

Nov 1928
Moukden, Manchuria,
China
Dec. 12th 1928
Feb. 8, 1929.

Shanghai by
May

Dearest Florence:

No word has come from you since I wrote you from Berlin three months ago. But then my mail seldom reaches me, and I've seen nothing for over a month.

I'm still in Manchuria. I've been here for over 2 months. In a few days I go to Tientsin and then to Peking (Pei-king). Then to Nanking. I expect to make a trip through the genuine provinces if I think I can endure the sights and the hardships of travelling there. My health, however, is so very bad out here that I may not decide to go. I'm writing now from bed, for I've been ill - very much so, in fact. I hesitate to say what I think about it. But I became suddenly ill after eating some toast and drinking coffee. I vomited my life out and nearly collapsed with diarrhoea at the same time. But here one suspects

always. I am suspicious, in particular, because a month ago the American Consul here informed the Am. Consul in Harbin (where I was) that he had been "authoritatively informed that a certain A.S., alias Alice Bud, alias Mrs. Petrovsky, had arrived there," etc., etc. The report was complete except a long tale about my being in reality a Russian Communist travelling on an Am. passport. It bore all the signs of the British Indian Int. & the Br. Secret Service. But the Am. Consul asked his Harbin colleague to "watch out for me and inform him just what I was doing, all my movements, etc." In other words, so he could report to the Br. S.S.

Well, of course, no American told me this, least of all the Consul. They are a gang of sneaks and in cahoots with the Br. S.S. I was warned to leave the Am. alone & to avoid the Consulates like the pest. ~~Since~~

Since that time I don't go near them. But this country is lousy with Br. spies. And all this is the reason I

suspect when I suddenly fall ill. It costs
very little to pay a Chinese servant
to give the necessary dose of poison.
The only ones out here who help me
are the German Chinese. The Counselor General is
very good to me here. You see, since I
represent a German newspaper, he should be.
But he is more than kind, professionally:
I was one of the guests at a private dinner
given in his home recently. He is very
nice, but some of the guests made me smile.
Not one woman had ever had short hair;
they were young, but as round as billiard
balls; the one had little bun rolls over
each ear and another in the back.
Another had her hair crimped in a
series of nice little curls, starting from
the part in the middle. At dinner one
man rebuked his wife across the table
because she drank champagne too quickly,
and he kept nagging at her in a nasty
little way because she ate too much.
I could tell you much, for
I lived in a private Chinese home for a
few weeks. But I don't feel like it.
I'll write articles about it.

I wonder how I am is and how your Heloise
is; and how she and our is progressing.
Write and let me know. Forgive this
uninteresting letter.

Love

Agnes -