

40 Hwang Li Hsiang, Nanking
November 11, 1940

Dear Family:

Being the thoroughly selfish sort that I am, who never does anything except for the hope of a reward, I can't help but feel that this letter is wasted effort, since I have no expectation except that you have stopped writing to ~~mom~~ me. I mean under the impression that I am no longer here.

However just to assert my faith in the continuation of the status quo, I went shopping on Saturday and bought myself some winter p. j.'s or cloth for them, and also some cloth for a Chinese dress. I will admit however that the cloth for the dress was the cheapest I could get away with and if I were sure I were to stay all winter, I would have plunged a little deeper. Things are very expensive now. Even very cheap cotton cloth was fifty to a dollar a foot. The cloth I bought is a mixed artificial silk and cotton price \$1.28 a foot, or \$12.29 for enough to make the dress. It is a wadded garment with silk wadding and very light and warm and I shall practically live in it from now on.

Blanche and I have gone in for a spree of entertaining. Joy was with us for the weekend, since ^{she} was very tired. She went back to work Sunday evening feeling much rested she said. Then we had guests Sunday evening, starting on the job of entertaining folks who may be are going to leave before we do. Our guest of honor did not come, however, but the party otherwise was a success. We have the best cook in town so that the food is really worth coming for. We have planned another party for Thursday evening. This perhaps doesn't seem so strenuous to you, but as we are in the habit of going to bed at eight o'clock, it seems like a lot of dissipation.

I have to give up my plan to go to the country because the Japanese have withdrawn their soldiers from the village to which I wanted to go and the "bandits" have come in. Therefore they would not give me a pass. The weather has also turned colder so that it would be difficult to take along enough bedding to keep warm anyhow.

The house next door, called the "Bishop's" house because it was built for Bishop Hammerker, has been rented to the French Consul. For a while it was occupied by a Jewish refugee doctor, but since the Frenchman can afford to pay rent, they have rented it to him. There is a debt on the house for which they need the rent to clear. His wife is a portuguese, some say part Chinese. She is China-born, anyhow. The portuguese have inter-married a great deal with the Chinese, so it may be true. My cook stayed with me for after looking the lady over, he decided that he would rather work for me. He said he preferred to work for missionaries. He is one Chinese who doesn't care about money. He seems to have some property for he is certainly not able to live on what I pay him. I got him the job with the French Consul as I thought it would get him more money. So I lost face a great deal by his refusal to work for them. While the Jewish doctor lived there he borrowed my newspaper to read, and I had hoped that when he moved away that the necessity for that had come to an end, but I find that the wife of his servant is the gardener, I mean the husband, of his servant is, etc. and so it is very convenient to send it to him anyhow. It is all right, of course except that it rushes me all the time on the crossword puzzle.

Hoping you are the same, lovingly, Jessie