

September 27, 1949

Dear Edith,

I just had a letter from Eleanor and she said you were in Rhode Island having your vacation, now. I had all to remind you you have a room and a bed here and the bathroom is functioning at present. The same hand finally began so I guess it will continue.

Like the trouble we are getting settled and organized but it really is hell here and I'll be sure some small hope.

Since we are still getting fat and more of a know-it-all

but I am afraid that that is the main thing that goes through Bela's mind in the middle of the night. I was thinking that it might go at a decent hour and that you might be interested in coming, too. Anyway if you could ~~be~~ help to spend part of your vacation here and there is any way we could assist in the transportation - speak!

This letter sounds as if

I'm slightly crazy but may be I am slightly. I'm in an awful shock. Mark is leaving Fri. 10 and as I think you'll get it before Christmas.

Love

and a smile from Edith

than ever. Is she ever a good baby! Bertha says she is spoiling her. I treat her like a step child.

My milk dried up and I have had to wean her. I was worried that she would get diarrhoea but instead she was constipated so she ate porridge and prunes now and sleeps from 5:30 at night until 5 in the morning. She has a tooth and has a grand time playing with her feet.

The boys are well and are the best of us. May preached last Sunday. Next Sunday Pastor Hila will be here to preach.

It is an Omen Sunday and Susan is being baptised.

May is meeting Pastor Hila in Nova Lisboa Saturday.

Memorial Day

Dear Mrs. Olive, Francis, Ruby, Ralph

What fun we had Saturday.
The day before our anniversary!
Your package arrived. The
boys went wild over their books
socks and cut outs. Mym and
Mad were happy with their
beautiful and cute cards.
And the Pussy Willows! Oh those
Pussy Willows. The coffee station force
nearly has enjoyed them! Mym
you sure are a genius. Your
packages remind me of my mother's
when I was away at school.

Well Mym let all the signs
mad will add a note to this
letter before it goes telling you
that Susan Wapdet or good
Snowman has arrived.
You about need Snowman
that about the kind of cake I'll

get. There are two nurses, the famous
Dr. Strangway and Lillian Clark, who
is a licensed midwife, all ready
to lend a hand. They have a room
at the ladies house all prepared for
me. The baby already has "three good
sweaters, two blankets, a lovely
knit shawl, two new nighties,
a bonnet, two pairs of booties,
and a rubber sheet. I'll be rid new
things made or ordered from America
by various missionaries.

Tommy & Kessie have a new
metal cart that came out with
doctor Strangway. It has even more
fascination for them even than
their bicycles. This morning with
seven attractive little girls to choose
from, they were quarreling over
who was to haul Mary Henderson
in the new cart. Isn't that
just typical of the males?

Liked my cable kids card

Ken and Tom want to say "Thank
you" for the pictures she drew
for them too. They have taken
! awfully good care of the crayons.
The pictures you sent are won-
derful. They came while I was
so drowsily awaiting the arrival of
the package: so I just got to see
them. The second package arrived
the twenty eighth. Wasn't that perfect?
I was awfully pleased with the
beauties for Tom & Ken.
Thanks so much to you and to
every one who helped with the
pictures.

Love, Betty

Still, Mother & Olive,

Yes, it is Susan Maude, and
what a baby. You'd like the way she
cries, mother. real heartily lustily, from

the moment she made her appearance. What a thrilling moment and how grateful we are to the giver of life.

I was in at the birth Betty had only a tiny whiff of chloroform to give her a brief respite. She knew when Susan came and is so very happy that now there is a girl in the family. We are truly blessed. Weight of Susan, 7 pounds, 8 ounces. Don't know her length yet. Betty was in hard labor about an hour. Birth was very easy. Head first and slipped right out. Susan immediately began crying. Born at 3:49 pm African, Angolan that is, times on 10:49 a.m. your E.D.S.T.

I haven't any pictures yet, but shall certainly take some tomorrow. I thought it very thoughtful of you to send the pictures taken in January. Not much of a winter here. But gets colder good night, all and our love and may God bless you. Mackie

Memorial Day

Dear Mum, Olive, Frances, Ruby, Ralph,

What fun we had Saturday, the day before our anniversary! Your package arrived. The boys went wild over their books, socks, and cut outs. Mum and Dad were happy with their beautiful and cute cards. And the Pussy Willows! Oh those Pussy Willows. Everyone has enjoyed them! Mum you sure are a genius. Your packages remind me of my mother's when I was away at school.

Well Mum by all the signs Max will add a note to this letter before it goes telling you that Susan Maude or Joel Snowman has arrived. You don't need to worry a bit about the kind of care I'll get. There are two nurses, the famous Dr. Strangway and Lillian Steed, who is a licensed midwife, all ready to lend a hand. They have a room at the ladies house all prepared for me. The baby already has three wool sweaters, two blankets, a lovely knit shawl, two new nighties, a bonnet, two pairs of booties, and a rubber sheet. All brand new things made or ordered from America by various missionaries.

Tommie and Kennie have a new metal cart that came out with Doctor Strangway. It has even more fascination for them even than their bicycles. This morning with seven attractive little girls to choose from they were quarreling over who was to have Nancy Henderson in the new cart. Isn't that just typical of the male sex?

Ken and Tom want to say "Thank you" for the picture she drew for them too. They have taken awfully good care of the crayons. The pictures you sent are wonderful. They came while I was in Dondi awaiting the arrival of Dr. Strangway. So I just got to see them. The second package arrived the twenty eighth. Wasn't that perfect? I was awfully pleased with the beatitudes for Tom and Ken.

Thanks so much to you and to everyone who helped with the pictures.

Love, Betty

Will, Mother, and Olive,

Yes, it is Susan Maude, and what a baby. You'd like the way she cries, Mother real lustily, from the moment she made her appearance. What a thrilling moment and how grateful we are to the Giver of Life.

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I haven't any pictures yet, but shall certainly take some tomorrow. We thought it very thoughtful of you to send the pictures taken in January. Not much of a winter huh? Ours gets colder.

Good night, all and our love and may God bless you, Mackie

Dear Folks all

December 29, 1949

After all my struggling, we arrived at the post office just a few minutes too late to get your letter mailed in time to catch the plane so you would get it before Christmas. In a few months our mail service should be better. A big truck with a caboose to carry passengers is going to make the trip from Nova Lisboa to ~~all~~ the Kunyama country twice a month. It will bring and take our mail. Just as soon as they get business enough they will go once a week. As they are passing through the mission, it will be a great help.

Kennie has lost his first tooth. Is he proud. In fact he has lost two of them and a new one is growing in. This is quite an accomplishment. Tommie is growing up. He is cute as the dickens. He picks my best flowers and carries them to Aunt Bertha. Both boys were tickled pink with their big box of crayons. "These have colors we've never had before" they exclaimed. They have acquired the idea that Grammie is the source of everything they want. When something isn't forthcoming immediately they say "Let's ask Grammie to send it. One day they regaled some one with such tall stories as "Grammie has an airplane. - when we go to America to see Grammie, Grammie will meet us with a train. Just yesterday I produced the last two lollypops at Tommie's request. Kenzie at first thought he wanted to save his for next Christmas then he said "Oh I guess I want it now. Let's ask Grammie to give us some ~~more~~ more for next Christmas. Probably she will." But don't worry Mum. We are teaching them that lollypops and such don't grow on trees even in America. That the reason people in America have so much more is that they work hard for them.

Susan is just blossoming out. She said Mummy once and Mama twice yesterday. So plain that everybody ~~was~~ gasped. She took great interest in ~~is~~ her tinker toy doll, rubber teething ring & plastic swan. Right now she is sitting in her playpen that the Tuckers brought - scolding about something. Max is getting ready to go to Dondo to some meeting about Dr. Tucker. He has been asked to come to Lisbon to represent (Dr. Tucker) the protestant churches there and the meeting is to see whether we will release him here. Week of Prayer begins in just two weeks now and there's a lot of work to be done before that. Max will be preaching, holding communion etc. just after he is

going on another village trip. In February we are all going to Oondi for a literacy conference with Dr. Saubach. This is a thrilling event. Ten of our deacons + deaconesses will be taught the Saubach method of teaching illiterates to read in seven lessons. They'll return to the villages and teach. As Dr. Saubach's slogan is "Each one Teach One". and the teaching is accompanied with witness stones for Christ. we are hoping for a wonderful spiritual revolution. Sue is calling for some banana or something. Love Betty & all of us.
God be with you

Keep

Keep

2 got the letter from the bunny. I haven't had time to
old Codger & the sweet young write a proper answer yet

Calangue, December 12, 1949

Dear Mum, Olive, Ruby, Francis and Ralph,

Well, now I know that you will think you are crazy. But this time it is not my fault. I didn't have any regular mail envelopes so as Max was going to Nova Lisboa I gave him Ki's letter for which to buy an envelope. He intended to write a letter to you after he got there. Poor feller he had a multitude of things to do and didn't realize what he had done for some time and then it was too late to remedy it.

Mum, last Saturday we invited all the deacons and deaconesses from our outstation to tea. They had come to the mission for the weekend. It was an "OMESA" WEEKEND. Omesa is the Umbundu word for table and is what they use for the Lord's Supper. Meetings begin Thursday night and are held three times daily through Sunday. Following the worship service they have an "Enjango", (business meeting). We had the tea at four thirty in the afternoon. One deacon had walked about fifty miles to get here. During the dry season they walk much, much farther to come. First we served coffee and doughnuts.

Then Max got out his viewer and some slides taken of our reception here and of scenes around the mission. Most of them had never seen any thing like it before and they just went wild. Then he played some Christmas music on the gramophone. Just before it was time for them to leave we passed each one one of those wonderful pictures that you sent. I had mounted each one a piece of colored construction paper that had come from Everett Church two years ago while we were still in Lisbon. Oh mum, oh mum, if only you and all the people in Strongsville could have been here. Bertha says, "They will never forget this Christmas". These men and women are intelligent, poised, sincere Christians. They dress like you and I with the best that they can afford. They keep their houses clean. They don't have stoves so that the walls are usually dark with smoke. Sam Cole has an idea for a brick lined stove that will be within their pocket book. So maybe in the future this may be remedied. How they love pictures! They exclaimed! They laughed. They showed them too each other. They kept Bertha and Max busy explaining them. When I was writing every one for pictures last year Max was only halfway enthusiastic. He was so busy learning Umbundu that he didn't have time to get acquainted with the house boys as I did. It was from them and their children that I discovered how much they love pictures. Now Max has just returned from a five day camping trip to the villages. He is telling me! When I asked him about a certain Christmas card: "Do you think they would enjoy this one?" He replied: "If you had seen some of the things I have seen on the walls of their houses you would know how much!" In one house I did see some pages taken from a Portuguese picture sheet hanging on the walls. The pictures were of tanks being used in the last war.

Susan is growing like a weed. She sure is spoiling me. When she is really hungry or her pants are really wet she cries. The rest of the time she squeals and giggles and sleeps. She still has only two teeth but she eats strained solids like a horse. They are somewhat more work to prepare than when I could buy them out of a jar at home. She can sit alone, pulls hair, holds her bottle and looks like a baby in an advertisement.

Kenny has finished the first preprimer and got a hundred per cent on the test at the end of the book. He had to recognise seventeen words. I am not pushing him any. I am just letting him set his own pace. He will be well prepared for the first grade next year without any undue strain. Old Tommie tries to imitate him but he is not ready yet to settle down for real school. When the boy goes to the river to wash Susan's clothes the boys go with him and they bring me back armfuls of wild glads and Christmas lilies.

Tommie's Christmas present arrived. Both boys were thrilled with the coloring books. The coat hanger was from Olive to Susan wasn't it? A very useful article here because we don't have many drawers to keep things in. Tommie's card was awfully cute. The Three Little Pigs is one of Tommy's favorite stories.

The bunny certainly came in the other package. Susan likes it a lot. She plays with it a lot more than the boys ever did with their stuffed animals. I don't know why I missed up mentioning it before.

The roses are in bloom now. How exquisite they are! I have hundred's of dollars worth in my garden. When I finished decorating the church last week I wished I could share them with you all.

Max bought me some cloth for a new dress for my birthday. I just had it made up by one of our Christians who is a tailor. It cost less than forty cents; and is beautifully made. He really does lovely work.

You may bring or send this book after awhile let me read it but there are some more here that want to read it. Mother

We thought of you all on Thanksgiving day. We celebrated the Saturday before. the Shaad's were here from the Methodist Mission at Malange. That is about eight hundred miles from here. They sailed from New York with us on The Nea Hellas and were in our language class in Lisbon. He is an Agricultural missionary and came here to see Sam Coles work. We had roast chicken, green peas, sweetpotatoe pie, raw cabbage and tomatoe salad and lemon pie and coffee. The Shaad's have two children. One, a little girl three years old and a boy eight months born here in the colony. Five of us couples that were in Lisbon together each have a new baby. Kl enderson wanted one but lost it at two months. Something happened and it hadn't developed right. Just before she sailed from America both she and Larry discovered that they were enemic. Maybe her health had something to do with it. They both had blood tests recently and discovered that they are all O. K. So I guess they are going to try again.

Now for Christmas ! Max and I are busy rehearsing the girls for their Christmas play. Max is working on the music and I on the drama. What an improvement in their music after Max had worked with them a bit. Bertha is helping the boys. Saturday night they will perform. (This week) On Monday I will give them all a Christmas picture, thanks to you, Beryl, and Becky Schoonmaker. Then home to their village. And the rest of the week we can devote some time to our own Christmas celebration. The Tommy Tuckers are coming from Dondi. They have a girl seven and a boy who will be three the Saturday before. So the boys are pretty excited. We have some lollypops that Betty Winship sent recently, some balloons that Doctor Strangway gave us when we left Chissamba, the jumbo boxes of Crayons that you sent, and a bell each for their bicycles. Max is going to make them each a boat and I'll make them each a pair of pyjamas. Enough material was left from my dress to make Susan a dress and sunbonnet to match. I think that they should have a pretty good Christmas. Oh yes. and dad sent some money so I guess we'll buy them a couple of little plastic cars in Nova Lisboa. They asked for them in their letter to Santa Claus.

We'll make a tree with some cedar branches. and put candles in the windows. Tuesday after Christmas Bertha and I will have a party for all the teachers, nurses the pastor's and other leadres children who live here on the station. Their parents will get the last of those large pictures that you sent.

We are going to serve meat sandwiches cookies and lemonade for desert. Ther will be a Christmas tree and the parent's will bring presents for their children.

I guess I have talked myself out. Merry Christmas to you all and may GOD BLESS YOU EVERYONE.

Betty
K K K

KEN NETH

Edith got your letter and read it half through before she caught on. May had to shake a sudden trip to Dondi so she got her visit a little less.

Dearest Mother,

Little by little we're becoming acquainted with the work here, but we're going to have our hands full. However, after Christmas, which isn't as full ^{proper Christmas season} for us this year as other years, but is plenty busy, we're going to be more faithful writing letters. Sorry about the ~~eng~~ mistake the other day. Love, Ingo.