

Rua de São João da Mata, 119, 12

Lisboa, Portugal  
27 Outobro 1947

-2-

Dearest Mother,

We missed sending our letter to you last week. We were moving around again, this time from a pensão to a more private house. We are now situated on a second-floor apartment of four rooms, kitchen, bath and maid's room. It is quite ideal we think. And we are sharing with a Canadian family with two small girls. We'll have some pictures later to show you.

Of course change of house means change of address again. But this time we are lots closer to our work. We are within ten minute's walk of our class work, so we don't have to ride the trolleys (carros electricos) any more. And we are close to a garden where the children may play, although we are not just a stone's throw away as we were over at Pensão Laranjo. Also we're in a more quiet section of Lisbon than we have been in before. We hope that we shall be able to stay here until the ship sails for Africa. How long that will be we cannot say, but hope we can remain here until next summer. We shall need all the amount of time that implies and more too for the completion of our study of language, history and customs in Portugal.

You have mentioned the increasingly cooler weather at home in Maine. We are getting some here, too, but not in quite the same way of course. We have not had frosts here yet, although I imagine that once in a while there is a frost here. We have not yet begun to get rains which come in winter. And the days are quite sunny and warm, so that as yet we have not found it necessary to put on the heavy coats which we shall put on later. I'm sure if we stay here during the winter.

Yet there is a curious kind of thing goes on here now, at least curious to our New England eyes. We see flower beds being completely dug over. Flowers which were in bloom are now dead and have been removed from the beds where they were grown. Other flowers have been set out in the place of those now gone. And all through the winter we shall have flowers blossoming around us. It will seem a little strange, although I'm confident that we are all becoming accustomed to many things here.

Over the weekend we saw the sights and listened to the sounds of celebration commemorating the taking of Lisbon from the Moors, the Arabs, in 1147. I was sick so could not see the parade on Saturday morning, but did get out to see the lights on Saturday night and I heard much of the noise of the fireworks display on Sunday night. There are five American ships, destroyers and cruisers, here for one or two days more. Ships and sailors were a part of the celebration of eight hundred years of freedom from the Moors.

When we get together our collection of pictures which show something of the city we can tell you more about the Moorish conquest of the Iberian peninsula and its effect on Spain and Portugal, particularly Portugal. Evidences of it are still in existence in the language and customs and buildings of this land.

Well, I want to get this off to you this morning before I go to class. I have a few more minutes to write. Then I must go to the Centro, take some laundry out to be washed, and go on to class.

Oh, yes, I have word from Mr. Smith of the Treasury Department that arrangements have been made to take care of certain payments from our allowance. By now you will be receiving a little to help out at home I trust. It isn't

much, but it may help to take care of taxes, which are an item in the budget.

It would be nice to see you now and talk over lots of things, how the children are growing, what they say, how they respond to the people here. But perhaps I can put something into this letter.

Tommy was saying his prayers last night and got pretty well through the catalog of relatives I thought, but after I had started for the door after the Amen Tommy said, " Uncle Bill ", and sure enough we had omitted his Uncle Bill. We went all through his prayer again and included several more along with Uncle Bill, which is Betty's brother of course, for Tommy does not know Uncle Bill Moxham very much.

Tommy is growing to be quite a strapping youngster. He just grows and grows. It's a little difficult to keep up with him. A little later we'll send pictures which tell the story about the youngsters, too. We just have not the proper ones to send along now, but will do up a package ~~etc~~ to go by slow mail.

Ah, but I was going to tell you how we are working it here in the apartment. Just a few ~~more~~ more. We are going to have two girls to help with housework and take care of four children. Also we shall have a woman come in several days a week to take care of laundry and the cleaning of the house. ~~This-needs-e~~ Today Maria Alice is with us. She a nice youngster of 18, interested in coming to us, and excellent for care of the children we think. She takes them daily to the park just above us and watches them with care. Besides this she can do dishes and some light housework.

Well, this isn't very much this time, but we can catch up by degrees. I must off to class now.

God be with you at home.  
Love from us all.

Markie

at the well known Cannery  
fish, wine, Calvados self-wound  
Candy, cookies and confections  
fair of almanacs etc. They also  
have tables where you can  
drink wine, tea, or milk, and  
eat pastries. As you come up  
the street you pass on either  
side small shops, a bakery,  
a Brasserie (these are very nice)  
a ~~Brasserie~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~coffee house~~ <sup>coffee house</sup> ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~coffee house~~  
a Chocolatier, Soufflé <sup>oder</sup> Bratwurst  
Caterer and Crackern <sup>gross</sup> Crackern  
Café Cassoulet <sup>oder</sup> Steaks <sup>oder</sup> Assiette  
Café Fourré <sup>oder</sup> Steaks <sup>oder</sup> Assiette  
fish and meat, <sup>oder</sup> Bratwurst <sup>oder</sup> Assiette  
Steaks <sup>oder</sup> Bratwurst <sup>oder</sup> Assiette  
fish and meat, <sup>oder</sup> Bratwurst <sup>oder</sup> Assiette

Prado & Praça do Para 1144°  
Lisbon, Portugal  
November 2, 1947

At last we are organized  
once more. We hope to until  
we meet again to go to Africa.  
Master Peñalva wants us  
to remain here one year, but  
we are not yet sure if  
we shall get permission.  
Our money days are nife  
the possible of this protracted  
time it is necessary to get  
an extension of our visas  
in order to remain longer.

Perhaps most will be interested  
in a description of our new  
Cocatonic. It lies on a hill.  
(It is said that Boston is  
built on eleven hills.) Russell  
says the Cocatonic has a  
most serene, - serene hill! -  
The hill is characterized as one  
"handed over which no bated  
passions" - passions to the  
one early convert. Above  
this the Catholics were  
divided. Some laborers and  
their families became Catholics,  
others not. Some brought and  
lived in the Pugtunus.  
These it seems largely by

Rua de São João da Mata, 119, 1º  
Lisboa, Portugal  
4 Novembro 1947

Dearest Mother and Olive,

Betty has been telling you about " our new home " ( Kenneth's words ).  
What shall I tell you about ?

Well, we're having much cooler weather here now. The daylight hours are warm, about like our Indian Summer, but I thought Hallowe'en night of those nights long ago when you, Mother, used to take us out to join in the festivities. The weather seemed exactly like that in our Maine. I had a little time to spend just looking at the city and the sky before Betty and Lillian ( Steed ) came home from a party which the women had at the home of Senhor Pinto Ribeiro. The moon was bright in the sky, and the sky was clear of clouds, and every time I opened the window to look down the street I could feel a cold breeze strike me, quite like our nights back in America.

We have not had much rain, as yet. I suppose the rains come ~~by~~ a little later. Last week we had two or three days of intermittent rain showers, with clear sky for perhaps several hours, then clouds of some size and an ensuing shower. One day was quite dull and with rain now and then. Last Saturday it was cloudy in the morning, but bright all afternoon and warm.

Saturday we went in the afternoon to Almada, across the Tagus River from Lisbon, to visit with Senhor Holden of the Centro. He lives there in a very old house from which you can see where King Philip of Spain stayed while he was outfitting the Armada which was lately destroyed by the English fleet in the English Channel. That was back in the days when Portugal had a Spanish king and did not like it. As a matter of history, Philip stayed in the house where he carried on operations because the owner of the house where Philip had been accustomed to stay did not like Philip and burned the house and became a monk. Well, I see I did not tell you the beginning of the story. The beginning is that also in the pages of history there is written a letter which Philip sent to a friend in which he says that he could not reside in the palace, really a mansion, which he was accustomed to use but had elected to stay in another place. The truth was that he was forced to stay in the latter place.

We're close to history here. In 1755 there was a tremor de terra, a tremor of the earth, an earthquake in other words, here in Lisbon which wiped out between 5000 and 6000 people when a large church down in the Lower City, just back of where the picture of Tommy was taken, collapsed. Others, seeing what was happening in the city, rushed down to the bank of the River Tagus and were killed in number between 5000 and 6000 when the resulting tidal wave which followed the earthquake ~~came~~ rolling up over the water front. The time of all this was about six minutes. Over in Almada, which is a little distance up the river, the people brought down to the river one of their church saints to stay the coming wall of water. The water did not touch Almada, as it happened. Of course, says Senhor Holden, the river opens into a large bay just below Almada, and the waters spread out when they reached ~~there~~ there, but the people to this day carry the

saitn down to the river on the anniversayr ( My typing is off now ) of the saving of the town, November 1. We saw the procession in part last Saturday afternoon. It was a colorful one, but not quite in keeping with our ideas.

Well. I must go to glass now, so will close with lots of love, and wirte an explanation of what we saw as much as is possible, when I write again. I want to describe the things we saw in more detail.

Love and God guide us all,

*Ma kie*

Leete

21

Prado de Lora de Mata 119.10

Barbosa, Contalde

Porto Alegre, 9. 9. 49

Dear mother and wife,  
We have finished our Sunday dinner. Fossils in private and Fannie is still working. Roy is playing with his camera and the black (was black) is getting the children ready for a walk. It will be a chance for him to be free and so we are planning a vacation together. The intend to take the boat across the river and back to a boat ride in soon as

Hennetts angles.

We are hopeful at the news you letter containing about the rain in Maine. I hope that you have had buckwheat and buckwheat flour and rice rice. I will be worried about you all until we hear that you have had enough rain.

Our rainy season is due to commence here in about a week. So far we have had only a few rainy days mostly the days have been warm and sunny. We are still having thunder and

lecture break from gardenia and  
milk and coffee, hot tea, cabbage  
etc. May and I would meet on  
an excursion yesterday and  
have orange grooving.

Later.

He had our boat trip.  
And took the passengers  
home. It was beautiful.  
There were many boats on  
the river and the smoke  
from the smoke stacks made  
the sun go down a very  
bright red. The sky appeared  
like beautiful in fractals.  
We got on a crowded trolley  
and met with the conductor.

but the poor man could  
make change. He was standing  
inside and pulled out some  
change and passed. May  
had (less than a) twenty centavo piece.  
Give this to him, he said.  
There are Americans aren't  
you." He continued. "I am  
richer than nutmeg butter.  
He had come to Paraguay for  
the single he said. He had  
been in America for thirty-  
five years.  
He received money last  
week that was in  
Lima with me.

"Bullock" something I forget  
her visible name. Right on  
Alice wrote that she was  
admirable. Mississipi, if I am not  
mistaken, and I am not  
and Shirley don't believe  
Portuguese any better  
than the word now  
is good to necessary about  
the same to understand  
the meaning of the  
Portuguese. I am the Portuguese  
of it. I can't. I don't know  
what I am. She is  
surprised at the  
so much and she has  
a good mind though.

7  
The bright. Shiny.

A little. Stone and some  
disks (the whole thing only  
cost 4. Some broken, but  
none first quality like  
what is made here in China)

Foot. 6.

Tuesday  
I am so sorry this didn't  
get finished and mailed  
yesterday. Probably won't  
have it get it until next  
week.

I don't think I have told  
you yet about the people  
who help me. Together  
we pay for four different

8  
I am not going to say  
anything more about it but  
people live poorer and have smaller  
a rich for family. Besides many  
clothes and more and ~~more~~ the best  
clothes. Her husband is in America  
and she wants to save enough money to  
go to Oklahoma during summer  
and probably leave the house. <sup>and</sup> probably  
children will come twice a week to  
visit. The children are Chinese and  
they probably don't have any  
they go out for pleasure here. Once  
off the girls are working for about  
seventy-five days, sewing in a  
semi-dark room, all day. They  
are all Chinese and good to their  
children. It is surprising how much  
hard work the old people are  
and especially the old people. She expect to be  
here until next September, if  
everything continues to go well.