

c/o Malcolm Small  
149 U. Manhattan Place  
Los Angeles 4  
Nov 20, 47

Dear Nannie -

First of all thanks for sending on my small leather  
suit case which arrived O.K., and second, thanks for sending  
on the photos. I gave two of the self portraits away without  
noticing that anything was written on the back. I find I  
now hold the two prints marked I and II with which I  
am very well satisfied. I like especially the color which  
Cleveland chose for the print of Johnny.

For several weeks I've been in a state:- the whole  
gamut of nervous states which befall one in trying to  
buy a house: finding one that has all the extraordinary  
delights but none of the practical ones. a dream house  
that no one in their right mind would buy, except  
that fellow who goes with you to look at it, and  
you find him bidding much too high against you.  
with the owner an 86 yr old widow for whom quick  
settlement is important. I'm not going into detail now  
about it, there is too much to tell, including the reasons  
for the exhorbitant taxes - and the ghosts!

I want to be ready for a quick blow in case  
my intrigue works, and the place has to be paid  
for in cash. I'm not going to use all my capital  
but which part I'm not sure now - So:

I would like you to send on all my papers  
in your safety box at your earliest convenience.  
The list which you have just sent me checks  
with mine. Address them to Thomas S. Handforth

(over)



(Thomas S Handforth)

Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles  
Safekeeping dept.  
561 South Spring Street  
Los Angeles, Calif.

This bank suggests that you let your bank send them and they can decide on the necessary amount of insurance, which I hope <sup>can be</sup> is kept to the minimum.

I expect to move any day now out of my garage to the home of Mr & Mrs. Kam <sup>KAM AKANA</sup> Akana, 1046 Victoria Ave. Los Angeles, Ca so perhaps you had best notify me there and forward other mail to same address

For Thanksgiving I am going up to Santa Barbara to stay with Mrs Lucy Clapp and daughter Dorothy. Vishna-math Rao, whose parents are friends of the Cousins, will be there so there will be much talk of India, and perhaps my heat of excitement for the House of Mystery will wane when I consider it from a distance.

Wija Seeman and Adrian Salvas were married Sept 12 at 7 PM at the Chapel of the Roses, in Chula Vista Cemetery (which is much like Forest Lawn) in San Diego. I drove down with them in the morning in their new station wagon. Final documents still had to be obtained, and then we went to the small home of Wija's young cousin and his wife, where the rest of the afternoon was spent. As best man I received a snazzy gold tie clip. The matron of honor who came down from L.A. with her husband received a pearl bracelet. There were

only six other guests at the ceremony. During which the canaries, among the greenery which filled the side sections of the nave, sang with amazing gusto. The bride was calm, the bridegroom quivered with tension and I had a choking spasm just as I was producing the ring: very narrow platinum with seven tiny square diamonds. The photographer arrived, the birds quit ~~singing~~ singing, the clergyman hurried home to his dinner and we to ours at the cousins' cottage. At 10.30 PM the newlyweds left to drive to Florida for a two-week honeymoon which was biting off a mouthful to say the least. With the matron of honor and husband I got back to L.A. at 3.A.M. What happens next is anybody's guess.

Please do design me a trailer with your eyes shut. It might be just the solution to my problem.

Days are brilliant and warm but as dusk falls I chill in my alode. So off to the mail box.

Love

Tom