

Jan 31, 45

Dear Nannie -

After a trek of one month and one day from Tacoma I arrived here on Saturday the 27th. In spite of wars etc it was one of the gayest months on record, and it is well that I am now settled where I can go into complete retirement for a while.

Edmund arrived in San Francisco Jan 8, and we gaggled about, visiting mutual friends and also visited some very interesting establishments on Albert Wilson's list. The weather was perfect, and on Sunday, Jan 14, when Wilson drove us to Carmel it was perfecter than ever. There we saw Noël Sullivan who was at that moment the host at a recital of a very beautiful negroes singer at the Auditorium. He informed us that Gavin Arthur was back at the Hill House in Oceanos so we took the train that night from Salinas to San Luis Obispo and a taxi from there to the Hill House arriving 3 AM to find the guest cottage all ready for us.

After almost two years of slumber the Hill House suddenly came to life again, gathering

with much talk, wine dancing music and good food every night, and with beautiful days in the Dunes, every day brilliant sunshine and warm - honestly much better than it usually is there in the Summer. We spent only one day at Avila, driving over with the Jensen's and hitch hiking back. The young cypress and pines had grown a little bigger but the other young trees and plants had grown smaller. The cottages were the same as ever, in fact the whole town of Avila seemed not to have been visibly affected by building or unbuilding as have most other places.

On Tuesday Jan 23 the Franklin girls motored up and fetched us down to Santa Maria. On the 24th (Wed.) Edmund left by bus for San Francisco to take the Challenger to Chicago & back to Hartford Wis. With a 2 weeks furlough, a 3 day pass before & a 3 day extension after, he still would arrive a day and a half late at his Camp, so for an army vacation he did pretty well.

I stayed on in Santa Maria until last Friday night coming down on the 2 AM bus with a friend as far as Hollywood. Senora Franklin left Thurs night for her job in Washington. Mrs F was

suffering from asthma, brought on largely by the news that her eldest son was reported missing in action over Borneo.

Mrs. Antner, by the way, is on the air from N.Y. every Tuesday evening, at 7 PM, in "Listen, the Women" if you are interested in hearing her voice.

Before leaving Menlo Park, Wilson had mostly moved into his house, tho we were still sleeping in the garage. I am still in a state of indecision about the place and am still waiting for circumstances to force me to act. However, if you are still sure that you are going away I do want all my things packed ready for shipping. Wilson has practically nothing in the way of bric-a-brac only a few sticks of furniture and no rugs so my things will certainly not be in the way there. There real trouble with the place is that there is no single room in the house that is adequate for my work. The community - the proximity to country + city ^{etc} seems about as good as one could find on the Coast.

I can't wait any longer for more clothes
(I'm now practically reduced to your Xmas
sweater and a pair of corduroys - an Xmas
Shera gift) So will you please send on
to me here and now two suits: the
herringbone grey which we bought together
in N.Y. years ago, and the old brown
with burnt yellow flecks. Also I think I
could use my G. I shoes if you can find
them.

I am getting wound up to paint the
~~be~~holders of this hill and expect to turn
out never-before-seen landscapes.

Hoping you and Stan are in best
of health and that you can now
speak Portuguese perfectly

• Love

Tom