
HORSE TAILS

By AYELTEN

Dear Mother,

Alberta, Glen and I had such a nice ride last Sunday! We must have gone a good 20 miles, and that little Sam was just as fresh and spunky when we arrived home as when we left. It wasn't quite as hot as it had been so was really a pleasure.

I had called Alberta to see if she would ride and getting no answer I just started in the general direction of their farm . . . only about a mile away. When I forded the Creek, Sam went kiting along with his long tail snapping in the air and rounding the old farmhouse I found my two friends saddling their Quarter horses for a ride.

In no time at all the horses were digging their feet in for the stiff climb directly opposite Alberta's home farm. At the top of the hill was a straight stretch and then we went down again . . . our trails are precipitous around here and I believe Sammy sometimes wishes he were back near Boston as we never go on much level ground around here . . . just up and down. Past the big dairy we rode, and another bad pitch we had to climb. It was fortunate that the day wasn't as hot as some of them as the horses were puffing a wee bit when we got to the top.

Out here in the country we are located about 10 miles away from the city, but today we felt like riding so much and the horses seemed fresher too, so we rode clear to the top of Mt.

Joar which at a clearing gives us an over look view of Elmira and the Chemung River.

Since we were then a long ways from home we decided to call on friends that we hadn't seen in a long time. Dairy farmers are just often too busy for much visiting so we guessed at the location of the farm and headed that way via a shortcut. It had been almost five years since I had taken this particular trail so when Alberta led off through the woods, I followed, unsure. Of course the trail was a mere impression in the underbrush and with Sam blasting into it a couple of times to keep up, I soon found my hair all tangled and I was howling for mercy. I really believe if it is shorter and pleasanter by the road, Alberta will everytime take you around a mile out of your way through the roughest country available. I wonder if she is expecting one of my little Morgans to quit when she does that? We ended up in such a fierce tangle of brush that we dismounted and were eventually stopped by barbed wire. Walking along the fence we found a spot that we could cross. Alberta's horse is like our old Polly and has a lot of sense about wire . . . I didn't want to take any chances with Sam so the other two stepped on each end of the wire as I led my gelding over it. We then mounted up and rode across a very stony field.

We soon arrived at the Larkey's. They were milking so we tied our 3 horses outside and went in to see the little bay mare they kept for a cowhorse and fence riding duties . . . pleasure riding was not a thing they had time for. Bill hollered at us to come watch the kitties . . .

"Watch the cat and that old cow." Larkey said.

We all looked at the contented Holstein he had just removed the milking rig from. Sure enough, right alongside of her sat a kitty . . . waiting. The farmer explained that the cow had one leaky valve and in a few minutes the milk began to come in droplets. The cat had cautiously taken a position beneath the cow's belly and was maneuvering into position to get the milk . . . each time the cow moved her foot or tail the cat moved. Soon the persistent cat was in a half sitting position with her head turned up where milk was coming from the cow's udder in nearly a steady string . . . as fast as it dripped the cat swallowed . . . milk foamed over her whiskers and she shut her eyes and drank. For a few moments the kitty was busy as the plentiful supply of goodness poured into her tummy . . . then as the slackening off happened the cat—standing upright on her hind legs with front paws curled up like a begging Daushundt—cleaned and polished away the last droplet. We laughed and enjoyed the little episode so much.

Again we mounted our horses and as daylight was fading we arrived home after a pleasant day with our horses and friends.

Your loving daughter,
