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play. Much of it tended toward the feminine rather than the masculine. I chose dolls rather than mechanical toys (My father must have been disappointed). It was only after I was three years old, and braver, that I heroically took my red hatchet and chopped my doll until all the sawdust was lost. Again, not to be out-done by my sisters, I demanded a sun parasol equal to theirs in brightness. I received it and proudly walked to Sunday School with it over my head.

I had become thoroughly afraid of the many animals that lurked about my Grandfather Clark's barnyard, and thought my mother the safest refuge in the world from their bellowings and stares.

How well I remember the day I found out that the world was larger than our back yard and the one block to the "Store". Seeing my father walk north into "Nowhere" instead of south toward the store brought to me the realization