

Letter

Dear Ms. Smith:

My friend Bill Greer of Penzance Point passed along to me your issue of Sprintsail which has Judith Day's fine article about The Larches, etc. Along with Helen Carroll (mentioned in the article), I'm about the last survivor who knew E.D. and Lotawana Nims intimately in their salad days up to World War II. Starting in 1935, I spent part or most of every summer there right up to around 1959 or 1960, excepting 1943-45.

When the 1935 Boy Scout Jamboree in Washington was cancelled because of the polio epidemic, I was met in New York by E.D. (my Uncle Gene), and we did the town for a couple of days before proceeding on to Woods Hole. The mental picture of a dignified captain of industry with a 12-year old Georgia Cracker in tow in New York still tickles my memory. We stayed at the old Ritz-Carlton and took in a couple of Broadway shows (Three Men on a Horse and Earl Carroll's Vanities!), the American wing of the Metropolitan Museum, and Saks Fifth Avenue (where we bought my mother an alligatorskin handbag).

The splendors of New York, however, were nothing in my mind compared to my first vision of The Larches. Flowers all over the place and vistas of sea and greenward everywhere you looked. And many smiling faces.

Those were magical summers, and if it ever rained once I don't remember it. The Gerald Murphy maxim "living well is the best revenge" fits the lifestyle of E.D. and Lotawana to a 'T,' except for the life of me I can't think of a soul whom they might have had to avenge.

Sincerely,
Arthur Nims

Arthur L. Nims, III is a Judge of the U.S. Tax Court, Washington, D.C.