

about March 13, 1936

79 West 55 -

Dear Nannie -

As C. Finney would say: that's the dammedest shirt I ever saw! I can't think what to wear it with except a horse and a pink and chartreuse cap. It's a damned good piece of cloth and tailoring too, and I sure would like to exhibit it in Harlem. However I am screwing about with my head off and don't expect to get to that part of town. As always happens, lots of unexpected things pop up at the last minute - your gingerbread for instance. Yesterday Squire dragged in a crowd of people and began declaiming that my sister-in-law was one of the two most charming women in the world (his wife is not the other) Fortunately there was a small hunk of that gingerbread left which I hadn't been able to swallow for breakfast. Each guest got a crumb of it and agreed that that was enough proof for Squire's statement. Squire says he is going to call on you soon!

"Heavens my Destination" has been wrapped for mailing to you, for days but I've not gotten to the Post Office yet. I've decided to leave that large red portfolio full of more drawings, either with Alma or with Art Larson for you or Stan to collect some time & put in my trunk; let you know later. — Tell

me please exactly the name of your bank: The Wilmington
Trust Co? I stupidly don't remember, and I have
to give it to my newly acquired lawyer Mr.
Geo. Seagrave Franklin, 500 Fifth Ave.

Again I have invested in more stocks which
will be sent to Stan to help keep the lock-box
filled.

I am supposed to be sailing on the SS. Turbinia
Matson Line from S. Frisco March 27th or maybe
Los Angeles March 28th; either port will reach
me.

I leave here Wednesday evening, also maybe.
I wish you were here this week end, but it is
necessary for me to be running around seeing
people etc so it would be an anticlimax
after last week.

Enclosing a statement to Stan. My banker
says a Notary Public seal on such a document
is unnecessary. You'll get another scrawl
from me before I go.

Best to both

Yr.

Delos.