

## *If you don't want to get did, don't go among the doers.*

Many years ago when the Hunt was just a few years old, we had just begun doing the regular schedule of workdays on the third Saturday of every off season month. This was about 1973, when the red foxes were abundant and the coyotes were only something we saw on Western movies and in National Geographic - the Hunt territory was much smaller - less than 10,000 acres.

In those days that was a large Hunt country. The old Hunt Barn was Mr. Pete Knox's Seymour Stables on US 78 and Stagecoach Road. Workdays began and ended there like they do now at our current Hunt Barn. Well, in those days workdays meant all day - not just until 1:00 p.m. We had lunch at 1:00 p.m. and everyone went back to the woods until about 4:00 or 5:00 p.m. and then on the hot workdays, Mr. Pete would invite us to his pool.

In those days a pool was a real novelty and special treat. On this particular day, I got to the pool late as usual and just intended to visit a few minutes and go home. Well the BMH crowd, being the fun lovers that they were and are to this day, grabbed me and threw me in the pool - clothes, wallet and all (no cell phones back then, thank goodness). I was incensed. My new watch was ruined. My \$21 in my wallet was soaking wet. And I had a bad attitude about what my so called BMH friends had done to me. How dare they throw me in as hard as I had been working - and ruin my watch and wallet.

For some reason, Unit 1 had left Workday before I got to the pool and came on home to Pine Top. When I got home, Mother met me at the door and I explained to her how unfair it all was. Being the sympathetic soul that she is, she agreed with her youngest, and went to help me tell Unit 1 all about it. He listened calmly to our combined version and our outrage. He thought about it a moment and said, "If you don't want to get did, don't go among the doers." And he turned and walked away.

That made me angry with him - for not taking my side. But he was right. Within a few days I had to admit that he was right even though I hated doing it. The Belle Meaders were my friends and I should have been a much better sport about the whole thing. I realized that they were just trying to include me in the fun.



Since that day I have recounted that story to myself hundreds of times - particularly listening to the local morning news. We hear that so and so was robbed or mugged or their windshield broken out at 2:00 a.m. on Saturday morning on the worst street in town just outside the worst club in town. When I hear that I am truly sorry it happened, but I hear my father's words, "If you don't want to get did, don't go among the doers."

He was right. As usual.

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*There is something about the outside of a horse that is good for the inside of a man.*

*- Sir Winston Churchill*