

Anna Maria

July 2 1924

Mah Deah Dewlah

I've been owing you a letter for a long time as you well know.

I wrote Myra feeling that she would be interested in the welfare of the old island having had it in her blood.

I cannot promise you anything of moment for things rarely happen here: as for a real thrill it is as remote as the principality of Timbuctoo. There are thrills but they lie comatosely this time of the year, for example. Diamond

<sup>2</sup>  
Back rattle snakes and Corrugated  
Gators not forgetting the festive Gopher  
Turtle too. I would dearly love  
to have a six foot rattler come  
rattling along my way: - but alas!

We are quite rural for we have  
a large meadow in front of "Camp Keys"  
while beyond low trees freshen up the  
horizon. At our sides, <sup>and back</sup> are scattering  
cottages with pine trees scattered  
about just enough to sing a restful  
song when the salt sea breezes come  
in after their long voyages from "way  
out there"; and then for a change  
the woodpecker, weary of the songing,  
hammers his head on a dry limb  
and rucks the poetry out of everything.

One morning I visited the fiddler  
crab colony and such a sight!

Not countless thousands but more

3  
"All seated on the ground" and  
what were they doing? — just  
visiting. The air was moist-hot and  
sticky. From their myriad homes  
— just holes in the sand ridge athwart the  
beach and shaded by the low spreading  
black & white mangroves, the myriads  
came down to get the rays of the Sun  
God on their purple backs and to  
visit. For days had they kept  
their watchful waiting, and now the  
Sun! Purple & bronze & blue — a  
field seen from afar. & how stand &  
watch! Hardly a stir, no sound  
just a mass covering the shore  
and most all warriors, carrying  
their dominant claws as shields  
like unto the Roman warriors of  
old, all purple & blue. And where are  
the ladies so "conspicuous by their absence"  
probably keeping the home fires burning.

4 upon the return of their peerless lords

But we must proceed. Get away  
the leads! Now careful or you  
crush! A little slower as the hosts  
divide! some to the right to bank  
up many deep. others to the left and  
into the sea. Unlike Pharaoh's army  
the sea is friendly. Like sheep do  
they herd and follow, their shields

listening in the friendly sun on the  
land ~~side~~ <sup>side</sup>. Bend and gather  
them and in double hands &  
let them dribble through the fingers.

by the four score and more. How  
they tickle and are not <sup>made</sup> afraid!

Now in motion do their shields  
click & tattle one against another,  
this host: and across the dry  
leaves there is a sound like many  
large drops of rain as <sup>they</sup> bend their  
ways towards home & love, Whorper!

5-  
We have a songster in our house  
and its name is Ma. Our ma  
is blithe some and not weary, she  
doeth her washing in small job lots  
and hangeth the contents on the  
line to the tune of "Christian so-  
old fers" - then she "marches through  
Georgia" to the sink and empties  
the tub singing "Yes, we have no bananas"  
She walketh over to the Gulf twice  
a day and down to the dock  
front once, she speaketh to  
each & everyone and is glad  
to the fisherman who carries his  
trawl past the door for she listeth  
not to cook the denizens of the deep.

The sweat of their bodies maketh  
her nostrils to pant even as the  
rabbit-panteth.

She eateth of the acids most  
plenteously - being cheap, and the  
more she eateth the sweeter  
she singeth and adventureseth <sup>(a new verb)</sup>

6 And this is the next day &  
as handsome a day as ever setted  
in Florida, In the words of Keat  
"The day's as mild as Heavens own  
child with earth and ocean reconcild,"  
And we call it the first-spring day.

Made a fire in the fire place last  
night and it was good to stand against;

The beach on the Gulf side is  
washed clean & smooth & hard as a  
house floor. We saw a flock of  
meadow larks yesterday probably on their  
first start for the great north. And  
this morning a flicker, Gucker, high holder,  
or golden winged wood pecker (take your choice)  
was yipping in a pine tree top. He is  
due in Orid the tenth of April. Also  
a Kildee flew Kildeeing along  
due at 0 27 of March, God willing,

I'm sorry for "old Bill" the pelican  
down along the pier for he will stick  
right in this latitude with all its monotony.  
In fact he is the most monotonous bird  
in the world I do believe, and the hardest  
worker. Occasionally he gets a fish but  
caught at a big outlay of strength. The habit  
is so strong that he flies and dashes into  
the briny deep for his recreation even and  
not seeing a fish at all. He sings no  
note but is just work, work, work to get  
a morsel for his pouch.

7  
Well. I'm about done. Ma has got  
a breast of lamb in the pot and  
I can hardly wait. Yesterday we had  
fresh turnips "and they was dodd they was".  
Watermelons are being planted here  
now. They have<sup>to</sup> fertilize heavily for  
Florida is nothing but a raised sea  
bed and not very old. I'm wondering  
when it will sink back again. Probably  
when the place gets kicked enough to  
class with Sodom & Gomorrah.

Some summer day, too a West  
India hurricane will twist around  
here and these Cockle shell houses  
set on blocks will tie with each  
other too see how far they can roll.  
And how much debris they can  
eventually pile up. I wouldn't  
invest a cent here unless made  
solid by a wholesome insurance  
company.

Well, my dear gull, we are rejoiced  
that your school work is only work and  
not a misery. It's in the stomach where  
happiness is hatched. Study thy stomach,  
and thy days may be - will be - long  
in the land &c &c. About the first of  
March Ovid will be burdened with the  
Jacksaws again we trust  
S. Kaiser