

experiences we have had. L. & G. & D. of fairy land
saw many thrilling scenes but fairy land is not
the only country where thrilling things take place. During
our school day period (during which none of us ever
distinguished ourselves as scholars although by regular
attendance and a reasonable share of brains we never
failed many examinations but were eager to leave
after a year or two at high school) the differences in our
natures developed and became more manifest. I know
I always held that I would be a farmer and my father
was at a high pitch when Dad. bought Flossie, Edna
Moon's Jersey cow for my benefit. and I used to
rush home after four to clean out his stable and carry her
off. or in the Spring I remember my back used to ache
from digging ~~the~~ garden and of course the Pines were
always a great source of pleasure to me. Nothing in the
form of sport could compare in my estimation to a ride
on Jolie although in two days I was quite incapable
of managing her properly and she used to tear around
town at a gay speed absolutely uncontrolled, with me
on her back, but no harm ever came of it. I never
played on a team game in my life never killed any
thing with a gun except a ~~fox~~ fisher and never

had a steady boy chum although I loved to skate &
tramp through the woods, and swim and was on a
good terms with all the boys. Quint was more like
me in his love for out doors & the creek & woods but
besides was a keen hunter & trapper, he was at one
time one of the best if not the best shot in town, and
his traps & night lines were the undoing of many a
small inhabitant of the creek and marsh. With me he
was very proficient at organized play and enjoyed his
own comp any as well as any one else's. I used to love
to tramp the country side with him although never
had any desire to use his gun and in spite of the fact
that my excitement would grow tense when a rabbit
or squirrel would present a good shot, I never
had the hunter's joy or satisfaction at bagging it but
would be filled with remorse at the sight of the little
thing lying limp and bloody when a second hope it was
so full of activity and the joy of life. Quint was much more
clever with tools than Dick or I and had an inventive
and mechanical turn of mind. He used to like to
start a garden in the Spring but would stop tending to
it before I got tired of mine, and I never remember him
cutting the lawn of his own accord while I one time worked