

14 Kan Yu Hutung
Peking
Nov. 22 32

Dear Mother -

Since I hear so seldom from you - one brief note after five months! I am beginning to think that you are the worst parent of all about writing - of course Stan is worse than worst, and Nannie is almost as worse as you are, and Brian and Merle are just damn rotten, and I am in the same class.

When you get this, Xmas will be upon us and so I will be wishing you a joyous one with much plum pudding and no hole in your stocking and much silver on top of it. I will be sending you a small package of junk, worthless, but fun to play with on Christmas day just as it was fun to buy them from the peddlars who use my servants quarters as their club rooms. Some time I will send something really pretty. There is an embroidered coat in this lot and I didn't have it remade as I am told that I am all wet in thinking that you are very tiny and that Nannie is very large. I do not know if Stan is fat or thin so I won't attempt to fit any of you.

Last month there were stupendous and stupifying alterations in my palace. My great room - the throne room of the house, of which I occupy only the middle section, and which seemed useless for living quarters because of its size was transformed into an exhibition hall for my pictures - with ^{cooled} lighting, soft grey backgrounds of handmade paper, most of the drawings under glass with no frames held in place by nails with decorative copper heads, one immense red lacquer table in the center of the room and one enormous bowl of white chrysanthemums. It turned out to be the smartest show room in Peking. In fact nothing like it has been seen this side of London or Paris. We had a grand opening with Ministers of five countries present

and champagne cocktails, provided by one of my patrons, flowing freely. I now keep this room open to the public, and people can visit it without my entertaining them. Now I would like more than ever to have as complete a set as possible from my trunk in your basement of my earlier sketches, to exhibit here some time. A long while ago I asked Stan to send them to me together with the album of photos of my portrait sketches, but no word of them as yet. Perhaps it is too difficult to sort them out from the trunk.

I am now becoming an ardent horseman, riding at least three times a week in the country just outside the City walls, which is thrillingly beautiful at every season. It is especially pleasant these cold clear bracing autumn days while the peasants in their blue home spuns are harvesting the last of the ~~green~~-gold crops from the red-brown earth. Yesterday I rode with the Sylvia Stanwood whom Mrs Dewey wrote you about. I see her often now - she is a great pal of the Coy who is living with me. But that is not an unusual coincidence as every one knows every one else here.

There were two old pals of mine from Paris here for a while. They were the first people I met there with Colin Clowds. One of them has married a bunch of money and they are building a large house in Tunis. We spent many hours reminiscing about Paris days and Mary Eaton and her "moobles!"

Enclosed is a letter from Ceta to you which was forwarded to me by mistake. I have heard also from her recently. She says I should keep my art big and broad and fine by writing more often to her!

Mina also has ~~best~~ news: her husband lost \$15,000 on the play "The Warriors Husband" so they have bought a farm near Ponce de Leon Springs and are camping in the west a year to write.

Also I was told recently that Dr. Quelli had gone out of his mind and was in a sanatorium. You could never

quers who wandered in one dark night - trembling with fear of the ominous looking alley on which I live, to tell me this! Miss Helen Evans my old High School history teacher. She and Margaret Smith are running a tourist bureau in Tacoma and she is taking a look at the Orient so she can tell the folks at home about it. The many of dark courtyards and clanking bolts on the great gates ^{of my house} terrified her into believing that she had been caught in some yellow devils' trap! Yet in spite of rumors, and appearances, there couldn't be a safer place in the world than Peking.

Natalie Scott, still of Texas, visits now and then in Mexico City and sees the family of Sheras. Madge has new beans and Beatry still remains the prettiest and most adorable child in the foreign colony.

This will be the only letter for the moment to Woodbury so please give my love and seasons greetings to Nannie and Stan and the Robins. It's exciting and amusing to think of Stan in Paris and Berlin. I hope he can find his way around the corner! Business must be picking up or Dupont wouldn't send him off that way. There will be a package along soon - but I have not yet made a Christmas card - so that will probably arrive about Easter time.

Much love

Scho

Please thank Nannie for forwarding my many letters and for her very good one.