

P.O. Box 688  
Seaside, Oregon

6th April, 1959

Dear Beulah:

Thanks for your good letter, and for the Oxford booklet, and for the Times review of Housman. Here, for a nine days' wonder, it is not raining; and the light is actually glaring on the white waves I see from the window as I write. The transition from dark and rain hurts the retina; and although the sea looks antick and wild and perhaps picturesque (a lousy word) from inside, it has with it an unpleasant wind which cuts through you when you're outside.

I have just been downtown to vote against raiding the taxpayers' pocket to build a half million dollar gymnasium and auditorium for the "Union High School". My education lacked a good many high school things--but the way they build "plants" which teach nothing much except basketball now makes me most reluctant to pay taxes. I know sophmores in high school who do not quite know their A B C's. I believe they have a course in the local Athaneum called "Motel Management." God help us every one...

Yes; I too thought the Conquest of Inner Space fine; and I was pleased to find out more of what I had already suspected about Patrick Henry. I never did believe that he said Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death! In the history book contest. The American Revolution, however, has always had buckets of whitewash thrown over it. I have often wished that I could lay my hands on enough realistic material and feel close enough to the time to write something with an authentic ring to it. But then it scarcely ever lights up for me except perhaps through a word or two of Mr. Jefferson's.

I liked Williamsburg--and Jamestown. But your remark about the English standing up to that heat is good. They didn't very well. What with that and miasma and the Injuns the Jamestown colony barely survived. How is Sara Ingram? I think I have forgotten what she does. And what of N.C.? It seems sad to think of almost everybody having died.

About the Oxford booklet, thanks again. You said the place still looks the same. Well, I think most of the photographs were taken before I was there--with the exception of the new Bodleian Library building. My snobbish remark about accents among the undergraduates, I suppose is based on the fact that I don't like the sound of certain English accents. And from what I've heard the town and university are too crowded. It will, however, survive if anything does. It survived Cromwell. That must have been worse.

On your postcard you mention the road down the coast past Tillamook. I don't know that it's too big an engineering feat, but on a fine day the place is pretty. Rain and wind wash out sections of the road there, and the Pacific gets pretty wild. We, however, live on Tillamook Head, which is a promontory some sixty miles from the Town of Tillamook which is in cheesemaking country. I don't care much about that particular section of the coast. One advantage of this state is that it's about as near a physical frontier as one can find