

Aug. 2, 1933
10:40 P.M.

High Tide

Dear Mother;

Just received your card this afternoon. Mr. Lewis brought it over to the tennis court. you can tell had that he certainly is ambitious, driving 440 miles in one day. Did you drive at all? I should judge by your card that you arrived at Toledo sometime yesterday.

Incidentally, I have had two letters from Lloyd Rich.

I had my first swim in salt water yesterday afternoon. It's swell and there's no doubt about it. A little cold at first but it makes you feel like a million dollars. Of course Bobbie had to swallow half the tide and take it from me, it's plenty

salty. This morning we got up at 7.00 A.M. and took a dip before breakfast and it certainly took the sand and mist out of your eyes. Then we came back, dressed, and played tennis. Next, Mr. Lewis, Pete, and I went clamming. Now you would have to do this yourself in order to realize what's it's like, but I will try to give you a rough idea. You put on a pair of sneakers, roll your pants up to your knees, grab a pail and a clam fork. Then you wade out in the clam flats at low tide and begin to dig, what mud! you sink in up to your ankles and stick. No job for anyone that dislikes getting hands dirty. Every time you see a squirt of water you get a clam. If it goes in your eyes, ^{it's a clam} if not, then it's something else. We steamed the clams and had

them for supper. They are pretty good but it takes a million before you begin to taste them. When we got back from the clam flats, I was so tired I lay down and slept for about three ~~less~~ hours, then went for another swim and played some more tennis. Oh yes, I might add that the clams stink like "H" and the smell sticks right on your hands.

Last night we had a thunder-storm and it was a pip, struck a couple of trees on the island. Today it was good and hot, but you can always find a breeze. Tonight the moon is pretty near full and its nice and cool out-side.

Pete and I went fishing off the wharf tonight. I threw out my line and forgot to hold on to it. Just another line on the

Cotton of the Ocean,

While down at the wharf, some girl came up and asked me if I would come up to her house and bring Pete along. I said sure as I figured it was a good chance to get acquainted and then too they have a boat. We met a fellow from Cousen's Island over there. Nice chap from Boston. There's a chance over there Sat. night so I suppose we will take it in. May go into Portland tomorrow and see a show. Don't know yet.

I haven't had much of a chance to read any more of Monte Cristo. Read last night in bed.

This is a great life and I think you and Dad would enjoy it just for the peace and quiet. No street cars go by, at least I haven't heard any as yet.

Lewisies are certainly treating me swell. I couldn't ask for more.

Mammy is a good sport and we all get along as one happy family.

Today we had fresh salmon for dinner, potatoes peas etc. Boy how we (2) eat. Tastes all together different from that stuff you get out of tin cans.

Last night we had a game of bridge. what a game, what a game. I played with Rod, who has a mania for bidding three or four on a three card shit. you know one of those systems like a one no trump bid.

Tomorrow morning we take our morning dip about 8:00 A.M. I always swallow enough salt so that it isn't necessary to put any on the eggs.

The family ~~fund~~ fund is still on. The people from New Jersey don't speak, except to me. The Cousin is nuts. and

takes after her mother I think.

I think I will wind this up
and trot it down to the post office
so it will catch the morning boat.
Remember me to Nell and the rest.
Tell dad to talk or ask for a Pierce-
Arrow so that he may get a ford. Tell
Don not to fall in love and Joe and
Bonnie to behave. Spank Mary
& Kate and keep the bankers sweet.
~~Last~~ but not least, take care of yourself
and let the rest do the work. of
course it may not get done but
what of it.

The clams have got me down.
So, so long and write soon.

Littlejohns Island, Portland,
Maine.

Lots of love,
Baby