

Pensão Laranjo
Campo dos Mártires da Pátria,
32, 1º
Lisboa, Portugal
22 Setembro 1947

Dearest Mother,

Rua Victor Gordon 19-22 was our address. Now we have moved. We are in a more quiet neighborhood with as difficult an address, but with a good park directly opposite us and we hope that we can stay here as long as we have to be in Portugal.

Now let me explain about the address. I'll take it apart for you, so that you will understand the necessity for writing it as it appears here, and may I add here that I should have done the same thing with the other address in the next letter. The next letter has been detained. This is the last one and the next one because we found it necessary to move. First of all, we are living in a family hotel. Pensão means hotel, and we would say in Strong that this is the Hotel Laranjo. It is situated on the street called Campo dos Mártires da Pátria, which means, Field of the Martyrs of the Fatherland. But don't try writing that on a letter. Sheila tried it with the Centro address and we got the letter after it had been to the American embassy and had undergone translation from English to Portuguese. Our house number is 32. We live on the first floor, which accounts for the last number, the 1º. In this language here 1º is the abbreviation for primeiro, which means first. However, the first floor in Portugal is what we would call the second in America. The people begin here with the ground floor and then go up to the first floor, second floor, third floor and so on. So we really live on the second floor of the house. Do you understand my reckoning? If you don't, tell me about it.

Now we have a picture or two to send. Mummie got one or two good ones. You will see some other children in some of them, but you will see Tommy and Kennie also. There is a good one of both boys down at a park called Rossio. There is another of Tommy and Sue Ann Blake, whose father and mother and little brother (4) are going to Luanda. There is still one other taken in the same place, a tiny park near the other house where we were living. It shows T and K and Paul Blake with Sue Ann. Then there is another with

that we learn the language. We don't want to have to apply too many times for extension of visas. We want to be on the way, too. We enjoy much of the time here and shall have many new experiences, but we wish to go on as soon as possible. The future we cannot tell much about at the moment. We are studying outside of school, or rather before school begins. I don't know whether the school which has been planned will be any different or not, but the attempt is being made to initiate- initiate us not only into the language and its intricacies but also into the history and customs and mind of the people here. And we really ought to know a whole lot more than we shall be able to gather in a few months. But perhaps in a month and a half I shall be able to tell you more.

Betty is now outside in the park studying with a Portuguese girl who was in Africa for a number of years. The boys are with her. I'm attempting to do some letters while we are having a brief vacation from classes at the Centro. Our teacher has gone away for three days, until Friday. Hope I can do them before Betty comes back in. I shall leave a space for her to write something on this side and on the next, for I cannot write more now. Time is necessary for the completion of letters to Boston. More in the next. Perhaps if I keep notes on our activity and what we hear and see I can write a sort of diary to you in Maine.

Lots of love. Thanks muchly for the cards. They came several days early. And write to us at our new address, or to the Centro address, whichever you wish to send mail to. God bless you. *Lachie*

*Dear Folks,
Thank you for Mummie's birth-
day cards. They're now both boys
are in Mummie's bed. They are supposed
to be going to sleep but today they
are so full of energy that they
is almost impossible to hold them
down to anything. Mummie with
They are making it out here
some nice young stars out here*