

14 Kan Yu Hutung -

March 7, 1935

Dear Nanny -

I feel so guilty and ashamed that I can scarcely take pen in hand, and the longer I put it off the more difficult it gets. I would be even more disgusted with myself except that I know that you know that my not writing does not mean anything out of the ordinary and that you or others concerned do not worry about me.

My intention was to write to you about a week after my last letter - alas! over three months ago! - to give you exact information about the Lacquer box and contents which was to have been shipped to you. Then one evening I met in a beer parlor an acquaintance, an ex-Marine, who had inherited a fortune from his father who was in the plumbing business in New York. He was going back to settle the estate and would arrive in New York on the 22nd of Dec. just in time to deliver the Lacquer chest in Philly before Xmas. I was confused by his generosity in offering to take the box; it would be much trouble for him but but would save all cost of transport and probably duty. The box was promptly crated and he was to call for it at the packers warehouse. I saw him only once after that as he was always sleeping off a heavy drunk when I went to his house. Finally a letter of apologies came from him, mailed in Japan. In his alcoholic exultation on his departure he had completely forgotten the box; I was relieved in a way, for if he had taken it, it might have been lost anywhere en route.

Then as the box was only half filled I offered to a friend to pack in it some robes which were destined

for Philadelphia. The robes were not ready but would be so in a few days. Days became weeks and weeks more than a month and the robes were still incomplete. By that time I ordered two padded coats to be added to my collection, but for two weeks - the first half of February - the Chinese celebrated their New Year, and would do no work at all. Then my friend had made up so many gowns for Philadelphia orders that I could not put them all in the box so ~~it~~ that it best to send none of them. After that a letter from you with a request for finger-mail protectors. In a week there was to be a fair in my neighborhood so I bought two pair there. Also at that time some very old friends of mine from New York were visiting here. They harangued me into believing that I was getting stale and that I must absolutely be back in New York for the Autumn season. My mind is now made up (believe it or not - be safe and believe nothing) to leave Peking the latter part of Sept. As that is only six months away, six quickly fleeting months, and as the duties and freight, which would at least double the costs will be avoided, you may now have to wait for gifts until I bring them by hand. So that is that sad tale, and I don't blame you for being fed up with me.

About the shoes you may take your chances about getting your fit and I will be glad to order them. They won't be as cheap as they may have been in past years as the exchange is now only \$2.50 Mex to \$1.00 while it has been \$4.00 and \$5.00 Mex to \$1.00 U.S.C. and no one can tell which way it is going. In fact we cannot tell what is going to happen to Peking. Rumor has it that the Legations will move to Hanking within two years, which will set the city back at once into the class of a provincial town, and

that means that "modern" life will scarcely exist. Then the Japanese may move in and give us such a house cleaning that all the romance of the old life will be finished.

It is hard to decide whether or no to burn my bridges behind me; when I look over my estate I am aghast at the amount of household furniture and bric-a-brac I have accumulated. It will not be so easy to do this in the future and yet if I kept the things and decided never to come back, all would be lost as were my possessions in Paris. It is no use to. One can only propose - Fate disposed, and my proposition is to be in New York in the Fall, clear out by Christmas, travel for several months Eastward and be back in Peking for early Summer.

The Winter has for unknown reasons been fallow. I have puttered about accomplishing nothing. Thankfully it has been short. Spring and warm weather and fruit blossoms are already with us - a month too early. I had just begun to get around on skates and now I am back to the bike and a pony. At least the glorious countryside cannot much change during our lifetime and how can one bear to live without that? Even when one skates it is ~~in the~~ under the walls of yellow-roofed palaces on one side and groves of ancient pines on the other.

I was amused at the casual way you mentioned that you had moved to another State just as if you did it every week but you'll have to remain in Wilmington more than a week if you're going to give me the pleasure of using the guest room. Thanks for changing addresses - I am a nuisance to you.

As for the \$1,000⁰⁰ check I'll do whatever Stan advises as he must know best, and so ask him please to buy Dupont Debenture, if he thinks they will be safe for a few years. The returns I suppose are better than on Australian Bonds? Also up my sleeve I have another thousand which I should like some advice about investing - not that I intend to follow implicitly all

the free advice I get, Any way it will give Stan an excuse
for making the painful effort of writing to me.

Yes, I met Walter Washington when he was visiting
here and he came to call on me because I was the
brother in law of his cousin's cousin so maybe you
were a heroine to him?

Tell Stan that Walter Handforth wrote me a
long and caustically amusing letter. I was glad to hear
that he is still live enough to pick about almost everything.

And tell me: your signature looks more and
more like "Damn it"! Do you feel that way too?

Yours

Scho.



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