

c/o Malcolm Small
149 North Manhattan Place
Los Angeles 4, Calif

Oct 11, 47

Dear Nannie -

Forgive me if you can for being silent so long. Your two cards from the plane and your good letter came so quickly after your departure, and I saw the one you wrote K. Ethel Hill. That whole family were trying to decipher your name and at last concluded that it must be Daniel!

DANIEL

I continued to gad more and more madly tho not without as I believed a purpose in finding a roof, and have only the last two days relaxed not in triumph, but in despair, tho even this morning I looked at a \$30000 house on Franklin Ave. just a couple of blocks from your Hollywood Colonial. The house is immense with a beautiful old garden behind, somewhat like Rubens only more of it. The house could be used entirely for rentals because there is a unit behind with 3 room apartment - a rumprum room 30x28 with 2 sky lights (perfect for a studio, + garage and other rooms underneath. Even with taxes at \$400 a year, and much repair + repainting etc to be done it might be a good buy. except that on such a noisy street I fear I might be discontented, and so it goes.

The garden party at Rubens on the 28th was delightful, colored ladies with Victorian drawing room manners - music, vocal with harpsichord and ancient recorders in the rear court - refreshments in the front garden, little displays of pottery jewelry glass etc in various rooms. Speeches by the Baptist preacher + by Rubens who introduced the artists. The place was packed quite a number of white folks present too. I went with Malcolm, Daisy Brown, and unfortunately James Lee, who ~~is~~ loves his polished poise among negroes, and forced us to leave long before we wanted to go. However that just gave us time to get Jimmy into deeper

water: We went to a reception at the real swell mansion of a Mrs Greene (colored). Amateur theatrical were in progress in the little theatre on the third floor before an audience which according to Maleskin was the cream of the cream of the elite black. James was introduced as the Director of the Imperial Theatre of Peking and was led to the stage to make a speech. After that he took revenge by dragging us to a most boring rehearsal of Chinese puppets.

The puppets performed last Monday at the International Institute after a Chinese banquet to celebrate the 36th anniversary of the Chinese Republic, with me as curtain puller and prompter. The next day Adrian Salvas (Wija Seeman's fiancee) took colored movies of them in the courtyard which ended with all the scenery being blown down by the wind.

We did go to San Diego the day after your departure (without the boys), and again the following Monday with a truckful of 15 boys, two cars of parents and the station wagon. The first expedition resulted in good pictures, but the second was fouled by Adrian throwing a temper tantrum - too long a story to recount here. However, the following Sat, Wija Daisy Adrian & I had a very pleasant day at Laguna (cottage & beach) with A behaving as sweet as pie. About the only good deed I've accomplished was getting Oscar the job as gardener at the School with which he seems quite contented. I go quite often to Daisys hide-away cottage in Laguna, and each time I wish that you and Stan had gotten there, although only 14 miles from Pershing Square it is quite high (2200 + ft) and interesting mountain formation above it. It is very dry and no one attempts to grow lawns.

Last Sunday we explored Palos Verdes the hilly point of land north of San Pedro. There new residential

areas are being developed in a very scenic section on the bluffs above the sea, and a new university is having its first semester in old army barracks. but a large part of that peninsula is completely barren hills.

... I was at Redondo. I was the only brother - on a Sunday afternoon!
After having had my neck muscles tied up in Charlie-horse again I had an X-ray done. General Hospital wouldn't do it because I was too wealthy (I admitted that my car was paid for) White Memorial wouldn't because my case wasn't interesting to students, Bravo Clinic did, and I believe gave me an unbiased diagnosis: First cervical vertebra is not out of place, tho there is slight arthritic growth (something of this sort was noticed by the chiropractor) Gentle massage will relieve tension. As a matter of fact now that I know my neck is not broken I feel OK without massage. Such is the power of mind over body!

About the photos from S.J. Cleveland. Will you please send them on to me? Take out what you want of Johnny but send me at least one of him. I'd like two types of printing are quite different I'd like a sample of each. And what about the bill? Did he send one? The original drawing of Johnny is for you to give to him or Peggy or dispose of as you wish. I have no use for it.

Have you had a visit from Albert Wilson? I wrote that I would phone him the evening before he left on his tour but I failed to do so since I had nothing special to say.

K. Ethel Hill enjoyed your visit greatly and she thinks you write a very expressive letter. She always speaks of you when I drop in which for one reason or another (mail etc) is quite often, tho I guess you might as well forward it c/o Malcolm. My garage is getting a bit draughty, what with rain yesterday and wind today. So I haven't yet unpacked my suitcase, and am still a frustrated gad-about.

Love to you

Tom (over)

Did you say you wanted enlargement of
enclosed maps?