

Figura 27 - Carta 58 09/02/1926 (continuação)

-3-

The school and everything else is in its earliest stages, everything so primitive. Yet Mrs. M. said to me this morning that the only thing they considered a real sacrifice was being so far from a doctor.

The last week seems like a dream to me. I came up a week ago yesterday for Mrs. Moser was in bed with grippe and Bobbie Lohr was so sick with pneumonia. I took care of him all the time until he died Monday afternoon. He was the dearest little fellow! I could tell both lungs and bronchial tubes were full when I came. My! how I prayed for wisdom to know what to do. He wasn't conscious very much after I came, I think. Only once he spoke, and that was when I swatted a fly and he said "Bicho". That encouraged us all so much. He must have been a darling little boy from all the cute things they say he did. Poor Mr. Moser wanted so much to hear him say "Daddy" again but he never did.

It was a great comfort to have the doctor come again tho it was too late. He and Roy came just an hour before the little fellow died. Monday evening, I made Bobbie Lohr a pretty new little romper suit to be buried in. The carpenter who happened to be here made a little coffin and I lined it with soft white material Mrs. Moser had, shirred it all around and it did look soft and nice. Then I tacked white sheeting on the outside. Roy helped me prepare the little body for burial. Oh! I'm so glad to have been here to have done that. Mrs. Moser has thanked me over and over again. Otherwise they would have had to do it, for the natives just put their dead in hammocks and put them in the ground.

Mr. Landes received word of Bobbie Lohr's death late Mon. night and left at midnight on horseback to come up. He arrived at 10:00 a.m. and conducted the funeral service, and then went back to Cuyaba in order to get there by bed time, a strenuous journey for him. The burial had to be Tuesday for the law in Brazil required burying in 24 hours.

Mr. and Mrs. Moser have been so brave. It's a great blow to them for B.L. was such a joy and comfort to them. Mrs. Moser lost a tiny baby last October too. It's so hard to understand why God gives some of His children so much sorrow, but it's in His plan for some good reason. I thought of little Donnie so much when I was taking care of B.L. and prayed that God would spare this little boy. He's happy now, the same as Donnie.

I sent a messenger on mule back down to Cuyaba yesterday afternoon telling Mrs. Landes how Mrs. Moser and Roy were and asking her to consult the doctor. He isn't back yet (6:00 P.M.) but should be soon. I must stop and write to the Greeley folks. I'm so thankful Roy is getting along well. If we can just relieve Mrs. Moser's pain too. Roy doesn't seem to have any cold, except that his muscles and joints are sore. We hope you are all well.

Much, much love to all from

(Signed) Evelyn.

P.S. 8:00 P.M. The man just returned from Cuyaba with a letter from Mrs. Landes giving instructions from the doctor. It's the same as I've been doing--"keep bowels open, give liquid diet, keep in bed". The Dr. sent some capsules to be taken three times a day too till the fever is gone. Mrs. M's head is better tonight. Antonio also brot several letters for us. I've just finished reading them to B. They raised our spirits several times--both of us. Irwin's contained some very glad news. More later,

(Signed) Evelyn.

(over)

Figura 27 – Carta 58 09/02/1926 (conclusão)

P. S. Roy and I sang "What a Friend we have in Jesus" in Portuguese and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus" in English at the funeral. Several families of natives came from their huts in the woods. There is no town here, just the school.

*Cabanes!!*

*W. S. 8*

Fonte: Acervo particular da família Harper



Figura 28 - Carta 278 14/12/1947 (continua)



Barueri, SP, Sao Paulo  
December 14, 1947

Dear Ones All,

Time will start its flight northward to-morrow to carry to you, each one, our love and greetings for Christmas and a year of blessings in 1948! As usual we shall be thinking of each home and the dear ones in it on Christmas day and all through the holiday season. What happy memories of the visits with you last year those thoughts will bring! And the anticipation of future reunions already brings us happiness. If the next few years go as fast as this last one has, it will not be long. It certainly doesn't seem like a year ago that our own family of four were to-gether with John, Annabel and Jackie in Washington, enjoying Christmas to-gether. That night the Washington family, A.L. and I stood watching a big clipper take Roy and Charles up and away into the midnight sky. The feelings of that hour, as well as the goodbyes when all of you without exception sent us on our way with wonderful smiles, won't be forgotten. And the lasting memories are not of the sadness we felt to leave you, but of the strength and courage, certainly not our own, that helped us then, and has many times since then when we miss all of you so much. We are only thankful for such a family.

That rambling paragraph isn't exactly a model in English composition. But since I began that way, I'll ramble on. Speaking of last Christmas reminds me that I don't believe we ever told you that South American cats do not like North American catnip. A year ago Jackie's big cat Blackie received a box of catnip. Charles was so interested in the cat's reaction to it, that he wrapped a bit of it in a paper to bring to our cat here. When he and Roy first arrived, they couldn't find the catnip anyplace. It finally turned up in the corner of one of the pockets in Roy's brief case weeks later. The cat would have nothing to do with it! Perhaps it had lost its flavor in the meantime.

If a change of work is a rest, we are getting a good rest. During this last week we have made good progress in putting this house into real order. There is still lots to be done. For several years, because of summer time asthma, I have been able only to do a minimum of sorting etc. in the vacation house-cleaning. This year I'm hoping to do it right. Roy sprayed all the rooms with DDT solution. It has certainly made all the mosquitos and other offending "bitches" vanish in a hurry. It leaves the walls and ceilings as clean as a calcimining job. But it makes lots of work to clean up the wood-work and floors afterward. We used all the newspapers in the house to protect things, but it wasn't enough. We do wish all of you could visit us here. Our little home is as pretty and cozy as any of yours altho we don't have many of your conveniences —nothing in the way of electric appliances, not even light except from 7:30 to 10:30 A.M. Some day we will tho.

Yesterday Charles, Roy and I had a day from 9:20 A.M. when we left home until 1:40 A.M. early to-day when we returned abit weary. There all the people come from who want to travel on the Jorocabana R.R. and in the buses and streetcars of Sao Paulo, we don't know. It is becoming harder and harder to go to the city. The teams who are both graduates of Westminster Choir College and here in Brazil under the Methodist Board, had invited us for dinner in their home



Figura 28 - Carta 278 14/12/1947 (continuação)

-2-

out at the new Methodist Seminary on the road toward Santos. By the time we got on the bus the seats were all taken and soon the standing room was taken too. The roof of the bus was so low that even Charles's head hit the top. Poor Roy had to double over like a shopherd's crook. The day was about as hot as Sao Paulo gets in summer. A few other little things didn't add to our comfort--the bus had only one exit (the front entrance), the windows had metal bars to keep children from falling out and which in case of an emergency would also keep anybody from getting out, and the bus driver seemed to enjoy alternating sudden spurts of speed and abrupt stops so that we who were standing in the aisle went forward and backward by turns. We didn't have room to get clear down. We finally arrived after what we were told was a twenty minute trip. I got the tail of my blouse back inside of my skirt before we reached the Roman's house.

We had such a pleasant time at the Roman's. The delicious dinner redeemed the trip as far as Charles was concerned. We talked about plans for this coming year, theirs and ours, exchanged impressions of Westminster Choir College, etc. They have a dear little adopted daughter a year and a half old named Sandra.

At 3 P.M. we attended the Commencement Exercises at the Seminary. The only graduate was one of our J.M.C. boys, a Japanese. His fiancée is studying with us now. The program was inspiring, but just a little long as most commencement programs down here are. Charles had never heard the chorus of "Amen's" at frequent intervals during the prayers in a Methodist set-up. The first time it happened he gave me a punch of inquiry. Says he likes being a Presbyterian better.

On the way back to the city there were few passengers and we had seats all the way. We discovered what a beautiful drive it is. We were too late getting to the center of town to catch our train in the Sorocabana station unless we took a taxi. So we decided we'd spend the money for a taxi seeing a moving picture together. It was the first time since the four of us went to see "The Song of the South" together in Princeton just a year ago now. Annabel, we did so miss you. We saw "The Egg and I". It is an absurd farce as a portrayal of rural life in the U.S.A. but it gave so many laughs to Charles that we enjoyed it more for that reason. Our train for home was supposed to leave the station in the city at 10:30 P.M. but because of a derailed freight train in the first station, we got away only at half past midnight, arriving home about an hour later.

We do appreciate the happy birthday all of you gave to Annabel. From her report, she had a long-to-be-remembered day. You have all been so good to her. She says that Ralph and Miriam have been like real parents to her. We haven't heard what the Christmas plans of the various families are and will be looking forward to the letters telling all about it. We were talking to-night at supper of how thrilled and excited we would be if Annabel were coming home for Christmas. Since that is impossible, we know she'll be very happy there in Washington or wherever she goes, and we'll try to make Christmas a happy time here for some other young people who are far from home. We plan a "festa" Christmas eve for the six or seven students who are here. Miss Clemenson and our two single girl teachers will probably have Christmas dinner with us, and then we are invited to the McKiffs for a pot-luck supper in the city on Christmas night. We've only begun on the news, but will let this be for this time. Much, much love to all of you, and our prayers for happiness, each and all the good things Christmas brings to each one.



Figura 28 – Carta 278 14/12/1947 (conclusão)

-3-

P.S. It is now Monday morning, a beautiful clear day after the heavy rains of yesterday. Roy and Charles are both on the school side getting a new crowd of Mackenzie engineers installed in their quarters.

I forgot to mention yesterday that the financial campaign is progressing slowly but surely. It is certainly not the phase of Roy's job that he likes best. Occasionally people who are able to help actually thank him for calling on them and making the needs of the school known. One day last week he came home with three hundred dollars as a result of three calls. Of course he is most interested in getting people to make their gifts on a permanent basis, annually. We now have a promotion man on the job who is very good with Brazilians, but Roy has to contact the North Americans himself. The finances are a real burden because of the nature of the school and the current impossibly high prices. The budget for next year is in better shape as to plans than was possible for this year because of Roy's arrival in Brazil just in time to launch into mission and school activities. But he still has to find over a thousand dollars to get out of the red for this year. Paying a deficit is a poor basis for appeals for gifts, but there are plenty of positive things in the offing. In about two months from now we'll have our new High School building ready for use except that it will have no classroom furniture. And with the P.R. service as it is, a station wagon to bring out supplies as well as to get people in and out in a necessity. We got that on the mission property list and as soon as it gets on the Board's approved list we can make appeals for it to the churches which support us here. There are needs for money on every side.

A telegram just now came from Hans Vandenberg, the Dutchman who installed our light plant years ago. He is just back from a trip to Holland to bring his mother and sister to Brazil. He will come to install the new Diesel outfit as soon as Roy can get all the materials and helpers arranged for. Tomorrow begins a meeting of the Modus Operandi committee of which Roy is a member. It is composed of Brazilians and North Americans of the mission. Their duties are to consolidate the work of the national church and the mission all over Brazil. Then the executive committee of the mission will meet in Sao Paulo on the 29th of December. After that is over we hope to get away either to the seashore or to the mountains for a two weeks vacation.

It isn't right to take so much of your time just before Christmas. Some of you may have stopped reading before this! I still have only gotten well started. It just occurred to me that I don't believe I've written to the whole family since the little dedication service of the Donald Ralph Douglass Memorial collection which Ralph and Miriam are giving to our library. Not only the gift but the ideal it represents will mean wonderful things to this and future student bodies, as well as to the faculty.

Hanako is bustling around here on the cleaning and reminds me it's time to stop. Again, Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Much love from all,  
Evelyn



Figura 29 – Carta 275 07/09/1947

JMC. Sabbath evening, Sept. 7th,  
1947.

Dear Parents All:

This is Brazil's birthday, bearing the same relation to Brazilian national history as the 4th of July to that of the USA. In 1822, 125 years ago, Brazil severed her relations with Portugal and decided to be an independent nation. "Give me liberty or give me death", words of Patrick Henry in the US history were changed to "Liberdade ou a Morte", (Liberty or Death) by Dom Pedro I, the young prince who was traveling near the city of S. Paulo, when the mail packet reached him from Portugal, demanding his return to the home country. Rather than submit to that order he led Brazil into independence. His cry has become famous in Brazil, of course, and is known as the cry of Iperanga. The place is now the site of a large museum and is in a suburb of the city called by that name. The Literary Club last night gave a patriotic program to celebrate the occasion. Mother (Evelyn) presided at the organ as the audience sang the national anthem and the hymn to the flag.

A week from today Mother Douglass should be having another birthday. We wish you many happy hours, many more returns of this memorable occasion, many presents, many visits from dear and admiring friends. We wish we could visit you, too, and help eat the cake, loaded with candles, which will appear on your table. Charles and I would be glad to furnish the ice cream and Evelyn would bake the cake. It was so fine that Dad and Mother D. were able to make the trip back East while E. and A. were there. It meant a great deal to Evelyn to have you with her. I'm sure it was a joy to see Annabel in her Washington home, again, and Irwin in the Maine home. Now you know where all of us live, save the Brazilians. You'll have to come and see us some time later. It would be a real joy to have you visit us and to show you around this part of Brazil.

Mumsey, the hot weather in Riverside must have abated, somewhat, with the coming of this month. Hope Meryl is feeling stronger every day. We don't know whether he plans to go back to teaching this fall or not. Would like to know. Hope you are getting along all right. You sent word about the coming of the Byers, as it was reported in the paper in Calif. Yes, they are supposed to have arrived in SP today and were to have been met by Miss Clemenson, who knew them at San Anselmo. We knew his mother, who was the librarian at the seminary. They are to be in SP for a few days while getting their police papers in order, identification papers, etc. then will be going up to Uberlandia, Minas for language study. Next Sunday we hope to have them here for a few hours, long enough to attend the morning service and have dinner with us.

On the 17th the Easons are to come down. They are a new couple with a baby and are going to settle in SP. He is to take over the treasurer's work, in time, and she is to be in charge of the Children's Home. I shall be most happy when he has learned the ropes and is able to assume charge. Miss Clemenson will stay on to break him in, which will relieve me of that job. Then she may go to Monte Nova or she may stay around as an extra helper in town and out here. She is coming out here once a week to help me with my correspondence, which has accumulated a good deal, since my time was so taken up with Mission things in the city.

We had a letter from Annabel yesterday written from Maryville. The first week seems to have gotten off for a good start. We hope each new week will bring its regards. Good news about Jackie's going to Sterling; today we received Lorine's letter telling of the wedding of Vivian Janet. We are happy for her if she is happy and hope that her husband is worthy of her love and will make a good home for her. We pray it will be a strong foundation home. With love and best wishes,  
R...



Figura 30 - Carta 205 04/08/1935 (continua)

Barbery, São Paulo,  
August 4, 1935.

Dear Ones All:-

I don't think any of you are in a cozier place than I am right now as I sit in front of our fireplace. Roy mentioned the other night that he likes the São Paulo winters just because of the fires in the fireplace. There isn't anything else quite like them to add real cheer and comfort.

The two kiddies were here enjoying the fire with me until a few minutes ago, but they are both already in slumberland I think. Roy is in the city preaching to-night and will just stay in until he comes home to-morrow evening bringing A.L. home from school. It makes it much easier for Roy than for him to get home at almost 11 P.M. Sabbath night and leave again with A.L. on the 7 A.M. train Monday. This time she will go in to the city with one of the students and Roy will meet her at the station in the city.

Not a letter in the States mail to-day but several magazines. We hope some letters will stray in to-morrow. Last night tho I had a feast rereading all of your letters of the last few weeks while Roy represented the family at the literary society meeting. When he came home, he sat down in front of the fire with me and we talked about them. We could hardly ask for a more interesting family, in your widely varied interests and places of living, from whom to receive letters. It is hard yet to think of Dad and Mother as living and working in San Francisco. We are glad to have been there during our last furlough at least to have seen the city, but Dad and Mother are still in Sterling to me. At any rate, we have had some very vivid pictures of them these last few days thinking of them and Annabel and Jackie there in the cabin in Glen Haven. Maybe Grace and Nancy were there too. Just three more summers and, if God is willing, we shall be there too! The Riverside folks have written that they hope to cool off and enjoy their vacation at Long Beach. We are looking forward to hearing about it and do hope you have the most happy and restful vacation yet. Both Wilbur and Meryl wrote about the wealth of wild flowers in Southern California this spring and the pictures which came just this last week give us an idea of what a marvelous sight Wilbur and Gordon had on their trip. We enjoyed so very much your two articles on Wilbur, on the Good Inland Work and also on the Yucca. Irwin's and Grace's pictures serve to show the students (and A.L. especially) what snow looks like as well as to show us what a cute little girl our newest niece is. Your tales of the mischief she gets into, makes me think you must be talking about Charles. I don't want to discourage you but six months more will only make it even more interesting as she gains ability and speed in walking and climbing. We can't figure out yet what Irwin is doing out in Yosemite, but hope to know before long. We were most interested in Ralph's cartoon strip and are just hoping that it looks half as interesting even to some editor in Chicago. The character of "Wig" especially interests us as he comes nearer belonging to our own little family. Sis' letters from Washington certainly reveal in John's and Sis' activities a lot of goodness and kindness to old friends who are in Washington for one reason or another. We can well imagine how the Buchanads appreciated all you did for them upon their return from Abyssinia. And Mrs. Hanna too. Sis, please don't forget to tell us how Archie got along. It just seems to me that all of you fill your days pretty full, and I just don't see how you get everything in.

Which brings me to say that from remarks that several of you have made in your letters, I am afraid that I have given a wrong impression about my own activities. I do not have too much to do, and if I had half even of the speed and efficiency of any of my feminine relatives I am thinking now only of women and women's work, I would have jobs of mine on my hands. But I have decided, especially after the experience of the past few weeks, that I am not going to miss out on many of the most worthwhile things of life, one of which is the feeling of calm and happiness in one's work, by pushing myself beyond what I can do with my limita-



Figura 30 – Carta 205 04/08/1935 (conclusão)

tions. Just as soon as I begin to rush and hurry, I get tense and nervous and it is just too bad for the family. What I think I "accomplish" by rushing, isn't worth the cost. So that's that!

Roy does have much more than one person ought to have with his heavy teaching schedule over such a wide range of subjects, all the business and book-keeping to do for the mission, and preaching occasionally too. Thanks to his rare disposition, he keeps going wonderfully well, tho we are certainly looking forward to having a more adequate teaching force for the school so that such a continual grind won't be necessary. It does look much more hopeful with the leaders of both the Presbyterian denominations of the national church in favor of helping us out, each with a professor.

Thankyou, we are all feeling fine again. The first week after I came home from the hospital wasn't so good. Roy and both children had bad colds and Charles was a little bear. But we got throught that week in good shape and now everything is better. The kiddies both are simply full of themselves, and Charles especially seems in perfect health again. Annabel is so much better than she was several months ago and is beginning to look really plump again. Both of them have good color. Last night when I had them both in the bathroom getting teeth brushed etc. ready for bed, I laughed until the tears streamed. Annabel was gargling some water just to make Charles laugh, and making all the wierd sounds she could. So he tried it too and it was funny. He'd hold back his head and gurgle and sing, doing his best to imitate.

Charles is much more of a Brazilian in his speech than A.J. was at the same age. He puts Portuguese endings and gives Portuguese vowels to many English words. For instance milk is "meelko". He has a cordial "Hello" for everybody. It does tickle us the way he yells "Hello" to Dr. Waddell when he sees him go to school in the morning. It tickles Dr. W. too. Nobody else in the establishment greets him with such informality, unless it is Annabel.

Annabel is more of a question box than ever. She wants to know if the moon is bigger than Daddy, why Jesus doesn't have a body now as he did when he lived here on earth, where she was before she came to live with Daddy and Mother, if her Grandpas and Grandmas in the States are white too, and several other hundred things in the course of a week. Lately she has taken a great liking to stories about when Daddy and Mother were little. Her favorite in my repertoire is about our trip to New Mexico when Aunt Annabel jumped out of the wagon and skinned her chin and didn't cry, when Uncle Ralph had to wear a handkerchief tied on his head to keep the hot sun from blistering it. etc.etc. I remember a lot of details about that trip, but wonder if perhaps they aren't just "hear-say" rather than actual memories as I believe I was only four years old. Of Roy's stories, she loves the one about when Daddy got away from Grandma Harper when she was giving him his bath and ran around the house into the front yard without any clothes on. Also when Daddy fell into the ditch on the farm and got his clothes all wet, and the tale of the time Daddy cut his finger off in the lawn-mower never fails to make a deep impression.

Ouridia is to be married on September 14th, her own mother's wedding anniversary, and Mother's birthday. She wants to stay on here with me, at least to do the washing and ironing after she is married. Haneko, the little fourteen year old Jap, who lives here close, will come to help me with the children and cleaning. She is the best I have ever had, tho only a child yet. She is so good with the children, and also is the first one I have found that really knows how to straighten up the house to suit me. She is just naturally neat and clean, I guess.

Must stop before I run off the paper. This takes very, very much love to everyone of you from all of us.

We are looking forward to next Monday when we hope to see Prof. and Mrs. Bell of Riverside who are making a tour down this way in their vacation.

Much love to all. Evelyn



Figura 31 - Carta 219 18/01/1942(continua)

Home, Jandira,  
January 18, 1942.

Dear Ones All,

This is a most welcome quiet Sabbath afternoon. We are all just lying around, reading and resting. It is the first such day we have had for a long time, and we all agree that we like it. It is a real mid-summer day, and if I'm not mistaken we'll have a good rain before dark. One nice thing about this São Paulo climate is that no matter how hot it may be, it is always cool in the shade because of the breeze, and it is a rare summer night that we don't have to put a blanket on the bed before morning.

We came home from Mission Meeting at Mackenzie in the city on the late train last Tuesday night. Roy went back on Wednesday to vote on the final reading of the minutes etc. I couldn't stay another half day as the children were just out of clean clothes. We appreciated very much having mission meet in some other place than Jandira just for a change. The reason for the change this year was that the Mackenzie engineers were here at the same time, and we don't have accommodations for the enlarged mission (You remember that the south and central Brazil missions were united two years ago) and 100 engineers too. There are advantages to having the meeting in the city, as it does give opportunity for shopping, dental work, visits to the doctor, especially for the missionary wives who live far in the interior. Between plenary sessions I helped several of the new missionaries who know neither Portuguese nor how to get around the city of São Paulo, to shop before they go to Lavra in the state of Minas for language study. Irvine Graham was there, altho his wife was unable to come. He and the others from Ponte Nova, Bahia, came by land, traveling all sorts of ways, from mule back to train. They will go back by sea, which is faster but not as safe just now or practicable because of the lack of ships. Mr. Baker from Bahia city was out here yesterday and said that passage on any kind of a ship is next to impossible, all places being taken weeks ahead of time even on the Brazilian coast steamers. Ships just aren't running. Dr. Wood was to sail to-day, having arranged passage "sem comodo" which means no cabin or any place to sleep except on the deck.

The children had a fine time with lots of room to play. The football field and the ice-cream counter in the Mackenzie bar were the big attractions. One afternoon, all the children (about twelve) went out to Myrth King's home for the afternoon. They visited one of the big athletic clubs of São Paulo and enjoyed very much the playground equipment. Then another afternoon one of the other mothers and I took them all to the cinema to see "Somos Todos Irmãos" (We are all brothers, I guess it is in English). Anyway it is a sequel to "Boys' Town" which we saw when in the States.

The mission meeting was attended. The only unpleasantness was of the finest we have ever the "Evergreens", the home for the mission connection with plans for Mrs. Hofmann has as ticklish a job as any of our children. We insist that a perfect person will be found for it we did in the mission, and that did improve considerably during the last part very much. I think things the frank suggestions, complaints, and what not this year, and after all will surely be better this year. Snr. Villela, of mission meeting, this and J.M.C.'s bookkeeper, has agreed to keep the mission treasurer's this year, and that alone solves one of the most dirty of the "Evergreen" problems.



Figura 31 - Carta 219 18/01/1942(continuação)

Last year the children's education (tuition at the American Graded School and board at the Evergreens----no r.r. fare because they had pass s) cost us more than our family food bill for the twelve months, and including food for the constant stream of guests we have the year round. We see nothing to do about it for the present, but it may be that we'll let Annabel finish the eighth grade in the city and take her high school two years (before we leave for furlough) here at J.M.C. supplementing it with more work in English at home. She wants to very much, so she "can sing in th choir". You see our seven years' course here at J.M.C. corresponds to High School and three years of college in the States. Both J.M.C and the Graded School begin the first week in February, so we have just two more weeks..

The Moser family left for the States last Monday on a health furlough for Mrs. Moser. Their regular furlough should come within a year. That left the Burity school with no one to take charge. The mission voted for the Wyants to substitute the Mosers this year before the Wyants' furlough in 1943. We shall certainly miss them here because their teaching will have to be substituted as well as the mission Treasurer's work. However the mission voted a money grant which takes care of all the teaching (Bob just taught Pedagogia) and also a bigger salary for Villela so that he can do all the book-keeping, Roy just selling the drafts, handling the business and being responsible to the Board. Yesterday Roy had a meeting here with several of the professors studying the whole schedule. If we all keep well and organize things well, we hope to have another fine year. ----- Time out for a visit from Arthur Lenington (the late Dr. Lenington's son who works with the Goodyear Tire Co. in São Paulo), his charming English wife and little son who is one of Charles' playmates at the Graded School.

We have had such good letters from Dona Anna Rickli in the States. At first she just felt so lost, she wrote that if she had only stopped to think, she never would have gone to the States to study. But every letter shows her in better and better spirits. To her great amazement, she is apparently quite a success as a speaker in the churches. She added a note on to her Christmas greeting saying that we could believe it or not, but that she had spoken in English at a Baptist State convention before an audience of 2000 people, and they kept her for a half hour more writing her autograph and giving more information about Brazil. Her self-confidence, which is the thing she needed most of all, seems to have grown by leaps and bounds. She writes of going to dinner here and there in the homes of the professors etc. Needless to say we are very happy about it. Anna deserves a break if anybody ever did. She has given twenty years of uninterrupted service to the mission as a teacher. Just as mission meeting began, a letter from the Board arrived asking the mission to vote on a second year of study for Anna in the States. Even tho we need her badly here, it is a shame to bring her back just when she has gotten her stride, so to speak. Too, world conditions don't call for ocean travel unless it is absolutely necessary. The mission voted for her to stay another year if satisfactory financial arrangements can be made, including her r.r. fare from New York to Nashville which Helen Waddell Chase forwarded for her. We hope the Board will be able to use her in doing deputati on work during at least part of the summer, and that will get to see at least part of the middle west. We do appreciate the interest a ll of you have taken in her..

Jo Perkins will stay here in São Paulo until the little Perkins arrives about the first of March. Roger leaves for his field in northern Minas tomorrow to stay until the end of February. They seem very close to us, because we knew them in San Anselmo and too, we feel that perhaps we had something to do with their coming down here. They have adapted themselves so very well. They seem to get a big "kick



Figura 31 – Carta 219 18/01/1942(conclusão)

-3-

full of interesting observations about the plant and animal life as well as the people and their work.

Just before Christmas we received the box of things Sis had bought for us away last summer. Ev rything is exactly right in siz etc. and we appreciate so much Sis' buying for us. The things we didn't order cam in just right for a merry Christmas. Again, however, to tell the sad part of the story, were we soaked in the custom's house, a and altho we haven't received the final bill from Jess, the treasurer, we are going to have to pay more than 100 percent duty on everything plu plus freight charges. It is so discouraging, that we vow we'll never order anything again. I'm going to take a suit of my new rayon under-wear to a factory here and see if I can get some made to order. It wil b. cheaper certainly than getting it from the States. And Roy's shirts all caught \$1.40 duty on top of the price of the shirt---each shirt cost that much duty. I wonder if the prices of everything in the States are soaring as here. But we can be thankful that food is still available even tho much mor. expensive. There is no rationing of food-stuffs here so far.

We heard Sumner Welles speak over the radio from Rio the other night, tho we were more than disgusted that his speech was translated at the same time as he gave it into Portuguese and on the same frequency. The result was a grand mixture of the two voices and we cou could understand neither the Portuguese nor the English. I shall leave furth r comment on the Rio conference to be read in the papers. Are our lett rs to you censored? All air mail from the States and some ordinary mail is censored.

I want to leave a little space for personal notes, so this will be all for now. We trust all are well and happy. How we wish we might see you. This takes very much love to all from all four of us.

Early.



Figura 32 - Carta 282 08/02/1948 (continua)

Home, February 8, 1948.

Dear Ones All,

How many of you read the article in the last "Time" (Febr. 2) about Roy's, Annabel's and my home town, and Charles's native town. It is under the section "Latin America"--Brazil and is entitled "Biggest, Busiest". It's all true except the last paragraph. Paulistas as a rule do not approve of President Dutra, think him a weak figure-head. When he came to Sao Paulo to take part in the city's 394th birthday celebration, he didn't get the whole-hearted welcome he thought he should have had and went home early. We are wondering if some of our wide awake Paulistas won't call "Time's" attention to that fact in letters to the editor. Both "Time" and "Life" are read in Sao Paulo. In fact some time back many subscribers complained that copies didn't arrive regularly. It looked as if there was theft in the mail service, and subscriber's copies were being sold on news stands. Now our copies are plainly marked on the cover, "Subscriber Copy-- Not for Sale". I should say above that the last paragraph of the article is true, but it isn't all the truth, and implies an untruth.

Last Tuesday we returned home after one of the most worthwhile vacations we've ever had in Sao Vicente, suburb of Santos. The first week it was so hot, we were still so tired, we missed Annabel so much, the other human beings around us irritated us so much, that we almost persuaded ourselves to give up and come home. The second week was a completely different story, and we are certain glad we didn't give up. The weather changed so that the nights were cool enough to be conducive to sleep, we discovered that we hadn't liked our fellow-guests in the boarding house largely because we hadn't taken the trouble to become acquainted with them, we all three went into the water, Roy and Charles, rather I should say, Charles almost all day, Roy ~~was~~ a day, and I once a day. I was free of a bronchial cough for the first time since the first days of November. Charles got to be really good at riding the waves on a surf board, and had a wonderful time with the young people of the house. We took a number of interesting trips to near-by points, and Roy and I got lots of refreshment from reading both English and Portuguese. It was a great success, and we have felt like different people since returning. We have decided a bit of change in our way of living is necessary if we expect to keep really fit for what we are here for. And I hope and pray the pressure of the ever present tasks--work that we'd never finish if we worked twenty-four hours a day--won't blind us. We are determined to go to bed at a reasonable hour, (that applies to Roy --- you all know me!), pile out in the morning at 6:15 regardless of whether we have slept all night or not (this does apply to me, but not to Roy), have at least a fifteen minute period before breakfast for spiritual refreshment, longer on days when we don't have 7:30 classes, take time for more recreational reading, and the cultivation of our friends, and I hope we can take out one membership in the "Sociedade de Cultura Artistica" of the city of Sao Paulo which gives three transferable tickets to monthly symphony concerts and other musical programs, held in the municipal theater. Charles is really helping a lot in the long list of jobs to be done around the school and our own house before school begins on the 25th (second epoch and entrance exams begin on the 18th). Since coming back he has made a new trellis for the honey-suckle vine at the back door, cleaned out the little tool house and put his chicken feed in it, sand papered and painted the bathroom chair. In between times he's working on his stamps again. His interest then comes and goes.



Figura 32 – Carta 282 08/02/1948 (continuação)

-2-

You will all be glad to know that in spite of the discouraging outlook on last December first, J.M.C. closed the year practically without deficit. The small deficit which shows on the books is really only a book-keeping deficit as the book keeper had put receipts from the Society of Friends of J.M.C. into the "inactive accounts" or assets. That is easily transferred. It took a lot of work to do it. We both feel that this year, in spite of the serious economic crisis and high cost of everything, with very careful planning and organization as well as systematic promotion work all during the year, that December won't find us so far down in the hole. Mr. Americo Fernandes will give his full time to promotion out among the churches. He is good at it, especially so with Brazilians. But any contacts with N. American Roy has to make himself. Just this week Mr. Americo brought to Roy the cash for the first of a little "villa" of houses Roy has been planning to build for some time. We need to make use of all this land and now that Jandira is growing so fast, there is a big need for small houses for commuters who work in Sao Paulo. The rent from ~~small~~ four small houses will pay the salary of a professor. Mr. Joaquim Salum will continue as construction boss, and Roger Perkins, the mission architect will make the plans. He was out yesterday to help Roy in selecting the best place for the houses.

You should see the nice granite steps up from the r.r. now. The granite slabs came from the hill in our own back yard. There is still enough on the premises in the big boulders sticking out all over the hills to build whole houses. It's a pleasure to look across to the valley on the other side and see the smoke coming out of the brick kiln, and know that we don't have to buy bricks anymore. (Annabel, the brick kiln is just this side of the football field).

The last two letters from Annabel made the distance between Jandira and Maryville seem pretty big. She had apparently gotten too tired, and had spent four days in the college infirmary. We are looking forward to a letter in a day or so saying she is well on the up grade now. We cabled her to drop her dining room work and take some music instead. The dining room work hardly pays enough to make it worth while. However we don't want to criticize Maryville's student work pay schedule when they charge so little for board, room and tuition compared to other schools. The situation is too much like J.M.C., --- and we know how hard it is sometimes to keep on working away, doing the best we can to make ends meet etc. in spite of criticisms from the outside. We do trust that a bit more time, especially in the early morning, for Annabel to prepare herself for the day in stead of having to rush off to set the table for breakfast, and the pleasure and satisfaction which comes from feeling that she's doing something with her music, as well as eating and sleeping with more regularity, will help her finish the year well. We have lots of confidence in her.

Tomorrow evening we are having all the faculty and their families over for dessert out on our front lawn. We are expecting a visit from Dr. Anna Rickli and her Japanese husband. We will have roast duck for dinner, the duck being a Christmas present from one of our Japanese neighbors.

Now we do enjoy all the letters from you. On February 12th, our niece Betty Harper will graduate from Pomona College, at the age of 20 and a Phi Beta Kappa! We are very proud of you Betty. Very much love to each one of you from the three of us here.



Figura 33 – Carta 715 15/08/1960

S.Paule, August 15th, 1960

Dear Beth and Meryl:

You are up to your old tricks again. Why don't you tell us ahead of time as to your plans for hospitalization and we could have been thinking of you and praying for you especially at that time. Anyway, we are happy to hear that you are doing well, that you enjoyed your vacation in the hospital, surrounded by these pretty nurses, and that now you are home again, doing more and more each day. This paragraph seems to be addressed to Meryl. Beth, thank you for writing on the 27th of July, which brought us up to date on the Riverside news. Glad to hear that Betty and Paul will be living at Princeton. Am sure they will like the place, as we always did. The Bakers will be living there at Payne Hall this year. Are leaving Sept. 15th. Sorry to hear of the bad forest fires in Calif. Lerine, also, wrote of them and of the damage to the cabins around Bear Lake, I mean Camp Baldy. Their cabin escaped, but many were destroyed. We read the clipping you inclosed telling of the visit of a Riverside man to SP and ~~to~~ of his contacts with Ademir Barros, one of the candidates for president. We hope he will not be elected. Has a very bad reputation. We hope Janio Quadros will be elected. He had a good record in the SP Governor's office.

Charles is busy in Algeria, and he writes most interesting letters from there. Will ~~next~~ return to France about the first of September. Annabel and family are well. Bill is doing life saving duty at the pool again this summer. They just had a short camping trip up at Lake Tahoe. In spite of rain and difficulty with cooking, because of dampness, they report a wonderful time.

Is it hot in Riverside this summer? Come sit with us in our living room tonight in front of the fire. These are beautiful days, as a rule, but today it rained and the air is chilly tonight and a fire feels good. We went to JMC this afternoon to attend the annual Home Coming Day. There was a worship service at 1.30 followed by a Musical Festival program at 3.30. Dr. Waldyr Luz, a JMC graduate, who received his Th.D. from Princeton and is now a professor in Campinas Seminary, was the guest speaker. The school choir sang beautifully, as well. You would have loved to have been with us. The Festival was wonderful. Jefe Faustini is the lad who went to Westminster Choir some years ago. He was prepared by Evelyn, who got the Mission to give him a scholarship for study. He is doing excellent work, far beyond what we had hoped, in fact. Composes music, arranges pieces, leads choirs, and has started a school for choir leaders. This festival, now the III, brings together the choirs of all his choir leaders. He had about 250 people on the platform for one of the numbers, which all the choirs had rehearsed separately, then all together by him. Ended the program with six numbers from the Messiah, including the Hallelulah Chorus. Yesterday, the program of the festival was given in the Mackenzie auditorium, where perhaps eight hundred people attended. Today the auditorium at JMC was filled, with 400 -500 people.

The Bakers are leaving next month, but as yet no substitute has been named. We hope that before this month passes, the Board will decide upon the president and vice-president. The treasurer is to come after that. We hope he will be able to take over the work by next March, thus relieving us.

Evelyn is palyng the organ in the Igreja Unida, while they are trying to find a permanent one. She enjoys doing this and is able to make a fine contribution. She usually goes only in the morning. Hasn't the strength to go regularly at night, also, it is cold, sometimes at night, which doesn't help the asthma.

University students all over Brazil are on strike these days. Sort of a three day strike. The students of one school want to force out the "reitor", (dean); in another, they want to change their director. Here at Mackenzie, they want to separate the Univ. from the rest of the school. and so it goes. Love from us both to you both.



Figura 34 - Carta 279 03/01/1948 (continua)

Barueri, Sao Paulo,  
January 3, 1948

Dearest Family,

Happy New Year, everybody! It is time for another broadcast from Brazil.

First of all, we want to say "Thank you" for your part in our happy Christmas. We heard from all of you immediately before or on Christmas day. The three Douglass brothers timed it exactly right, as we received most appropriate and cheerful greetings or letters from them just in time to share them with our ten far-from-home students who came to be our guests on Christmas. The excellent picture of little Marilyn as well as our healthy and prosperous looking oldest brother and his wife adorn the top of the piano at present. We are proud to tell our friends who they are. The photos from Long Beach post-marked the 20th, arriving on the 25th, did make record time, as did also Miriam's good letter written on the 19th. Irwin says how much he wishes we could have been on the mailing list for the Kodachrome slides he and Grace sent around to the rest of you. Irwin, you don't wish that half as much as we do. Such a happy letter came just to-day telling of all the Christmas activities in Washington and new clothes which Aunt Annabel helped our Annabel select. Thank you, all of you, for your greetings, wonderful letters and gifts to us and J.M.G. and too, all you are doing for Annabel. Roy

Roy just now got home from the city, after a strenuous week of meetings of the executive committee of the mission. He commuted every day in order to keep the school correspondence up, take a look at the construction etc. It was very tiring getting home on the 11:30 P.M. train, often standing up most of the way, and then leaving again on the 7:30 train the next morning. Last night he stayed in the city, finished up all the work for which he was responsible, and is now at home to stay until Monday. Before the executive meeting began he went every day to contact people in the city in the interests of the financial campaign. It's certainly hard work. A school of this type can never be a self-supporting institution, and the receipts haven't kept pace with the inflationary rise in expenditures. It's a burden certainly to come so often to the end of the month with no money to pay the professors and meet the other monthly bills of the school. He was pretty happy when he came home on three days of this month to tell of substantial gifts from various people, especially when they represent new pledges on an annual basis. The mission voted to assume the salary increase Roy simply had to give our teachers. They are still all underpaid, but are very courageous about it. They all have chickens and gardens, and one has perfectly beautiful rose and gladiolus gardens which give him a neat supplement to his income. Of course the tendency is sometimes to give too much time to these things to the detriment of their work in the school. They all have too many hours of teaching too for efficiency. This school has such a reputation for high standards of scholarship compared to schools here in general, and yet it is so far below what we'd like to make it. Let me say that Roy hopes to close the 1947 accounts this week out of the red or very close to it.

Charles too is in the chicken business and very enthusiastic about it. He made a good bamboo fence around a good-sized plot back of our house. The fence posts are of about six-inch timbers from the woods on the hill side back of us. Then he stretch-



Figura 34 – Carta 279 03/01/1948 (conclusão)

three horizontal bamboos across the top, middle and bottom of the posts. Then by splitting bamboos into four strips, he wound vertical strips through the horizontal pieces. It makes a fence that no chickens can get through except the very tiny ones. I'm not sure, but I think he has about fifteen hens and a rooster, and fourteen little chickens. In time he wants to build a fence across the middle of the yard to separate the White Rocks from the "ordinary chickens" which are to eat. He finds lots of things to do. To-night he said at supper that he and his two best friends (one Jap and one Brazilian) are going to build a raft of the trunks of banana trees to use on the river. We reminded him that the juice from banana trees makes bad stains on clothes. He said they wouldn't wear clothes---just their swimming trunks. Just outside my window as I write is a "Tarzan house" Charles built. It is up on stilts, with board floor, bamboo walls and until the recent storms it had a roof of banana leaves. He slept in it for several nights.

Speaking of storms, we have had a super-abundance recently. Last week one afternoon there was a terrible hail storm in the city that caused thousands of dollars worth of damage. The hail stones were easily as big as walnuts (some reports were that they were as big as oranges). The mission office in the city had ten window panes broken by the hail. And many of the best stores right in the center of the city had show cases broken and goods drenched with water. Several banks with sky-lights were flooded with water and showered with broken glass. Two weeks ago we had a continual downpour of rain for several days straight that caused a flood equal to that of 1928, our first year here. Many people had to leave their homes in the lower sections of the city. We ourselves would have been marooned for sure on our hill top if it hadn't been for our new good foot bridge. It was the only foot bridge not under water between us and Barueri four kilometers away. Our little river overflowed its banks, making a big lake over our new road to the station, and completely covering the school vegetable gardens. The worst thing as far as we were concerned was that the torrential rains caused damage to the extent of about 600 dollars to our new High School building under construction. The day the water was at its highest, Irwin's letter came with clippings showing pictures of the tragic forest fires in Maine. I looked out of the window seeing water, water everywhere, and thought that there is an unequal distribution of things in this world in more ways than one.

Yesterday a tragic thing happened in our Barueri R.R. station, when a youngster whom we have known since he was born, was killed. a nephew of Ouridia our former maid and who now washes our clothes. He was drunk and either fell or jumped right in front of a train as it came into the station. His body was ground to bits. There are two stores in our little village of Jandira now. One is owned by the sheriff who sells alcoholic drinks and then goes out and arrests his customers when they disturb the peace. Drink is one of the greatest social problems in the neighborhood. Poor Ouridia has suffered terribly ever since her marriage in 1935 at the hands of her husband, a pleasant fellow when he's sober. But he is now a slave to drink, and spends everything he can get his hands on for whiskey. She has to hide the money she gets here in order to have anything for herself and their two children. Yesterday Charles was down in the store buying some nails or something when a neighbor offered him and all the others that happened to be in the store at the time, drinks. Charles thanked him and said, "Eu nao sou maluco!" (I'm no fool!). It just makes one sick the way young boys who don't have the good sense and courage Charles has, are taught to drink. Well! The paper is about gone and it's time to stop too. There is still lots to tell but this is more than enough this time. We hope all of you are well and will have the best year yet in 1948. Much love from us all,



Figura 35 – Carta 396 12/09/1952

Rua Pedrosa de Moraes, 154, apt. 1,  
Pinheiros,  
S. Paulo, Brasil, Sept. 12th, 1952.

Dear Young Folks:

27 years ago on last 10th, your mother and dad arrived on the dock at Rio, stepping off the American Legion of the old Munson Line. Many things have happened since then. From there we went to Curitiba, thence to Mato Grosso, thence to JMC. We stayed at JMC from 1928 to 1951. Happy memories center around the two homes at JMC. Every time we go back there we relive some of our lives. We see those marks on the sides of the door posts, showing how you kids grew taller year by year. We see the tigers and wolves of Princeton and New Mexico on the doors. We miss you kids, Fluffy and Tiger, but we are happy that you both are well and happy and hard at work. We are glad Bill has joined the family and that we thus have three instead of two.

We moved here last Saturday in spite of the rain. We were anxious to get out of 139 since the Mission had asked us to move out as early as possible in September, thus making more room for others there. Your mother has been hard at work all week, getting things into shape. The front room is both sitting and dining room. We left the big dayenport and chairs at the other house, hoping to sell them, as this place is not big enough for them. On the largo de Arrouche this week we bought two pieces of kitchen furniture, cupboards, made by the Japanese. These cupboards are painted white. A carpenter at Mackenzie is making a shelf for the kitchen over the sink, as well book shelves for the study. In a few days we'll be all set to receive visitors. How would you like to be among them?

When we began looking for apartments we didn't want anything this side of Avenida Paulista and tried to find something in the neighborhood of Mackenzie. But all the tall apartments over in the Higienopolis district are occupied. Many new ones are going up, ten stories high, but the apartments, in general, are for sale. It is quite the find here, now, to buy your own apartment. Each person owns his own apartment, although there is a central administration. I suppose some company, or bank, continues to operate it. But the price ranges from 400 contos on up to 1,200 contos. So, we hear of this little apartment in a new district and within a couple of days, we signed up for it. It is 4,000,00 a month, or about 120 dollars. Mackenzie will pay the rent, fortunately. There is a shopping district near by, as well as a weekly feira, which makes it handy for the housewife.

Well, this is Tuesday when you three should be together in Wooster. We think and talk about you often and have followed Bill and Isabel back from Alb. this far. Also we kept up with Chas. as best we could. In reply to your request for money Chas. we cabled the Board to send you \$120.00. Hope it arrived this week in time for payment next Monday. Trust you have enough to make it up to the amount required. Although it wasn't quite what you asked for, we thought you could probably make out, inasmuch as we had increased the monthly allowance from twenty to thirty dollars. Please let us know how things have come out. We know you will be careful with your funds, Chas. and make them cover a lot of ground.

In a couple more days Isabel and Bill will be in Springfield. So anxious to hear of a trip West, of the visits at Washington, and Chicago, at other and other places. Jackie's bill is coming back from Germany soon, we hear. There will be general rejoicing in Washington.

Things at Mackenzie are getting under way. Feel more encouraged about everything, now. At first it was hard to get onto things, but I believe things are gradually getting under control.

Love from us both to all three. Dad.



Figura 36 - Carta 65 04/04/1926 (continua)

Cuyaba, Matto Grosso.  
April 4, 1926.

From the Land of the Southern Cross,  
To the Land of the Northern Lights.

Greetings:-

I have some bugs! No, I don't mean that I've picked up any hook worm, at least not to my knowledge, but I am merely saying that I have two fine specimens of "bichos" for the study of the entomologist. I just looked up that word to make sure I spelled it right, for I wouldn't want my two scientific brethren, no three, counting the "youngster" in college, to be ashamed of their preacher relatives. The first one is called a "Barbeiro" in Portuguese and is supposed to be able to transmit the disease known as the "molestia do barbeiro". He is known in English as the scorpion. He is fully two inches long, and has a tail an inch in length. It is included in the two inches. On the end of the tail there is a sharp hook, which he delights in sticking into people, I am told. The servant over at the Landes home saved this one for me. She found it in the house, I guess. They aren't very common, at least I have not seen any heretofore. There is no doubt about their sting being poisonous. The other animal is called a "lacraria" or flying bed bug, and was found on Pauline's bed one morning, although the bellow of the thing was empty, giving indication that it had not bitten anyone recently. For a bed bug it is immense, measuring over half an inch in length and a quarter or more in width. His biting or grappling hook is on the opposite end from that of the scorpion, namely on his front end. Of course that description wouldn't be very elegant and I suppose not very scientific, and yet, I dare say, most of my readers will comprehend the idea expressed, and that is more than can be said of the writings of some of you scientists, our own families excluded, of course. This hook is fully an eighth of an inch long and looks quite cut out for business. The animals are resting peacefully in a bottle of alcohol. I also have several enormous spiders in a Mason jar. They can't compare to the size of those mentioned in that article on the snake farm in Brazil, which was sent to us by Merly, the article not the snake farm. That spider was as big as a dinner plate. These are big, too, probably two and a half inches from tip to tip of their long legs. We have lots of them about the yard, or at least did some time ago.

But that is sufficient for the animal or insect world. This happens to be Easter and we have wondered where you are and what kind of services all of you attended. Suppose Dad Douglass preached a good sermon suitable to the occasion and I imagine the house was packed full of people in new head gear and footwear. The others probably went to their respective churches and enjoyed the services, heard good music, sat down amid beautiful flowers and received increased hope and faith in the cause we all love so much.

We are anxious to hear how the spring meetings have turned out there in Sterling. We have held meetings in the church here every night during the past week, and the week before every night,



Figura 36 – Carta 65 04/04/1926 (continuação)

2

meetings were held in the Porto. I believe I attended every meeting except the one last Monday night. Evelyn went to several both weeks. The house was packed full all this last week, and on Friday night an invitation was given and many people stood up, signifying their desire to accept Christ as their Personal Saviour. I counted about 19 that stayed after the meeting. Tonight there were eight or ten more, all men and young men, I think. Both Friday afternoon and this afternoon short prayermeetings were held in the church. I think the people must have been praying pretty faithfully, as the results would indicate. These converts will be put through a course of training in the doctrine of the church before they are allowed to join by public profession of their faith. These classes are to be held on Friday nights and Evelyn and I are to teach them the hymns.

We get along pretty well with the organ and cornet. The people seem to like the combination and it surely helps in keeping the congregation up to time. My, how they drag, sometimes, when they have the organ. It is often impossible, without the organ. I took over a bouquet of yellow roses this morning for S.S. and these constituted the only flowers. Evidently decorations don't come in for much attention here on Easter.

Last Monday night I began an exchange professorship with a young man in the bank, here. He is to teach me Portuguese and I am to inculcate him with English. This is in addition to my studies with Mr. Landes, which are progressing daily. Both of us feel encouraged at present, for we are understanding more of what is said in our hearing and we are beginning to be able to talk a little.

This has been a week of festivities for the Catholic church here. There has been much ringing of bells, much firing of sky-rockets, much band music, much walking in processions, etc. This morning before daylight a band began playing and the bells began summoning people for a procession, which later passed the house. Some flags led the crowd, and some sort of a canopy carried over the heads of the priests, was about all of interest, save the many people and the band. Tonight another processions processed by the house. Someone was firing off sky-rockets that burst in air, the music was loud and monotonous, and the crowd was hilarious, punctuating their progress with a shout now and then. Evelyn suggested it looked like a Monmouth jubilee meeting after defeating Knox. I wonder if the people really believe they receive merit in heaven for walking in these processions, etc. This is the greatest place for sky-rockets. Every night or so some of them will burst in the air near here, and make us jump. When the president came ashore a few months ago, several hundred of them were fired at once, and they made some noise.

When I pass the cathedral on the way to our church and see the surging, noisy crowd outside, waiting to join some procession, to join in the shouting and the making of noise in the name of religion, and then when I go into our church and find a hundred or more people quietly waiting for the service to begin, quietly worshipping God in their hearts, worshipping Him in spirit and in truth, I think how much better it is to have a religion that will



Figura 36 – Carta 65 04/04/1926 (conclusão)

3

actually change one's life and not just one that will allow you to get drunk, live with any number of women, lie, steal, etc. and which is manifested through noisy demonstrations, much hurrahing, much shooting of fireworks, and much so called band music. It just makes one's heart sick to pass the public square, as we have to do on Sunday nights to go to church. The mass of swirling humanity there reminds us of a carnival or circus crowd. The ban is playing, people are parading up and down and around, several tables with small kerosene lamps are lined up alongside the cathedral wall, and vendors are selling little cakes, etc from them. There is a regular festive air to it all. These people certainly need Christ and the Bible.

To indicate the overwhelming Catholic population let me merely state that as far as I know, and I noticed several shut, not a butcher shop was open in Cuyaba last Friday, Good Friday. The people don't eat meat on Good Friday, altho they do on other Fridays here. Fish was the staple for the day. Fish ordinarily is pretty cheap, but it went up on account of the demand last week and especially on Friday. I got up at 5:00 o'clock and went to the Porto just to see the fish being brought in and sold by the natives. Before daylight it was and I passed many men and boys who were coming from the port, carrying fish, fish, fish. Some of this was for selling and some for private use. Most of the fish were big long fellows, perhaps two and a half feet long. It is very good. There were perhaps fifty or more canoes, hallowed from trees, drawn up along the bank, and people were buying all sorts of vegetables and fruits, in addition to fish. I bought a basket of stuff, myself. Had I had a way to get the bananas home I would have bought a whole bunch of green bananas for one milreis. They would have ripened in a week. As it was I got a boy to help me carry my basket home. The bank of the river was thick with people, altho the hour was "bem cedo", very early.

Before going to bed I want to tell about the splendid custom of fasting on Good Friday. Really, you know, one is supposed to fast occasionally for one's health, and the practice is also conducive to the clarifying of the mind, so that meditation can the more easily be engaged in. Well, Good Friday to these Cuyabanans is a day of fasting. It is called the "dia de jejum" or day of the fast. Well, the fast is kind of a joke, for what kind of a sign do you suppose I saw in front of a grocery store? There was a big blackboard on the sidewalk and at the top were the words, "Para jejum, frutas..." (For the fast we have). Then followed a long list of different kinds of nuts, and raisins, prunes, dates, etc. It seems that the fast lasts just till mid-day, then a big feast is in order. It must be something like our Christmas or Thanksgiving day dinners at home. The funny thing is why they call it a day of fasting. Probably originally the day was observed in that manner.

Evelyn started to sleep in her bed without a mosquito netting, thinking the insects of that particular species had departed for warmer climates, but just now she changed her mind and arranged the net. She sends her love. Really, now, it is time to go to bed. Clock says 11:12, and so "Boa noite."

Love, R<sup>ey</sup>



Figura 37 – Carta 463 1953

Carta 463  
 Dearest Family, in California, Iowa and Ohio, (1954) (1953)

We have been reading in the papers about the extreme cold and abundance of snow and ice in other parts of the world. We wish you could see what I do from the window as I write. Spring is at its greenest and the flowering trees at the peak of their beauty. (Do I hear voices from California that we have nothing on you?)

Last night Roy went to the opening of the cooperative of which Prof. Maure or and the Salus boys are the founders and leading spirits. We are members also, having bought a thousand cruzeiros stock. There are others already established in Brazil and doing lots of good to help solve the problem of the cost of living for many families. I didn't go because I had had enough already for one day, in the morning spent taking my examination with the Brazilian police department for my driver's license along with about one hundred other candidates. I had all the rules and regulations on the tip of my tongue, and took the practical exam in my stride with the examiner sitting beside me issuing orders and, I don't doubt observing plenty, though he read the news paper all the way. The bug bear for everybody is parallel parking between the "balizas" (poles). I felt sorry for the people who knocked them down-- that's unpardonable. I didn't touch the poles, but did park the first time with the back wheels about three inches farther from the curb than the front ones, though the second trial suited them! Well, I passed and am to get a temporary license today or tomorrow, until the permanent one comes through. It is going to help a lot to get to the recording studio, shop, etc. especially after the cold weather comes on.

Last Friday we had a unique experience having dinner in the home of some well-to-do Chinese refugees who are friends of the Pommerenkes, who in turn are friends of Merrill and Lucille Ady. The food was all Chinese. The family brought their Chinese cook with them from Hong Kong. Five of the seven sons and daughters of the family are in the States studying. There were two fish dishes, pork, chicken, rice (delicious) shrimp fritters as well as sea-weed and mushrooms also brought from China. I think I enjoyed the latter dish most of all. Everything had a decided oriental flavor. We didn't do so well with the ivory chop sticks, but the Pommerenkes were experts. Desert was western, peaches with whipped cream, served with soft drinks. The family are not Christians, but had had enough contact with them to ask Mr. Pommerenke to ask the blessing at the table.

Roy is especially busy at Backensio just now making the scholarship lists for the year, with the help of the student presidents and the directors of each of the colleges of the University, to make sure all the scholarships are going to boys and girls who really need it. Also the report of 1951 is just about ready, and next is the revised budget for 1952, considering latest developments in laws, decisions of the Board of Directors, etc. Roy really enjoys it. In the last two weeks, I have gotten seven hymns on tape for use in the Sunday night broadcasts, too. One was used last Sunday and another is on the recorded program for next Sunday. . . . . Just received my driver's license at the doc! Will say "Good-bye" before I run off the page. Very much love to every one of you,

Fonte: Acervo particular da família Harper



Figura 38 – Carta 509 19/12/1954

Cx.postal 3792,  
S.Paulo, Brasil,  
Dec. 19th, 1954.

Dear Ones in the USA.

We had a new experience last night. Evelyn had gone to Campinas for the wedding of John Lane, son of Dr. and Mrs. E.E. Lane of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, and I parked the car within a short block of Mackenzie and went into the gymnasium to attend the commencement exercises of the Commercial School. Went out about 11.0 to get into the car, and lo, there wasn't any. Had the keys in my pocket, but no car to fit them. Baker took me to the police station, where I signed a declaration giving necessary data re the car. Got home about midnight, and found Evelyn had just arrived. Dick Waddell and wife had taken a group up there and back. No trace of the car yet tonight. Fortunately, it is insured against theft, as well as fire. Not too sure how much was put on it, but think around 200 thousand cruzeiros. It is probably worth more now, owing to the increased value of the dollar in comparison to the cruzeiro. Well, let us hope for the best and hope the Brazilian police and highway officers are efficient. One has some doubts, but maybe they are better than one thinks.

Mackenzie is in the throes of Commencements. Attended two all ready and have several yet to go to. This week is full of them. Besides, we are trying to make some decisions concerning prices for next year. It has been ascertained that since 1939, fifteen years ago, the cost of living has risen about 9 times, including salaries of teachers, secretaries and workmen. But the school fees have not accompanied this increase, which makes a hardship on the schools. If the fees go up too high, of course, people may not be able to pay them and the children and students may drop out. That would be bad, of course. We have a serious problem with the University students. In the engineering course they paid 2,000,00 a year back in 1939. They should be paying nine times as much, according to the above mentioned increase, or 18,000,00. Actually, the seniors are paying 5,000,00 (4,500 in architecture). This is less than the college student pays, 5,300,00. Yet we pay the Univ. teacher twice as much as the college teacher. When we try to charge more, the students strike and refuse to pay, alleging that the Government is going to give a subvention to Mackenzie and therefore it doesn't make sense to raise student fees. The Univ. teachers, on the other hand, are insisting on higher salaries and claim the student fees ought to be raised to make this possible. So we are in a bad jam. Don't know yet how we'll get out of it.

We took a taxi down to the Ig. Unida this morning, since we had no car, and got there in time to participate in the special service in honor of the Mackenzie Univ. students who were graduating. Each year, now, the graduates have a religious service, in thanksgiving for graduation. A Missa or Mass for Catholics, a service in a Protestant church and one in the Jewish. The place was packed full of people and flowers today and Jorge Mota gave a good message. Jack Sydenstricker was one of the young men who finishes his studies this year. He lives at the mission home, you know. John Lane does too. He is finishing medical school this year, as well.

Tonight we go to the Fellowship ch to see and hear the Candle Light program. Christmas songs, etc. Tomorrow night Nilce Do Val has a combined choir which will give a Xmas program at the Fellowship church. E. says she will go to it, but I ought to attend two commencements on the same evening.

It was a pleasure to get Annabel's letter yesterday telling about their trip to L. Beach and thereabouts, visit with Lorine and Wilbur, and those around LA. Hope Bill will come out better than he thought in the tests he took. If not, he'll be trying again, with an idea as to what to study for.

Charles' three page letter written in red was received and enjoyed. We had that book "Brazilian Culture", borrowed from the mission library at NY, with us in Sterling. Good book, full of pictures. Lots of love to one and all. Roy