

*This is a letter from my
brother*

*returning your gift. This is for
for people like to see the red*

Rua de São João da Mata, 119, 1^o
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 patrôleo (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,