

Miss Golisch is really very good to me. She distresses me a little by wanting to give me what I want to eat even when she doesn't like it herself. Everyone has been very helpful to me in fact. The other girls complained about the pastor that he was not very cooperative, but he has certainly been with me. Whenever I ask for anything for my Junior Church, he has given it to me. The same thing has been true of Mr. Kiang, the man in charge of our school. He is very anxious to do anything he can.

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This Mr. Kiang is from Shanghai and has a terrific brogue which makes it very difficult to understand what he says, but he is an interesting old man. He came here forty-four years ago, right after he graduated from high school and has been working in this school ever since. He has his faults and limitations but in time of emergency, he is the one that every one depends on. I always talk with him every chance I get trying to get used to his brogue, and I'm making some progress. It is strange sometimes how much you can understand when you don't understand one word. As I listen to him, it seems to me that I don't get any of it and yet when he is through I often have a pretty good idea of what he means.

I sort of lightened up on my work over the weekend and feel much better as a result. I didn't have so much work on Saturday because of martial law. as two of my teachers did not come or could not, and I could not go teach. Then Sunday I laid off in the afternoon and did not go to the young people's meeting but went to foreign church instead. And this morning, I planned to play around, do other things than study. I think a complete change often restores the freshness to my mind. I may not sound very fresh but I'm a lot more so than I was Friday night.

I have an "office" downstairs where I study and do most of my work and I am going to put up the rest of the striped curtains down here. This is a southwest room, so I bought some unbleached muslin and am having them lined. It will keep them from fading too much and also make them more useful to draw across the windows to keep out the bright sunlight in the afternoon. There are also shutters on the west windows. It will make the room more cheefful too and as it is the room where I spend most of my time, I thought it would pay to fix it up. I have brought my typewriter down here and plan to do most of my work here. Otherwise whatever I wanted was always in the other room.

*How were the teleps?*

We are on a different diet than we have had before. There are some things which are hard to get, especially butter. It is not good since it is not kept on ice, it always has a bad taste to it. We have gone to eating a more or less Chinese style of cooking. We eat rice instead of potatoes and have our vegetables and meat fixed in Chinese style. It is getting a little tiresome, although perhaps not more so than the other food would. The advantage of it is that it means using more local products and fewer imported ones. We eat almost no bread because the bread is not very good, and the butter as I said is awful. Tonight for supper I had rice, a dish made of liver and a green vegetable, lettuce and radishes, and strawberries. There was another vegetable too. The only trouble with it is that somehow it is hard to eat enough of it so that I do not get hungry. A Chinese would eat two bowls of rice where I eat less than one. It tastes good to me but I don't seem to be able to hold so much.

I'm very much disgusted because I got my lame back again. I don't know what I did, but I suppose in some way I must have lifted or pushed something heavy. I'm very much disgusted, but I'm hoping that warm weather will cure it. It has a bad psychological effect for a backache like that usually means one is sick, but as I'm not in this case I have to keep reassuring myself.

I suppose by the time you get this letter, the children will be home from school. Did Ronald get a job? I suppose he has gotten something even if not what he wanted. I hope he got the kind of job he wanted and that he is working his head off.

The other night just as I was going to sleep, about ten o'clock, I suddenly became aware that the city had become very noisy. I listened and listened but I couldn't decide what it was. There were occasionally firecrackers, but a sort of rhythmic din that sounded like a lot of trains or steam engines cruising around. Finally I got up and went to the other side of the house to look and listen, and then I could hear very distinctly the neighbors on that side pounding on a tin pan. Then I remembered that the paper had said that there was to be an eclipse of the moon and this was the usual noise to keep the dog from eating up the moon. In this particular situation, I couldn't help but give it a significance which I would not have otherwise. I looked at the moon and sure enough it was certainly being nibbled at, but I decided that probably it could be saved without any wear and tear on the family dishpan so I went back to bed.

The news has just come here of the bombing of Chungking and everyone is very anxious because so many people from here have gone there. We are hoping that we will get a letter from there soon telling us how the Nanking refugees there are. Letters from there come by airmail so that they come through fairly rapidly.