

c/o F. H. Parks  
8477 Val Verde Drive  
Canoqa Park Calif  
March 30, 1945

Dear Nannie.

Tomorrow being Easter, I am wishing you and Stan a bright and happy budding Spring day for it, even tho its a bit late to be telling you so: Easter bunnies, yellow daisies, hard boiled eggs, crocuses and lilies, or if you prefer, a stroll on Atlantic City's Board Walk, or surrounded by all the little nephews with their Easter bunnies etc etc. Here it might possibly be the first day of Summer since we had Spring in January and Winter in March and snow quite close on the hills up till now while there are pink clouds of apricot blossoms directly below us in the valley. Aside from Turkey and Trimming the Day will be much like another here. My "Sundays" come mid weeks when, with the excuse of visiting the dentist or taking eye exercises at the optometrist or any other reason I have been making a practice of going into the City once a week often staying overnight. Otherwise I would never see anything of life except this little group of the superior sex on this hill top. Fred Parks, so busy with God's business and Moral Re-armorment Inc. is scarcely ever home and then only to snooze in his chair of an evening and off again at the break of day.

However the "guels" are in a frenzy of work these days as they are about to open a "Little Shop" in Canoqa Park center (about 5 miles from "Topside") Their main stock in trade, will be horsemeat for dogs, then dog & bird equipment, then leather work

and toilet paper boxes by Miss Roe, and painted bottles by Miss Mary Adams and general slave labor by Miss Helen Brown and heirlooms from the collection of the Pauls family.

The little store was a filthy mess when they took it over and I've been helping them out a bit repainting remodeling and scraping out the last tenant's grease. It's one of those places where, if they take in as much as they spend they'll be darn lucky.

I am still out almost every day painting roofs and have recently found not far away a boarding home for a black panther, a lion, a tiger, and a bear, which fellows I find to be appropriate models to be painted against ~~black~~ backgrounds. About a month ago Reynal Hitchcock of N.Y. wrote me c/o you, if I would care to illustrate a child's picture book history of China, text by Emily Hahn. It put me in a quandary because I felt that I shouldn't refuse, but it looked like an enormous job for the financial benefit of Emily. so I told them I could go to N.Y. if it was important enough but I preferred to work out here. So all this while, until a letter came from them yesterday, a N.Y. trip has been hanging over me. but they decided, to my relief, to have some one already in Manhattan to do it. Also during this time Peggy Lessor who got wind of proposition, has been hounding me again about the book I haven't done for her. Mei Li is suddenly having a selling spree in England.

No news recently from the Sheras but that is my fault. A letter today from Francis Burkhalter of



Stallacoom Lake says that Ben is "looking and acting better" since his return from Mexico, and that Bea is home sick and planning to return in June.

Nothing at all of news value has concerned itself with me recently. I see very few people; usually Daisy Brown and her mother who I enjoy greatly when I go to town. Mrs Seeman has driven out to visit me, and Praxy <sup>Maurice Brown Jr.</sup> Tivie, which I consider very flattering when they come so far. I missed a party which Gavin gave for Thomas Wolf's mother (age 85) in Hollywood last week. He left the next day to return to his dishwashing job in the Merchant Marine. And I think I told you that I ran into, at the Museum, a former Peking pupil of mine who lived in a section of the same compound. — a German girl age 15 about, when I last saw her. She is now married to an Austrian movie actor Royce (plays usually nasty Nazi roles) has two beautiful children to say nothing of her own beauty and lives in a beautiful modernistic house on the top of one of the Beverley hills, (where I spent a pleasant afternoon with them) and is painting and drawing exceedingly well. I am the first Peking person she has seen since coming to America in 1940.

And I've done nothing whatever about planning for my things and am just taking the chance ~~off~~ on your not going pronto to Brazil, which is probably the wrong chance.

What do you think the chances are?

Be good

Yr  
Thomas