

Diaries: Reuben Tam's 1941-1942 Diary

Extracted on Apr-19-2024 06:46:48

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Morning over Eureka, over the rooftops, over the harbor. It was raining, and the air was icy cold.

Along the Oregon coast all day today - I remember Crescent City, with its wide gray beach, Gold Beach, Bandon, Coqueel.

Trinidad Head. Gray and desolate territory, bright and sharp and active, the beaches vast and gray and silver with driftwood.

The beach hawks are circling in the air, and sheep are grazing in meadows by the sea.

Remember too the dunes! The green grasses breaking on the sand.

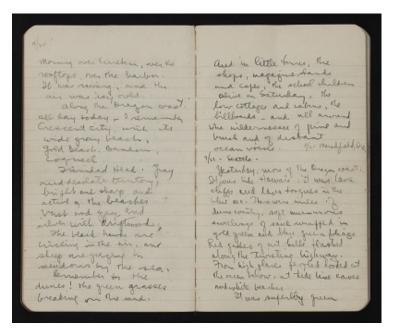
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and in little towns, the shops, magazine stands and cafes, the school children alive on Saturday, the low cottages and cabins, the billboards - and all around the wildernesses of pine and brush and of distant ocean voices. 9/21 Marshfield, Ore.

9/22 - Seattle -

Yesterday, more of the Oregon coast. It was like Hawaii: it was lava cliffs and lava tongues in the blue sea. There were miles of dune country, soft numerous swellings of same wrapped in gold green and blue green foliage. Red gashes of cut hills flashed along the twisting highway. From high places peopled looked at the ocean below, at tide line caves and white beaches.

It was superbly green



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