
when "Blossom" as she was so ludicrously named, started out at a trot, I felt as if any minute would find me under her corns. But nay, not having any idea that there was any such a thing as "posting to a trot" I continued to be "jiggled". I got through that first hour which left me weak with excitement and made up my mind that I had never had such a glorious time.

During the next few months I almost drove my family mad, as I took weekly lessons and marveled over each one for seven days afterward.

With all my lessons I still rode "Blossom" (her corns had been removed) to the mingled amusement and disgust of my family. Finally, (two months ago) not being able to bear the teasing of my family, I called the riding master to tell him I wished to ride another horse. Imagine my feelings when he said, "I wondered when you were going to start to ride a horse".

I went to the stable the next Sunday morning and there was "Tapo", the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. Four years old, a shining bay with a beautiful neck, he was divine. All went well until I started to mount him. He reared and plunged, kicked, started into the stable and kicked over the mounting block. Then I decided he was aptly named "Tapo," meaning "Devil." I don't know yet where I got the courage to mount him but I did, and for the first half mile I experienced the same sensations as I had on Blossom that first day. I finally got on to his trot and then followed the grandest ride I had ever had. From that day on, he has been my horse. When I'm at the stable, no one else saddles him, no one waters him and I alone feed him his lumps of sugar.

He leaves nothing to be desired in a horse—in fact "he's swell."

On Being Called Miss Soehner

Betty Lee Soehner

It is doubtful if I shall ever get used to being called Miss Soehner. Such liberation from the ranks of being just another Betty is overwhelming. When one is the baby of an entire family, it is indeed a new distinction to be honored by this title.

Aside from being treated continually as an infant by a patronizing sister, scarcely two years my senior, I have always had the great misfortune to look several years younger than I am. Indeed, when I bought my graduation dress last June, the saleslady solicitously inquired, "And is it for high school or grade school, my dear?" So, strange as it may seem, the form of grown up address is balm to my wounded sense of dignity.

When one has an older sister, introductions are made difficult. Usually, it is just Betty or, as in one never-to-be-forgotten incident when I was making a particular effort to be dignified, "Miss Soehner's sister".

Little does it matter to me that few of my teachers can pronounce the difficult name. I am used to that. I will answer to almost any spluttering or choking on the part of the professor as he gazes at the class with roving eye to discover which individual should have such a terrible appellation.

Still, it is with a distinct sense of shock and a moment's pause before I can summon my energy to answer "here" to that dignified, elevated, grown-up form of address, Miss Soehner.