

into effect. It would be difficult to explain just what it is, but I have had to make two long trips so far because of it, each trip costing \$ 32.00 for travel alone. Then we have had to pay for official documents and for food. And we still have one or two trips to make probably. I should be on my way today, but our car is broken down. It also got sick, valve trouble. The things stick inside the motor and when we arrived yesterday we were running on three cylinders only, just half of the number which should have been working. Yesterday's trip to Dondi was an emergency of course. We didn't know whether we should find it necessary to leave Susan or not, but thought that there was nothing we could do but come, with the idea that we, or only I, would return to the mission and then this morning I was to head for Vila da Ponte, Vila of the Bridge, if whether we had to leave Susan here or not I was supposed to go to see the administrator of our district on the matter of school program and certain documents for our teachers. However, we are still in Dondi, all of us, and the car in the garage, where the mechanics are taking off the head. One never knows in this country when car trouble will overtake him, even with the maximum of care.

It's time now to turn to other things. The weather just now is daily rain. We are in the middle of the wet season. Some sections have showers two or three times a day and every day without fail. At Bunjei we had several days last week without rain, or without more than a sprinkle. But in the city of Nova Lisboa rain has continued to fall daily for several weeks I've been told. But we have had enough downpours to destroy our river bottom corn and beans. We have upland fields under cultivation, but we need corn and more corn because of the size of our school, which consumes about 400 pounds of corn a day and 15 to twenty pounds of beans, not to mention cabbage. The school year has been changed under the new program, too, and we must run now until September instead of running to the end of March, as last year, and then beginning again in September. Vacation this year from September to December. We shall try to cultivate everything, however, and hope that rain and sun combine in our favor and not against us.

Everything here turns on corn and beans, which are staple food for the Africans. Near the railroad and in some other sections some are beginning to grow other kinds of food stuffs, but the base of it all is corn, next in line beans, and then comes rice followed by wheat, as near as I can gather. Whenever I go to a village I get corn meal mush, with chicken, or perhaps cabbage, Portuguese cabbage, the leaves of which are always green and used for making soups or in a relish dish, to make the mush more tasty of course. By itself it can be sort of tasteless, altho I have eaten it sometimes by itself when I've found the flavor very good, but it is only rarely so. Often the people do not have salt, too, which would help out the flavor of the corn somewhat. But the African can not do without his corn. It is like bread or potatoes in our diet.

Now Betty wants to add a short word, so I'll stop. Love and hugs to you and Olive. We remember you in our prayers.

Grace's

next morning

Hi Mom & Olive

Don't you worry about us, now. Things always sound so much worse when you read about them than they are in reality.

This morning, Lucie is back to her own sunny self and Tommy his own independent self. Henry is almost back to a normal diet and Max is raring to go! I got almost a whole night's sleep. If the truck will just get repaired well be on our way to Ganga

Handwritten notes in margins:
Top left: I went tonight to his house...
Top right: I changed it. It was broken & I was...
Right side: The children...
Bottom right: Betty X100. and the...
Bottom left: I went tonight to his house...
Bottom center: I got almost a whole night's sleep...