

14 Raym Huling  
Pelzing  
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Dearest Mother -

It has been weeks and weeks almost months and months since I have had a word or a greeting from you. What in the world are you up to now? What new shim-dee are you conspiring? And what about Naimy and Stan? with their new motor car (that was the last news item of importance) and where have you and they been vacationing? and did you ever receive the Chinese clothing which I sent to you last April? At the same time I sent a most beautiful and quaint set of Chinese baby clothes to Ned Shera, but not one single spot of a word out of either Brian or Merle. What about Madge? Irene? Gertrude? Uncle Ned Beaty? Dorothy? The whole western hemisphere seems to be drawing itself under a dark cloak of secrecy as far as I am concerned. Sometimes I feel that I haven't a single living relative. Brace up!! Pull yourself together!! Give a fellow a break once in a while and blow yourself to a postage stamp! As a reward I'll send you a lot more beautiful garments if the other shipment arrived OK.

Now I have a most colorful array of Chinese costumes; we had them all out in the courtyard the other day sunning the mildew off them (this has been the wettest summer in years) a sight more dazzling than a circus parade. I swear that I will buy no more, but weaken when the boys come to the house displaying their delectable wares.

But the most important of my recent acquisitions is an etching press an honest-to-God, real machine made in London not one of those dinky little portables like those I had in Tacoma. It was installed with ceremonious honors today and apparently works! Materials have been ordered from New York Paris and London, so its up to me to get down and grind out the "Art" to be prepared for the great New era of prosperity!

Again I have been off on an expedition into the mountains - this time for ten days, staying with a friend at what is called the "Johnston cottage". This house and grounds which comprise the sides of two mountain ranges, and the bubbling tumbling rivulet between them, was given by the Boy Emperor (now of Manchukuo) to his tutor Johnston. Johnston was a great lover of nature and of literature - and the whole place is stamped with the charm of his personality. The "Big House" as the villagers call it is Chinese in style: one long low building, all the rooms end to end, pullman car fashion. a balcony on the South facing the flower garden which steps down in rocky terraces to the valley and great sweeps of jagged hills beyond. The immediate slopes are irregular, some of them in orchards, allowed to grow wild, some in corn and great squash vines trailing over stone walls, some in high shrubs with lilies flags, begonias, little orchids, spreading themselves every where like wild flowers, and thru out all this are groves of trees and along goat-tempting ledges are mossy paths, with here and there little open round pavilions to rest in and read a book, or a

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tiny shrine under a pudding boulder, dedicated to some very local wood-spirit. A tinga, or tea pavilion nestles in the shade close to one of the deepest of the swimming holes - pools of solid rock, with waterfalls to get your skin tingling if you plunge into them; across the river bed of fitfully tossed boulders, more foot paths clambering up the steep hill side, more thatched or tiled shelters with rustic benches, suddenly surprising one; and up a narrow ravine high under a shadowing crag, a temple, containing soul tables and chosen excerpts from Johnston's favorite poets. English American European and Chinese. The straggling villages near are primitive and poor, and, while we were there, death-swept by cholera. My cook, whom I took out from the city was terrified and early one morning deserted us, and after going for four hours by donkey and foot to the nearest railway station, missed the train, and took a ricksha all the way to Peking, a  $5\frac{1}{2}$  hour trip! The two old mummies who are caretakers of the house (it now belongs to the British Legation) came to, one of them off his death bed, and served us up some splendid meals from no where. We (Lawrence Sickman and I) worried about nothing, ran around the hill sides stark naked, sketched, bathed, slept like lizards on the hot smooth rocks, and read long evenings into (what do you guess?) Leonardo and the Italian Renaissance!

This week in Peking has a very naval air. Admiral Taylor - Commander of the Asiatic Fleet his staff, and a few hundred gobs being gayly entertained by the Legation, and the local dance

hall girls. Helen Burton as usually has achieved  
the most enjoyable and pretty garden party of the  
season.

But the Summer is not yet over and I hope  
to be off in the country again in Sept. collecting more  
sketches for the mass of etchings which I expect to  
produce during the Winter.

As before said it would be interesting to hear  
from you if you get around to it. in fact  
I am impatient and anxious, and remember too  
that if you write me a nice letter, you  
won't go unrewarded.

Much love

Scho.