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and colors, set in nautral woods, with the river on one side and a lake on the other. The whole thing is lovely.

We have just come home from Bon Secour. Went down today with some friends to a fishing place, where we got freshly opened oysters, and fried them over a camp fire with smoke and grease sputtering in our faces, and never ate anything so good. And now I am cooking a dozen wonderful crabs I caught myself. Doing things like that seem to make the depression very far away. It seems as if there is no end to hard times. One thinks they have reached the ground floor, then the elvator drops another story. I think perhaps we have all learned something from this depression anyhow. Perhaps it is a good lesson. Anyway, it surely won't last much longer. Spring is here, and all the woods are so lovely with fresh green leaves and white dogwood blossoms, and it seems as if things will surely turn out all right this year.

We are again in the throes of a political campaign. It is especially trying in a place like this, where everyone knows everyone else and several are running for the same local office. If I were lazier, I might wish the nineteenth amendment had never been passed, then I wouldnt have to vote.

My crabs are calling, and I must fix them. Let me know if you get the book safely.

Sincerely

Esther.

ship and sublime faith.

Ben Schwegmann
President, Standard Printing Co.

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