

Rua Maestro António Taborda, 6
Lisboa, Portugal
6 de Abril de 1948

Dearest Mother,


We have lots of things to write about, and I don't know whether I can pack everything in this letter or not, but here goes. First, Olive's letter came through to this address in less than 72 hours. The spelling of our new address was all right. Second, some news about us.

On Easter Sunday we went for a sunrise service to the house of Senhor Holden across the river. Our service was not quite what we are accustomed to, but we had a good fellowship together, children and all. The Easter breakfast we had talked about before Easter arrived turned out to be pretty much split up. The Hendersons, the other American Board couple with us here in Lisbon, had invited two or three of the single girls some time before and did not remember that they had done so until a very late hour. So they were tied up with their guests and could not come to our house. We had as guests two Canadian girls, and one American girl, besides our Portuguese friends who live with us and Mrs. Pontier. Betty made pancakes and sugar syrup for the staple food, and we had oranges and bananas for fruit, and coffee or cocoa for drink. Afterward the girls went off to church. Then I followed. Betty was unable to go because we had no one to take care of the boys. I see that I didn't tell you that we came back to our house for the breakfast. Well, then I'll tell you now.

Last Sunday neither Betty nor I went to church, and we just barely got Kenny to Sunday school. The reason for our failure to get to church was that of failing to keep up with the times, or rather change of time. Because we had no paper on Saturday, and also because we did not listen sharply to the radio, we did not realize that April 4 was the day when the Daylight Saving Time of Portugal (Hora de Verão) would go into effect. We woke at the usual hour on Sunday morning, about seven o'clock. At nine-fifteen we had finished our breakfasts and were going about preparations to attend church and take the boys to Sunday school, now being held in the house of Senhor Ribeiro, the minister of the church to which we go and one of teachers, when Hal Steed called us on the phone which we have in this house and said that the ~~10:15~~ hour which we were using was probably wrong. He was right. By our watches and clocks it was 10 o'clock. By the hour of the new time it was, of course, 11 o'clock. We did some mad scrambling after that and managed to get one boy to Sunday school, but neither one of us could hurry fast enough under the existing conditions to reach the church for an 11:15 service. Tommy would have gone to Sunday school, but did his duty in his pants at the last minute and so had to remain at home. Betty was sort of under the weather, too, with her monthly fracas.

A little about the day before Sunday now. We celebrated Kenneth's birthday by having a party on ~~Saturday~~ Saturday afternoon. Kenneth acted like a grown-up as he presided over the table. I wish I could have gotten a picture, but could not because my batteries for the flash bulbs had run down too much to make the bulb flash, and there was not enough light in the room to make it possible for me to take the quick movements of children. I tried, but I'm afraid that the pictures will be too dark. The film in the camera is Kodachrome. However, I can tell you something about the party. All the children of missionaries in Lisbon were present: Paul and Sue Blake, Barbara Joy Schaad, Joy and Catherine Steed, Kathleen and Nancy Henderson. Besides there were two of Sr. Pinto Ribeiro's children: the older, King, and the younger, Margarida.

Betty had prepared a cake with four candles, sandwiches, jello (a Holland gelatine which is quite like Jello), cocoa. The table was set for children and at each place was a favor and a colorful hat. The hats Betty and Ki Henderson made last week on Wednesday night. The radio, which we can use here since the current is 110 volts alternating, was decorated with greens in a little cork bucket, and two flags, on American, the other Portuguese. One of the tables in the room had a bouquet of brightly colored flowers in a red pitcher. Sorry I can't now tell the species of flowers. Here let me backtrack to say that all this took place in one long room which serves as dining room and living room. An archway divides the room into two parts, not quite as well as the house in Strong is divided, but we can distinguish one place from the other by a little stretch of imagination. The radio sets on one of the dish closets. Well, let me draw a diagram. Hope you can follow it. If you can't find your way around, let me know and I'll draw another sketch. But I think you can see how the kiddies were seated. They were around the big table for about an hour, wearing their green and yellow paper caps and eating sandwiches, drinking cocoa and shouting. I'm sure some of them will remember something about this part of their Lisbon stay. Kenneth acted as nicely as he has ever acted in his entire four years. He was quite like a grown-up.

Outside the house we did not do any decorating, but I had gotten several days before the party two boards on which the boys might jump up and down when the boards were placed with their ends resting on two supports about ten inches off the ground.  The children jumped up and down on these for a while. Then they played a little with the stilts which I have had made during the past week. Also a few tried out the little new wooden trucks which came as presents and the old tricycles, always a standby toy. I had asked to have a sand box made, with the hope that it would be ready for the party, but it was not. However, now the boys have for themselves, and the other children, when the others come for a visit again, a sand box about six feet long, three wide and 15 inches deep.

The party wound up sometime about six or six-thirty with everyone full of sandwiches and cake and cocoa, or tea (for the older folks), and everybody who was going home went off in a happy frame of mind. We who were left were also in a happy frame of mind. Our boys behaved themselves excellently well. And the only catastrophe was to " Slinky ", a toy of the coil spring variety, a most unusual toy, or was. " Slinky " was just a big coil of flat wire that could walk down stairs by himself. Just resting the toy looked like any other flat coiled spring. But in action it looked almost alive and capable of thinking. One of Betty's friends sent it from the States, and the boys had lots of fun before the last blow was dealt to poor old " Slinky." Now it's just a jumbled mess, and I don't believe I can fix it. It's more in an engineer's line than in mine.

Now here let me say that your package arrived yesterday, and was not subject to duty of any kind. It was opened, but that was all. We sure do appreciate getting such nice presents without any difficulty at all.

What a difference between the weather here and there now. Yet there are mornings when we wake up and think it's like New England here, because of the coolness of the air. It seems just like Spring, and we have had occasion even to use the oil stove since coming to this house. Well, soon we can both talk about the heat. Then we can talk about more heat and more heat, because about the time of the hottest days in Strong and in Lisbon we shall be getting ready to sail for the Equator and below, and shall pass from one summer to another. We shall think about snow even more than ~~than~~ than we have thought of it here. The pictures of snow always set us talking about Maine and Massachusetts in the winter. Pictures of the Maine Boy in the

March 15th International issue of LIFE also set us to talking. Have you seen the magazine? We shall enjoy seeing Christmas tree snow when we return to our homeland.

What a lot of news in your last letter. Easter, children of Strong going to Sunday school and joining the church, the Prescotts, Aunt Mary and Cousin Lillie, Mack and Sheila, Francis's and Ruby's life. It sounds to me as if Blaine M. is a young fellow with ideas of his own. Let's pray that he will hang on to the good ones. And I mean "pray."

You may tell any of our friends that inquire about how much we shall speak English when we return and how much the boys will speak it will depend on what we are doing, but we expect to speak English with those who speak it and Portuguese only with those who speak Portuguese. We don't anticipate we're going to lose the words of our native tongue ~~which~~, and while we sometimes speak Portuguese here now without thinking about it, particularly when we are with Portuguese people, we expect in America to think in English. This goes for all members. Kenneth and Thomas have a sizeable vocabulary of English words, and use these vocabularies daily. Their thinking is English, even though they know many Portuguese words already and can speak a fair proportion of them. I believe that they will come to think in Portuguese and in Umbundu, too, but they will not lose their English. I don't believe they will lose the pronunciation even. You see, at home we shall be speaking our own language. Yet we shall both be sorry if the boys, and any other children we may acquire in the meantime, do not speak quite fluently the languages of their African homes when they return to America. I wish now that I knew lots more Latin than I do, for example. And if I can do it, I want to influence our boys to feel that knowing several languages is no sin at all, and that one can think in several languages. We meet people here who can speak Portuguese, English, French, and perhaps more languages, and they can think in those languages, which is the important factor. It's one thing to know the words and another to know the thought. Once in a while now we can speak and understand in Portuguese what we are saying. What a thrill it gives us! The boys will grow up in the language and think much faster than we, we hope.

I think now and then of Jane Forties (my spelling and typwriting, both, are bad today. Not enough practise lately.) and how much she could talk when she was two and a half. But I think that our Tommy does as well as Jane used to do. The difficulty is that he's growing so fast physically and mentally in comparison with Kenneth that sometimes we don't know just what to do with him. Discipline is much more difficult to manage with Tommy than it was with Kenny at the age of two and a half, although Tommy at times will be as good as gold. Of course we're always happy when this happens.

Now off again to another subject, but in reply to a question from home. We can't think of any picture which might merit appearance in the Lewiston Evening Journal, except some that we have with us. The one which did appear seems to be one which Barbara Van Allen took back in July, 1945. Oops, wait a minute, I guess it was August, 1944. Well, now I don't remember well. But we were in Boothbay Harbor in both months, and in one or the other Barbara got a picture of us. In August, 1944, of course Kenneth would be just a mite. In July, 1945, a bit larger. Probably one of the Augusta folks has a copy and sent it to the Journal. Sorry I can't place it well now, but you can tell by looking at the size of Kenny about when the snap was taken.

Once more to things which we have not taken care of in the past two or three weeks. Mother and Gammie, we enjoy the parts of your letters to the boys. Kenneth is coming to the age where he can understand gray squirrels and blue birds a little. The girls who teach Sunday school tell the children about

flowers and animals, and the boy's little books have notes about flowers and animals. So they learn from several sources. Kenneth is just beginning to ask questions, the "whatfor" kind, and is interested in all sorts of things. We'll no doubt have stories to tell you a little later, especially after we reach Africa. Nothing spectacular has happened when we have visited the Zoo here, but of course things change continually, so we may even have a story about the reactions at the Zoo.

But, oh, oh! As I wrote the above I thought of what Kenneth and Tommy both have cared to play for the past two weeks, ever since just before we moved from the other house. They like to have Daddy be the "hipanopotamus", just like at the Zoo. And Daddy plays, but not for long, because of sore knees. Kenneth is a pretty heavy boy now, and Tommy keeps right on gaining. And if I carry them together, the weight is considerable.

While I think of it, let me tell you about the way in which the boys are using their sand box. (Just a perenthetical note about the spelling of hippopotamus as Kenneth pronounces the word. It is "hipanopotamus," not as I spelled it above. I had to ask Kenny to say the word before I could remember exactly. Then I made mistakes in writing it above, so decided to make sure of it here. All right ?) Thank you for bearing with me. The boys aren't using the box as a "hipopotamus", but as a boat. And what voyages they make! Quite a few to Africa to be sure, but others, too. They fill up the sand box with blocks, trucks, bicycles and any other toy which happens to be handy; then they sail away. What fun! Takes me back to the days when I played on the porch with the baby carriage.

We got a letter from Mae last week. As she wrote it she was sitting with her feet in a pail of water. Said that was a good time to write letters. The date is March 16th. I should expect her to be somewhat improved by now. She said the Bertha was growing and saying all manner of things, that the rest of their household was well and that Cedric was much better than he had been. We were happy to hear from them.

We were also happy to hear about Aunt Mary, and the Prescotts. I should like to see Paul and Edwin now, also Cousins Herbert and Helen, but I think particularly of Paul and Edwin. It has been a long time since those days when the Prescotts used to stop over in Strong a few days when on vacations.

Now, seeing as how I have rambled on for two days and am still inclined to flit hither and yon, I'll close up this letter and send a few words to Olive. Sure, I know you'll both read the ~~xxx~~ letters. With this in mind I write two now, and try to make two all one big long one.

Love from us all, hugs and kisses from your grandsons until they are all hugged and kissed out, and may God be with you.

*Dear nana & grandpa,
Olive just & says give your name to Arlene Harrison*

MacKil

Rua Maestro António Taborda, 6
Lisboa, Portugal
8 de Abril de 1948

Dear Olf,

About the pictures. Sorry we did not have one of me when I sent off those of Betty and the children. I shot up a batch in order to get several to send to Everett First Church, and succeeded in obtaining several good ones of us all, but since taking them I haven't had money enough to have more than two or three developed to any size. There is one of me on the roll, and I shall have a copy developed for the folks at home. I'm also trying to arrange now for copies of the best black and whites we have taken here to go by slow mail to you. You must think that I haven't kept my word very well. The truth is that as fast as I had copies made someone else would want one, and before I knew it the copies were gone and I have not kept up with having copies made. Probably I shall have to send to packages, for I suspect that I shall have more pictures to send after the institute closes, for then we shall probably travel about a bit more in order to become more acquainted with Portugal and the people.

The girl, ~~which~~ woman of forty, is our maid. She is a pleasant person. Kenneth was especially happy that day. He obliged in every way. I have other good pictures, but still unprinted. Also others of Betty and Tommy. I'll try to get some good ones ready to send soon. Oh, yes, Tommy had a self-timer in his hand.

So you haven't anything to do but be counselor when you go to the young people's meetings. Wonderful! If they will accept your assistance, it will be good for both of you, and for the church.

My, but this letter is turning into a hodge-podge. I begin in a reasonably neat way, but forget myself and turn every which way in order to correct an error without using an eraser. Terrível! Terrible!

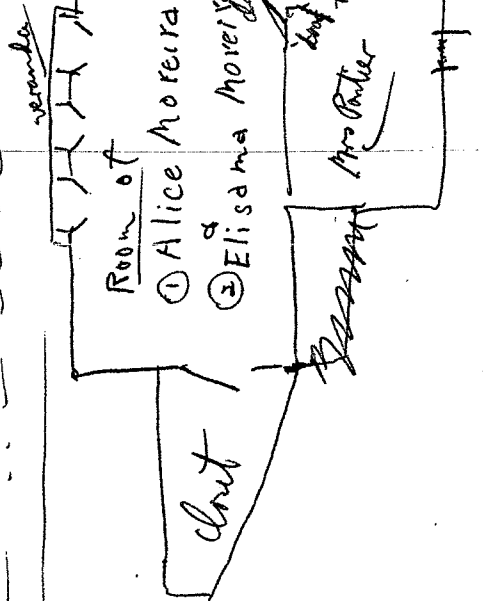
Now about the slip of paper. "Those who have to those who need," is to signify that those who have money give to those who do not have money. The project is of course Catholic. The head is of the Virgin Mary and the baby is Jesus. There was an intensive drive just before Easter and if I read the proper things in the paper, I read that the amount taken in for the poor was about ----- Woops! No, it isn't possible. Must be something else. I just read the amount of \$ 93, 932. I don't believe that the collections would have amounted to that much. But the papers were 20 cents each, and there were many papers around, so the sum from the sale was probably good-sized. There are plenty here to receive, however, and I doubt if anyone ever gets quite enough.

This street we live on is one on which people with some means live. There are on the same street poor people of course, but this is a better section than the one where we were before. I think it must be quite a bit better section because it is alive almost with beggars. Not sitting in the street, but they come and go each day, coming to the door and asking for a little, and going away. We hate to refuse to give. Yet there is a danger in giving. Some are deserving probably, but others are not. The government has some sort of policy of helping the poor, but as yet I don't know much about it.

Thanks muchly to you and Grammie for the books, cards and handkerchiefs in the package. And so, so long until the next. I'm off now to prepare a sermon for Sunday. God be with you. Lovingly, *Jackie*

II

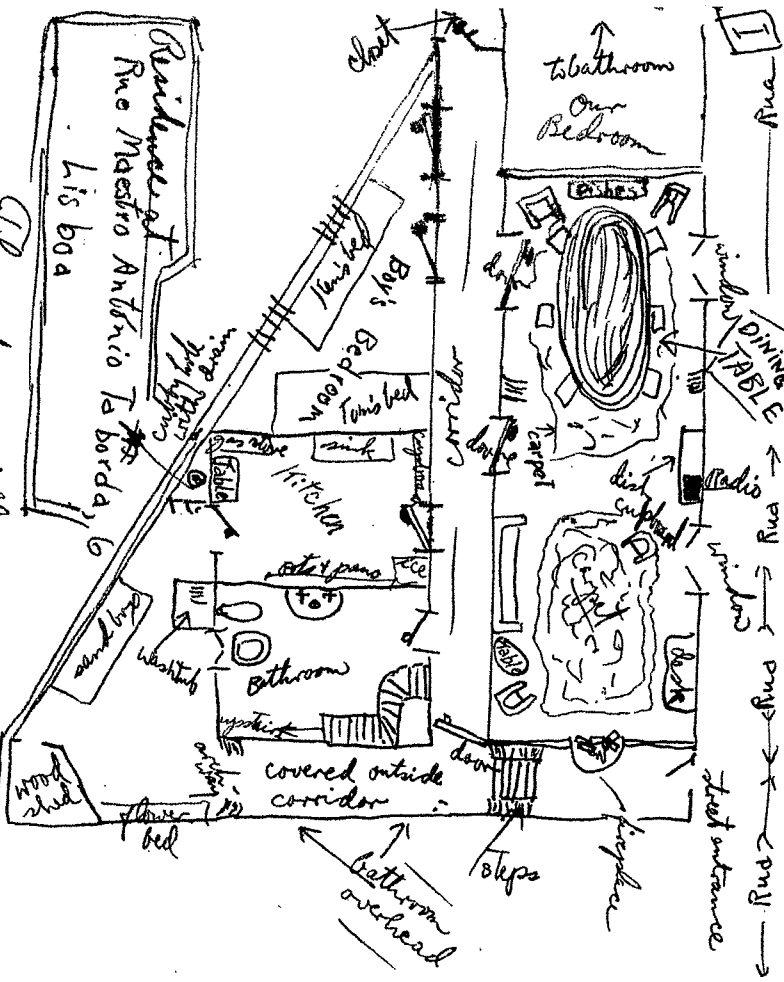
Rua Maestro Antonio Taborda, 6



Upper floor plan sketched

Bathroom is over corridor which runs outside the house. Mrs Pontier has small room and Alice and Elisama have the large room. They are not related, by the way, Alice & Elisama. Closet is handy. Staircase over street useful, too.

The above will give you something of an idea what our house is like on the first floor. There are two toilets available on the first floor. But no bathrooms. There is only one bathroom in the house, top floor. One child



The above will give you something

Rua Mestre António M. Taborda, 6
Lisboa, Portugal
15 de Abril de 1948

Dearest Mother,

Well, I have preached my first sermon in Portuguese. It was quite a feat for me. I must confess that I felt very poorly prepared for it, and walked into the pulpit with fear and trembling and a prayer on my lips that I might say the words I had ready to say with Divine help. And by God's grace I carried through to the end, although there were many places where I made errors in speaking.

I say that I was poorly prepared. First, I forgot until five days before the time that I had agreed to preach last Sunday. Then I ~~very~~ struck a snag in the writing of the English copy of the sermon and because of that was unable to complete the translation by myself. It was necessary for me to have my teacher correct the first part and write the last part. Afterward it was necessary for me to learn in short time how to say the words correctly. When I came to the pulpit, I could not say them as they ought to be spoken.

Now I'm endeavoring to catch up and arrive at the place where I think I ought to be. Of course we are all the time studying, but sometimes our work is lacking in method. For this reason we don't improve our vocabularies as we ought to, and when we reach the point where we want to use more words than we have at our disposal to use, it is then that we must spend time and more time to learn what is the correct word to use in the correct place. Of ~~course~~ ~~knowledge~~ knowledge comes little by little, but there are times when I get the feeling that I am going to know all too little when we head for Angola, and must somehow stretch my legs enough to cover the distance between poor and faltering Portuguese and fairly fluent conversational Portuguese, if not also the written, in the remaining weeks between now and the first days of September.

However, along with the above confession about something of my feeling about the first sermon, may I also say that I really enjoyed being in the pulpit again, and have made up my mind to preach a practise sermon at least once a week for Snr. Ribeiro, pastor of the church in which I first preached here in Lisbon. It will be like going back to the Seminary. It will also be good for me in ways besides in the improvement of my speaking ability in Portuguese. Now I shall be able to get back into form as a preacher. Since this is to be part of my work in Angola, it is good to go to it with a will now. And all was not depressing last Sunday. Despite the fact that I felt very tired and disheartened when I had finished delivering the words I had to say, and, in the words of one of our Methodist friends here, "as if I had been speaking Portuguese," I also had the feeling that I had covered a good deal of rough ground before coming to smooth ground. At the moment I feel a little like being on smooth ground because I have been over the road of preparation and now know what passing over it is like. Do you understand me? There is plenty of rough ground ahead yet, but since I have passed over much, now I feel the road of study fairly smooth beneath me. I know now something of what I must do in order to be at all prepared for an examination in this language and entrance into active work in Angola.

We are managing well in our new house. The boys are happier here than they were in the other house. Because of this we don't have to spend so much time taking them to the gardens, and can better plan trips from which we can all benefit.

Now they have a sand box to play in, stilts to walk on, but haven't made much headway with ~~so~~ far, plenty of toys in the line of trucks and knowabout toys as well as their tricycles, and even water. We have tried to keep them out of water as much as possible because the weather is still cold and this is an easy time of year to catch cold here. Everyone of us has had one during the past week, in mild form, but nevertheless a cold. Probably the outdoor air has been good for our rascals. And taking them to a house where they can be outside and still not have to go into the streets has been helpful. The climate here is good, but we have felt that since they are not accustomed to the kind of bacteria which we think can generate in the streets of Lisbon, our better course is to keep them out of the streets as much as possible. We should like to start off with them to Africa knowing that they are in reasonably good health at least. Right now, both are in good health so far as we can tell. So are their fond parents.

We continue with our heavy class schedule, although we don't have to move out of the house for more than ~~two~~ or three lessons a week. I go for one hour five days a week to Sr. Ribeiro's house, and Betty goes for three hours in all during the week. But otherwise we study and have classes in this house. I've told you that two of our teachers live with us. We shall keep on with them for a while, but probably in two or three weeks will make another change, for it will be time then to study ethnology and several other different subjects in groups.

In line with our attempts to see something of Portugal for the purposes of acquainting ourselves adequately with country and people ~~and~~ we are going with a group next Saturday to the north for two or three hundred kilometres altogether, that is, trip going and coming. I have been on some of the trip before, but when Betty could not go. We think we can arrange this time for both of us. Afterward we shall go to Sintra, about an hour from Lisbon, and a favorite spot for foreigners in ~~the~~ Portugal, also a beauty spot of fame, (Probably it was the latter characteristic which first attracted foreigners.) and afterward to the south a bit we hope. This will mean lots of traveling on a slimmed down expense account, but we think that we can manage it, must manage it.

We think about you at home often. Has Spring really arrived? Has the snow all gone by now? Are the maples dried up? Has the mud begun to dry up? How much wood do you have to use now? You tell us about these things, but we still ask the same questions. We like to see such pictures as the one which Richard took, even though your face, Mother, is sort of lacking.

I've told a number of folks about the size of your Sunday school classes. Phew! In that little balcony space! You do well to manage them long enough to keep them there ten minutes, let alone six times that.

By the way, your mentioning (No, it was Olive, but I'll continue as if it were you) the number of pairs of curtains coming in this Spring, in spite of the burning of two mills in the town, makes me think to ask, Are the Foster people really going to rebuild in Strong?

Well, with this I'll close. I must go to the Lower City to buy books and have to be on my way. Loads of love to both of you. God bless you as you work and pray back home for Him.

Rachiel

Rua Maestro António Taborda, 6
Lisboa, Portugal
3 de Junho de 1948

Dearest Mother,

What a lot of things are happening these days. We have read of all sorts of things going on in the world around us, Palestine fighting, political battles in the States, bickering in the cold war between Russia and the United States, revolution in Colombia, Communistic advances in China, hopefulness of Europeans about to be aided by the Marshall plan, or ERP (European Recovery Program). We read now in the Portuguese papers about the visit of the cardeal patriarca of Lisbon, Cardinal Cerejeira (In Portuguese the name is Cerejeira. Translated it means "cherry tree.") in Spain, his blessing of the fishing fleet going to the Grand Banks, the coming of the U.S. Navy ships to Lisbon and to the Mediterranean on the summer cruise, which will be this year a great show of naval strength in a demonstration of the power of the USN, the arrival of a new ambassador in Lisbon, the Communism of Henry A. Wallace, and other things of lesser importance to you, but interesting. We also try to keep posted on happenings in the church at home, in as many phases as we can read about.

Besides this we try to keep up with all the home town news, which means the news of Boothbay Harbor and Strong, and also Pelham. What a nice way the Collis-Kimball family has of getting the youngsters of whom we were so fond to write a big letter full of news about the youngsters and the events in Pelham. We have kept up to date on goings-on in that town. We still think fondly of Pelham, and shall continue to think fondly of it. We have many fond memories of the place and its folk who were so good to us. I'm afraid we have not kept up our letter writing to them as we should have done.

You remember the Collis-Kimball family of course. We have learned that in March Muriel, now married to a rector of the Episcopal church, and living in Silver Spring, Maryland, gave birth to a baby girl. Two of the young people who were in our young people's groups in Pelham are now married. One of them has a baby. Another couple is going to have. Several others have married and very likely will have children. I cannot imagine things being otherwise with them. I sort of get homesick when I think about them, and should like to drop in and pay every one of them a visit. We hear word from Sophie Boyden, the little girl who used to help take care of Tommy and Kenny. Her father died just recently. That is, Olive Boyden's father.

Well, I seem to be telling about others and not about what we are doing, and how we are. All back to normal, or almost so again, I guess. Tommy is not going to school now; it was a bit too much for him. Kenny decided day before yesterday that he was not going until he could go by himself; so he hasn't been since. But we think he will go back. If not, we feel the money was well-spent. At least, Betty thinks so, and I agree. For Tommy has learned to do his duty in the hopper and not in his pants, and he tells us every time now when he has to do tinkle. That is worth the ten dollars it cost for Thomas. Kenneth has seemed to grow up quite a bit in the process. And he understands a lot of Portuguese. His pronunciation is exact. Of course he won't hang onto the language long when we reach Africa, for he, like we, will be busy learning the native tongue.

Both boys have had colds. Kenny is almost wholly recovered after another bout with ear infection, this time in one ear only, for which we are grateful to our Father who watches over us in our need. Tommy has bad tonsils now, but had them when we left America, and we expect he will be all right until we get to Africa.

When we reach Chissamba, we shall have the Canadian doctor operate.

Did Betty tell you where we are headed? We know now. The word has come that we are to go to the Canadian station of Chissamba, along with the Hendersons, the Steeds, and the two Canadian girls who are in Lisbon now. In Chissamba we shall be studying Umbundu. The reason for our going there first is that the teacher who is to instruct us in the native language is Canadian. We expect to be there about a year, or until about October, 1949.

How we shall live there, we know little as yet. We hope to have a house by ourselves. If we do have a house to ourselves, we shall also have African boys to work for us. This means that we shall begin right away learning the native customs as well as the language, and shall be gaining some small knowledge of the work to come. I think it's rather good that we are going first to the Canadian mission. We shall learn early how to cooperate in the joint work of the American Board and the Overseas Mission. Too, we shall be at something of an advantage when we arrive at our own station, for our acquaintance will be formed there as between leader and people, not as between student and teacher, which would be the case if we were going to an American Board station first. We are told that we would not be put to work in the station in which the study of the language was carried out in any event. This is not done. The position of the missionary would be somewhat less than it ought to be for his best service if he had to work in the same station where he learned the language, for the native teacher would always be on a little too elevated plane, and the friendship might prove to contain some awkward moments for both teacher and missionary. We are told that we shall have to understand a good deal of the psychology of the natives in order to be of best service to the church in Angola. All in all, we like the idea then, and shall go with joy to Chissamba.

Our plans now are to sail the 7th of September. We hope that all the papers will be in order by that time. Between now and then I shall write more and more sermons and speak more and more in the language. Also Betty and I will go to the north of Portugal to see something of the country. Let's hope for a pleasant week. Don't know whether we shall go this month or the first of next, but expect it will be the last of this month. We shall go with Alice Moreira, one of our teachers, the one who is living with us. We expect to spend a week, without the children. We want to see all that we possibly can, and know that we cannot take two boys into strange surroundings and expect to get much of anywhere ourselves. Wish we could take them, but the advisable thing is not to. However, we are sure that they will be all right here with some of the missionary women, or one of our Portuguese friends.

We shall continue lessons during this month and part of next, but shall spend lots of time in sight-seeing. In August we go to the University of Lisbon for courses. Between now and then we shall pack and put our papers in order.

I still have not sent out the batch of pictures I shall send for the reason that they still are not ready. We also have some other things to send, but they will come in small packages. From a person in the post office we have learned that packages of about a pound in weight will go out free of impositions of duty and much questioning by postal officials will be avoided by sending things in such small order.