

has to use drastic measures to put him back in his place. She used to use the rolling pin frequently, but lately nothing has been as effective as an antique vase or a few pieces of Haviland china.

Once in a great while Jiggs and Maggie have a few congenial moments. These usually follow a scene in which Maggie

has almost killed Jiggs because of some slight misdemeanor. At infrequent intervals, Maggie is reasonably pleasant if Jiggs remembers to call her "Me dear" often enough. Jiggs, on the whole, gets away with a lot more than Maggie thinks he does.

How I Learned To Ride A Horse

LEE M. HONTS

My first day in the corral at Ft. Riley, Kansas, "World's Largest Cavalry Post," was one filled with apprehension and dread. Learning to ride a horse was the objective of each rookie in the troop that day. The animal I was assigned to ride appeared like an elephant in size, with a reverse hump in his back. But that, the drill sergeant informed me, was the saddle!

In a deep booming voice that made each rookie shake in his individual boots and caused several horses to rear, the sergeant gave us instructions. "All that, and the horse, too." I mused to myself.

The thunder rolled again, "Mount up!"

Being on the left side of the horse, I reasoned: use the left leg first and throw it over the horse. Your body will follow. I found myself looking at the "gas tank" instead of the "engine." Once more the thunder broke and a gentle hand was laid on my quivering knee to inform me that I was sitting backwards

in the saddle. I bet that horse was laughing to himself. I dismounted and climbed "way back up there" again. Taking the reins in my left hand, divided between fingers, as per instructions.

I gave the starting order, "Giddap!" I moved not an inch. "Where's the starter on this Thing, Sarg?"

"In your boots," came back a laconic reply. "Squeeze his sides with your legs and give a slight tug on the reins."

I squeezed and I felt the movement of the machine. "It's alive, after all," thought I, and I began thinking about a far-off land. I absent-mindedly wondered what a slight kick with my heels would do for my ride. A minute later a galloping animal with a scared rider jumped the fence of the corral. The sergeant retrieved the horse down the road the corporal retrieved bruised rider by the fence. My lesson was learned, and in it lies the wisdom of any experienced driver: Don't shift gears unless you want to change speed.