

November 9, 1955

Dear Mum, Olive, Ruby, Francis & Ralph,
Today is as much like a lovely
June day in Maine. The grass is
green. The gardens are growing by leaps
and bounds. The foliage on the trees
is at its deepest green. All this green
absorbs the bright sunshine (when it
shines) so the out of doors is but
pleasantly warm. The rains are really
standing by us. We are still bringing
our water from the river in barrels
but we are thankful that there is
plenty of it there and we ~~are~~ no
longer have to ration ourselves. It
will probably be four months before
we have any water in our well.
The ground ^{was} so dry that even though it
has rained nearly every day (part of the
day) for a month when you dig more
than six inches it is dry and at a foot
you need a pick axe to break the
clay. This is the most recent snake
shot we have of the girls. It just