

[1932]

Paitaiho Beach.

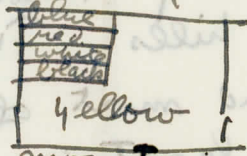
June 29th

Fragment

Dear Mother -

Here I am in a pleasant cottage overlooking a nook in the beach of Paitaiho - the favorite resort of the Peking foreign colony. It is quite a large but very scattered settlement on a promontory of rolling knolls, rocky headlands, and pine covered hills. The resort was started by missionaries and most of the land belongs to them and to the legations who move down here during the season, and it seems that there is much gaiety in some neighborhoods. However we are in the last house on the beach and have only a very primitive settlement of fisherfolk near us and so are living a back-to-nature existence. Riding donkeys hiking about the country and swimming. "We" consist of Miss Hotelkis, a Scotch artist, owner of the cottage, Lawrence Siskman a Harvard Fellow in Language and Art History, and also connected with the Fogg Museum in Cambridge, and his mother. I have been here only a week and the salt sea fresh air and much sleep has certainly set me up, as I was feeling rather low just before leaving Peking. I am staying only a few days longer because in spite of the strain of the Peking climate there is no place where I would prefer to be. I think too that you would like Paitaiho, it was

a surprise to me to find such a beautiful atmosphere in the Orient (although the Japanese government advised the League Commission that it was a very dangerous place). Two days ago we took a trip (by train, ricksha and donkey) to Shanhai kuan which we can see across the bay from our front veranda. At Shanhai kuan the Great Wall runs down to the China Sea and it is the frontier of the new state of Manchukou. Here for the first time we saw the Manchukou flag:



as well as Chinese and Japanese soldiers in the station. We climbed up into the mountains to picturesque temples among great ancient overspreading pines, looking down to the East on the plain with the walled city and the glistening sea beyond, on the other side to a green river winding among perpendicular crags - a glorious sight. As well as a caravan of donkeys and donkey boys we were followed and watched all the way by a Japanese soldier, but we all returned safely to our cottage without being murdered or imprisoned.

We are also not far from Chinwangtao which is a military and naval base for the Powers and every morning we hear the booming of cannon at practice. At the West End of Peitaiho there is a village inhabited by Chinese pirates, and a pretty little port filled with old junks. The country about is fresh and green with groves of willows and poplars and well cultivated fields of corn and millet. Yesterday we were invited into some of the village houses - the court yards quite charming with