

BOB AND THE GUIDES

way I told it, but I'll do the best I can, only it's a good deal of work to write so much. Walter says my words are all wool and a yard wide, which he means to state, I suppose, that I use long ones. Well then, you see Walter took me up into camp in Canada last summer, to his club, where all the guides talk French, and I think that's a good deal of the reason he took me. I talk good French; I don't mean to brag, but I began when I was a child, about five, and I've lived in Paris a year, so I ought. But Walter talks the funniest French you ever heard, and lots of it, with a strong American accent. Anything that ends with "ong" goes. This is what he said to one of the guides:

"Si nous pouvons venons pendant le printemps, nous allons attraperons beaucoup de poissons." Now if anyone speaks French they will see that is funny. Walter pounds away at the guides like that and they never crack a smile, they're so polite, but I just squeal. So sometimes when he gets balled up worse than usual he's pretty glad of me to talk French for him, and I guess it's a relief to the guides too.