

103 East Mission
Santa Barbara
July 9, 1942

Dear Annie -

Thanks for your good letter of June 30. You must be feeling very hale and hearty to be building stone walls as well as all your other activities. The Dr must have released you from your resting existence. And I'm glad to hear that Stan too is turning on his busy life. Arent you ever going to take a vacation? What about that Yellowstone Park trip?

I am still or again in circulation but rather pointlessly so and am getting a bit tired of being unable to be decisive about anything. I've been in Santa Barbara since May 25 except for a week in Los Angeles. With a show of water colors on at the Museum for the month of June, and my prints and India drawings, and more water colors hung all over this large house I've let myself in for being social and have found myself involved with the too many nice old ladies of which this town is largely composed. My host gave a big tea for me on June 7 and lots of people came and have been dropping in ever since but I've sold practically nothing. It has been the least successful show financially that I've ever had, but it was almost expected due to the Times; and Times won't be better for the art line for some while. In the meanwhile I get poorer and poorer and will soon be in the gutter. I am being urged to show in L.A. but am hesitating because again it may not be worth the effort. Last Monday my exhibitions were taken down but the director of the Museum suddenly decided that he wanted to show my prints there, so I am still being exposed in Santa Barbara for a few weeks longer. The natural beauty of this town entrances me more and more as well as the beautiful gardens and the sea which is really warm enough to be comfortable in, also the town's slow tempo which gives it a European feeling.

July 27. Back in Avila. This letter was interrupted and before I got back to it I had gone to L.A. again for ten days. This time I left some watercolors with Raymond and Raymond Galleries, who have another branch in San Francisco and head quarters in New York. This may develop into something, tho at present, art dealers are just holding their breath. I visited several times the 'nut' school at El Monte

Washington D.C. no five sent in my postcard. But I also report to be on the Pacific shore. Next week my friend Bill Meyer, who is visiting to China, plans from bumping to work. with a penknife in

himself seen I sincerely hope to see me there. Maybe see hope of a China Service (Best to visit)

interested in the variety of cases - (many of them look like the faces you see in "Modern Art") but E. finds it too depressing as he has little time off and practically no privacy, so he intends to quit and take a six weeks course at U.C.L.A. for Secondary teaching credits. We spent two nights in a tent camp on an unfrequented beach near Laguna which was extremely pleasant. Otherwise L.A. was too hot, and too many miles of pavement and too many motorcars. You would never suspect, from the way people eat up mileage that there was a rubber shortage. Had a momentous interview with Upton Close in which he gave me all the inside dope - all pessimistically interpreted, but that's his favorite role; I visited at Colin Campbell Clements house, an old ranch, restored to perfection and reputed to be one of the most beautiful houses in the L.A. region, which are innumerable. Furniture is all best Colonial and there is a mantle from the Fairfax, Va. Geo. Washington house. Colin and his wife Helen Ryerson, have been strikingly successful Hollywood potboilers, He has changed little - still handsome with a merry twinkling eye - except that his hair has turned white. Stan also will remember Mrs. Minna Puello, niece of Mr. Backus of Seattle who lives near Colin on top of one of those hills of boulders that you see in Western movies. She breeds Doberman Pinschers - the nasties yapping curs going; however she seems to love them.

Returned to Civita last Tuesday, and tho the house had been broken into and the front door ajar for over a month, not a thing was missing. A Portuguese boy, supposed to be watering the garden, had soon abandoned his job and the place was brown and weedy, some shrubs dead, some eaten by gophers. However most of the little trees weathered the ordeal - & they are all that matter in the long view.

I'm thinking now of wandering off again any moment on a sketching trip but everything is so uncertain now that I