

Once Upon
A HORSE

(Page 30)

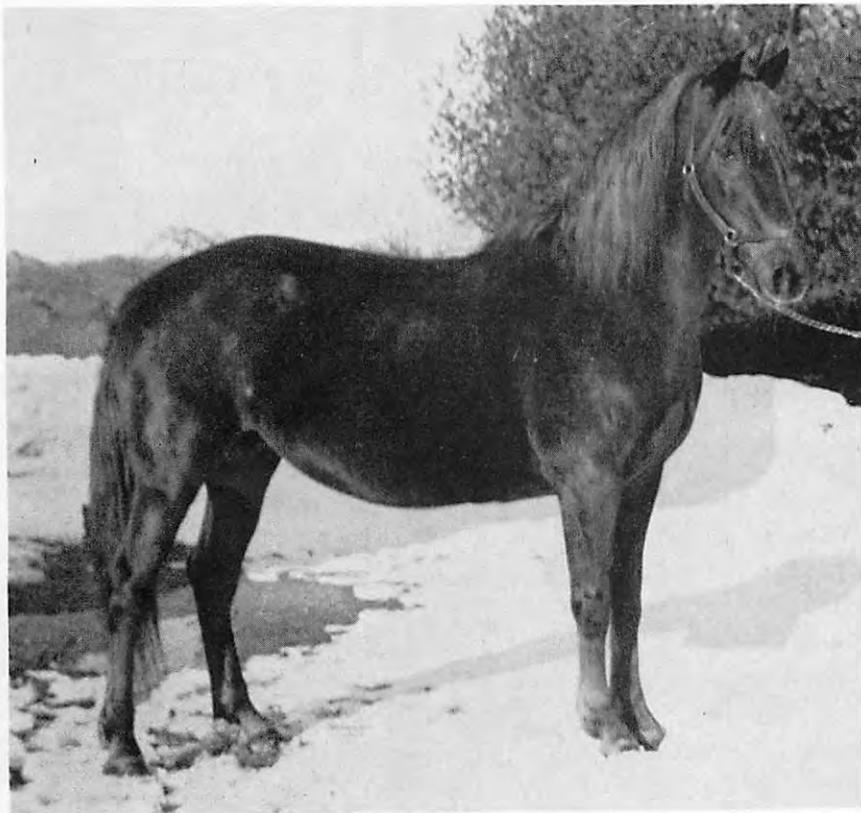


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The Morgan

1952

HORSE



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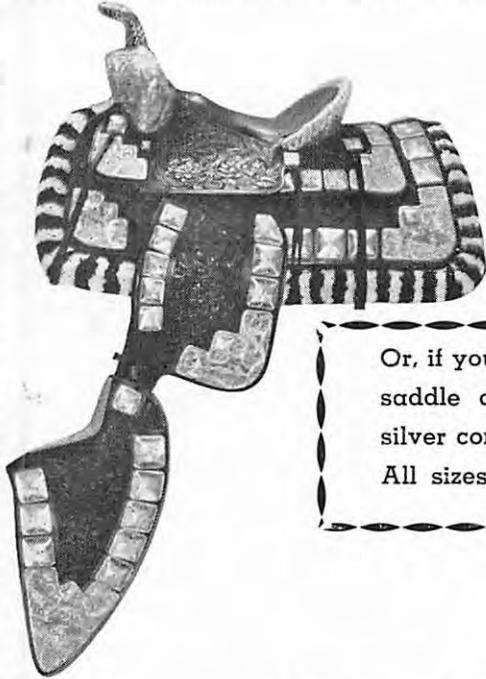
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Dear Sir:

Many thanks for your letter. I am enclosing a picture of Winterset at the time he won first prize at the Iowa State Fair. He is very nice to ride since he is very gentle and sensible and has plenty of speed and action. He has the late Ethan Allen, 3rd, and Black Hawk's blood.



He also is a great sire of good Morgan horses. His sons and daughters have won many blue ribbons when shown. At the present time his grand-

Letters to the Editors

sons and granddaughters are winning many blue ribbons.

I wish you would show Justin Morgan's picture in your magazine as I think it would do much good.

Many thanks,
Tom Doak
Osceola, Iowa

Dear Sir:

Received my sample copy today and enjoyed it—every page. Since a child when I lived on a farm I have always loved horses. We had three of them. At the age of 10 my grandfather acquired a pony at which time I was very thrilled. When I was 13 we sold our farm and moved to the city. From then on I never thought I would ever own a horse of my own.

However, fifteen years later, married and a mother of three children. I am proud to say that we own two horses, rather one horse and one pony.

I purchased a pony for my children for Christmas and much to my surprise is identical to the colt on the cover of the January issue. Is there such a thing as a Morgan pony? The man I bought her from told me she was around six-years-old, bay, black mane, black wavy tail and four black stockings. She is not a small pony like a Shetland or Welsh but is a small pony horse. I've been told anything under 14 hands is classed as a pony. Since we bought her during the coldest month of the year, we didn't give her her first saddle tryout until February. She is wonderfully trained for children.

However, there is just one complaint. She kicks at the other horses when we get in a closed group. But a few hours of speaking gently and patting her neck, and I think she will overcome this.

Is there any way possible to have someone tell if this pony is Morgan?

(Continued on next page)

LETTERS

(Continued from preceding page)

Since I do not have a snapshot of her at the present time, I am enclosing a snapshot of my other horse Suzy which I have been told by several people is part Morgan. I believe you would call it "half breed."

Very truly,
Mrs. JOHN E. ROWE
Troy, New York

Dear Sir:

I have just read your Brunk story. It is very interesting and well written as all your write-ups are; however, you left untold many notable events which could have been written about this noted Morgan farm.

On one of my first visits to Cotton Hill Farm I looked in the barn and saw something which I had never seen before or since—a long row of harnesses and collars. These impressed me because they looked so small in comparison to what I had seen on Iowa and Illinois farms for Belgian and Percheron draft horses.

Mr. J. C. Brunk, his sons and perhaps his daughters, worked many Morgans at that time. They were not ponies as I learned at a later visit. I arrived one evening as Mr. Brunk was unhitching four Morgans from an eight foot wheat drill, and these four had drilled twenty acres of wheat that day. These twenty acres were the tail end of 100 acres they had drilled in five days. One of the four was Jubilee King, a stallion.

I was so impressed with Jubilee King's beauty and endurance that I took home a year-old son, King de Jarnette whose dam was Deurs, a high-going stylish daughter of Senator Knox by Knox Morgan.

King developed as expected from this breeding into a stylish five gaited stallion that did not require a tail set, a stimulant, or a long toe to give a show horse performance. Resold to Mrs. Greenwalt, he was senior champion stallion at Iowa State Fair and National Morgan Horse Show in 1939. An untimely death kept this young stallion from being a noted Morgan sire.

W. W. Chatterton
Wapello, Iowa

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*His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch,
and his countenance enforces homage.*

-- King Henry V

The Editor's Comments

OUR COVER

Pers Crowell, in his great new book, "Cavalcade of American Horses." (McGraw-Hill, \$6.00) devotes 30 pages to the Morgan horse and the mark he has put on all present breeds in this country. Crowell quotes at length various writers and their source material in explaining the origin of Justin Morgan. He devotes much time to stating the controversial "facts" and summarizes, "A great number of historians have delved through the background and lineage of Justin Morgan. Though they may disagree concerning his origin and ancestry, all agree that as an individual he was a remarkable animal and that as a sire he ranks with the noblest stallions of all time. Nature seemed to have mysteriously blessed him with the prepotency to transmit his special characteristics to his descendants and thus establish the distinctive horse breed that has been known by his name ever since.

"The qualities of old Justin Morgan transcend the importance of ancestry. The short back, the long, sloping shoulder, the deep chest and powerful muscles, and the cleanly shaped legs that mark his offspring denote the strength and stamina which so well served the people of this nation. The willing spirit of the Morgan breed has been admired by aristocracy as well as by those who used his descendants at many menial tasks in the building of America. Indeed, his fiber seems to have been a vital part of this nation's structure, his sinews, through countless offspring, lending strength to the people of the land in times when the horse was an absolute necessity.

"Though many may not agree that he was a descendant of such great horses as Godolphin's Arabian, none can deny that he stands in posterity with the Godolphins, the Matchems, the Messengers, or the horses of any other great line."

" Was Justin Morgan sired by the Dutch horse Young Bulrock? If we accept the date of his birth as 1793, it is possible, for Young Bulrock stood in Springfield, the place where Justin Morgan was foaled, in 1722. If the Morgan horse was foaled in 1789-90, it is more likely that he was sired by True Briton because Young Bulrock had not yet arrived, and there is a record that True Briton stood at Springfield during the years 1788-89."

" . . . There is also a question as to the year in which Mr. Morgan acquired the bay colt and took him to Randolph.

" . . . Then there is the question of bloodlines in the ancestry of Beautiful Bay, alias True Briton. Was he truthfully from the racing stock of the Colonial horseman James De Lancey, or was he instead the horse that was stolen from the other Colonel James De Lancey of the Tory cavalry operating in Westchester County?

"If each of the accounts is examined closely, possible errors in dates and facts may be detected; also, in some of them, there seems to be misjudgment in the appraisal of human behavior.

"While it would be interesting to clear up the tantalizing 150-year-old mystery that has plagued the origin and breeding of Justin Morgan, it has always seemed to me that the blood of the little stallion who was worth his weight in silver cartwheels has erased completely the need for further investigations.

"I am reminded of a time when I was younger and looked searchingly into the sky, wondering where space ended. An older, more experienced friend instructed me to look upward into the blue distance as far as I could possibly see. Thinking that I might discover the answer to my question, I hopefully strained my eyes. My friend asked, 'Are you now looking as far as you can see?' I answered, 'Yes,' and while I did not then fully realize the meaning of his words I do now. He replied, 'Then you are looking at the end of space insofar as it affects you.'

"Perhaps this is the way in which we should consider the question of Justin Morgan's ancestry. We know that he alone was the fountainhead for a great and useful breed. The fact that his own peculiarly superb qualities and his ability to transmit them were the true basis of his worth seem sufficient to me.

"Seventeen ninety or 1793—True Briton or Young Bulrock—Arabian, Barb, or Dutch blood—what does it matter. They will in no way detract from the true meaning of Justin Morgan, for he was, is, and always will be just plain American."



The Morgan Horse Magazine with this issue presents for its readers' approval a new type of cover. The magazine believes that because Morgan people want more and better Morgan pictures that it should devote a cover in its entirety to the subject rather than confine it to a limited area. If you like it, let us know. If you don't, let us know also for this is your magazine and we are trying to give what the majority wants. The subject of this month's cover is the late, great Dude Herod, owned by Miss Edna E. Tisdale, of Baraboo, Wisconsin.

Notice

Increased popularity of The MORGAN Horse Magazine has made it necessary to comply with newsstand deadlines. To do this we have been advised to advance the issues one month. This does not mean that subscribers or advertisers will lose an edition. It simply means that the April issue automatically becomes the May issue. All subscriptions will be extended an extra month to compensate the readers.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

I was indeed pleased to see pictures of Bud Jones and Jinks in the December magazine. Thanks for your kindness.

(continued on page 19)



"...an extensive valley bounded on every side by mountains. In descending many of the teamsters locked both hind wheels of their wagons." The above painting by Warren E. Patriquin is his conception of how Wilford Woodruff drove his team of Morgans out of the Rockies with fever-stricken Brigham Young as his passenger.

Mormons and Morgans

by Sumner Kean

The picture words of the greatest living employer of the English language came to me as I stood in the wide area which encompasses the temple and the tabernacle in Salt Lake City. An utterance of Winston Churchill came to mind as I gazed at the towering slender shaft topped by the carved gull—the shaft whose feet is set in flowers and whose pinnacle is a tribute to the bird which ate the locusts that menaced the Mormon's first crops. Belief, belief. . .

It recalled something Churchill had said on a memorable visit to Boston. The old man had stood on the podium bugging his eyes at the multitude, his

hornrimmed glasses at half staff on his pudgy nose. Sonorously the great voice grated on. The troubled state of the world—the future of the English speaking nations . . . the vast amount what was evil in the world. . . the little that was good . . . the solace that belief in God brought . . . "and so to you the fortunate who enjoy the comfort of a formalized religion, as well as to you who walk alone" . . . belief, belief . . .

Belief in Joseph Smith, the farm youth, in the tablets on which is based the Mormon creed, belief in his prophecies. Belief in the indomitable will of Brigham Young, belief in the

picture which these disciples of a strange new faith inspired a devout people to take the privation-laden trail to the west. Belief with which to found a city in a wilderness, a garden in a desert.

These thoughts crowd the mind of the visitor to Salt Lake. . . . Salt Lake with its wide, wide streets, its handsome buildings, its equally handsome and prosperous people. Salt Lake with its score on score of Mormon churches, their congregations as devout and inspired as were their forefathers who rode the fearsome trail from persecution to peace.

It is fascinating to spend hours with the learned historian of the Mormon church under the aegis of a leading Mormon. He it was who, opened the doors for me, who introduced me to the people I wished to see, made available the data I wanted to study. I refer of course to J. Holman Waters of Salt Lake City, Mormon gentleman, Morgan lover and host par excellence. At his gentle prodding records were searched, diaries unveiled, data revealed to prove our meager theory—that Wilford Woodruff, later to become president of the Church of the Latter Day Saints, had driven a team of Morgan horses on that thousand mile trek from winter quarters to Council Bluffs, Utah in 1847.

Wilford Woodruff was about 40 years of age at the time of the great trek. He had long been a devout believer in the preachings of Joseph Smith, had spent time in England as missionary of the church and was one of the stalwarts on whom the weaker leaned when strong hearts and stout arms were needed to withstand the vicious persecution of the Illinois farmers. He was a man of many parts, farmer, teacher, leader—and above all a horseman.

History is meager in its recordings of that team of Morgans which Woodruff is believed to have acquired near his birthplace just outside Hartford, Conn. But it is not hard to imagine this man being captivated at the new Morgan breed for it was new at the time. The sons and grandsons of old Justin had just begun to make a name for themselves. What man of Woodruff's judgment and insight, committed to a journey, no one knew where, would have passed up the transportation certainty of a pair of this staunch new breed—tough little horses which could travel great distances on little provender—and delight a horseman's eye to boot with their unparalleled courage, docility and stamina. How Woodruff journeyed to Nauvoo and on is not too clearly limned in old histories and it is only when we reach the account of the Pioneers—the men who blazed that brilliant trail to the salt flats of Utah—that we read of Woodruff's team.

The trip had been soul shattering. In addition to the hardships of travel had been the uncertainties of food and water and the very definite certainties of Indians—Indians with their slashing raids the lethal affects of which were no whit less than the loss of the horse herd which often and paralyzingly resulted from these wild fire attacks.

Travail piled on toil and trouble. It seemed there could be no surcease from the privations to which these hardy pilgrims were subjected. Weakened by poor and scant food and worse water, flattened by the dread mountain fever, leaving their dead in graves intentionally obliterated by the broad tired wagons — this was their state when the last and heaviest blow fell. Brigham Young, Young the fearless, the assured, the courageous and venturesome leader, at last gave way to the ravages of the strange new fever. The train halted, restive and weary while the leader lay stricken. It seemed the end.

But the qualities which had inspired a people to choose him for a leader could not let him rest. He struggled up from his bed and called for Woodruff. Of all the train Woodruff possessed the only spring wagon. In it Young knew he could endure the stage which would have been impossible in one of the dead-axe wagons of the Pioneers.

Mormon history reveals that Young was made comfortable in the Wood-

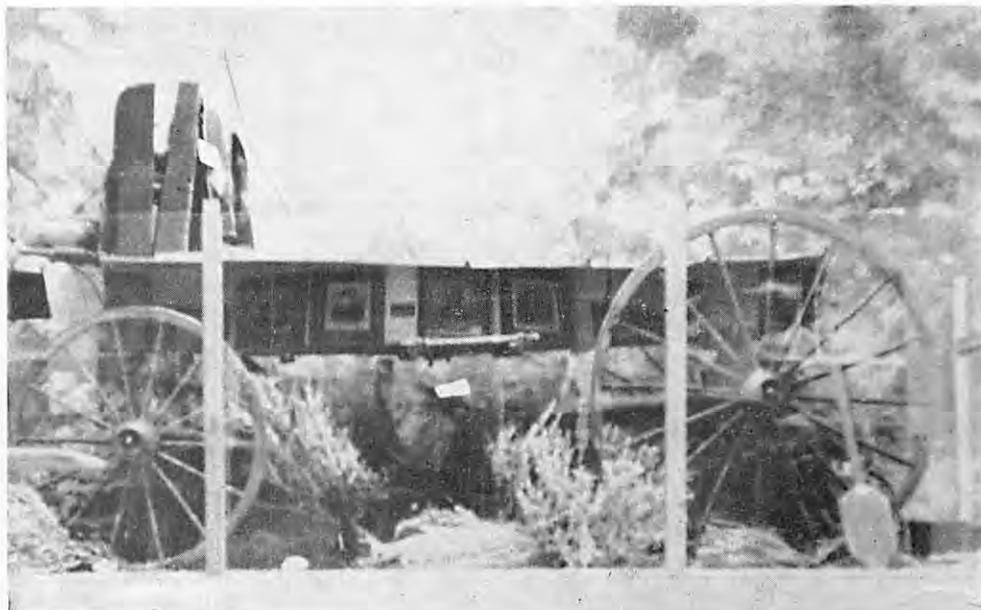
ruff wagon and the journey was resumed.

I saw Woodruff's spring wagon in which the memorable last stage of the trip was made, in the museum of the Daughters of Utah pioneers in Salt Lake City. It stands on a low platform facing the entrance of the lower level. Softly lighted and protected by a thick sheet of glass, it is impressive to see—but difficult to photograph. I set my reflect camera on an opened wastebasket, opened it wide and counted. Once I counted five and the next time ten. The result of this hit or miss, flashless photography appears on these pages. I regret I could not obtain a better picture of this historic wagon.

Spring wagon it is but what a wagon! Long, heavy wheeled and high-sided—it is a tremendous vehicle. Picture it laden with household goods, carrying bed ridden Brigham Young and driven by Woodruff and you have an idea of what those Morgans of a century ago were called upon to perform. A decent day's run on a level dirt road would have been asking plenty of any light team. But they hauled that cumbersome vehicle up and down mountains, hung it on too-quickly slashed stumps, swam it across turbulent streams.

To gain an idea of what they did give heed to these excerpts of diaries by men who made the trip:

From the Historical Record, Volume 9, edited by Andrew Jensen, come these excerpts:



AT RIGHT: The Woodruff wagon in the museum of the Daughters of Utah, Salt Lake City.

"Thus the pioneers broke a new road across the plains, over which tens of thousands of Saints have since traveled and which was famous as the old Mormon trail until the railway came to blot almost from memory the toils and danger of a journey of more than a thousand miles to the valley of Utah."

From Orson Pratt's diary after chronicling vicissitudes, bad water, scarce grass, under the date of Monday, July 12, 1847: "This morning we resumed our journey, taking the right hand fork of the road down the creek, which is represented as being the nearest, and one-third mile brought us to Bear River ford. The river here is about 60 feet wide, two and a half feet deep; a very rapid current and the bottom completely covered with rounded boulders some of which were about as large as a human head. The height above the sea is 6836 feet."

Elder Pratt describes the steep grades, the rough track which was hardly a road and the rock ledges which bordered it. And it was there that Elder Pratt noted: "President Young, being sick, concluded to stop a few hours and rest. Several wagons stopped with him for company, the rest being requested to move on. . . . President Young did not overtake us today."

Tuesday, July 13 — "Early this morning we dispatched two messengers back to meet President Young, being unwilling to move any further until he should come up. The two messengers returned and Heber C. Kimball with them. They reported that President Young was getting better, but that he did not think of moving today. I was directed to take 23

wagons and 42 men and proceed on the journey and endeavor to find the route across the mountains for we had been informed that it would be impracticable to pass through Weber canyon on account of the depth and rapidity of the water. About 3 p. m. we started and proceeded down Red Fork about 8¾ miles and encamped. The height of our encampment above the sea is 6000 feet. The main camp remained at the head of Echo Canyon while President Young and those with him were still encamped where they nooned on the 12th."

While Young lay sick Orson Pratt's advance company traveled on, arduously through sheer canyons as they dipped down into the valley. Criss-crossing a swift brawling stream the company eventually found the reed trail across the mountains and on the morning of July 15, President Young caught up with them. However, on the 17th President Young, still terribly afflicted with mountain fever, could not endure further travel. Once again the advance camp sought out the route while a few wagons remained with the fever-felled leader. On the 20th President Young, his powerful will overcoming his physical weakness, determined to continue. But he knew that even his great courage could not force him to endure the journey over that rough terrain in one of the regular freight wagons. Consequently, he entered the "carriage" of Wilford Woodruff, drawn by Woodruff's Morgan pair. They made 15 miles that first day over a rough mountainous road. The Pioneers were now nearly through the Rockies and were dropping down to the great Utah plain. But the Rockies gave up hard and the Chronicle of the Pioneers is

well-larded with excerpts such as: "Traveled 2½ miles ascending a mountain for 1½ miles, descending upon the west side one mile, coming upon a swift running creek, 4½ miles.

"From the top of this ridge," wrote William Clayton, "we can see an extensive valley to the west, bounded on every side by high mountains. We prepared to descend and in doing so many of the teamsters locked both hind wheels of their wagons. We found the road very steep and rendered dangerous by the many stumps of trees left standing in the road. After a mile and a half the road was not so steep but still very rough, winding between high hills and mountains, through willows, brush, wood and rock, and also over soft places crossing the creek a number of times. Our teams had now been in harness ten hours without eating, and some of the brethren desired to camp by a spring we found after traveling 4½ miles from the top of the ridge. But others wished to go further; so we continued. Turning suddenly to the right side we soon began to ascend another high ridge (Little Mountain) and while ascending some of the teams commenced to fail, but all succeeded in reaching the top. The descent from this ridge is not so steep as the other one. After descending we came to another small creek and a very rough road.

"At 7 p. m. we formed our encampment near the creek having traveled 14 miles in 13 hours."

The advance group went on and President Young with the other sick after halting for a day caught up to them."

The record states when Young and Woodruff in the carriage arrived on

Mares of George Hinckley on irrigated grassland on his Utah farm in Provo



Utah Morgans are clever. J. H. Adams, age 70, riding Hinckley's Red, age two.

the summit of Big Mountain, Young ordered the wagon turned around so he could have a view from that point of a portion of Salt Lake Valley. And it is said that he felt there was the place where the Saints would find protection and safety. He then drove six miles down into the valley.

That was in 1847. The Mormons laid out the beautiful city of Salt Lake, built their temples and homes, established huge farms, and prospered after years of vicissitude. In that turbulent era when Mormon history was made the Morgan horse is lost track of.

So it is today that when one looks for the origin of present-day Utah Morgans, he has difficulty going back beyond those brought in from Kansas in the early 1930's by Delos Huff. Huff, a farmer in Utah county, loved horses and became interested in Morgans after exhaustive breed studies had proved to him that the Morgan best suited his needs. He brought in three stallions, in succession, one old Benayr from Mica, Colorado. He bred these horses to grade mares in his home county until the desire for registered stock grew and he went back to Colorado for mares. He preached the gospel of Morgans in Utah and started the belief that they were the ideal type riding horse for the area, for the rough Utah mountains, for the Rockies with their lack of water and feed.

His belief may have traced back to the road of achievement of Woodruff's team in 1847.

Through him Holman Waters became interested. He had a thoroughbred mare but wanted more bone, so took her to Huff's Morgan stud to breed.

Then he decided on a Morgan stallion of his own and with E. C. Judd he went to California and bought Golden Jubilee from Jack Davis owner of Red Vermont and one registered mare, Deuce, from F. J. Munon of Baldwin Park. The next year he bought Stetson from Mrs. Greenwalt and three fillies from J. C. Jackson of Montana. Since then, trying to increase his stock, he bought a mare and a filly from Dr. Brunie in California, and a mare, Her Majesty, from Dr. C. C. Reed, also from California. He



also acquired a stud from E. W. Roberts of High Pass, California.

By this time Waters was becoming familiar with the Morgan characteristics. He developed a sharp eye and his subsequent culling trimmed his herd to Her Majesty and her filly by Gay Mac, and Golden Jubilee. In 1947 in Utah's only National Morgan Horse Show held in conjunction with the State's Centennial, he took four out of five western classes, including pleasure stake, Palomino stake, Palomino pleasure and the western parade stake—all open classes.

Golden Jubilee and a four-year-old stud of the same breed, Millholm Chief are both registered in the Morgan Registry, and with the Palomino Horse Breeders of America.

Waters became interested in Stellar as a two-year-old through reading an account in the Morgan Horse Maga-

zine which was confirmed when the horse won a championship in the National Morgan Horse show. He bought him at the Middlebury dispersal sale, and the horse made the trip by rail. He traveled in a crate which had been made some time earlier and he filled it full. He was five days in the freight car in bitter cold weather. He wore no blanket. But he landed in Salt Lake City and came down a rickety chute onto bare concrete "like a lamb." He now weighs over 1100 pounds and has been broken to western tack by Waters' trainer, M. W. Van Orman. Waters plans to concentrate on Stellar and plans to make him available to all Morgan breeders in the area. For himself he wants to line breed in the Bennington-Artemesia group.

(Continued on Page 19)

Preparation of Hoof for Shoeing or Going Barefoot

By R. E. SMITH, V.M.D.

Every horse owner should be able in emergency to pull a shoe or reset a loose or lost one. Owners of weanlings and colts and fillies should know the fundamentals of trimming and balancing. With these beliefs in mind, plus the conviction that feet are all important, we have taken off periodically upon the subject of feet with the hope of guiding some of the youngsters and refreshing the memory of the oldsters. The attempt in this article is to prepare a hoof for shoeing or for going barefoot. Later we shall tack on a shoe. (For background material thumb back to the December 1950 issue dealing with structure of the foot and balancing, and to the 1952 issue on proper standing positions.)

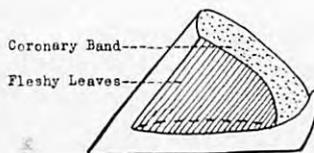
Structure of hoof. Using the diagrams as a guide, identify the following parts of the hoof: wall-divided into toe, sidewall, and quarter or heel; frog; bars; buttress; sole, and white line. Directly beneath the hoof lies the "quick" or sensitive tissue responsible for growing and nourishing the hoof. The band of tissue beneath the hoof at the hair line is the coronary band which produces the entire outside wall of the hoof. The lined area below the coronary band represents a series of alternating ridges and valleys which are called the "fleshy leaves." The inside surfaces of the hoof presents similar but firmer structures called "horny leaves." Interlocking of these two systems of ridges brings the two layers, the quick and the wall of the hoof, into close contact. Such an arrangement allows for nourishment of the horny layer by the quick beneath, and also for a firm attachment of the hoof to the rest of the foot.

Support for any horse falls upon the wall, buttress, and bars of all four feet. The bars are actually continuations of the wall around the heels and toward the center of the hoof. The buttress represents the area where the wall curves inward. The frog and the cushion above it are softer structures to absorb shock. (See Dec. 1950 issue.) The sole protects the bottom of the

(Continued on page 21)

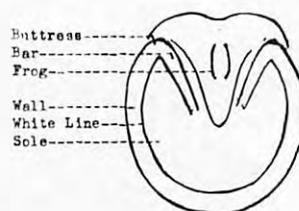


CONTRACTED HOOF
Changes resulting from lack of frog pressure and opening heels.



Coronary Band
Fleshy Leaves

"QUICK" (PODODERM) - HALF HOOF REMOVED



Buttress
Bar
Frog
Wall
White Line
Sole

HOOF - GROUND SURFACE

Perry Gabhardt, farrier of Storrs, Connecticut.



Morgan Eagle - - 2:30 Trotter

(Fifteenth in the Series - - Names in Pedigrees)

By MABEL OWEN

The relatively small group of people who watched the rat-tailed iron grey gelding Boston Blue win his \$1000 match of a trotted mile against three minutes on a watch hardly could have realized the great impact the race, if one could call it so, would have on American horse breeding. In 1818, the tall, flat ribbed grey's performance was hailed as a feat with small hope of duplication, but within ten short years the trotting sport had taken a firm hold in the north-eastern United States, and almost every season saw a few more seconds taken off Boston Blue's time. Little attention was paid to the pedigrees and bloodlines of the early trotters. Few were bred for the sport at first, they were instead recruited from every walk of equine life, from pastures and coaches, from junk-wagons and fishmonger's carts. Some years later, drivers began to discover that certain horses had inherited a truer gait, greater natural speed and were far easier to train. Many of the earliest good trotters carried one or more close crosses to the grey Messenger, and those which did not were found more often than not to be lineal descendants of the little Vermonter, Justin Morgan. These facts sent buyers scurrying to New England, which section soon became the nursery of good road horses, where before it had produced the heavier Vermont Draft Horse, most suited for freight wagons and coach work. Astute New England farmers knew horses, and to their everlasting credit, managed to remain far enough ahead of fashion to patronize those stallions whose get would, in three or four year's time, be that valuable second or two faster. They were fortunate in their location that, although Justin Morgan had died three years after Boston Blue's epic performance, Woodbury and Sherman were already showing their own ability to carry on the good road qualities that were to mark the breed. Sherman Morgan became the first stallion in America, actually in the world, to sire two sons which got racewinners in better than 2:30 time, and hardly had this been established when Woodbury

became the sire of three sons which in turn sired 2:30 trotters. Most successful of this latter trio was unreservedly Morgan Eagle 28, the dark dapple bay foaled in Royalton, Vermont in 1824.

Sired by Woodbury Morgan, his dam was a bright blood-bay mare, also bred and owned by Mr. Cheney in Royalton, and well known locally as a top road mare with more than average speed. Some years had passed before any attempts were made to establish her breeding, and she was later said to have been by Bulrush Morgan. Actually she could well have been by Justin Morgan, I, as it was well established that she was bred locally, not purchased elsewhere, and Justin made a number of seasons in nearby Randolph, as did his son Bulrush not many years later.

In any event, she was very Morgan-like in appearance as was her son, Morgan Eagle. When two years old, the colt was sold at auction with his dam for seventy-five dollars, with Daniel Morgan of Royalton the top bidder. Mr. Morgan named the colt Independence and broke him to saddle and harness, selling him as a four-year-old to S. S. Yurann in Tunbridge, who in turn sold him shortly afterward to Ziba Sprague in East Randolph. It was the custom of Mr. Sprague to keep each season a good stallion, whose fees each Spring were a highly valued income at a time of year when there was little else. Morgan Eagle proved to be the most popular stallion ever to stand in Randolph, this including both his grandsire and Bulrush, but an offer of three hundred dollars swayed Mr. Sprague's high opinion of him and he became the property of Philip Farnham in Tunbridge, Vermont. Nine years later, at the age of fifteen, Morgan Eagle was sold once again, this time for six hundred dollars to A. M. Foster in Barre, Vermont. In one way it was an unfortunate investment for Mr. Foster, for Morgan Eagle died suddenly only a year later, with circumstances leading to the conjecture that he was poisoned, yet in another way fortunate for it was while he was

in Barre that he sired Lady Sutton, his best known link with trotting greatness.

In the prime of his life Morgan Eagle was a most handsome horse. Fifteen-two in height, he was sufficiently above the average Morgan size to make him extremely popular as a road sire. He was a very dark bay, with dappies showing in his coat at any time of the year. He had no white markings whatsoever, and resembled his grandsire closely in form. He weighed over 1100 pounds and was a very fine driving horse as well as thoroughly useful at any farm work. A square gaited trotter with somewhat more power than speed, he moved with an air of lightness and freedom in spite of his thick-set appearance and heavy mane and tail. He was an ideal sleigh horse as were most of his get. They were especially saleable in matched pairs as their above average height and weight made them highly sought in city markets. Although Morgan Eagle died when but fifteen, his get were as widely known at the time of his death as were Woodbury's.

Since much of his popularity in Vermont hinged upon the fact that his get were the fashionable height and weight, it is perhaps fitting that his most famous daughter was actually a mere pony, the fourteen hand Lady Sutton. Lady was a brown mare without white markings and of an extremely nervous temperament. Like Goldsmith's Maid, she had so little bone and substance that no effort was made to do much with her in her native Barre, and she did not make her first appearance at the track until she was seven years old. This was on Long Island over the famous Union Course in 1847, when she beat Sal and Grey Eagle, two mile heats, in straight heats, with her best time 5:17. Just one week later she came back to beat the same horses over the same distance but in slower time. Put by for the season, she returned to the same track on the 19th of May, 1848 to take on Lady Suffolk and Lady Moscow, trotting cracks of national repute. The race was to be best three of five

(Continued on page 26)

APPOLO *A Story of Courage*

By EDNA OGATA

Southwest winner of the Morgan Magazine Colt Contest. The writer graphically describes the fight of a stallion against cruelty.

"Squealing his hatred, fury sparked from his forefeet as again and again he rose and struck at the moonlit figure straining at his head. . . Bleacher swung the cruel equalizer against the high arched neck. . ."

—Painting by W. E. Patriquin



W. E. PATRIQUIN
1952

The moon peeped shyly from behind her fan of dark blue cloud and eyed Mister Bleecher distastefully, then indignantly retired. In the safety of darkness once more Bleecher crept to the old stable looming gray and eerie in the late September night. An outsider might have titled Bleecher's approach as stealthy as befitting a thief. They would have been right. Mister Crandall slept soundly in his house; he had no reckoning that even as he slept a hand was swinging wide the stable door and a figure in the night was muttering vividly at the ancient door's creak and groan.

In the stalls nearest the door, there were two mules and an ancient shaggy mare. Bleecher's gaze only skimmed them and lit greedily on the Morgan tethered at the end. Appolo swung his small compact head to the stranger and pricked forward his ears at the manner in which the man approached. Horse-sense, and better, Morgan-sense told him that this was no-good; maybe because the man spoke gruffly at the old mare's nicker, or maybe because the sharp stench of tobacco, whiskey, and filth exuding from the man offended the horse's natural sense of cleanliness. Whatever it was, Appolo swung away from the groping hand. Bleecher felt the satiny dark-chestnut hide ripple in repulsion from his touch, then his hand grabbed the light mane and, pinching the nostrils against any noise, he led the horse out and across the yard.

Appolo was uneasy. He followed willingly enough, but his dark eyes were wide and wondering, he swung his head away, back to the farm and quiet stable, but by now Bleecher had a length of rope about the muscular neck and pulled the little giant along.

The sky was showing gray and blotched above the dark treetops when Bleecher led the Morgan into a cluttered farmyard several miles from Mister Crandall's neat clean stables. Bleecher tethered the chestnut Morgan to a handy post and slouched on the stoop of the house smoking long odorous cigarettes. Appolo whinnied nervously and stepped about the short space allowed him by the rope. The man on the step leaned back on one elbow and watched the horse through a mist of smoke. He talked quietly, but there was an edge of irritation and avarice in his voice that caused Appolo to eye the man with disgust and misgiving.

When the gap-toothed picket fence at the front of the farm was visible in the murky light, Bleecher rose and sidled up to the Morgan. His voice was heavy and gruff with greed and impatience as he loosed the horse from the tether and led Appolo to one of the little fields back of the house. At the edge, where the soil was fine and sandy, he filled what looked like a long stocking, extracted from one of his rear pockets. Carefully he tamped the soil into the sock and tied the top, leaving a space at the top to grip.

Appolo nickered uneasily and lightly beat the ground with one of his powerful forelegs; at home he was most careful of placing his small round hooves around plants and shrubs but Bleecher was now leading him into a planted field. Small sticks, seemingly dead, poked their tops about two feet above the soil. Later in the year these sticks would provide the apple crops sold by Bleecher to provide liquor and tobacco. He never glanced at them, but led the horse across that field, through a fallen fence, and across another field. Irritated by the jerk and pull of the rope, Appolo pulled back and set his feet against the weight of the detested man leading him about.

It was then that Bleecher raised his arm and swung the packed stocking against the chestnut side. Snorting loudly, Appolo jumped aside, every rib aching and tender flesh bruised, and bolted away from the attack. Bleecher followed the rope hand over hand until once again he was beside the Morgan's head. A flaxen mane sprayed in the pale moonlight as the horse struggled vainly against the loops of rope being wound tightly behind his small wide apart ears, over his muzzle, and his silky neck. The halter was then crude but effective in halting the horse's stamping and snorting. Never a hand had been laid in anger on Appolo, his temperament being so naturally gentle that words and kindnesses had gentle-broke him, and yet he was not one to stand idly by and let some thief in the night thump his sides!

Squealing his hatred, fury sparked from his forefeet as again and again he rose and struck at the cursed moonlit figure straining at his head. As the flailing front hooves touched the ground for fleeting seconds, Bleecher swung the cruel equalizer against the high arched neck, the ripping flanks, the proud crest and each time there was a squeal of pain from the gallant

horse and renewed efforts to shake away this man, to pound him into the soil and feel his wretched body quiver under the fury of hooves unleached. But there was no chance. Whenever the "whip" slammed into his gleaming hide he felt a part of his magnificent power and stamina fading away into one blur of dazed pain. The heart of the little giant was beating mightily, the drag of every breath whittled through red rimmed distended nostrils, and finally Appolo stood defeated.

Defeated? we say? Is there defeat when the fire of blood and flame of the heart is fanned by an innameable fury against one accursed man? Submission, maybe, but never defeat! The candle of hatred in Appolo's eyes was fanned by the storm of Bleecher's swinging "club" but not extinguished.

Bleecher looked with pleasure at the horse standing before him; when this horse was safely installed in the shed adjacent to the rear of his farm Mr. Crandall could search far and wide before finding his only real pet, his only luxury of horseflesh. Of course there would be searches but Bleecher was certain that with a little dye and some months of "training" — and at this thought his sadistic face creased into a snarl of pleasure—this little Morgan giant could safely be sold to an unsuspecting dupe for a tidy sum to line the pockets and stomach of one Bleecher, Horsetrainer and Thief Excellent. However his persuasion of the horse to come with him had taken precious time. The sky was rapidly growing lighter and denoted the hour when hard working small farmers would rise and start morning chores. Thinking to hurry along the plodding horse, Bleecher jerked once more at the rope. And therein lay his undoing. Appolo struck back.

Gone was the Appolo of mild manners, the children's horse, and there in a field of young apple trees raged a horse mistreated, a horse goaded too far down the path of viciousness by one cruel, ignorant man. Stepping in close as possible to the horse's head, Bleecher adeptly avoided the flailing forehoof aimed at his head and swung the sand-packed stocking. The first swing whistled wide past the horse's head, the make-shift rope halter, meant only as a temporary restraint against the horse's mad plunging, slipped and Appolo was free.

(Continued on page 23)



Trek from California

By EVE OAKLEY

The former Californian horsewoman describes how she moved her "family" of Morgans to their new home.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS" — King's Melody, King's Felicity, LaReina

All year I had been telling the Morgans about the beauties of the mid-west—all the wonderful pastures with lush green grass that they would have when they arrived at their new home in Illinois. They would stand very still and listen and roll their soft dark eyes in my direction. Each month would be the last one on the Coast we felt sure, but always there was just one more thing to detain us. And then finally the day came when we loaded the Morgans on the van and took off.

It wasn't a very promising day this Sunday morning, January 13th. There had been wind and rain for almost three days previously, the first of a series of storms to hit the Pacific Coast—the worst since the turn of the century. Morning dawned bleak and cold and rainy. However, about mid-morning the rain stopped and the wind died down. My husband decided to load the Morgans immediately and make a run for it, as the sky to the north and west was anything but promising and he thought that by going south we might run out of the storm conditions. It looked more promising in that direction.

We were only taking three Morgans with us this trip—a mare and her two daughters. This mare was due to

foal in April and everyone had been telling us that a trip of that distance was an impossibility with the mare in her condition. We decided to consult the veterinary about her chances of arriving safely. He checked her thoroughly and gave us the necessary certificates on all three Morgans which would be needed at inspection stations in various states we would cross. However, he was not very encouraging and so we packed all needed equipment in case of an emergency and felt as if we would be operating a travelling veterinary hospital.

The Morgans were waiting for us when we arrived at the ranch and they must have sensed that something unusual was afoot, for excitement ran high. We loaded all three in water and mud six to eight inches deep. As the last Morgan was safely installed in the van, I stopped a moment and said a little prayer for their safe arrival in Illinois, especially the mare.

Not being of a superstitious nature, the thirteenth meant nothing to me, but as the day wore on, I began to feel something akin to respect for that unlucky number, for before we had traveled 275 miles, we had had four blowouts on the van, the last one leaving us without a spare and about fif-

teen miles from the nearest town. There was nothing to do but leave the van along side of the highway and unhitch our car, which we were towing, and go into town and dig up a tire on Sunday night. We finally found one and got the van into town for the night. Needless to say, we bought four new tires for the back duals, as the old ones had already made two trips across the United States and were unsound for a third. By noon of the following day, we were finally ready to start again and the storm had almost caught up with us. We crossed the Tehachapi mountains east of Bakersfield, California, intending to take Highway 66 east, as the Northern Route was closed to travel due to storm conditions. At Needles, California, we were advised that there was fifteen inches of snow and over twenty miles of icy highways near Flagstaff, Arizona, with a storm coming. We decided not to risk it with the Morgans aboard and so dropped still further south to Phoenix.

We followed the truck route because of the difficulty in finding parking area for a van and car hitched together and also, we did not want to be very far away from the van in case of trouble. We made all the truck

stops for meals and never, in all our travels back and forth across the States, have we had better food. We found good motels each night where we could bring the van close, but these Morgans evidently slept very well, for we hardly heard a halter chain rattle.

We gave each Morgan two shots of penicillin every third day all during the trip as an extra precaution and took them off the van once every 24 hours for exercise. Other than that, they ate and slept in the van and each morning and night, we stopped at a gas station and watered them. Our luck held out all through the west, for each day we found large cattle corrals to turn them out for exercise. We started calling them "The Three Musketeers" for when they were exercising, they ran three abreast in very much the same position as they were in the van and were of a single thought, when one would turn, all three would. Other than the time taken for watering and exercising these Morgans, we didn't know we had horses with us and contrary to all the advice given us, the mare was the best traveler of all.

The first few days of the trip we travelled slowly, stopping more often than necessary because we felt concerned about the Morgans. We needn't have bothered ourselves and could have kept that van rolling night and day, as long as they had a chance to stretch their legs once each 24 hours. They suffered no stiffness, soreness, or swelling in their legs whatsoever during the entire trip. We kept dropping always to the south to avoid the storm which was threatening to catch up with us and finally at Las Cruces, New Mexico, we decided to head north toward Kansas City, weather or no weather.

This trip took us through the desert country of the great southwest, a part of the West which is very familiar to me, having spent my childhood there. There is something very beautiful about this desert land to those who have grown up in it. Its very barrenness has a majestic beauty and after the heat of a broiling summer sun, one learns to stop and appreciate the beauty of a desert sunset. I have watched the sun rise and set from the back of a good horse many a time and marvelled at the incredible beauty of the vivid coloring. My husband did not share my enthusiasm for the wide expanse of sage and sand and cactus and in the distance, the purple mountains—

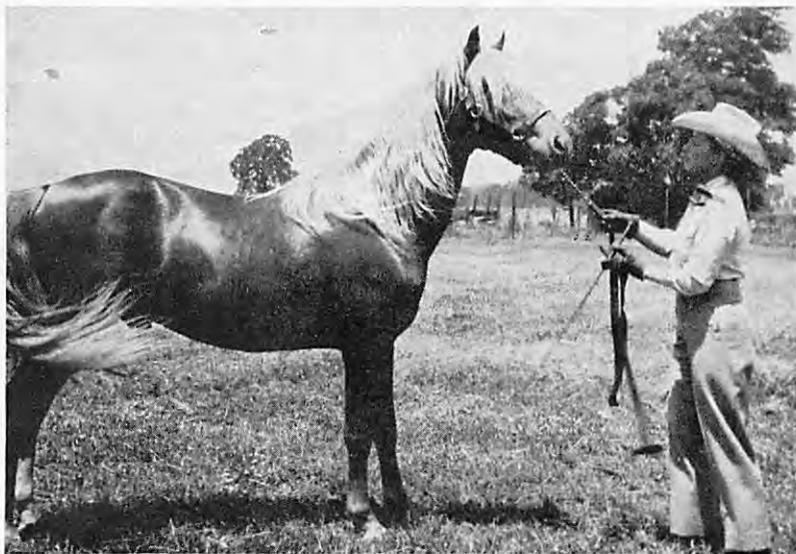
always—, as if they are enclosing you in peace and quiet away from the busy outside world.

The most nerve racking part of the whole trip occurred one night when we were crossing the Organ Mountains between Las Cruces and Roswell, New Mexico. On one of the winding roads, our headlights developed a short. There was no place to park the van off the road and each time the lights would give out, I couldn't be sure which terrified me most, the inky blackness or the blinding lights of oncoming traffic. We drove five miles in this condition with just the aid of a tiny flashlight—until we found a place large enough to park the van off the highway for repairs.

The mild clear weather held all through the fertile farm lands of Kansas and Missouri and we got our first snow flurries at the Illinois state line, just eight days and 2800 miles after

this to the Morgans. All during the trip, each time I stepped into the van, they had rolled their soft dark eyes in my direction with such a trusting look of anticipation. It was late when we finally turned into the home drive. After the motor had been turned off, I sat for a few minutes wondering just how I was going to explain this white world when they been promised such beautiful green pastures. I finally stirred and proceeded to help my husband open the van and put up the ramp as there was nothing I could do about it now.

We unloaded the two youngsters first — a two and three-year old. A look of expectancy was in their eyes as we led them to the door of the van and down the ramp. When they jumped off the ramp into the white icy stuff, they stopped short and snorted and gave us one horrified look—this wasn't



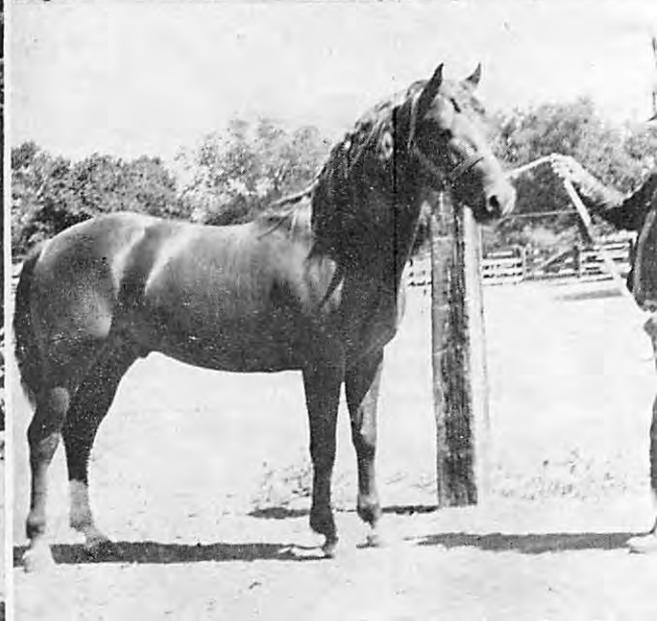
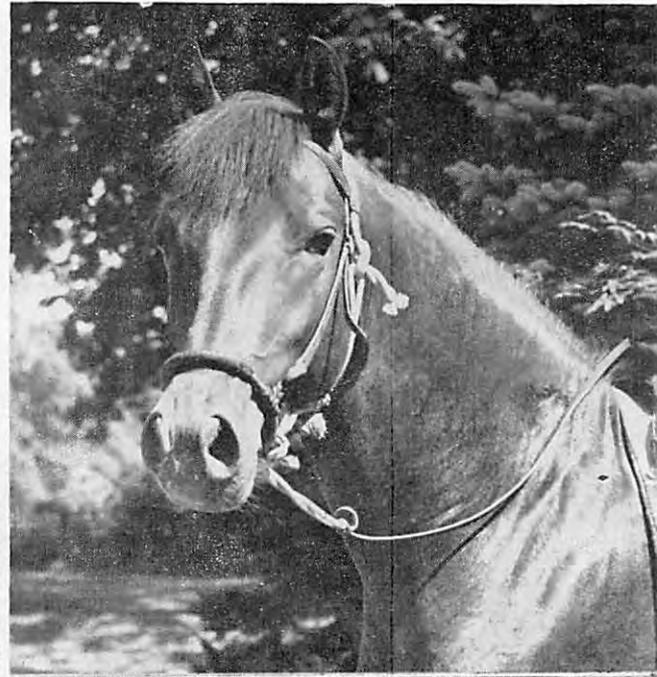
The author with her young flaxen-maned stallion, Cavendish

we left the Coast, with 200 miles left to travel before we reached our destination.

A portion of the storm finally caught up with us just before we arrived. I am not sure whether we ran head on into this storm or it was the same one that had followed us across nearly two-thirds of the United States, but there was snow and ice and freezing temperatures. The nearer we came to the farm, the more worried I became, for how was I going to explain

the lush green grass they had been promised. We lead them around to the barn and put them in their stalls. They would have nothing to do with us and stood with their tails to us—two thoroughly disillusioned youngsters. But come spring when the snow has disappeared and they are frolicking in those green pastures, they will forgive us. That is the way with youth.

I went back to the van with a heavy heart to unload the mare—this little
(Continued on page 26)



TOP: Miss Jolene Griffith on Illawana Senator, 8155—taken when she was queen of the 4th annual Pre-Madison Square Garden rodeo in Ft. Madison, Ia. BELOW: Ellen Beebe's Orcland Mooncrest.

TOP: Dyberry Buddy, three-year-old son of Lippitt Billy Ash—Lippitt Miss Nekomia, owned by Warren E. Patriquin of Arlington, Massachusetts. CENTER: Wilbur White with his mare Shawnee and her colt Tinkle, age two weeks. BOTTOM: Bret Allen, young stud of Edward Roberts of High Pass, California

MORGAN PICTORIAL



TOP: Fleetwing by Captor with owner Basil O. Aman of Ohio. CENTER: Monte Major owned by Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Weare of Costa Mesa, California, BOTTOM: Felix Lee by Allen Lee, owned by the Chilocco Indian School in Oklahoma.

TOP: John Kepley with his mare Little Miss Brown and her colt, Spade. CENTER: Dr. and Mrs. L. A. Maier of Scituate, Rhode Island with a Morgan three-year-old gelding. BOTTOM: Lyle F. Horton and Lippitt Scott Moro.



☆ ☆ ☆

Midwestern Morgan News

☆ ☆ ☆

By MRS. BEVERLEY OLSON

The author on the Morgan mare Red Feather, receiving a blue at the Kansas National Horse Show for the English Bridle Path Class.

It seems that springtime has finally come to the midwest. Though bits of snow still cling beneath the fence rows and around the hedges, the days have become bright and warm. From all indications it looks as if we're in for a lovely Kansas spring.

The Morgan lovers of this area are anxiously awaiting the spring activities to begin. In a matter of weeks the new colts, the horse shows, rodeos, and trail rides will be coming along. Mrs. Leslie DeWitt, of Wichita, is without a doubt one of the most anxious, looking forward to the arrival of her favorite mare's first foal. Her pretty half-Morgan Peekka, is expecting a colt next month by our Morgan stallion Barberrry. This flashy chestnut mare should contribute a really nice addition to Mrs. DeWitt's stable of fine horses.

Down Argonia way, the veteran breeder Hardy Hearst is expecting around 10 or 12 colts this season out of his nice registered mares. You Morgan enthusiasts around here had better pay a visit to the Hearst ranch if you want to see some outstanding Morgans, and meet some real people. Hardy and his wife are wonderful folks, so interesting that you

had better plan to stay awhile, 'cause you won't be able to tear yourself away.

In his barn, Hardy has an outstanding individual in the stallion Fireball. A compact, muscular, truly classic horse is Fireball. A magnificent Morgan that we hope to see in the show rings before long. Hardy uses a full sister to this horse as his personal pleasure mount, she's a tremendous mare with great beauty and a marvelous disposition.

Another stallion also stands at this farm. He's a son of Hardy's beloved Line Allen. Much the same conformation as Fireball, but standing a bit taller, making him outstanding as a parade horse.

The show season is well on its way, and it won't be long 'til we're tasting the dust of an outdoor arena and enjoying every minute of it. Our Morgans of this section are usually shown in pleasure and bridle path classes, as they excel in these fields. The stock horse, and the popular parade classes, are other fields where Morgans are outstanding.

There are numerous one day shows at the small towns here in Kansas and Oklahoma. The majority of these are

produced by saddle clubs, and similiar organizations. The class lists include stock horse, cutting classes, bridle path, parade and horsemanship classes. Seems to me that the Morgan is ideal for these varied programs.

The Wellington, Kansas, saddle club really has the right idea regarding their annual spring show. Included with their usual list of classes are halter classes for each of the different breeds. This is rather an unusual offering in this area. We took three of our Morgan mares down there last year and had lots of fun in both the halter and open classes.

I don't yet know the exact date of this show, but it will probably be about the last Saturday in May. I'll have the correct date later. All you Morgan owners get down there and let's make those Morgan classes buldge!

At our barn we're looking forward to our show mare's first colt. Its daddy will be Fireball, so from this combination we're looking for a whopper. After she foals, Red Feather will probably be re-bred to Barberrry.

Went up to Hutchinson the other day to visit some of our Morgan friends up there. I guess we picked

a bad day, for we saw exactly no one. We drove out to "Pop" Sentney's farm west of town. As we drove up the road, it didn't seem like the same place without a horse in sight where the best of Morgans had been only a short time before. I can't believe that "Pop" will be without a Morgan for long, not with the love he has for them.

We spent a nice afternoon at Chilocco Indian school not long ago. Mr. Kivett proudly showed us their Morgans. They have only twenty-eight head now.

In the pasture there were two mares that really caught my eye. They are Linbar and Elaine Bar, full sisters sired by Barberry and out of Alberta Linsley by Linsley. Elaine Bar's three year stud colt sired by Felix Lee is one of the most outstanding youngsters at the farm. Alberta Linsley has a coming two year old by Felix Lee that Mr. Kean greatly admired on his visit. This young stud is rapidly developing into a marvelous horse, that Mr. Kivett would certainly like to keep as a future sire.

I hope you Morgan lovers of the middle west will help me bring our good Morgans a little more into the limelight by sending me any information and pictures that would be of interest to the readers. Please send to Mrs. Beverley Olson, 5232 East Central, Wichita Kansas.

Thanks a lot folks. I'll be looking for those letters!

MORMONS

(Continued from page 9)

Other breeders in the Salt Lake area are the Mosher brothers, Amos and Howard of Sandy who are always striving to import something better than they own: George Hinckley of Provo, who has 15 head, topped by H. Monte Keno and who has bred his two top mares to Stellar. These are Belayr and her daughter, Frena. Another Morgan man is Hugh C. Patrick who has two registered Morgans and Bob Wooley.

Then of course there is Ern Pedler whose inspired western tales have enlivened the pages of this magazine. He not only has the Morgan gelding which is the hero of many of his stories, but we understand he also has acquired a stallion by Capt. Kellogg and a couple of Morgan mares.

Morgan owners in Salt Lake, including several who own one or two have formed a Morgan club.

Great Salt lake is today as ominous, life-defying and repellant as it must have been to those early Mormons in search of a haven. Its vast islands with their bleak headlands are as fearsome appearing now as they were a hundred years ago. The salt flats as gray and eerie. But the hundreds of thousands of happy, devout and prosperous Mormons are a tribute to the travail of those persecuted misunderstood people. And men like J. Holman Waters and the many other wonderful modern day Mormons are the kind in which the future of our country—and our Morgans—is safe.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

Bud too was real pleased when he found out about the write-up in the magazine.

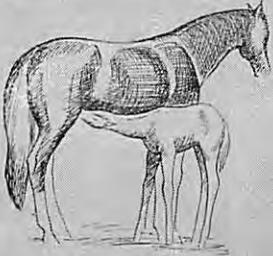
Bud now has with him my filly Jubilee Jody breaking her to ride. I am not the least bit uneasy in this respect . . . Bud is so quiet and kind that horses just naturally love him from the very start. Herewith a picture of Jubilee Jody.

Bud is now Roman-riding Jinks and Jeep and I can't begin to tell you all the stunts he has Jinks doing now.

The last time I was at Bud's place he showed me an autographed picture Roy Rogers sent him. Roy saw Bud perform, I believe in Florida, last winter.

Again thanking you and with best wishes for your continued success, I am

Sincerely,
Ellsworth Reno,
Browning, Illinois



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Show Horse Bloom
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References:

a. Estrogenic, Androgenic and Gonadotrophic Activity in Wheat Germ Oil, *Endocrinology* 49:289 (1951).

b. An Unidentified Factor Required For Survival of Newborn Rats. *J. Nutrition*, October 1951.

For maintaining vigor, stamina and top level performance on the track, trainers provide REX OIL all through training and believe it a valuable feed supplement. One great horseman says, "Rex Oil colts are vigorous and sturdy; they get off to a good start."

Exhibitors of show horses mix REX OIL in daily ration to produce a brilliant natural sheen and bloom on the animal.

Use REX OIL with our unqualified guarantee—you alone are the judge—you must be satisfied or your money back.

Insist on REX—the wheat germ oil with Hormone Activity. Prices: Pint, \$3.50; Quart, \$6.00; Gallon, \$19.00; lower prices on 5 gallons or more. At drug and feed stores or direct from us. We pay shipping charges.

Write for free folder, "Hormone Activity in Rex Oil for Horses."

REX WHEAT GERM OIL

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A BREEZE . . .

From the Great Lakes

By C. Fred Austin

The "stork" paid his first visit on March 5 to Mar-Lo Farm, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan of Northville—leaving a "spanking" filly by Jim Kenney's (of Lapeer) stallion Kenney's King Cotton out of The Dugans blue-ribbon winner Verran's Lassie who possesses 12.868 plus percent of Justin Morgan blood. She has been named Mar-Lo's Cotton Blossom—in memory of her illustrious grand-sire Cotton Hills Choice.

The mare Rubby owned by Mr. and Mrs. Fred E. Hubbard of Oxford has a "daughter" named Gallant Lady, owned by Miss Suzi Paulson of Rockford, Illinois, who has been trained to do five-gaits. This mare has a peppy temperament that gives riding both in the ring and on trail rides so much pleasure to Miss Paulson. Miss Paulson's friend Mrs. Carolyn Ciaccio, 619 Brown Avenue, Rockford is in the market for a similar mare so that Miss Paulson and she can work their horses together and perhaps enter pair classes and says even though the mare would not be gaited now she could have her trained later.

Now that Mr. Ray Haddock of Milford (whom I am pleased to advise was with me in the first Officers Training Camp for World War 1 at Fort Sheridan, Illinois) has a new mare, he has transferred his gelding Springbrook Peter to Miss Jerry Dieffendorf of White Lake.

Horse owners of various breeds, totaling well over 250, representing 15 organizations, attended the Fenton Trail Riders, Inc. "Fourth Annual Horseman's Holiday" in Fenton on March 2—during which Mrs. Sam McKinley of East Lansing was Guest Speaker. The horseman-fellowship demonstrated at this "Holiday" was out of this world! Their Junior Show will be held on June 8 and the date of their Annual Horse Show has been advanced to August 3. These Trail

Riders certainly know how to make ALL feel "At Home."

One of our popular young Show riders, Eddie Earehart of Northville and his stallion Verran's Michael were for the first time separated from each other on March 3—when Eddie left for his "stretch" in the Army. His wife Eddie expects to continue the showing of Michael. Prior to Eddie's leaving for camp there were many Open House parties in his honor . . . one at the home of Miss Virginia Carson of Milford—during which he received a trophy from the Great Lakes Morgan Horse Association. This trophy was presented by Mr. Floyd Appling who, with Mr. Gerald F. Taft, congratulated Eddie on the splendid showing he made with Michael in 1951.

Mr. Ellsworth Reno of Browning, Illinois recently sold his Micky Reade's King to Mr. Gustaf Jacobs, 2723 Roe Lane, Kansas City, Kansas.

The many many friends of Jack Blanchard of Walled Lake share my deep regret account his sudden passing on while he and his family were on vacation in Tuscon, Arizona. Therefore his stallion Red Rocket X-9098 by Banner R. M. 8127 owned by Mr. Russell O. Wright of Fowlerville is "For Sale." Mrs. Blanchard says she knows Jack would be pleased if his "Rocky" could be placed in a good home.

With apologies to Mr. Mar R. Hoffman of Indianapolis, Indiana—this is to advise that the mare Jovina owned by Dr. Carver Walcott of Fenton is in foal to his stallion Camanche Brave.

In addition to Devan Cap, Mrs. Milford L. Fox of "Dunmuvin Hill" Chesterland, Ohio now is the proud owner of two more Crabapple Valley Farms Morgans . . . Devan Tess and Devan Val—both by Captor.

Make plans NOW to show your Morgans in the Michigan Horseman's

Associations "11th Annual Horse Show," Farmington, on June 8 . . . where the Morgan horse is always given courteous consideration.

Virginia Carson, a Milford high school graduate, and sophomore at Michigan State, has earned an unusual honor in the animal husbandry department. "Ginger" is the first girl in twenty years to make the livestock judging team and has been to five national shows, including Chicago and Kansas City.

At the "Little International" "fitting and showing livestock show," on the campus, Virginia took top honors for her grooming and showing of animals. Starting with a steer and horse exhibit, she won both classes, then the horse championship class, then showed a sheep, a hog and steer to the grand champion showmanship award.

This show took place for two days on the campus during Farmers' Week.

"Ginger" is the first 4-H member to win one of Mr. Taft's, Springbrook Farms Morgans. She proudly named him Springbrook Lucky Lad. She and her brother are both enthusiastic members of the Great Lakes Morgan Horse Association.

Ginger has personality plus and her enthusiasm and generosity are boundless. Last year as a freshman she won a place on the team which went to Texas, but relinquished her place to an upper classman who would not have had another opportunity.

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Buffalo N. Y. News

By MRS. VINCENT J. ROGERS

Morgan owners and others interested in Morgans, please save the weekend of May 10th for the organization meeting of a New York State Morgan Club.

Fred Eisenhard of Oatka Farms will have letters to you all in the mail by the time this goes to press. Will those interested please reply either to Mr. Eisenhard, Warsaw, N. Y., or to V. J. Rogers, 5096 Sheridan Drive, Williamsville, N. Y. stating your preference for either Buffalo as a meeting place, and whether Saturday or Sunday would suit you better. It is hard to contact everybody, and if we miss you with the form letter, please let us hear from you anyway. On the response to these letters and to this notice depends the possibility of organization at the present time.

We have at hand a letter from Miss Thalia Nungezer, 202 E. Upland Road, Ithaca, N. Y. Miss Nungezer wishes to visit Morgans not too far from home this summer. Possibly some of you people near Ithaca would drop her a card to help her plan her trip.

Miss Leda Cook of Williamsville, N. Y. has purchased a two-year-old Morgan stud colt from C. J. O'Neill of Manteno, Ill. The youngster is sired by Archie O. He will be trained by his new owner for show ring work in Western classes.

Don't forget to let us hear from you about the proposed club meeting on the weekend of May 10th.

The Vet says . . .

(continued from page 10)

foot and meets with the wall, bars, and frog surrounding it. The white line represents the line of union between the sole and other parts of the hoof (most easily seen when the hoof is pared down for shoeing).

Picking up and holding feet. Everyone knows how to pick up feet and hold them for trimming. However, you have probably never considered writing down the exact steps. Usually they go something like this for the foreleg:

1. Approach the horse from the front—if he knows you're around it will help considerably; approaching a horse suddenly from the rear, is often an inconvenience to the undertaker in trying to locate the body.

2. Facing the rear of the horse and standing alongside his left shoulder, reach down with your left hand and grasp the ankle or pastern from the rear.

3. After first making sure that his legs are under him, shift his weight to

(Continued on page 22)

FOR SALE—Jubilee's Daisy. Sire Ethans Jubilee, Dam Bar S Topsy; coming 4-year old. Dark chestnut, excellent disposition; broken to ride. Clarence E. Spitzer, 608 East Kansas Ave., Independence, Mo.

PHOTOGRAPHY by Barbara Stone, 14 Franklin Street, West Medford, Mass. Show pictures and action shots. For appointment and price call Mystic 8-9810.

REGISTERED MORGAN COLTS, Fillies for sale, Lippitt and Archie O blood lines—Mid State Morgan Horse Farm, DeMott Road, Middlebrush N. J., phone East Millstone 8-2646.

FOR SALE: FAY ESAREY 06070. Bay Mare, Foaled 1943. Sire ARCHIE O. 14.3 hands, 1,000 lbs. Gentle and well-schooled. Bred to DEVAN HAWK 10573. Also: Her coming two bay filly by ARCHIE O. Also: Purebred but unregistrable two-year old light bay stallion by JAMBOREE 10093 out of a showy mare by SEAELECT. Prices and pictures on request. Can deliver for additional charge. **SELLING ONLY BECAUSE I HAVE TOO MANY HORSES.** Miss Martha Moore, Prattville, Ala.

Registered Morgan colts for sale; Morgan Horse Farm breeding. All sired by HAVEN 8053. Free delivery anywhere in States and priced fairly. Bob Travis, Thurman, Iowa.

FOR Sale: Reg. Morgan filly Pollie Acher 07687. Sire: Archie O. 7856. Dam: Dy-Berry Polly 06059. Foaled July 8, 1948. Bay, no white markings, lovely disposition. D. U. King, Box 57, Hawleyville, Conn.

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AT STUD: "Top Hats Golden Dude" PHBA ESELKAY—thoroughbred. Private Contract. Allen K. Elden, Anders Lane, Nashua, N.H.

FOR SALE: Bay filly two-years-old in June Sire: Peter Mansfield. Dam: sired by Jubilee King. Kitchener Farm, Billerica Mass.

FOR SALE: Western saddle, bridle, martingale, "Buck Steiner" low-roper, flower-stamped. Perfect condition. \$100. "Accordiana" baby grand accordian. Full treble and bass. Straps, plush case, music. Never used. Cost \$500. Will sell for \$300, if interested. Write to: Betty Habelman, Tomah, Wisconsin, Route 2.

FOR SALE: One registered Morgan mare 05917, foaled April 26, 1942, Bay, marked star. Contact Gordan Brigham, 33 Elizabeth St., Rockville, Conn. Phone 5-3066.

FOR SALE: Katie Twilight, brown yearling filly. She is well-grown and gentle with a short back, good bone and a lovely head. Priced to sell as we need the stable room. Margaret van D. Rice, Rockbottom Lodge, Meredith, New Hampshire.

FOR SALE: A few choice colts by Gallant Lad Reg. 9962 out of Cornwallis Mares—all chestnut with attractive markings, ages from 6 months to 2 years, all gentle and halter broke. Also one broodmare 10 yrs. old. Monarch Farms, Antwerp, New York.

WANTED—Middle aged horseman, Must be high type, honest, reliable, sober, sincerely interested care and handling horses. Work involves close association with children. Permanent position. Separate house. References required. Pitt Hall, Old Chatham, New York.

WANTED: Morgan Horse Register Vols. II, III, IV, & V. A. E. Osborn, Box No. 1, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

Because of limited space I must keep my Morgan band small. Will sell the young stock, including black weanling stud, two year old bay filly, chestnut gelding. Write for descriptions. Adelaide Nichols, Estherville, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Registered Morgan Stallion, six-years old, dark chestnut with white strip in face. Stands 15. 2 and is broke to ride and drive. Priced reasonably. James E. Repp, Chippewa Lake, Ohio.

2-year-old chestnut Morgan stallion. Brunk breeding. Sire Flyhawk. Dam a good individual and producer. Good length of neck, sloping shoulder, short back, plenty of substance. A real prospect. Animal Science Department, Stock Pavilion, Urbana, Illinois.

KING RANCH BLUESTEM, BLUE PANIC, and the **NEW BUFFEL GRASS.** Seeding details and prices.

Guy Hutchinson, Uvalde, Texas

TWO HORSE TRAILER—Custom built with tandem axles, brakes, metal body and roof, tack space. Has everything plus looks. H. Bertram, Box 231, Haverhill, Massachusetts (Phone 3-3849)

(continued from page 21)
the opposite side, by leaning against his shoulder.

4. At the same time bend his knee forward by the pressure of your elbow from the rear, and raise the foot.

5. In holding the foot for trimming, pass it through your legs to your right hand, and grasp it at the pastern with your legs just above the knees.

6. Keep the foot as low as possible, and in a position comfortable to the horse. Don't pull it backward and outward to the extent that it looks as if it is being unscrewed.

Hindlegs deserve the same treatment as the forelegs, and even slightly more respect. The following steps serve as a guide for the left hindleg:

1. With your left hand on his hip, place the right hand on the back of the cannon.

2. Shifting his weight by pressure on his hip, draw the leg forward and upward with your right hand.

3. Move your left leg forward in contact with the fetlock or ankle, and carry the foot somewhat to the rear.

4. Drop your left hand downward to the pastern to help anchor the foot against your leg.

5. With either foot some rotation of your body to the right will usually be necessary to maintain your balance, and to keep from being dragged under the chassis.

Endless variations of this description are possible. Any of them which consider both the comfort of the horse and the safety of the operator are acceptable. Needless to say, if all four feet are to be trimmed, the same steps are repeated in reverse on the off side.

Tools and their use. Tools used for preparing a foot for shoeing or for going barefoot concern (1) a *hoof rasp*, (2) a *hoof knife* or parer, and (3) a *pair of nippers*. A hoof rasp or file is the chief weapon with which to attack the hoof. If trimming is repeated frequently (monthly intervals), it is the only tool necessary. The hoof knife is used for paring away excess horn, and it is easily identified by its broad hook-like end. The nippers are used when large amounts of the wall are to be removed, and they avoid some of the elbow grease necessary when a rasp only is available. Other tools will be necessary in tacking on a shoe.

Sizing up the job. In previous issues we have described the normal foot, the foot axis, and standing positions. All these points deserve consideration before you start to balance up the foot. The object of course is to have the horse walk flat upon his foot with the foot axis in proper alignment. In this way you will avoid making him walk upon his heel, his toe, or upon one side or the other.

How much horn should be removed from the hoof? First of all scrub the foot up to that you can see its structure. Then, a general guide is to remove only that horn of the wall of the hoof which project beyond the sole. If nippers are available, use caution so that too much horn is not removed, and that it is removed evenly.

Preparing the hoof. With the foot held properly, and an estimate made of the job ahead, use either a rasp or the nippers to remove the excess wall, starting at one heel and following the wall around to the opposite heel. (If you have picked the foot up, and the tools are out of reach, put it down and start over again!) Remove any loose flakes of soles with the paring knife; cracks in the sole are usually normal. Clean out the grooves on each side of the frog, and remove any loose pieces of the frog. The frog represents the softest part of the foot. Many novices are so relieved to find some part which cuts easily that they really go to work on the frog. Leave it alone. Frog pressure maintains the health of the foot and avoids contraction. With the greatest part of the horn removed, smooth up the job with the rasp, so that the foot is balanced. Rasping will concern then the buttress, bars, and the wall. In some areas it is fashionable to "open the heels." This practice involves paring the bars down to the level of the sole. Such treatment weakens the back part of the hoof, reduces the support, and allows heels to contract. Rasp them level with the wall at the heels. Finally, in a horse going barefoot, round off the border of the hoof wall so that the edge is less likely to crack or break.

Frequently the wall surface of the hoof is marked by prominent rings. Small rings are normal and indicate the growth of horn from the coronet downward. Do not rasp the outer surface to remove such rings. The hoof varnish which preserves moisture in the hoof will then be lost, and allow the hoof to dry out.

At Stud

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When inspecting the results, check the foot axis to make sure it is not broken, and that the foot is flat upon the ground. The length of the wall at the toe in a regular foot is usually three times that at the heels. The ground surface should be level, and only the wall, white line, and an eighth of an inch of the sole all the way around should bear the weight.

If a shoe is to be fitted, omit rounding off the lower edge of the hoof. The shoe if fitted properly should appear as a direct continuation of the hoof.

Care of the hoof. In young stock examine feet regularly. Why? (1) Corrections of abnormalities are possible before they have gone too far. (2) The youngster gets trained in having his feet handled. (3) Feet can be picked out occasionally so that foreign material does not accumulate, and diseases do not get a head start.

As stated earlier if feet are trimmed at monthly intervals, a rasp is the only tool necessary. Stay away from nippers, unless you are experienced in their use. A young horse at pasture will usually need no other attention so long as his feet remain normal in shape.

APPOLO

(continued from page 13)

Bleecher's flaccid features were not pretty to see as he stood there in the waning gloom. There was fear etched in the wide gape of his mouth and unbelieving horror in the squint of his eyes. Then he ran.

Appolo stood for a few minutes snorting and stamping to cool the fires of anger within his gallant heart. He did not pursue his tormentor, revenge was not in his make-up, though he did not so easily forget cruel wrongs. Trotting easily, he once more passed through the farmyard gate and crossed the road to a tiny stream. Here he drank deeply, daintily, and raised a dripping muzzle to the farm he had just quitted. Nickered softly at the tearing ache of bruised ribs and sides. Appolo set his neat trim Morgan legs to the path home.

Sheriff Newhall received the call from Mister Crandall at eight o'clock; at eight-fifteen he was swinging his rig into the driveway where Crandall paced nervously.

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"Jim; I'm glad you came right away. You know Appolo; he wouldn't wander. I know someone's stole him!"

"All right now, Abe. Relax! It's more'n likely someone took Appolo just to rile you, seein' as how you've made a parlour pet of him! Seeing the heartache of the old man was too serious to be dispelled by good-natured ribbing, Jim became more business-like and put their years of friendship in the background. After an examination of the stable and nearby ground (where the hard adobe earth revealed nothing) Jim took Abe to the house and gently tried questioning the upset old man. He could learn nothing. Crandall had heard no unusual noises during the night. Hambone, the hound, hadn't raised any ruckus. Jim took one look at the aged hound lying asleep on the coach and decided Hambone wouldn't raise a ruckus at anyone stealing anything short of the coach on which he slept.

Suddenly Jim remembered something. "Say, Abe! Didn't you say something to me last spring about some man answering your ad to sell Appolo? You turned him down when you got a loan from the bank, though?" Abe's voice was listless. "Yes. When I got the loan from the

bank I didn't need to sell Appolo. His name was Kirchner or something like that. Owned a string of rental horses for merchants' carts. Even before I found out I could get the loan I said no. Appolo's a riding horse. 'Sides, Kirchner sold out and moved back East before Christmas."

Jim rose, picked up his hat, and moved to the doorway. Perhaps, in the building of this farm, Abe Crandall had loosed the creative beauty hidden for many years. It was truly a beautiful farm, if not a lucrative one. Jim had fondly labeled this haven as Rancho Omega; the confusion of Spanish and Latin in the name was seldom noticed by any. Geographically and technically, it was a poor spot for a farm, placed as it was on the extreme westerly coast with the Pacific rolling in fog and waves with equal regularity. Where the road passed the house, Abe Crandall had started a drive of fine white rock that circled the house and extended to a tool shed on a bluff directly over the beach. From the shed a smaller path descended the bluff on a gentle angle and proceeded to the town in one direction and to other up-land farms in the other. All of this had been bought

(continued on next page)

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(Continued from preceding page)

and planned six years ago when Abe Crandall had lots of ambition, a little money, and no knowledge of farms or farming. That was when he bought Appolo; and even as a young sturdy colt the little Morgan was so sweet and gentle-tempered he was soon a pet and did only light chores. The thought of Appolo in strange hands for the first time caused a frown of worry to crease Jim's wide forehead. While Abe could never afford luxuries for the horse he had always treated him right. One ignorant in the ways of horses might mistake the horse's natural hesitancy to strange situations as cowardice or viciousness and kill the animal.

Suddenly Sheriff Newhall shaded his eyes against the glare of the early morning sun and tried to make certain of what he thought he saw running down the beach. Whatever it was was now running over a low spot that hid the beach path from view of the house. There, now again, the horse was in sight. Jim grinned in sudden relief and stuck his head inside the door. "Hey, Abe!" he called happily. "Fill up that feedbag! Here comes Appolo up the beach!" There was a sudden glad cry from within the house and in a second the old man was on the porch. His fingers gripped tightly the sheriff's arm. "It is! It's Appolo, and he's coming home. He's come back!" Abe Crandall hurried down the steps and ran shakily to meet the horse. When Jim Newhall, following more slowly, came upon the two, he was somewhat disquieted by the tears in Abe's eyes and his restrained happy relief. Jim could see no marks on the horse's satiny coat and was no nearer a solution to the theft—than ever before. He ran his hand over Appolo but could find nothing until his hand slid under the heavy flaxen mane and encountered slight lacerations. Upon closer examination he was certain that they were rope burns, and told Abe so. Then, clucking sympathetically, Abe led the little giant to the stable and salved the burns, prepared some feed, and brought out a brush, thinking to shine the coat. Before he did, though, there was a hail from the house and Jim sprinted to answer, Abe coming in slowly with many a backward glance at the horse.

The visitor was a messenger from town, said the sheriff was wanted in his office. After Jim left, Abe prepared a fresh bed for his returned pet

and busied himself about the morning chores thus far neglected. A very tired Appolo was duly bedded down, the hens fed, wood brought in and stacked, and the accomplishment of a hundred other small tasks was brought about just as the telephone jangled officiously. It was Sheriff Newhall. His voice was heavy with worry.

"Abe, there's a man here named Blecher that says Appolo was running wild in his apple orchard last night and ruined some of the young trees."

Abe spluttered for a few minutes, then yelled, "Hold him, sheriff! He's the one who took Appolo from here this morning; I'll bet on it!" Jim broke in again.

"Abe, he's demanding payment for the damage. Says he knows it was Appolo 'cause he saw him in the moonlight, a'tearing up the plants."

Something of Jim's serious worry seeped through the line into Abe's ken. For the first time he considered the validity of the legal angle. "What is it, Jim? What are you trying to tell me?"

"He's demanding payment—to the tune of nine-hundred dollars."

Abe Crandall's little world was a very desolate place indeed for the next few minutes. He could hear Sheriff Newhall calling anxiously but the roar in his mind was deafening every other word. When he next spoke his voice was void of any emotion except weariness. "I can't. You know—I—I just can't do it." As he hung the phone back on its cradle he could hear Jim's voice saying, "I'll do everything I can."

For the next ten days Abe Crandall lived in a dream, finding a fault with all of his tasks and ignoring the question every act brought forward—how much longer will this be yours to work and dream for? During these ten days there were many visits from Sheriff Newhall, though the news he brought was not of the type either wanted to hear. The *Towne Courier*, the local news-sheet, carried the story with all the fervor of a small town paper blaring unusual stories of moment in their own little town. Friends of Jim and Abe called, disbelieving the accusations brought against the horse they all knew. There was no doubt left though when, twelve days after the charges were first levied, the *Towne Courier* carried this story:

"Sheriff Newhall of this town today revealed the outcome of the suit brought against Abe Crandall by L. Blecher for payment of damages

supposed to have been done by a Morgan owned by Mister Crandall.

"Because the nine hundred dollars demanded by Mister Bleecher cannot be paid in cash by Mister Crandall, Mister Bleecher has called upon Sheriff Newhall to confiscate the horse in question and give him, complete with bill of sale, to Bleecher.

"Sheriff Newhall's only comment was, 'There is no evidence to the contrary to refute Mister Bleecher's claim. There are some matters that I shall hope to clear up before turning the horse over to him, but right now I can do nothing but hope something will happen to prove the claim false.'"

The "Matters" mentioned by Jim were the rope burns on the horse's neck, but their explanation was not yet forthcoming. Questioning and arguing with Bleecher had partially convinced him that the man was lying and even perhaps had been the one to steal the horse from the stable; Bleecher however had stuck to his story of awakening to see the horse trampling the young trees. When the sheriff's suspicious questioning persisted, Bleecher feigned an attitude of one who's past deeds are being used as a measure against an innocent life. That Friday Jim rode out to the Rancho Omega and told old Abe to get Appolo ready for Mister Bleecher who was coming the next day. Abe was in the stable crooning softly to the Morgan when Jim rode in. When Jim left the stable a few minutes later he could hear the crooning start again, but this time there was a new note in the old man's voice. That evening many townspeople were a trifle shocked to see the sheriff guiding a lurching rocking rig down the mainstreet and into the shed back of the office where the sheriff sat all night nursing a bottle of ninety-proof bourbon.

The morning sun had not yet sucked dry the sands of the beach when Abe led Appolo down the path of the bluff. Damp sand left their prints clearly in the sand as Abe wandered aimlessly down the beach, Appolo following faithfully but wonderingly. Abe had not slept well the night before, he stumbled often, and finally, one arm across the back of Appolo, turned once more to the path up the bluff. At the foot of the bluff a great weariness overtook his tired legs and he sat resting while the chestnut Morgan amused himself shying playfully at the waves. That is how Bleecher and the sheriff

found the pair when they arrived in Jim's rig.

Bleecher had brought along a long rope, one more stout than the last one he had had on the proud Morgan's neck, and this he swung and slapped annoyingly against his booted leg as they descended the little bluff. Abe did not rise but only looked once at Jim's sad face, Bleecher's gloating features, before calling softly to the horse prancing in the sand. Appolo shook his flaxen maned neck negatively, but came to the old man. Abe Crandall held the fine head in his two hands and looked for a long time at his little beauty. Then Bleecher stepped down into the horse's view.

Appolo snorted angrily and stepped away from this man he hated. Bleecher followed, rope in hand, cursing loudly. Abe Crandall had seemed to have lost all interest in the man and horse struggling together on the sands. He was looking across the waves at another sight invisible to others. Strange. He did not feel tired now. Only a sense of peace never before known. As though the onrushing waves had passed warmly and caressingly over his old withered body and then gone back to the ocean, taking with them every care, every fear. He would have liked to slip into those waves and let them carry him out into that shining blue expanse of rest, but there was something he must do first.

Jim Newhall had not followed Bleecher down the bluff; he now stood admiring and wondering at the display of anger and spirit in the little giant. Knowing what he had to do—and cursing himself and the duty he knew compelled the act—he lightly touched his friend's arm and pointed to the horse trying to get around the spiteful figure in his path and get back to the man he loved. Bleecher was surprised when old Abe took the rope from his hand and quietly walked up to the horse. Then Abe led the Morgan to Jim and looked with mute pleading at his old friend of the past. Jim understood; he took the rope and led Appolo to Bleecher, balefully eyed the filthy hand reaching eagerly for the rope, and turned his back on any more gyrations of the puzzled horse. Leaving Bleecher to shout his imprecations at the horse, Jim went back to where Abe sat, head on folded arms, crying softly. Old Abe didn't even seem to notice when his friend sat beside him and

(Continued on next page)

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"little joe" WIESENFELD
Dept. 87 Baltimore 1, Md.

(Continued from preceding page)

laid his hand on the bony shaking shoulder. Feeling much the same way himself, Jim never noticed Bleecher leading a still fighting horse down the beach. When he did look once more in that direction the man and horse were up near the rocky point and almost out of sight. Abe's sobs had quieted a bit, he was muttering; when Jim leaned close he could hear the old

man repeating "Appolo, Appolo!" over and over like some heart-felt prayer.

Jim clenched his teeth tightly and looked out over an ocean oddly blurred. That ocean had a song of its own—or was it a prayer? The whispering, shouting, whimpering, roaring tongue of the ocean spoke of many things different to many men. Suddenly Jim rose with a shout. The pound was not of the ocean! It came from the impact of sturdy legs beating the sand in a rhythm of purpose, the purpose of a tiny growing speck skimming the sandy beach. And there came Appolo!

The *Town Courier* carried the full story as far as it was known. One reporter garnished his report of what happened with a large drawing of Bleecher lying dead among the rocks at the point, giving special emphasis to the crushed head. The caption posed a big question that people asked themselves: was this man killed in a fall among the rocks or did a horse, infuriated for unknown reasons, strike and kill him with a blow to the head? When the body was removed Jim Newhall found an odd object half-buried in the sand and pebbles—a sort of sock, tightly packed with sand and dirt. Jim had his own ideas about that, and a consequent search of Bleecher's farm revealed that a horse of Appolo's size had recently been tethered to a post and led to a field. There was a distinct lack of mourners at Bleecher's burial, and likewise a sorry lack of bidding when the deceased's property was auctioned. There were no relatives of Bleecher's to question the matter, so a local man bought up the property for the ridiculous sum of one hundred dollars.

That winter was a heavy one; Jim Newhall didn't manage to get back to Abe Crandall's until early spring, although telephones had kept the two in touch on important questions arising from their new partnership responsibilities. When the returns from the apple crop sale had been received, Abe Crandall had built first a spanking new stable for the animals he needed, and then a small gate over the drive, with a sign of the ranch's name and ownership. As Appolo and Abe met Jim at this gate they all three danced a little jig of happiness. Jim gripped Abe's arm as he whispered, "Rancho Omega was never a good name anyway. I'm sure that we—and Appolo too—much prefer Rancho Fortuna!"

California Trek

(Continued from page 15)

mare who was beloved by everyone on the California ranch where she had made her home for so long—"Mother Goose," her nickname round the ranch this year because of being in foal. Her dark eyes had a happy expectant look in them. I led her down the ramp and she hesitated at the bottom and sniffed at the snow. She raised her head and looked at the snowy landscape. Suddenly her head came up, her nostrils dilated and her tail curled over her back and she let out a clarion call. I know she was remembering her first winter as a weanling on that Illinois farm before she was shipped to California and if she remembered that first winter, she was also remembering her first spring with all the beautiful green pastures. She stepped daintily into the snow and pranced along beside me, her soft nose rubbing against my sleeve occasionally as I led her to the barn. This spirited little Morgan mare with her understanding disposition and her appreciation of human kindness has taught me to know and love a Morgan and is so appropriately named, for she is every inch a queen—La Reina.

Names in Pedigrees

(Continued from page 11)

heats, but it was only after six grueling miles that Lady Sutton emerged the winner, her best time being 2:33. In 1840 she again met Lady Suffolk at the Centreville, Long Island track in what was to be her last race. Lady Suffolk won the first heat in 2:29½, closely pressed by the little brown mare. She also won the second in 2:31, but Lady Sutton came on grimly to take the third heat in an even 2:30, distancing Pelham, the only other entry. The fourth heat was also Lady Sutton's in 2:31½. In the fifth heat the grey mare and the brown pony deadheated in 2:32 and in the sixth heartbreaking mile again could not be separated in 2:31. The seventh heat proved the undoing of the diminutive Lady Sutton, whose fighting heart could no longer carry her lack of physical power, and Lady Suffolk won heat and race in the slow time of 2:38. It was Lady Sutton's last race and the one which won for her the greatest applause of her three

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seasons of racing. So far had heart and courage carried her that it was almost unbelievable she could have been so small.

Lady Suffolk, who had defeated Lady Sutton to avenge the double beating she had suffered at the hands of a pony, was one of the greatest trotting horses of all time. This grey mare was foaled in 1833 and was an in-bred Messenger, inheriting three close crosses to that foundation sire of the Standardbred. She was an iron mare, more properly a steel one, for her equal has never been seen on an American race-course for neither Flora Temple nor the fabulous Goldsmith's Maid raced as long. All of Lady Suffolk's races for her first five years were from two to four mile heats, and usually best three of five heats for a race. She was the first trotter to better 2:30 in harness, she raced for fifteen consecutive seasons and she won eighty-three races. Her season of jubilee was in 1851, when at eighteen she was the queen of all she surveyed. She made her "Grand Tour" to Rochester, Buffalo, Cincinnati and St. Louis, journeying down the Mississippi to Mobile and New Orleans. Wherever she went, whether she raced or not, she was accorded the homage of the thousands who came to view the fastest trotter in the world. The following two years marked the meteoric rise of Flora Temple and the decline through age of the "Old Grey Mare of Long Island," whose last race at nineteen was one of her greatest. Thin and completely broken down, she went seven heats against Tacony and Lady Brooks, whose combined ages totalled less than the Lady's, to finish a dead game second. She still had her indomitable courage and will to win, but could not much more than hobble onto a track, so she was at long last retired at twenty and died the following year in 1854. In the prime of Lady Suffolk's racing career, she was very rarely beaten, and two of the only horses ever to do so were Morgans, Lady Sutton, and Woodbury's other famous grandchild, the brown gelding Mac.

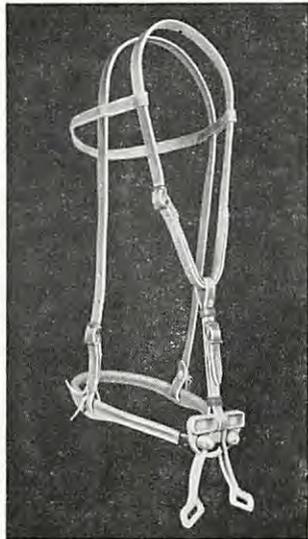
In Vermont, stallion-keeping was usually the avocation of a few men in each locality, as the average farmer was primarily interested in breeding one or two mares each year and willingly paid the small fee rather than keep a lesser-known stallion of his own. Since these foals were raised to

be sold, comparatively few were kept entire, and many more good sons of the best old Morgans found their way into town and city stables as harness geldings than remained on the farms carrying on a good sire's name. Morgan Eagle was no exception, and his sole surviving male line wound its tenuous way through a son, Henderson's Morgan Eagle 57, who went to Michigan, and his son, the very popular Magna Charta 58. The latter was most successful in a region not primarily known for its horse-breeding activity, and sired the winners of 121 races as well as the dams of a larger number of very good roadsters. It is of interest that all the road horses descended from this line were square trotters. No pacers appeared in the family until Magna Charta's double-gaited grandson Grand George became

one of the earliest horses to own two records, 2:30 at the trot and 2:20½ at a pace.

It is a far cry from Boston Blue's race in 1818 to 1945 when forty-six trotters were on the two minute list. All forty-six carried one or more crosses to Justin Morgan 1, including Greyhound, who has five, and Titan Hanover; the first two-minute two-year-old, who has the large sum of twenty-two, nine through his sire and thirteen through his dam. Trotting records are no longer a measure of Morgan greatness, but the squareness of gait, the will to try, that came down through Woodbury Morgan and his son Morgan Eagle may still be found in Morgan horses of today, whether it is seen in roadster classes, competitive trail rides or the workaday life of the cowhorse.

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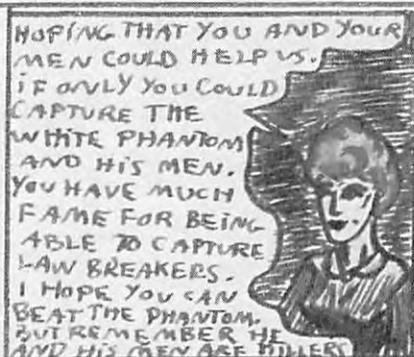
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THE FLAME'S TRUST

PAGE 3.



THERE IS A MAN WHO WE CALL THE "WHITE PHANTOM" WHO IS CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE. HE HAS A BAND OF MEN. I THINK THERE ARE 8 MEN IN ALL. THEY HAVE BEEN CAUSING TERROR AND DEATH IN OUR VILLAGE. I SENT FOR YOU...

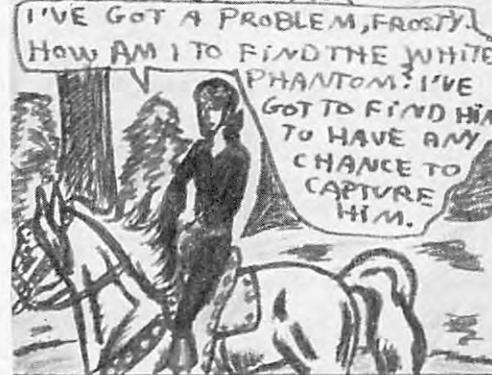


HOPING THAT YOU AND YOUR MEN COULD HELP US. IF ONLY YOU COULD CAPTURE THE WHITE PHANTOM AND HIS MEN. YOU HAVE MUCH FAME FOR BEING ABLE TO CAPTURE LAW BREAKERS. I HOPE YOU CAN BEAT THE PHANTOM. BUT REMEMBER HE AND HIS MEN ARE KILLERS!



I'LL DO MY BEST, MOM. I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME FOR THE PHANTOM TO BE STOPPED. I HOPE I CAN STOP HIM.

FLAME MOUNTED HIS WHITE STALLION AND RODE SLOWLY AWAY FROM THE VILLAGE. HE HAD BECKONED FOR HIS MEN TO STAY IN THE VILLAGE. FLAME WANTED TO BE ALONE TO THINK...



I'VE GOT A PROBLEM, FROSTY. HOW AM I TO FIND THE WHITE PHANTOM? I'VE GOT TO FIND HIM TO HAVE ANY CHANCE TO CAPTURE HIM.

SUDDENLY A BLACK STALLION LEAPED OUT OF THE BRUSH JUST IN FRONT OF THE SURPRISED FLAME OF VICTORY, ON HIS BACK WAS...



WHA--! THE WHITE PHANTOM!

WITH SAVAGE INTENT THE WHITE PHANTOM SPURRED THE BLACK STALLION FORWARD BRINGING HIS SWORD DOWN BROADSIDE ON FLAME'S HEAD...



UGH! CRACK! HA HA HA

WHEN FLAME CAME TO HE FOUND THAT HIS WHITE STALLION WAS GONE AND IN HIS PLACE STOOD THE BLACK STALLION...



WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THE WHITE PHANTOM TOOK MY HORSE AND LEFT YOU IN EXCHANGE. HMM, I THINK I GOT THE BEST OF THE BARGAIN TOO. EVEN IF IVE GOT A HEADACHE.

FLAME MOUNTED HIS NEW HORSE AND RODE BACK TO SUNRISE, TO SUNRISE AND HIS MOTHER...



GOOD HEAVENS! WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HORSE, FLAME? IT LOOKS LIKE KING EBONY, THE PHANTOM'S STALLION.

IT IS THE PHANTOM'S HORSE. HE AND I TRADED HORSES YOU MIGHT SAY. I GUESS HE LIKES WHITE HORSES BETTER THAN BLACKS. I LIKE THE DEAL HE MADE. THIS IS A FINE HORSE.

Alleghany Notes

Marilyn Carlson Childs

Dr. and Mrs. C. D. Parks in Honesdale, Pa., have their little barn full of typical family Morgans, headed by the famed Lippitt Miss Nekomia, now in foal to Dr. Parks' young Lippitt Ethan Ash stud. This young man is fast learning to be a stock horse. There is also a two-year-old full brother to the good New England stud, Dyberry Billy.

* * *

In Harrisburg, Pa., three foals are expected soon. Betsy Hawkins is fretting at school about her mare, Lassie Knox, which is now stabled at the Dr. Robert R. Stoner family's Stonaire Farm. Both Lassie and Stoner's popular mare, Flicka Hawk, are expecting foals by Lippitt Mandate, while another Stoner mare, Reveille, is expecting a foal by their pretty young stud, Rockie S. There are nine registered Morgans at Stonaire Farm now, with three more "expected," so that is a worthwhile place for all Morgan fanciers to visit when in the Keystone State.

* * *

The early May show at State College, Pa., is offering one class for Morgans, to be shown in hand. Also definitely slated is a Morgan performance class at Ringtown, Pa., on June 29, while Marietta in May and Harrisburg in June are also expected to offer Morgan classes. Of course there will be hot competition at the Pennsylvania National in October.

* * *

Up in Pine City, N.Y., Mrs. Ayelien Richards has her first 1952 foal, a stout little stud sired by her Gipseyy Allen, now her pleasure gelding. Ruthven's Nancy Ann will foal later and both will be bred back to Lippitt Mandate, owned by Carls-Haven Farm at Ringtown, Pa.

* * *

Diane Poticher of Harrisburg, Pa., doesn't own a Morgan, but she's a mighty enthusiastic booster at the grand old age of 14. While confined in bed during the winter, Diane started working out pedigrees and has done a good job of tracing some of the Pennsylvania horses back to Justin Morgan.

W. S. C. Horse Show

by LORENA KNOLL

Washington State College will again present the annual Light Horse Judging School and Open Horse Show this spring. Horse show performances will be during the evenings of May 23 and 24, and the afternoon of May 25; Judging School classes will be all day May 23 and 24. Entries close May 1.

The entire open horse show is a project of the Horse Husbandry class at WSC under the direction of Dr. M. E. Ensminger, Chairman of the WSC Department of Animal Husbandry. Dr. Ensminger will have the assistance of Gene Stark, Light Horseman, and of Prof. Ed. Goodwin, the Animal Husbandry Department, and members of the 1951 intercollegiate Livestock Judging Team in conducting the Light Horse Judging School.

There are no entry fees in the horse show or halter classes of the judging school. Registration fee is \$5.50 to attend the Light Horse Judging School. This fee is not required of college, 4-H, or FFA students.

Of special interest to Morgan owners will be the halter classes held in connection with the judging school, and the Morgan performance class (Western equipment) at the evening show. The halter classes will include: Fillies, two years; Colts, two years; Mares, three years and over; Stallions, three years and over.

Other classes include English and Western pleasure horses, trail horses, parade, three- and five-gaited, stock horses, pole bending, and halter classes for most of the major breeds.

Head judge of the show and judging school will be Professor D. J. Kays, Department of Animal Science of the Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio. Professor Kays is nationally known for his judging reputation, and his numerous articles for the agricultural press and many breed publications. He is director of the Horse Association of America and a director of American Horse Shows Incorporated. He has judged many of America's largest shows including the Chicago International, the American Royal at Kansas City, Kentucky State Fair, Canadian National at Toronto, and many other distinguished shows.

Another well-known figure in the

horse world, Dr. A. C. Todd, will be a guest lecturer at the Light Horse Judging School. He is considered by most as America's foremost authority in the problem of parasites in horses. His visit is being made possible through the courtesy of the Grayson Foundation, which finances horse research work.

N. E. Shows

1. May 4. *North Shore Horseman's Association*. Route 1, Peabody-Lynnfield Line, Mass. On the grounds of the Association. This Association has a series of small shows, one each month, for members. Application for membership may be made on the grounds on the day of the show. Later shows: June 8, July 13, Sept. 14, and Oct. 5. Only one Morgan class but many other classes in which Morgans may enter (combination, trail horse, parade, roadhack, etc.) Entry fee \$1.00. Write Mrs. J. Lloyd Marks, 55 Felton St., Peabody, Mass. No spectator charge.

2. May 10. The Block and Bridle Show. U. of Conn., Storrs, Conn. Write Manager Earl Meister, Box 175, Storrs, Conn.

3. May 17. Weston Horse Show, Weston, Mass. Entries close May 3. NEHC Class "C." Starts 9:30 a.m. Morgan classes: model, under, and over 15 hands, championship. Fees: \$1.00 per class except championship \$2.00. Write Miss Barbara Stimpson, 25 Hill Top Rd., Weston, Mass.

4. May 17 and 18. Children's Service Horse Show, Plainville, Conn. Entries close May 3. Class "A" with two full days and a night session in a reportedly fine new show site, a stadium with excellent lighting. Former site was Avon Farm School four miles away. Trying Morgan classes for the first time this year, under and over 15 hands and a stake class. Prizes in stake, \$40-20-10-5. Fees \$5.00. Write at once to express interest to Mr. Earl C. Weldon, Jr. Box 103, Conimicut, Rhode Island.

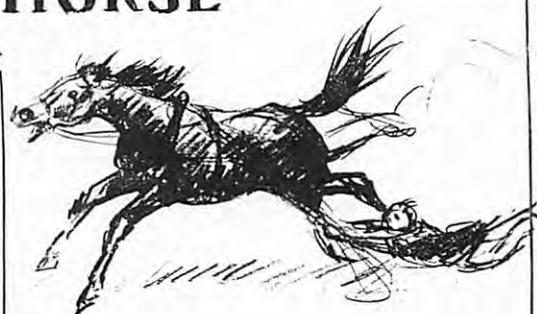
5. Brattleboro Riding Club Show. West Brattleboro, Vermont. Date not yet determined, last year May 27. A small informal Class "C" show. Last year classes for both registered and part Morgans also appropriate classes. Write Mr. L. W. Hill, Brattleboro, Riding Club, West Brattleboro, Vt.

ONCE UPON A HORSE



Story of a Hat

By OLD TIMER



Duke Ellis hissed softly through his teeth as he cuffed off the big Thoroughbred. Hissing came easily to him for he had but few teeth and his guardman's mustache drooped sufficiently to strain the gusty output. It was well it did for he had a breath other stablemen claimed you "could chin yourself on."

But for all the high alcoholic content of the breath, the weepiness of his eyes and the general down-at-heel appearance which branded him a lost soul from a WCTU point of view—for all that he was a horseman. The cut of his ragged breeches, the fit of his worn pigskin leggings the shape of his broken riding shoes all pointed to a once well-appointed rider. His handling of the big, nervous animal with the too-frequently bared teeth and the evilly-switching tail failed to disturb him.

The animal's new owner and a companion looked in at the doorway. Aware of them, Duke finished his ragging of the horse's glossy hide and reached for a footpick. He paid no attention to the new horse's prancing but cleaned the feet on the nigh side. But when he reached under and picked the off feet while still standing on the nigh side the visitor remarked to the owner "that's not the first horse he's handled by a long shot."

The owner and his friend walked over to a car and drove to the factory a few blocks away where the visitor, from England, inspected machinshop products he had crossed the ocean to buy. Later in the evening, at the manufacturer's home they talked over an afterdinner drink.

"What's that fellow's background?" asked the Englishman.

"It's all background," was the reply. "Like you he's an Englishman—came from quite a family, I understand. Well educated in one of your

better schools and Cambridge too, I think. Officer in some pretty famous dragoon outfit—master of their hunt, too I believe. He carries a hunting crop with a silver band. Engraved on it is the name of the outfit and its appreciation to him for his services. But he got to boozing and finally his family sent him over to Canada. There he went down hill pretty fast after a short stretch with the Northwest Mounted. Came to the states, worked at various stables but was always let go for the same reason—liquor. Never did anything mean or wrong—always a gentlemen, even when tanked. Finally he ended up in this town, got a job in my shop and takes care of my two horses on the side."

"What did you say his name is?" asked the visitor.

"Ellis, Charles Ellis," was the reply.

The name meant nothing to the Englishman.

"Never heard of him, eh?" asked the host. "Never heard of Charles De-Courcey Ellis?"

"Now wait a minute. You said DeCourcey?" A nod was the reply.

"Yes," indeed I've heard of De-Courcey. Every Englishman has. A Baron DeCourcey back in twelve hundred and something did King John some great service and for that was granted the privilege of staying covered in the presence of royalty. The grant was extended to all his issue for all time. Hm-mm. Odd."

The talk turned to industry and the manufacturer filed the new knowledge in the back of his head with other useless information. The next day the visitor left for England and the American went back to producing machinery vital to the then-raging war.

Years passed. Years in which life in the industrial town went on about as usual. Growth and progress could be seen on every side—except on the side where Ellis lived.

On that side were poverty and hardship—hardship of his own making, perhaps, but real enough in its grinding effect on the man who once had known far better things. All of these were gone, far beyond his reach except horses. You'd see him in this or that stable, always at horse shows; sometimes at the blacksmith's. Horses were his love and nothing could rob him of that. Nothing. Not the death of his wife, the overpowering load of a brood of small children, loss of credit at the stores, lack of work. Horses he knew and understood and when all the world scow'ed at Duke Ellis he smoked the opium pipe of oblivion—in his case cuffing off a horse.

Came late autumn and the annual New England horse show at the Boston Garden. Duke longed to go. Not for the chance of associating with horsemen he had known in other days. Not to tour through the stables and pass judgment on this jumper or that hunter. No. None of that. He wanted merely to get a seat where he could see. Slouched in it he would live again for a few hours the glory of other days—days of pink coats, gleaming Thoroughbreds, hounds and horn.

But he sighed gustily as he trudged up the hill to care for his employer's two horses and put the thought behind him. He greeted the pair as he entered the stable, talk'd softly to them as he mucked out stalls, bedded down and fed. Sweeping the runway floor he turned as his employer entered the stable.

"Got a couple of tickets for the show in Boston tonight," the latter said. "Want to go with me?" Tears welled in the Duke's eyes and he choked with a drunkard's emotion as he blindly nodded his agreement and thanks.

That was the year the Garden featured the Canadian Northwest Mounted police. It was the highlight

(Continued on Page 31)

Manners in horses are often hardest to find in the spring. The long confining winter is over, the horse feels his oats and is anxious to do everything except what is asked of him.

Don't ask too much too soon. After he has run in the paddock on a few mild days and has got rid of his ginger he is in a good frame of mind to accept a few new lessons. These will not only bring him to heel but will make a better horse of him. Using a 15 foot length of quarter inch manila or nylon rope, tie a hard knot at one end. About 2—2½ feet from the end, tie a simple running knot. Put the first knot over his neck so that it will meet the running knot underneath. By tying the running knot you have a slip-proof collar around his neck. Adjust this so that it will fit snugly just above his withers and let the rest of the cord dangle down in front of him. Now slide your hand between his neck and the rope, grab the dangling end and pull it through double. When you have enough of this loop pulled through, slip it in his mouth. Now pick up the dangling remainder and take in the slack. Move over until you stand about four feet from his nigh shoulder. Call sharply "come here" and at the same time give the cord a slight jerk.

The principle is simple. He can't stand the sidewise pull and instinctively steps toward you. Stop him, pat him, repeat the process then go to the other side and repeat it two or three times more. You will find that he anticipates the rope. As soon as he hears your voice and turns toward you, back up a few steps and he will follow. Repeat this process until he



has learned to follow you around the corral. After a couple of lessons you can throw the shank end of the rope over his back leaving him free and he will turn and follow you at command. Reward him for this with a lump of sugar, a piece of carrot or an apple. Make a point of standing near the gate when you call him and always reward him when he comes to the gate. By this simple treatment you can school a horse to come to you at your call and if you have a large enough pasture it saves a lot of tiresome work. This treatment is neither harsh nor punitive and is merely a reminder that your command or call means business.

You have doubtless seen horses lunging on a line, breaking at a command into a walk, trot or canter. It is a pretty exhibition and one within the capabilities of any animal. It is easy to accomplish if you are the owner of an old side saddle. Use two lunge lines, one fastened to the ring nearest you, the other passing over the saddle and fastened to the far ring. The rings mentioned are those in the halter. A strap connecting them and passing through the horse's mouth makes an effective bit. Use a long training whip and after leading the horse by the head for a few turns start him off with a light tap and keep him going in a circle by using your long reins.

The horse may break into a fierce canter or a wild trot, but he will soon tire of this and will drop back into a walk if not urged. Let him walk. Now adjust the reins in your left hand so the rein to the far side is slightly short. At your call of "canter" twitch the far rein and tap the horse's rump with the whip. This will pull his head to the right slightly and will automatically throw him into a canter. Do this a few times a day for a few days and then try him without rein control or whip. At your command he will canter.

Repeat this process for trot but make the tone of your voice softer. Go easy with the whip and increase the tension on the inside rein. If you feel you have got him responding to your voice try him with a single lunge line and halter. If he responds readily, unsnap the lunge line and try him with voice alone.

Some horses respond much more quickly than others. Some catch on with only a few lessons. Others need more drilling. To be sure of success don't ask for too much until you are sure he is ready for it.

This all comes under the head of things you can do with a horse when roads are too muddy for comfortable riding. It is a great way to leg him up and recapture your interest as well.

WALTER HEFFRON

The New England Morgan Horse Association suffered a heavy loss on March 9. On that day, its treasurer, Walter Heffron, died after a long illness.

(Continued from preceding page)

of the show and the demonstration came on rather late in the evening. Duke was anxious to see them— anxious to see if there were any of his contemporaries left in the band. But the events which preceded it were of equal interest. So, when he entered the stadium, he quickly stuffed battered hat and rolled up coat under his chair and slumped down to watch—and remember.

He hardly moved throughout the evening, and his employer, sensing his mood, did not disturb him. Class after

class was shown and only the tensing of the forearm against his told the business man that the former great rider was lifting a horse for a jump or steadying him on a turn.

Then came the mounties. Suddenly the band bared forth with "God Save the King" and the first of the scarlet-coated riders entered the arena. Just as suddenly did the Duke galvanize into action. He hurriedly pawed from beneath his chair the rolled up mess of overcoat. He fumbled frantically and finally found his wreck of a hat. To the amazement and consternation of the industrialist he

clapped the thing on his head and leaped to his feet.

The puzzled employer gazed around the vast stadium. Every hat was off—everyone's save Duke's.

Then, with remembrance came realization—the year 1200—King John—and Baron DeCoursey receiving the accolade.

And there stood the Duke. Vestigial remnant of a man, perhaps, to the crowd which started at the only hatted figure. But to one in the throng it was not drunken Duke acting up.

It was a DeCoursey, standing covered before royalty.

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