

Sunday Oct 26 [1947]

at Malcolm Small's
in the garage
149 W. Manhattan Place
Los Angeles 4

Dear Nannie —

I've combed the town for a house, each day more and more systematically and have suddenly decided that I'm a fool to waste any more time on it now when one gets so little for one's money. Also there appears a buyer's resistance which may increase — Besides I've found myself in a very friendly situation with a most strikingly pictorial and comical family of seven children — such material for a picture book will never come across my path again. So I'm throwing everything else by the wayside and seizing the opportunity by the horns.

I am still in the garage, but, tho there is much less junk surrounding my bed, I may move to a more suitable room for work. The days are still hot but the nights are beginning to be chilly and this room can't be heated.

I would like you to send me c/o Malcolm, at your earliest convenience, express C.O.D. my small leather suitcase which contains my working tools.

After two weeks at the Seeman School, Oscar was fired, no complaint about work — only excuse given was that his room was needed for new boys. I am sure Wiza would have liked him, but despotic intrigue broods no seeing eye. Oscar took the injustice with philosophic calm but I find it a very disturbing symptom The wedding is now slated for Nov 12 at San Diego. I am sending one of Tony Hill's handsome big ~~ceramic~~-ware print platters

but I am hoping to be in Santa Barbara on that date - Remember remember the 12th of November gunpowder treason and plot.

James has gone to S.F. to bring back all his pots to leave on consignment with Barker Bros here. Did you see the article on S.F. Chinatown in the Sat Eve Post about four weeks ago? ~~The too~~ with color photos? The worshipper in the Joss House is James. And the quarter-million dollar jar as well as others shown, are his.

I go quite often to that charming retreat in Tujunga about which, if you had seen it, I would tell more

Love

Tom

One house I went to see was just a few hundred feet beyond that point on the ridge above Hollywood where we went for a view. The road has since been turred a appears even narrower. Even I got the jitters and was glad to be on level ground again.