

cause of inactivity. Junior is only four years old and, consequently, is not allowed to enter in physically.

Shouts of "You're dead!", "I got you first!", and "Drop that gun, you bum!" fill the air, along with a constant vocal barrage representing machine gun fire. Controversies arise continually concerning those dead or wounded, due to the constant reappearing of supposedly prostrate warriors at their stations on the firing line.

At last as the group is gradually dispersed by urgent calls for dinner, my

thoughts turn to some of the boys my own age, who a few years ago were ardent "Cops and Robbers" enthusiasts, but have recently exchanged their toy weapons for the deadly implements of war. I find myself wondering if perhaps some of the enthusiasm and courage displayed by these boys might originally have been inspired through hours spent at games such as these. I decide that if these pastimes contribute such qualities, I shall gladly offer my backyard in order that they may be preserved.

Revelation In Discovery

KITTY DENBO

The green and amber patches of grass stretch from the sedate black enameled fence which envelopes the front yard to the sturdy, but well-loved back yard fence. This wrought iron guardian is fancifully decorated with sprigs of greenery and a few red berries which impart to it just a touch of dignified color and give the passerby an impression of loftiness. For it is the sentinel which stands guard against all intruders who might trespass into the private domain of liquid green velvet expanse.

Just inside the protecting line of defense, a carefree Sugar Maple has begun to display a few of its fall wardrobe selections. Becomingly gowned in russet with sequins of scarlet sprinkled carelessly at frequent intervals, it blends silently with the background of clouds, fleecy as cotton candy.

A gentle upward slope leads to the

previous site of the fruitless plum tree, now replaced by a spreading Rambler of unknown origin. Lengthy thorn tentacles seek new growth in their outward conquest.

A few steps to the left reveal the "Squirrels' Delight", a gnarled crab apple tree, so named because the neighborhood's furry, leaping creatures adopted it as their own sanctum. Although autumn has gently transformed this domineering patriarch into a handsome gentleman worthy of admiration, I think he realizes the chill winter snows will turn his majestic regalia into leafless boughs with an empty squirrels' nest as the simplest ornament to complement the wizened structure.

The northern boundary is formed by a row of poplar trees whose slender lithe bodies respond as slaves to their master, the wind's slightest command.