

66666 - 66666 . writing elaborate in spirit  
and form. Brown bows private to ~~66666~~ Peitaiho Beach

also German "child" signs from August 11, 36 years,  
- since then unable yet now to read "poorly educated"

Dear Mannie.

It seems to me that it's been a long time since  
I've written to you, in fact so long, that I've been  
considering telling you about several letters which might  
have been lost in the mail. But I can't lie that well.  
I've only had two letters from you since I've been back  
as you're not much ahead of one after all.

I suppose I must have thanked you for that  
necktie (blue knitted) which, with all your postage  
and then duty (100%) came rather expensive but  
was worth it, being so handsome. Not much chance to  
wear it so far because the temperature has been tropical  
now for 2½ months. A week ago when the heat  
became quite unbearable in Peking I came down  
to the beach to stay in a most delightfully  
located cottage perched on a rock in the sea (one  
side connected with the land). Life is quiet. (I'm staying  
with two ancient lady school teachers) but healthful, as  
I spend most of the time swimming, sleeping and eating.  
For the good cause of health I've even given up smoking.  
As a result the quenching sensation in my vitals prevents  
one from doing any work whatever and this is the  
fifth day of the ordeal. If I do manage to get down  
to work I shall stay two weeks longer, and then  
back to my place where I am busy manufacturing

Techniques in wholesale quantities. I had just decided that I was tired of etching and would not do any more when the magazine "Prints" announced after a "National Survey" that I was the eleventh most significant American printmaker, and the best from the West. So I should make a little effort to capitalize on my reputation don't you think? The truth is my income from sales has been practically non-existent recently, except from Honolulu where my show is still having the most desirous after effects.

During June I had two house guests, one who has now gone to the Far interior (Szechuan and Kansu) in search of rare textiles, the other Sydney Cooper with whom I went to Indo China in '34, who has invested a small part of one year's income in the curio business, & has now gone to London, via N.Y. to establish his office there. I had been expecting a guest for July, a lecturer from Fogg Museum Cambridge, who failed to materialize. Last heard of landing in Japan. Perhaps he, as well as his belongings, have been confiscated! The Japanese continue to make themselves more and more obnoxious in Peking, as you have no doubt read in the papers. Now when they play baseball with the U.S. Marines they refuse to abide by the umpires decisions - unless in their favor!

There are many new Japanese shops, restaurants and cabarets, and they are gradually taking over

the better houses in the Legation quarter, as well as  
more humble ones throughout the city. - Nevertheless,

Tourism has been more active than ever, fancy-  
named groups coming and going all Summer.

I entertained 35 of them one day at tea at <sup>once Mayor of Seattle</sup> Berney  
of the Landes group (duly-meet Bertha Landes, Stan with  
remember) and part of Orré Nobles' "Oddest Oriental  
Odestry". Also other "art" groups have visited

me: Rudolf Schaeffer and some of his disciples  
from his school in San Francisco, and John Davis  
Hatch now of the Carnegie Corporation, one time  
Director of the Seattle Art Institute. I am always  
amused by their first impressions of me - usually that  
I am a well-fixed country squire! The pony and  
four dogs, I guess, are largely responsible for the illusion  
— and the two pups are a perplexing mystery to  
me as one of them is beginning to look like a  
Newfoundland and the other like a Pomeranian!

Thanks for the advance of \$6.25 for purchases  
to be made for you: nothing done about it  
so far. The pictures for the screen have not accident-  
ally stepped across my path, as I have been hoping  
and I have not ordered the wrought iron pictures  
and fire screen, because: who is giving trunk space  
to bring them back to you?

My own return is still as vague as ever  
but I continue to feel that my China period should  
soon draw to a close. Reading Thomas Wolfe's "Of

"Time and the River" America seems like a mighty grand place - from a distance.

By the way, receipts for deposits of my bond coupons have not come. so perhaps some letter from you has gone astray, not that I'm worrying as I know that your efficiency is 100% error-proof.

It would be awfully nice if you could send me some photos of the new house interior, if possible, as well as exterior, as I am naturally very curious about the results of the combined efforts of many master minds.

The salt sea breezes are putting

me to sleep, so no more until next.

Two sets of pictures: one set at

70° above horizontal and another at