

to fill the entire narrow country roadway.

The horses stood on their hind legs, danced, pranced, snorted with fear, their eyes bulging and nostrils red; then, the monster safely passed, they dropped down on all fours, seized the bit in their teeth and ran like "blazes."

My brain whirled, my heart raced, my arms were pulled nearly out of their sockets---but I held on....

When we were back to normal Mr. Rhodes would give a pleased little chuckle: "You'll make a real driver some day!"

For several years Mr. Rhodes allowed me to use one of his horses during the summer for its "keep." My grandmother's home had in the early days, been a farm. The barns and granaries still stood; there was plenty of space and food for a horse.

Some of the happiest days of my life were spent riding and driving about the country side. I had many adventures--such as being thrown out of the saddle five miles from home, and having to walk back in my "gym bloomers" (we didn't have riding breeches), to the undisguised amusement of all the farmer lads going to work; of slipping off the back of an enormous farm horse, just as his huge foot came down, miraculously not stepping on me, but scraping the skin off my leg from knee to sole; of missing a nasty bite on the shoulder by a hair's breadth--my blouse was ripped to pieces.

But these were minor issues compared to the delights of riding or driving a real horse during the long lazy summer days.

The last time I saw Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes was at my wedding. During the ceremony the village firebell rang. I was told later that the Rhodes' home was on fire. He had come to the wedding on crutches, due to a sprained ankle. Out of the corner of my eyes