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SEASIDE, OREGON

Sat. March 5th , 1960

Dear Beulah:

Thanks for your fine letter and card. I am enclosing some clippings from The Republic about the building. In the same issue there is an editorial quoting the local school superintendent as he talks about building more "plants." Perhaps I just got out in time. The local idiots back there may be about to raise the taxes again. I can't understand how all the fools (even if they don't own any property) can imagine how the people who do are going to go on and on building schools and roads. Finally, everybody will be broke and there will be nobody to pay the teachers or the court house gang. I hate all bodies municipal and politic. The bodies in the town below here and the county at Astoria are bad enough. Perhaps I'm some sort of anarchist.

I notice that I have longed to do something in the way of education for the boys and girls of Kansas. Hah! I wouldn't do anything agin 'em, I guess--but that's as far as I would go.

I was interested in what Edna Rizer told you about the Montgomery, Grammer and Weber buildings. Are you sure the Weber bldg. was built in 1861? I know it's old; but I believe that's the year the town was founded --and was there any stone building then? Not that it makes any difference.

So the Montgomerys own ten buildings there? My God! I should think it would keep them broke paying taxes and take all the profit out of the Union. I know all small towns are dreadful (almost any place is horrific)--but I can't think of any place much worse than Junction City, Kansas. Seaside, Oregon is a rat hole--but I'm a mile or two away from it. I do have to buy necessities there and get my mail at a post office box, but I avoid it as much as I can. I would, if I could, go and live on the Mediterranean--but this may have the advantage of not being as crowded as Mare Nostrum because of the weather.

Yes. Wasn't that a stinking happening to the man on Long Island? I used to think some sort of socialism would be good--but it doesn't seem to work. There are too many people and the too many are likely to think that the other man's yard is their park.

When I was living in the bldg. after the war some high school kids ran across the roof on V.J. day. I put on my uniform and took a hammer in my hand. I told them I owned the building and to get off the roof. "Oh no you don't," said they, "Mr. Gamble does." I took a little firmer grip on the hammer, which was what convinced them that I did own it.

I think that town has had a good deal out of the hides of Pennells. I have little love for it.

I hope the late blizzard didn't cause you any trouble. We had a bad one here.

Best love,

*Stan*