

further I would never have returned from that dangerous place.

That was a memorable experience - an experience I shall never forget.

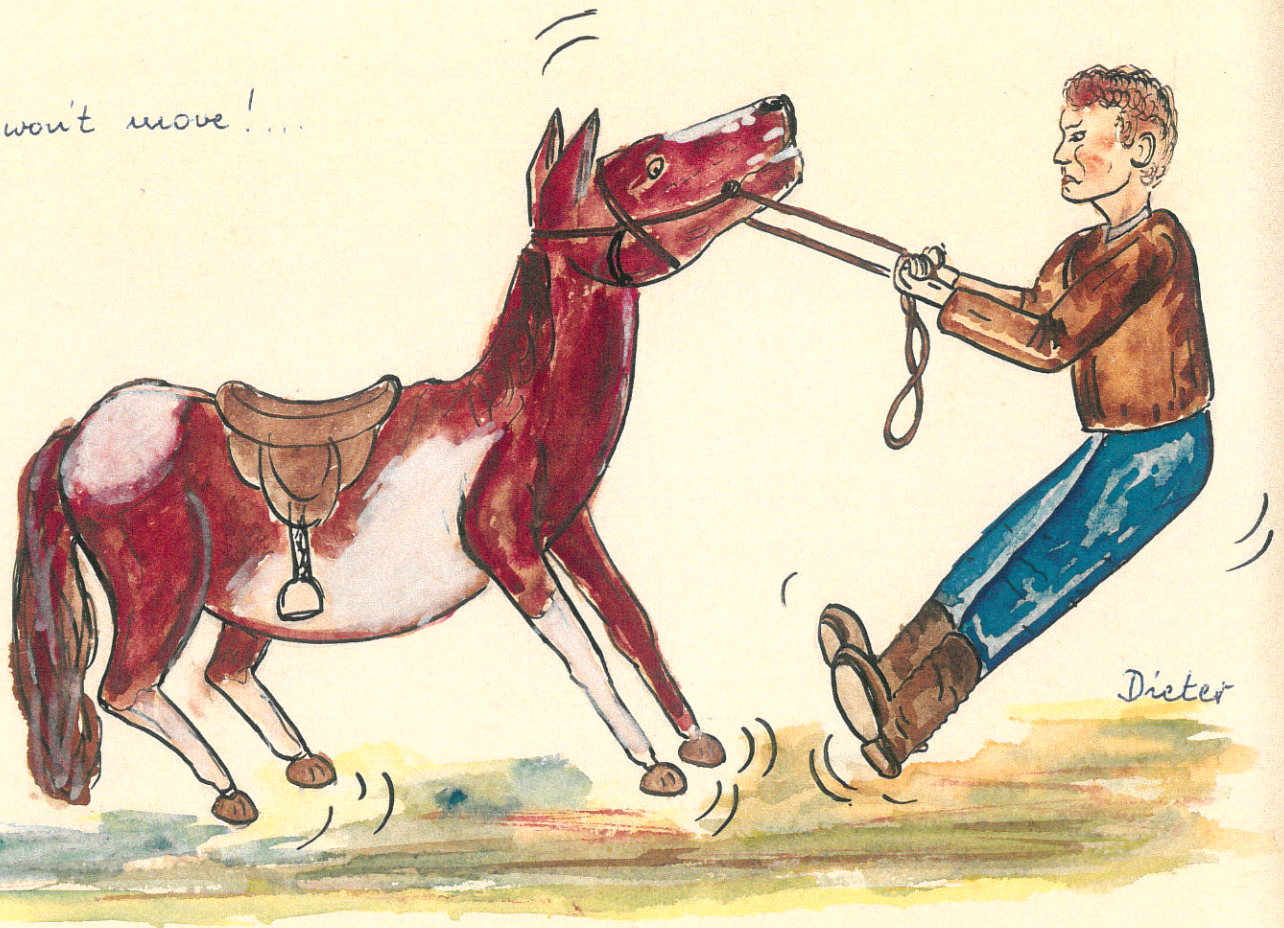
Dietmar Nickel

One Friday morning at Crauborne we were allowed to ride where we wanted in small groups without the instructor. We were very happy and after a few minutes no horse was to be seen in the yard.

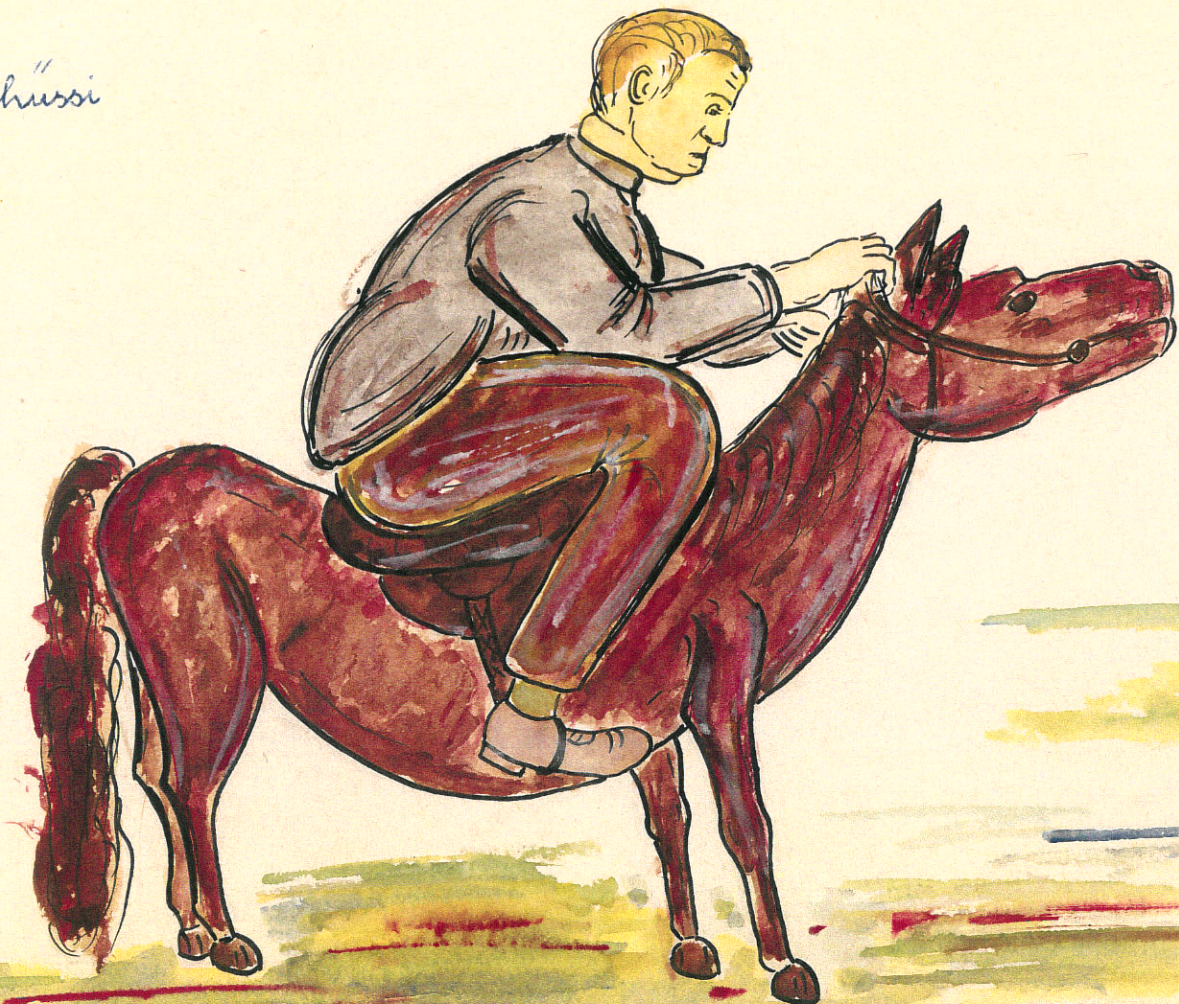
I rode a little on the road, and then Herbert and I turned right and went across a meadow. After a few minutes the ground became dry and we saw little bushes and trees. He trotted up and down hills across the country. After an hour my horse stopped. Warrior too. I kicked Danny on, but he would not go. I shortened the reins. He stopped. I got off and tried to pull him forward. He stood straight and didn't move a single step. I tried to pull him back. He didn't move. I pushed him into the left side. Nothing happened. I got on. Herbert said: "I cannot understand that. Warrior doesn't move either." I said: "I'll try once more." Then I shortened the reins and kicked him hard into his right side, and, oh wonder, he went on. He trotted straight across a ditch and, after a moment, he stopped again. The same happened again and then we saw why. On the right hand side the ground was wet. On the left the little way led to the road which ran to the horse stables. The horses tired and they knew the way to the stables so well, that we couldn't get them another way, because it was a wrong one, which led into the dangerous bogs, covered with white flowers.

By Dieter Jahn

... Danny won't move! ...



Schüssi



Mex

I think, I have had many nice experiences, but I can only tell one of them.

It was on Friday, the second of June, the last day of the Riding Course in Mannington. After the Captain had taken us from the Youth Hostel to Crauborne, we rode the horses to the stables and brushed and combed them.

Then we could start to the first ride alone, without the Captain or Lindy, always two and two together. It was wonderful, when I hadn't to care for the others, and hadn't to keep the line. I went away from the road, and rode into a forest, where I let trot my horse "Thunder." After that cross-country-ride, I went back to the road, crossed it and found a little path, which was about a mile long, where I let my horse canter. I rode this way three or four times, and then it was time to ride back.

In the afternoon, we went to the meadow, where we wanted to jump. As I had fallen down when jumping on one of the other rides some days before, I was a little bit afraid. But after I had seen the others jumping, I tried too, and found it to be so wonderful that I didn't know, why I had not wanted to jump before. I did it several times that last day.

Only too soon the Riding Course was finished.

By Horst Schüßler

„Thunder“ im Einsatz. Armer Schüssi!



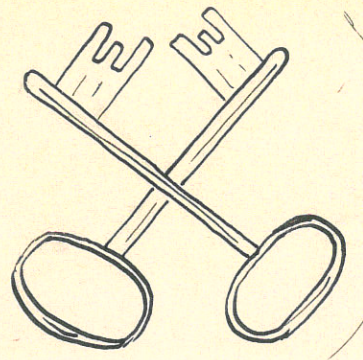
During the gunkhana.



One of my nicest experiences was the party given by our riding-teacher after finishing our riding course he invited us to a pub near by. We got a big glass of beer or cider. Mr. Doyle-Ditmas told us that the cider was strong and intoxicating. We should not drink so quickly because we would get drunk. But nobody paid attention. After the first glass our state of mind was somewhat funny. Mr. Suckles performed a dance like a Russian, but soon he was exhausted and fell to the ground. This was the signal for the other boys to show their strength. They made a "Catch-as-Catch-can" Other boys ran against one another hopping on one leg. Between these work-fights we ate "Hot Dogs" with rolls. Soon the second glass of beer or cider was brought. The keeper was better than ever before. Some of us were a little bit tipsy. Now we started to sing at full strength. Everybody tried to make a loud and funny noise or song. But soon we had to go home.

Because some boys said I was drunk I thought to myself, "I will show them how tight I am". I asked Martin to help me get in the horse-box. Before that we had given three cheers for the captain. When I was in the horse-box I stumbled to one corner like a drunken sailor. Then I fell down to the ground like a sack of potatoes. They all laughed at me, because they thought that I was really drunk. Now some silly fools put the straw which was in the cat over my face so that I could hardly breathe. They all said: "Look how tight he is", or "Why did he drink so much", or "Such a baby!"

When I heard this I could not help laughing. Now Martin and I raised me and supported me. I always tried to fall down to the ground



Lucks' Russian Dance



... I stumbled to one corner like a drunken sailor...

M

Pibus

Suddenly they decided to give me a severe flogging to make me sober again.

But I was lucky they thought better of it.

When we arrived at the "youth hostel" I jumped up and laughed at them.

Now it was their turn to look foolish.

By Wolfgang Specht

Wenn wir zurückgefahren wurden, hätte man keinem einigermaßen kultivierten Menschen zugemutet, sich die Konversationen einiger schwerlich am Achtersteven Beschädigten anzuhören: „Oah, wenn ich mich bücke...“, „Uuh, mein..., ganz schön wund...“, „Und meiner erst...“... Zu Hause waren alle schnell verschwunden. Der Hirschtalg, der Puder kam zur Geltung!!!! Dann wurde auf das Essen gewartet. Wehe dem, der falschen Alarm gab! Mit Bärentungen wurde schulichst das Abendbrot erwartet.

Am nächsten Morgen ging es wieder mit neuer Lust und Laune, mit durch den Schlaf neuerworbenener Kraft und frischem Mut los. Aber es wurde nicht nur geritten, sondern uns wurde mal an einer Stute das Pferd allgemein mit seinen Eigenheiten und Neigungen erklärt: von der Stellung der Ohren, der Haltung des Halses, der Schenkel, der Brine und der Hufe; mal mussten wir an einem Pony, das furchtbar lange Schwanzhaare hatte, Zöpfe pflechten; dann wieder hatten wir den Stall aufzuräumen; dann wurde uns erklärt, wie man sich beim Springen verhalten soll, wie man dabei das Pferd aufpasst; auch wurden uns die verschiedenen Arten des Launxenges gezeigt, welches Zeug für welches Pferd bestimmt ist... Wenn wir dabei plötzlich das Trabtrab der zurückkehrenden Pferde hörten, fiel uns ein Stein vom Herzen, jetzt konnten wir wieder loslegen.

VM



Ortwin lost one stirrup...

M