

---

## Letters

To the Editor, *Spritsail*

The Airplane House started as a prefab? It ended as the best mobile home Mother and Mr. Elmslie ever made: I carry it always with me.

From the dining room under the west sleeping porch we looked straight into the Hole with its wild tides, crazily swinging buoys, and sometimes crazily navigating skippers. South was all of Vineyard Sound and a parade of sail—three, four, five, even six-masters—unimaginable now.

Nights were like sleeping on deck. On foggy nights I'd curl up wiggling my toes, listening to the ships hollering

to find out who was coming, and old Nobska bellowing away "Fog – fog – fog!"

Then in the morning the brilliant sun and the chunking of the paddle wheels of the *Uncatena* coming over from Vineyard Haven. 6 o'clock. Up then, to run down through the cold sparkling dew to the beach, to heave rocks at the seagulls and look for horseshoe crabs and see that all the sailboats were safe.

I knew then that God made Woods Hole first, and Heaven later with the left-over parts. I was right.

Dave Bradley  
1990



Drawing by Gordon Todd