

Dewey Beach, 1958

"Mothers write on the hearts of their children what the world's rough hand cannot rub out".

Dear Daugherties, Nichols, & Silvas,

Good morning to each of you from each of us nine residing at 22 Swedes St. in lovely Dewey Beach, Delaware. We wish you were here...but are trying via this daily epistle to share it all with you as best we can. My assignment was to write you about yesterday, the 11th of July: the Friday of our first week here; so here's what happened, told in a different way 'cause it's a different "reporter", oke? Hope I don't weary you!

6:00 a.m.:

Yours truly tiptoed out of the cottage, leaving behind a sleeping household (including the babies!); went to the beach nearest us, where had my Daily Devotions, enjoying the quietness and beauty of the sea. On my way back I picked many wild flowers (ten different kinds) and also four dozens of black raspberries...which folks enjoyed on their cereal.

7:00 a.m.:

Sylvia was just waking, easily kept happy with her pacifier until about half an hour later, when I changed her and gave her to her just-awakened mommie...who took her to bed with her to feed her. Donald, meanwhile, had already exercised his lungs a bit, when his maamie tried to give him his medicine first, when what he really wanted was his bottle! But he got the latter eventually, and enjoyed it with gusto. His daddy was still a-sleeping, as was his Uncle Alan. Grandma and Grandpa were doing the same also, 'til the latter arose and was shaving when this reporter looked in on them.

8:00 a.m.:

Donald was lying awake, enjoying his latest discovery: his thumb! His parents were in their room, sleeping, we assume; his daddy poked his sleepy head out a bit, looked around to survey the sleeping-waking situation, and returned from whence he'd emerged. No sign of Mommie. When baby started crying, Auntie Alma changed him and put him in his carriage out on our lovely porch, where he seemed content to look around awhile. This was Sylvia's breakfast time, so after the "appetizer" which only her mommie can give her, she played awhile with daddie in his bed, while mommie prepared the rest of her breakfast: egg yolk with applesauce, chicken with applesauce, and apricots & apples--pretty hearty "n'est-ce-pas? Wonder if you all could eat it? Well, her daddy gave her the first mixture, then Titia Alma took over...what a happy mess we do get into when we eat! Especially with that "funny" dessert...what fun "we" did have spreading it all over "our" little face, hands, arms, shirt, as also on Titia as much as possible...if only you or I could look as sweet and precious when we're "sloppy and dirty"! I took Sylvinha to see Grandma, who was listening to her radio, in bed, and she quite enjoyed the cute sight, saying it almost looked as if the baby had been in a "strained apricot fight" (vs. water fight); if so, Titia's comment would be that Sylvia must have lost! Grandpa, now all dressed, also got a chuckle.

9:00 a.m.:

Sylvia, whom auntie had had fun bathing after she'd fed her, was now all clean, in a pretty "hand-made in the Philippines" shirt which Mima had given her. How that little gal can splash in that bathinette, and how she does enjoy her bath! Afterwards she was soon fast asleep. Donald, who seems to love motion, was having a hard time of it (from his point of view, that is. From ours he was supposed to be happy, with dry didy and full turny...but he didn't think so); so Titia Alma "rocked" him to sleep. How? Just by pushing his resilient mattress up and down, up and down...good arm exercise, if any of you'd care to try it! The "Breakfast Club"--made up of the 'late-risers', or in other words, of the parents--was now in session: Alma Guassú fixed their scrambled eggs & bacon, and Gary did their dishes, while Guassú did the baby dishes in the Nursery. She also fixed a nice tray for Mother, who was in bed, alternating with radio & book. Dad, all energy as usual, decided to wash the floor in their bedroom and in our bathroom (the latter is all of 6' long and 3' wide!)---there's no stopping that man! Any suggestions? Well, after their breakfast Alan went to the post-office, and Doris browsed through a booklet: A Better Start in Life, while their spouses worked at the nursery & kitchen sinks respectively.

10:00 a.m.:

Donald was happily playing by himself--oops! I goofed! Try again: Donald--Paul was enjoying the first straight apple-juice he'd ever had (before 'twas mixed with orange-juice), which his mommie was giving him from a bottle out on the porch. Sylvia, pardon my confusion, was the one who was happily playing by herself in her crib, while her mommie picked up their room, etc. The two daddies were having fun recording a Male Quartet...with only two males, but with two tape-recorders it can be done, you know. Grandma was about to take her bath, and Grandpa, reading

11:00 a.m.:

Mother and Dad stayed holding the fort (Mom in bed, where she's been several days nursing a cold and sundry aches & pains, and getting much-needed rest), getting in two games of chess: each one won one. We children (2nd & 3rd generation) took off for the near-by high school tennis courts; once there, Guassú stayed in the car writing letters, insisting she didn't want to play, though we offered to baby-sit in turns (For Sylvia and Donald Gordon 'tis a pleasure!). Gary and Doris took on Alan and me... what fun! The sun was hot, and I think all four of us got a work-out, though I'm sure we gals did more than the fellows; we tied the score several times, and ended up the set 8-6, in our favor. Then we drove to Rehoboth on a couple of errands: I went with Donald Paul & family, and came back with Sylvia Elena & family. Such a privilege!

12:00 noon:

This hour found both babies getting fed; Sylvia had her breakfast menu, and Donald had carrots, beef, and cereal. The former was fed by her daddy, and the latter by his mommy. Gary was doing accounts, and Guassú was getting lunch for her "chief-cook" hubby. Mother and Dad were in and on their bed respectively, enjoying some literature I'd brought along especially for the parents... on all kinds of subjects having to do with children, materials for them, etc. Dad found one folder which was "just what he wanted": a Price List of Government Publications on Drugs, and sanitation, which I'd picked up at the Gvt. Printing Office when there with G&D. But when he heard that Mirim wanted very much to go swimming and had no company, he left it for later and went with me, wasn't that nice? We went to the bay, and had such a nice time!

1:00 p.m.:

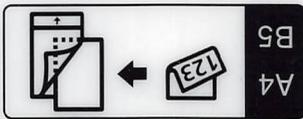
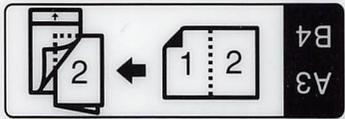
Dad just finished his "laundry for the day" (nylon shirt & socks, I think), Alan giving Sylvia her bath, and Doris feeding Donald, when Alma Guassú had dinner on the table: spaghetti & meat balls, corn, and string beans, with delicious pears for dessert. Donald kept us company on the porch (or should I say it vice-versa to be more correct?!), being wheeled back & forth by his ambidextrous mother. It's so pleasant to eat out on the porch! Cooler too.

2:00 p.m.:

Sylvia was falling asleep by then, with her "chupeta" (pacifier, Mr. s. Nichols!); how cute she did look, so de fraldinha (only with her didy on). Donald was sleeping in his carriage out on the porch, looking so sweet that his daddy got his camera out and took a picture. Syl got hers taken later also, by her mommy and by her uncle. Actually they're both of them such special, precious babies, that one wishes it were possible to take their pictures and record their gurglings all of the time for you absent grandparents & titios! I almost feel guilty being able to enjoy them when you can't right now... but your turn will come, n'est-ce-pas? Meanwhile, this is a meager attempt to let you go through an entire day with them, as well as with their present near-of-kin. Doris got out the sewing machine and offered to do mending for any of us, wasn't that great? I do believe she got enough to keep her busy. In the meantime Dad was washing dishes, Guassú wiping, and Mother resting on the couch, enjoying her Seashores book (shells, mosses, etc.).

3:00 p.m.:

This hour found Doris, Alan, Guassú, and Mirim on the beach... having left Gary baby-sitting on the porch (Donald Paul in his carriage, Sylvia Elena on a blanket (cushioned with a soft puff under it) on the floor), Grandmother sleeping in her bed, and Grandfather sleeping on mine. As we took off, poor Gary commented, "Looks like it's going to be a rough afternoon!" (Both babies had awakened), to which Doris retorted, "You wanted twins, Gary!", and Guassú added, "You have them for this afternoon!" It gave us all a good laugh (we don't lack in those, as you well know), and I guess he didn't have too rough a time, although he seemed glad to see us back. As for those of us who went a-swimming, we had an exciting time... I even got "rescued" by a lifeguard! Well, not really. You see, some of us prefer the warm quiet waters of the bay, but others think the icy-cold choppy ocean has an appeal all its own... so we went there first. As usual, I was on an air-mattress... but not as usual, I got further and further away from the beach. And although I didn't realize it, Alan did, so he came to me and we started beachward; meanwhile, I guess the lifeguard wanted a dip & some exercise, and perhaps some attention along with it, so he came and decided he should bravely take hold of my raft and bring me ashore, swimming and drinking salt water (mostly the latter!) alongside. He almost pulled it from under me a couple of times, but we had an interesting chat all the way; as I told him, he has to feel he's earning his money somehow, and if nobody drowns, well, you can always try! Well, onse on dry land I really didn't think I wanted to freeze anymore, so we took a nice long walk down the beach, while I defrosted. Then--murray!-- we drove to the bay! I guess I wasn't the only one who enjoyed the contrast: even Doris did! 'Twas 4:30 when we returned. Gary had some interesting recordings of the babies for us to hear, and also of Newton. Mother was "studying" chess (with book & set alone), & Dad reading.



3.

5:00 p.m.:

Gary, having given his son some apple juice, recommenced writing yesterday's chapter of this epistle; he also had fun playing with the recorder. You should see Newton get all excited when he hears himself via the tape! It doesn't seem to have any effect on the babies to hear themselves, though... what does that prove, that Newton's more intelligent? Alan, having defrosted the kitchen refrigerator before we went to the beach, now tackled the nursery one. Alma Guassú was fixing her daughter's supper, and Doris "walking" her son while his milk got warmed up. Neither Sylvia nor Donald seem very cheerful just before mealtime... how unusual, don't you think? Syl was crying so hard for her dinner that Titia decided it wouldn't be spoiling her to pick her up (I have an awful time restraining myself from picking them both up all the time! Of course I realize that if I did not only would they get spoiled, but I might get a bit (?) weary!! So I guess it's a good thing, 'cause I'm supposed to be resting. Don't worry--I am. Even though I am often the last one up (except Mother! Wouldn't want to try to beat her!) and first one in the morn to "rise and shine". It's so nice not to have any exams or schedules or "have-tos! Well, as you correctly assumed, Sylvinha and Donaldinho weren't neglected, and soon both were happily eating, or I should say, drinking their milk. Their grandparents were deep in another chess game, at the end of which Mirim had the fun of driving Dad to Rehoboth to get some medicine for Mom. I've been doing quite a bit of driving lately (drove a good portion from N.Y. here too), and we're seriously thinking of making it legal sometime soon, isn't that encouraging? Meanwhile, if you don't hear from me... why, just write "care of Town Jail"...

6:00 p.m.:

Sylvia was eating her dinner, which her daddy had the fun of trying to see who'd win... she getting it everywhere but, with those ever-moving powerful little hands, or he getting it actually in that dear little mouth. Donald looked lots happier also, even sparing Titia Alma a couple of precious grins, 'cause his tummy was full and life wasn't so bad after all. Guassú was napping (if I were she or Doris I'd want more than one nap a day!), so after her bath I took Sylvia over and gave her her bottle. Gary was trying to finish your letters, and Doris getting supper; Mother and Dad, meanwhile, were reading Sears Catalog and Time magazine... need I say which one for whom? Perhaps the Nichols or Laugherties haven't heard of " 's powerful hold on our Daddy-man? When we were little we soon learned that if Daddy was reading " , why, you'd have to work pretty hard to get his attention. Time hasn't changed that much.

7:00 p.m.:

Donald continued content, now on the puff-blanket arrangement on the porch, from where he intently watched Newton for awhile. Sylvia wasn't going to let her cousin outdo her one bit, so remained happy also, playing with the "jungle gym" in her crib... you should see those tiny fists hold on with full force to the rings, etc. which are just within reach above her. Mother was enjoying a game of Scrabble with Alan (quite an interesting one, he eventually winning by about eighty points)... while Dad continued deeply engrossed in his Time. Guassú woke up, Doris got dinner on the table (she did a grand job of using up some of our left-overs, also fixing us some delicious Goldenrod Eggs), and Gary announced that it was ready over the loud-speaker of the recorder! It's quite a feat, to get seven people to sit down together at the same time, and that little brainstorm seemed to help. He did it as if 'twere on shipboard: "Now hear this", etc. Fun. Previous to this, Gary had been resting on the couch, listening to himself & Doris sing in Rio Verde (in Portuguese, no less!). Tapes are wonderful, don't you all agree? I've even heard you all speaking, Rev. & Mrs. D.! On "Chuck's birthday tape". Thanks for letting me in on "the party"!

8:00 p.m.:

Sylvia was just put to bed for the night, as was Donald, after his mummy had "walked" him to sleep in her arms, & transferred him to his crib... was she surprised he didn't wake up! I imagine one might call that a pleasant surprise? Well, she then washed the babies' "dishes" (we'll have to admit they consist mostly of bottles?) in the nursery sink, while Gary did our supper dishes in the kitchen sink, having Dad for wiper. In case you begin to wonder whether some of us never work, let me remind you of Operation Dewey's point-system, remember? Up to last night (including supper), all of us had 30 points each, except Gary with 20, Dad with 21, and Doris with 31. I've been having fun taking off completely on Mon-Wed-Fri and working harder on t'other days; however, it's pretty tiring that way, so I may break down and work a bit each day. We'll see. Well, Mother picked up their room, after she and Alan finished their game, and Guassú copied my recipe for that 7-Up Salad I'd made the previous day. Then began our evening... at

9:00 p.m.: We played two games of Quick-Wit, several of Jenkins, then Muggins. It was my turn to lead our Family Devotions, so we sang a hymn unfamiliar to several: "Shall I Empty-Handed Be"? Do you know it? Its words are very meaningful, I think. Well, folks, that's it. 11:20 p.m. we quit.

Dewey Beach, July 17, only it is supposed to be the 15th!

In other words, very dear Family, I didn't get my letter written on Tuesday because I left it for evening, which finished at 1:30 A.M.! Yesterday I was cooking in the morning and the afternoon was unusually hot; so I did the same thing-- and then the family decided to spend the evening on the Board Walk! Someone else will describe these delightful activities, therefore let us return to Monday! And in order that John may read it firsthand, I'll shift to Portuguese, with a separate translation for the Nichols; O.K.? Então, queridos filhos e compadres, deixei-me descrever a escena atual. Estou sentada no alpendre do nosso palacete, fazendo frente às duas salas. No "nursery" Doris está dando a mamadeira a Donald, que está deitado no sofá. Na outra, Alma Guassú está no fundo preparando uma sobremesa para o almoço. (Digo, na outra sala, não na outra sofá! Ah, mas devo dizer "o sofá," n'é? Ai de meu português, está piorando rapidamente! Já é tempo que pratico um pouco!) Os outros 4 já foram jogar tennis. Sylvia está deitado num cobertor aqui no alpendre, e é a causa inocente de muitos destes erros, porque acaba de acordar, e é um encanto, sorrindo e balbuciando, e erguendo-se nos bracinhos, depois deitando-se outra vez. Newton, o periquito, está aqui na outra mesa, cantando e, às vezes, queixando-se, aparentemente bem satisfeito com a vida! No momento está atacando o seu amigo do espelho, mas sei fôr em amizade ou inimizade, não sei!

Acabo de lêr a carta de ontem, escrita por Doris, e vou acrescentar os pormenores sobre o cinema que foi a causa da nossa chegada em casa a uma e meia da madrugada. Escrevo, porém, o nome dos filmes em inglês, pois não sei o título dado em português. Era no Midway Drive-In, cinco milhas daqui. Fomos em dois carros, Alan com as duas Almas no seu Nash, e Papai e eu, no nosso! O desenho animado era um encanto, tratando de um grande cachorro com voz inglês, e dois pequenos "gophers" (excuse; don't remember it in Portuguese) que eram um encanto mesmo! Os films eram: "Forty Guns" e "An Affair to Remember," todos os dois muito bem representado. Barbara Stanwyck e Barry Sullivan "brilharam" no primeiro, e Cary Grant e Deborah Kerr eram os protagonistas do "Affair."

And now, to return to Monday. It was a cool and rainy day, but cleared up some in the afternoon so that most folks went to play tennis. I stayed in bed, trying to get rid of my cold, but after the tennis, about 4:30, Donald and Alminha and I went to Rehoboth, doing some shopping, especially at the ten-cent stores. (That shows my age, doesn't it? I now recall that the present-day term is "dime store.") Rehoboth has a tremendous number of small variety stores and gift shops, being the "shopping center" for several beach resorts, and it is fun to look at so many little things here and there. When we saw "Anastasia" was being shown at one of the local movie theaters, Alma and I decided we should see it; so after supper we persuaded Gary and Doris to go with us, and all four passed a very enjoyable evening. It is a tremendous--oh, oh...repeating my adjectives---a magnificent picture, well-acted as well as well-plotted, but the high point to me was Helen Hayes' appearances. What a superb actress she is! I never tire of watching her expressive face, or listening to the fine nuances in her rich voice. As Hope will remember, I first saw her in "Bab". I mean, Hope will remember my telling this, for it happened nearly forty years ago! Later I saw her (with Hope; member?) in "Harriett"-- and since then, in "Mrs. McThing" and "Time Remembered." Every time I am newly amazed at her ability and her agelessness!

"Praise the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits!" How I do praise Him for these weeks with the rest of the children here at the beach, and how I do hope that it may draw every one of us nearer Him and more active in carrying out His will for our daily lives! Yes, I know that the King James version says, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," but I think, since the idea is really one of our exalting God, that "praise" is a more satisfying translation, at least to me. I have been reading some very stimulating biography: the life of Amy Carmichael, a missionary to India who is really another Brother Lawrence, a true mystic in the midst of a busy, busy life. And to think that she passed the last twenty years confined to a sickroom, and even so, influenced countless lives. Here is a bit of her verse:

"Fear not. The words have power  
To give the thing they name, for in an hour  
Of utter weariness, the soul, aware  
Of One beside her bed  
Is comforted.  
O Lord most dear,  
I thank Thee, and I worship-- Thou art here."

Also, "An Autobiography of Prayer," by Albert Day. Do you know it? It is inspiring. Paper has ended, and I must too. Loving you all lots,

Translation (rather literal, to preserve "the flavor!"):

"Then, dear children and co-fathers, let me describe the present scene: I am seated on the veranda of our little palace, facing the two living-rooms. In the nursery Doris is giving his bottle to Donald, who is lying on the sofa. In the other room, Alma Guassú is at the back of it, preparing a dessert for lunch. (The parenthesis treats of an ambiguity due to pronouns and gender in Portuguese, not really interesting enough for translation, I fear). The other four adults went to play tennis. Sylvia is lying on a blanket here on the veranda, and is the innocent cause of many of these mistakes, because she has just waked up and is a darling, smiling and cooing, lifting herself up on her arms, afterward lying down flat again. Newton, the parakeet, is here upon the other table, singing and sometimes complaining, apparently well satisfied with life. At the moment he is attacking his ~~enemy~~ friend of the mirror, but if in friendship or enmity, I know not.

"I have just read yesterday's letter, written by Doris, and I am going to add details about the movies which caused our arrival at home at 1:30 A.M. I'll write the titles in English, though, because I don't know what name was used for them in Portuguese. It was at the Midway Drive-In, 5 miles from here. We went in two cars, Alan with the two Almas in his Nash, and Father and I, in ours! The cartoon was delicious, about a big old dog and two little gophers ( ) who were really enchanting! The films were: "40 Guns" and "An Affair to Remember," both well-acted. B.Stanwyck and B.Sullivan shone in the first film, and C.Grant and D.Kerr were the stars of the "Affair." "

We certainly enjoyed that wonderful letter, Albert, and the pictures were charming. You should go into the title-writing, I mean caption-writing, business; they were so good! I only hope we have some <sup>pictures</sup> half as good to show you after the days here. (I suppose Grandma was showing "Sputnik" to Donald? Surely only such a scientific sight could have aroused such delighted interest?) Mayn't we use first names among each other? It seems as if we had known you for ages; some people just seem like kindred souls from the beginning. And to think I was scared anticipating that first evening! Then I had such a good time! We will certainly look forward to a week-end together some time. Our plans will remain more or less indefinite for the present, as we both have some more medical check-ups etc. to undertake when we return to New York.

They are ready to take this to the post-office; so 'bye for now, with lots of love to you both

from

*Helen + Don.*

## WHY DO WE GO TO CHURCH?

Some go to church for just a walk; Some go to stare and laugh and talk.  
Some go there to meet a friend, Some their idle time to spend.  
Some for general observation; Some for private speculation.  
Some go to sit and doze and nod---Just a few go to worship God!

Dear Silvas, Nichols, & Daugherties,

Guess I can take a break from those driving rules long enough to chat awhile with you, and share yesterday with each of you seven-and-a-half absent ones, don't you think so? You see, we're planning to make my driving legal on Monday...now aren't you relieved? Don't set your hopes up too high--I might not be able to say what the sign "STOP" means when he shows it to me...or he might decide he can refuse me a license on the grounds that my 5' (period!) make me "physically unable to drive safely" who knows what may happen! But we'll try, and if at first we don't succeed, we'll try again...in another State!

Oops, sorry: I'm supposed to be writing about Friday, not Monday. Well, if Monday's writer doesn't mention anything about my success, you can conclude I didn't, oke? Meanwhile, let's return to yesterday's history-making news: Sylvia cried! And want to hear something even more shocking? So did Donald!

Now for something more routine: we ate three meals yesterday...the first one being "rarrtheh" latish for some: 10:30 to be exact! But that still gave Gary--the chief cook--plenty of time to plan and laboriously prepare a scrumptuous meal which was by far among the most elaborate we've had. And talk about variety! Listen to the menu: fried chicken, beef & gravy, turkey, baked potatoes, mashed potatoes, corn, mixed vegetables, peas....with blueberry pie à la mode for dessert!!! Didn't know my brother was such a ~~skilled~~ skilled chef, did you? Boy, I'm telling you: it takes an awful lot of something to walk down to the store and buy seven teevee dinners, then stick them in the oven and time it just right...as well as buy and mathematically divide a pie and put some ice-cream from said store also, on top... don't you agree? All kidding aside though, it was a delicious meal, and we appreciated it all the more knowing Gary hadn't had to "sweat it out" to earn himself nine more points. Mother did the noon dishes, thus bringing her score to my heretofore leading 68 points; but I got supper, ~~this~~ thus breaking the 'tie'. Supper was very simple: meat loaf, rice, corn, and a new fancy Jello concoction for dessert. Just to make the record complete for you, Doris did the evening dishes.

Of course our meals always are accompanied by much conversation; yesterday's dinner, however, was different in that it contained much "formal" parliamentary procedure, as we first had a Murder-trial (Mother had Murdered Gary with a chess-piece, and Alan, who was Watson had to solve it alone, since the victim was Sherlock. Although I doubt if any of you need an explanation, we've been playing quite a bit of "All-Day Murder", having played two games the previous day. Fun.) Following the trial we had quite a conference on what-all each of us would like to include in the six remaining days; you should've heard the "Senator from Georgia" yield the floor to the "Senator from New York"...etc., etc., etc. Most of our laughs and good times come from the "ETC."! ~~is!~~ Well, we now have a list posted here on the porch, which is check-full of nice ideas...hope we can "squeeze in" as many as possible! As you can well imagine, we don't like the thought of leaving & going our sundry ways...Bluebird to N.Y.C. with Dad & me, Ima to Montreat with its own family & Mother, and Inky with her four regular passengers (don't forget Newton!) to Takoma Park. It certainly has been marvelous to be together, and how grateful we be to our Heavenly Father for making it all possible!

Well, folks, let's try to remember what else happened yesterday: oh yes, our hour spent at the tennis courts (everyone but Mother and Donald Paul) was lots of fun, even though we did get rained out. Dad and I took on Gary and Doris for one set...and won! The score was 6-3, in case you're interested. I never knew I liked tennis so much, but really, I'm enjoying more each day. This morning...oops, I'll keep off Dad's territory. And if he doesn't tell you about this morning...well, you'll never know. Unless you take the trouble to write and ask me...wouldn't be bad to hear from you! Yesterday evening was a typical one, with various games for all.

Much love  
from us all,  
Alma

P.S. We got Dad's nice letter today with the cute pictures, and just as cute captions. Did you both think 'em up? Mother E. says you should go into the business! Thanks lots. We all enjoyed your letter; it's the first one we've had in answer to our daily epistles which are sent to the Daugherty's, Hope + John, + you. Your loving daughter,  
Hort

July 16, 1958

Dear Friends,

In the beauty of continued good weather (tho on the warm side) we all (except Father) went to the bay yesterday morning. It was bright and windy, the water bouncing with little waves. We anchored both babies in their carriages into the sand. They rested comfortably, Donald under his carriage shade and mosquito netting, and Sylvia in the shade of Father's big black umbrella. While Mother and the girls "fritted" away the time playing in the water on the rubber rafts, the fellows got down to the serious business of constructing castles in the sand. And it was pretty laborious work, since, as Gary has been bemoaning, the sand here has too little tensile strength.

Alminha was especially happy this day because she had talked Father into going for some tennis with her before breakfast. Later in the day Gary went with her, so she had a thorough work-out and claims she learned a lot. She has great trouble pulling us new parents away from our babies and related domestic chores long enough to go places and do things as often as she'd like.

At dinner Alminha and Mother continued and finished up "The Long Walk" each reading in turn. It was quite a relief, to me at least, to get those poor refugees over their arduous journey and safe at last after their countless narrow escapes from death. I highly recommend this book by Slavomir Rawicz to you all for some captivating reading.

While Gary and I baby-sat the others took off for the evening movies at a near-by drive in.

An interesting feature of Dewey Beach is the several new birds that none of us have seen much of before. Every early morning the clear call of Bob-whites can be heard, altho we have yet to see them close by the house. Gary and I saw some one evening only when we drove down the coast aways. Then there are the mocking birds; and once in a while we hear the call of a chickadee. Of course the robin is an old friend but it's still interesting to watch the activities of two sets of robin parents who have homes and families in the evergreen tree just outside the screened porch. I wonder which babies get more care, theirs or ours.

Love,

*Aloria*

Dowry Beach  
July 17, 1958  
On porch during game

Dear Ones,

We have been playing several games of Dead Pan and Alan is looking hurt (playfully) because I stopped but it didn't seem to work for me to play and peck too. That old one track mind! Let's see what was interesting yesterday Alma, Alan and I went swimming in the morning while the others pattered around the house and kept the babies. It was a red-lettered day since mail came from Lavras for Mirin and A&A. Had not had news in so long which is easily explained by your trip and ours too. Today a letter came in from the Nichols for all of us much to our joy. Some pictures too I guess but I have not had time to see them.

We had stayed up late the night before so I tried several times yesterday to get a nap without too much success. Sylvia seems to know when I close my eyes! We played some games and then the rush was on to make choir practice by 7:30. I was chief cook and hoped to get supper by 5 (we finished lunch at 2:30 as usual) but it was the usual 6:30 before it was on the table. Waldorf Salad was the main dish and we had veal roast sandwiches with what was left of Mother's lunch. Father gave Sylvia the last of his bottle and off we five went to church. That many Gordons duly impressed them and as previously planned we sing a quintet at service next Sunday - "O listen to the wondrous story." Rehearsal was short and since we were all dressed with nowhere to go we went to see the board walk along the beach in downtown Rehoboth. It has shops and a large penny arcade which amused us for many hours. Doris came home and Mother and Father joined us and we had cotton candy and caramel corn and watched all the funny people. I've seen a high faluting auction where in a few minutes a diamond brooch went for \$300.

Guess that's our day. They seem to fly by, mostly very pretty weather. Yesterday was exceptionally hot and today quite cool so it evens off. The babies are growing before our eyes. Donald will gladly carry on a lengthy conversation with anyone, and Sylvia can crawl right off the large blanket on the floor of the porch. They have mostly good days but once in a while make music together. We have had to do diapers every other day and most times two machines at that! Any chance we take pictures of the little ones and should have some cute ones. So much for

Today

Many thanks for the letter,

Alma & Alan

*copy right - writing and picture for the letter for the letter 1.9*

~~100~~

July 18, 1958

Dear Folks,

So much happened Wednesday that I thought ~~Wed~~ Thursday (yesterday) wouldn't have much to write home about, but I was wrong. By this time you all must be flooded by letters, and have them stacked up until you have time to read them - at least you have a lot of details on our vacations; I'm glad our system seems to continue to be working. Our point system on meals is still working with the scores as follows as of last night: Alminha 68, Alma Guagu 63, Mother 62, Doris 55, Father 46, Alan 41, and yours truly at 40 (some of the women are figuring to rest our last week!)

Thursday started bright and early (at 9 A.M.) with Father having breakfast, Alma Guagu feeding Sylvia, and Gary typing Doris' letter; unfortunately Doris feeds Donald so early that nobody sees her, so she doesn't get much credit for it. We were disturbed by a vibration that seemed to shake the whole house, and was first traced to the hot water system and finally to a faucet that was left opened just the right amount to do it.

The weather had been fairly hot and humid the past few days, and Thursday a cool Canadian air mass arrived to bring a welcome relief, dropping both the temperature and the humidity. Father had taken a few measures to stop the condensation in the back hall on the water pipes, and took full credit for the resulting dryness.

The Breakfast Club sat down at 10:10, consisting of those who had not already had breakfast on their own. Doris contributed a coffee cake (Aunt Jemima mix) which we all thought was delicious and Mother thought was at least as good as her own recipe. Later in the morning we played tennis, Alan and Father against Alminha and me; we lost the first set 6-4, so they gave us a 15 point handicap for the second set which we still lost 7-5. The court is only a short drive from here, so we've really been playing quite a bit of tennis; the best time is early in the morning, but so far it's been hard to recruit players at that time.

In the afternoon Doris said she'd like to walk with Donald, I suggested that we drive to some nice place and then walk. By the time we took off everyone had joined us, and there were two cars. We drove a few miles south along the strip of land between the ocean and the bay to "Indian River" which connects the two bodies of water. It was an interesting drive, and we saw a little of the anti-aircraft range that is near here. We stopped at one place and walked over to the ocean beach, which was lined with fishermen every twenty or thirty feet. We did the same on the other side at the bay, where there was a large sandy beach; Mother finally found a few shells on this beach. Alan went out in the water to see if there was any good place for swimming, but after going a couple of hundred feet he gave up - the water was only up to his ankles.

Games took up the rest of the day, after Alan, Alma, and Alma went for a short swim. I tried to play Doris in "go" and Father in chess simultaneously, and didn't make out too well, losing to Father, and almost losing to Doris. After supper we had two rousing rounds of charades. At midnight some of us went to bed, but Mother, Alan, Alma, and Alma still had enough energy for a game of Clue.

Good night all,

*Gary*

47 Claremont Ave.,  
New York 27, N.Y.  
though for a few days more at  
Dewey Beach, Delaware.

Dear Folks,

This letter though written on the 22nd is supposed to record the events of the 19th. Truth makes me confess that there was no tremendous medical emergency or operation that delayed the writing of this letter,- just plain procrastination. Perhaps on a vacation some inefficiency is permissible.

Now last Saturday there were no earth-quaking events in the lives of the nine of us here at 22 Swedes St.,- we ate three times a day, and there was the usual preparation of good meals and the clearing up afterwards. In fact, mealtimes are most enjoyable,- the food is appetizing, and the company extra special. There were other things besides meals.

Some of us went to play tennis though certain muscles in my right arm are distinctly sore on certain motions,- which just goes to show that in the schedule in Rio Verde tennis received mostly omissions. My regret is that during the years when the children were younger our tennis court for most of the time was so poor that it was not inviting. And now that we have a good court the youngsters have done gone and grown up and found their residences in various parts. Perhaps they can take the lesson to heart and see if their children cannot learn tennis as youngsters. It is a great game and, contrary to so many sports, can be played even in mature years,- the present example being that I still enjoy it. I'll have to admit that my two sons can beat me but I can still make it more or less interesting for them.

Did you ever hear of the story of the man who invented a robot to play chess and then committed suicide because he became so frustrated because he couldn't beat the robot. Well, I didn't invent any robot but I have two sons who can beat me in chess quite consistently and I should add that Helen, Hope and Alma all play good games too. Perhaps I am giving an impression that all we play is chess which is far from the truth. The fact is that we have about a dozen games in the house, brought by all three families,- Clue, Monopoly, Go-Bang, Go, Brazilian authors, Dead-pan, Chinese checkers, Battle-stations, Dominos, Quick-wit, Contact, Anagrams, Scrabble just to mention the main ones.

The two smallest members of our group, Sylvia Elena and Donald Paul require a lot of individual attention. I haven't consulted their parents but I imagine that there are times when they would like to adopt the plan which I wished to have for the patients in the hospital, i.e. to send them out Saturday noon and have them come back Monday morning. I never was able to put it into practice for our patients in the hospital; I expect the results will be the same for the babies. Just when a parent is weary with doing many things they turn on their charm with a big smile and pay off all accumulated debt.

Without having anything to write about I seem to have said it in many words. But along with these lines goes much love from us all,

Lovingly,

~~mine~~, Ronald C.

Still HERE, July 22, 1958.

Dear Ones,

Alas, "the days are swiftly passing by--" and we hate to see them go. Yesterday, Monday, Gary took Alma over to Salisbury, Maryland, to see if it was possible for her to take her driving exam., and I went along for "the buggyride." It was a beautiful day, and a delightful ride through very pretty countryside. Unfortunately we found that the exam. is given only certain days a week, when the examiner comes from Baltimore. But the trip was lovely, and we drove back through Ocean City, an interesting resort which reminded me of Wintrop Beach (near Boston) many years ago. (I seem to be omitting letters: please read "resort" and "Winthrop!") It is apparently much older than Dewey Beach, and much more crowded, both as to people and buildings. Here we have cottages and bungalows, with hardly a house over two stories, and fairly big yards; there we saw hotels and flats and apartments of old-fashioned architecture and mostly of three or four stories, some of them with the glassed-in porches I remember from Winthrop and Nahant, and all built up close together, directly on the street. It was very picturesque, although I'd rather vacation here.

Yesterday was our international food day. Doris had a pizza luncheon, and I gave them chow mein for supper, along with roasting ears which seemed especially appreciated. I brought up my score to 98 points today by getting lunch with Gary's help-- of course I'm supposed to tell only of yesterday, but probably the next letter won't go into menus, and Hope and I love to tell each other of what we cook, don't we, Hope? Anyhow, we had roast pork (just as I roast it in Rio Verde!), creamed potatoes, more corn on the cob, radishes, and ice-cream with frozen strawberries. Doris gave us a delicious supper, but I'll leave her to tell you about that, at least.

There doesn't seem too much to tell about yesterday, because almost everybody went to bed early so there was hardly any evening. Supper is usually not until seven, because Sylvia gets through her supper so late, and then by the time we get through and sort of wait around till the dishwashers finish their task, someone says he or she wants to go to bed; so we have prayers, and then only Alma Mirim and I are enthusiastic about playing games. There have been lots of chess games in the daytimes, and the others have had a good deal of tennis. How I'd love to join them, but the old pain (cause still undiagnosed) has prohibited! Similarly I've not gone into the water daily as I love to do because it doesn't seem to be good for me-- but it is nice to be near the ocean and hear its swish at night. One unforgettable night, I think it was Saturday, we had charades, and they certainly were fun! (although there weren't half enough of them, only eight rounds!) I had such a time getting across "Olla Podrida" (the Wesleyan yearbook) that we decided it would be useful to have a sign for yearbook! And the other side had its own troubles with "Quid feci hominibus quod me sequuntur canibus!" which they finally worked out phonetically! For anyone who does not know same, it is an old Latin song used by Roman schoolboys, I believe, with a very catchy tune.

Oh, yes, yesterday afternoon! Everybody went to the tennis court excepting Donald Paul and his grandmother, and we had a very good time together. He didn't care for any of the games brought with us, but he has his own, and very charming ones they are at times. Both babies have adorable smiles, as you may have noticed in their photographs?

For our hymn at prayers tonight Father chose: "There's A Witness In God's Mercy." I would like to close with the last stanza:

If our love were but more simple, we should take Him at His word,

And our lives would be all sunshine in the sweetness of our Lord.

What is "His word"? "Abide in me," "Ye are of more value than many sparrows, "He that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him and will manifest myself to Him." One could go on and on, because His promises are very many and very precious. Why do we let so many other things crowd us out of the moment-by-moment communion which we could have with Him? It has been good here in this lovely spot where His nature is so close, where we wake up to the music of the birds and go to sleep with the lullaby of the waves, to take time to think more about Him and to leave our worries and disappointments and even physical disabilities, all with Him. When I really stop to contemplate Him, I grow ashamed of my pettiness.

Always lovingly, *Helena*

Mother Nichols' lovely letter arrived today. Thank you so much!

July 23, 1958

Dear Families,

Yesterday (Tuesday) we tried an experiment. In order that the young parents could each have one day of a real vacation, free from baby responsibilities, Gary and I took over the nursery leaving Alan and Alma free all day. (Today they're doing the same for us.) The babies' schedules work out quite well for doing this: they're both down to 3 meals a day and Donald usually starts each one about half an hour before Sylvia. Consequently I would start feeding Donald and Gary would finish with him when I shifted over to Sylvia. They were both very well behaved perhaps partly because the weather was more comfortable than some of the days we've had. In the morning Father, Alminha, Alan and Alma drove off to the tennis courts leaving the house relatively quiet. Mother kept us company in the nursery while we bathed and fed and amused the young ones.

After dinner (of roast pork by Mother) everyone helped clean up and straighten out since we were expecting the Cooley family whom we met at church Sunday. They were to come to go swimming but since it was raining we weren't sure they'd come. The consensus of opinion was that we should send a committee to invite them to the house for games. So the committee, Father, Alma, Alan, and Alma went knowing only the street, not the number of the Cooley's cottage. The only other clue was that they were from Pennsylvania. Upon the committee's return they reported having found the street all right but it was flooded with cars with Pa. license plates, so it was like trying to find a needle in a haystack. They found the haystack but not the needle. The result was that we had an afternoon of individual projects: sewing, games, sorting pictures, etc. This was one of the things on the list Alminha made of what we want to do in the time left. Another is to take a boat ride in the bay, and also eating out. If we don't soon figure out how to work the babies into these plans though, we may never get to them.

I cooked supper - sausage and scrambled egg with angel cake - desert which was originally intended for a refreshment for the Cooleys - while Gary and Alminha pacified the babies for bedtime. Sylvia came to the supper table long enough to help her Mommie blow out the candle on her birthday cookie made by Alminha to celebrate the 5th month of her happy life.

Gary and I went to bed right after early evening prayers to get a good rest for our vacation day today, so we don't really know how the others spent the evening except that there's no doubt that Mother and Alminha stayed up late playing games as usual. We felt that taking care of 2 babies is fun for one day, but I think Gary feels a little less desirous of having twins now than he did (NEo apoiado). <sup>Gary's addition</sup> means "aint so."

Love,

Alvin

DNG/gdg Got Momma chock-full of news letter today. Awful glad to get in contact with Bob Korke again. All the other news was very welcome too. Hope to write you a little more personally when we get home. Happy, happy rest of the summer! <sup>15</sup> Thanks for birthday card & you was. We'll be returning home that explained.

Dewey Beach  
July 25, 1958

Dear One and All,

Yes, a day late but will try to fill in the gaps for you who cause a gap in our reunion here. Today is so exciting with so many nice things going on and such pretty weather but I must leave it to another and tell you about Wednesday or it might get left out. As Doris told you Tues. was Alan and my day off and Wed. the boom fell and it was our turn to care for twins and as it happened fix all the meals and do most of the dishes. As you might well imagine we had it! The babies were real good but seemed to insist on their three meals as usual. Our fault for getting them in the habit I suppose. I got up at 4AM or so with Donald who, likes juice then but Doris woke up too and sent me back to bed. Sometime after five it was his breakfast time and Doris went back to bed. When he was done Sylvia woke up and Alan and I sort of took turns doing things for one or the other. Gary, Doris, & Alma Mirim left early for another try at her drivers license in Salisbury. Every where she tries there seems to be a residency requirement which she can't fill. They returned for lunch without the license and they had a dip before food went on the table. Mirim helped us out with the babies just before we ate as Sylvia chose that busy time to want some juice. As we finished lunch some girls we met came to go swimming and the folks took off again. We had met them at church. The rain brought them all home but it cleared enough for some tennis in late afternoon. Alma Mirim helped us out with feeding the little ones and we were able to get supper a little earlier. She took Don for a walk in his buggy and ended by walking a mile and a quarter to the tennis courts. Mother and Father drove over to call them to supper and a very large bowl of spaghetti was on the table when they got back. After supper Gary & Doris set out for the beach with a box of fire-making equipment and an invitation to the rest of us to join them later. After dishes and a few games of dominoes Mother offered to watch the sleeping babies (VIVA) and we went to find G&D. They had a nice little charcoal fire going in a sand pit and were sitting on a blanket watching the waves. We did same and roasted some marshmallows too. Alan & I came back in an hour or so and M&F went down to the beach awhile. We got nice baths while they were out and were in our night-clothes ready for games when they came back. Not that we always do that but it was comfortable for one evening. We played word squares until almost midnight, just about the

latest we have stayed up I think. *With love, Gloria Harrison*

"To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:"

In "Bluebird", heading Northward  
July 26, 1958

Dear Nichols, Daugherties, and Silvas,

Couldn't one continue that verse found in Ecclesiastes 3:1 by saying: A time to get together and a time to break apart? Of the getting together you've heard much, and now it's my assignment to write a bit of the breaking apart...much less pleasant, but nevertheless part ~~the~~ of the whole. Dad and I just left 22 Swedes, stopped at Flatt's Show Store for a last check-up with our landlady, and are speeding along at 50 mph on Route 14. T'others left earlier: Ina with her four passengers at eight o'clock, and Inky with her three-plus-Newton about half an hour before us. The reason for our not leaving 'til 12:00 noon (the deadline)? Mirim wanted a fast swim...and Dad catered to my wish, giving me a 10-minute dip, wasn't that great? Then back at the cottage I surprised him by showering & getting dressed & out to the car in four minutes. Any of you care to try beating my record? Tell me about it: the trying, I mean!

Well, yesterday was quite full, as you might expect our last day to be? During the morning I made a cottage cheese-apple jello salad (takes crushed pineapple too, Hope) and Lemon Surprise Dessert which I chose so as to use up the two egg yolks left when I'd made the icing for Doris' birthday cake, as well as the remaining miniature marshmallows. Both cooks of the day (Doris had supper) tried in all ways possible to use up as much left-overs and end-of-groceries as we could, of course. That's why for dinner I concocted a Shrimp Fried Rice dish, into which went various and sundry ingredients, in whatever quantities I found 'em! We also had the second half of Doris' birthday ham, plus creamed corn (frozen and canned). You men-folk will have to excuse so much food-talk, but I thought the women might like hearing the details, okay?

The reason why I got the salad and dessert done beforehand was so that I could join t'others at the tennis court. Our last doubles-games, (Alan & Alma went back in the p.m. a bit) and such fun as Dad & Alan had in winning, and Gary & I in trying! Then Alan and I played a Singles' set...although otherwise it wouldn't be at all challenging to him, with the 40-point handicap he gave me to start each game, 'twas a different story! I won five games in a row, then he really buckled down to some hard work...as hard as I could make it for him, as slowly but very surely he won the next five. By then we were both so exhausted, we left with the "rubber-game" left for the next opportunity we have...wonder if and when?

Back at the cottage I hastened to the kitchen and got the rest of dinner. While we ate quite a discussion took place as to which activities should fill our all-too-short remaining time, and in which order...but at last action replaced talk, and two cars got under way, with all 9 of us in them. To Rehoboth we did go, where we went directly to the Boardwalk...cotton candy for some, Frozen Custard for those who preferred it: Dad's treat to all but the babies. The latter each slept a bit as we strolled along, Donald sleeping much more than Sylvia, who seems to wake up very easily. But even awake she didn't interfere with our bowling (pin-ball machine type--not the real thing; the baseball-size balls are a lot more comfortable as far as I'm concerned, so that I enjoy it lots. Guess the others did too, 'cause later I found enough who wanted to play a second and third game! We always played in chronological age order, and since I take it you all know this, I'll just list the scores for the best game (from my point of view! The youngest played first, t'oldest last; Mother abstained): 191, 159, 161, 155, 138, and 182. Our second try was on another machine, which did all kinds of crazy things, and which we didn't like as well; the scores were: 146, 162, 196, 140, 162 (Doris didn't play that time, having gone shopping with Mom). Just before going home, after Gary, Alan and I rode on the Dodgem cars (Fun!), we tried our original machine again and had a rousing game: just Dad, Gary, Doris and I, t'others having returned ahead---A&A for tennis, Marmy to baby-sit with Syl. We took turns giving Donald his orange juice, and bowling the usual ten strings apiece, and Dad came out on top with 185, the rest of us following with 175 (Doris), 171 (Mirim) and 110--- Gary, who had bad luck all the way, as you can see. Of course he beats in so many other games, we didn't feel as bad about his being low-man as he did!

At that time, when we got back Home, I tried to interest folks to go swimming...but was not very successful; Dad, however, did go with me, and we had a good swim together, at the bay of course. That ocean icy-cold water is for those who may like it! The previous day I'd gone with Gary and Doris to Rehoboth Beach...but spent most of my time on the beach; Gary tried to stay in with Doris, but said his feet nearly froze. Even she admitted it was a bit too cold.

Well, dear ones, the paper is fast coming to a close, as did our day, so let's finish it while yet at the supper table we had our Family Devotions, led by Alan. Then each went about individual activities, not getting together again except for our parting prayer this morning. Some packed, I fed, bathed, and sang to sleep my precious little niece...Dad did the dishes all

alone (I read aloud to him before the end, which came at 10 pm!)

Would love to hear from you from time to time. Did so enjoy your letters - Thanks for writing us! With love, Alma (to all)

Donald never even saw the trunk. Turn from back to turning, and make a day now 5:30 A.M., 11:00, + 5:00 P.M. *Alminha!* Much love, *John*

July 30, 1958

Mom and Dad,  
Dear Friends,

I was supposed to write about Thursday, on Friday, but didn't quite get around to it; not that I didn't get up early enough, for I was up before six. It's just that I spent most of my time editing a half hour tape, trying to get the most important recordings all together. It amazes me to see how long it takes. It had to be done then, because two tape recorders are necessary, and since Father and Mother took their new one, and Alan and Alma took the old one, it may be a while before they get together again. The Daugherties are to receive one copy of that tape, and we hope João and Hope will hear it. We have another copy, and maybe the Nichols can hear that sometime.

Thursday, July 24, was Doris' birthday, and early in the morning we were serenaded outside our bedroom. Nothing new to some of you down in Brazil, but a new experience for Doris; I guess everyone else but me was outside the window singing Happy Birthday to You. It was the only birthday we had during our stay at Dewey Beach, besides Sylvia's monthversary, so it was appropriately celebrated. Alminha made a lovely birthday cake, with writing on the frosting and all the candles; Doris blew them out with one puff, and got her wish granted. We had the cake and dinner in the evening, and the table had a special tablecloth and special napkins. My job was to keep Doris out of the preparations, but I'm afraid I didn't succeed completely. I did get Alminha moved into the bedroom, still beating the frosting, just before Doris moved into the living room.

Tennis this week was somewhat hampered by the rain, which kept the court wet. Thursday morning Father had swept the water off, but we didn't get started playing soon enough. It looked like it was going to rain again, when Father and I finally made a mad dash to the courts -- only to find both occupied. When the raindrops finally forced one couple to vacate the court we started playing, but only got two games before we decided the rain was too much for us.

Packing took up part of the day, as Alan and Alma got a head start on the rest of us; most of us didn't start packing until Friday, but they were anxious for an early start on Saturday. The Cooleys had been invited for the evening, but didn't show up. As a special birthday dispensation Doris was allowed to go to bed when she wanted, which was right after supper (Donald feeds early these days).

One final word on our homeward trip. We got off about eleven Saturday. Alminha had packed us a lovely lunch -- which unfortunately got left behind. So we stopped at Denton to get a bite to eat. The rest of the trip was hot, but smooth until just two miles from home, when we got a flat. Our nicely packed trunk had to be emptied, but we finally got it fixed; repacking was not as neat.

*Alminha emphasized that you were the only one that answered - I guess they want too much time for answers from Brazil. If you still have the collection of Dewey letters and aren't planning to keep them, we'd like them sometime - no price.*

*P.S. How convenient to have Sany's letter to add a postscript to! Your package arrived full of surprises. You certainly didn't waste space. I, now, have four nice night gowns and I love them all. So expensive. It is to be able to have a choice. I'm getting real fond of that lace and cotton material. Makes wonderful slips and other lingerie. The baby, like we needed it. The hot 72 plus perfect number for all. It was a wonderful vacation, Gary*