

Rua de São João da Mata, 119, 12
Lisboa, Portugal
March 8, 1948

Dearest Mother,

Let me at least make a beginning on this letter. Betty is having a lesson now but my turn comes in a few minutes. We are now having many private lessons, for which the teachers come to the house. We find we are making much more progress by changing our schedule around a bit. So when you are still sleeping I go to class Sr. Pinto Ribeiro's house for a lesson, nine o'clock in the morning, every day during the week except Saturday and Sunday. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays we have teachers come here at ten-thirty to give an hour's lesson to Betty, and another hour's lesson to me. In the afternoon other teachers come, and we finally stop at five-thirty. This sort of schedule leaves us somewhat free on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Wednesdays and Thursdays we have an extra hour or two of lessons, but as we have arranged our work now, it is much more easy to study. In line with our schedule of today I go for a lesson in about five minutes. I say "go", but only to another room in this house.

The Steeds have moved to another apartment, and we are much more quiet here than we were. Two boys who are full of life can make plenty of noise, and keep us busy taking care of them. Four children in the house kept us all engaged a big part of our day. The menfolks didn't realize this as quickly as the women, but the women talked it over and decided that we would all find more time for study if the families separated. Of course the Steeds are nowhere near as advanced as we are and we could not speak much Portuguese together. Too, it is difficult for people who do not know the language to try to speak correctly with one another. We would be using the wrong things all the time and either correcting one another wrongly, if we tried to be mutually helpful, or we would be speaking in a wrong manner so much that it would become a habit, and then we would not be able as easily to learn the right way of speaking. The agreement to separate was mutual. We were doing fairly well getting along with one another.

Well, back to the subject of the weather again. Our weather here now seems like late spring in Maine and Massachusetts. We can expect a few more storms, rain and thunder showers during these March and April days, which seems quite like New England, but the weather is warming up rapidly now, and it has become necessary for me to begin wearing my colored glasses again because the sun's rays are so much more blinding than they were two weeks ago. Mostly certainly here the women who like to show off their Easter finery can do so in beautiful weather. No worrying about a sudden snow squall coming up and spoiling all of one's plans. Of course I think that that sort of planning shouldn't be uppermost in one's mind, but at the same time I don't like to think of everyone who wants to wear a new suit on Easter feeling that the day was completely ruined because of a shower. I'm confident that the ministers of our churches preach better sermons on Easter to people who are feeling happy, and the people get something more out of that sermon, though ~~they~~ they may be dressed in the finest plumage.

Speaking of plumage, I hope to have to show sometime a good picture of a peacock of the Jardim Zoológico with the big fan of a tail spread out to the fullest. I believe this must be the mating season. Several of the birds in the cages were spreading their tail feathers to the fullest last Saturday when we took

the boys to the zoo. And I took pictures in color of one bird outside the cage. I hope that I shall have two good views, one front view and the other a back view. The back view is almost as pleasing as the front. In back the big fan has a sort of shield-shaped center of grayish tone with white ribs boldly showing the shield. The ribs are the heavy centers of the feathers of course. And each feather in back shows white to the very tip so that a pattern of white ribs against gray background is apparent. Just below the shield two huge plumes of fluffy gray and white feathers make two big balls, and below these and on ~~either~~ either side of the bird's slender body are brown wings which are partly opened. The bird strutted and rustled so close to me that I could almost touch it.

Let me tell you a bit more about the Zoo and our trip there last Saturday. We left the house about ten o'clock with our lunch. About eleven we reached the Zoo where we found the Hendersons, Steeds, and a little later met two Canadian girls and Sr. Ribeiro's two little daughters. We went by street car. Others came by taxi. I think all of us went home by taxi because the children were tired after we finished our wandering around. First, we saw the baby elephant who came out of his house to beg peanuts. We discovered that he also liked to have ~~grass~~ grass pulled for him. He has just begun to grow tusks, but already looks as wrinkled as a much older elephant. He stands now about five feet high and is about the same length. From his house we went to the giraffe's house. We only saw this animal a few minutes because the keeper came along very presently with lunch, and the big fellow went into his house for the food. Hope we'll see a giraffe in Africa. I'd like to get a good picture of one in his native habitat. From here, the g's house, we moved around to the big tub of the hippos and I got a picture of one of these river pigs, or river horses, as they are variously called, broadside. What a clumsy looking beast, with a formidable looking set of jaws. One of our group got a picture of the inside of the mouth of one of the two hippos at the Zoo. I missed my chance to take such a shot because I couldn't focus quickly enough when one came up to see what I was holding in my hand. The odd part of that is that the thing was my camera, but I was too close to get a really good picture. I shall take an apple next time and give old Mr. or Mrs., Hippo an opportunity to pose for me. Afterward to the cages of the various kinds of monkeys and then to dinner. The children enjoyed all this traveling and the sight of the animals intensely. At our lunch table we had a visitor in the form of an ordinary pussy cat, with which the youngsters were thrilled quite as much as with their glimpses of the lions and tigers and chimpanzees. Following lunch we saw the few pet dogs which the Zoo ~~has~~, apparently for the purpose of keeping dogs which may be sold. Perhaps the dogs are picked up on the street of Lisbon from time to time and are brought to the Zoo to be cared for and sold to anyone who wants a pet. We saw about a dozen different breeds. Then we went to feed bread to the bear, and from there to the children's garden. There the youngsters enjoyed themselves the remainder of the afternoon by playing in sand, swinging, looking at the little monkeys, and playing house in the miniature houses which are set up to be used by children. Each house has a stove, table, chairs, etc, and looks like a real house, complete with garden and poultry. At the last moment we all had orangesoda and then went for a fifteen minute ride in the swan boats. Everyone was tired when we reached the house, but the trip was wonderful for all of us, too.

Betty and I put on the finishing touches by going to the opera at night with the Hendersons and one of our teachers who happens to be a nurse in one of the American Board stations in Angola. We went to bed about two o'clock Sunday morning. Shows, or activities of any kind, don't begin here until nine o'clock. Because of this we go out very seldom, but we did want to see the opera, and last Saturday was the opportunity we had to see another kind of life in Lisbon, for which reason we were willing to stay up a little later.

We're very glad to hear that Olive is so much better. (Let us hope that Dr. Chase

remains a good doctor. There is certainly a need for them today. But in the mission fields, too, of course. If your doctor wants to apply for work in the mission field, just have him write to Loy L. Long, 14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts and ask questions about work in West Africa under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

You seem to be keeping up fairly well this winter, Mother. We have often wondered if you have had much difficulty with keeping fires and so on. And I have been distressed that you have not received any money from the Board as yet. I tried more than two months ago to straighten the matter out again, but something has gone wrong, so you may not get anything until springtime.

We hear from Ruby enough to keep quite well abreast of what's going on in her household. We look for news in your letters, too, and know you'll keep on posting us so that we'll be in on the blessed event. Sorry we can't be around in person to welcome the new comer.

About Olive's question as to someone who can write to some of the young people in English. I have not asked yet about such young people, but shall endeavor to remember to ask Sr. Pinto Ribeiro about it. He may know of some young people in the Protestant churches here. Some of them learn a bit of English in school. I don't know just how much. Sr. Ribeiro also teaches some young people English. But these are older young people, and I can't guess now whether they would be interested or not. But I shall be happy to ask, because I sure that it would be good for both groups, Portuguese and American.

Oh, yes, a bit of news for you. I think it will be. I have no verification as yet from Frank Ratzell himself, but Bangor Alumni Bulletin carries the news that he has moved to Lee, Massachusetts, west of the Connecticut in the Berkshires near Lenox and Pittsfield. I have written to him at the new address, but don't have any word from him yet.

And, yes, another little tidbit. Last week there arrived here in Lisbon a woman who was brought up, until she was 18 years old, in Blue Hill, Maine. Her name is now Pontiers. While she was in Blue Hill her family was friendly with the family of a woman we knew in Princeton. Do you remember the Browns in Princeton? The man was a potatoe grower. His wife was dark and quite attractive. There were three daughters in the family, Florence, who was married and had one son, Sara, who visited us quite often, and Eleanor. They lived out of the village. Maybe you will remember. Mrs. Brown's name before she married was Mason. And she and her sister are still friendly with Mrs. Pontier's sister. So the world is not such a big place after all, hm-m-m-m!

We're pleased the Ella V. likes our letters. We enjoy writing them, but it seems sometimes as if we had to study more Portuguese, more Portuguese, in order to get ready to leave here the first of September, which is the time we plan to start for Africa.

Now I must be signing off. This letter will be somewhat more dull than usual I fear, but I want to send it off tonight. By now your cold wave has fully broken and you, too, are approaching Spring. Let's hope the snows go quickly, and summer comes hard on the heels of Spring.

Lots of love from us all. Kenny would say his nursery rhymes for you if we could be there in Strong. Tommy would say, "I love you, Grammy." and "I love you, Aunt Olf." And then both would be off into something or other. They say prayers from Grammy, and Aunt Olive, and Aunt Ruby. And there are kisses, too. And of course Daddy and Mummie will say that both boys are pretty good boys after all.

XX

God be with you,

Chackie

Rua Maestro António Taborda, 6
Lisboa, Portugal
23 de Março de 1948

Dearest Mother,

This is to let you know that we have moved once more. Olive wrote that probably by the time she learned to write one adress without looking at the paper, we would have another. And so it is. When we received Olive's letter we ^{were} already out hunting houses. The reason we did not get a letter off to you last week was that we were so busy locating other living quarters we didn't have time to write even a short note. I know it's quite a lot to say this, but actually that's the way it was.

Now for further explanation. We thought that it might be a good idea to move again because the street we lived on is a bit dirty, the house in which we lived is old and we were too far from a garden again with summer coming on. The straw which broke the camel's back was the faulty tank which we had for laundry purposes. When a plumbing job on it failed to produce good results, we made up our minds to get out of the house as soon as we could.

We also had in mind helping out two or three other people, friend and teachers. The woman from Blue Hill, Mrs. Olive Pontier, was living at some distance from the Centro, and finding it difficult to come in for classes an hour's ride and then go back the same distance and try to accomplish anything in the line of studying. The same was true for one of our teachers, Alice Moreira, a nurse who serves the American Board in our West Central African mission, ~~is~~ here now studying at the school of tropical medicine, and in the meanwhile must teach in order to earn money with which to go to school. You see, there is not the same policy with regard to nationals (that is, Portuguese) as there is with regard to us in the matter of study grants. Alice is a Baptist, but serves our Board in Chillesso. She would benefit by being closer to the Centro and the center of Lisbon. So also would benefit one other teacher, Elisama Moreira. She was paying a terifically high rate for just a room, and was not eating regularly. We think that by pooling our resources we can get along here in this new house, which is big enough to hold us all without much interference one from the other, and with only two children.

We set out to look for a big one-floor apartment. Last week on Tuesday we decided to look at a house which was quite some distance from the school, but near the trolley line. I arrived at three o'clock to see the house, and talked with the woman who I supposed was the owner. The original plan which Betty and I had arranged was that after I had seen the house alone I should wait somewhere for Betty to come and see it with me. The woman said that I could bring my wife back at any time during the afternoon, that is, the remainder of it. With that agreed on, I went away to wait for Betty at the trolley stop. In about half an hour she came along and we went together to the apartment, which was a nice one at a decent price of 1800\$00 (about \$ 72.00) per month with everything except linen. But what do you know, when we reached the house, rather, just as we reached th house a taxi pulled up with three ladies in it. One of them, short, aged blonde and quick moving, came all in a flutter to the door where we had just rung the bell, and asked us in English, " Do you want to see the house ? " Then she just as quickly started spouting something in French to the other two ladies and began to get us all up the stairs to the second floor. We were sort of stunned. I knew that she was not the woman I had talked with, and I wondered how in the world

she came into the picture. In about fifteen minutes I found out many things. She was some sort of agent. But before we found this out, we saw the house go to the two ladies who had come with the short blonde in the taxi get the house we were looking at just then. She rented it that quickly. Then she started to tell us what other houses she had. By this time the conversation was a mixture of Brazilian Portuguese, English and French. Phew! How the little lady can talk.

From that time on until last Saturday morning we were right out straight looking at houses. The little blonde lady, who is part French, part Portuguese, and was born in Brazil, but has lived in Lisbon for ~~seven~~ years, took us over a good big part of the city of Lisbon looking at houses which were free. We were amazed to find that within ten minutes walk of where we lived on S. João da Mata there were five vacant houses in quite excellent condition. The one we are in now we learned about that Tuesday, but did not get to see it until the following day. The morning of Wednesday we were out again with the little lady, saw this house and one other, but did not make up our minds to rent. Then we went out by ourselves and saw three. The next morning, Thursday, the little lady with the blonde hair, and her six languages, for we had found out by then that she speaks six different languages, informed us that she could show us another house that afternoon. We went to the house and found it just what we needed except for price, 2500\$00 (100\$00) per month, including a big new Norge refrigerator. That price was too high. Then we tried to find out more about this house where we now are living. Yes, we could see it again, and perhaps the price would be less than the first one quoted, which was also 2500\$00. Finally on Friday morning we got together and met in the house with the owner, the French-Brazilian lady in the blonde hair, and Betty and I, and talked over terms. We got the house for 2000\$00. We discovered afterward that it had been renting for that amount, but now the contract is made.

Now we are here, with Mrs. Pontier and Alice already installed along with the Welches, bag and baggage, and Elisama to come. I haven't been able to describe all to you. But let me say that we have seen some lovely apartments in this city, some of them quite expensive, but on the whole not too expensive compared with American prices. We had opportunity to see the interior of several different styles of Portuguese houses. We met many different kinds of people. We found out our failings in matter of language knowledge at many turns. We discovered that people are not much different here from what they are in America, and we also found out that we could understand Spanish. One of the women we talked with ~~was~~ is Spanish, although she must have used many Portuguese words.

The house is about ten minute's walk from our classes, just a little further away than before. We have a whole house all to ourselves, downstairs and upstairs, and a place outside for the children to play. And are they enjoying themselves. Our maid is still with us. We have paid a contract on the house at 119 S. João da Mata until the 17 of April, but we think we can stand the loss of about 800\$00 without having to suffer too much. Our location is very nice, in a quiet place, surrounded by houses of officials of this government and people of moderate means. The Welches occupy the lower floor, the other three people the upper part of the house. Bathroom is on the upper floor, but there are two rooms with toilets on the lower floor. Kitchen, boy's room, our room, combined dining and living room comprise the rest of our floor, along with closet and hall and hallway. Upstairs in three separate units are toilet, wash bowl and bathtub. Also two big rooms and beds with a large space for storing trunks, etc. We'll send you a picture soon.

Rua

Write to us at the new address, / Maestro Antônio Taborda, 6. Rua Maestro Antônio Taborda, 6. The last is correct. First has an extra accent mark which should not be there.

Lots of love to you both at home and God be with you this Easter.

Machai

Rua Maestro António Taborda, 6
Lisboa, Portugal
May 10, 1948

Dearest Mother,

Forgive us. We have slipped up on your birthday, too. We forgot Olive's, and Ruby's, and now yours. It's not the kind of confession I like to make. Altho it is not really as bad as that. You see what happened was that I got to thinking in terms of your birthday being on the 30th of May instead of the 12th. Why, I don't know. Several weeks ago I began to plan what I should do when Mother's day came. As usual, I thought of your birthday at the same time. Then everything I had thought of escaped my mind for a little while, and when I thought again, the date to send things had already arrived and gone by. Therefore, this letter will be late.

However, both Betty and I are going to write something in this one. And we're going to send something from the boys, or almost. We've gotten two pretty good pictures of them recently, and have had copies made for you. One of the pictures shows them in the bath tub. The other shows them at prayer. Since taking the latter I've had lots of calls for copies of it, so must have some more made. Olive's question, or suggestion for a picture, led to my taking one better than I thought I could take.

It would give us a great deal of pleasure to be able to drop in on you now, to see everyone, to give the boys a chance to watch the robins building their nests, to get a breath of pure Maine air, to watch the snow disappear from the tops of the mountains, to smell May flowers, to see and do a hundred and one things. Maine will be growing more and more beautiful as the weeks pass now. Some of the ugly scars left by the fires last year are going to disappear. Strong will begin to look like Strong again. I could come in and take a look at things in the house with which I am so familiar and wake up to the familiar sounds of men walking by on their way to the mills. And when we can come back I'm sure I shall still be able to recognize some of the faces. What opportunities, too, Kenneth and Tommy would have.

They are growing so fast now that we are having a hard time keeping up with them. In another six months I shall have to send you new measurements. Kenneth is growing tall again. Tommy is growing tall and broad, too. He is one solid hunk of youngster. Kenny is quite slight, but good weight. Both are in good health, and we hope that we shall come up to our sailing date with them still in good health.

We have not yet told you this news, have we? The boys are going to school now. Yes, Kenneth at four, and Tommy at two and a half, if you can imagine, are going to school. We have had a Sunday school for them along, but the other day the women folks went hunting to see if they could find an opening for strangers in a nursery school. They found one, and last week Wednesday both K. and T. started in. The school is one of the best in Lisbon, and not at all expensive. Joy Steed is attending, too, and Kathleen and Nancy Henderson, altogether five. The cost for our two is 500\$00, or approximately \$20. Last week both boys went only forenoons, but today both had dinner at the school, and tomorrow probably Kenneth will stay until four o'clock. We plan to get Tommy at the noon hour. We have had to buy cheap play shoes for them, but the school furnishes smocks and the food, besides all the toys and paper, and so on. Amazing, isn't it. I want very much to take some pictures, and may have opportunity to. The man who runs the school is the son of a very famous writer of Portugal. I think the son also writes and is an educator, one of the advanced kind. We feel very

much thrilled to have our youngsters attending Jardim Escola João de Deus. Now let me translate the name. Jardim escola is equal to garden school, or kindergarten. João de Deus is the name of the man who operates the school.

Arlete Sena, our friend from Barreiro, the girl to whom Olive is writing, tried some weeks ago to get our boys into the school through a friend who works at the school. The girl said that there were no openings. It was because Mrs. Henderson and Betty and Lillian Steed had the nerve to go and ask, that the children are now attending. All the parents had agreed that the children ought to have some directed play, and we were not in good position to give it to them. Now they are getting it, plus education in speaking Portuguese, to which they take now like ducks to water. What a thrill it gives us to hear them. They can say the words so perfectly, and we stumble over many and many a word still which ought to be quite familiar to us. But never fear, English is still their language, and always will be. Very likely they will forget the Portuguese, too, when they reach Africa and have to learn another language and have little opportunity to speak Portuguese all day long, as now.

We're glad to hear the Ruby is still coming along all right. We trust that this time everything is going to come out all right, too. With the summer months coming along it will be somewhat easier to manage traveling and farm work along with everything else. We'll write this week to Ruby and send her pictures.

Just a word about our weather and I'll turn this over to Betty. It has seemed like spring in Maine, this Lisbon weather. It has been rainy, cold and at times quite disagreeable. In the meanwhile flowers have bloomed all over the place. The earth has burst into color, with roses of all varieties, rhododendrons of the shrub type in lovely pastel shades, calla lilies, morning glories, a kind of ~~geranium~~ geranium which grows in vine form on walls, and many another variety which I cannot name. The Methodist families which came with us on the Nea Hellas have now all gone on to Africa and I have no one to ask now about the names of various flowers which I see. One of the Methodist men knew hundreds of names, it being his business to know, since he's a specialist in the field of plants and orchards, etc., botany. Still we can all enjoy the beauty of the Lisbon gardens. And we hope to go to one of the most beautiful of spots in Portugal soon, Sintra, to see the scenery there. When we come home, I shall have slides of some of these things, I hope, to show you. Soon warmer weather will be here, and the rains will cease, and I shall have a chance to get some good pictures in colors.

Oh, yes, Betty has the name of someone else to whom Olive may write, rather three people. One is the daughter of a Baptist minister here. The other is her friend. Neither one knows much English, but the Baptist minister can translate, and they would like to correspond in this way. Both are in their teens I would guess, but am not sure exactly how close to twenty. They seem quite like high school girls back in the States, however. The name of the third one Betty has to look up, but I'll write down addresses of the first two now.

1. Irene de Carvalho
Rua das Janelas Verdes, 120, 2º, Dtº
Lisboa, Portugal
2. Maria Antonieta P. Marques
Rua Maestro António Taborda, 66, 1º, Esq.
Lisboa, Portugal

2º, Dtº means second floor, right. 1º, Esq., means first floor, left. The houses or apartments are so constructed that people can live on right and left sides.

Dear Mum and Olive,

Forgive me. How many times I have to say this to everybody. I try to do more than I have the brains to do and fall down all along the way. The names we are sending this time are for your young people's group. The three girls are in their teens. The first two we know a little because they live near here and their church is close by. The other one knows English and I only know about her through the Episcopal minister here. Arlette is a swell girl. She would appreciate it a lot if you corrected her errors in English in her letters. We had a grand time at her home one day. Her father was a civil engineer highly educated in Switzerland and Belgium or Holland, I forget which of the last places. He died before the children were educated. The boy is working days and going to engineering school at night.

Olive, you must think I am terrible by now on account of your blouse and vase. Really and truly we didn't forget any of your birthdays. I mean, I didn't. It is just my slowness in getting around to things. We haven't sent any packages to anyone since we arrived here, but next month I am going to stop taking lessons and do such things. I have to have your blouse made. Will you send me your measurements? We will send a package with something for everyone, including I hope for Ana and Ralph, too in June. I have things in mind for you all just lack time to go to the post office for the necessary papers, make the purchases, and tie up the packages. Mum, I love you and thought of you most all day Sunday.

Olive, I love you too. I have lots to write you about next month.

Love from us all,

Betty

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