

# THE PACER

## CHAPTER 18

By DAVID PARAMORE

I was just about a mile from home. I started walking up the dirt road that led to our house. When I was almost there, one of my neighbors stopped to greet me, as she had recognized me.

The neighbor, an older lady named Helton, was actually part of our extended family. One of my first cousins had married her youngest son, so we all attended each other's family reunions.

Mrs. Helton asked me if I wanted a lift up to our gate and I told her no, it would be more effort loading and unloading that duffel bag than to just carry it a while longer. Thanks anyway! We talked a minute a longer and she told me it seemed like just yesterday that both of her sons had returned from WWII, even though it had been over 20 years.

I guess, as Mr. Einstein had said, time was irrelevant! Mrs. Helton welcomed me home again and drove on up the lane toward her house. I walked to my gate, which was only about a hundred yards further.

Upon reaching the gate, I lifted the chain, swung the gate open just enough to let myself in and looped the chain back over the post. We had cows in the pasture and if you forgot to close the gate they would be

house and a drive-over cattle gap around back. Everyone would drive around back, cross the cattle gap and just park in the yard under one of the big oaks.

I let myself in the walk-in gate and made sure it was latched. Letting the cows in to eat my mom's flowers would be worse than letting them out on the road!

We lived on 160 acres of mostly pastureland. It was a small farm that my mom and dad had bought before the second world war. The three-bedroom house we called home had been completed in the late 40s and had been kept in good repair.

My mom and dad both worked. My dad operated heavy equipment for a large rock quarry located in the county. Being a part-time farmer kept my dad busy. Most days he was up early to look after the 60 head or so of cows roaming the place. Then, it was off to his day job, where he worked all day before coming home around five every evening.

The next day, it all started over again. My mom, who taught school, was normally home between four and five p.m. every day and started supper shortly after. My sister, my only sibling, had graduated high school last year and was attending junior

college. She wanted to study nursing and had her sights set on becoming a registered nurse.

It was just past noon when I got the key from under the front mat and let myself into the house. I would have the house to myself for the rest of the afternoon, until my mom or sister showed up.

I put my duffel bag in my room and went into the kitchen to see what I could find to eat. I found most of a ham steak that my mom must have cooked for supper last night and made a sandwich with two slices of bread from a half loaf that was in the bread box. After helping myself to a glass of sweet tea that was in the fridge, I went and got a shower.

Our house only had one bathroom, which was located in the hall. My mom had been talking to my dad about adding another one for several years. My dad always would say, "We can talk about that after the place is paid off." I think that was still about five years down the road!

I got out of the shower and put on civilian clothes for the first time since I was in Australia, three months ago. My old Levi's were a little loose due to the weight that I had lost after being inducted into the army. I weighed about 175 pounds when I was sworn in and lost about 15 pounds during basic and AIT. I had lost another 10 or so pounds during my time in Vietnam. I guess I weighed about 150 pounds by the time I

was back stateside. I found a t-shirt and tennis shoes in my closet and went out to the barn. It might still be cold in Vermont at this time of year but where we were in Florida it was into the upper 70s.

Our barn was set back from the house a good 100 yards or so and was surrounded by its own fence. You could drive right into the barnyard, crossing another cattle gap. There was also a metal gate that could be opened to get one of the horses out. Horses were not much better at crossing the cattle gaps than cows were.

Cattle gaps were made by constructing a metal frame some 12 to 15 feet by eight feet, then placing three-inch pipes spaced about six inches apart the long way. When the frame was placed in an opening in the fence over a hole that was dug out about two feet deep, cattle and horses would not cross it. One could then drive a truck or tractor over it without getting out to open a gate.

I went into the lot and got a little sweet feed in a plastic bucket to look for the horses. We had two on the place, a 10-year-old mare named "Blaze" and a chestnut gelding that was a couple of years younger named "Doc." Sweet feed was the easiest way to catch them. The horses were normally out in one of the pastures with the cows. I did not want to walk around all afternoon looking for them, so I looked for something to drive. It would either be our old truck or

the tractor. We had an old flatbed truck that my father had purchased used some 10 years prior to haul feed and supplies. It was a 1951 ford with the V8 flathead engine. I knew it would start as my father serviced and maintained all of the family's cars and trucks. He sure was an excellent mechanic.

I put the bucket with the sweet feed in the truck and started driving around the farm. Chester had followed me out to the barn and as soon as he heard the old truck start up, he jumped up onto the back bed.

I soon spotted the horses over in our second pasture and drove over to the fence. I did not open the gate because the horses had spotted the truck and began to head my way. I got the bucket of feed out and fed each a good mouthful as I scratched their heads. The horses acted much as Chester had earlier. If they knew I had been away they did not let on. They just ate their sweet feed and went off cropping grass.

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**Editor's Note: How does the story end?** You can find out by picking up a copy of "The Pacer" by local author David Paramore from the Book Mart or purchase on Amazon as a paperback or Kindle e-book download, with all proceeds going to support the expansion of Point of Grace (POG) Christian School. Kindle Unlimited members can download the book for free. Visit [www.thepacerstory.com](http://www.thepacerstory.com) for more information.

## LEGALS

(continued from page 10)

VIN#: 2G1FS1EW6D176885  
 NOTICE OF ACTION  
 TO: CHASITY KIMBERLY PRIDGEON AND/OR JEREMY TAYLOR TOMALEWSKI, LAST KNOWN REGISTERED OWNER  
 YOU ARE NOTIFIED THAT AN ACTION OF ESTABLISHMENT OF OWNERSHIP OF PERSONAL PROPERTY DESCRIBED AS A 2013 CHEVROLET CAMARO, VIN NUMBER IS 2G1FS1EW6D176885, AND LOCATED AT 11010 RED WATER LAKE RD, GREENVILLE, FL 32331, HAS BEEN FILED AGAINST YOU AND YOU ARE REQUIRED TO SERVE A COPY OF YOUR WRITTEN OBJECTIONS, IF ANY, TO RILEY JAMES PRIDGEON WHOSE ADDRESS IS 11010 RED WATER LAKE RD, GREENVILLE, FL 32331, ON OR BEFORE SEPTEMBER 22, 2021, AND FILE THE ORIGINAL WITH THE CLERK OF THIS COURT AT: PO BOX 620, PERRY FL 32348, BEFORE SERVICE ON PETITIONER OR IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER. IF YOU FAIL TO DO SO, A DEFAULT MAY BE ENTERED FOR THE RELIEF DEMANDED IN THE PETITION. WITNESS MY HAND AND SEAL OF THIS COURT ON THE 26TH DAY OF AUGUST, 2021, AT TAYLOR COUNTY, FLORIDA.  
 GARY KNOWLES  
 CLERK OF CIRCUIT COURT  
 By: LEIGH ANN GRUBBS  
 DEPUTY CLERK

**FICTITIOUS NAME**  
 Notice Under Fictitious Name Law Pursuant to Section 865.09, Florida Statutes  
 NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, desiring to engage in business under the fictitious name of Perry Oaks Health Care, located at 207 Marshall Drive, in the County of Taylor, in the City of Perry, Florida 32347 intends to register the said name with the Division of Corporations of the Florida Department of State, Tallahassee, Florida. Dated at Perry, Florida, this 31st day of August 2021.  
 Name of Owner: Perry Facility Operations, LLC

**Notice of Intention to Register Fictitious Name**  
 TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, pursuant to the fictitious name statute, Chapter 20953 or Section 865.09, Florida of State, Corporation Division, Tallahassee, Florida, upon receipt of proof of publications of this notice the fictitious name, to-wit: Steinhatchee A & O Properties: under which we/I will engage in business. i/we expect to engage in business in Perry, Florida and our address is: 71st Ave. SE, Steinhatchee, FL 32359: The extent of ownership is: Valena Driggers.  
**Notice is hereby given** that JORY

LAMONT LOCKHART, YORI EL BEY, OWNERS, desiring to engage in business under the fictitious name of JORY LAMONT LOCKHART located at 900 E PECAN ST, STE 300-175, PFLUGERVILLE, TEXAS 78660 intends to register the said name in TAYLOR county with the Division of Corporations, Florida Department of State, pursuant to section 865.09 of the Florida Statutes.

**Notice is hereby given** that YORI EL BEY, JORY LAMONT LOCKHART JR, OWNERS, desiring to engage in business under the fictitious name of JORY LAMONT LOCKHART JUNIOR located at 900 E PECAN ST, STE 300-175, PFLUGERVILLE, TEXAS 78660

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**Notice is hereby given** that YASMINE BEY, JADE RENEE LOCKHART, OWNERS, desiring to engage in business under the fictitious name of JADE RENEE LOCKHART located at 900 E PECAN ST, STE 300-175, PFLUGERVILLE, TEXAS 78660 intends to register the said name in TAYLOR County with the Division of Corporations, Florida Department of State, pursuant

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LOCKHART located at 900 E PECAN ST, STE 300-175, PFLUGERVILLE, TEXAS 78660 intends to register the said name in TAYLOR County with the Division of Corporations, Florida Department of State, pursuant to section 865.09 of the Florida Statutes.

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