what I can add before mail time tomorrow, and also to do something before supper, which is at five tonight, and the time is now four-thirty. I should like to tell you a few more things about us, the people, the country and what we think we may be doing during the next few months. We should make up to you for lost time. Once we have brought you up to date, then we'll get off a weekly short letter to keep you posted week by week at least, but with an occasionally diary style letter so that you may know what an average day is like. You've gotten some of this today. Next week we should be able to get off our Christmas letters, which we shall mimeograph here. We have not finished the writing of the 10th letter yet, and we plan to add personal notes to each one this time.

Dear Mum & Oline

I am wondering how well my letters have been getting through to you. Since arriving in Chicomba I have written eight letters. They are all supposed to have gone air mail. How many have you received and what were the dates. We also sent a letter to you from Lolito. We have a regular American kitchen range in our kitchen and burn wood in it. It is pretty old but still roasts chicken and bakes pie & cakes. We have a brand new one stored in Rondi's to be sent to our permanent place of residence when we find out where that is to be. We use kerosene & gasoline in our Coleman pressure lamp & lantern that gives our light at night. The bananas here don't taste any better than the ones we used to get at home.

Yesterday and night from you had with Rachel! I guess I'm missing out places as I've said. Love, Betty.

Dear Folks

Written a few days before
Postmarked 17 Dec 1948

We certainly love your letters. Saturday night is a red letter night with a capital R.

Max did his first Umbundu vocalization in public yesterday. He read the benediction in Umbundu. At the beginning of the service he was asked to do it.

We went to a pretty village that was clean and prosperous looking. The conquest of selds that is contained in these words, clean and prosperous can only be realized by seeing and hearing the problems these people have. There were over five hundred adults at the adult meeting and over two hundred children at the childrens. We took Tommie and Kennie so that they could contribute and feel a part of it all even though they could not understand anything as yet. I mounted a couple of Christmas cards, one showing the three wise men and the other showing the shepherds on construction paper. Kennie gave them to one of the leaders. Imagine the face of some poor boy in America when he was given a bicycle and you can have an idea of the joy of these two hundred children. In their big Sunday School room they had just one picture. The only pictures they ever get are what the missionaries bring. Your Sunday School children might find a similar use for old Christmas card and mail them to one of your Methodist Missions at Malange or Luanda. Missionaries are good friends of ours. Their children played with ours in Lisbon. Other very special friends are the Leonard Mitchems in Guilundo, Quissico Portuguese East Africa. Be sure to cut off any English words. Surplus pictures on Sunday School papers showing biblical scenes are grand too especially any dealing with Jesus. Mr. Graffam could give you complete addresses.

To night there is a big party for all the Africans and their wives who help us in our homes and also for the teachers and leaders in the schools. Max, Larry and Hal have charge of the games. The wives are providing the refreshment.

coon cake (johnny cake), coffee and peanuts.

Christmas Eve we all go to the ladies house for a party for us, we'll have a tree and have exchanged names for gifts. Christmas Day the three families will eat dinner together as we did last year. At night we go to the big house for a Carol sing and supper. Supper first and then Carol sing. In the morning we all go to Church. Christmas Eve all our children are going to entertain us singing Silent night and playing Jingle Bells with their rhythm band. Tommie plays the sticks and Kenne plays a drum. Are we ever proud parents.

We are taking a roll of colored film of us all and our house etc. and sending it to Rochester, N.Y. to be made into slides and then they are to go direct to you for a Christmas present. We hope Mr. Hoffman will be able to project them so you can see them on the wall. They won't reach you for Christmas but we hope not too long after.

Merry Christmas to you all and Ralph don't you eat too many of your Mammies pumpkin pie or your Grammys whatever she cooks. It will be delicious I know but you are still kind of young. Bless you. I did love to give you a big hug & kiss and rock you a bit too.

Loads of love

W. All

Betty.

January 16, 1949

Dearest Mummy & Olive
I'll tell you about our Christmas and
let Mop tell you about our trip to Slondi and
Bailundu which came right after.

We had a really wonderful Christmas the
only thing lacking - all our families and best
friends but we were with you in spirit and
prayer. The children were so sweet in their
pageant and we parents were so happy with them
that Dix and I just couldn't keep the tears out of our
eyes. And what do you know Tommie instead of
playing the sticks played the triangle in
"Jingle Bells" and a drum in "Pop Goes the Weasel".
The drums were the real drums that are used in
all the kindergartens in America. Tommie got a book
about "ziggers, a puppy" and Henrie got a ball, I got a basket
tray such as they use here to carry their hymn book, psalm
book and New Testament to church. (we own our own here)
Mop got a carved wooden snake, a couple of flash light
batteries and a tube of cement. Then we came home put
the boys to bed and filled their stockings. We had a
tangerine, a package of gum, a chocolate bar, a couple
of elastic toys - a tractor in oil tins - to put in ^{with} them & a box
of colored pencils for Tommie & a box of wire cutters for Henrie.
Henrie was awake at 3:15 and came dashing into
our room, "Is this Christmas, Mummy?" We assured him
that it was. But as Tommie wasn't yet awake we persuaded
him to crawl into bed with us and wait until awhile
after twenty minutes Mummy & Daddy themselves couldn't
wait any longer so we awoke Tommie & all went
trooping into the living room. The boys were thrilled
with everything. They got more balls, books, a whistle and

more plastic boots, cars, a boat and a gramophone record a piece from the other missionaries. I never saw people more kind to other people children than these missionaries are. Christmas Day after church we all, the Hendersons & Dicks, each carrying part of the dinner went to Sted's house and just like last year ate our Christmas dinner together. The six single ladies had invited four more single ladies and the one single man in the eight mission stations to spend the holidays with them. You can imagine we sent lots of teasing messages to them during the dinner hour. That evening we all took something and went to the Caplan house. Twenty-five of us ate supper together and afterwards sang carols until ten o'clock.

Since beginning this letter I have read a story to Tommie & Kennie and answered ninety-nine questions such as why does the train go choo choo and why the horse in the picture had his mouth open etc. This morning when we read your letters and showed Max birthday cards to them Kennie said, "why did Grandma come last night and bring Roddie a birthday card?" So then I had to explain the whole system of transportation to them. Having come on the boat and train themselves - they easily understood how a letter could be sent.

Monday lunch time

I stopped writing this about 9 o'clock last night. Max arrived home from a trip to the Lumbie country. This is a heathen country that is a missionary project of our Orambunda church. They visited three villages and Max preached in two of them. You asked about stores. There is a Portuguese village, Nova Sintra, about the size of new vineyard with two general stores where they sell everything from elastic (at what a price \$1.00 a yard) to flour, sugar and beans. It is about 7 miles from our station. There is the police headquarters, the post office, and a carpenter shop or Catholic

church and a primary school there. An African boy goes in about 6 P.M. Wed. (Sat. and gets back between 9:00 & 9:30 with our mail. Wed. they send four pounds of meat and two pounds of soup bone to us from the stores. ^{by Carphier (an African boy)} Thursday & Saturday they send us fish. About twice a month we get flour, sugar, beans and any other heavy articles we need. In the meantime if we need any groceries, we send a note by a boy and he brings them back. The mission truck is used to go to the villages on Sundays, or for the week-ends and otherwise only for long trips or real emergencies. Gasoline is too expensive to use it for ordinary shopping as we used to at home. All vegetables ^{fruit} we grow or buy at the door from native farmers. In Silver Post ^(50 miles away) there are several stores where you can buy most anything.

My teacher has arrived for a lesson as by now. Don't forget to give Ralph lots of hugs for me. Oh yes, the blouse and handkerchiefs were sent from here two or three months ago. You should have gotten them long since. We haven't gotten the corn or Christmas package yet. Probably the shipping strikes in New York are what will everything up.

Love from all of us.

XXXXXXX
a hugging & a chocking Party

Betty

Missão de Churamba
Nova Sintra, Baié
January 31, 1949

Dear Folks,

The corn has arrived. Came perfectly. no duty, no penalty. He didn't even have to sign for it. Also we got the letter with the snapshots and drawings. We are thrilled with the pictures Baby Ralph - what a dear he is! I just wished I could pick him out of Francis's arms and squeeze him. The boys were happy with Aunt Off's pictures and enjoyed coloring them the other evening. They are excited about their scrap book. It sure was good to see recent snaps of you all.


Just now the phonograph is sort of replacing the boys' song fest. They like to listen to records at night before going to bed. They are also enjoying having stories read to them and are beginning to understand them really well. Yesterday they drew pictures with colored crayons. They did them quite by themselves and I think they are quite complicated for three and four year olds who have never had nursery school training.

Each one drew a face. Semine's is a boy - Tommyn's a boy. The difference is in the length of the hair. I am going to send them boat mail because I want to enclose a few snapshots. The snapshots aren't too good but they are of us. Some in Lisbon, one here. I need more practice in taking pictures in this bright light of the equatorial sun. Altitude doesn't dim the brightness of the sun's beams of light, any.

The boys have learned two graces which they say at the table one for breakfast and one for dinner. At night they say one. The last one they learned is:

(~~But~~ Pater we thank thee for the night, and for the pleasant morning light, For rest and food and loving care and all that makes the day so fair. 2nd. vers.) Help us to do the things we should, to do to others kind and good. In all we do in work or play To grow more loving every day.

Dr. Reuling and Dr. McKelvie (The new vice president of the American Board) are in Angola for five weeks. They are coming here to visit with the Hendersons and Welch's around the fourteenth of February. You will probably receive copies of his letters written from Angola - through the Missions Council.

The second ^{part of the} rainy season has begun in earnest now and now the gardens are growing. We had a mass of turnip greens from our second crop today. I never saw more beautiful head lettuce than I have in my garden now. Good crops of carrots, beets, and cabbage are all coming through the ground. The guavas are beginning to get big on the trees - the mangos (a delicious fruit shaped like this  about the size of a pear but shaped more like an enormous yellow pear. - head) they are in their prime.

May went to a village yesterday with another missionary who has been here only a month longer than we.

My trucker has arrived.

Much love and our prayers are ever with you all.

Love
Betty Ballou

P.S. Appreciate your descriptions *farther*
in our home state. Pinsettias now in
full bloom here, also cosmos and
other flowers.

Missão de Chissamba
Nova Sintra, Bié
February 14, 1949

Dearest Mother and Olive,

Today is St. Valentine's day isn't it? Sorry we forgot about it, but didn't think until we received your letter with the three Valentines so neatly done on it. By the way, the last letter came through in five days, a record. It probably won't happen again for a long time.

Well, You sure asked a lot of questions in the last few letters and reminded us that we haven't answered a good many more. This time I'm not going to try to answer all of those about the boys, for we do not have all the measurements as yet. We took their heights the other day, but have lost the figures. Since the boys are supposed to be sleeping now, although they are not asleep at the moment, I think I'd better not disturb them. I'm making a carbon copy of this letter, and it will serve to remind me that in the next letter we'll send the figures. I can say that Kenneth now wears a number 12 D shoe and Tommy an 11D. You can see that they are keeping up the pace in growing so far as feet go. We have American shoes for each so far. Portuguese shoes are not available for feet like those of Tommy, although we have bought sandals and slippers and rubber boots of Portuguese manufacture for both boys. We have already had made out here by an African a nice looking and well-fitting pair of slippers for T., with K's still to come from the shoemaker. Then we expect to have the same man make a pair of slippers for Betty and for me. Prices are about the same as at home on such things. We don't know yet about the grades of leather.

Betty wrote that we expect to send you as a gift a Kodachrome film with pictures of the boys and us on it. We have already sent one to Dad Dorr and Mother Lu. I'll send you a word when the film leaves here. Expected to have it ready today, but still have space to take three or four more pictures. These will be in the form of 2" x 2" slides, in colors. I'll also send you a list of what the pictures are supposed to be. You can tell by the numbers on the slides what is supposed to be in each ^{of the} pictures. Perhaps not all of them will come out. Too, I've had the film in the camera for some few weeks and this may not help the pictures any. I don't know just what the effect of temperature and humidity here on film. I haven't seen one of my films since last July, and I must have taken better than two hundred pictures altogether in that length of time, all colored pictures. I'm hoping to hear very shortly from the man to whom I'm sending them. He is head of our Visual Aids office in New York. He also has the others which we took in Portugal, for mounting in glass slides so that they can be more easily kept for us. We expect to use them when we come home again. You will see when the film comes, provided there are any good shots, that the boys have both grown, also something of glimpses of how they fit into the surroundings. One picture will show, I trust, Kenney pointing to where we are on the map of Angola.

Well, we are to have visitors from America today, Dr. Reuling and Dr. McKeith, our new executive vice-president. They are coming from Chilessso, their next to the last stop before going on to the south. We don't know how long they will stay here because of lack of knowledge of which train they are planning to take from here, but look for them to stay at least twenty-four hours. Have you been receiving Dr. Reuling's letters? If not, you should receive some soon.

each

We are trying to prepare for the coming of our guests by cutting ~~the~~ boy's hair, which we let get as long as possible before taking the shears to it because of the way they squirm around, getting them napped. They still haven't gone to sleep and it's now fifteen minutes since I mentioned that they were still awake. The hour is now 1:30 p.m. (Tsk Tsk Horrible typing I'm doing today.) Just look at those errors! Worse and worse all the time. Betty and I have given our bed over to Duane Waln, missionary at Chilesso, who is bringing Dr. R and Dr. M. We will sleep on the divan. We also have to arrange for a meeting here tonight with our chiefs, discussion meeting in which we'll get the lowdown on what's happening in our missions and at home and what we may expect to happen later, policies of the mission in days to come.

Oh, while I think of it, if you have access to National Geographic magazine look in October issue of 1948 for an article on Portugal. Pictures are very fine. Article good on the whole. Also see Life magazine of late November or early December for article and pictures on Fátima. We didn't go to the church but were within twenty kilometers of it on one trip. There were so many pilgrims there on the occasion that we decided we wouldn't have a chance to really see it, and did not go there. We were at the time on our way to Porto in the north of Portugal. A good book to read on Africa today is " Cry, the Beloved Country ", by Alan Paton, published by Scribners, 1948 I think. Ask Irene Daggatt about it. Anyone interested at all in Africa ought to read it. It's easy to read.

Have much to write about, but can't make my mind to do it all in this letter, because today is too full of all these other things. More later about things here. (The boys are raising a rumpus now, and it looks as if they wouldn't go to sleep.) I have to go to class at 2:10, too.

Sending copies of Christmas letter soon. Sounds funny doesn't it, about as funny as the amateur calling S. Africa and asking his friend there to call second friend in America to let daughter in. We have laughed long over that. Well, my Christmas mimeographed letter, ours rather, has been sent out piecemeal since before Christmas. We did the job here and have written many personal notes. You'll get copies by boat mail sometime before next Christmas we hope. The job was a big one. Our mailing list has two hundred and seventy-five names on it and we're behind in our correspondence, what with traveling and language study and children to get settled in a strange place. You may get our Easter letter before you get Christmas one, for we'll have former sent out from Missions Council office.

Do you know how Aunt Margie is now ? Oh, yes, Uncle Shep's address is 22 W. Wyoming Avenue, Melrose. About packages and duties. Have received the Christmas package without paying duties. Packages of about pound weight rarely are examined and held dutiable. Betty has received several pair of nylon stockings by air mail, a pair at a time, altho it's costly business for those who send the stockings, for postage is a dollar or more. But boat mail packages come through quite well. The corn came through perfectly. If you would like to find me some wooden wheels for making toys for the boys, perhaps you could send a small package by boat mail as you sent the Christmas package. Pakc so it doesn't rattle. Glad you got the blouses. We'll try to fix our packages better next time.

Love and God's blessing. Hugs and kisses from us all to Grammie and Aunt Olf

Mackie

are learning to grow and to place many kind
of beautiful vegetables, so that now lots of
educated Africans have a more balanced diet.

March 7, 1948

Dear Mum, Oliver
Well, I wonder if you have
received any of our letters yet.

We having a change in train schedule
and it takes them quite
a while to straighten out, so they
can't carry mail etc. I got a
letter from you mailed Friday,

the 14th, but it didn't get to me until
the 14th. I got it last Friday night.

Oliver is learning to get up
the stairs. Oliver and I are moving
when he wants to go to one of the
other houses. Tonight he told Oliver

to come to come home at five
thirty. He also told him when
it was five thirty and when

he came bringing someone with
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in a long story process. The
best pictures have been found

so far in the barrel. Into the
barrel to go when he is naughty.

The barrel is in the farthest room
of the house so he has no au-
dience. There is nothing to frighten
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we are very good. The corn you
sent had come up through
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water to look at it.

Mum, I wish I could tell you
what President Grant said about
the deal about the deal. I just
think it shows President Grant's
good judgment and reasoning.

Mum, I wish I could tell you
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March 7, 1949

Dear Mum, Olive

Well, I wonder if you have received any of our letters yet. We are having a change in train schedules and it takes them quite a while to straighten out when they will carry mail etc. We got a letter from you mailed February 14. We got it last Friday night.

Kennie is beginning to grow up. He always comes and asks me now when he wants to go to one of the other houses. Tonight he told Lillian he was to come home at five thirty. So she told him when it was five thirty and home he came bringing Tommie with him. Discipline is beginning to take with Tommie but it is a long tough process. The best punisher we have found is the barrel. Into the barrel he goes when he is naughty. The barrel is in the farthest room of the house so he has no audience. There is nothing to frighten him and no way he can hurt himself. He just has to repent poor lad. He just doesn't like it and we have to resort to it less often than we did. When he is good he is so very good! The corn you sent has come up through the ground and looks real husky. It just makes our mouths water to look at it.

Mum, I was thrilled to hear that President Frust said what he did about Max, but I just think it shows President Frust's good judgement in recognizing Max's worth. The thing I know about Max better than Pres. Frust even knows it is that there is not a better husband or daddy in the world. That's why I dared to come all the way to Africa with him.

Mum I don't think there would be any duty on a small of elastic sent out here. Ki Henderson received two pieces of dress goods for her little girls the other day. They were sent in a manila envelope and mailed just like a letter boat mail.

Olive, I bet that gold colored suit is becoming to you. While we were in Lisbon we sheltered a couple of Methodist missionaries, young girls, for a couple of days. Of course we didn't take any money for it so they bought me a gold colored bathing suit. I like it a lot. I haven't used it since we left Lobito, but there I used it every day. The swimming is certainly wonderful there. Did I ever tell you that we buy our coffee in the bean here, roast it, and grind it ourselves. We also grind whole wheat, in the same grinder for our cereal and is it ever delicious! It has to be cooked a couple of hours, but try it some time. We also buy rolled oats (Quaker) in tin cans. But it is expensive so we have it about once a week. We buy bran and mix it half and half with flour. This is the children's favorite cereal out here. Of course occasionally we have corn meal mush. The average African eats two pounds of corn meal made into (thick, thick mush) a day. This with some stewed beans makes up his diet. The school children are learning to grow and to like many kinds of healthful vegetables, so that now lots of educated Africans have a more balanced diet.

Love to you both

God watch over you,

Betty