

Hwei Wen School, Nanking
March 14, 1946.

Dear Ruth:

While I think of it, let me say not to mail the sweater unless you have already done so. Another missionary, Pearl McCain wrote me and asked if she could bring anything for me and I told her to write to you. You probably have heard from her. The books have not yet been received. However ordinary mail, other than airmail, has just begun to come through and during the last two weeks, I received letters which you wrote right after I left and early in December as well as letters dated January. So perhaps the mail is stacked up somewhere and they will get around to sending books and magazines soon.

You are quite mistaken about the medical book. In fact far from crowding the exchange, she allowed me a little profit. She paid 15,000 when she should have paid only 14,500, or thereabouts. There is a difference between buying and selling. She is one Chinese who is self-supporting. You will recall that I begged \$20 from you once to help her buy books. A year later, after Pearl Harbor, she offered to return it to me as it was still in the bank. If I needed it, I could have it she said. She had a job in the post office and earned her way through medical school until inflation got so bad that her salary would not even pay for her bus fare. Then she managed to get some sort of a scholarship. She gets very low pay now, about 30,000 a month beside her board, but every other month she takes 15 or 20 thousand and buys a medical book. However she will be glad to get the book. I haven't seen her since I got your letter. She told me that she turned down an offer of 100,000 a month in a hospital in a small city because she felt she needed the training she was getting in this present job. I think if you haven't sent the medical books, you might wait and see how the other books come through if at all. I think they will all arrive in time. My guess is that they are piled up in U.S.A. somewhere for lack of ships. I base my guess on the slowness with which folks are coming. We have had a long cold rainy spell. With fuel so expensive, I just wish the sun would come out and warm us up before I burn up all my fuel. The pond in our yard has enlarged itself about three times and a lot of the yard is under water.

The Y.W. has borrowed my house for a tea party tomorrow to talk about student relief and other student work. I think it looks pretty bad but apparently they don't think so. I have the covers off of two chairs which I washed yesterday when the sun shone for a couple of hours now draped over some chairs by the stove trying to get them dry before tomorrow. The chairs are some that the Japanese left in one of our buildings and while they are fair chairs, the upholstery is faded and dirty. The covers are not much better but washing them has helped a little I hope.

Marie Brethorst is finally enroute and should be here before the end of the month. I have been rather surprised to find quite a little opposition to her coming and even open criticism of her, which is a little startling when I consider how tolerant they are of my inefficiencies. Perhaps I am not as bad as I think. She is terribly domineering and I dread having to live with her. Fortunately she prefers to live alone and so I am hoping that she will manage to arrange something. It will seem strange for us to have two separate establishments but it is desirable. The Chinese are trying to gether appointed to Wuhu where there is no missionary immediately in prospect. She told me she wanted to do country work and she could do it from there as a center. I think she senses the opposition to her. It is a case where one needs a bishop to settle the matter. However I shall let her take what work she wants and do the rest myself. There is plenty for all.

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I had a terribly heavy day yesterday and have another one tomorrow and so I am taking it easy today. It is rainy and cold. I have been writing letters, mostly business letters. I had trouble sleeping last night and so don't feel like much today.

I was interested in your remarks about sleeping pills. It is interesting sometimes to realize how complex we are. I have been thinking about the matter of what one gets out of going to church. Going to church here has a real value to me and yet all the faults are present which were also there in the churches at home. I never get much out of the sermons. I think it is partly that I have a sense of belonging to Wesley church in a way I never had at Trinity Church in Berkeley. Perhaps it is partly that I come with a greater sense of need, although I certainly had a sort of hunger then that was unsatisfied. I suppose the truth is that more important than what we get from a church service is what we bring to it. The fact is that I really belong out here and am in fact a foreigner in America.

It is interesting how things sort of work themselves out. You look at the whole situation and it is difficult to see how it is to be handled, but taking things step by step, there seems to be a way through the maze. There is a bunch of children outside my gate who are rather good friends of mine, mostly little ones under eight or nine. Whenever I go out the back gate, they surround me and talk to me. They make fun of my white hair. They admire my gaudy wool gloves. They wanted to know why I didn't open a school for them, and I have been wondering why I shouldn't. So now I am looking for a suitable teacher. It would be a commoner's school, that is just for literacy, and not follow a regular curriculum. They would have it only in the morning, would be taught to read and write and to sing and to play some games. I would have them all in one class and then if next year some of them get a chance to enter some regular school, they will have this much of a start. The difficulty is that such a school is more difficult to manage than a regular school. I haven't been able yet to think of a proper teacher. I was talking to the Y.W. secretaries about it and they offered to let me have some of their relief students. They also promised me help on what sort of a course to plan. I am thinking of starting one in the south city too, in Wesley church. I think I could use relief money to pay the teacher.

I had a letter from Harry this week in which he said he was sending me five dollars through the board and asking me what he could send me. It seems that Miss Youtsey one of our missionaries who lives in Wichita called on him and so he wrote to me. I guess you must have sent him one of my letters. It was as if he wanted me to know that now he is in a position to contribute to the poor missionary, instead of as formerly to borrow money from her. I am going to ask him to send me some good pencils. I'm very fussy about having a pencil that is neither too hard nor too soft and I thought I would see if he could get me some good ones. I meant to buy some myself but didn't get around to it.

Your letters recently have been very satisfactory. Are you keeping a carbon of them? It helps to go back and reread the letter that is being answered. But the things I am interested to know are just the sort of things you would tell me if you were with me, in person as Jimmy Durante says.

I think you might get the green glass dishes started because after all they don't represent any very great value and the substitutes I would have to buy out here are quite expensive. I think they will come through eventually. Junior's sweater is another matter. I have sentimental associations such as I do not have toward the green dishes. I still have not written him. I keep intending to do so, but I think such a letter is hard to write. All I can think of to say is that I was wondering if he really wasn't going to give me a sweater. I'm not sure how he would take that.

Love
Jane

Hwei Wen School, Nanking,

April 14, 1946

Dear Ruth

First let me apologize in writing as to all the nasty things I have said about the U. S. post office and the international post. My books arrived last week. So far as I can recall they are all here except the one that I left in New York to send. Perhaps they didn't send it. I have written them and so the book will probably appear tomorrow.

Also the check arrived safely. I took it over to the bank and they gave me the money for it immediately, which was I think a mistake as they later sent word for me to call at the bank, which I have not yet done. I expected they would send it to Shanghai or somewhere and make me wait. They charged me a dollar exchange as it was neither a Chicago nor New York check, so perhaps it would be cheaper for you to get a Chicago draft if your generous impulses get too much for you again. I had no idea that my letter would have that effect. However the sad part of this story is that the price has risen some more so that the fifty dollars will only buy one seat, in fact is not quite enough to buy one seat. So you see what we are up against. Pastor Tsui was in here today to see me and said that he was having three services on Sunday as he didn't have seats enough otherwise, but he felt it was a rather heavy day's work.

I wrote a sad letter about some hymnbooks saying they would cost about 50 cents each, but in the meantime the price has gone up to one dollar each. /So I hope they don't send me any money.

My stock is a little bit higher than it was last week. I mean I have a little more self-confidence. I made a speech that I think I am going to have some trouble living down. There was a "welcome" party at the church for Marie to which I was also invited. They invited us to dinner first and afterward to a meeting. I was as usual quite unprepared for the meeting and suddenly realized with a terrible feeling in my stomach that I would be expected to say a few words. You can imagine that I sat up there on the platform and squirmed and wondered what in the world I would say. First they called on old Mr. Kiang, and he said that as he was an old man with a beard, he hoped they would forgive him for not talking better, etc, with the usual Chinese apologies. Then Marie was called on and she made a long and very flowery speech, mostly about herself. She is father gussy, and sort of out-herod's herod, as Shakespeare says. Then they called on me. I got up and said that when pastor Wang invited me to eat dinner with them, I accepted very readily because as to my ability to eat food, there was nothing wrong. I was really quite good at it, but he didn't say anything about the meeting afterward, and unfortunately I had no ability to make a long speech like Miss Brethorst and had no long beard like Mr. Kiang, so that I was afraid they would not excuse my inability. Beside that I said I had been here longer than a lot of the people who had come back from Szechuan, so that really I should be making a speech of welcome to them. Something about the speech amused everyone exceedingly and each speaker after that commented on it. I know it doesn't sound funny to tell it, but anyhow it made me feel very good because I don't think you can consider my Chinese good.

We are preparing a retreat to which all the members of the Conference are invited as well as some delegates and they start it off with a reception. The Committee has insisted that I should be chairman of that meeting. I think it is a dreadfully difficult thing to do but I have protested in vain. I'm trying now to get them to let Marie be chairman, but they say my Chinese is a little more literary than hers. They neglect to add that it is much less fluent. I suppose it is just their way to pay me a little respect and of course I love it, as who wouldn't.

We are preparing for a Field Committee meeting so this is my busy week. It will be on Thursday. The worst trouble with work out here now is that we have no very clear instructions as to what we should do about crusade funds. We are supposed to ask for them, but it is not clear just how. And if we don't ask, we won't have them when we need them. Beside that we manage to have committee meetings of one sort and another all the time which just adds to my troubles.

I wonder how your clinic plans are working out. I think you are a trusting soul to think that Rouawig will play fair with you this time when he didn't before. Of course I only know your side of the story.

About the \$20 check, they sent a check for \$200 out here to one of their pastors ~~huhuh~~ and he brought it to me to see if I could help him. I couldn't spare \$200 but I gave him \$20 and sent the check to Shanghai thinking that Bessie could do something with it. In the end, she sent it back to me as it could not be used. So instead of demanding \$20 back from the poor preacher, I offered to write to the original senders of the check and ask them to repay the ~~\$200.00~~ twenty dollars. You can charge it to my account or deposit it in my checking account whichever is easier.

After making my speech on Sunday, I went out to dinner with Shu-liang along with a lot of doctors from Central Hospital. We went down to a part of town called "Confucian Temple" which is a famous pleasure center with the best restuarants, dance halls, and other forms of vice too numerous to mention. I don't know whether times have changed or if I am getting in different circles, because it seemed to me that formerly I was never served wine. I finally decided that the thing to do is to take it but not to drink it, just to sip it when they toast each other. Some of the doctors had been in America and asked me if I didn't drink cocktails. So I suppose the first sip will be the ~~down~~ first step on the downward path. Marie was a good girl that night and went to church at the hotel where the American soldiers are quartered. She however didn't get a chance to talk to any of them, so her efforts at doing good were fruitless. They are so much better situated than we are that I don't see what we can do for them. These hotels are fixed up quite nice, with steam heat. Their food is all imported. I'm afraid they would find our living conditions rather shabby. Beside that we are so terrifically busy.

I'm sorry to hear about Marie and I hope by this time that she is able to be up and about again. Give her my love and tell her I hope she has enjoyed her operation.

Marie and I gave a tea party to which we invited all the Americans in town. There were about thirty who finally came. They were all missionaries except two, the consul and the chaplain from the U.S. army. We didn't invite any other army people. Otherwise we never see each other as everyone is simply rushed to death and there is as yet no occasion when we get together. I understand that they are starting the English church service easter, so that should help. Our teaparty was quite a success as it was the first get-to-gether of the whole group here. Our refreshments were a flop but everyone is in the same fix as we are so nobody minded and it gave everyone a chance to meet everyone else.

Marie bought a hot water bottle which she figured cost her about \$12 U.S. money. I bought one when I first came which cost about \$7. The price had doubled in Chinese money, while exchange had increased about one third. That is the way things go. It is fortunate that we are so busy that we don't have time to think about the money that we don't have to spend. I hope it is going to be cheaper now that Marie is living ^{with} me, but she puts on so many extra flourishes that I hardly expect it will be. It is harder on her than on me because she likes to do things properly, serve tea and food to every guest that comes, have lots of guests, etc. I expected it would be hard, but it is something more than I expected.

Love
Jessie