

On Board the Patria  
Sunday August 26, 1947.

I sailed on the last letter of the scores which we made on the South. Arrived about 1:30 A.M. and as day was just breaking had a peek at Fico, a beautiful mountain looking a great deal like Fuji-Yama. Went up on deck and enjoyed the picture. Then went back to bed and got up in the morning. --- 133 miles before we landed. About 4:30 A.M. we arrived at Ponta Delgada, Azores. As we approached the view of the island was quite interesting---the land seemed well cultivated. Saw the porpoises playing in the water. As we rounded into the bay the city lay before us unlike any place I had ever seen before. The colors of the houses---their shapes and the whole layout was simply wonderful to western eyes! We did not get to land until about 5:30. The Harbor-master made us move after we had come to anchor. As we came to a final stop the innumerable boats came dancing over the waves. They had every thing imaginable to sell in the way of fruit---watermelons---other melons, figs, grapes, pears and one boat was loaded with wicker chairs. Also came the divers who went down after anything you would throw over for them. It was all intensely interesting and far beyond my expectation. And with it all there was a continual jolliving. And then the soldiers with their comic operamuffins! We were finally allowed to land and went ashore in launches---there is no pier for ships our size to land.

We pulled in behind the breakwater. As we got nearer to the landing it seemed that we were axely in the theatre with all its trappings. A regular stage landing, then onto the street where we were welcomed by a host of taxi drivers, hotel ramors, and beggars---mostly beggars! We paid no attention to them, however, and finally got an auto, (4 of us) which took us for an hour's ride around and thru the city. It is the quaintest place I have ever seen with its very narrow smooth streets, it row upon row of houses, no two the same height and all in the soft pastel colors---pink, blue, greenish-blue, brown, white and whatnot! No sidewalks---many streets had nothing but high stone walls on either side for squares and squares---with curiously laid stone, immense gates of solid wood with iron grill work in the arches enclosing houses, gardens and even little farms. Many were as crooked as the proverbial dog's hind leg and our drive kept its horn (which played a lively tune of 3 notes) going most of the time. We passed many curious vehicles---2 wheel carts, quaint carriages, oxcarts and also riders on horseback.

Our driver stopped once in front of one of the ordinary houses where two girls (one very nice looking) were lolling around and invited us to get out and go in, but as our time was limited we declined and went on. As none of us could speak Portuguese and our driver "Nothing but" we could not make out just what to expect! We continued on our way and were next taken to a beautiful place on the outskirts. I bet perhaps it was a wayside inn or cafeteria, but it turned out to be the residence of an engineer.

We were taken thru a small but beautiful garden with terraces and a sunken pool--- thru large bothouses filled with pineapples and plants in all stages. As we passed thru the garden we were given some beautiful flowers and when I asked how much, were smilingly told "Nothing!" On one street as we were passing we met girls coming home from the cigarette factories---some smiling others very commonplace, but on the whole picturesque. Some of the lanes had no houses showing but over them waved tall palms and beautiful blossoms of trees in bloom. We passed the prison, the customs house, convents, cigarette factories, Brick factory, and back thru the principal streets to the landing---again the beggars.

We went to the post card shop and finally to the launch and on board ship. Before landing however the "Poor boatmen" modestly demanded 10¢ for themselves which we handed out and went on board. After a short time we got under way and sailed for Lisbon about 8 or 9 hundred miles east. The next day was uneventful. However the wind began to blow and it looked as though we might have some weather. This proved to be the case and on Friday the wind blew at 80 miles and the waves rolled quite a bit, possibly 20 feet high. As we neared Lisbon the storm abated and when I awoke about 6 A.M. and took a peek I saw Portugal close at hand and we were in the Tagus about 15 or 20 miles from Lisbon. Before very long we anchored off Lisbon in the middle of the river. It is a beautiful stream, I should say about 2 miles wide. "e do not dock as the port fees are very high. Everything is hoisted out into tenders and taken ashore in that way. We were soon ready and had our breakfast, but could not get ashore until after nine o'clock. It cost us 50¢ to go ashore! Notices had been posted that trips were possible for \$5.00 and \$7.00, but we decided to go on our own so our party of four landed and started out. Lisbon is a strange city but quite clean. The people walk in the street as often as they do on the sidewalk and at every turn the soldiers! Anywhere from 16 on up, all in gray uniforms and look as though they had just come from the chorus of "If I Were King".

Well, we dickered around and finally hired a taxi (nice big studebaker!) at a very fair rate. While we were walking around before this we saw many women and girls carrying large flat baskets full of fish on top of their heads. In fact they carry most anything that way---saw one man with a steamer trunk. Also frequently---the basket on the head and a baby on one arm! Again innumerable beggars---burros, oxcarts, etc., sometimes they have two burros---load on one and themselves on the other, all moving placidly along, paying no attention to man, God or the devil!

We started out up the main boulevard of Lisbon. It is a very wide and beautiful street with parks on either side of a central block and still more street outside of them, something like Broad Street but much wider with benches and chair under the trees and places of refreshment. The houses are very beautiful, 3-4-5-6-stories high (private residences) most or perhaps all of them built of stone and stuccoed and painted in soft pastel colors but mostly white--others covered entirely from top to bottom with beautiful tiles of vivid colors! The effect is very pleasing. We went thru many miles of streets where the poorer people lived--but always the same general effect---narrow streets, no sidewalks but invariably the roads and streets were clean! Then on out into the country (and possibly next to Arizona the most desolate looking land I ever saw) miles and miles without a tree--brown and dry. We went to a place called Centra. Here are located the chief points of interest in or about Lisbon, for here were located the residences of the last king of Portugal, now an exile in England which pays him a pension. We went first to his Palace in Centra and for 1 scudo gained admission. The scudo was once equal to \$1.00 but is now only worth 5¢. Portions of this palace were built in 1093, probably by the Moors and very much of the architecture bears their imprint. Later additions were made in the 15th Century and also the 19th. The kitchen was perhaps the most interesting affair with its huge chimneys. The room was built and then on top, with no ceiling the

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the huge funnels were built and all of the smoke from the open grills went out that way and on the walls of these you can see the soot and smoke of centuries. We were shown one room which had been the prison of one of the kings for eight years! We were shown thru the other parts and then went to the Hotel and had our lunch for 85¢ each. After lunch we started up the mountain to the King's castle situated on a mountain about 1000 feet high. They have a good road up and after a long grind and many short "hairpin turns" we finally reached the castle. This is also of great age and was probably started by the Moors as much of it is Moorish. It was my first castle and I marvel at the vast amount of human labor that has been put into it. It was built to last and it certainly has, and is still in a wonderful state of preservation. We went thru it all and then out over the moat on the old drawbridge. In the days when it was built it must have been inaccessible to an evening but today a gun would be placed several miles away that would blow it off the mountain in short order! We returned by a different route that took us thru the country to the Atlantic and then thru one resort after the other on the beaches of both the ocean and the river! Many beautiful Villas lined the way where the wealthy Portugese lived. On the way in the edge of the city we stopped at an old cathedral that had formerly been a monastery and on going in were amazed at the beauty of the immense quadrangle with its "cloistered walls" on the four sides. It is now taken over by the government and used as an orphan asylum. Here we saw 200 boys at play all about the same size and apparently 8 or 9 years old. Then we went into the church proper with its immense nave and organ loft and its altars. In one alcove we were shown the sarcophagus of Vasca de Gama and one of the Queens of Portugal. Beneath the floor in one room were buried many famous men, and under the slabs of the cloistered walls many of the monks so we were told. We were also told that the tombs of Vasca de Gama and the Queen were cut from one piece of marble. Cut again and pass more villas and come to the city with the streets getting narrower and the houses smaller. Did not get inside these houses but imagine that the people are very poor (labor at about 75¢ a day). We rode around thru the city and saw the Arena for Bull Fighting but did not go in. We also went to a cafe and Hector and Dan had a bottle each of Coca Cola which we afterwards discovered cost 33¢ a bottle. I had a bottle of beer for 10¢. After riding around some more we returned to the square and paid our taxi 300 and some odd scudoes or about \$15.00. We then walked around awhile and down to the launch to return. We had come ashore for 50¢ but at first they wanted \$5.00 to take us back but after much wrangling they took \$2 and our old ticket. We went on board and had dinner and then watched them unloading until about 12 P.M. As soon as the last parcel was off the ship weighed anchor and sailed for Palermo which we hope to reach Wednesday morning where this will be mailed. The whole day cost us about \$6.50 each. Today, Sunday, is very cloudy and choppy but not very rough.