

3 Ping Tsang Hsiang,
Nanking.
February 19, 1938.

Dear Angie:-

It certainly has been a long time since I have written you, but I believe an even longer time since you have sent me a letter. So take your pen in hand and write to me immediately upon receipt of this epistle. The British boat the Bee is going down river next Wednesday morning, the 23rd, and will be coming back some time or other. Or maybe some other boat will be coming up, or possibly even the regular mail service may be restored, so in some way your letter will be sure to reach me sooner or later, therefore don't fail to write me. We got very hungry for mail, if I might put it so, during the long weeks we were cut off here, and still feel as if we had not caught up, because the mails are still very irregular. Harriet's last two letters in October, for example, did not reach me until just about ten days or two weeks ago, and I have not yet seen any letters from her for November or December. Mother did send me by the last boat an undated letter of Harriet's written just after Christmas, but I have had nothing for the two months in between. I am hoping against hope that they may yet turn up.

And now to report to you about Mickey and Mother Puss. The former was disgracefully dirty the last time I saw him. But he said to me "How can you expect a fellow to keep clean when he doesn't have a chance any more to go in and lie on a nice clean rug by a warm fire?" In fact Mickey wants it distinctly understood that he does not like this war. He says he expected you back in September at the latest and you haven't come yet, and that he feels just like a refugee at being shut out of the house and having to live all the time in the servants' quarters. The worst time yet was back in December when rations got a little short for everybody, and Wang-si-fu could not go out and buy him any fish. Confidentially Mickey said to me that he felt like asking the Japanese for indemnity for that. No one had any right to treat a self-respecting and once-pampered cat like that. Also Mickey said that he missed his "elevenses", that he had not had them all this winter, and that both he and Mother Puss wanted a return to normalcy at the ~~the~~ earliest possible moment. Otherwise, save for the above mentioned grievances, Mickey and Mother Puss both report everything all right.

I wonder if you ever heard from Mrs. Bates and Morton (or is it Bobby who is in Shanghai) one of the funny stories of the war. I know that Dr. Bates wrote it to them, and you may have heard it. If you didn't, I will tell you. I was going out one afternoon with a Japanese Consular Policeman to look at some houses that had been looted and put up Japanese Embassy proclamations on them. Before I got started, however, a servant came rushing in very excited. He said "Some Japanese soldiers have just been at Mr. Rigg's house and one of them has left his gun there." We knew that might make trouble if it were true, because the soldiers might accuse the people of taking the gun, and then punish them under false pretenses for having it. So it was agreed that I would take Mr. Takatama, the Policeman, there at once and explain things to him. Mr. Rigg's also went over to his house to wait for us. We got there about the same time, and on

questioning the servant and others, they pointed out where the gun was lying. It turned out to be a little toy gun which the soldier had either found at Mr. Rigg's house or looted from somewhere else, got ten tired of, and then put down there. The servant who had run to tell us was so excited that he did not stop to investigate what sort of gun it was. We all had a good laugh over it, and have laughed a good many times since, to think about how we hurried to get the policeman to go there with us, so as to avoid future trouble.

I am sorry that your bicycle was stolen and the three silver dollars you were saving as curios. You will recall that I took your Bank to you at Kuling in the summer, but these dollars I did not take at the time, and I really forgot that you had them until one day Wang-si-fu told me that the Japanese soldiers had taken them. You see I am not living now at our house, but at Dr. Bucks with the other men, and we have had so much to do that I just could not spend much time at our house. If I stayed at home to watch our things, I could not have done anything else. Not that the Japanese soldiers came all the time, for they did not, at least at our house, but that you never knew when they were coming. Wang-si-fu did his best to look after our place, but he could not of course do anything against the soldiers. He just had to let them take what they wanted, but he usually managed to see what they took and that is how he knew about the three dollars. We were really quite fortunate at our house, everything considered. At certain other houses much more has been lost.

The people who have been up to this time in the Safety Zone have now begun to go back to their homes in large numbers. I am glad of this as it reduces the number in our refugee camps. At one time about 65,000 or maybe 70,000 people were in our camps, and about 250,000 in the whole Zone. As Mother has perhaps already told you, the Zone took in roughly the Seminary, Bible School, Hillcrest, Ginling, University, Ku Lou, and the New Residential District. Nearly every one who remained in Nanking during the fighting lived in the Zone. I wish you could have seen the great crowds of people in some of our camps, but I am glad for their sakes now that conditions are somewhat better, so that they can move about the city more freely and even go back to their homes to live. But many of the people do not have homes now to go back to, as so many parts of the city have been burned. Some people even yet go back to their homes in the day-time and come back to the Zone to sleep at night.

Write and tell me about your school work. As far as Mother was able to send me records of your work in Kuling you did very well there. I hope you will do equally well in Shanghai, and like it there too.

Some time I am going to try to get away to come to see you and Mother in Shanghai, but there is too much to do here yet. Wang-si-fu much wants you and Mother to return, but that is not possible yet. Lu-si-fu has been helping us here at Ping Tsang Hsing since the latter part of November, and we have all been very glad to have him.

I must stop now and go to bed.

With love, *Daddy.*