

Apr 3, 1957

Dear Myndall,

We have notices that two more boxes from Maine are at the ~~hospital~~ post office. The contents of your Christmas box are just wonderful. When Patty was convalescing from mumps & pulled out the "wife off color books". The girls are enchanted. It is real fine now I don't know how the hands of the clock can go so fast and I accomplish so little in the meantime. We are all well. We think of you and as soon as the contractor (magical) finishes his construction job, we'll have a more quiet peace & time to write. We got a letter from Mother & from Olive today.

Love
hugs & kisses
XXOO
Betty

Mission Evangélica de Bailundo
December 11, 1954

Dearest Mother and Olive,

Once again a letter to you both. Christmas is coming and we're busy now preparing for the programs on Christmas Sunday, Christmas Day and so on. This letter should reach you before Christmas. Maybe we'd better send our greetings now, but we certainly intend to get another off before the end of the coming week.

On Thursday next, the 16th, we go to Mondé, taking all the family if everyone is well, to get Tommy and Tommy. The vasaals were with us for Thanksgiving and what a rousing good time we all had. They came with the family with whom Tommy has been staying this year for the school term and brought another guest with them. We needed the new rooms we added inside the house. Susie and Betty were happy to see their brothers and to have the company. We all went for a picnic on Bailundo Mountain for our Thanksgiving feast, without turkey. We had beans and a bit of chicken. Turkeys are hard to find here. We thought of you and wondered if the Pillsworth would be up or you go down. Well, tell Ralph that we would like to see and hear him again. He must be really growing up now you tell him. Everybody is growing up, except Daddy. He's growing grey. Well, when he loses his hair, it won't make any difference whether he's grey or brown. We'll get you heights, weights, etc., on the children in the next. Just how I must hurry to finish this letter off and to go to the bathroom door, where the kids' heights are as of Thanksgiving day is going to take a minute. I'll go after and jot down to have ready for the next. I do remember that Patsy, though, has grown about a foot for every one of her three years. What a character she is!

Well, a bit about Patsy anyhow. She's a mimic but also with an independent streak in her thinking and actions. She can say her Ra and she very frequently does in the Umbundu way. "Daddy, let's go across the bridge," she said yesterday when we were going for a ride on the bike. The other night she played that she was a "flog" and hooped around just like one. "I'm going to put on mine blues", she told Mummy the other morning when her mother told her to go dress herself. Comical. But when she howls, ow-w-w. How she can howl! Susie is worse, but she feels it, whereas Patsy puts it on. Betty said today that Patsy was certainly the baby to end babies with. She's real fun just the same.

Susie's sick today and doing some howling because of it. She has been growing into a very nice little girl these past two or three weeks but with a fever and sore throat she's upset and goes off with very little provocation. She's better than she was this morning, but it looks like one more night.

Well, love from us all. Next week the boys will write from here. Lots of hugs and kisses around and the Father of our Lord born this happy Christmas time watch over you.

Archie
P. S. Bethron working nicely.

January 18, 1958
Dear Papa, all & you.

Thank you all for all your cards.
I mean I loved & enjoyed them that we
got all the boxes. There were several fine
draws that fitted me perfectly - that of Fanny
is a racket?

We had a lovely Christmas but here
hardly had time to sleep since then.
The child who you liked and the
children and their two children with
whom the boys live in blonde came
Christmas morning and stayed over.
Sunday Margaret Child raised turkeys
she brought one all cooked with her
so we had a feast with candied sweet
potatoes, prunes, garden and lemon pie
for dessert. Christmas morning Tommy &
Venny were sleep in the Christmas play.

The following Sunday, Sunday was a sleep in
the children's Christmas play. She loved
it. We decorated a Christmas tree with
hard candies wrapped in colored papers,
after the play they were given to all the
children. Sunday night got as big a thrill out
of getting these with all their fine friends
as they did out of their gift at home.

After New Year's the boys went back to school
and Charles Brown and the two little girls
went to school for two weeks.

After a couple of weeks at school
the boys helped to make a week of the year
with all the children. Christmas is at the
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(continued)

I hope we get the ^{continued from Jan 1895} pictures of the family & of the children off to you just as soon as May gets back from Canada. He has only had time to print a sample of each so far. Soon after his return, he goes to Canada to take pictures that will illustrate the life of Caspar Linder the first pastor of church here living and who is still alive. May has made a recording of the story of his life, told in his own words.

We are having a dry spell now. If we don't get rain soon all the corn & beans will be ruined and there will be real hunger among the people next year. One of the boys got the children some good clay. It is black as ink but handles well. Lucy & Patsy are having fun with it but am I glad we have a bathtub and plenty of hot water. Ralph, I am glad to hear that you are growing up to be such a fine boy. Won't you and your cousins have fun together the next time we come home. Keep on studying hard while you are building snowmen here. Your cousins are going swimming and banquets down here below the equator. I guess I've written enough. Love to you all.

Missão Evangélica do Bailundo
February 16, 1955

Dear Mum, Olive, Ruby, Francis and Ralph,

It really is hard to envision snow and ice these days. It is hotter than usual for this time of year here. We haven't had any rain for three weeks. Every thing is turning brown and the flowers are drying up. We have started our garden down by the river where there is water to irrigate. This afternoon all the women that live near enough to the mission are coming in to talk about their gardens and to hear the agriculturist explain the best kinds of vegetables to grow in their river gardens to take the place of the corn that has dried up in their fields. The people here will not have any money crop this year.

Tommy and Kenny write cheerful letters from school. We are planning to go to Dondi next month to see them. Kenny got behind in his arithmetic but I hear that he has caught up. Tommy keeps a diary. The pages of it that I have read are very interesting.

Susy has begun her kindergarten work. She learns quite quickly. She has more patience to finish a project once begun than either of the boys has. Patty is the song bird of the family. She generally awakens singing and then sings herself to sleep at night. Right now she is sitting at the piano singing "Polly Put the Kettle On". She can find all her favorites in the Golden Song Book by looking at the pictures at the top of the pages. She is learning to pronounce her R's instead of calling them L's. But she rolls them. She really should make quite a linguist.

The older boys and girls have all gone to Dondi either to Means School for girls or to Currie Institute for boys. We had four boys and one girl working for us during the holidays to earn their school fees. They were very fine young people and we do miss them very much. When they have finished their course at Dondi they will come back to teach or be farmers or mechanics. Two of the boys helped Max put a water system into one of the houses here.

In May we are expecting about two hundred people here to celebrate the seventy fifth anniversary of the founding of the mission in Angola. Fran Markham and I are going to take care of the children. She is going to feed the baby food group. I will feed the rest. Harriet will take charge of feeding the adults. We will turn the school rooms into dormitories. Every one will have to bring his own camp cot to sleep on.

We are planting extra vegetables so we can find food. Fortunately we are only a few miles from the village so that we can buy meat and canned fish.

I don't know when we will have a vacation this year. We expect the Okumas back in July. So probably we will rest after that. The Okumas are in Auburndale now at Walker home.

Ralph wrote you a letter last week I hope that you have it now. We were looking at pictures the other night. Max showed the ones he took at the farm. Remember us on the pile of hay. Ruby, Olive I am looking forward to that box of clothes. My wardrobe is getting kind of thin again. Every time a girl goes away to school, it diminishes. Every time some one who has a refrigerator offers us ice cream I think of the feasts that we had during our furlough. Remember how we bought it by the quart, Francis?

Mum Susy is still wearing the rust colored suit you made for her. It looks a new as it did in Auburndale, too.

I guess it is time to quit. Love, God be with you all.

Patty, Ralph and Susy

Missed Evangelical de Bailundo, Feb. 18, 1935

Dearest Mother,

Betty has been doing most of the writing since the first of the year. I shall write a bit to you now about what and how we are doing in Bailundo.

Last week I came back on Thursday from a field trip of taking pictures, although I did a good bit of pastoral work, too, since one cannot very well avoid being in contact with the people if he is in their villages. We took pictures to illustrate the story of the beginning of a very important work at the very beginning of the mission of all the missionary work in Angola. We have with us on the station the old man who began the work. In 1881 the first missionaries came here at Bailundo among the first Piaromverts a young man named Abrao Gulu (Abraham Gulu), who went with the first Canadian missionary to help initiate the work at the place where we first studied language, at Chissamba. After serving about three years as a Chissamba man with Dr. Walter Currie of the Canadian mission, Gulu wanted to come back to Bailundo. Currie gave him a letter, stating what Gulu's desires were, and perhaps what Currie thought on the matter were, too. Gulu on his way back to Bailundo came through a place called Sacanjimba, where an American Board missionary, Thomas Woodside, was building for a mission. Whether Currie's letter contained some thought that Woodside might influence to work in the area not yet touched near Sacanjimba, which lies between Chissamba and Bailundo, I don't know, but according to Gulu, he was influenced by Woodside to stop beyond Sacanjimba in a place near the village of an Oaimbundu King, whose son was with Gulu, and near where Gulu's brother, one of them, lived. There we took pictures. It was an important work, opening up a wide area of land and is still the strongest area of work which Bailundo has. I wanted to do the story of the work Gulu initiated there, whether the idea was original with Currie, or Woodside, or Gulu, to show a pioneer at work among his fellow Africans. This year in May we are celebrating the 75th anniversary of the arrival of the first missionaries at the coast, Benguela. Robin Markham, whose father was a medical doctor here some years ago, and who is also an amateur photographer, went along, too. We must have taken between us some 150 shots, about two thirds in color. Not very many as stories go, but we hope enough to give us the story in such form as to appeal to our folk.

Speaking of pictures reminds me that we, or I at least, have not thanked Olive for that wonderful shot of Ralph with the men who were so kind as to take him fishing. Nice going, sis. I hope that mine for my story turn out any where near as well.

And thank you, Mother, for the birthday gift. I believe that I used it to have two rolls of film. Kitchener, of the story sent back from Rochester by air mail, since I'm in a great hurry to get them in order for the May meeting.

Well, Ralph would keep a minister busy, sure enough. I'd feel a bit embarrassed in truth to give him an answer. It would not be adequate, at least to my way of thinking, even though it might satisfy him. That's where faith comes in. Isn't it, Paul, Mom?

We need to have faith now because of lack of rain. We fear many people will die of hunger here this year, but we pray God's help. Will you pray for us, too. Love and a fond hug, *Gracie*

you should need care - purchases
for the hospital & will
let you know & line Thank March 18, '95
for thinking of it. I think you have enough
news & other notes on the way. (cont.)

First let me correct my error of
furlough date. Our furlough year is
1908. I am always making mistakes
in writing. That is the reason you don't
get more letters from me. When I am tired
I can't write straight and even when I
read the letters I don't see the mistakes.
I made the same mistake in writing
a letter to the pastor of one of the churches
that supports us. Please forgive me.
You will be as glad as we to know
that the rains have come back. The
people have lost their corn crops but
they can grow plenty of food in their rear
gardens now. Sweet potatoes, white potatoes
peas, mints, all kinds of green & yellow vege-
tables are good fodder. This drought
which has just now ended may help to
teach the Africans that corn is not the
only food even better than all the
crops we prepare.

We have a very fine agricultural
here and he is holding special classes
for the women showing them how to grow
these vegetables. They come with their
horses and are eagerly catching on. Our
own garden looks wonderful now.
Thanks to the efforts of our grand
gardener we have not once been without
a green vegetable cooked, and a raw
salad for a dinner or a supper.
The fruit this year is the best ever. God provide
it with his wisdom and how green
the trees are now.

March
1955

¹³ While the people will not have to die of hunger, they will not have money to buy more clothes while we only charge them the "duties" and sometimes not that, it will be more than they can afford to any great extent. We usually have to pay from three to four dollars a box in duties. We can take care of the seven or eight boxes already on the way, but I think that will be about all, this year.

Thanks for all your prayers. I know they helped. The first rain fell on the "World Day of Prayer".

It has rained well ever since. We spend a week with the boys in Alorje. I spent a whole day visiting school. The children have a wonderful teacher. I hope she will stay.

My son is busy putting a new canoe on the carrinha top. He goes to Alorje tomorrow to carry the theological students' robes. A special course for them. Love heaps to you all.

A big hug for Ralph - special feature - Lucy is doing very well in kindergarten. The Colverts, Betty is having a lot of fun with shooting.

Bailundo, March 26, 1955

Dearest Mother,

We are now preparing for an annual meeting and celebration of the landing in Benguela 75 years ago this year of the first missionaries to Angola sent out under the American Board. We have houses to clean up, grounds to put in order, orders of food to be placed, bedding to be put in readiness, helpers to instruct about their jobs and innumerable other little details to attend to. Betty is going to have a house full of children here at our house and the house across the way will have some children in it to be taken care of, altho there will be parents in that house. I have the task of setting up the public address system and arranging for audio-visual program set up in the line of the machines to be used. Besides this I am directing the choir here, and am now busy every day with rehearsals. The program begins on May 3rd and goes through until about the 15th of the month.

We are expecting the Okumas back here around the middle of July. Tom has written to us that he would like to have all the orders in his hands by the first of May. They are in Auburndale, living at Walker Home, address 144 Hancock Street. If you would like to send something with them, write to Thomas. M. Okuma. We plan to order some things to come out, but have not sent off the order yet because we don't have the necessary amount of money in hand.

I'm trying to figure out a way to get two more lenses for my Leica. I know where there are two good used lenses for around \$ 35.00 apiece, but as much as I'd like to have them, haven't been able yet to figure things closely enough so that I can say that I can get the lenses and a movie projector which I also want for the work and which costs a fat sum of money. We also need several things for the house to come from the states, but since we much watch that expenditures don't exceed income, we cannot put in our order until next week or the week after.

Our weather has improved considerably. Whereas we still have very little water in our well, we feel sure that we shall have in another few weeks. The rains came again on the World Day of Prayer, both here and in Bela Vista and other sections. We are confident that God answered our prayers. Crops will be short, but we think that there will be enough to go around. The government has begun to distribute some seeds, corn and beans anyhow, and it may be that there will be enough help of this kind to mean assurance of another crop before things get too bad. There were many, many of our people who prayed hard and sincerely to God to relieve them. We heard that the more pagan element carried on as in the past, that one native chief took one man to the Portuguese authorities because the man refused to plead guilty that he had stopped the rains. The chief wanted the man severely punished because he had refused to plead guilty and because he had also refused to let the native population punish him. Anyone with any standing and power was thought by some of the natives I hear to have some power to bring back the rain, in the same voice was accused of course of having been responsible for stopping the rain, for one or another reasons. Well, I didn't stop the rains, but I certainly prayed for their return and asked others to pray.

Love and prayers for you,

Max

Missão Evangélica do Bailundo
Vila Teixeira da Silva, Angola
May 18, 1955

Dearest Mother,

Here we are after annual meeting and the 75th anniversary celebration, still functioning, but not completely rested as yet. We had a glorious time together, altho in Bailundo everyone worked hard in preparation for the coming of the visitors. All the important people were here, including the former Canadian ambassador to Portugal. He came in unexpectedly and stayed in our new guest room. We enjoyed him even tho it was a bit hard on Betty keeping things going anywhere near smoothly, what with seventeen children in the house for meals, and others dropping in for extra cups of coffee.

I'm sorry, mother, not to have gotten off even a card to you for Mother's Day and your birthday. Now that we have a moment to turn around we're going to develop pictures of the children, or rather print, because the negatives have been ready for some time, and send them off to you. I have the paper and all the rest that's necessary for the job in the way of materials. There's a shortage of water for washing the prints afterward, but I think that we'll make it all right.

Kenny and Tommy were home during the festivities; they were part of the 17 of course. What fun! My, how the little guys have grown. When they were here in November, the 26th, Kenny was 4'6 3/4"; he is now 4'8", an inch and a quarter taller. Tommy went from 4'4 3/4" to 4'6 5/8", an increase of 1 5/8". Susan and Patty were measured again and both are taller by 1 7/8"; Susie stands 3'8 3/8" and Patty has gone to 3'1 5/8". How they grow! Tommy is changing quite a bit in his attitudes toward his work and toward his friends. He's more cooperative in every way than Kenny is now. He's also more capable in school. Kenny gets a bit lost in his work. We wish there was something we could do more about it, but we counselled him when he left to go back for the four weeks more of studies they have this school year to get his work done so that he could pass. Otherwise he will have to repeat, which will put both boys in the same grade. Kenny is smart enough to do the work, but as slow as his Dad. Susie is doing the Calvert course I think, tho Betty hasn't had much time since we began the strenuous activity connected with the recent round of festivities. We don't expect her to go to Dondi for another year, unless we ourselves move there. We have expressed a desire to do such a thing, with the hope that we could take charge of the childrens' dormitory and do audio-visual work. There's nothing definite as yet, however.

We're getting ready for dry season work now. June 9 we shall be in Dondi to get the boys. Before then a trip to one of the centers near the mission, lots and lots of office work, letter writing and so on. Then church meeting, annual, and a trip to a new area. Can't put it all in this letter I see, so shall get another off soon.

Lots of love from the whole family, and our prayers, with a big hug and kisses for Mother's Day and your birthday.

Lovingly,
Jackie

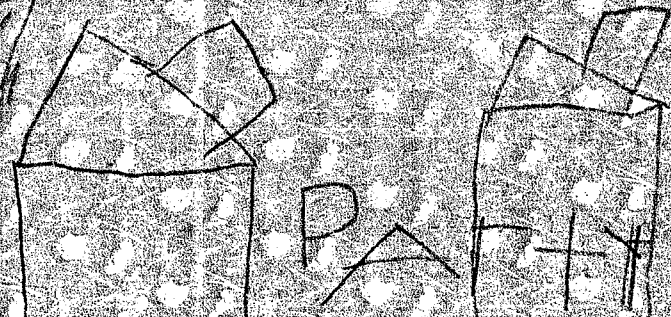
Dear Mum and all of you,
 How the days do roll around. Yes even the years. In
 just two weeks we shall be going to Dondi to get the boys
 for the holidays. Then in six more weeks we shall all be
 moving there. Our address will be: Missao do Dondi
 Bela Vista
 Angola, Portuguese West
 Africa

We received the lovely anniversary card and the two dollars.
 It is so thoughtful and generous of you to always re-
 member. Susan was thrilled to pieces with hers which came
 exactly on her birthday. She has learned to write very well
 just let me get the Woodman's through their final language
 exam and I am going to take time out and help her write some
 letters. She is terribly excited about the dresses Grammie
 is fixing for her. Says she "Isn't Grammie the most best
 of all". She got two dresses for her birthday. She really
 needed them. I made one of them out of an old wool dress
 of mine. Naomi made the other of new pink plaid. She was
 equally thrilled with both. Max left yesterday for a
 seven day trip into Sanga. Patty still draws pictures and
 sings songs.

XOXOXO Lots of love
 Betty

Thank you for
 my dollar and
 Card Love Susan

Patty drew the
 houses & wrote
 her name for you



ALCOBIA DE ANGOLA

July 23, 1955

Dear Mum, all you,

We are having so much company and work that I just can't collect my thoughts long enough to put them on paper. We are all well, now. Mary, Kenny,

Sunny and I were all sick last week. We were out in a village. It was the best thing that could have happened to me, I guess. I was terribly tired. After two miserable days on a camp cot, I felt like new and still do. Myop is off again for five days. In September we are all going to have a vacation together in Lobito. Tommy & Kenny are having a wonderful time playing ball and learning a few things.

The Markham family have finished their Umbundu lessons and are leaving Monday. The Okunmas on Tuesday. The Van Loans tomorrow and the Woodman's in September or October.

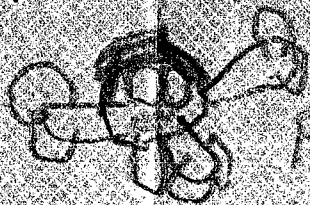
much love to you all
XX OO Love to you all
Betty

Dear Pats

Portland, Oct. 8, 1955

After three weeks vacation I hope I can write something that makes sense. Before our vacation I was just too tired to put on paper anything any one could read. Mum & I got your anniversary card & money. It is so sweet of you to remember anniversaries & birthdays. Tommy & I found our cards & money here when we returned. Thank you heaps. I know you are as busy as we are but you are just smarter that's all. I am going to give Tommy a list of your birthdays. He seems to be the letter writer of the family. We just left the two boys settled happily in the new dormitory with Uncle Robin & Aunt Fran in charge. They are a grand couple and everything points toward a good school year for them. Susan has begun the first grade with Aunt Marion. Katy is also in first grade. They are very happy together. Here is a birthday card to Aunt Olive from Patsy.

Happy birthday to you, Olive, Patsy
We are all well
and ready for
the next year's
work.



We received the
clothes - Max
was thrilled with
the shirts and
have enjoyed
the dresses.

PAT Patsy