

Hwei Wen Girls' School, Nanking
Nov. 27, 1946

Dear Clara:

At last I got a batch of letters from you, dated all the way from Sept. 18 to Oct. 12. They must have gotten held up somewhere by the strike. I can't understand how they got here before the strike ended.

I received the check and I will cash it out here as I need the money. I got an airmail from Sara today dated Nov. 14 which is pretty good time. It only costs 25 cents now, in case you haven't heard.

We are going to have a mission Thanksgiving dinner together tomorrow night. The American chaplain is a Free Methodist so we are inviting him, also General Marshall's secretary who is also a Methodist. There are ~~nine~~ Methodist Missionaries. Then we leave the next day for Wuhu for annual conference. I'm plain superstitious about Wuhu. I was there in 1937 when the war started, and again in 1941 at time of Pearl Harbor, so this time I am going to take enough clothes along to be prepared to stay through any emergency. Just as a safeguard. Anyhow the Japs won't be starting anything this time.

I have been working on a general Christmas letter to be mailed instead of Christmas cards. It is too late to get it there by Christmas and I am undecided whether it is better to let folks remain in ignorance the rest of their lives of my whereabouts. I just don't do so well on my correspondence but these printed letters don't count for so much either. I made out a list of about sixty people

It is a cold rainy day with a north east wind blowing. We have a stove up in the dining room and have had a fire in it once or twice. I also have one in my study which is not yet complete. We are converting our coal stoves into oil burners. The method works all right except that it is a contraption like those in the funny pictures by Goldberg. The one in my office isn't as bad as the one in the dining room. It is simply terrific.

We have to go by bus to Wuhu so we have hired two buses to take the crowd from here. It will not cost more than taking the public bus. Everybody has to take bedding so that there will be a lot of baggage. I was interrupted just at this point to pay for the two buses and make other arrangements about them.

Then I got a special delivery letter saying that the three missionaries from Chinkiang had changed their plans and so they would be able to come for Thanksgiving dinner after all and so I put on my boots and raincoat and walked across the town to Mrs. Sone's to tell her to put three more names in the pot. She was expecting there might be some unexpected guests and so had planned for sixteen. Then I made another call while I was over there and it was nearly dark when I started home. It is now five thirty. The thermometer says 56 but it seems colder than that outdoors.

We cultivate the Chaplain because he is like Santa Claus, has all the resources of the U.S. Army at his disposal. I don't mean that S. C. has that much influence. The former one was very friendly with us and never came to see us without bringing us something to eat, a few pounds of sugar or some candy or coffee. He also gave us a lot of G. I. edition books, some of them very good ones so we have plenty of reading for a change. Hoping you are the same,

THE METHODIST CHURCH lovingly, Jessie

聖潔女學校中書

Jessie

CENTRAL CHINA CONFERENCE
NANKING, CHINA

[illegible]