

Now that we have come back from England nearly everyone in our class says that we had spent our best time in Cranborne. I think so too.

The hostel was situated in the middle of the village and the weather was fine every day. In the evening of that very day I am going to tell about we had once again come back from our riding school. After supper everybody had to do his allotted duties. I was glad that on that day I had only to sweep our dormitory. Having eaten my supper I went upstairs to do my work. Nobody was in the room, Good! The better I could work! After some time, sweeping began to bore me. Then I noticed Volker Waldeck's radio. I tuned to a station broadcasting hot music.

While I was listening to it, a loud tone reached my ears. Ho! What was that! It was the noise of a siren! I turned to the window and tore it open. Yes, there, on the other side of the street was the alarming thing. It box lit up: On it I read: Fire! Quick, my camera!

Immediately two other boys entered the dormitory. Instantly I told them what had happened. "I must take a snapshot! Let me also look out of the window!" I cried, for the two had already taken my place. After a minute a fireman came running down the street. Quickly he opened the door of the garage, and drove out the big lorry with a fire-ladder on top. Then he stopped the wailing of the siren. He was one of the young men we had played against on the footballground the day before. Just as he again mounted the big car I took the snapshot, and soon afterwards the car was gone. But I was still thinking of it, as I continued sweeping the dormitory. "Let's hope the fire is not at the captain's riding school,"

Selbst Balu wollte kein Salatbrot essen



I thought. "The car has taken the very way that leads there." But my fright was for nothing. The following day our Captain came again to take us to his horses and I could read in his face that everything was all right, the fire had not caused any damage to his house and stables.

By Manfred Sauer

Der Captain, ein wunderbarer Tier- aber auch Menschenkenner, war, wie er selbst erzählte, noch bevor wir kamen ein Deutschkasser. Irgendwie merkten wir es in den ersten Tagen. Dann aber wiederholte er immer öfter, daß wir "good and brave boys" seien. Niemals habe er eine Gruppe unterrichtet, die so schnell das Reiten erlernt hatte. Jedermal streichelte er dabei liebevoll seinen Schäferhund Balu, der sich auch von uns umfassen ließ. Niemals ließe er es sonst von Fremden zu! Aber wehe, wenn einer von uns eines der Kinder berührte! Auf Balu kann sich der Captain voll und ganz verlassen.

Ein herrliches strohgedecktes Haus ist unseres Reitlehrers Eigen. Alte, stilechte englische Möbel, holzgetäfelte Wände, niedrige Balkendecken; Cups, Preise und Urkunden füllen überall das Haus aus. Die Zimmer der Mädchen waren nur mit Siegerehrungen tapetiert! Das alles schien einem Museum zu ähneln. Ganz stolz zeigte uns Mrs. Doyne-Ditmas die vollautomatische, winzige Küche: "It is all my own!" Der kleine Cowboy, das vierjährige Schutchen des Captains, turnte mit Schuhen in den riesigen Sesseln herum. Man versinkt bis zum Boden darin. Ein heftiger Hindstoß unfuhr plötzlich das Haus. Überall vermeinte man ein Knistern und Knacken zu hören, als ob es begann zu leben. Auf unsere ängstlichen, erstaunten Blicke hin erklärte uns lächelnd unser Captain, daß das Haus so gebaut sei, daß es jedem Hind elastisch nachginge. - Tief beeindruckt traten wir hinaus in die gleißende Sonne.

VM



... we were taken in a big lorry and transported like cattle to the fields...

My most notable experience in England was the last riding day. That day meant so much to me, because we could ride without a leader, two or three boys together, and, of course, any way we liked.

After the Captain had said: "On you get!" two boys and I paced down the road. After some hundred yards I led my party away from the road on a small track and then across the wonderful country side, first trotting and then cantering. But good heavens! After some time I heard the squelching sound of water under the hooves of the horses. That meant, that my companions and I had got into a swamp. As I did not wish to get deeper into the bog I turned my horse quickly and rode right up to the street again followed by my companions who immediately did the same as me.

Then I tried to find another way and came to a really beautiful place. In the far distance we could see a small hill and decided to go there. I kicked the mare on and cantered up the hill at high speed. It was a lovely sensation to canter through the colourful countryside feeling the fresh wind in my hair. When we reached the top of the hill, we halted our horses who were very exhausted after

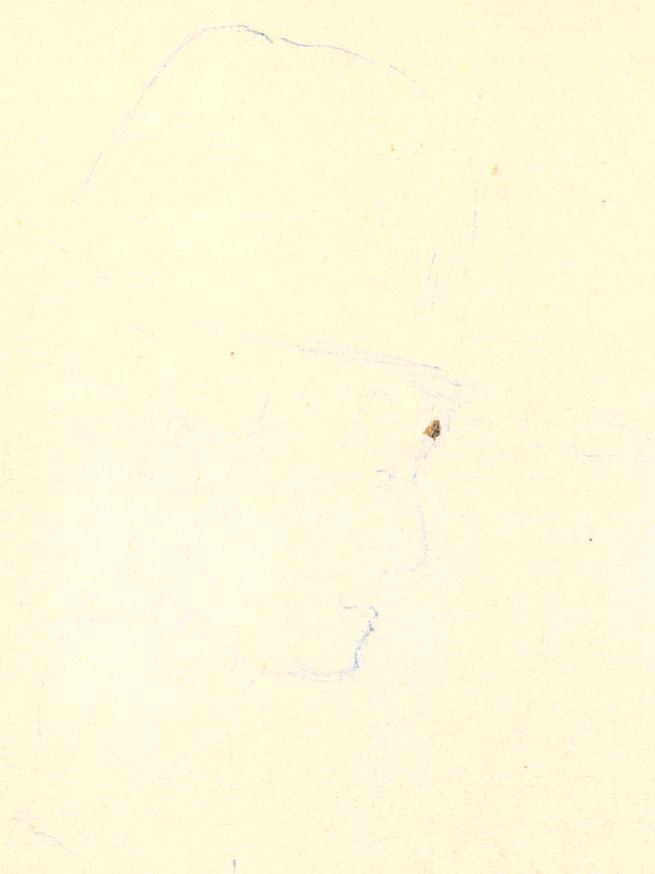


... Auf nackten Rücken „schlingerten“ wir in den Ställen...



that long, furious ride. While we gave them a short rest, we looked around and saw some beautiful white flowers at the foot of the hill very near a small lake. I decided to go there, made my mare go on, gave my attendants a sign to follow me, and after having shortened my reins, I galloped down the hill over deep holes and bushes. As I jumped over such a hole, Stealakis, as my horse was called, tripped and I lost my stirrup leavers. I nearly fell off. But I was able to stop the mare and let her pace to the small lake. Also the other two boys had reined their horses and followed me in a distance. Suddenly, when I was just in the middle of the white flowers, she sank into the wet ground, and when she moved forward she went deeper and deeper, right down to her knees. Now I recognized the danger! I was in the middle of a bog again! The only thing I could do was to immediately lead Stealakis back. So I kicked her on and was lucky to escape from that treacherous area. My companions were glad that they hadn't got into that fen.

Afterwards, when we arrived at the stables, the Captain told me that there were very deep marshes in that district and if I had gone



Miss Lindy