

Nov. 7, 1937.

Dear mama and all,

Sunday again finds me writing to you. How wonderful it would be to pop in on you. It is just lunch time and nothing would please me better than to stick my big feet under your table. How good everything would taste. It makes my mouth water to even ~~think~~ think of it. For after all is said and done there is no cook in the world like my mother and no food like that we have in New Bern. Of course that sounds conceited but it is the Truth. How often especially in the ~~days~~ days do I think of that home of Mine. Those were happy, carefree days. I often wonder why I left such Happiness.

To-day is cold, damp and rainy. It is a typical Shanghai day. But we are happy over it because the Japs can't do devilish work in the rain. We could stand rain every day to keep them from fighting.

Last night four of us were out to dinner with a friend. We had quite a good time. We came back at ten-thirty. I was tired and had hoped to get to bed early. Believe me it was early--3 A.M. when I crawled in. I had three private room baby cases. I finished the last at 2:45. They were old patients of mine who insisted on my taking care of them. It was fun for I love babies. I did not get up for Chapel but slept until 8 A.M. So I feel fine in spite of work. At 10 A.M. I was all dressed to go to Service when another case came in and so no Church. I hope to go to the 6 P.M. service. We are now having that service in ST. Elizabeth hospital chapel. The fighting has moved to ST. John's area and all there have refugeed into the Settlement so our Chapel is the best and safest place. The new Bishop to be will have the service. The service here last Sunday was lovely. There are about 50 of our Mission in Shanghai and it was glorious to see us all here.

You will be interested to know I am living in Miss Wells's quarters in the hospital proper. I moved over on Tues. I have a bedroom, living and bath with hot and cold running water, steam heat for winter and am very cosy. In many ways it is more comfortable than in my house across the driveway. War makes people refugee. We had to find places to put all of ST. John's and ST. Mary's teachers. Gladys and I have 7 persons living with us. We did not have room so I was the easiest one to live in the hospital. We had Miss Wells' rooms already furnished as she had left them when she

went home in April. So I just brought over my clothes and moved in. I left all of my rooms furnished for the incoming refugee. I am very comfortable here and it is so convenient for my night calls. No more running out in the cold for night duty. I have the best bargain. I would not keep it always because you can't get away from your work as you can in our house. But with 9 in the house this is so quiet and private. Miss Wells rooms are lovely and cheery and then I have all of Hans's old Curios and his bird so it is comfy and nice. I refused this apartment in 1927 because I said I would never live in the hospital. But War brings many changes and each must be willing to change for the good of all. I am in charge and it was logical for me to be here. I really like it much better than I ever thought I would.

I know you have worried over me a great deal but don't do it. I am working hard but I promise not to kill myself. I have still much I want to do in Life and it would be silly to break at this time. In these seven ~~years~~ I have had worries, responsibilities and cares that just seemed to be too much for one little girl. But I have with God's help come through with flying colors. I have gained much experience and wisdom. I have kept well and been spared injury when many were being wounded. Work never troubles me. The Worry I have had and the great responsibility has taken its toll in a physical sense. I could not expect to keep 116 LLbs and on Sept. I only weighed 98 but I once only had 94 so I am grateful for 98. I now weigh 101 so you see you have no need to worry. My only complaint is that I had to have all my new clothes remade to fit me. It was funny I tried so hard in Germany and at home to put on 11bs and then lost them all. But think of the joy I had gaining those pounds. And think what I think would have looked like had I not gained them and had still lost 18. So I have much to be thankful for. I am now my old self with 101 LLbs. I am still your little girl but with a new store of experience of War and Life. And I am glad I have had it but never want it again. I have enough to last me the rest of my days. I have enough to sit by the fire as an old lady and tell little children. I only wish I could write it. Maybe I will as an old lady. Now I have too much medicine to do.

Yesterday I had two serious operations to do. One I did at 11:30 A.M. A little boy of 14 yrs. had been hit by a piece of a shell and it was buried in his head. We do not take boys that old in the wards and so the family who think I'm it (how little they know) put the child in a \$5 room so I could operate. We, my Chinese Dr., and I took out three pieces of shell. I have them in my collection. The child is O.K. thank Heaven. The second was an abdominal operation at 5 P.M. The child is doing nicely but cannot be entirely well as he has TB. of the entire Intestines.

[Nov 7, 1937]

美國聖公會

ST. ELIZABETH'S HOSPITAL  
LANE 361  
NO. 2-4-11 AVENUE ROAD  
SHANGHAI

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The hospital is keeping its nose above water financially and we have so much to be thankful for. Fortunately we had a bit to draw on in need. The hundreds of poor Chinese refugees who flock in sick and wounded drain the treasury. They are homeless and how can they pay. So far we have not broken and are not in the hole as so many hospitals in Shanghai are. But it takes constant watching and careful buying. Miss Ross is right on her job and believe me we do not waste a cent. This will give you an idea of what war can do to prices. We paid \$8 for a case of alcohol in July we paid \$28 for the same in Oct. We paid 63 cents for cellulose cotton in July. It was \$1.20 per pound in Aug. and could not be bought in Shanghai. We generally use 1000 LLBS in one month. We were forced to find other substitutes. There is where the Chinese nurses were marvelous. We revolutionized our Maternity and began to use Chinese brown paper sterilized for all pads. We had no increase of infection and saved the hospital hundreds of dollars. Another item of importance was coal. In winter we use one and one-third tons of coal each day to heat the hospital not counting kitchen coal and hot water coal. It costs usually \$22 per ton. It jumped to \$38 over night and one had to beg to get it. That is war for you. That is just a few samples of the "JOY" of running a hospital in war not including the Medical side of day and night work. Supplies in every field were equally expensive and try and get them. Well we've had a world of experience. This sudden opening up of Hell in War has been worse in many ways than any other I've had. It is no fun to work with boomong guns and Air-raids. But don't worry I am not in the Guns. The greatest blessing has been a Faithful and Loyal Staff working night and day. Then the Knowledge of Friends who depend on You. Those out here and those at home who have Faith in you and who believe you will come through. You may doubt and wonder and not understand why Heaven sends so much at once but you cannot lose Faith in a Friend and war only cements that Friend or Friends tighter to you. In the darkest moments if one will only stop and think of That Friend of Man and then His greatest Gift, a Friend on earth, the clouds will lift and we can go on strong in the strength of a genuine Friendship though it may have changed in many ways due to the cruel fingers of Time.

Am sending this to Hans so he can send it ordinary mail to you. Then I am sure you will get it. He has been so good to me. *C. C. Ross*

#447.1.a

express him for all the help  
he has been, and get  
away do Mrs. Wilson's. Give  
to all. As many times as  
a happy new year.

Yours

Sister

Happy New Year to you and  
your family. Will sail for  
Shanghai within a few days.

Yours sincerely

Hans Roeschmann