STANDING HITCHED TO A PARKING METER, as calmly as you please and with as much dignity as could be mustered under the circumstances, is this old Creole horse. The owner, a tall Negro man, had driven up in the buggy last Sunday morning in downtown Opelousas. Parking quite properly, he looped a rope rein around the parking meter post, and sauntered into the drug store. He had completed the rein-tying before we could stop the car and point the camera. His dark hat and legs are just visible above and below the horse's neck, entering the store.

This is no longer an everyday incident in Opelousas. But it happens now and then, often enough to be unremarkable -- a utilitarian horse and buggy on a business errand in town in the year 1962, the year of the Dawn of the Space Age.

We part reluctantly with old ways and customs in these parts, and so the horse and buggy still operates here -- but, as the picture clearly shows, just barely.