

## The Civil Years

his suspicion. It was put into his hand, the first stranger hand that ever held it; and the first cast showed that it was a worthy hand. The sea-trout were running that afternoon. Thirty years before, in that memorable visit to Scotland, he had been taken aside by "an old friend of his grandfather's." It was there he learned "to love the trooties." The love and the art never left him. It was at this same Orwell his brother first heard the world called to arms on that early August morning in 1914.

In those civil years there were, of course, diversions: visits to the United States and meetings with notable men—Welch, Futchter, Hurd, White, Howard, Barker: voyages to Europe with a detailed itinerary upon the record; walks and rides upon the mountain; excursion in winter to the woods, and in summer to the lakes; and one visit to the Packards in Maine, with the sea enthusiastically described. Upon those woodland excursions and upon many other adventures his companion is often referred to as "Billy T.," who can be no other than Lieut.-Col. W. G. Turner, "M.C."

Much is left out of the diary that we would wish to have recorded. There is tantalizing mention of "conversations" with Shepherd—with Roddick—with Chipman—with Armstrong—with Gardner—with Martin—with Moyse.