

# **PROFESSOR BOB**

**By Katie Maddox**

**Out there in the western lands you'll find a man of great repute.  
He runs a thing called Cowboy School; he's tall of hat and boot.  
He takes on dudes and dudettes green, and teaches them to ride,  
To rope some, and work cattle, too; he's always at their side.**

**He knows just how to phrase a thing so you can comprehend  
And lets you learn at your own pace to reach that better end.  
At Cowboy School the rule of safety first is number one,  
And number two is just behind, and that's to have some fun!**

**His patient ways are legendary; he's never out of time,  
And if you need to see a thing again, well, that's just fine.  
He'll teach you how to sit a horse and how to use your aids.  
He'll help you learn to help your horse, and doesn't give bad grades!**

**This professor of cowboy-ology, his name it is Bob King.  
A skilled and sorta bashful guy, his praises I must sing.  
For he has hung in there with me when I would 'bout lose hope  
And helped me start to see the light when in the dark I'd grope.**

**There is no telling where I'd be if not for this good man.  
He's helped me when I doubted if I could, to know: I can!  
This journey of the horse we're on will never reach an end  
But I'll continue traveling with the help of Bob, my friend.**

**My ponies mean the world to me and they deserve the best.  
But I'm the only one they've got, so I'll keep up the quest  
To learn and strive to be as good with them as I can be.  
So thank you, Bob, my friend and dean of cowboyology.**