

much thrilled to have our youngsters attending Jardim Escola João de Deus. Now let me translate the name. Jardim escola is equal to garden school, or kindergarten. João de Deus is the name of the man who operates the school.

Arlete Sena, our friend from Barreiro, the girl to whom Olive is writing, tried some weeks ago to get our boys into the school through a friend who works at the school. The girl said that there were no openings. It was because Mrs. Henderson and Betty and Lillian Steed had the nerve to go and ask, that the children are now attending. All the parents had agreed that the children ought to have some directed play, and we were not in good position to give it to them. Now they are getting it, plus education in speaking Portuguese, to which they take now like ducks to water. What a thrill it gives us to hear them. They can say the words so perfectly, and we stumble over many and many a word still which ought to be quite familiar to us. But never fear, English is still their language, and always will be. Very likely they will forget the Portuguese, too, when they reach Africa and have to learn another language and have little opportunity to speak Portuguese all day long, as now.

We're glad to hear the Ruby is still coming along all right. We trust that this time everything is going to come out all right, too. With the summer months coming along it will be somewhat easier to manage traveling and farm work along with everything else. We'll write this week to Ruby and send her pictures.

Just a word about our weather and I'll turn this over to Betty. It has seemed like spring in Maine, this Lisbon weather. It has been rainy, cold and at times quite disagreeable. In the meanwhile flowers have bloomed all over the place. The earth has burst into color, with roses of all varieties, rhododendrons of the shrub type in lovely pastel shades, calla lilies, morning glories, a kind of ~~geranium~~ geranium which grows in vine form on walls, and many another variety which I cannot name. The Methodist families which came with us on the Nea Hellas have now all gone on to Africa and I have no one to ask now about the names of various flowers which I see. One of the Methodist men knew hundreds of names, it being his business to know, since he's a specialist in the field of plants and orchards, etc., botany. Still we can all enjoy the beauty of the Lisbon gardens. And we hope to go to one of the most beautiful of spots in Portugal soon, Sintra, to see the scenery there. When we come home, I shall have slides of some of these things, I hope, to show you. Soon warmer weather will be here, and the rains will cease, and I shall have a chance to get some good pictures in colors.

Oh, yes, Betty has the name of someone else to whom Olive may write, rather three people. One is the daughter of a Baptist minister here. The other is her friend. Neither one knows much English, but the Baptist minister can translate, and they would like to correspond in this way. Both are in their teens I would guess, but am not sure exactly how close to twenty. They seem quite like high school girls back in the States, however. The name of the third one Betty has to look up, but I'll write down addresses of the first two now.

1. Irene de Carvalho
Rua das Janelas Verdes, 120, 2º, Dtº
Lisboa, Portugal
2. Maria Antonieta P. Marques
Rua Maestro António Taborda, 66, 1º, Esq.
Lisboa, Portugal

2º, Dtº means second floor, right. 1º, Esq., means first floor, left. The houses or apartments are so constructed that people can live on right and left sides.