



And now, if you must leave us, take one more devouring look at the blue ocean and golden dunes to serve as a pleasant memory throughout the winter.

Mopsy and I say goodbye, and look forward to another summer with you. There will be new houses in town; some of the old scenes pictured in this book will be hard to locate; but, out here on the Back Side, only God makes the changes which so stir the souls of those who love the loneliness of the dunes and the music of the surf on the distant beach.



"The tide never rises as it rose the day before, nor ebbs leaving the same burdens in its wake. The beach is a region as old as time, yet new with the passing of each hour. It is a benediction and a menace, a healer and a destroyer, whose nature is the nature of the sea that made it. And there it lies, mile upon mile, holding its treasures for those who seek them, clutching in its sands a random harvest from the waves; and there it will remain until all time ends, shimmering under the sun, or flying fiercely before the gale.

... from "Mooncussers of Cape Cod", by Henry Kittredge