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## Archives

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You may want to keep this someplace for your (and RSMcN's ) information; you'll probably receive a bill sometime later in the year, which Mr. Ripman can handle.

Bern 4/5/68
March I2, I968

TRAVESSA DAESCOLA ARAU゙JO, 26-LISBOA 1-PORTUGAL


Dear Mr. Moods:

I thank you very much for your letter
just received.
It will be a pleasure and honor to paint your portrait, and the date that you suggest of the last days of June and the begining of July is just right, since I have to leave after that for Sweeden. I shall have the canves of the right size you mention. Looking forward to the pleasure of seeing you in Lisbon upon your return, Please give my respectful regards to Mrs. Woods, and accept the best wishes from,


Henrique Medina

| File Title <br> President George D. Woods Country Correspondence Files: Portugal - Correspondence 01 | Barcode No. |  |
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| Document Date <br> March 6, 1968 | Document Type <br> Letter |  |
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| Subject / Title |  |  |
| Sitting for a portrait |  |  |
| Exception(s) |  |  |
| Corporate Administrative Matters |  |  |

Additional Comments

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| Withdrawn by <br> Shiri Alon | Date <br> September 29, 2021 |
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Archives 01 (March 2017)


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| Archives 01 (March 2017) |  |

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## S

7/28/67

THE SUNDAY TIMES, 16 JULY 1967

# Bridge opens new path in Portugal 

TRAVEL AND HOLIDAYS/ELIZABETH NICHOLAS

ON MY WAY HOME from the Azores I broke my journey in Lisbon, determined to snatch a few days in Portugal to have another look, at long last, at the coast north of Oportosomething that I had not, I must confess, done for fifteen years.

As a preliminary, I would observe that study of a road map of Portugal produces some interesting food for thought; save for the road that runs along the northern shore of the Tagus from Lisbon to Estoril and Cascais and, beyond that, to Praia do Guincho, and, in the extreme north, a short stretch of road running up to the Spanish frontier, all the main roads of Portugal run many miles inland. Moreover, when a secondary road does meander rather near the coast, it very seldom, if ever, actually runs right alongside it. One must divert, still farther, down yet another little road that leads only to a coastal village in order actually to reach the sea.

It follows, therefore, that those who wish to travel swiftly from Lisbon, either north to Oporto and beyond, or south to the Algarve, must travel on an inland road and abandon all thought of having a look at the coast as they go. For northward travellers there is now about twenty miles of motorway, to Villafranca de Xira, which makes Lisbon one of the easiest of capital cities io leave behind; the road then runs through Leiria and Coimbra (pronounced, as near as makes no difference, Queenbro') to Oporto and the Spanish frontier.

To the south, the opening of the great bridge across the Tagus (the use of which involves payment of a very modest toll) has, of course, made all the difference. No more must one join, at rush hours at week-ends, those intimidatingly long queues to get aboard a ferry; one sweeps over the mighty river, high above its turgid waters. This must, in turn, inevitably change beyond all recognition within the next few years the southern shore of the Tagus and little resorts such as Caparica, Sesimbra and Arrabida, which lie around the peninsula which thrusts west-
ward from Setubal into the Atlantic.

The floodgates must open just as they did a few years ago in the Algarve. (Why that should have been is one of the baffling imponderables of the tourist trade; it is not the case that an airport at Faro led to the development of the Algarye-on the contrary, the development of the Algarve made an airport at Faro a necessity).

In the meantime, Sesimbra and its companions are still pretty, attractive, little resorts, though I am told that they are already swamped by day visitors from Lisbon at weekends.

On the other hand, the bridge has made the Quinta das Torres at Azeitao a perfectly possible base for those who want to explore Lisbon by day-in my eyes it is a place of sheer entrancement-and sleep at night lapped in a profound pastoral calm. The Quinta is one of my favourite places; the home of a patrician family, it is built in the shape of a hollow square, exquisitely furnished, and, when I first visited it seven years ago, one had the felicity of returning to one's room after sunset to find it softly illuminated by oil lamps.

Azeitao, lies a little less than ten miles to the west of Setubal, on N.10, the road that then runs northward to the southern end of the motorway leading to the Tagus bridge. A room in the Quinta das Torres costs $£ 1$ a night, plus 3s. 6d. for breakfast.

There is not, so far as I know, anything of this sort to be found within easy reach of Lisbon on the north side of the Tagus, though the Palacio dos Seteais at Sintra is a superb hotel and wonderful centre, especia!ly in spring and autumn, for those who can afford de luxe prices, which are not, in Portugal, too terrifying-one can get a room at the Seteais from 37 s . 6d. a night, plus 5 s . for breakfast. And at Cascais my old friend the pension Rici is still stupendous value for those who would like to combine a busy little fishing-village-turned-resort with sightseeing in Lisbon.

There is, however, a pousada


The Salazar bridge across the Tagus
of quite outstanding virtue in Obidos, which is itself a walled town so ravishingly beautifu: that one simply cannot imagine how it has managed to stay so unspoiled, situated as it is less than ninety minutes by road from Lisbon. In this lies one, at least, of the roots of my great affection for Portugal: that towns like Obidos, which is five miles to the south of Caldas da Rainha, and Valenca do Minho, in the extreme north on the Spanish frontier, can and do exist almost untouched.

In France, in Italy, indeed, in almost every other European country, an Obidos or a Valenca do Minho would be utterly ruined; in Portugal they are not -only a few shops selling very attractive and pleasing tourist goods indicate that they are in any way different to a hundred other little towns of the same size. It should perhaps be con-
ceded that Obidos and Valenca -especially Obidos-are ravishingly flower-bedecked in a way that lesser towns are not; both were a mass of colour, flowers and shrubs and trees and climbers rioting everywhere with prodigious strength and vigour.

The pousada in Obidos, which can be reached only by climbing on foot a fairly large number of steps, is built in an old castle which is itself built into the ancient walls. State-owned, it is immaculately maintained as all such pousadas are, and bed and breakfast for little more than $£ 1$ a night is a ridiculously low price to pay; its full name, by the way, is the Pousada do Castelo.

> Inquiries, by post, must be confined to specific points arising out of Mrs Nicholas's articles and must be accompanied

