

Missão de Chissamba  
May 13, 1949

Dearest Mother,

Am I chagrined. We didn't get a card to you on your birthday. Well, perhaps the pictures arrived. Even if the pictures arrived, however, it would not be like a birthday card. We'll see if we cannot straighten out our schedule before your next year's anniversary.

Please excuse the slipshod appearance of the letter "r". The typewriter went on the blink and I haven't got it properly fixed yet. I'm learning " by guess and by gorry " how to make minor repairs on this machine. We really ought to have two machines out here, so that we could both have one to use, but when one goes bad, we would still have one which both of us could use. It's so much ~~hazz~~ better way of putting a lot of words in a small space. Then, too, now we must be prepared to write more and more reports by machine.

Well, at last we know where we're going to be stationed for a few years. Our next address will be the Missão de Bunjei, Galangue. What we plan to do from now until the last of July is to get ourselves in readiness togothere. We shall be studying with Miss Mackenzie of the Chissamba mission until the end of June. By that time we hope that we shall be accustomed to having a baby around the house as well as having studied a good deal more Umbundu. Also we hope that by the middle or end of August, when we expect to arrive at our new home, the other missionary on the station will have the open wells closed in. There have been no children of missionary's families there for some time, so that not quite as much attention to the places dangerous for small children to play around has been paid recently. The missionary there now is Sam Coles, an American Negro, who was one of the first to go to Galangue. Curtis McDowell, whom you met at Auburndale, was the founder with Sam Coles of the work at Galangue, McDowell arriving first. The McDowells are still at Elende. The shuffling of missionaries ~~is~~ about at annual meeting in Dondi last week resulted in everybody staying put among the senior missionaries. One family goes home on furlough. The Welches go to Missão de Bunjei and the Hendersons to Lobito to take care of the work at the coast. We don't want to think of ourselves as the only ones who could have gone to the Galangue mission. Certainly McDowell would make the field a going church if he were there, but it is a place in which we may send down such roots as missionaries may be rightfully permitted to send down anywhere. Everything being considered it was thought better to send us there than to one of the other stations from which we would have to move in a year, or year and a half, because some other couple with much experience in that field had come back from furlough to pick up his work again and we sent off as a result to some other station needing a family. We'll write more of the work later.

Now as to other news of us. Betty is still in Dondi, patiently waiting after false alarms of confinement during annual meeting the first week we were at Dondi. However, she may come home this afternoon. We've had no word from her, and no word either from the people with whom she hoped to come back to Chissamba. But everyone here at the station is expecting that Dr. Strangway of the Canadian mission will arrive here today from Dondi, where he will have stopped on his way from the coast. He came into Lobito last week, found his goods already thru the customs and ready for shipment up country, where we have been putting them under cover. We shall be disappointed here if he doesn't arrive today, for all are in readiness with the grand welcome. He is known over a considerable part of Africa, at least over all of Angola. We have heard him spoken of everywhere with high respect. He's not only a good doctor, but a fine man, loved by both Africans and Portuguese. We expect that the baby will be in his care for a while also that he will see to tonsil and adenoid operations on Kenny and Tommy.

Before I forget it let me tell you that the package of pictures, in which we found two boxes of lovely Crayolas, had arrived before us in Chissamba last week. The boys have already used them considerably but with care. They are growing up these days in some respects, altho it seems as if that in other respects they are backward. Tommy has some knack for drawing I think. We'll show you some of his work soon. I have one sheet of paper now, but want Mummy to see what her boy has done while she has been away.

You speak of warmer weather on the way at home. Here in the planalto of Angola, the plateau, the weather has changed considerably since five weeks ago. The rains have come to an end. The earth is quite dry now and will be much, much drier we understand. The flowers have gone from our lawn. During the day the sun becomes a huge ball of heat. I have not yet checked with the thermometer, and it may be that the temperatures are no higher in the middle of the day than during the rainy season, but certainly it seems much hotter than during the wet season. The nights, however, are cold. Instead of one blanket for a cover we now have two, also the boys. We wonder how the poor African with his one cover or less ever stands it, and I would guess that some of the people do not get along well during the dry season cold. We'll doubtless think about this matter considerably during the next few years, and wondering what can be done about it by interested persons.

You wrote saying that you had received a personal letter from Dr. Reuling. He was at annual meeting. Wednesday of the second week he left by plane for home. Since we was to stop over in Lisbon, however, I believe that he will not yet have reached America. Tuesday of last week he went down to Galangue to look at what will be our work. I found out what the place looks like and have some idea what to do when we reach there. Mr. McDowell also went along, and we took Sam and Mrs. Coles back. There is no car at the station now because the one which was there burned just several weeks ago. We're hoping that there will be a Chevrolet van available in a few weeks in Luanda. The mission had one other car, but it has been in the repair shop in Nova Lisboa for about a year and a half, and is now going to be sold for junk because of the high cost of repair. It costs as much out here to repair a car in poor condition as it does to buy a new one at home. It would have cost about \$1200 to repair the car in the shop at Nova Lisboa. A new one, on the other hand, costs plenty, but one gets more for his money. The new one expected will cost about \$2600, but we shall have to have something since the mission is 85 miles from the nearest railroad.

Say, those pictures you will receive won't all be good I know because I've had a report on some others taken with the same kind of filter. I was using a red filter in the wrong place, consequently have spoiled a good number of outside shots. The inside ones taken by flash should be all right, however. We'll try to make up by sending some more after we reach Missão de Bunjei. One other thing we'll do is to arrange that you may see other pictures which we have sent to Boston. These must be returned to Boston most likely. But it would be nice would it not to have a set of the work here to see and to see us in the meantime

One more piece of business before I sign off. I'm afraid this is a hodgepodge today and not up to my ability. Your Christmas letter, and I'm ashamed to have to tell you, was not sent. And now I don't know whether we sent one to Ruby and Francis or not. So we're sending one today.

Your latest letter was written May 1, mailed May 2, received here today, at a total travel time of 11 days. Well, we probably cannot hope for such service when we reach Galangue because of the distance from the railroad.

We'll let you know whether your dream comes true or not as soon as the baby comes.

Our love to you all, and God's blessing, Jack

P.S. This is Mrs. Maude B. Miller April 12, 1949  
of Chissamba? He got  
a letter today addressed to her and her sons. Came from Strong, Maine.

Dear Mum, Olive Ruby, Francis & Ralph,  
Greetings to you all. We are all  
well and waiting impatiently for  
annual meeting and to learn what  
our new address will be. However  
our address will probably continue  
to be the same until some time in  
June as we have been invited to stay  
here until after Susan Maude or Brother  
Joe arrives. Since the doctor and hospital  
are right here we'll probably do just that.

We had a birthday party for Kennie last  
Saturday (a week ago). The Hendersons, the ~~Woods~~ including  
the baby (Genevieve) and all the ladies (3 of them)  
who were on the station came. The other three  
ladies were in another mission helping with  
a vocational school there. Kennie got  
a picture book, a pencil, an eraser, a pair  
of socks and some airplane stickers and a  
Bunny rabbit decal, a table cloth and six  
napkins for their new table that Dad  
had made. The table is a nice big one so  
that all six of them ate their supper at  
it. Aunt Edith brought him a plate of marshmallows  
rolled in coconut. He had made the marshmallows.  
Aunt Elizabeth brought a big dish of pop corn.  
He had grown the pop corn out here. It is the

first we have seen here. Henry was some  
tricked with it. He went around telling everyone  
how once his grammie had popped some  
for on top of the stove and had given it to him.  
He is beginning to talk a lot now about  
his grammie who lives in Maine. Every-  
thing that is good he attributes to his grammie.

Oh yes, but then I guess I told you about his  
new pants that Mammie made for him.

Uncle Hal and Naddie had to go to Mpora Lintia  
today in the truck. They took all the kids with  
them. I just heard them coming back. They sure  
sounded happy. This afternoon I am going to show  
the cook how to make shape nuts. I got the  
recipe at Elende. We had them several times  
there and did the children love them. Oh yes,  
Mum they do make guava jelly here. I've tried  
it twice and only got syrup. But I'm going  
to try again. We had guava jam too at Elende  
that was real good. Ralph you will be  
pretty nearly nine months old when your  
mammie reads this letter. In fact you will  
be nine months old. Aunt Betty is looking anxiously  
forward to more pictures. Tom & Ken have your picture  
along with Grammie and Aunt Aff's in their bed  
room.

I hear the tricycle approaching. The clock says  
dinner time. Bye now 'til next time. God  
bless you all and keep you well.

Lovie

Betty Aunt Betty

Dearest Mother,

I'm working on my first sermon in Umbundu, to be preached  
Easter Sunday. It's work I can tell you. Next week I'm going to  
write our letter. Also next week I have to take up a roll of colored  
pictures for Dr. Penling. He's coming back for annual meeting. Love, Mackie

May  
1649

Missão de Chisamba  
Nova Lixa, Rio  
Angola. P. 20. A.

Dear Mum & Olive,

Sunday night again! I don't know when you'll get this letter. We are having a change in train schedules all around and nobody seems to know how or when or what. Anyway I'll send this off as usual tomorrow and you'll get it sometime, I trust. About the pictures Mum, she are looking forward to getting them. The writing on the back don't matter because we'll mount them on something before we give them anyway. I only wish you could see some of the facial expressions when they receive them. About the material Mr. Traffam sent South. Do you mean the South of the States or South Africa? There is as much difference between here and South Africa or the south of the States as there is between a large city at home and one of the islands off the North eastern coast of Maine. What wouldn't seem like very much in those places is a fortune here. If you send the pictures in a package weighing not over a pound and send them regular mail letter rate they'll come in about two months and probably not even be opened a Customs. You told Kenzie you didn't know what to send him for his birthday. Books are never durable and the boys love them. Your selections are always good. Olive mentioned wax crayons once. They are unobtainable here and the boys are overjoyed when they receive some. A pair of socks slipped into an envelope would be more than welcome. How many times I have picked myself for not bringing some of their stuffed animals with me. Now at 3 1/2 and five, practically, they are crazy about them. Now Mum don't go sending all these things. There are just suggestions for the next four years.

Mr. Reuling and Mr. McKeith have been here and how we enjoyed their visit. Dr. Reuling had a recording machine and recorded some hymns sung by an African quartet & by a quartet of missionaries

Max was one of me. He let Hal Steed make up a half-hour program to be sent to his father. His father was a missionary here for fourteen years. So Hal had some of the <sup>same</sup> African sing some of the hymns that his father had taught them. Later Max and Larry Henderson each made a record telling about their families and what we are doing here. Dr. Reeding left a 36 exposure film which they are to use to illustrate the records. This week-end the 9 Hendersons and Max and Kenne and two of the single ladies went to Chileas, the station where Dr. Cushman is located and, <sup>also</sup> one of the stations to which one of our couples will be sent in April. Tommie and I were supposed to go but Tommie had a bad cold and we thought it wiser not to take him on such a long trek in the back of a truck. It is 150 miles from here. Tommie is fine today. Has hardly a sniffle left. I think we'll get him tonsils out in April when the rainy season will be over. There's one thing about it, it's not stunting his growth any he is 3 ft. tall and just as heavy as ever. Kenne is heavier according to his height than he was before we left America and is 4 3/4 inches tall. I can't remember if I told you the puppie's name or not it is tata (ta-ta) which means (first) in Ymbundu. He's our first dog you see. Oh, your letters always come in fine condition. The Valentines were perfect. We can always read every word easily. The cloths the women wear are just plain cloth - <sup>12 or 13 yards</sup> - percale, broadcloth or whatever they can afford. Some of them look like those old blue handkerchiefs that men used to carry. Others are more colorful. But usually they are dark or very light the color being used in the bandanas on their heads. I have never seen any floral designs yet. Of course the more educated and better off financially women wear simple dresses like ours. I've reached the end of my paper. Say now loads of love and a prayer. Betty



19.49

[illegible][illegible]





April 1949

Dear Folks,

We certainly love your letters! Saturday night is a red letter night with a capital R. Max did his first impromptu vocalization in public yesterday. He read the benediction in the binder. 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 odds that is contained in these words clean and prosperous can only be seen and 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 children's. 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 wisemen and the other showing the shepherds on construction paper. Kennie gave them to all 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 the ones the missionaries bring. Your Sunday school children might find a similar use for old Christmas cards 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 Mitchims in Guilundo Ouissico 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.

Tonight there is a big party for all of 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, us wives are providing the refreshments – coon 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 of our children are going to entertain us singing Silent Night and playing Jingle Bells with their rhythm band. Tommie plays the sticks and Kennie 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 directly to you for a Christmas present. We hope Mr. Graffam 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 mumie's pumpkin pies or your gramie's whatever she cooks. It will be delicious I know but you are still kind of young. Bless you, I'd love to give you a big hug and kiss and rock you a bit, too.

Loads of love to all,

Betty



The Ladies House  
Missão de Chusambá  
June 4, 1949

Dear Myrmeling, Ruby, Frances, Ralph,

What a beautiful grand girl!  
Nice, and consider you have it  
mba. She really is handsome. Bright,  
plump. And as someone has re-  
marked, "intelligent looking." The  
night she was born she cried  
tears. She cried most of the night be-  
cause she was hungry,  
and all they would give her  
was water! It just didn't  
stay by the rib. Right now  
she is doing a big breast  
movement for her pants  
when she is certainly through  
I'll change her. That is right  
now! I say she  
excuse me

June 5, 1949

Lucan is sleeping - yesterday after her bowel movement she decided she wanted some cuddling. Then it was time for her to eat. So, here I am 24 hrs. later writing again to you all. I have eaten my soup and mashed potatoes, buttered carrots, broast pork and am waiting for the desert. Lucan is sleeping lazily. Her father was in after church and picked her. We are using the newest and oldest method, with her - feeding her when she is hungry, cuddling her when she wants it and so it goes! I have plenty of milk to nurse her. I am that wonderful! I had a very easy time with her. I went to the hospital between 2:30 and 3:00 and she arrived at ten minutes of four. Max held my hand most of the time - bless him! He was quite thrilled with the whole performance - being able to watch it and everything!

3)

They put me on an air mattress  
in the back of a jeep station wagon  
and brought me down to the ladies house  
to the room next to the nurses. Tomorrow  
Susan is on week off and we are going  
home. Tom and Zen come in every  
day and peek at the baby and touch her  
hand and give ~~her~~ <sup>Susan</sup> a kiss.  
They are proud as punch. Ever  
since ~~her~~ <sup>Susan</sup> arrived  
they have been anxiously waiting.

They and Daddie are having supper  
at the ladies house tonight.

Susan has had loads of presents  
3 bars of ivory soap, a pink wool blanket,  
a heavy white flannel one with  
flowers embroidered on the edge, a pink  
crocheted wool sweater, 3 white ones,  
crocheted shoes, ~~two~~ <sup>three</sup> pairs of booties, two  
four nighties, a kimono, 3 blankets  
two blue ~~one~~ <sup>two</sup> pink with bunnies and  
stuff on them, a crocheted shell, a  
lined flannel jacket, two cans of powder,  
three bars of baby soap, a tray with pins

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The Ladies House

Missao de Chissamba

June 4, 1949

Dear Mum, Olive, Ruby, Frances, Ralph

What a beautiful granddaughter, niece, and cousin you have. She really is handsome, bright, plump and as someone has remarked – intelligent looking. The night she was born she cried tears. She cried most of the night because she was hungry and all they would give her was water! It just didn't stay by the rib. Right now she is doing a big bowel movement in her pants when she is certainly through I'll change her. That is right now!! Says she. Excuse me

June 5, 1949

Susan is sleeping. Yesterday after her bowel movement she decided she wanted some cuddling. Then it was time for her to eat. So, here I am 24 hrs. later writing again to you all. I have eaten my soup and mashed potatoes, buttered carrots, and roast pork and am waiting for the dessert. Susan is sleeping lazily. Her father was in after church and rocked her. We are using the newest and latest method with her – feeding her when she's hungry, cuddling her when she wants it and is it fun! I have plenty of milk to nurse her. Isn't that wonderful! I had a very easy time with her. I went to the hospital between 2:30 and 3:00 and she arrived at ten minutes of four. Max held my hand most of the time – bless him! He was quite thrilled with the whole performance – being able to watch it and everything!

They put me on an air mattress in the back of a jeep station wagon and brought me down to the ladies house to the room next to the nurses. Tomorrow Susan is one week old and we are going home. Tom and Ken come in everyday and peek at the baby and touch her hand and give mummie a kiss. They are proud as punch. Ever since Genevieve Steed arrived they have been anxiously waiting. They and Daddie are having supper at the ladies house tonight.

Susan has had loads of presents – 3 bars of ivory soap, a pink wool blanket, a heavy white flannel one with flowers embroidered on the edge, a pink crocheted wool sweater, 3 white ones, crocheted shoes, three pairs of bootees, four nighties, a kimono, 3 blankets (one blue, two pink) with bunnies and stuff on them, a crocheted shawl, a lined flannel jacket, two cans of powder, three bars of baby soap, a tray with jars the covers painted pink. (One of the jars was an ink bottle.) Ki Henderson fixed this up for her. Each jar was filled with the proper stuff like cotton, boric acid, etc. four pairs of plastic rubber pants. The elders of the church gave her an Umbundi name Susuana (Susan) Kasova (the first girl after 2 boys) Chissamba (because she is born here).

Now she is awake and calling.

Love, Betty

*Will get this when  
we come down*

Missão de Ohissamba  
Nova Sintra  
1 de Julho de 1949

Dearest Mother and Olive,

Well, here we are crowding mailtime again. Your letter of June 20 arrived on last Tuesday's mail and since we haven't answered it, and some others, we'll make a hurried attempt now. Hope for a more leisurely written letter a bit later.

We're happy to hear that you've gotten news at last of Susan's arrival. She's asleep just now after a hearty feeding of pure mother's milk. Betty has enough to feed our darling daughter and we're sure that she has gained a pound and more, but having neglected to weigh her today we cannot say exactly how much she has gained. We must take time now to measure all the children and send height, feet sizes and so on of them all, including foot prints and hand prints, or outlines, of our Susan.

We sent you her African name, didn't we ? The other day I sent to the American consulate at Luanda what will be Susan's official name. This will be the one under which she will be registered in the consulate records. It is Susan Cassova Maude Welch. Betty and I both thought for some time about the matter of an African name among the English ones, considering even the long one of Susan Cassova Maude Chissamba Welch. But it seemed a much too long name to give to one of our children, and we compromised with the shorter by one Susan Cassova Maude. The spelling of Cassova is the Portuguese way, also it would be our American way. Kasova is the way the Ovimbundu spell the name.

Have you told Myra Ayotte that the child will most certainly be an American citizen, although born on African soil in a Portuguese colony? The Department of State has taken care of such matters. Susan is therefore an American citizen and will not have to be naturalized.

We've already told you something about our dry season, haven't we ? The winds are now increasing each day in volume and velocity. It's a rare thing to see a cloud now. The nights are cold, and even during the day, particularly the forenoons, we notice a freshness to the wind which quite occasionally reminds us of the wintertime in Maine or Massachusetts. No zero weather of course, but pretty close to freezing weather in the small hours of the night, and the pre-dawn hours can be terrifically chilling. We have a small fire running during the day in our fireplaces and a larger one at night. In the dining room, which does not have a fireplace, we use the primus stove for the half hour it takes to eat breakfast. We all use two blankets on the bed, that is, except Susan, who has anywhere from four to six, along with hot water bottle. We wonder how it is ~~is~~ that the Africans sleep with only one blanket for bedding, or straw underneath and one blanket for covering, or perhaps only cotton cloths. We know that they snuggle together for warmth, but their houses are for the most part quite open, much more so than ours with their proper doors and windows, so that the wind must make the hours when people should be sleeping many times very wakeful hours. It is a situation which causes us much concern; yet I suppose that there are many of these folk much better off in material comforts nowadays than they were fifty years ago. However, there is still pneumonia, and other sicknesses which flourish in cold weather still strike down the African. Clothing and housing are not all they should be certainly, but when they will be we cannot say.

Well, the mail boy is here. Thanks for the picture of that husky boy. Ralph. Greetings to all. Our love and our prayers. God be with you.

*Lachie*

July 26, 1945

Dear "Mum and all",  
This will have to be  
a fairly rote. We are knee  
deep in packing trying to get  
the bulk of it done before the  
kids come down with me.  
They have all been good and  
helped as well putting some  
things all at once.  
Bernie is playing with  
the dog - and says he is  
going to give Grandma a  
present. He is now wrapping  
up a tennis racket (plate)  
for you. Bernie says tell her,  
"I'm going to give her a kiss."  
Joan sends a sweet smile.  
Her hair is almost red. She has  
much more than the boys had.  
Her eyes are deep blue. She is  
beginning to make some sounds -  
singing over the fence. The  
picture above her in Nady's

corner outside of the door of the  
room at the radio house when  
she was just three days old.

There are lots of visitors here  
at Chumma just now. A doctor  
up from the hospital for spinal  
operation just left. He has just  
completed a research on malaria  
and made some tests here  
at the hospital. My boy you are  
Ralph, what a big boy you are  
now! A whole year old, I'd love  
to have seen you down and

your candle.  
Bernie is calling for her names -  
she can't let us know do you ~~know~~  
now. Just just wait a year!

With love to you - (Kalinogel)  
(the African greeting) (Kalinogel)

Love and prayers for you all - as  
all as a family,

Betty

Missao de Eunjei  
Galangue, via Nova Lisboa  
Portuguese West Africa

Dearest Mother,

Seems to me that it's about time that I wrote to you once more. We reached our new home on the 12th, about 4:30 in the afternoon. Since then we've been right out straight trying to acquaint ourselves with some of the life of the station.

We were greeted by a few young people only, because we had been expected to arrive earlier in the day than we did. There had been a good number waiting for us at noon time, but because it had gotten to be so late in the day, the larger share of them had returned to their houses. However, the next day, Saturday, we were welcomed by a church full. The people came to the house in a body, then formed a double line in front of the house. We passed from the tail end of the line to the head through the center of the line. The pastor walked with us then as our escort and we went on over to the church.

Here I'll tell you that the church is the assembly room of the school. This station does not yet have a church building. Perhaps we shall be the ones to build the church building. In the meantime the church meets in the schoolhouse.

After reaching the schoolhouse assembly room we were seated on the platform and treated to some native music, played on native instruments, thumb harp, two different size gourds, and a basket of reed which was played by pushing a stick down across the ribs. I hope that I got some colored pictures of the players and their instruments. Part of the entertainment also consisted of native songs. We thoroughly enjoyed the welcome, and when it came time for me to get up and make my little speech, telling people how happy we were to have come to them at last, I was able to say it in all sincerity. Needless to say, we haven't learned all of the words as yet, but I got along passing well. Our teacher during the past year came down with us from Chissamba, and sat in the seat with us on the platform. She praised me for my having learned sufficient to thank the people and to greet them in their tongue. We were happy to think that we understood a good part of what was being said about us.

We're now busy with making some repairs on the house in which we are to live but in which we haven't been able to get a meal yet because the kitchen hasn't been put in order. We decided to fix up the kitchen and dining room first, along with the water system. The Board allots money for the purpose of house repair and we are trying to make it stretch as far as money will stretch.

We are all just fine. Max left yesterday to spend a week at Bondi at a Pastor's retreat. His first experience "camping out" in Africa. They will sleep in grass houses. Susan weighs 11 lbs. 9 oz. at 3 mos. Eat everything including onions and she loves it. I'm getting fat but

Aug 1949

Don't forget to give Ralph a fly by for us! Love to all five of yours

Don't know are in seventh heaven. I'm a girl instead of a boy, we didn't have to decide.

✓  
14 de Agosto, 1949

Dear Folk all,

I just learned that our one mail  
box must leave tonight! We had  
a grand welcome here at Salangue.  
We were excited to the church by the  
entire congregation. They gave us a  
program of Christian songs accompanied  
by African musical instruments.  
Then a devotional service. The ac-  
tivity of the church welcomed us and  
myself's responded. Sunday the next day  
I met preached. He did extremely well  
and even the appreciation of his language  
stander for his time of spiritual growth.  
I understand. Today he has traveled  
twenty miles into Salangue to pay  
his respects to the state. He will  
be back here in a few days.  
The building here are the  
best of any of the stations, I think.  
Our house is lovely with a  
fine bathroom, hot cold running  
water, four bedrooms, a big  
living room and broad veranda.  
The people here speak much better  
than any I have seen before.  
To say the least, the people here

would have continuously wondered  
they to receive lots of good food.  
I mean the food has been good  
largely every day. Caught and make  
corny cooking. - takes and even oil  
and change price with a smile  
and is good as pie until just a  
few minutes before feeding time.  
Then through the place I am still  
going for plenty of milk.  
John & Ben and I walked with  
the place here. You know, as  
the place is very - perhaps not of them  
and they think he is all right! He is  
top and so is the best in the  
we have orange, grapefruit and  
muscovado trees in our yard. - to  
I should that I have yet to learn  
about - as a young man - the name  
some of the things into the house.  
There is also a lot of spring at the  
same time. The house is very  
facing to the ground and green  
leaves are appearing on the trees.  
The fields are gorgeous with  
purple, red, yellow, green  
& green. I am in it.  
Lots of love & respect  
Betty & all