

Here where an airplane will leave for America, Monday. Let us know will you if you get it any sooner than the others. Love Betty

Return and we will
copy

Missão de Chissamba
25 de Novembro de 1948
Thanksgiving Day

Dear Folks,

We were planning to get off a letter to you from a different post office, but guess we have failed. Betty is busy trying to help prepare a dinner for the Canadian friends here. I have been studying Umbundu. We have had lessons today, and I have been finding the going a little difficult the past two or three days, so must catch up. However, this is no good excuse for not writing when we have opportunity.

If I get this in the mail, an air mail from a town about fifteen miles from here, and supposedly a better connection, just in case we need one in a hurry, I'll put a mark on the outside of the letter.

Now I'll dash it over to Steed's and see. If it doesn't go today, it will go tomorrow in the regular mail, that is, the one we have been using.

SO SORRY! I didn't make it. Above marks indicate lapse of several hours. We'll see if we can get another chance to send a letter by above-mentioned way. We will let you know when we send a letter by what is supposed to be the quicker mail, and let you be the judges. Take note of how much time is required for this one to come to you. We would guess about seven days.

Now that I'm at it I might as well continue for a bit. The time is now four o'clock in the afternoon. The sun is shining brightly in a lovely blue sky which is filled with clouds promising thunder showers a while ago, but which is now almost clear. Our rains come in the mornings now for the most part. When we arrived we could expect them in the afternoon. Sometimes, we have seen two, there comes an extremely heavy thunder storm in the late afternoon. When such a one comes it lasts for several hours, and afterward the ditches and some planted areas may be well-gouged out and the roads badly rutted in places and on the surface where there aren't ruts there is likely to be a slimy mud. However, after four or five hours the mud disappears and the soil begins to dry and harden again. I don't think I've ever seen mud come so quickly, or leave so soon. We don't expect much of a shower this afternoon, if one comes, and I should expect that we would not get anything after another hour, although the heat just now is oppressive.

Betty and the boys are out now calling somewhere I guess. About half an hour ago Betty finished her lesson and went with the boys to the garden of the Canadian women to pick some greens, spinach and another variety. I saw her come from the garden, and trust that the boys are with her, or on their way to the house.

The children of our three missionary families which are newest here at Chissamba play over a wide area now. At each house there is a sandbox and various kinds of toys, a cart, bicycles, puppies and a kitten, and odds and ends of dishes and clothing. We've discovered that we don't have enough of the right kind of toys for our two, but somehow that we think we can take care of little by little; meanwhile all six of the children have full run of the mission area where the main houses are. Once in a while we lose sight of them, especially during class periods, but usually someone here knows where the youngsters are, or have just been.