

A Moral Triumph

Beverly Trudgen

THE horse show world was the most exciting and most revealing single factor in my life. I became a part of this separate universe when I was very young and impressionable, and of all my experience concerning new feelings, new reactions, and new atmospheres the spirit of competition stood out in my mind. I did not like it from the beginning for I adopted the popular practice of being obnoxiously elated upon winning and sad and critical of the judging upon losing, attitudes for which I was often lectured by my parents and my trainer. It truly did not matter to me whether I won or lost because I did not wholly understand these reactions. But they seemed to be

universal in this horse show world, and they infected me and grew like a disease.

With this situation still unaltered as I became an advanced rider, I was to ride in a girls' horsemanship class on the side-saddle at a big horse show in Lexington, Kentucky. There were thirty-six riders, but because of being the only one on a side-saddle and because of the crowd's favoritism, I made an especially good ride and was much elated. When we lined up, the judge approached to tell me that she would like to excuse me from the class on the basis of disqualification because of the side-saddle. The ringmaster asked permission from the Horse Show Committee and returned to dismiss me. As I was helped to dismount outside the ring, I began to cry in wrath because I knew a side-saddle was correct in a girls' horsemanship class. Evidently the ringmaster had excused me before the Committee had reached its decision, for the announcer asked that number thirty-nine please return to the ring. He was answered by a burst of applause which thrilled me as I re-entered the class.

Just after I had come back, the announcer called the numbers of those who were to remain for the final workout. I remembered that there were to be eight premiums given, but the announcer called nine numbers, the last of which was thirty-nine. I knew then that the class was over for me, but joy was bursting from me as the applause followed me around the ring until we lined up. Knowing that it was considered discourteous to leave the ring before all of the ribbons were tied, I followed the last horse out of the ring with a triumphant reaction to the special recognition. As I dismounted and looked back to see the horse show moving on, I realized how insignificant that recognition was, how unimportant winning was, how pitiful a poor loser was. This unusual experience overwhelmed me with the introduction to the real, intangible spirit of competition.

The Imitated

William Phelps

THE town was very small. Houses were located on two opposing hillsides separated by a valley which contained a single track railroad running the length of the valley and disappearing at either end into a tunnel. On either side of the railroad track was a gravel street, giving the town two main streets, each dwarfed in importance by the railroad. Scattered haphazardly along the two streets was the town's business section which consisted of two general