I picture myself walking up the beach road at East Dennis on a hot afternoon in July or August. I am clad in only a pair of trunks and a pair of sneakers and have just spent all afternoon fooling around on the beach. I have reached the turn in the road by the old Cold Storage (the wooden one which burnt down) and as I look back I see the tide still running out through the little channel by the small jetty. There is little wind and the Bay beyond seems still with only a few ripples at the water's edge. Going a little farther, the wind seems to begin to blow from the South from the direction of the South Dennis Hill and as I look in that direction I see small clouds accumulating on the distance. The air is still and there is only the sound of a few birds who sit on the telephone wires or some animals in the bushes. (Can you picture it?) As I reach the foot of the hill, I hear the only too familiar sound of the bell in the church tower as it rings out five o'clock. Ascending the hill now, I look back towards the Bay and see the water streaked with different shades of blue and far out on the horizon stands the Provincetown Monument. Then nearing the top of the hill I see Sellick over to the right working on something behind his barn and at that very moment he comes out the side door to empty the garbage or take in some clothing from the line...Then I reach the top of the hill turn to the left going down the road past Mrs. Harrison's and under the shade of the trees. My body is hot and burnt from the rays of the sun and I have a terrible empty feeling in my stomach as if to designate that supper time was soon at hand. Upon reaching the back field, I turn and head for the house. Already the wind is blowing stronger from the South and the hissing sound of automobiles on the King's Highway reaches my ear. The field is alive with small buzzing insects (probably those Bees) and it isn't long before I reach the yard and pass under the arbor and out on the shady side of the house where I hear the distinct sound of birds singing and chirping in the trees. (Can you picture it?) Then more familiar scenes - wet bathing suits on the lawn having been thrown out the window, a car in the driveway and on the other side of the house, the folks sitting on the porch and Dear Mildred in the kitchen preparing supper which I can't wait to eat, and Grandmother Crowell at her desk or running around with a screwdriver in her hand, and Minnie digging in the garden. Then a short walk or ride to D H's for Ice Cream, filled cookies, or Lemon Meringue Pie. And never to be forgotten slum of the screen door at the store. Why don't other screen doors sound the same. (Can you hear it.) Then I start back from the store and the sun is over and above Edmee's house. Its warm and quiet and I say to myself, Why can't this go on forever. Then there is the dampness in the air which comes at sundown and the smell of the ocean, the marshes, and the fields all blended together. The sound again, of the cars speeding on the main road and as I look to the south over the Punkhorn Hills, I see the fog gathering and gradually coming in. And then those mornings, when the birds are singing their heads off in the trees, the sun shining through the trees over and beyond Uncle Thomas' house, and the wet dew on the grass. Then the slam of the door in the reception room. It too had a slam all its own, until modern design crept in and put a baffler on it. The sound of someone opening the barn door and a car being rolled out to sun. Familiar voices in the yard and while in the yard on the sunny side, the sound of the flushing of the toilet in the upstairs bathroom. (Can you hear it?) Then the beach, the sand, the jetty, the flats, the wood ticks, the barnacles, the clams, the mackerel, the sea itself, and the sun which burns the fair and tans the dark. Then, too, there are the people of East Dennis who can never be forgotten. All days are not fair and there are those that are rainy, grizzly, there are No-East storms only too familiar to us all, which blend into a place we call Cape Cod, a place we can't forget, a place I long to return to - may it never change. I can't know what it is but although much of my time in the past six years was spent at Orleans, I don't have the same feeling for Orleans as I have for East Dennis. True, Orleans was plenty of fun, and more people but actually it can't compare with East Dennis.

And now I look forward to the day when we can all go back together, Mother and Dad, Barb and Frank, the kids and who knows by that time I may have a Sally or a Betty or even an Agent and some small fry to join the throng at supper at Journey's End with Baked Beans, Frankforts, Ice Cream, Lemon Pie and Aunt Minnie eating some horrible concoction of her own or hinting that that last frankfort looks awful good.
Well, I seem to be going on and on. Shall we take over Journeys End. Shall we take over D H's store — shall we have a cow, chickens, butter and eggs, and bees. Shall We. Or shall we forget about those things we love and become too ambitious and work in a horrible office building from 9 til 5 with one day off a week and make money, money, money! Money which will keep us from enjoying the best part of our lives. Money which we will put away and save for a rainy day and never use. Let's live now or am I on the wrong track. Probably because one must save and so that is what I'm doing now.
I picture myself walking up the beach road at East Dennis on a hot afternoon in July or August. I am clad in only a pair of trunks and a pair of sneakers and have just spent all afternoon fooling around on the beach. I have reached the turn in the road by the old Cold Storage (the wooden one which burnt down) and as I look back I see the tide still running out through the little channel by the small jetty. There is little wind and the Bay beyond seems still with only a few ripples at the waters edge. Going a little farther, the wind seems to begin to blow from the South from the direction of the South Dennis Hill and as I look in that direction I see small clouds accumulating on the distance. The air is still and there is only the sound of a few birds who sit on the telephone wires or some animals in the bushes. (Can you picture it) As I reach the foot of the hill, I hear the only too familiar sound of the bell in the church tower as it rings out five o’clock. Ascending the hill now, I look back towards the Bay and see the water streaked with different shades of blue and far out on the horizon stands the Provincetown Monument. Then nearing the top of the hill I see Sellick over to the right working on something behind his barn and at that very moment Rea comes out the side door to empty the garbage or take in some clothing from the line....Then I reach the top of the hill turn to the left going down the road past Mrs. Morrisons and under the shade of the trees. My body is hot and burnt from the rays of the sun and I have a terrible empty feeling in my stomach as if to designate that supper time was soon at hand. Upon reaching the back field, I turn and head for the house. Already the wind is blowing stronger from the South and the hissing sound of Automobiles on the King’s Highway reaches my ear. The field is alive with small buzzing insects (probably those Bees) and it isn’t long before I reach the yard, pass under the arbor and out on the shady side of the house where I hear the distinct sound of birds singing and chirping in the trees. (Can you picture it). Then more familiar scenes – wet bathing suits on the lawn having been thrown out the window, a car in the driveway and on the other side of the house, the folks sitting on the porch and Dear Mildred in the kitchen preparing supper which I can’t wait to eat, and Grandma Crowell at her desk on running around with a screw driver in her hand, and Minnie digging in the garden. Then a short walk or ride to D H’s for Ice Cream, filled cookies, or Lemon Meringue Pie. And the never to be forgotten slam of the screen door at the store. Why don’t other screen doors sound the same. (Can you hear it). Then I start back from the Store and the sun is over and above Edmond’s house. Its warm and quiet and I say to myself. Why can’t this go on forever. Then there is the dampness in the air which comes at sundown and the smell of the ocean, the marshes, and the fields all blended together. The sound again, of the cars speeding on the main road and as I look to the south over the Punkhorn Hills, I see the fog gathering and gradually coming in. And then those mornings, when the birds are singing
their heads off in the trees, the sun shining through the trees over and beyond Uncle Thomas’ house, and the wet dew on the grass. Then the slam of the door in the reception room. It too had a slam all its own, until modern design crept in and put a baffler on it. The sound of someone opening the barn door and a car being rolled out to sun. Familiar voices in the yard and while in the yard on the sunny side, the sound of the flushing of the toilet in the upstairs bathroom (Can you hear it). Then the beach, the sand, the jetty, the flats, the wood ticks, the barnacles, the clams, the mackerel, the sea itself, and the sun which burns the fair and tans the dark. Then, too, there are the people of East Dennis who can never be forgotten. All days are not fair and there are those that are rainy, drizzly, there are No’East storms only too familiar to us all, which blend into a place we call Cape Cod, a place we can’t forget, a place I long to return to – may it never change. I don’t know what it is but although much of my time in the past six years ws spent at Orleans, I don’t have the same feeling for Orleans as I have for East Dennis. True, Orleans was plenty of fun, and more people but actually it can’t compare with East Dennis.

And now I look forward to the day when we can all go back together, Mother and Dad, Barb and Frank, the kids and who knows by that time I may have a Sally or a Betty or ever an Agent and some small fry to join the throng at supper at Journey’s End with Baked Beans, Frankforts, Ice Cream, Lemon Pie and Aunt Minnie eating some horrible concoction of her own or hinting that that last frankfort looks awful good. [next page]

Well I seem to be going on and on. Shall we take over Journeys End. Shall we take over D H’s store – shall we have a cow, chickens, butter and eggs, and bees. Shall We. Or shall we forget about those things we love and become too ambitious and work in a horrible office building form 9 til 5 with one day off a week and make money, money, money! Money which will keep us from enjoying the best part of our lives. Money which we will put away and save for a rainy day and never use. Lets live now or am I on the wrong track. Probably, because one must save and so that is what I’m doing now.