

remains a good doctor. There is certainly a need for them today. But in the mission fields, too, of course. If your doctor wants to apply for work in the mission field, just have him write to Loy L. Long, 14 Beacon Street, Boston 8, Massachusetts and ask questions about work in West Africa under the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

You seem to be keeping up fairly well this winter, Mother. We have often wondered if you have had much difficulty with keeping fires and so on. And I have been distressed that you have not received any money from the Board as yet. I tried more than two months ago to straighten the matter out again, but something has gone wrong, so you may not get anything until springtime.

We hear from Ruby enough to keep quite well abreast of what's going on in her household. We look for news in your letters, too, and know you'll keep on posting us so that we'll be in on the blessed event. Sorry we can't be around in person to welcome the new comer.

About Olive's question as to someone who can write to some of the young people in English. I have not asked yet about such young people, but shall endeavor to remember to ask Sr. Pinto Ribeiro about it. He may know of some young people in the Protestant churches here. Some of them learn a bit of English in school. I don't know just how much. Sr. Ribeiro also teaches some young people English. But these are older young people, and I can't guess now whether they would be interested or not. But I shall be happy to ask, because I sure that it would be good for both groups, Portuguese and American.

Oh, yes, a bit of news for you. I think it will be. I have no verification as yet from Frank Ratzell himself, but Bangor Alumni Bulletin carries the news that he has moved to Lee, Massachusetts, west of the Connecticut in the Berkshires near Lenox and Pittsfield. I have written to him at the new address, but don't have any word from him yet.

And, yes, another little tidbit. Last week there arrived here in Lisbon a woman who was brought up, until she was 18 years old, in Blue Hill, Maine. Her name is now Pontiers. While she was in Blue Hill her family was friendly with the family of a woman we knew in Princeton. Do you remember the Browns in Princeton? The man was a potatoe grower. His wife was dark and quite attractive. There were three daughters in the family, Florence, who was married and had one son, Sara, who visited us quite often, and Eleanor. They lived out of the village. Maybe you will remember. Mrs. Brown's name before she married was Mason. And she and her sister are still friendly with Mrs. Pontier's sister. So the world is not such a big place after all, hm-m-m-m!

We're pleased the Ella V. likes our letters. We enjoy writing them, but it seems sometimes as if we had to study more Portuguese, more Portuguese, in order to get ready to leave here the first of September, which is the time we plan to start for Africa.

Now I must be signing off. This letter will be somewhat more dull than usual I fear, but I want to send it off tonight. By now your cold wave has fully broken and you, too, are approaching Spring. Let's hope the snows go quickly, and summer comes hard on the heels of Spring.

Lots of love from us all. Kenny would say his nursery rhymes for you if we could be there in Strong. Tommy would say, "I love you, Grammy." and "I love you, Aunt Olf." And then both would be off into something or other. They say prayers from Grammy, and Aunt Olive, and Aunt Ruby. And there are kisses, too. And of course Daddy and Mummie will say that both boys are pretty good boys after all.

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God be with you,

Chackie