

Apt 49
382 Route Cohenn
Shanghai
March 12, 1938

Dear Mary,

Your letter of January 25th, addressed to Plumer in Nanking, was delivered to me here one day last week. You were still in ignorance of our whereabouts, and also ignorant to a large extent of conditions out here. I hope that by now you have gotten some of our letters and know a little more about things. It is useless to send mail to Nanking. There has been no sort of postal communication with that city since early in December. A sort of skeleton service is being organized now, and may develop into something normal, though of course as long as the Japs are here it will be strictly censored. Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Molland went up this week to get things started. The only way that I have been able to get letters to or from Plumer is by the various British and American gunboats that have been going up and down since about the middle of January. There is a regular arrangement with the two consulates by which our mail is carried. We have also been able to send packages, and even large shipments have been sent in this way. I wrote you about the beans - and also sent some clippings to you and Harriet I think. Such a todo about the beans! That was a shipment of 100 tons, and large shipments of cod liver oil have also gone up, and supplies for the hospital. The beans were finally landed, and are being used for the refugees. The latest howl is that the Japs have broadcast from Tokyo that there is no need for anyone else to bother about beans for the refugees in Nanking since they themselves have imported and distributed 100 tons recently! The truth is that they did everything in their power to keep those beans out of Nanking, and then when they finally had to let them in, they claim that they bought and paid for them and are giving them to the refugees. Shades of truth and honor!

As I have said there is to be a postal service between here and Nanking soon, but I imagine it will be more strictly censored than letters into Shanghai even, especially will letters to the few foreigners in Nanking be watched, for the military are definitely hostile to these men. Therefore I think it would be well for you to send letters for Plumer to me here, and I will get them to him by the consular delivery, which of course is not censored, since it is not passed through the post office at all, but carried personally by one American, or Britisher, to another. I do not expect to use the post office for letters to Nanking as long as I can use the consular delivery system.

You have spoken once or twice in your letters about a dispatch telling of the wounding of an H. P. Mills, in Nanking. In case you have not gotten that straight yet I will tell you the story as far as I know it. There is a man by the name of Mills, and I think the initials are H. P., or H. A., who has been running a newspaper here in Shanghai. I think it is in Chinese, though I am not sure of that. If it is in English it is not one of the better known papers. Some weeks ago his plant was attacked by some terrorists, and badly damaged by bombs,

and I think Mr. Mills himself was slightly injured. This is probably the report you heard. There has been a lot of terrorism and bomb-throwing in Shanghai, probably done by people in the employ of the Japanese, and of course a newspaper, especially one that had the nerve to publish any thing in the least derogatory to the Japanese, would come in for a large share of attention.

I am interested in Jobie's marriage of course, if he really is married. You did not know definitely when you wrote last. I hope the girl is acceptable to Margaret, though of course it is Jobie who has to live with her. Why doesn't Lar get married? Are there no girls around nice enough for him? He is the only one of your nieces and nephews in a single state now, except my two, who are hardly of marriagable age yet.

We had the biggest snow of the winter this week, in fact the heaviest snow Shanghai has had for some years. It is still on the ground in spite of some rain yesterday, and it is cold today. We had a few warm days, enough to make me begin to think about getting out such spring clothes as Angie and I have, but before I got very far it turned cold again, and now we are right back in winter. We are very comfortable, for our apartment is heated, and we have plenty of hot water, so the cold weather does not seem nearly so cold as it would in Nanking. We have been in our new apartment now nearly two weeks, and we like it a lot. In fact I like it as well as I did the larger one we had at first. For some things I like it even better, and as the rent is more within my reach I am very happy to have found it. Angie says that I have had a tea every day since we moved over here. That is not quite the truth, but it approaches it. I have been entertained a great deal since I have been here, and so as soon as I got settled here I began to return some of these courtesies. I am not equipped to have people here for dinner, but teas are easy, and I can manage them very nicely, so I have had several during the two weeks we have been here. I have only ten cups, and as Angie is usually around at tea time, that means that I can invite only eight people at a time, but that is really enough. A really big tea is fun, but you can have a better chance to talk to people when there are just a few at a time. I have had four or five small groups in the last two weeks, and there are still three or four more groups that I want to have, before my slate is clear. This, with teaching in the morning, and a little work for refugees, sewing or something of the sort, and other routine things, have kept me busy, even in this tiny two-roomed apartment. Angie is busy with her school work of course, and both of us are well I am glad to say. And so life goes on, with a semblance of normality, even in the midst of war. Work, and keeping very busy all the time, are my salvation. I would go crazy if I had nothing to do these days.

I enclose the latest from Plumer. Things seem a little better in Nanking I am glad to say. They can even make fun of some of their trials, and one of the Men, Mr. McCallum, has written a song about the beans, and another about codliver oil. He is very musical, so he can sing to them as well as write the songs.

I haven't heard from Harriet for a long time now. Mails are still very irregular even into Shanghai. I got a letter from Connie Wheeler about a week ago that was written the 18th of November.

Much love to all of you from all of us,
Corulia.