

Rua Maestro António Taborda, 6
Lisboa, Portugal
23 de Março de 1948

Dearest Mother,

This is to let you know that we have moved once more. Olive wrote that probably by the time she learned to write one address without looking at the paper, we would have another. And so it is. When we received Olive's letter we ~~we~~^{we're} already out hunting houses. The reason we did not get a letter off to you last week was that we were so busy locating other living quarters we didn't have time to write even a short note. I know it's quite a lot to say this, but actually that's the way it was.

Now for further explanation. We thought that it might be a good idea to move again because the street we lived on is a bit dirty, the house in which we lived is old and we were too far from a garden again with summer coming on. The straw which broke the camel's back was the faulty tank which we had for laundry purposes. When a plumbing job on it failed to produce good results, we made up our minds to get out of the house as soon as we could.

We also had in mind helping out two or three other people, friend and teachers. The woman from Blue Hill, Mrs. Olive Pontier, was living at some distance from the Centro, and finding it difficult to come in for classes an hour's ride and then go back the same distance and try to accomplish anything in the line of studying. The same was true for one of our teachers, Alice Moreira, a nurse who serves the American Board in our West Central African mission, ~~is~~ here now studying at the school of tropical medicine, and in the meanwhile must teach in order to earn money with which to go to school. You see, there is not the same policy with regard to nationals (that is, Portuguese) as there is with regard to us in the matter of study grants. Alice is a Baptist, but serves our Board in Chillesso. She would benefit by being closer to the Centro and the center of Lisbon. So also would benefit one other teacher, Elisama Moreira. She was paying a terrifically high rate for just a room, and was not eating regularly. We think that by pooling our resources we can get along here in this new house, which is big enough to hold us all without much interference one from the other, and with only two children.

We set out to look for a big one-floor apartment. Last week on Tuesday we decided to look at a house which was quite some distance from the school, but near the trolley line. I arrived at three o'clock to see the house, and talked with the woman who I supposed was the owner. The original plan which Betty and I had arranged was that after I had seen the house alone I should wait somewhere for Betty to come and see it with me. The woman said that I could bring my wife back at any time during the afternoon, that is, the remainder of it. With that agreed on, I went away to wait for Betty at the trolley stop. In about half an hour she came along and we went together to the apartment, which was a nice one at a decent price of 1800\$00 (about \$ 72.00) per month with everything except linen. But what do you know, when we reached the house, rather, just as we reached the house a taxi pulled up with three ladies in it. One of them, short, aged blonde and quick moving, came all in a flutter to the door where we had just rung the bell, and asked us in English, " Do you want to see the house ? " Then she just as quickly started spouting something in French to the other two ladies and began to get us all up the stairs to the second floor. We were sort of stunned. I knew that she was not the woman I had talked with, and I wondered how in the world