

Today, a little boy was telling me
Germie play with the people going
Kermie was simply thrilled.
Germie just said, 'I am a big
boy, mmmmm'. I can wash my
face and hands. He can and does
a very good job.
I have you asked if Kermie ever
old enough to notice the difference
here and in America. He talks a
lot about things in America and
asks questions about things here.
He plays going to Grandma's
house in my airplane. Yesterday
day, he was taking me there
in his airplane. But first we
had to stop at Grandma's house.
Whenever he sees pictures of Cove
he talks a lot about Grandma's house.
Mother, we got those pictures that
we took in Marine developed first
before we left the states and didn't
get them sent to you. The ones the
whole of us is one more took but
with my camera. I can't find the
other negatives yet. They may have been
in the chest. I put some in the chest
on purpose. I put some to get them developed.
as we didn't have time. Most of the things
in the chest are for you to use anyway
you want. The children's toys etc. There are
some letters - my & mine - that we want
to keep but didn't want to pay freight on. If
you want to use the chest for anything, good
and pack them in a box. Also I put Kirby &
L.H.D. presents in it. Did you?

Tommy alone looking at Mummie down by the river bank,
the Tagus River bank. I can't yet tell you the name of
the building in back of him. But the Sunday afternoon
that Betty took the picture we saw a strange sight to see
in the city. Perhaps not strange to Lisbon, and yet I've
seen this only once. And we should have gotten a picture
of the scene if we had not used the last bit of film
just before we saw what was going on. We were watching
the ferries come in. Then we moved toward the railroad
station, ~~down the river~~ up river a little, in order to give
the boys a change. We got down to where we could see
a corner of the stonework and found ourselves gazing
at about eight or ten boys of ages from ten to fourteen
who were in their birthday suits swimming in the river.
They swam there for about five or eight minutes with
many onlookers staring at them. Then they ran up the
bank, back across the street and in under the arches
of the building back of where Tommy was standing.

Sorry we could not put it into a picture for you. It
was a sight. We do hope to send other pictures, however.
We hope to take a few of the women carrying fish on
their heads, and the burros with baskets hung on either
side, and the electric cars loaded down with passengers
before, and behind until it seems about ready to break
down. There are many odd sights here, at least to our
eyes. Yet the people seem to move about in a kind of
existence quite the ordinary thing for them. Over in
the Rua São Paulo (St. Paul's Street) we have seen a
number of people begging. They are of all sorts. Many
times on our way to classes we have seen men playing
some sort of musical instrument collecting in the
street. Of course these men are earning their money
more than some of the other beggars. Some of them are
blind. But others, of course like those we have in
America, earn their living by living off some one else
with as little effort as possible. Guess the aspects
of the thing are about the same in America as here.
This is a large city and an old city and there is plenty
of opportunity for the continuance of age-old customs,
of which begging in the streets is one. I suppose this
makes the act seem more pronounced than in America.

Well, time flies by for us here. I've been trying to
get this letter off for four days. Summer has gone and
fall has come while I've been writing it. You can't
tell by the date at the head just when I began to
type. I've changed the date once just to make it seem
a little better to me. We are rushing around trying to