The Blessed Stables

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The Blessed Stables

By Elaine Cutler, '39

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HAT does it feel like to ride a horse? I asked that ques-
tion once too often .... now I know. I did know which
was the front end and which was the back end of the horse
when I walked into the military stables last Sunday. Rows
and rows of horses .... men in khaki breeches .... girls in
brightly colored jackets .... the clink of a buckle as a saddle
was fastened securely .... a sharp whinny .... masculine
voices from every direction .... "That's a girl, Blondie" ....
"Stand still, King" .... "Good old Peekaboo" .... a girl
slyly feeding her horse a piece of sugar .... Everything
seemed to be happening at once. Then I realized that I ac-
tually was going to ride one of these horses. Things began to
happen to my knees, and my hands felt like icicles when I
saw how big horses were. Well, I couldn't back out then
.... so I rode (or tried to).

We led our horses out of the musty stables into the yard.
King's velvety nose kept pushing around my pockets, and his
breath felt warm on my cold hands. I kept getting colder,
and colder. The wind bit into my back with a million teeth,
and my own teeth began to shake. "Ready to go up?" ....
I was on King's back, and I liked it .... until he began to
move. Bump, bump, bump .... I came down .... he came up
.... the wind cut through me .... my nose began to run
.... and we had only begun. At least certain parts of me
were warming up .... Things were going by, but I didn't see
them. King was undoubtedly a good horse, but we just didn't
understand each other. If this was horseback riding ....
"Turn to the right" . . . "Turn to the left" . . . "Keep behind Garrett" . . . "Relax, don't be so stiff" . . . "Hold on with your knees" . . . "Just talk to him." Instructions from my two noble escorts were all in vain. I was too busy staying on. Up . . . down . . . up . . . down . . . o . . . oh!!! Whoever has been riding for the first time knows. Oh! . . . the blessed stables.

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Joe College Studies

By Bessie Spratt, '37

ACTING quickly in an emergency is surely a wonderful thing. Now take studying, for instance. The fellow who can get a calc lesson under the stress and strain of a shortage of time is acting quickly in an emergency, believe me. Or when a prof assigns a research problem two weeks ahead of the day it is due and you do it all in one evening—that's when you learn how to act quickly. The man who learns in school to do in two hours what another man does in fourteen days will someday be able to step right into a position requiring high speed such as is demanded of a waiter. The other more leisurely fellows will be left behind.

Now if you are looking for a good comfortable way of studying your calc for tomorrow, you might try this method. If you are faithful in carrying it out, you will probably have results before the quarter is over.

After finishing your evening meal you take time to resurrect your spirits, so to speak, by playing around for an hour or two. Since studying is like swimming in that it is an exertion, the same advice applies to studying as to swimming, namely: don't go in for at least an hour.