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Los Angeles 31

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Dear Mummy - That must have been some going 64,000 miles and car trouble to boot, all in one month. I could never catch up to that record in a life time. But now, tell the truth, didn't you add an extra zero?

My excuses for not having written sooner about the house are: I've been a slave laborer to it, and exhausted every evening. On top of that I caught lumbago about ten days ago, - getting over heated feeding my continuous trash fire, then sitting down in shade on ~~dirty~~ bricks, then lifting a heavy piece of concrete. This method is guaranteed. Then, not yet having any comfortable chairs to sit in - only six little stiff ones from the Tennessee mts which cost \$1.00 each, when I want to sit down, I don't I lie down and that doesn't get me to writing letters. Now I have a few Chinese packing cases picked up on a rubbish pile but they are harder than the chairs. My reason for not doing something more quickly about a sitler downer one is that; this being a very special house it has to have very special furniture. Second I've had three workmen here for three weeks and the place has been in continuous shambles, and there is enough litter around to take months cleaning up. Complete new foundations were put in the house. It never had any before in its 30-40 odd years of existence and being on a hillside it was in danger of floating down into a ravine as soon as the termites got a bit farther on with their job. With the foundations the basement was enlarged, giving me, besides the laundry a charming room in which I put a 6'x6' steel frame window purchase in a ~~preaching~~ yard - besides that considerable more storage space. Above in the main room, a 7'x4' plate glass "studio" window was put in flush with the ceiling which required cutting the roof plate and substituting a steel girder. also from a junk yard

The big exterior cooler was removed from the studio end of the house and put at the other end on a scaffolding with cement base. At the same end of the house, the only point where I have neighbors three dead cypress trees were cut down and replanted in concrete foundations to support a high screenlike fence which will be completed when I find more interesting looking aged red wood lumber. A tall poplar next the house and dead long enough to be dangerously brittle was cut down with about a ten foot stump remaining which will be quite ornamental in my garden scheme. Other trees which looked as if they were dying have come miraculously back to life: a hoary old pine over hanging the roof and front garden terraces, has grown long bright new needles during the past month. Two lemon trees in the winter patio have been shooting out leaves like mad after sever pruning and watering. Old acacias of which there are several varieties are improving. One apricot tree from which one picked the fruit from the studio window - so heavily laden was it that its big limbs were breaking - so I that until close investigation showed that it was riddled with rot + termites. I am trying to save it in the nick of time by more pruning and creosoting. Everything is being saved in the nick of time as I can get to it. The black walnut, the peach, the peonies, the lilies, the chrysanthemums and so on.

Where is the house? ^{* See memorandum} Enclosed is a map to indicate, tho you did not cover this section of the city. Adjoining my $\frac{4}{5}$ acre is the property of the Self Realization Fellowship under the Master Uwakam and a Gogonanda which rises to the peak of Mt Washington where is their International head quarters in a large building, once, a generation ago a very fashionable hotel to which one ascended by cable car, the remains of its concrete foundations buttressing my front terrace from the road. From this point thru a silhouette of black pines one looks down on the sparkling lights of the heart of the city only ten minutes away. My house is not visible from the

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road at all; in fact you would never suspect it of being there. A meandering brick walk sneaks around the corner of the cube-shaped red wood garage, against the quava trees, past ~~the~~ a tea pavilion, under the pine, down ivy covered terraces, and there it is as it were, low and snug under the hill, all horizontal lines of red wood planking with a 30" strip of glass in the middle. Enter the room, and the strip of glass continues on the other side, but from here an entirely different view; hills and ravines below, with houses semi-rural looking and above them the Sierra Madre range of mountains. One feels miles away in the country - it has the remoteness of the back of the Alvia property - of which it is somewhat reminiscent.

The house ~~once~~ had eleven French windows, but being re-modeled in the modern manner by a doctor who lived here for nine years and who has now built himself the most ultra modern villa I've yet beheld at the top of the mountain, it quite inadvertently took on a simple sort of Japanese charm with panels of cream wall board framed by narrow red wood strips. The "studio", "library" and pullman kitchen more or less blend into each other, only the bedroom, finished in red wood siding, has doors - all in a state of neglect and all needing doing over - floors, bath (only a shower) walls painted - even considerable cabinet work to be done since built in furniture will look the best. Even a kitchen door had to be cut thru the wall and, as trimmed, it is quite invisible when closed. There is an endless vista of work to be done. not endless I hope, because it seemed to be an easy place to keep up once in condition - and it can become one of the most uniquely charming of places you could imagine. The ~~the~~ enchantment is everywhere. It has some quality you just couldn't dream up and then build. It had to grow of its own. Also it was the cheapest house to be found in all my hunting \$6500, and I am so

Thankful I have it rather than any of the others. Already a thousand has been spent and that amount again should do the trick, - or maybe 2 or 3 times as much.

Now I have been thinking about all my things in Wilmington. I would like to have everything that you think belongs to me including rugs and even the Madams of the Chair which Stan doesn't like. What you can send me is another matter. I can't possibly go back to fetch the things for ages and I would like to have things to decorate with as well as my drawings. Maybe it would be easiest to have a shipper come in and do the whole job at once. Please write and tell me what you think is feasible and the easiest. If the trunks can be filled up and sent ~~on~~ ^{by freight or express} separately, as well as packages already wrapped that may be done if it doesn't seem much more expensive than in one lot. I don't want the Chinese side board in the attic (yet), but maybe I could use your old Bokara rug for sentimental reasons even if you think it is worn out.

Some days later —

I would like to know quickly the measurements of my Chinese cloth covered boxes which I am not sure of and for which some shelves are to be built.

Minna Parks and the other ladies of Canoga Park brought supper in the other day: also a Chinese rug which had been left for almost ten years in their garage - just folded up without any moth proofing. It was badly chewed up but turned out to be Peking Palace rug: dragons & clouds in two shades of yellow - a collectors' item if it were only in better condition. As it is, it is perfect for me.

I don't think the house is photogenic, but so far I've not tried to find out. I am sending a floor plan which will give an indication of

its compact arrangement.

The "slave quarters" is the cutest tiniest little red wood cabin, with balcony on two sides, water and gas piped in and a square hole in the floor, and all covered with honeysuckle. Don't know what it was built for - maybe for picnickers who used to come up to visit the one time famous Mission Gardens a few hundred feet farther on.

Mrs Clapp of Santa Barbara has been down once and Dorothy twice. Dorothy has surprised every one by announcing her coming marriage Sept 7th to one Kenneth Jamerson, rich, handsome and talented. Aint she the one for a deaf and dumb girl! at 46!

This week Mrs. Schneider, my best collector of Tacoma is here so we are doing the galleries to try to arrange for some shows to be sent up to the Tacoma Art Association.

Lenore Franklin continues to write asking me to visit Santa Maria - She is working for the seed company and claims to have a revamped personality.

The big social event in Tacoma this Summer was Corydon Wagner's daughter's wedding - to the Weyerhaeuser boy who was kidnaped back in the '20's.

Mr. & Mrs John Goldsberry both died within a few days of each other. Jessie Lore Smith's daughter Cleomox married some guy in Halmstad Sweden July 26th.

My next door neighbor says he heard they was 409's living up on the hill. He didn't mind. He wouldn't give a damn even if they was Catholics!

Love
Tom
Don't forget to send the yellow figure game scroll. There's a special place for it. Also that embroidered scene which

you once hung in the living room. The pots
of course need special handling. Maybe they
should be considered separately. Could you get an
estimate for all from Behins or Lyons?

As for any family furniture or bric a brac to which
I might have claim don't think about that now
- I need very little furniture - and it has to be
just right or it won't fit in this small abode.
Besides I hunt the auctions and junk yards and
can probably buy for less than freight
costs.