

Anita Cal

Jan 2, 1941

Dear Nannie -

Your crate of treasures came thru in plenty of time for Xmas and we were very good and did not open the packages until Christmas day. The contents could not have been selected with more thought to our immediate needs. Everything was just what we wanted in this house. We were just out of tooth paste, my last roll of mending tape had been ruined by the rain thru the leaky roof, our few skimpy towels were getting thread bare, the fruit cake just filled the bill when holiday visitors called - fruit cake which aroused wonderment as to who could have made it, and jellies too good to share with any visitor. This afternoon we had four rowdy children here and three parents and one five year old boy ate all the hard candy practically in one gulp. The only trouble with the sugar plums in my Nylon stocking was that I was wishing there were a hundred of them it was

so delicious. Edmund will tell you how pleased he was with his toiletterie. The only article which failed to impress was the catnip mouse. Our cats are so abnormally full of pep that the mouse only made them yawn. Everything was in perfect condition except that one jelly jar had leaked a tiny bit. Almost nicest of all were the Chinese lanterns from the Handforth farm, which made a surrealist decoration spouting out of a Chinese pottery fish also a Christmas present. Mrs Seymour send me "Letter of Credit" so I am reading one of your recommended books. but most of our loot was edible: plum pudding, cookies, home made candy, and a whole Herb Farm in little yellow tins from Altman's N.Y. but your contribution was by far the most lavish and largest. I couldn't think of a damn thing to send you from these parts. I started soldering and polishing a set of abalone shells, & then began to suspect that you'd just stick them up in the attic so they are still not ready. However I'll send them on if you think you could use them

for soup, salad, nuts or ashes.

The rainy season started about two weeks before Christmas with a terrific storm which wrecked the town wharf and several fishing boats in the harbor and almost blew our house down. It continued to rain in torrents with a let-up only on Christmas Day, our roof all the while leaking like a sieve, with beds and furniture continuously moved to avoid the drip. [and the roof was repaired in early Autumn]. The 25th was clear & warm, and long: morning till late at night being spent at Oceanos, a large feast out of doors with many guests at the Arturs - barbecue pig and turkey, & flowing wine and later a musical treat by Mrs Neutra wife of a well known Viennese architect - with her songs, ancient ballads of various countries to her own cello accompaniment. On New years night there was a big party in Santa Maria, and numerous visitings here and there interspersed between - so for this neck of the woods the holidays were very lively.

Merle wrote that they had friends in Santa Maria and might be coming down almost

any time to visit them and me.

and find myself now a property owner - the
most deal having been concluded Christmas
week tho it wont be paid for for four
years. I'm not as excited about it as
you might expect, but (in my old age)

I am hoping to look back on it as
a wise move. Now I am going to fix
up the cottage 'under the hill' to make
it livable, and maybe some time completely
rebuild the Sea Captains house. If there were
cheap shacks on the property one could take
in money - there is such a demand for houses
that they rent for much more than they are
worth - this state of affairs however may
last only while the army camp is being
built.

Maybe you and Stan would like to
buy a piece of the 4.4 acres and invest
in a cottage of your own, built under
the supervision of T.H. You cant lose
money in it, and now you could be
sure of better returns than any stocks
or bonds.

Think it over

And Millions of Thanks
for the Christmas cheer.

Love

Scho