

Peitaiho Beach
320 East Cliff
July 28, 33

Dear Mother -

This is being written ^{on} from the broad balcony of a stone, and red tiled, vine covered cottage overlooking a pretty bay with rocks and palisades and sandy beach and grassy dunes. Sun-tanned slim graceful shepherds lead their goats in black and white silhouette, across the knoll between us and the sea - the sea, bordered on the far side by the twinkling lights of Chungwantao - and the hills surrounding the now world famous Shanhai Kuan. It is difficult to say what country we are in; China Manchukuo or Japan. There are soldiers in the three various uniforms wandering about and for the most part fraternizing with each other. Train service from Peiping was reestablished last week ~~as~~ soon as the bridge across the Luan River and parts of the track which had been destroyed in the last campaign were rebuilt. And since then there has been a stampede to escape from the heat of the city to the beach of Peitaiho, which had up to that moment been suffering from a local depression all its own. At Tungshan, half way between Tientsin and Peitaiho we changed from the Chinese train to a Japanese one which had new coaches, clean neat and in every way more ship shape than the Chinese. We are now only a few miles from the "Paradise of Manchukuo" and indeed it is Paradise enough. "We" consist of Lawrence Sickman, of whom

I have often written you, and his mother. We are expecting Dr. Otto Burchard and his wife to join us any day now. Dr. Burchard is a well known dealer in Chinese antiques with ~~shops~~ ^{galleries} in New York, Berlin and Peking. His brother is an authority on European painting, especially Van Dyke. We have been rashly extravagant having taken the house for the remainder of the season tho we expect to be here only about three weeks. We hope to be able to sublet for the end of August and September to help us recuperate financially. As far as health goes we acquire, or rather absorb enough to last for a whole year.

Ten days later - The beginning of this letter looks even messier than my usually merry ones, and practically illegible. But never mind, I shall try at least to make an orderly finish. Letter writing was stopped after my second day here - so much bathing, fresh air and expeditions, and all other spare moments given to drawing. That just plain healthy sleep overcame me when I took pen in hand. The days have been passing rapidly with only ten more left to enjoy. There has been every sort of weather grand dark rain storms sweeping across the sea toward us, heavy ocean-like surf with a windy crystal clear sky, and now a hot stifling mid-summer calm, a motionless haze over the mountains and the hot sands burning ones feet.

I have been busily drawing. my most faithful models being donkey boys and their little sisters. Also I have been doing some work in color. Mrs. McFadon has just written me asking for a show of my drawings for the Honolulu Academy, before I send them on to Chicago, but I do not yet know what my Chicago date (at the Roullier Gallery) will be. Mrs. McFadon always records the deaths in Tacoma - this time of "Jummy" Leroy Pratt and of Harold Wheeler.

Now I am mulling an exciting program for next winter - to rent my house in Peking about Dec. 1st and start down the China Coast, first having an exhibition in Tientsin, then in Shanghai and Hongkong. I would then continue to ~~Macao~~ or perhaps (if there were any financial returns from my shows) to Java and Bali. This plan is subject to great variation. I might instead make my goal Foochow and Amoy. Anyway a winter in the South would be more fruitful, yet I am not ready to give up Peking for good yet.

The University of Washington cruise is in Peking at present, under the leadership of Dean Landes and "Bathless Bertha". I do not know any of the students on the list. Upton Close's party this Summer had only eight members - he was turned out of Manchukuo as an undesirable alien and is now going to try Korea.

Everything is peaceful in our city. The mayor is on a morality rampage and is trying to close to

the cabarets, but has so far excluded only Chinese dancing partners - to the great delight of the Korean and Russian girls. There is an effort to stop mixed bathing in the fine modern swimming pool which has just been opened in the middle of the city, and "queerly dressed" people of either sex will be strictly watched by the police and will be subject to punishment. Still we can be thankful that we are not in Germany where even the subconscious thought of modemeanor is subject to the penalty of beheading by axe.

I wish that you would write to me occasionally and tell me what you are doing. I would even enjoy a letter from Stan or Marnie. I hope you have been able to get out to the sea for the hot weather. Tell me about the favours and other relations. Do you ever hear from or see James? or Uncle Walter? Recent news from the U.S.A. asserts that business is looking more cheerful.

Excuse this very dull and illegible letter and please write - Love.

Scho

Did Stan send any albums of clippings and portraits?? I have heard nothing of them. I think that the mails are quite safe now. TH.