

## Visual Aids

I am a great believer in the visual medium to enhance learning. Yeah, words are good, too, but one memorable picture—well, you know...

My long-time teacher, Major Angers Lindgren used to do clinics for us when we lived in Massachusetts, and back then we discovered his love of boiled lobster when we took him and his wife to one of those “in the rough,” fresh-from-the-boat lobster shacks on the North Shore near Gloucester. Melted butter up to your elbows, fresh steamers, corn on the cob, and muchos bright red crustaceans. Heaven, indeed.

When we moved to Florida, we were able to continue our lessons with the Major, and we always longed for those evenings on the salt marsh at the lobster shack. On one clinic visit, we conspired to surprise him with fresh lobsters, and we had found a place down near Tampa that flew them in from Maine daily. The afternoon the Lindgrens were to arrive, I had lessons in the Tampa area. My plan was to acquire a mess of them, sequester them on ice in a big cooler in the back of my car, carry them around with me to my afternoon lessons, and bring them home to Ocala for the evening feast.

It so happened that one lesson that day was with a teenager trying to figure out the nuances of positioning his horse for shoulder-in and travers. The old “first stride of the ten-meter circle carried laterally down the track” thing. I tried to explain, but the words were not getting through.

Then—inspiration! I grabbed one of my lobsters from the cooler and gave a claymation-like graphic demonstration of how he would be placed relative to the track for the two movements.

“Just like this,” I explained, “except keep your horse on three tracks instead of six.”

While we’re doing creatures of the deep, I have another lobster tale. I was told of a Mid-Westerner visiting in Boston who was treated to his first lobsterfest. He gobbled the first lob down and blissfully ordered up a second. When he headed back home, his Boston host decided to surprise him by FedExing four live lobsters (at considerable expense) to his Iowa address.

Some time passed without an acknowledgement, and finally the sender inquired if he had enjoyed them. The Iowan, who had only ever seen a lobster which was already steamed, said, “Oh, I had to throw them away. I opened the box and they were all greenish brown.”