

52 how to get some for them. This had happened on more than one occasion, but in the course of their waiting <sup>once</sup> outside for the usual supply to come, out rushed her father instead, and, what a scatter; He chased some of them for a quarter of a mile. I was only small at that time and he went for the bigger ones. There were no more berries forthcoming, nor waiting at the gap. Of Mrs Cunningham I remember going in to their yard at milking time when on my way home from school, and asking for a drink of new milk and she kindly gave it to me. In later years I got better acquainted with her, but a great change had come into her life. But what a long distance it seemed to be to the school. From one turn to another we seemed to know how we were getting on, as we came to each bend. We generally cut off as many corners as possible, by going across the neighbours paddock. But for certain we never ~~dash~~ dawdled whilst crossing the same Mrs Cunninghams

53 paddock, we always took a good look to see that the road was clear. We looked upon him as a very stern man, and a familiar expression of his was: "By the hockey!" And later I came to know him better and to consider that his bark was worse than the bite. I heard of him as once shewing a very reasonable attitude towards a servant girl they had in their employ. It was in the evening when the cows were being milked, that the cow being milked by the girl, kicked a bucketful of milk over. "Kiver it up, kiver it up quick, afore the old lady sees it." Presumably there was some one else that could bark as well as bite. Having been, comparatively recently over the old familiar grounds, I was much impressed to notice how short the distances seemed to be, How small the school ground. Why it seemed only a good "hop, step & jump" along the road to the old creek bed, where we used to play cricket