

Coming down from these heights was another story. One can see up much more easily than down, when clinging to a tree trunk. The distance down always appears much more hazardous than the distance up. I sometimes felt that trees stretched as we climbed. Standing in a safe crotch I could reach for a limb above, secure a good grasp and swing easily up to it. But coming down, I would hang from that same limb, with first one foot, then the other vainly seeking for a foothold below until I could have sworn there was nothing underneath but thin air.

The thick maples whose lower branches hung low over the sidewalks offered fine secret listening posts for children, of an evening. Lying flat on the limbs one could hear the conversation of passers-by for a long distance. It was wicked eavesdropping but the children thought it great fun, especially if they could startle a pair of lovers!

Teen-agers walked home from parties or church, with the boy's arm rather shyly around the girl's waist. A loud "Boo" from above would cause the pair to leap three feet apart as if a bomb had exploded, and the resultant laughter followed their embarrassed haste to the end of the street.

Once, however, the joke backfired. Three were concerned in this instance, perched at intervals in the thick foilage. The street was dark, there was no moon. Two strollers came along engaged in earnest conversation. By a prearranged agreement Number One gave the signal; Number Two and Three waited till the victims were directly below, then made a terrific din with cat calls and jeers. Unfortunately in the excitement Number Three lost her balance and came hurtling down, dragging Number Two with her. They fell