

c/o National City Bank of New York,

Canton, China

May 28th, 1930

Dearest Florence:

Well, I might add: "I thought so". From the first, in Germany, I thought it would be like this. It could not last. But I kept my mouth to myself for it was your life. But all you say of Sam I saw then--that life was easy for him and he would dabble-dabble around not doing anything while you would try to make things go. Yet I thought it was not his own fault, altogether; you furnished about 50% of the motive power that sent him in that direction, for your needs were such that you could do nothing else. Now I hope you find the partner you wish and who can go 50-50 on everything. It's a grand and glorious feeling. Don't I know? Haven't I found one? You ask me what I'm doing. I'm married child, so to speak-- just sort of married you know; but it's a he-man also and its 50-50 all along the line and he helping me and I him and we working together in every way. None of these blaxing love affairs, bound together or bust, and so on; but a big, broad, all-sided friendship and comradeship. I do not know how long it will last; that does not depend on us. I fear not long. But these days will be the best in my life. Never have I known such ~~xxxxxxx~~ good days, never have I known such a healthy life, mentally, physically, psychically. I consider this completion, and when it is ended, I'll be lonelier than all the love in the magazines could never make me.

write me what you want. No George and no Mary will read what you write me. Not one line will reach anyone else. ~~xxx~~

Yes, I read your review in the New Republic, by Gar. and it is grand to hear you are writing something of Lewis Carroll. But who is Lewis Carroll--or was? I'm ignorant, you know. Went only to the third grade; so to speak; at least in many things.

I'm writing articles and planning another book.

It's hot weather in the tropics, you know--and Canton is in the tropics. One sweat bath I'm having. And one intestinal sickness I got until I nearly went under. Wss sick as one dog.

You ask me not to feel badly about the end of your marriage. I don't. It is sad. But that seemed to me no marriage to live with. Perhaps it was the children you were after and you needed them to clear up your mind.

This letter is coming via Siberia. Write me what's on your mind; and your plans. Is divorce easy in Switzerland? I'll never use such information, but I'd like to know. I'll never be legally married is why. Children or no children. God--ain't I glad I got out of my mess with Chatto. And here I am as healthy in mind as the healthiest of them.

Love always to you, dear.

*Agnes V. Agaboo*