

Apt 49,
382 Route Cohen
Shanghai
February 26, 1938

Dear Mary,

The enclosures are the latest from Plumer. He or I have sent you copies of everything that he has sent me from Nanking, so you know as much as I do about conditions there, provided the letters have gotten to you. I have no way of knowing how much gets by and how much is held up, though I have tried to send things in such a way that they had a good chance. Some letters I have sent by people going home, and others, this one included, go in a special way that I feel sure is not censored. The happy days of free speech are over in China I am afraid, for a while at least.

There has been no great news since I wrote you last. Angie and I go along in our regular way from day to day, both of us at school and both of us fairly busy. I am not in much refugee work directly, though I have done some sewing for them, and everytime I go anywhere for tea or any sort of gathering there is sure to be refugee sewing. Shanghai is gradually coming back to something like normal as far as living conditions go, though prices are still outrageously high, and there is curfew for Chinese at least at eleven o'clock. That hasn't bothered me any as I simply don't go out at night anyway. Business has been hard hit, and I hear on all sides that times are hard and that business is dead. I know that a great many people are going home, and that many firms are cutting off large numbers of their men.

Angie and I haven't moved yet, but we are moving Tuesday March 1st. I am giving you the address that we will have for the next four months as you could not reach me at this address. I miss my good faithful coolie when it comes to moving. But I have arranged with Mrs. Young's boy to come over and help me. He is very efficient and can see to many things about the moving better than I can, especially as I will have to be at school part of the day. When I write you next I hope to be able to report everything in order and no casualties from the move.

Tuesday, being Washington's birthday, we had a holiday. I don't know who likes holidays better- the children or the teachers. I always have about three days work planned for every holiday, so of course some of it never gets done. This year I am a little freer as I don't teach quite all day, and can hardly call this little apartment a house. So the holiday was more of a holiday, and Angie and I took it easy. We are having grand weather now and so spend as much time as possible out of doors.

There isn't much in this letter except Plumer's enclosures, but there isn't much to tell - believe it or not.

Our love to all the family,

Corelia