

However, I have not forgotten the bitterness with which I viewed my escort of the evening--he was leader of the winning team! I informed him in frigid terms that I could go home alone, which I proceeded to do.

Although the way lay along darkened streets for several blocks, pride and indignation banished fear until I was within a short distance of our yard. Then, without a sound of warning, an enormous black shape leaped over the fence and jumping on my back, grabbed me around the neck. I was completely paralyzed. Stories I had heard of throat slitting prowlers, of unwary females attacked on dark corners by murderous assailants, flashed with lightning speed through my mind.

Finally I recovered breath enough to give a mighty yell, which was immediately answered by a friendly and familiar "Woof-woof" as our neighbor's big Saint Bernard jumped again to lick my face and display his pleasure at this late and unexpected encounter. I was so limp with relief I could scarcely walk the rest of the way home.

I sank on the steps of the front "stoop" and lived over the events of the evening. To lose that debate was almost unbearably humiliating---but I wish I could remember which won--the Horse or the Cow.

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