"Then, it's the same thing," she replied. And the clerk handed over the papers to her son, to be filled by him.

'Bee Bee la Truit'

The old tennis ball that was discarded by the grown-ups who played tennis when we were kids in 1920-1930 was still bouncy enough for the game we played called 'Bee Bee la truit,' I know not what it is called in English but for every player, usually three or four, there was a hole about three inches deep in the ground and someone at the end of the holes was elected to roll the ball over the group of holes so it would drop into one of the holes.

The players were assigned to a particular hole. They would wait until the ball landed and rested in the hole and if it happened to be his hole, the others were obliged to run and hide. Then, the person whose hole the ball had landed in would pick it up and try to hit the retreating player's backs with the old tennis ball. A quick player could sting the other retreating players, if he was fast enough and accurate enough.

This game is no longer played. Too cheap a toy. . . . for modern kids. It was fun, it hurt too.