

TO HAINES POINT AND BACK

The "Dougle X" (or was it the "Lazy Susan") Riding Academy was within a stone's throw of the Potomac, listlessly winding its sullied way towards the Bay, and, therefore, often the evening sortie of the stable was to Haines Point.

My first venture in that trail was my second time "up" on a horse. The day before I had been led on a fifteen minute ride but not entrusted with the reins, presumably in case the horse ran away with me rather than for the opposite reason.

Now after being pushed abroad I was about to join a group of seasoned riders on a five mile jaunt. Cool fingers held Barney's reins. On introduction neither of us had been impressed by the other although I was amazed at his height for I seemed to be a long, long way from the hard, hard ground.

The riding master on his white horse led the long line of riders off, with a nod in my direction to one of the outriders. It was reassuring to know that I would be picked up if I became unperched.

While the others trotted and cantered I bounced in a sort of abandoned out-of-sequence way so that Barney met me half way joltingly. Fortunately each time I was three joggles from free flight, the group slowed for a walk and I was able to regain both my seat and composure. It was a long, long trail.

The return was an anticlimax. My bouncing had lessened considerably. Even with the problem of trying to keep Barney from overriding the rest of the group in his homeward flight, I was able to admire the lawn vistas, the lazy roll of the river and the sure seat of the rider ahead.

Back at the stable, I slipped from the saddle, made my good evenings and walked home on legs that seemed troubled with the flatness of the sidewalk. A half hour's tubbing was an elixir. The next evening I was ready for Haines Point again. My fellow travellers were kind enough not to comment on my initial high flying gait. I soon realized that the dusty trail provided a cover for practically anything. I remember on one occasion when there seemed to be commotion ahead, an outrider's reply to my query of "What's up?" was "Oh Hannon is hootin and hollering it up".

Barney became a good friend, through many rides to the Point and wild dashes through the dusk from Rock Creek to the Zoo. We never parted company mid-ride, although a few of the group were able to do so and sometimes it seemed an immediate possibility for me.

Ian McGilpin

FREEDOMS IN THE MATTER OF RELIGION.

To learn and to teach

To found and to preach

To express your conviction

Without any constriction

Nor suffer grief

For religious belief

To pray as you think

Without raising a stink

To kneel or to stand

As your feelings demand

To sing a hymn

Or to run a gym

To have permission

To start a mission

Regardless of parity

Between school and charity

To enjoy every right

To liturgical rite

To become congregation

Without segregation