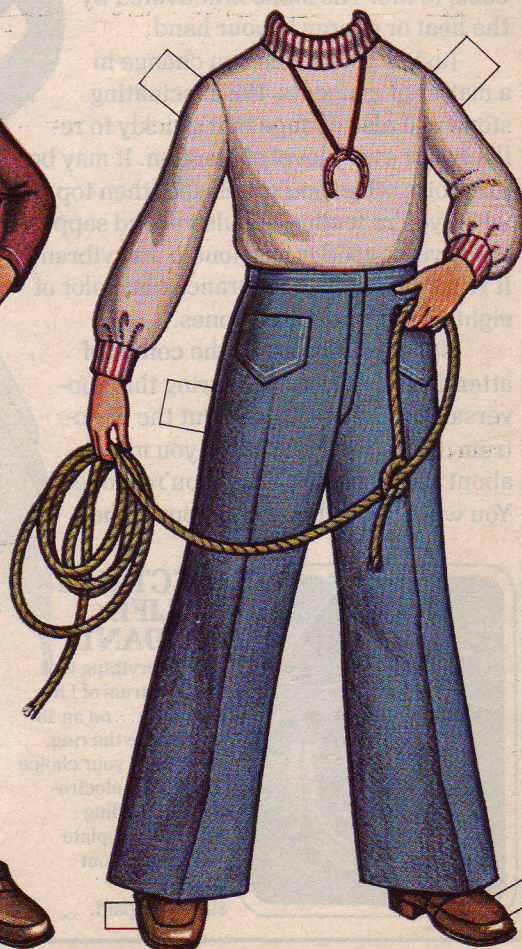
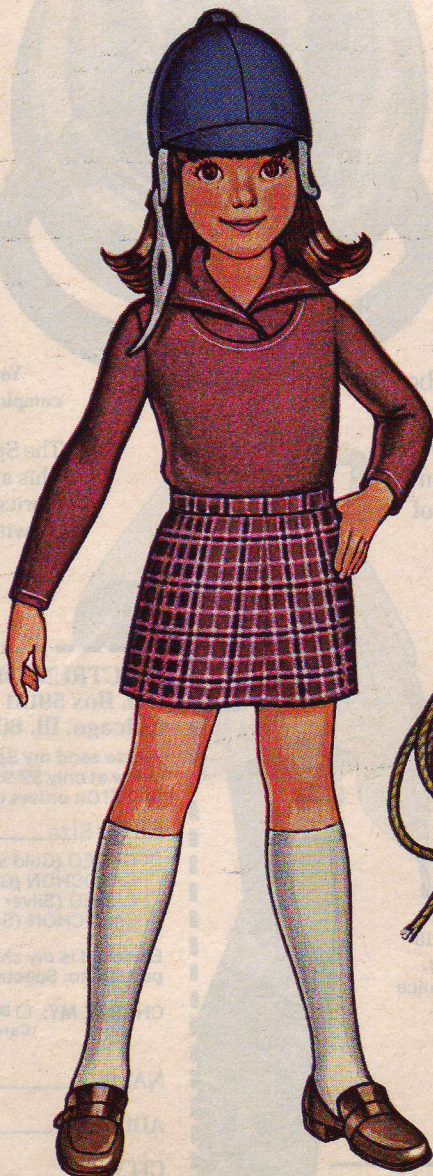
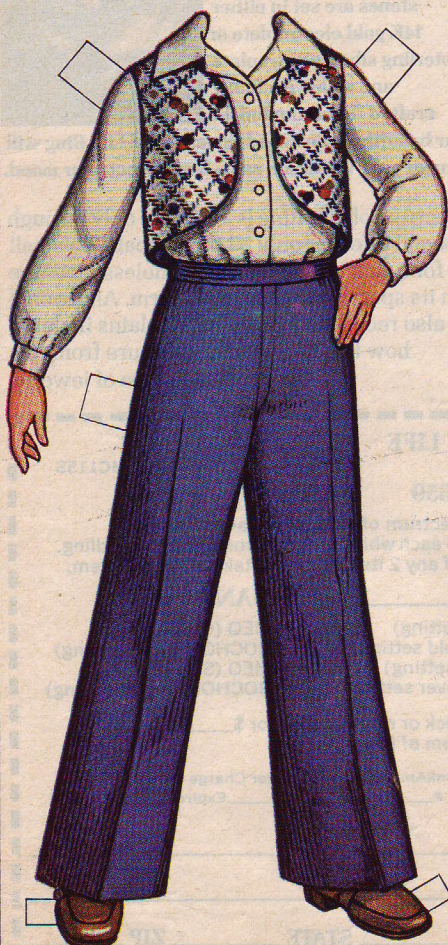


I ache from my nose to my toes, but I've never been happier—*me* actually on a horse! Before my first lesson, my teacher called to say, "Wear your jeans, sweater and shoes with heels. *No sneakers ever.* I have a hard hat for you—no rider rides without one!" First thing, I was introduced to Reo, a gorgeous horse. "Pat him. Show him you're his friend," she said. "But you're the boss. By your signals you give him orders. If the reins are too tight he'll toss his head to tell you *it hurts.* If they're too loose, he won't

## BETSY LEARNS TO RIDE

move. When he starts moving, you can relax the reins a bit." I mounted Reo and his back looked simply *enormous!* "Good boy, Reo," I quavered, and we began to move, my teacher leading him by a rope. "Look straight ahead, not down," she commanded. "Good boy," I said to Reo (*good Betsy, said I to me.*) I began feeling surer, and then just *great.* "Hour's up," she called suddenly, and came toward me grinning, *without the rope.* And only then did I realize that I was riding on my own! With Reo's help, of course!



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