

Rua de São João da Mata, 119, 1<sup>a</sup>  
Lisboa, Portugal  
19 de Fevereiro de 1948

Dearest Mother,

Sorry to be this late in the week with your letter, but have been delayed because I was somewhat under the weather with a cold and the doctor ordered me to do some resting. I must admit that before he ordered me to stay in the house for a few days, that was the kind of treatment I had been giving myself, even to the point of spending a few extra hours in bed. It seems unwise to us in the position in which we are now to delay in giving ourselves whatever treatment seems to be required by the body when it is under any strain. We are here to study. We must leave Lisbon as soon as possible, and we must reach Africa in some kind of health. Perhaps we can afford to be a little sicksick, but nothing more than this if we can possibly avoid any more serious sicknesses. With these reasons in mind I am somewhat more cautious here than I was in the States last year. And I am beginning to note that I feel much better about going to bed at ten o'clock, or nine o'clock, or even eight o'clock, than I used to. We do change as we grow older, but this sort of occupation makes us more conscious of reasons for taking as good care as we possibly can of our physical selves.

I am much improved since Wednesday, I mean, Tuesday. How time flies! Tuesday afternoon I saw the doctor. He prescribed rest and a cough syrup, the likes of which I have not seen. It seems to have a drying effect on the afflicted areas. I going to have another frasco made up this afternoon and think that by tomorrow night I shall be well enough to go to our pot luck supper at the Henderson's apartment.

Say, you folks have really had a cold spell, haven't you? When we tell our few Portuguese friends about such cold they can scarcely believe it can be so. No one here has ever seen more than 5 or 6 degrees below zero. And such low temperatures occur only in the north of Portugal in the mountainous region.

What a shame that fire has caused more damage and loss on Strong. People will remember the fall of 1947 and the winter of 1948 for a long time. Dry and hot weather and fierce fires. Extreme cold for a long period, heavy snows and more fire. How handicapped the poor firemen must have felt, as handicapped as during the dry season. The hoses must have been very difficult to handle.

Thanks muchly for the Valentines. We all enjoyed them. Our Portuguese friends as well as the Steeds. We sure don't blame you for writing on them. It does cost to send our messages back and forth across the water, whichever the method of transportation, air or sea ways. The boys also enjoyed their Packard cars for a while. But it is difficult here in this house, which is something like a prison to chicken pox victims, to keep anything of cardboard nature for any length of time. Five minutes is a long time in our reckoning nowadays. By the way, we have seen one of the new Packards, the real thing, here in Lisbon. A smooth looking car, but costly. I believe the Portuguese government has stopped the importation of such luxury items, but this is a move of very recent origin.

Betty says that she has not written anything about the Carnaval which the people in Portugal celebrate just before the beginning of Lent. We did not see much of the festivities, but caught a glimpse of some of the costumes