

(5)
This morning we had to
bustle to get our things packed
and up on deck for the customs
men. When we stepped from
the gang plank to the dock two
men soon met us and showed
us a handful of mail. One spoke
English about as we spoke
Portuguese. The other only
spoke Portuguese. We saw
our letter and what a wel-
come they gave us. They also
had mail for the other three
missionary families. They
whisked us through Customs
so fast and the officials only
looked into our ~~bags~~ bag.
I opened Mum's letter
and it was just like being
home. What a wonderful
letter to greet anyone!

So far Portugal doesn't seem
much different from a U.S.
seaport. Everyone is friendly!
We know enough of the