

654 Creek Drive

Menlo Park

Sept 26, 46

Dear Marnie.

I am sitting in my jalopy at a garage in Palo Alto waiting for some fixing to be done again as usual. The last time I was in the City my muffler dropped off just as I was crossing Market St. That was some weeks ago. I've been too busy since, winding up that illustration job of The Secret of the Porcelain Fish to get into town, which was sent off day before yesterday only ten days past the dead line. Although I was not working day and night, I did forewear answering any letters, even telegrams; hence this late acknowledgement of your and Stans' good birthday greetings. The telegram came just at the right moment - phoned at breakfast time on the 16<sup>th</sup> to cheer me in the fact that even tho I was still another year more older I wasn't entirely forgotten, and little Lulu's birthday cake was a fine substitute for the one I didn't have. However on Saturday the 21<sup>st</sup> we did have a party. We cleared out Albert Wilson's big living room, put the illustrations & some other pictures on the white walls, making it look very much like an art gallery, had a mob of people in all afternoon from 2 to 7 o'clock served them a knock-out punch and every one had a good time.

The pictures took exactly twice as long to turn out as I had planned on, so, in spite of the marvelous weather here, (every single day has been exactly perfect and still is) I haven't taken much advantage of it except to assemblage in Albert's

very attractive garden. Only twice times to the beach (at Santa Cruz about 12 miles from here) and then later in the afternoons. Santa Cruz is the warmest, the best, and most popular beach in these parts. First two weeks in Sept. Albert went to Lake Tahoe - Lake Tahoe etc for his vacation, but even then I kept my nose to the grindstone. He is a great busy-body with his fingers in a hundred pies besides the radio, but in spite of his having lived in this house for years as a bachelor I discovered that his cooking was worse than mine so the first thing I took over complete charge of the kitchen & have been cooking & washing dishes for three meals a day. Although I haven't yet looked in a recipe book I am amazed at the delectability of what I turn out, and I begin to wonder how it is humanly possible for some people to ~~produce~~ the unappetizing meals they do and I'm not talking about you, - the same applies to most restaurants.

Although I am still of the opinion that the Peninsular region is the best on the Coast as a combination of desirable qualities, he done nothing about finding that place I want, since real estate prices have risen more in proportion here than elsewhere. My Anita property was sold a few weeks ago thru a San Luis agent for \$8000 exactly one week after I put it in his hands. Makes me feel I should have asked more. However there is now a rumor about that the peak has at last been reached.

There has been, thru July & August a series

of chamber music concerts (piano violin cello) at the Stanford Hall which I have attended regularly, and found Keith Middleton Sr. and his new wife Rose Karasak [Schwab] among the audience. They have bought a house in Los Gatos (20 miles south) where numerous fine musicians live as well as wealthy retired folks. He must be well over 80 but seems years & years younger.

Monday -

Saturday was a scorcher so I drove off all alone to Santa Cruz, baked all day in the sun except for swims in the salt water pool - a very good one - got back to Palo Alto for dinner at the Dave Handrickson's (he is a top notch illustrator whom I used to know years ago thru the Brooklyn Society of Etchers.) went to a folk dancing jamboree at the Community Center and have been almost inveigled into joining the folk dancing classes (adult education.) met a woman who knows all the answers in the book publishing business and we talked shop until 3 AM. She invites me to a party at the Edgar d'Aulcires' in Connecticut, Sunday after Christmas - "best party around New York during the holidays". Maybe I'll go. - after Christmas in Wilmington, I'll have to get out that old army overcoat and have it dyed. If you have any good ideas on how to disguise it please let me know.

And I never did answer about that Putnam - Minton Bobb's package - please just leave it lay. It's some of the old Tranquillina drawings which have been lost all these years. They discovered them when they were clearing out the warehouse!

All your talk about the tribe of nephews  
comings and goings! and I wouldn't know any of  
them not even Robin by now. - I must come  
to look them over.

About mid Summer I developed a very  
slight ache like lumbago and unfortunately went  
to a chiropractor about it. He told me that  
my first cervical vertebra had been dislocated  
since at least the age of two. so he gave me  
a nasty whack and broke it completely, or at  
at least it felt like it for more than a month  
after. He wanted me to come back for more such  
treatment but it seemed safer to let Nature take  
its course and I find that I am now getting  
along fairly satisfactorily even with a broken  
neck. But it did keep me on the quiet side  
for some while, which is partly the reason  
for this having been an uneventful Summer  
with no astonishing excitement to write you  
about.

Love

Thomas