

R.S. Guess this address means Street of St. John of the Woods, but haven't been able to check it yet.

Rua de São João da Mata, 119, 12
Lisboa, Portugal
16 Novembro 1947

(Keep)

Dearest Mother,

Perhaps I can pick up where I left off last week and tell you a bit more about the celebration of the anniversary of the saving of Almada from the tidal wave which followed the tremor de Terra (earthquake) in 1755. We did not see all of it, the celebration, but enough I think to get some idea of it. At least one idea we have in connection with it is that it is observed by some people in much the same way that we would observe the Fourth. There were dozens of rockets being set off over the water very close to the landing place of the ferry which crosses between Lisbon and Almada. Betty and Kenny and I had been visiting at Sr. Holden's house in Almada with some others of the missionaries here and were just getting back to the boat when we saw the activities of the celebration. The celebration had been going on for some time, and the procession of boys and men of the church with the images had traveled up the street we had used going from the boat to Sr. Holden's and had come back by a different route to the wharf. How much farther it went afterward I don't know. It was supposed to go to the bank of the river, but I cannot say whether it did or not because we could not stay to see. The ferry ran on schedule, and we went with the ferry, although we should have liked to see more. We heard the noise of the rockets before we reached the boat landing, as we were returning after tea with the Holdens. When we came within sight of the landing we also saw the procession, which was coming out of another street close to the one we were making our exit from. In front came small boys and banners, then larger boys with an image of the Virgin Mary on their shoulders, then more younger boys and behind them other boys carrying torches. These were followed by older men carrying a large size crucifix. Behind these were older men, probably of the church, and with them the statue, image, of the saint who had protected the inhabitants of Almada in 1755. There was something more than this, but I did not see well what it was. Perhaps I was more engrossed then in looking at the rocket display, for there was a continual roar of the sound of exploding rockets, and a steady flashing of light from them as they swished upward one immediately after the other. Of course to aid to the excitement there would be one of these fiery-tailed bolts very often going wild and landing near the crowd or spewing its multi-colored explosive pills directly over the heads of the onlookers. I was even a little fearful that one would come close enough to the boat to do some damage. Since we had by that time gotten on to the boat I looked with other than a happy eye at the kind of celebration which I saw going on. It did not appeal to me then, and still does not appeal.

Well, with this let me say goodnight and I'll come back to finish this tomorrow morning, because there is not time now (11:30 pm) although it is only about six o'clock back home. I must wake Betty up and get both of us off to bed.

Back again after a day at classes and traveling up and down the town hunting for a potty chair for Tommy, who does not like the toilet seat we have where we are now. The seat is too wide for Tommy to sit on comfortably and he has done some rebelling against using the same. Saturday I was unsuccessful in finding anything that we wanted. Today my success has been a little more, but not good enough. Tomorrow perhaps I will find something I hope that will serve the purpose. The difficulty is to get something practical, made for a boy in the first place, and large enough in the second place. The children in Lisbon don't get to be very big apparently before they outgrow their potty chairs. At least the chairs are small in size.

Have you been looking for pictures. We have not sent them yet. We have not had printed all we want to send, and we shall wait a little while. When we make up the lot, which will come by slow mail, we wish to include in it one of Betty. The reason we have not sent one of Betty before is that we never can seem to get a good one. Perhaps the one we took on Sunday afternoon will turn out well.

Needless to say we did not care to hear much news like that which has come in your last letters. I have taken our map of Maine and marked on it what facts I know about the disaster, which is the very word the Portuguese would use, and shall have a look at it now and then during the years we are away. How terrible that there are people who cannot control themselves but must set fires when conditions are the best for fires. A terrible affliction, and worse for the countless sufferers of the result of the affliction because they are more than unaware - supposing the pyromaniac does not know what he doing quite but may have some inkling - of what is going to happen. By the way, that latter is involved. What I mean to say is that the pyromaniac is afflicted with a disease which must be terrible for the individual who suffers whenever he thinks of fire and wants to build one. But those who are ignorant of the pyromaniac's disease and activity go through the agony of surprise and suspense and the horrors of the fire. I glad you did not have the big fire in Strong. I sorry that so much of Dr. Clarence L. Little's work has been wiped out. It was a tremendous work and most important in these days when cancer takes such a toll of lives. What a lot of destruction down in his section of the state. The fire must have swept a wide area there. I know something about the roads and stretches from town to town. The research laboratory was eight or ten miles from Bar Harbor as I remember it. Of course it is also terrible that so many people lost homes and other possessions which were priceless to them. We wonder about Ralph and Edna Hayward and others whom we know in Machias. By now you will have rain enough I hope to put you somewhat more at ease.

We are aware here of approaching rainy weather, winter weather. Today is warm, but has been cloudy with threatening rain all afternoon. The sun shone for several hours this morning, but did not shine at all during the afternoon. We shall expect to see many cloudy days from now on. Indeed we expect to see several days at a time when the sun does not shine and the rain does fall. We ought to have nice stout umbrellas to take with us, but don't have and as yet are without rubbers for the adults. We do have raincoats, but are told that even when the weather is occasionally fair that rain clouds suddenly appear and rain falls for a while. I guess that this is also good preparation for Africa.

Well, we cannot say how long we'll be here. This week we will know whether the police will extend our visas or not. If they permit us to stay longer, we hope that it will be for a year. That is, we hope that we can stay long enough to go part way through the summer with our studies and then go down the coast to our life work. We need to know the Portuguese language as thoroughly as possible, and a year is not too long a time in which to learn we are informed. We account with this knowledge the other, which is this, that we shall be going from here to learn another new language. What confusion will exist in our minds if we do not have good grounding in this language before we begin the study of Umbundu. The boys will learn readily I think, just as Tommy is picking up Portuguese now and speaking it with the maids and our teachers, those he has seen for any length of time. In another year or two the boys will be telling us many things we don't know probably, although we may be able to get it out of them by dint of persuasion.

Tommy is growing up so fast now. He is talking a blue streak, mimicing the other children as well as Kenny, and then mimicing the older folks too. What a

rascal! And how he likes to play with the record player. We have plenty of trouble keeping him from breaking it up. We enjoy seeing him when he does something the right way, but he does not do everything when he is using the player that he ought to do. However, we have hopes, because he has been improving rapidly the past two or three weeks. He can put the record on quite well, and has not yet broken one. But he always manages to put the adjustment of the timing and the other one of the pick-up, which holds the needle, out of kilter if we leave him alone with the player for three minutes.

He's learning to play pretty well with the other children now, too. And he's getting to hold his own with Kenny. We think that they are going to be growing up in about the proper way. The spacing is about right. But we are convinced that we should not have any more children until we have been in Africa a little while. Then perhaps we have have brother or sister, or even two more, to go with the older boys.

Oh, yes, we have to watch all the children about the matter of fire. We try to keep the match boxes high. We guard again little hands playing with the still warm oil heater, like the one I burned my hand on years ago. We also guard against their playing around the fogão, the little Portuguese made stove. We hope to send you a picture of us kindling the fire. I think I have one now of the stages in the starting process, but the film is not developed yet. I just took it in this afternoon. I said at first that I had never seen such a badly designed outfit, but despite the arduous method of lighting the fire I think now that the stove is all right. But let me tell you how we go about getting the oven ready to bake biscuits.

First, the stove stands perhaps a foot and a half high. And it's about three feet long and a foot and a half wide. The fire box will hold about three small sticks of wood comfortably. It holds about five or six small shovels of coal. Well, we clean out ashes and clinkers left from the previous day. (This is the morning chore you will understand) Then we put into the top of the stove, through the one round hole there on the grate side, the brush which we use as kindling. It is a good kind of kindling I must admit, and we do not have to use coal oil at all now, although we began by using it. Around the brush, which sticks out through the top we pile small pieces of kindling wood, which we have bought from the nearby store. Then we touch a match to the bottom of the whole and, leaving the covers well off, do a bit of fanning with a straw fan. Pretty soon there is a lot of smoke pouring up the chimney hole. When the brush is consumed and the kindling has caught we pile on charcoal and coal until the stuff runs all over the stove. The fan is the next object we grab, for the second turn, and after more fanning we have achieved headway enough so that we can poke the mass down into the fire box. Then it's time to put on more coal. After a little more fanning it may be possible to close the covers and get a clear channel through the smoke pipe to the chimney. In twenty minutes we have a fairly decent fire, if all goes well. Then it will burn nicely, if properly kept, all day. And now I suppose you're going to ask how we can stand the smoke in the room, for must it not be terribly smoky? And the answer is that the chimney is very much open. It's like having a smoke pie run into an open fireplace. The chimney open right into the kitchen. The stove rests on a cement and tile shelf about two feet off the floor, and directly under the chimney. The smoke pipe of the stove runs up into the chimney about four feet and there stops. And despite the seeming clumsiness of it all, it's a good outfit.

But I must stop. Lots of love to you all. More in the next. Hope to hear from you that you are receiving the twenty dollars. God be with you.

Me too
Love
Ozella

Lovingly, Mackil

Rue de São de Paulo 119-1.
Lisbon, Portugal
November 20, 1948

Dear Mother Alice,

We still have a lovely day. I guess Lisbon is during its copy season in warm fall weather. They tell me usually they have a lot of rain in October here. But even today the 2nd of November we have had very little. However we do not have the fire today and that you had in Paris at the time the fire was not made of

wood but of coal a kind of lime. Of course they are finished inside with wood and some have wooden stairs. I hope but they have stone in the kitchen and it is always tiles around them as there is little danger of fire. Two of the coachmen who take these three pairs last February are leaving today for Africa. They had trouble in leaving they have become so fond of the paper with them they love and the city itself. Although there are lots

of things I advise these, I don't want I shall feel like accepting when I leave. Mary and the school have gone to see them off along with a whole lot more of other missionaries. Mary and I take turns doing things like this. The Lord bid to care the children with such a song. We sit at the feet as if it were William and I made some chocolate pudding to give them.

We have been thinking of you right much this day.

Nothing brings me more joy. We have agreed to thank God for our health and unity and family love and so much. I guess it is impossible to live in peace and imagine the conditions of little children in other parts of the world. Those that we had conditions in India are terrible. Much worse than the worst conditions here. Don't come telling me I never dreamed that people lived as I have seen since I came here. Can you picture a family with children living in a city where they can't grow as much as wheat and where

Food is only slightly less than
American during and thrifly as that
three dollars a month?

Apr. 24, 1947

Along good intention to get
two letters a week up to
you are full by the way
Apr. 27, 1947

I expect the table is growing
with food

Apr 30, 1947

I guess I had better sign
this letter up and make
sure it gets mailed.

But just you remember
the other American Board

Tuesday morning
Nov. 1.

couple who are going to
Angola? The Larry Henderson's.
They are just island people.
We met them and the
Mr. Stellan a week ago Sunday
morning. We took them to a
peasant hotel as apartment
could be found for them. Already
they built one for more with
some Tuesday.
Yesterday was a cold and
damp day so we had
dinner here in the morning
Ray and I ~~went to~~ played
Sunday school with the
Rev. Chudman and the rest
went to church.

Next Sunday I was other-
wise so likewise.

A week ago Sunday we
had a grand couple for church,
two - Professor and Mrs.
Lawrence of Beirut Lebanon.
He is dean of the theological
seminary there. They were
aboard the New York and
wanted to come ashore and
go to church and see some
thing of interest.

Today is a holiday, here.
It celebrates the liberation of
Portugal from Spain after
having been ruled by that
country for eighty years.

I was hearing to-morrow that
his prayers the other night and
after the "Lesson I lay me" before
I had a chance to open my
mouth and tell him what
I thought he said. "God bless
Lazarus".

The anti-slavery again today
we are certainly fortunate in
having among us that
I guess I had better sign it
and write some more letters.

Love
Wm. L. Allen

*This is a letter from my
brother*

*returning your gift. The gift you gave
for people like to see the red*

Rua de São João da Mata, 119, 1^a
Lisboa, Portugal
8 Dezembro 1947

Dearest Mother,

This letter will be short and I shall not speak of more than one of the things which have been of interest to us so far in Portugal, that is, outside of those which I have already written about to you at home.

Betty and I are just finishing our Christmas letter, which will be sent out to our friends from Boston in mimeographed copies because we cannot do the necessary amount of writing here by means of the typewriter. You and Olive will both receive copies, and our few more intimate friends in Maine will also receive copies. We have told just a little bit about what we have learned of the Christmas season customs of Lisbon. As yet we don't know which of these is observed generally over all of Portugal. Perhaps only one, perhaps all, although we must learn this slowly, little by little. We learned to day, for instance, that one dish we speak of as being eaten in Lisbon has its origin in the north of Portugal and is not as generally eaten in Lisbon as we supposed. But more of this a little later when we are more certain about how many people here eat turkey and how many a Down East codfish dish on Christmas Day.

By the way, we have not had our Thanksgiving dinner yet. We are planning to have a get-together of the families in our school on Christmas and to celebrate then the two holidays. Of this event I shall try to get some pictures in color and in black and white. Then perhaps you can see something of the kind of food we have, and the way in which we set up table here in Lisbon.

One thing that we shall miss here is snow for Christmas. No white Christmas for us unless Portugal experiences what few people here have seen more than once or twice in their lives if at all. One of our teachers tells us that he has seen snow twice in his life, and he is over sixty years of age. Snow falls in the high mountains to the north, but not in Lisbon, except on very rare occasions. We do not expect to see it this year. The weather today is very mild. Early this morning it was cool, about like early September in Strong. I can't tell you the temperature because I have not checked with the thermometer, but I could see the vapor from my mouth this morning when I went after *patróleo* (kerosene) for our Perfection Heater. And while we have nights cold enough to make two blankets necessary in our unheated house we find this climate quite unlike what we are accustomed to living in. I would suspect that in long rainy periods we may feel the chill much more than we have. We noticed it last week on Sunday and Monday particularly. Rain fell then a good part of the time. Not a hard rain, that is, a pelting rain, but not just a drizzle either. It seemed like one of the early fall rains we used to go home from school in.

Now let me see what I have written, because the last paragraph has been interrupted and a space of twenty-four hours almost has gone by since I wrote that last sentence. And what do you know, it is so again. This one will be interrupted by lunch. The call has just sounded. Back again to tell you a little more about us and what we're doing and then to the bank to cash a check which came yesterday.

Well, here I am through with lunch and putting a new wick in the heater,

and setting up the stove for Betty and her teacher. When I finish this, I must go down to the Centro office, which is just down the street and have Mr. Holden sign his name to my check so that I can get the cash more easily at the bank. From there I must go to find another heater for the school, buy some stamps for Kenneth to put in his ~~stamp-book-which~~ stamp book which his Uncle Hal Steed has just bought to start Kenny and Kenny's Daddy in on a hobby, also some stamps for use on letters, and get back here in time for class at four o'clock.

By the way, we have just received a letter from Mae Ranger, one first mailed back the last of October. It was returned first of all for insufficient postage. When it reached Lisbon, it went to the Pensão Laranjo, where we lived before we came to this apartment. One of our friends picked it up for us yesterday. Also we got a book of pictures of Maine, the latest of Professor Bradshaw's books, called The Maine Scene. The last picture is a waterfront view of Boothbay Harbor, and is Betty thrilled. There are pictures from every county; one of them is of the big field the Strong side of Farmington, another of Minot Springs, another of Poland Spring House and so on. We are going to enjoy looking at the book. I'm glad it came late. We were going to pack it for Africa, but it was printed too late for us to receive it in Auburndale. We're not sorry.

We do hope that you can enjoy sometimes the magazines which we are having sent to you now. We should like to see one or two now and then, but please don't send any until we ask you to. And this brings up the latest with respect to the check which we wanted to have go to you. Dr. Reuling and the assistant treasurer, Earle E. Smith, did not understand what it was I wanted, or else Earle forgot what I said, which may be perfectly possible because he is under great pressure these days. So before you will receive anything I must write back explaining what I want. Then you will get something. I shall do this this week.

I still have not sent pictures, for I have not gotten the collection together as yet. And we still have no good one of Betty. We have tried several and the results are terrible. But we'll try again with the hopes of better copy.

Trust that Olive will get her shoes sooner than we get our packages here. We are still trying to put our hands on two packages which arrived about ~~that~~ three months ago. And one more which we were supposed to hear news of the last of October we have just heard from. The packages from America are delayed in the customs house for examination and charges. Sometimes, if a package contains too many different things it may have to go to five or six different departments. About the only way we can get anything through is to have someone bring such things. We can hurry up the examinations then and get our hands on what we need.

Ah, but I must sign off. We are well. The boys are eating well. Not going to bed always as we would like to have them, but then, that's the way with boys, não é? (Isn't it?) And we think now that we shall be able to spend a year here all right. It seems sometimes along way from Africa, but we do need to know the language and many of the customs and much of the history of this land and its people.

God bless you, and here's our love.

Rockie