Chunking, Aug 12. 1939

Dear family:

You see I arrived safely. They wouldn't let me on the train in Nanking because I had not been innoculated for cholera so rather than return home, I let the military medical officer jab me and now I have a big red spot such as I get with typhoid but I'm hoping that the fever Sis had will cure my lame back. There was perhaps some criticism to be made of their aseptic technique (is that right?) but it looked fairly safe to me. & he hurt me about as little as any doctor that ever jabbed me.

I can see that there are advantages to living in a big city out here. This place is on a hill top some distance from the city & is very beautiful & relatively cool. But oh, the misery, I saw yesterday. There are little mud huts around & they have invited the children to come in every day to get "bean milk." There were

about sixty came yesterday and hardened as we get to seeing poverty + malnutrition, it was a pathetic to see them. ragged little waifs. but somehow so patient. Sore eyes and itch, half naked. Only a person who has seen China can know what they looked like. We have them in Kunming too, but not right on our doorstep like this. The missionaries here know them + are known by them. Sometimes the sense of futility which one faces here is more than one can stand. I went outside + cried yesterday after seeing them.

In the afternoon, they let women + children came in for baths. There is a school building here formerly used for a boarding school. Because of my shot, I stayed in bed most of the day + got up just in time to see the last baby. He was protesting lustily to being bathed. His mother was a very sunburned woman in very ragged clothes. She had a little girl too, about five years old who for clothes had only an old rag tied around her waist. Ethel has brought some children's clothes + they gave the baby + the little girl each a suit. By contrast the mother looked all the more ragged + she felt rather aggrieved that there were only children's clothes being given away. While she went to take her bath, one of the girls held the baby who cried all the time but as soon as his mother came back, dilapidated as she was, he stopped crying.

Exchange has taken a new tumble + is now down to 16^{-}. It was 6 when I came + two years ago was $3.^{+}$. Prices are soaring but I guess there is no use to worry.

My back is better altho' still lame. Now I won't know whether to give the credit

for my recovery to the cholera inoculation or to my rest cure. I am just lolling around, being as lazy as I can. I don't stay in bed but I lie around & read a lot of the time.

Margaret is going back to Nanking today & I think I'll send this letter with her & let her mail it from there. Just to beat the censor. I want the one Sin used to & who is beginning to understand me & my ideas!

This is stationery that Orell gave me but I see that it is beginning to discolor on the edges so I guess I'd better get it used up.

I'm not sure how long I'll stay, may even stay over the second Sunday but I'll see how I feel. I hate to miss my study is all. I haven't been away since I came & need a little change.

Love
Jessie