

To The Editor, *Sprintsail*

What a wonderful surprise to have that splendid issue of *Sprintsail*. Thank you so very much for thinking of me. I am indeed the same "little" Emily in my mother's account, and isn't it amusing that those first 8 pennies were the beginning of a career in the financial services business?

My memory of the '38 hurricane is one of absolute fascination by the events on land and water well described in Mother's account. The youngest member of the family, I had complete confidence in my mother and older brother and sister to think of the wisest way to handle this bizarre situation. It never occurred to me to be afraid or aware of possible danger. This was high adventure, and our preparations to cope with the storm seemed absolutely logical and assured of a successful outcome. I do recall thinking that the raging water roaring up the front lawn, bashing its way through the cellar windows and rumbling around the basement was the most powerful force I had ever witnessed and that we were pretty fragile by comparison. I was quite disturbed by the distress the animals were suffering. Only the next day did I realize what a terrible storm we had survived as we saw great pieces of houses complete with plumbing and furniture that had been torn up and driven onto our shores. How had we been spared?

After the '38 hurricane there was of course no electricity or fresh water, the well having been inundated with salt. We gathered rain water in cisterns and rowed fresh water in huge milk containers across the narrows. Kerosene lanterns and candles supplied light, and after dinner our mother used to read aloud in front of the fire over which a huge moose head hung. Kipling

was our favorite author. I used to try to pretend to be asleep when Mother thought I should go to bed so that she would escort me down the long dark hall to my room. The alternative was to light my own way by flickering lantern which caused all kinds of terrifying shadows to spook me along that interminably long route.

All the rest of *Sprintsail* is fascinating. Somehow the Potters and Beebes are related by marriage three or four generations ago. You have designed a beautiful magazine. Anything so lovely will captivate readers of all ages, and heaven knows a sense of community and roots that one can take pride in is a very valuable commodity these days.

Emily Potter Morse

To The Editor, *Sprintsail*

I had occasion to read a recent copy of *Sprintsail* the other day (the issue with the drawing of the church on the cover) and wanted to tell you what a first-class job of publishing your journal is.

The design and layout of the book enhances fine copy and good photographs and makes *Sprintsail* a visual delight. Kudos to your designer, Ms. Jaroch.

Contents and design make a wonderful symbiosis when you get it right. And *Sprintsail* gets it right.

Anthony K. Van Riper
President
Dukes County Historical Society