

June 28, 1967

Dear Jack:

Since April I have been wanting to thank you properly for the photo copies of Will Strunk's book. I was enchanted by his markings---so tidy and in the hand that I remember well. As you say in your letter, nothing is heavy or blurred or in any way disorderly. There just wasn't any disorder in Strunk, or any irresolution.

His handwriting seemed to me, a student, admirable, and I made an effort to ape it, but without much success. I wanted to be able to write *Frequent* as he wrote it, but still can't manage it. And I was interested in his *rare*, which begins with one kind of an "r" and goes on to another.

One of the markings that I found most satisfying was "Enc. Brit. (without pay)." That has Strunk's imprint, unmistakable. And, in the Charles Lamb, his pouncing on "In a degree beneath manhood," which he changed to "To an unmanly degree."

I hope you are enjoying life along Third Avenue. It was a thoroughfare I found congenial years ago, in my Turtle Bay phase, but on recent visits it has seemed foreign territory and I stroll up and down in a thin cloud of depression laced with diesel oil.

We had no spring here at all and have gone straight into summer. Lilacs and apple blossoms were confused by the whole business and blew their lines. I seized the moment to reactivate my barn; I have sheep, lambs, geese, chickens, and the fastest pig in Hancock County. My goose has sat for 28 days and is even now hatching her goslings, in a nest in the tieups. The gander, in anticipation of ~~new~~ responsibilities, chose to spend last night at the pond, drinking. And I must make a bedside call right now---a routine check. There is nothing (to me) more delightful than the details surrounding a hatch of goose eggs. The young are as green as grass, and they immediately begin playing their flutes, an enchanting sound.

Please pardon these bucolics, and thanks again for the Strunk items.

Yrs,

