

Dear Father,

September

We are just back from fishing, John, Kathleen and myself. To reach the Island we had to cross several brooks, Kathleen was so scared I had to carry her on



my back; John was the coachman and drove the horse. We had great fun fishing for ants and this is how we did it: each of us had a big wooden knife and in the damp sand we traced, with the knife whatever we liked. I wrote