

marriage, even if it lasted only a year....

Mr. and Mrs. John Rhodes

Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes lived on a large farm at the edge of town. Mr. Rhodes bought young horses in the spring, fattened them on his rich pastures all summer and sold them to eastern markets in the fall.

Having no children of their own Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes "adopted" for the day various village children; let them roam the farm orchards, ride the horses and drink the rich milk and cream from the dairy. I was one of the fortunate ones to be included in this list.

Mr. Rhodes was an expert horseman. In spite of his huge size and great weight, he could ride any horse bareback. He "broke" his young horses to ride or drive. His handling of the skittish young creatures was an artistic performance comparable to that of any wild animal trainer in a circus ring.

On his long drives around the country to buy hay or stock, Mr. Rhodes often let me accompany him. There I had my first lessons in driving a team. He was patient and thorough, allowing me to cope with emergencies, directing me with his voice quietly, but not seizing the reins. I think learning to drive a fast spirited team required as much skill as operating an automobile does today. At least, now, one knows what a machine will do but there is no predicting an animal's mood!

My most exciting experience on these trips was passing an immense, red, throbbing, clanging threshing machine which seemed