

## EMBARRASSING MOMENTS --I

I was always extravagantly fond of horses. Mr. Rhodes, the kindly farmer living on South Main, made a practice of buying up young colts in the spring, fattening them up during the summer, perhaps breaking them in to saddle or harness, then selling them to eastern markets by the car-load lot in the fall.

For several years Mr. Rhodes made a practice of letting me have a horse during the summer vacation for its "keep." The "keep" was easy: we had a large barn left over from pioneer farm days; buggy, saddle and harness. Feed was cheap and I cared for the horse myself.

The horses ranged from huge farm animals to the dainty pacer-- "Walpurga." Regardless of size, color, disposition or training I loved every one of them. Some of the happiest hours I ever knew in my teenage years were spent riding or driving about the country side. I frequently took older people for rides: semi-invalids who had no other diversions.

I once counted up over fifteen hundred miles covered in a summer. That's a lot of mileage for a horse and buggy!

One day I took the "rig" to visit a friend in Charlotte. She enjoyed driving as much as I. For several days we spent nearly all of the daylight hours in the carriage visiting distant friends or spots of beauty.

When time came to leave I walked over to the livery barn to have the horse hitched up ready for the trip home. The waiting was enlivened by several young stable boys--nice youngsters--who were earning pin-money by working during the school vacation.