

THOMAS S. HANDFORTH

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[1948]

Dear Nannie -

How could I have delayed so long in acknowledging your gift of that beautiful corduroy shirt?

Well, for one thing I did have a dead-line staring me in the face (more illustrations for the Cined Craft books) and letters got side tracked. (Even so I missed the dead-line by a week.)

For another thing everyone had to be consulted on what they thought of the shirt. All agree that it is a beauty - much admired in detail of workmanship - and very becoming in color, to me; but that it looks too small. It feels too small also, in the shoulders, so it must be. The waist measurement and length are OK, but the shoulders are too narrow ~~and the~~ which may be the reason for the upper sleeve not feeling full enough. The sleeves are only about an inch too long - but with the tight cuff that does not matter, tho a slightly larger cuff with buttons is preferable. Although the neck band is the right size, the collar does not meet. I've been trying to find out if that is intentional; a new style, but the consensus of opinion is that even with that type collar, it usually meets when buttoned. The pocket is too small perhaps too high and there could be two pockets with flaps. All in all it has turned out to be a ladies shirt and not a gent's. What a surprising difference there is between the two, even in a plain shirt pattern!

All of which is very sad. I like the feel of the shirt so much that I've been wearing it every

day at home and would like to possess at least a half dozen in assorted shades, the more would please me more than this coppery one. But how to get the right pattern? As I said before, from sleeve end to sleeve end including shoulder dimensions. Stans shirts are about right - the body in this one is O.K. The style should be taken from a man's sport shirt of the same material.

I am not sending this one back. If I am lucky enough to receive one or more better models I'll give this one to my best girl. It's too perfectly made to try to alter.

Since I've been quite busy, hence not much wandering. Did I write you of a one-day trip to Palm Springs? and of lunch with Aunt Emmy Seymour and Nan March 14th in Santa Barbara? which continued on with two cocktail parties in Montecito with Nan getting quite spifflicated and nauseous: believe it or not. Then to dinner with D. and L. Clapp, staying overnight, and with them next day to Buellton, Lompoc and La Purissima Mission. That was still before the rains, with the countryside semi-desert, scarcely a blade of grass, live-oaks dying, citrus orchards withered yellow, and a panic in Santa Barbara over present and future water supply. People, including Emmy, were saying they were so thankful they had not bought property. Mob psychology. They

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forget that this sort of drought occurs only once every fifty years. Now generous, unheard of April rains have come and nature has miraculously revived; - noes especially are unusually luxuriant.

One Saturday Daisy Brown and I were guests at the Seeman-Salvas Laguna cottage. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon we decided to go to Mexico - my first visit to Tijuana. I liked the atmosphere of debauchery of "The Longest Bar in the World"; but the rest of the joints did not appear to be flourishing. Got back to Victoria St. same night. A Tijuana souvenir has just been sent off to you.

A month ago I bought a car! A blue green Ford '46 Club Coupe with all the extras, and in very good condition, mileage 12,500. I am pleased but cannot bear to part with my beloved Model A, whose trusty steadfastness has come in handy for Lucas Akama (the son in this household) whose own elegant Mercury always has something wrong with it.

But still no house. After months of no hunting, a broker sent me to one the other day, best value for the money so far; but when put on the spot I hesitate, and worry about all the responsibilities connected with a domicile. Prices on older houses really seem to be coming down - at least they are not selling so rapidly. The castle of the Four Winds is still unsold, and I am thankful that I didn't buy it.

Recently Florence Pollard sent me a manuscript

of rare quality, written by a school teacher in Chehalis.
It seemed as if she might be just the right person
to put the needed flavor into my "Withers Tree". How
good my guess was, surprised me. She wrote back
that there had been a withers tree in her own
childhood, and she's not only enthused but has
already turned out several thousand words on a
revised text. If the results are satisfactory, those
Northwest illustrations may yet be done.

Those boxes from the Knickerbocker Toy Co must
be the plates of Tranquilina's Paradise which after
jeweling them down from \$100. I bought for \$50.
So now, any time you feel like it, you can
go into the book-printing business in your newly
painted garage.

I am shocked to hear of the Kene's departure.
Bellevue Manor will never be the same again
for me. And so all things must pass with time -
alas.

Love to you

Thomas

James Lee often asks for you and sends his regards.

I find I don't have Geo. + M^{rs} Robins street number
and have forgotten it. Could you please make note
of it for me sometime.