

Nov 1927

Shanghai  
Monday, Manchuria,  
China  
Dec. 9, 1927.  
F. 9, 1927.

Dearest Florence:

No word has come from you since I wrote you from Berlin three months ago. But then my mail seldom reaches you, 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 fertile provinces if I think I can endure the sights and the hardships of travelling there. My health, however, is so very bad 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 omitted my life out and nearly lost my mind at the time. But here are some suspects