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August 20, 1939.

Dear Mother:

I am late in getting started on this letter to-day; and as the others have all got in their word already, it doesn't leave me much to say. Consequently my letter will probably be short even if not sweet. We had a card and also a letter from Mabel since she left us so abruptly last week. She said she had a great time with us up here; and that is most likely so, as she is quite a talker and we let her talk to her heart's content, she entertaining us instead of our entertaining her, thereby making the matter of entertainment quite easy for us. All we would have to say was: "Yes" and "No" and "You Bet Your Life!" But we were real glad to have her with us, as it made an oasis in the Great Monotonous Desert of our lives, and afforded us an opportunity to meet and converse and have fellowship with a member of our faraway family. And we hope that others will come in the near future or in vacation times, so that we can get a glimpse in the only way possible of their beaming countenances and have a hearing of their melodious southern voices. When Mabel gets home tell her to come again and that our latch strings are always hanging out. This morning I preached at Galt and Hespeler. I told you last week that I was going to divide up with Arthur; but it didn't turn out that way. Arthur received a call last week to preach in Conestogo and Bridgeport to-day. So he couldn't relieve me. But that didn't matter much, as the pastor always preaches the same sermon in both places and has the same hymns sung; and I, not wishing to make an innovation, just followed in his footsteps. Herman who, drove me over in his car,