

c/o Brian Shere
Rt. 8, Box 402
Tacoma Wash
July 6, 1945

Dear Nannie —

Here I am again on the placid shore of Lake Steilacoom. The air is saturated with vapors of trees and shrubs and the sun is kinder than in San Fernando Valley. The Shera family look well and thriving, especially Ned who has grown in all directions, and the black cross eyed kitten of last year has a grey kitten of her own now. Tim, carrying all his equipment alone, left yesterday for Y.M.C.A. Camps Seymour. I am recovering from my trip up, having boarded the 12.20 night train on Monday at Guadalupe. The straight backed seats of the chair car were draped in all directions with soldiers. It wasn't till San Luis that I got a seat at all, + that was opposite a soldier singer with a guitar whose repertoire of Americana ballads was endless. Part of the while, he was assisted by a woman across the aisle who sang with an eight year old sleeping boy in her laps. The soldier was still singing when he got off the train at 5 AM.

On Tuesday I sat over four hours in the Ferry Bldg San Francisco fishing for a train seat north. (no standing passengers permitted on this run). My waiting was alternated with periodic phone calls to ticket offices in the city trying to contact a cancellation. There were many other people doing the same thing. At 3.15 PM I connected with a berth on the 7.30 AM slow train the next day. ^{The ferry for} The best train - the Beaver was leaving at 4 PM. The berth reservation had to be picked up before 4.30. At 3.30 I took my chance and crashed the gate - the ferry ticket gate with my Guadalupe chair stool. At the train in Oakland the stool was no help, but waving a green back was. The porter told me to take the last numbered seat in his car and keep quiet. To my

relief the train pulled out without the seat being claimed. I am still wondering why the dozens of other desperate people at the Ferry Bldg hadn't thought of the same idea. When I arrived at Steilacoom ^{at 6.30 PM} late the next day there was a gathering of the clans at the Guilanducci's celebrating the Fourth. The field-day party had been going on all day, and fathers & daughters and mothers and sons were still playing ping pong until almost 10 o'clock, by the evening glow. It is always surprising, after So. California, to find the twilight so long here.

I have just phoned Mrs. Goldsberry of the Art Association and to my luck found that they still had no show on their program for the opening date of Oct. 8th. So I thereupon committed myself to that date. It might, as usual have been booked up a year in advance. I do not know whether they will give me one or two rooms but in any case I would like to have on hand at the time more pictures than I will show. Even with frequent as show as it is ^{there} should still be time to ship by express from Wilmington. So here I go and throw a mean job on your strong shoulders. I would like to have: All the watercolors sent to you from El Monte. May 1944
All the watercolors, all the portrait heads, from the shipment of Linda Sept 1942
~~The pen & ink drawings in this lot might be sent too if they fit in conveniently.~~ Do not send any of the large chalk sketches of cats etc. unless you notice something that you think should go. I would like a fairly complete set of prints but wonder if you can pick them out. If not I can get them from Mrs. Whitmore. One early print (etching) of Three Ducks is especially requested. If

I can't see now if I want this item or not.

3
you can dig up two complete sets of Cambodia Dancers
I would like to have them.

I suppose that flat wooden crate which I sent
from Anila is still kicking around. Everything I want
should fit into it.

Oh yes - Could you find some early pencil drawings
of the Northwest 1926-1929? There were some in pen +
ink too. Also a very slight sketch of Brian and
Merle done in 1929. Maybe you should put in that
book of photos of portrait drawings too.

It would be well to ask how long a time might be
expected for the delivery of a crate of that size and
weight. Smaller packages might come thru more
quickly. You see I'm leaving all final decisions
to your good judgement. Mine of me isn't it?
But you may ask me more questions if necessary.

Bea and Sheila met O.K. in San Antonio. No doubt
you have heard. The Sheras ask for news of you,
also the Burkhatters etc. I've spoken to Mrs Seymours
only over the phone as yet

Love

Thomas