

the pickets are completely smooth; on the other, there is a horizontal bar to which the pickets are attached. To climb over, one has to start from the bar side; stand on the bar, calculate the distance, poise for the leap, the hands held lightly on the tips of the pickets at each side, then spring quickly over to the ground. If you think it is easy, try it once!

I had become rather skilled at this operation--and it probably made me a little careless. So once when I started over, I either didn't jump high enough or the breeze blew my skirt down. Anyway, instead of landing on the ground, my panties caught on the pickets and there I hung suspended--on the smooth side--my feet and arms flailing, unable to give any help at all. No one was in sight to see my humiliating, desperate struggles. After an interminable period, a man who lived down the street came by on his way to town. My pride demanded that I let him pass by, unknowing--but realizing I might be hung up for hours, pride succumbed to necessity and I gave a feeble call for help.

He reached me quickly, a curious expression passing over his face. (Maybe I was overly suspicious!) Fortunately he was tall, so could lift me by no means inconsiderable weight high off the pickets and over! He held his lips very tightly together while I thanked him before running home. I am sure, however, he made the most of the story to his cronies later in the day!

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Bitsy Williams was our household cat. Bitsy had a new