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 war-
riors at their stations on the firing line.

At last as the group is gradually dis-
persed 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 my-
self 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 back
yard 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 passer-
by an impression of loftiness. For it is the
sentinel which stands guard against all in-
truders who might trespass into the private
domain of liquid green velvet expanse.

Just inside the protecting line of de-
fense, a carefree Sugar Maple has begun
to display a few of its fall wardrobe selec-
tions. 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 squir-
rels’ nest as the simplest ornament to com-
plement the wizened structure.

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

(18)