

## Exercise B:

One summer, along about 1904, a camp was rented by my father on a lake in Maine, and we were taken there for the month of August. Ringworm was gotten from some kittens, and Pond's Extract had to be rubbed on our arms and legs night and morning, and a canoe was rolled over in by my father with all his clothes on; outside of that the vacation was thought to be a success, and from then on it was thought that there was no place like that Lake in Maine. It was returned to summer after summer--always on the first of August for one month. Since then a salt-water man has been made out of me, but sometimes in summer I am made to wish for the placidity of a lake in the woods by the restlessness of the tides and the fearful cold of the seawater in the afternoon and evening, which is blown across by the incessant wind. A few weeks ago this feeling was experienced by me so strongly that a couple of bass hooks and a spinner were bought and the lake that used to be visited by us was returned to by me for a week's fishing to be done and for old haunts to be revisited.

--adapted from "Once More to the Lake," by E. B. White.

(Forgive, me, Mr. White, for the stylistic blasphemy I have made of your work.)