

we decided that it would be a good place to sleep in all night. So we put it into operation, but the charm faded soon after it became dark, and with so many possible bogies around, we thought it much safer to be in our beds in the house. I can recall that at that time the word bogy, put a lot of fear into us, and it was frequently used.

As children we were inclined to pair off. There was William & George. Then John and Joseph. Lancelot and myself. And my mate in mischief as well as in other things was Lance.

We were sometimes told to mind the cows in certain paddocks, after milking was finished in the morning. One night the cows had broken through from their proper place, and got into a field of oats & did considerable damage. As they had got an extra good feed and gorged themselves, one of them died soon after being removed. Father had the hide taken off the

animal, & left the carcass lying in the field for the time being, before being buried. This particular day, (we two) had to mind the cows in an adjoining field to the one, where the dead cow was lying.

Some time during the morning, we had a sort of brain wave, and we thought it would be great fun, if we let one of the other cows through to get at the dead one. We had an idea that she might make a little noise (Mayflower was the name of the chosen cow for the purpose) But who could ever imagine that one cow, after having such a big gorge the ~~for~~ the early morning, should have space enough left inside for all the noise that came out? We gently let her through a gap in the fence, and with a Bish and a Baa-a-a she made straight for the dead carcass, and before we could say Jack Robinson (although we didn't know him then) the whole of the cattle (about forty head) had rushed in also