

Avila Cal.

Nov. 9, 1941

Dear Nannie -

I've just discovered a terrible slip-up on my part: Yesterday at the library in San Luis the librarian told me that she found in among books returned by Edmund and myself two airmail letters, one from E. & one from me to you. They were found some while after the books had been returned, and she mailed them. Mine must have been the one with information concerning New Orleans for which you had asked. I was so anxious to get it off quickly to you that I took it to S.H. instead of mailing it in Avila. I don't remember now how they were overlooked but I suppose both E. & I both that the other had mailed the letters. No wonder you didn't say anything about my information on your cards, from N.O. I do hope you and Stan got all you wanted out of that city anyway without my advice which you might not have followed anyway. I'm sure you enjoyed the city - no one can help doing that - Do tell me all about it. Edmund left Oct 29th for U.C. by bus and from his brief notes he seems to have had a varied and enjoyable time on the way back. He is going to work on his Ph.D. thesis and do some teaching.

I do feel that it is too lonely to stay on here alone and I do not care to pass the rainy season here anyway, so I am leaving very soon. In fact I am going up to San Francisco this coming week to make a decision there - whether to stay there or go to Guatemala. Some friends drove us up to S.F. about a month ago, (I haven't dared drive my \$15⁰⁰ car more than 25 miles from home) and while there Edwin Grabhorn (The Grabhorn Press) talked of an interesting proposition: to do an album of views of S.F. in color, somewhat like Japanese prints. We didn't discuss practical details of such an undertaking & I

will have to see him again to find out just how serious he is about it. Besides I have a portrait commission to do while there. But my mind runs more firmly toward Guatemala and the only thing that will stop me will be a worthwhile commission that would have to be done without delay.

I have rented my lower house to a nice old lady who in her former residence had a "Scientific Rats' Nest Museum" in her front parlor which she has now moved into mine. I am keeping one room in that house for storing personal objects so that the upper cottage can be rented too. I don't feel inspired at all here now hence not very happy. But I guess all I need is a change of scene.

The weather is gorgeous - really hot days - up to 93° last Wednesday - and moonlit nights so still that they seem enchanted. But cold enough that a large hearth fire is very welcome. I haven't been swimming for some time but there still are bathers.

Perhaps I didn't tell you about the \$15⁰⁰. It's a Pontiac '30 which I bought after the accident on Sept 16th while awaiting insurance adjustment. Estimates on repairing the old Oly were so high that the Insurance Co gave me cash settlement: \$325⁰⁰; as much as one could expect I suppose. Tho you can't buy its equal here now for that price, and as always in accidents one always loses out somewhere. But it does save me the trouble of selling the car!

Last Tuesday Mrs Seymour drove up from Santa Barbara and spent a few very pleasant hours. She plans to drive East in Feb. She is all for my pulling up stakes here & going to Guatemala. I feel she never did favor my settling in Airla.

I shall be in S.F. for only a few days now and will be back here again to settle my affairs so you can write me

here till the end of the month. Then I'll send you mailing directions.
The estate is listed for sale, but I don't expect there'll be a buyer
soon at the price I'm asking: \$5500⁰⁰ and as I've always
thought it may be well to hold on to it if I can.

I've reneged about doing the cat book for Countess Cullen
since I'm too unsettled to do a good job on it. It seems as if
most of the people I meet out here are in an unsettled state of
mind - How is it with everyone in your neighborhood? I guess
you all just wouldn't be ruffled by word vibrations.

I've just had a show of the India pictures at the
Auto Club, Washington D.C. Have heard of sales yet, but they
were enthusiastic about the pictures.

Just found a dead yellow fox in my pig pen - (there ain't
no pigs) which just proves that this place is right out in the
country.

Enclosed are some photos to give you a better
idea.

Love

Tom

I hope you can forgive me for not mailing that letter -
even if I don't deserve it.