

*The Morgan*

35¢

OCTOBER, 1952

# HORSE



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# Vermont Morgans - - - -

By the late DANIEL L. CADY  
of Burlington, Vt.

*I notice in my car, when nearing  
A road that tips up toward the sky,  
The chaffeur opens up his gearing  
And spurts like thunder on the high,  
It's quite a thrilling engine feature,  
Although I'm half disposed to swear  
It's copied from that nery creature,  
And up-and-coming Morgan mare.*

*Few petrol charioteers are giving  
The "go-by" to the Morgan blood,  
Nor is the yoke of oxen living  
That's towed a Morgan through the  
mud;*

*In summer's heat or winter's rigor  
The Morgan "spurt" is always there.  
No horseflesh cuts a finer figure,  
By Crackie! than a Morgan mare.*

*Most any man and every woman  
Will tell you 'bout a Morgan's eye;  
It's so emit with life, so human,  
The Morgan strain' should mount,  
not die.*

*Our folks should rise from Jay to  
Pownal,  
From Burke to Bridport — every-  
where —*

*And take a hand, like Chauncey  
Brounell  
To save the Morgan horse and  
mare.*

*She doesn't need a feed of clover  
Each time she straightens out to  
draw,*

*She always has some grit left over,  
She always saves some air to paw.  
How well she wears a premium ticket!  
How well she stood the battle blare!  
The boys that stopped the charge of  
Pickett*

*Each took along a Morgan mare.*

*So here's to Phillips—bold and brainy,  
The Morgan king of Windsor street.  
He knows as well as George Delaney  
The old time Morgan can't be beat.  
He's come from Dixie with his dollars  
To boost the breed that's getting  
rare,*

*And when a real Vermonter "Hollers"  
He hands him out a Morgan mare.*

*A bit of far-off Arab splendor  
Still shown upon her dappled flanks;  
I'm pretty sure the witch of Endor  
Bestrode a Morgan on her pranks,  
But long upon our hillsides thriving,  
She's like the folks our hillsides  
bear—*

*She's hard as nails for work or driving  
The proud, Green Mountain Mor-  
gan mare.*

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## For Sale

### Saracen No. 9615

Foaled May 12, 1945

Sire: Upway King Benn No. 8246

Dam: Arissa No. 04669 By Mansfield 7255

Color: Red Chestnut

*This stallion is an outstanding show horse with excellent action and a great model Morgan.*

*His record speaks for itself. He is the present N. H. reserve state champion and over the past three years has won over ninety per cent of his classes including many championships.*

*A change of occupation forces me to sacrifice this horse for \$1000.*

*Further information gladly furnished upon request.*

**CLYDE TAYLOR Franconia, N. H.**

# Letters to the Editors



Fan For Ernie

Dear Sir:

I should like to renew my subscription to your fine magazine and particularly look forward to more articles by 'Doc' Ern Pedler of Utah.

His stuff is right up my line and has helped to strengthen a long cherished desire to seek my career in the cattle country of North America and this is partly the purpose of my letter.

I should be very grateful if you would please be so kind as to let me know if you consider it at all possible for a South African to obtain work of this kind in the states or in Canada.

I have been given to understand that it may be necessary to secure employment of some kind before entrance into your country is permitted.

I am not afraid of hard work and feel that ranch life would suit me well. I am keenly interested in working with animals and would like to live in a cattle country where the horse can never be altogether dispensed with. I should be quite willing to work for my keep until such time as I might be considered capable of better employment.

Hoping for your kind consideration, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

Hugh Dent  
71 Ridge Road  
Scottsville,  
Piermaritzburg,  
Natal, S. Africa  
Good Sport

Dear Sir:

Several months ago the "Editor's Comments" column dealt with good sportsmanship. In the same column of the September issue, we have read with interest his acclimation of the 1952 National Morgan Horse Show at its new location in Massachusetts.

The whole column fairly breathes the satisfaction of one who—like ourselves—felt the show should have remained in Vermont. In our humble

(Continued on page 5)

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## The Morgan Horse Magazine

Vol. XII    October, 1952    No. 9

A Monthly

The Official Publication of  
**THE MORGAN HORSE CLUB, Incorporated**  
90 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

**Publication Office:**  
Leominster, Mass.

<b>Publisher</b> .....	<b>Otho F. Eusey</b> for The Morgan Horse Club, Inc.
<b>Editor</b> .....	<b>Sumner Kean</b>

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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year \$3.50    Two Years \$6.50    Three Years \$9.00

THE MORGAN HORSE MAGAZINE, published monthly by THE MORGAN HORSE CLUB, INC., 90 Broad St., New York, New York. Printed by The Eusey Press, Leominster, Mass. Entered as second class matter at post office, Leominster, Mass.

Copyright 1952 by The Morgan Horse Magazine

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

-- King Henry V

# The Editor's Comments

Years ago we read a book about the building of a barn. The author was Walter Edmunds, for whom we have great admiration, and the tale was an enthralling one embodying well-researched data of that long-gone clan—the professional barn-framer.

As we recall the building was framed on the ground without recourse to blueprint. Its heavy oaken sills, plates and corner posts were hewn with broad-axe and adze so accurately that at the day of the raisin' the massive walls rose surely, impelled by strong arms and pike pole until they stood erect. Atop them sprang the rafters and webbing and when the final "green" nail of raw oak was driven into its crooked connecting hole in the ridgepole the designer climbed to the topmost peak and stood erect—on his head. Such was the story of a barn-building in the day of our forefathers—a day of mighty hewing, lifting and grunting accompanied by deep draughts of rum and a huge dinner. The barn was made big—it had to be to house 50 head of cattle, horses, young stock and enough roughage to carry them through the winter.

Such was not the case in the erection of our own modest stable but the effort, planning and grunting which accompanied its birth and growth had much in common with the herculean efforts of our ancestors.

A year ago we bought a house we had tried to own for more than 20 years. A modest cottage on a hilltop, it differed little from many other old houses in this New England city save for one detail—its front door abutted on 20 miles of the finest bridle trails in the East. It was our house—it had to be from the days when we first laid eyes on it. So, with such determination it followed that one day we owned it—owned it in all its delapidated-pre-Revolutionary glory. Come spring we had access to it and followed months of restoring, installation of heating, plumbing, lights, insulation—an enthralling, wallet-wrecking time indeed. But at long last came the day of occupancy of relaxation from the terrific drive of rebuilding. A moment only to catch our breath and then, looming large in our cosmos, came the realization of why we had ever bought it—to enjoy better our hobby, horses.

Heretofore we had owned "places" with barns designed for other purposes. We had made them over, altered, added and repaired. But none had proven entirely satisfactory. One was too low. Another was too damp. A third gave out only onto a tarred road. This then was our opportunity to have a barn we had always dreamed of.

We had been victims for years of big barns—barns capable of housing eight to ten horses. The result was we had owned enough to fill the building and, as a result, had gone nearly broke. This barn was to be a modest affair, two box stalls only with room enough for hay, bedding, feed and tack.

A 20 by 30 structure, we tucked it into a nearby slope. When the area was graded flat we had a trench-digger scoop out a ditch three feet deep and a couple wide. Into this we dumped an un-needed stone wall and sloped in concrete grout until it was flush with the surface. Atop this we erected a concrete block wall four feet high in the back and a foot and a half in front. At this writing we are framing the structure. There is an eight-inch plank bolted onto the wall. Atop it is a two by four base strip and studs set every two feet to give slightly more than eight feet of rear room in the stalls.

The stalls are 10 by 10. The bedding bin is six by ten. The feed room equipped with steel grain boxes and including a tack cabinet is the same size. There is additional room on the first floor for cart and trailer and overhead room for hay. Bedding can be dumped in from a truck without shoveling. The floors are clay atop crushed rock and stone and are drained with four-inch pipe. The outside walls are matched vertical boarding; the interior is the same as are the ceilings. Stall windows are set high to keep drafts off sweating horses. In short it is compact, easy to maintain and gives maximum comfort to two animals.

It is a far cry from the Mohawk Valley barns Edmunds described. But it fits our times, our conception of what a horse requires, and our pocketbook. By providing—free—the labor of one man and a boy the structure will cost less than \$750. That is our barn. The raisin' is a continuing affair—as is the solid satisfaction derived.

## OUR COVER



Photo by Carleton W. Patriquin

Our cover, this month, is in honor of the annual 100-mile ride at Woodstock, Vermont.

The group of three riders are left to right: Mrs. Ruth Orcutt on Townshend Lady Sensation, Roy Hall on Windcrest's Delight and Jane Clark on a gelding by Ulendon.

## LETTERS

*(Continued from preceding page)*

opinion this column is the epitome of good sportsmanship. In other words, we think our Editor is a "good sport."

Sincerely,

Eleanor and Jay Kyle  
Boyertown, Pa.

### Stallion Needed

Dear Sir:

Could you please give me some information on some of the Morgan stallions in and around Houston? My two mares are ready to be bred and I should like to breed them to Morgans.

Sincerely,

Gary M. Reynolds  
156 Rockleigh Place  
Houston, Texas

### Improving

Dear Sir:

I certainly think a lot of your magazine. The first few issues I received weren't too good. But as I went on they got better.

I was disappointed in not winning a colt in the colt contest, but my black mare, Flicka, (which I am told is half-Morgan) is going to have one sometime in May. My father seems to think the stallion (which is black) is

*(Continued on page 15)*

# Vermont . . .

## 100-Mile Trail Ride

### *Modern Day Version of How They Carried the News from Ghent to Aix -- News of Morgan Supremacy.*

Years ago and far away Browning wrote the story of the first trail ride: How They Carried the News from Ghent to Aix.

On that momentous journey, chronicling the middle ages Flemish victory, which saved their country from the invading Spaniards, three horses started out. Of two of them little is written save that they passed out on the trip but of Roland, who made the trip there is much—much including the fact that the besieged city managed to gather from soupcons here and there the last measure of wine and down Roland's recumbent throat they poured it.

Browning was never an accurate poet and we choose to overlook this poetic license—never having sat, booted and spurred with a horse's head in our lap while we poured cooking sherry down his neck. Our sole experience in this respect was squatting on a stepladder while we tried to get colic remedy into their faces the while they belched it back at us.

But that is neither here nor there. The fact that Browning muffed his reporting of the carrying of such momentous news a distance of some 30 miles is not going to lead us astray in telling you of how in this year of 1952, a small Morgan horse carried the good news of Morgan supremacy for two 40-mile days and topped it with 20 more on the third.

We shall not bore you with items such as "I cast off each jackboot and tore off each spur" in the cleanly-New England story of a tough little animal climbing up hills that would have curled Roland's hair and sliding down declines that would have left him nothing to sit on when he received the accolade of the grateful citizenry of Aix.

No, Browning, never having lived in New England could not envisage what trials New England could dream up for horse and rider—testing journeys on which it did no good merely to lean forward and tell your Roland that he was a "horse without peer."

These modern day horses did not gallop through the night. They travelled over trails where it would be suicide to venture after dark—almost suicide were they not rightly trained to travel in full daylight.

No, the 100-mile Vermont trail ride has no counterpart in history. Sure, there was the pony express with its mad arrow-ridden relays. But horses then galloped only a short distance and then rested while iron-croched riders sped along on fresh mounts.

The Vermont ride—the ride of the good Dr. Johnson—is something more. Not only does it prove equine superiority but the measure of man's ability to get along with his horse. When the victors—man and mount—ride across the finish line the required time; when the horse has been judged sound and able despite the ordeal—then indeed has the Vermont ride proven the reason for its existence.

Gone are the days when horses were ridden to death—when the animal was not only transportation but communication means itself. Gone are the years when a horse must be galloped into the ground to satisfy a city's yearning for news. Instead we have today the kindly, humane and understanding methods of fitting man and horse into combination of endurance and cooperation to prove the merit of the one and the understanding of the other.

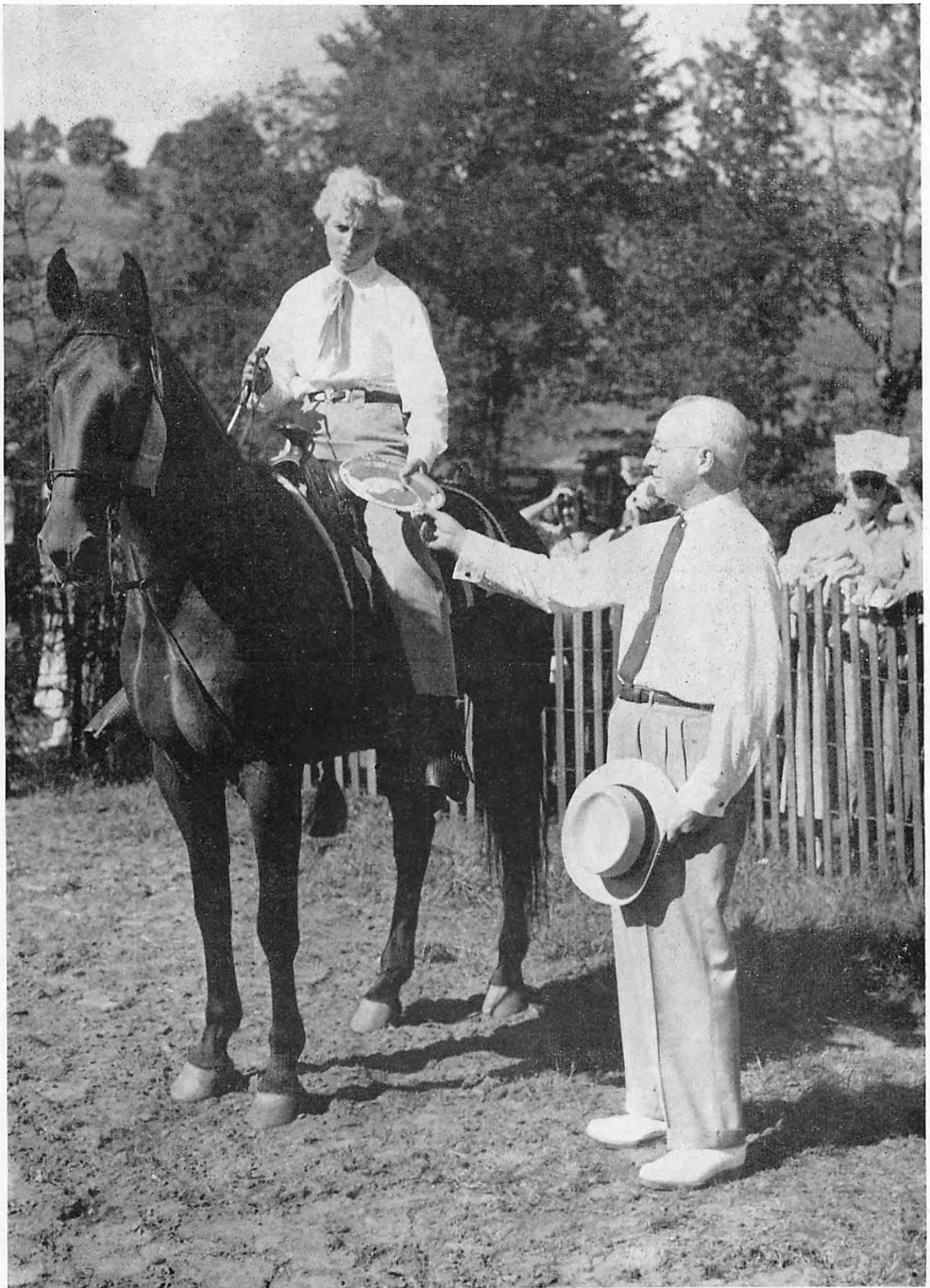
Bridle paths had their start in Vermont in 1926, when a group of horse

lovers organized the Green Mountain Horse Association. The purpose of the new organization was to encourage the raising and use of horses in Vermont and to develop a system of bridle paths.

It was really in 1919 that the state's great riding possibilities first attracted attention, when the U. S. Remount Association sponsored a 300-mile endurance ride, to find the type and breed of horse best suited to army use. Vermont was selected for the first test. From then on, the state became known for its great riding advantages. These army endurance rides were tried in other states; but the sponsors eventually returned to Vermont because of the state's ideal riding conditions. The enthusiasm evoked by these rides marked the beginning of the Green Mountain Horse Association.

The Association owes its existence and growing success to the late Ethel Clement Field of Mendon, daughter of a former Vermont governor and an enthusiastic horsewoman. She had seen the old army endurance rides and had taken part in some. Her experience in these rides convinced her that there was no place like Vermont for riding. Army riders agreed with her; but horsemen on the whole knew little about these roads. Ethel Field obtained approval and cooperation of the State Road Commission; then started an organization to back her idea. Horsemen throughout the state joined with her. She started with an ambitious plan of a statewide system of bridle trails. The Road Commission helped her map out routes. She and her friends marked the routes with arrows and issued a guide book of directions,

*(Continued on page 8)*



Max, Morgan gelding, sweepstake winner. Owner-trainer, Mrs. Katherine P. Colon, receives Morgan award from Frank B. Hills, Secretary of the Morgan Horse Club.

(Continued from page 6)

which listed all stops for lunch and overnight.

Dr. Earle Johnson of Rutland, one of Vermont's most enthusiastic horse-men, has been president of the Association for the past twenty years and has been instrumental in the progressive growth of the organization.

For years we have heard of, and read of the Vermont 100-Mile Ride. We had admired the winners, and noted with pride the records of those sturdy little Morgans. This year we answered some of the questions in our mind concerning this unusual event, and enjoyed parts of it through the eyes of a newcomer and tenderfoot.

Arriving in Woodstock in the holiday atmosphere is in itself an experience. This quaint old village, the site of so many early Morgan tales is indeed unique. Progress had quietly passed it by, the railroad made its last run into town several years ago. No super-highway came to take its place. The town draws in the latchstrings at sundown. A peaceful quiet night is marred only by the "furriners" who talk horse until the wee hours of the morning. Then the morning shift of hardy riders take over as they begin to stir and care for their mounts long before cockcrow.

Five a. m. finds these riders in the barn to feed and check their mounts, (only the veterinary, and judges with officials have been allowed in since nine the night before) then a hasty breakfast followed by the weighing in of each rider with his equipment at 6 o'clock.

No horse may leave his stall until the officials make the call at 6:30. Then each rider mounts and trots off in front of the judges, who check for lameness. There is no opportunity to "work out" any stiffness or lameness and the judges' word is final. Noticeable lameness means the end of that horse and rider's hopes for this year.

Morgans, Apaloosas, Thoroughbreds, Quarter-horses, Walking Horses, and Arabians, with the ever present grades means more than 50 horse start the first day. Everywhere the horsemen and embryo horsemen commented on the quality and beauty of the Mor-



Sandy Hunt, winner of the Junior Stable award, atop Archie's Nekomia, the only stallion in the ride.

gans. Good dispositions and easy riding qualities made them favorites of the crowd.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong . . . but time and chance happeneth to the all." So said the prophet, and certainly there is an analogy here. In this instance time and chance is that complete harmony of horse and rider which is to be found only with a well-bred horse and the experienced rider who have become as one, through the daily training schedule maintained by the contestants.

Motoring through those rugged Vermont mountains, one watches horses scale mile-high cliffs which would cause even a mountain goat to reconsider; continually going on and on, up and down, with seldom a chance to walk. Here the rider does not walk his horse down hill. No, to complete the prescribed 40 miles in seven hours, as they must do the first two days, does not allow time for this. With the temperature in the

90's, we salute all as winners who complete this gruelling test. These riders and their mounts occupy a unique place in equine history of which they can well be proud.

The Show stable of the Ted Davis' of Windcrest farm was well represented by Windcrest's Delight, a beautiful four-year-old filly ridden by that veteran trail rider, Roy Hall, who rode the first ride years ago, and has the distinction of riding a two-year-old safely through on one ride. This was a combination which had the respect of all.

The Townshend Morgan Farms were again back with a good mare, in Townshend Sealois ridden by Pat Hallquist. The veteran Sadwin again made the 50 mile "B" or Pleasure ride with her young owner, Nancy Ela.

Orland Farm was represented by their six-year-old mare, Townshend Lady Sensation. All remember her rider-owner Ruth Orcutt, as the former Ruth Dickson who rode Sadwin on her famous rides a few years back. Again we have a Morgan-rider combination which was early recognized as a favorite, as evidenced by the way some of the inexperienced riders watched the pace set by Ruth and Roy Hall.

The Morgans had the distinction of having the only stallion in the ride, Nekomia's Archie, a nice seven-year-old stallion owned by Peter Hunt of New Jersey, and ridden by his experienced 16-year-old daughter, Sandy. Sandy had been riding at 5 a. m. each morning this summer getting ready for the ride.

Gene Timmons of Malone, N. Y. had his nice gelding Babe's Delight which combines the Lippitt with the government breeding. This 15-2 Morgan is truly a trail horse to satisfy the desire of any man who wants a "big" Morgan.

Timmons rode through the three-day event unaware that while in Vermont his barn and two other Morgans were destroyed by fire. Because of his interest in the ride his wife refrained from notifying him until after the ride was over.

Last year's winner, Tarik's Golden Lass, that beautiful gold chestnut mare, who has also done well in the show ring, was present with her owner rider Phyllis Taylor of Bellows Falls, Vt.



The winner of the lightweight division who went on to win the sweepstakes by taking over the heavyweight top horse, a grade Thoroughbred, was a registered Morgan gelding, Max, son of Cotton Hill's Choice, the famed Brunk breeding. Nine years old, standing 15.1 and weighing and even 1000 pounds this fine animal came through the tough three day test in perfect shape.

His owner-rider, Mrs. Katherine P. Colon of Athol, Mass., was particularly elated at her horse's win, achieved in his third try at the title. Three years ago, the year she acquired him, he placed third and won the Morgan award, as of course he did this year. Last year he placed eighth. His relatively poor showing, Mrs. Colon believes was due to a fall the pair suffered a month previous.

This year she decided she would make the big try. Max got his regular

daily ride throughout the winter but come April he was put to harder work. His six to nine miles a day were doubled but his rations, six quarts of crushed oats and two of bran, remained the same.

Broken to western tack which is still used on him, Max had shown ground eating propensities at a jog. This gait was good for five to six miles an hour and was easy on both horse and rider. On no day of his training did he do more than 25 miles and never that distance in succession.

"I didn't train for the hills as much as I did other years," she explained. "Although I missed this special training on some of the mountains his general condition was so good that it overcame any deficiencies on that score. He has an easy-going disposition and other horses passing him do not bother him. That helped too."

Mrs. Colon has no recipe for suc-

cess other than general riding, good condition—and a Morgan. "They are wonderful," she says. "I rode Max a thousand miles since April and the trail ride was no strain for either of us. It was fun. I am very happy. "No. Max is not for sale."

\*\*\*

Yes, we enjoyed the 1952 trail ride; like its predecessors it was a success, not from the standpoint of proving the superiority of any line of breeding, but of developing horsemen. Our congratulations to Dr. Johnson and his assistants as they continue to develop good clean Americans who believe in sportsmanship such as is found in so few countries today.

★ ★ ★

### Complete Results Of Trail Ride Will Be Found On Page 29

Gene Timmons, Mayor of Malone, N. Y., on Babe's Delight, registered Morgan gelding who placed 9th in the Heavyweight Division.



Warren Patriquin, photographer, on Dyberry Buddy, Parade Class winner at Green Mountain Morgan Horse Show.



"Passe partout. Know what it means?"

We were sprawled on the plank bench in front of his big training stable, Peter Roche and I, that July day when he interrupted me as I described cardboard backing for some horse prints.

Know what it means?

"Sure," I replied. "When you take the picture, the frame and the masking board and bind the whole thing together with tape."

"Mebbe so," he grudgingly admitted. "But there's another meaning—a better one."

Passe partout means something that passes, everywhere. Even the dictionary will tell you that. But I didn't learn that from a dictionary. I learned it in Canada in the 90's. I learned it from a horse and a man. The man's name doesn't matter. But the horse's name was Passe Partout."

"I was only a youngster then. It was my first big job . . .

But here is his story:

Only a youngster—but what a youngster, twenty, tough in mind and muscle and the match of any horse he'd met. Ambitious, eager, a hard-worker, he was not at all surprised when the Big Chance came as show rider and manager of a string of horses in a famous Canadian show stable. He'd packed his trunk and grabbed a train.

A livery rig took him to the stable but it was not until he had paid the driver and seen him leave that he found he was alone. Gradually it dawned on him that the crew was away on the show circuit—the best horses, tack and equipment were missing. It was four days before they returned—four days of idleness which drove him to inspect in minute detail every stall, field and animal on the

place. Most of the latter were on pasture, mares with their colts, young stock and retired veterans.

But on the second day of enforced idleness he spotted a neat little horse in a distant pasture. For want of something better to do he caught up a saddle and bridle and, with a half bucket of oats, made his closer acquaintance.

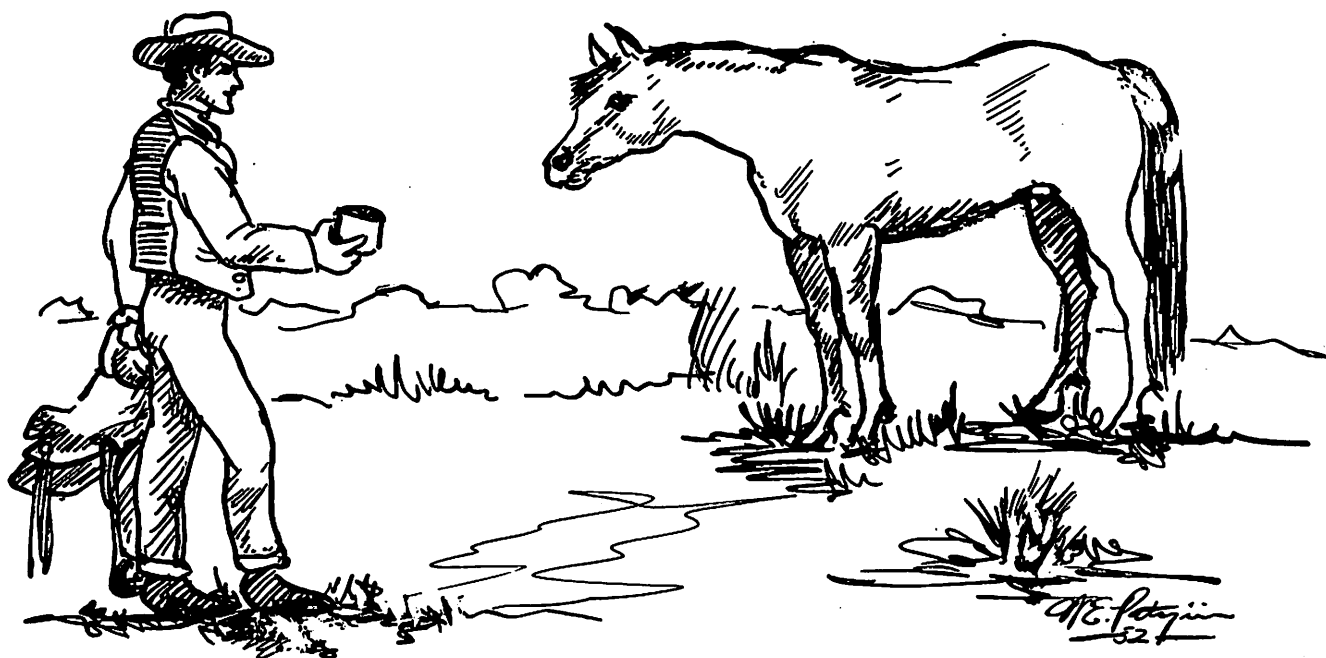
Even as he caught and bridled him Roche saw that he was small—light of bone and only a little over 15 hands tall. But something about his bright eye and smoothly coordinated limbs took his fancy. Mounted he found the little gelding a decent hack. He galloped well and when the rider shook him loose on a flat stretch he showed an amazing turn of speed.

He rode him again the next day and during the course of the afternoon headed him at a small fence. His little mount took it easily. He wasn't

## PASSE PARTOUT -- Passing

### All Others

By SUMNER KEAN



.... "he caught up a saddle and bridle and with some oats made his closer acquaintance."

an experienced jumper but was even better—a natural. Roche took him over a few more jumps in the next two days. It was always the same—a quick run and a lift in stride—and over.

Then the show crew returned and for the next few days Roche was the proverbial beaver as he worked out a large string of young horses. A week passed before he had occasion to talk to his boss about the little horse.

“O, him,” was the answer to his query. “Belongs to the station agent. He got him for a freight bill when they couldn’t find the owner and the horse has been here ever since: about four months.”

A week later Roche drove to town on an errand and made a point of looking up the station agent. He introduced himself and mentioned the horse. The agent, a young man, brightened at Roche’s compliments but admitted he didn’t know what to do with the horse.

“What’s he good for?” he asked, but Roche couldn’t tell him. Good little hacks were a dime a dozen in western Canada. The horse wouldn’t bring enough to square the railroad man for what he had in him. As a hunter he was too small—too light.

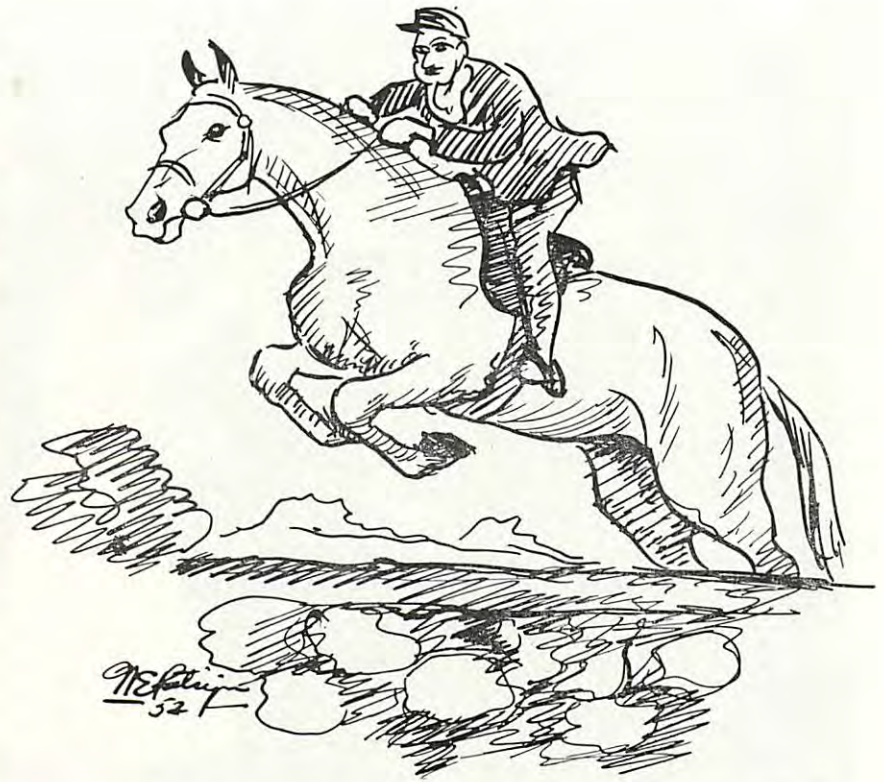
“Tell you what I’ll do,” he said. “In my spare time I’ll gallop him a little and then get him used to some big fences. He may have enough stuff for hurdle racing. If he shows anything you can pay me for my time out of his winnings. Fair enough?” he asked.

Fair, indeed the agent thought it and so it was agreed.

But Roche was no altruist. Good horseman that he was he recognized Thoroughbred blood even when diluted and the little horse’s speed and handiness seemed solid insurance on being paid for his time.

Summer evenings he worked him. First it was long rides. Then long, slow gallops. Then a fast mile or two—or three or four. The little fellow held up wonderfully. He was a stayer—his short back attested to that—game as a rooster.

In between his hard miles he was schooled in a chute over gradually heightened jumps. His gameness was never more manifest. “He’d tackle a house if you aimed him at it,” the stable help enthusiastically boasted.



... “always the same—a quick run and a lift in stride—and over.”

Cat-like he never seemed to get in wrong. He raced at a hurdle and took off without hesitation—a run and jump horse if ever there was one.

Finally, after weeks of schooling Roche thought him ready and told the agent. With the latter’s consent he entered him in a steeplechase. As neither he nor Roche had money left for a rider after paying the entrance fee, the young horseman got his boss’s permission and listed himself for the mount.

Racing over hurdles in Canada more than a half century ago was no pink tea. The favorite usually had a rough time of it—a bump at a take-off, a swerved cutoff on landing or a jockey unseated by the simple expedient of “giving his stirrup a lift.” But Roche had come up the hard way and because his horse was unknown figured he’d have little trouble. He was right.

Dressed in their best the station agent and his wife watched Roche saddle and ride to the starting line. Quivering with nervous hope they made their way to the grandstand where they clutched hands in a bitter ecstasy of excitement until the starter

gave the word. The horses, there were fifteen of them, started in a scramble, hurdled in a kaleidoscope of color past the stands and poured, in a variegated cloud over the first jump. Then, and only then, did they discern their little horse half a length out of the pack and heading strongly for the next barrier. In a hushed worry at this slight advantage they saw Roche lean for the hurdle and saw their colors fly first over the brush. Their horse landed with his usual cat-like assurance and took a commanding lead. He never was headed. Jump after jump he took with unhurried grace but undiminished pace. Foot upon foot he piled his lead. When he rose over the last barrier it seemed ages before the second horse came up. He headed into the stretch running easily and Roche eased him down to win by a dozen lengths.

His young owners clung weakly to each other in speechless relief. Unknown to Roche they had pledged their meager household furnishings for enough money to place a sizable bet on their pride’s nose. The realization of what this wager—at long odds

(Continued on page 27)



# Northwest MORGANS

By R. W. VAN PELT, JR.

From left to right: Star Gates, Miss Joann Erlingson up, and King of Bronze, Miss Gladys Koehne, owner of the pair up. Miss Koehne is also drill mistress of the Westernairs, first all-girl drill team in the state of Washington.

Received a very nice letter from Louise D. Bates of Arlington, Washington, telling me of the birth of very nice black filly with white markings and sired by her wining stallion Skagit Vashon. It was his first registered Morgan filly.

\*\*\*

In the latter part of May, we received a pleasant surprise in the form of a bay filly, our first Morgan foal sired by our young stallion Gayman and out of the old grand champion mare, General Ben's Joy. We now have another foal by Gayman, this time a chestnut stud colt out of my old show mare, Illawana Jo. With these new handsome additions we are eagerly looking forward to next spring's surprises.

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Just learned the other day of the sale of a four-year-old Morgan mare to a neighbor of mine, Gardner Smith, also of Kirkland, by Don Anderson of Granite Falls, Washington. I do not as yet know the mare's name so am unable send it along as of now.

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During the course of Wenatchee's famous Apple Blossom Festival, May 2nd and 3rd, the Appleatchee Riders

of Wenatchee, Washington, held their second annual horse show. Listed among the events for the second season running was the Morgan performance class ridden to western equipment and boasting a field of some twelve registered Morgan mares and stallions. The blue went to a newcomer in horse show circles, the liver chestnut stallion Sundust, owned by Ira Cochran of Walla Walla, Washington, and ridden by his trainer Ormand Gage also of Walla Walla. Placings in the class are:

## CLEARBROOK OPEN HORSE SHOW

Seattle, for the first time in its horse show history played host to a Morgan class, June 6, 7, and 8 at Seattle's Clearbrook Stables. The class brought together the largest group of Morgans ever to trod the tanbark in a Seattle show. Karin Braun's versatile little mare Red Bess walked off with the hotly contested first place. This winning combo has made Karin twice Washington state's Champion Junior Western Equitation rider.

Results of the Clearbrook Open Horse Show are:

1. Red Bess—Karin Brauns, Wen-

atchee, Washington; 2. Beau Jeau—Lex Dilling, Port Angeles, Washington; 3. Star Gates—Gladys Koehne, Bothell, Washington; 4. Montie De Jarnette—B. F. Fluty, Tacoma, Washington; 5. Nella's Dobbin—Dr. C. Dietrich, Tacoma, Washington.

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## THE WESTERNAIRS, INC. OPEN HORSE SHOW

Morgan people secured a class in the Westernairs first annual horse show held July 26th and 27th at the Silver Lade Horsemen's Center, Everett, Washington. The Westernaires are the first all-girl drill team in the state and have as their drill mistress Miss Gladys Koehne of Bothell, owner of the prize winning Morgan mare Star Gates.

The class was ridden to western equipment and was topped by a flashy young stallion named Skagit Vashon who walked away with top honors and likewise as well in a large field in the Western Pleasure Class. Results of the Morgan class are:

1. Skagit Vashon—Louise D. Bates, Arlington, Washington; 2. Star Gates—Gladys Koehne, Bothell, Washington; 3. Gayman—R. W. Van Pelt,

# Farmer's Beauty 566

(Twentieth in the Series - - Names in Pedigrees)

By MABEL OWEN

The Fate that controls an animal's being can be a tenuous thread; often such a little thing as a word spoken in jest can be the difference between a racehorse's great opportunity on the track or his comparative obscurity on the farm or in the livery stable.

In 1920 there was a Thoroughbred sale in Lexington, Kentucky, and among the horses consigned was a group from a Missouri breeder. In rather poor flesh and with considerably less than fashionable pedigrees and race records, they sold poorly, some going down into even cheaper sales, others destined for the packing plant. One of the last animals to be sold was a 15-year-old mare called Rustle, announced as in foal to the little-known son of Blackstock, Mentor. Among the spectators at the sale were Charles Berryman, who owned the good sire Ballot, and a good friend of his, Thomas C. Bradley. When no one seemed inclined to bid on the mare, Mr. Berryman suddenly offered Mr. Bradley a free season to Ballot if he cared to buy her. Several moments and \$100 later, Mr. Bradley owned Rustle.

The following Spring she foaled a slashing chestnut stud colt, later named Wise Counsellor. One of the greatest bargains in turf history, Wise Counsellor became a great racehorse, winning ten races, defeating the French champion \*Epinard, in the International Special, and going on to become one of our most successful sires, re-establishing the almost extinct male-line of \*Glencoe in American Thoroughbred history. A few words, a spur-of-the-moment offer, were all that gave Wise Counsellor the small chance he needed to prove his worth.

In 1839 another conversation, this time between two of the Morgan breed's staunchest admirers, resulted in the mating which produced Farmer's Beauty, one of the finest of the old Morgans and one of the most successful sires of all time. Dr. Horatio W. Heath of Groton, Vermont, owned a very fine little bay mare called Peg. Sired by Sherman Morgan, she was

known for miles around as "the best road mare in Vermont" and for many years had been the doctor's standby on his rounds. A temperate driver and an easy keeper, she was the family favorite for her splendid disposition and well-rounded good looks. In the meantime, another resident of Groton, J. J. Peck, had been trying without success to buy a good Morgan stallion to keep at stud there. Finally he succeeded in leasing the one horse that could force the Doctor's Peg to extend herself, a largish chestnut mare sired by One-eyed Morgan, he by Sherman Morgan. This mare was known as the Tucker mare, after her owner Jonas Tucker of Newbury, Vermont.

At this time, the year being 1836, only one Morgan stallion was available in the Groton-Peacham section of Vermont, this being the grey horse Papineau 564, sired by the Hawkins Horse, one of Justin Morgan's least-known sons. Hawkins was a jet black about fifteen hands high, appreciably taller than his sire and a little heavier. He was undoubtedly the fastest of the original sons of Justin Morgan, for he won a great number of what we now call "short races," a half mile or less, after he went to Canada. Most of his colts were born there, all were fast, particularly at the gallop, although they could trot well also. He hadn't quite as tractable a disposition as the rest of his family and as an old horse was noticeably cross in the stable. His stock were fully as popular in Canada as the Black Hawks became in New England, and a tremendous number of matched teams bred near Stanstead were sold in the Montreal horse market for fabulous prices.

Papineau was a five-year-old when he was brought from Canada, together with another son of the Hawkins Horse, a black. Nothing definite is known of his dam, save that she must have been a grey to account for his color. Papineau was a little over fifteen hands, in general being very Morgan-like in type, with that certain blocky, thick-set appearance that is so much their hallmark this century later.

He was a smart-looking horse in harness and very popular throughout the years he was at stud in and around Corinth, Newbury and Groton.

In the early spring of 1837, the Tucker mare produced a bay colt for Mr. Peck which, although not the same color, was so like his sire that he was named Young Papineau. Peck's colt was a very handsome foal and matured into a most promising two-year-old with his dark dappled-bay coat and thick, glossy-black mane and tail.

Mr. Peck was justifiably proud of his colt and it was this pride in him which prompted him to visit Dr. Heath and propose that the Doctor's good mare Peg be bred to him. After some conversation, the Doctor agreed, and in early 1840 his mare produced the bay stud colt later to be known as Farmer's Beauty 566. Perhaps, in the light of later happenings, it was a good thing for the Morgan breed that Mr. Peck was so persuasive, for this was the only foal the Doctor's mare ever had, and in addition, Peck's Young Papineau 565, one of the most promising young stallions ever bred in that section, died before the foal was born. He had been bred to but three mares and Farmer's Beauty is his only recorded foal. As in the case of Wise Counsellor, Dame Luck had given the scale the faintest possible nudge in his favor, for in both cases, only a word provided for their very existence, much less the greatness both horses were eventually to achieve.

Dr. Heath had hoped for a successor to old Peg in her foal, but he realized that Farmer's Beauty was much too fine a horse to geld, and, understanding that he hadn't the time or facilities to stand him at stud, he sold the colt as a two-year-old to a nephew, Alden G. Heath, of nearby Topsham. Actually, this may not have been a sale, but it may have been that the colt was merely sent there for training, for he went to Erastus Baldwin of Wells River the following spring, who sold him promptly, and, it was said, most profitably, to David M. Taggart of  
(Continued on page 28)

# HORSE PARASITES

(Lecture delivered at WSC Light Horse Judging School)

By DR. A. C. TODD

College of Veterinary Medicine, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin

These materials to be presented this afternoon can be found in a series of publications which can be obtained by writing to the Department of Animal Pathology at the University of Kentucky in Lexington. The reports represent the combined activities of breeders, veterinarians and research workers. The problem which confronted that group in Kentucky was the same problem which confronts horsemen in Washington; namely, the control of parasites in horses. The researches themselves, therefore, arose from problems in the field. Research should not originate in the laboratory for the reason that diseases do not occur in laboratories. Diseases occur only in the field.

I should say now that we found nothing about parasites in horses in Kentucky which will not apply to horses in the states of Washington, Oregon or Idaho. The same parasite problems occur wherever horses are raised, wherever they are trained, and wherever they race. I would not want, of course, for you to think that the horses studied in Kentucky were absolutely worthless because we found them to be universally affected by parasites. These same horses have now gone to the tracks.

The trouble with parasites is that they act like parasites. This is a very profound statement. To illustrate, let me say that parasites are not like property taxes nor vicious like income taxes. Such taxes cause direct hemorrhages and are apparent on the surface. Effects produced by parasites are identical with hidden taxes. You will agree, I am sure, that the greatest amount of our tax money is derived from hidden taxes. By far the greatest damages caused by parasites are hidden and not apparent.

Parasites cause what are called chronic diseases. It is customary to say that most bacterial and viral diseases are acute. For example, the virus which causes equine abortion produces an acute disease and the results of such infection are obvious. The condition of the mare in such

an event is immediately noticed and so is the presence of the aborted foetus. Suppose I illustrate effects of parasitism in this fashion. Let's assume a breeder has ten brood mares from which he expects to obtain ten foals each year. Very few breeders successfully produce ten foals from ten brood mares each year. Many breeders will expect to produce, on



Dr. A. C. Todd

average, seven foals a year. The situation appears perfectly normal. In a given breeding season, a few mares are not settled and remain barren. I submit that parasites prevented the production of at least 2 of the 3 missing foals.

Quite possibly you now have a question in your minds. The question is this, "Do my own horses have parasites?" The answer is that indeed they do have parasites. Every horse here for this show is parasitized. Many of the horses here for this show have had their potential performance ruined by parasites. There are, actually, few normal horses here today. Very few of us have ever seen a horse capable of the maximum performance bred into it for the reason mentioned above—parasites have ruined its potentials. I am saying that the performance of a given horse can be improved by parasite control and that it is possible as

a result of parasite control to produce horses more capable of achieving the performance bred into them. These statements have been proven by the work done in Kentucky.

It is now time to define a parasite. The parasites to be discussed this afternoon are animal parasites. The parasites which affect horse most severely are worm parasites. By definition, an animal parasite lives on or in another animal and secures its nourishment at the expense of this animal, called the host, and the person who owns the animal. Three animals are involved in parasitism and are the parasite, the host animal whose performance is affected, and the owner whose hopes and dreams also are affected.

Worm parasites are internal parasites and the majority of them live in the digestive tract almost entirely. Horses are affected by some 50 different kinds of worm parasites. These parasitic worms may attain a length of almost 12 inches, although the majority of the species are about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch long. The worms are soft-bodied and decompose very readily so that they are not ordinarily observed. Despite the fact that these worms are not ordinarily observed, every horse has them. Every horse you have ever seen has carried one or more of these different kinds of worms. I mentioned one worm which attains the size of 12 inches. This worm is the horse ascaris or whiteworm. It is predominantly a parasite of young horses. Every young horse in this area which has foaled more than six weeks ago now is parasitized by this worm. In four more weeks these worms will be more than 10 inches long and some young horses will have more than a thousand of them in their small intestines. These statements can be proven by examination of the first young horse brought to hand.

The presence of parasites in horses is an indication of injuries sustained by the horses. Certain species of worms actively consume the lining of the di-

(Continued from page 22)

# Untamed Morgan

By JANE LARSON

As I sat on our porch waiting for my father to return home after a day in town, I glanced at our fairly large ranch where I had lived since I can remember. Horses and dogs were my favorite passtime and never would a day go by that I wouldn't take a ride out on the range on my horse, Flash. But Flash was getting old and since I was fifteen years old I longed for excitement.

Dad seemed to sense this for when he came home that evening, hitched on the car was a horse trailer. At first I thought he was just bringing home another horse for our ranch hands, but as they opened the back of the trailer I knew it was just the kind of excitement I longed for. A little chestnut colt with a white star on his forehead came leaping out. It was plain to see that he disliked the truck and didn't care for the men around him. As Dad went up to him he reared and tried to get away. One of the ranch hands grabbed the little horse just in time. With a great struggle they got him in the barn and into a fairly large box stall. Never before had I seen a colt with so much spirit and desire for freedom.

Back at the house I learned that the colt, now five months old, was sent to Dad from my uncle who raises thoroughbred Morgans. With great persuasion I talked Dad into letting me have him for my very own.

The next morning and every morning thereafter, I tried to make friends with the little fellow but without much success.

He would lay back his ears and come after me with bared teeth. I assumed he did this because he resented being shut up for he had been pastured out all his young life. With some of the ranchmen's help we put up a small corral with very high sides to keep him from jumping out. This helped a little and he began looking forward to my coming to the barn every morning to let him out.

Sometimes the colt would stand for hours looking out over the range. This

puzzled me for he was not a mustang or a wild horse, but a purebred Morgan, made for man to train and ride. Never had he known the wild life of the range.

During the two and one half weeks I had him, I had been thinking of an appropriate name. Suddenly one came to me that I knew suited him. That was Wildfire. Although it was not too uncommon it fitted him more than any other name I could think of.

By fall when he was ten months old I could go into Wildfire's stall and in the corral without his showing a display of bad manners.

Winter passed quickly, and by spring Wildfire was about the most beautiful piece of horseflesh on the ranch. He was almost fully grown and had a long flowing mane and tail with hair that was like silk. I decided it was near time for him to be taught to be ridden.

A week later I selected a light saddle and bridle from the barn and brought it to the corral. Although Wildfire sensed something was wrong he whinnied and came trotting over to me. I fastened him to the fence and tried lightly to lay the saddle blanket on him, but he kept bucking it off. This could not go on forever so I tried a new system. I slipped the bridle on his head and ran my hand up and down his neck. With a little jump. I landed lightly on Wildfire's back and sat there wondering what would happen next. If he started bucking I would not have stayed on long for I had no saddle beneath me, but instead he just stood there quivering, waiting for me to make the next move. I touched him slightly with my heels talking softly to him all the time. The colt went around the corral a few times under my control and then I took the bridle off for this was enough for the first day.

Every day after this I rode Wildfire around the corral. Slowly I got him used to the saddle and he learned neck reining very quickly.

By fall, I had the young Morgan

doing most anything for me, but he disliked anyone else to come near him.

He still had not gotten over his craving for freedom, and one day when I came home from town I went out to the corral only to make a startling discovery. One part of the corral fence was broken and the corral was empty. I saddled Flash quickly and followed Wildfire's tracks. It soon became dark so I decided to come home.

The next three days I rode all morning and afternoon looking for the young Morgan, but I saw no sign of him. Then on the fourth day I caught a glimpse of him standing high up on a cliff, but by the time I got up there Wildfire was gone.

After a few more days of searching, I finally caught up with him. As I approached Wildfire he danced about and was undecided whether or not to let me come near him. His good breeding of Morgan blood from a long strain of champions stood out all over him, but in his eyes there was the look of a wild horse.

I reached out and gently offered the Morgan a piece of sugar. After a while he let me pet him, but I knew that it would never be the same if I took him back to the ranch. I gave Wildfire a last stroke on the neck with my hand and quickly mounted Flash and rode away. As I looked back through tears that blinded me, I could see the "Untamed Morgan" standing proudly, his mane and tail flowing in the breeze. Now he was happy and content, for at last he had his freedom!

## LETTERS

*(Continued from page 5)*

a purebred Morgan. Flicka is not bred yet but she will be in a short time.

I especially like the breaking and raising of a colt. I liked the story of the new arrival and also the May cover very much.

What should be done if a horse does wrong, whip him and make him behave or just talk to him? Is a nine-year-old horse too old to be bred for the first time?

Yours,  
Nancy Snodgrass  
Mt. Morris, Illinois

*(Continued on page 21)*



Top: Redman, outstanding sire who has made history on the West Coast.

Bottom: Buddy, owned by Harvey Wingate of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, and handled and ridden by his daughter Virginia.

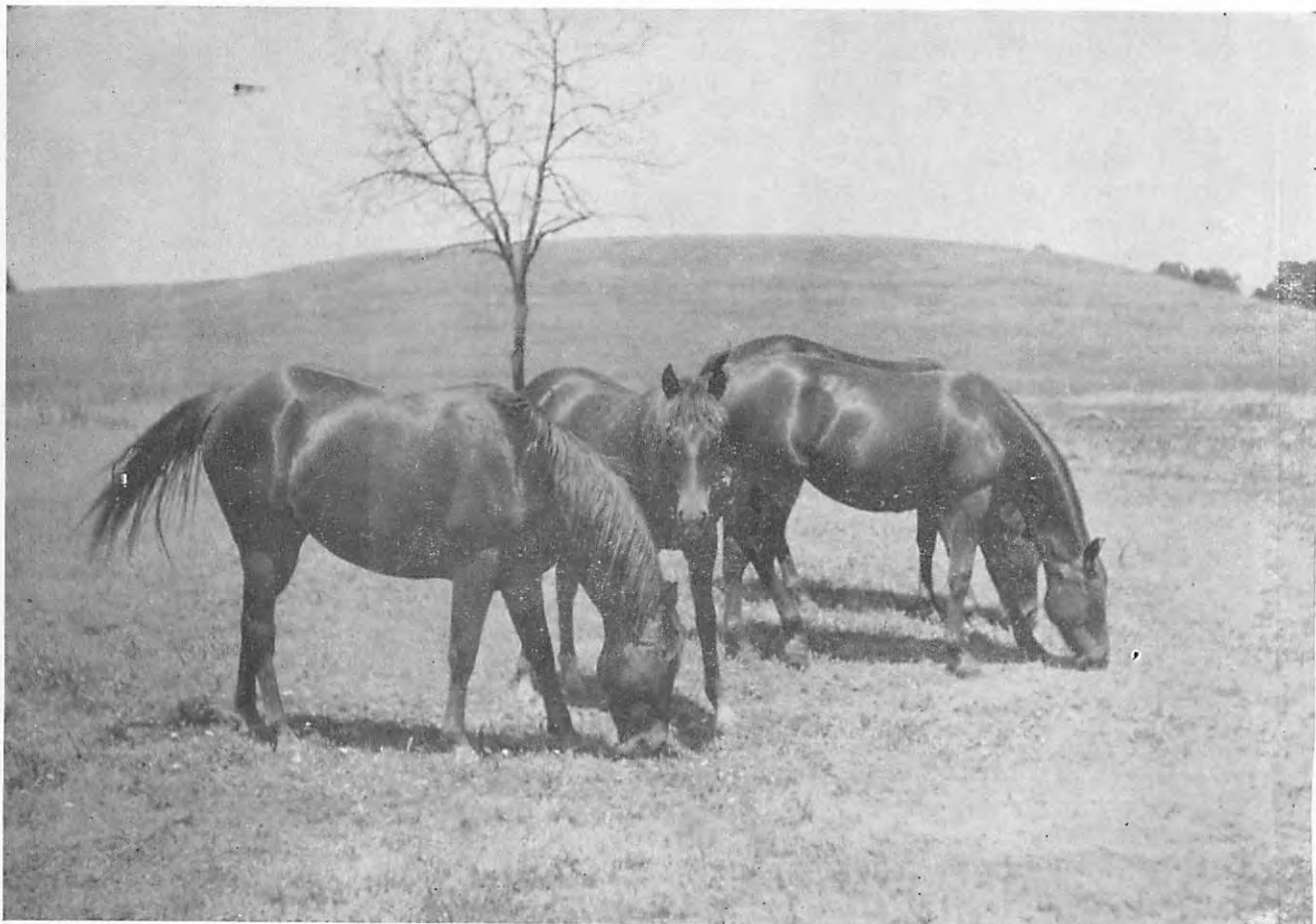
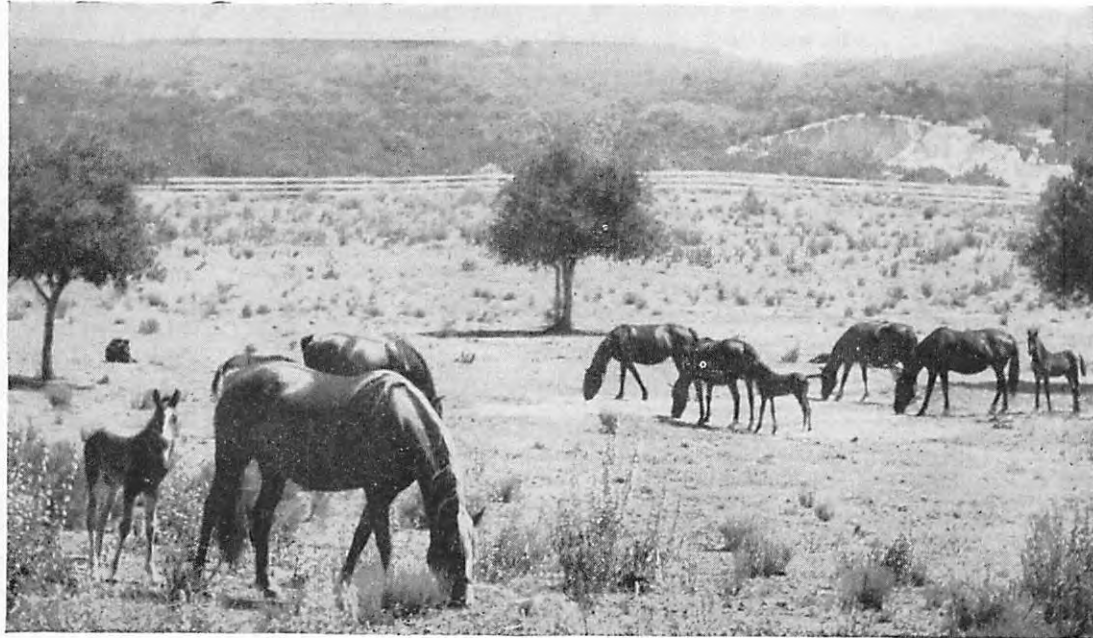
Top: Highview King, another top stallion from the West Coast.  
Middle: Three full brothers, Ulysses, Canfield and M... Bennington out of Artemesia.

Bottom: Dr. Parks on his famous little mare, Lippitt Mi...



# From Other Years

*The autumn season to most horse lovers spells trail ride. On this page, readers will get a glimpse of the unadulterated pleasure to be obtained from this unparalleled year-round sport which reaches its epitomy in the closing months of the year.*



Top: A group of mares with foals on the Roberts ranch in San Diego County, California.  
Bottom: A group of mares on the Horseshow Cattle Ranch in California.

est Coast.  
nsfield, by  
s Nekomia.

# Michigan Fair Results

The 1952 Michigan State Fair was held September 3, 1952. In addition to an unusually fine turnout from Michigan, Wisconsin and Ohio were well represented.

Gerald F. Taft of Northville, Michigan, was the big winner with four blues, and one championship. Mary and Douglas Arthurs, and Rex R. Maxson followed with two blues for each of their stables.

Quizkid, from the stable of Mr. Taft, was judged champion stallion and Shady Lawn's Spice, owned and shown by Barbara Groom, was champion mare.

Don J. Kays of Columbus, Ohio, was judge. Complete results follow:

**STALLIONS FOUR YEARS OLD AND OVER:** Won by QUIZ KID, G. F. Taft; second, VERRAN'S LADDIE, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan; third, JOHN GEDDES, Rheda and Walter Kane; fourth SQUIRE SKIMP, Mr. and Mrs. Robert V. Behling.

**STUDS THREE YEARS OLD:** Won by SPRINGBROOK JUSTWIN, Mary and Douglas Arthurs; second, SHADY LAWN'S MISTER, Mrs. Vaughn R. Groom; third, HYCREST TOMMY, Milo Measel.

**YEARLING STUDS:** Won by BRUCE GEDDES, Dr. Alexander G. Ruthven; second, SPRINGBROOK JOE KELLY, G. F. Taft; third, DUKE OF MAR-LO, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan; fourth, MAR-LO'S COL. HAMTRAMCK, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan.

**WEANLING STUDS:** Won by MAX' HYLO KID, Rex R. Maxson; second, HYCREST LITTLE BUB, Milo Measel; third, HILL TOP'S KING MIST, Amenda West and H. F. Howell; fourth, HILL TOP'S KING DEE, Amenda West and H. F. Howell.

**STALLION WITH TWO OR MORE OF GET:** Won by QUIZ KID, G. F. Taft; second, PLAINS KING, Milo Measel; third, KENNEY'S KING COTTON, James G. Kenney.

**MARES FOUR YEARS OLD AND OVER:** Won by SHADY LAWN'S SPICE, Barbara Groom; second, JOANNE, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan; third, SPRINGBROOK GOLADDY, Floyd and Jack Appling, fourth, SPRINGBROOK PEGGY,

**FILLIES THREE YEARS OLD:** Won by RUTHVEN'S MIRIAM ANN, David Staebler; second, HYCREST SUE, Mary Ellen Knepper.

**FILLIES TWO YEARS OLD:** Won by SPRINGBROOK ANNE, G. F. Taft; second PIXIE'S PATRICIA, Martha and James Morrison.

**YEARLING FILLIES:** Won by HYCREST BARENESS, Mary and Douglas Arthurs; second, KEN-NYS MAY COTTON, Don Davis; third, LADY PATRICIA MAR-LO, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan.

**WEANLING FILLIES:** Won by SPRINGBROOK ROSEMARY, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan; second, BY KENNEY'S KING COTTON, Maxine and Joseph H. Symonds; third, HYCREST APRIL DAWN, Judy Anne Turner; fourth, MAR-LO'S COTTON BLOSSOM, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan.

**BROODMARE AND NURSING FOAL:** Won by HYRAY and MAX HYLO KID, Rex P. Maxson; second, WYNTOON and SPRINGBROOK KATHLEEN, G. F. Taft; third, NYLON and FOAL, Don Davis; fourth, VERRAN'S LASSIE and MAR-LO'S COTTON BLOSSOM, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan.

**MARES WITH TWO OR MORE OF PRODUCE:** Won by WYNTOON, G. F. Taft; second, PIXY HAWK, Milo Measel; third, VERRAN'S LASSIE, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan; fourth, DEANN, Amenda West and H. F. Howell.

**CHAMPION STALLION:** QUIZKID, Gerald F. Taft.

**RES. CH. STALLION:** VERRAN'S LADDIE, Milo G. Dugan.

**CHAMPION MARE:** SHADY LAWN'S SPICE, Barbara Groom.

**RESERVE CHAMPION MARE:** JOANNE, Mr. and Mrs. Milo G. Dugan.

**PERFORMANCE CLASS — UNDER SADDLE:** Won by JOHN GEDDES, Rheda and Martha Kane; second, SCHOOLMASTER'S CHOICE, Maxine and Joseph H. Symonds; third, RUTHVEN'S MIRIAM ANN, David Staebler; fourth, SPRINGBROOK GOLADDY, Floyd and Jack Appling; fifth, RUTHVEN'S JANET ANN, St. Clair Hamlin.

## EASTERN STATES

Riviera, owned by Nelson D. White of Winchendon Springs, was champion of the Eastern States show of the Morgan Horse division for the second year in succession.

Spring Frolic, four-year-old stallion also owned by Mr. White, was first in the Over 15, third in the Model and Reserve in the Stake class. Summary:

**MODEL MORGAN:** First, Orcland Leader; second, Riviera; third, Spring Frolic; fourth, Parade, owned by Mr. and Mrs. J. Cecil Ferguson; fifth, Lippitt Ethan, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Willard K. Denton.

**UNDER 15:** First, Riviera; second, Orcland Leader; third, Lippitt Ethan; fourth, Townshend Sealois, owned by the Townshend Morgan Horse Farm.

**OVER 15:** First, Spring Frolic; second, Dennis K, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Denton; third, Upwey Ebony Princess, owned by R. C. Lasbury, Jr.; fourth, Orcland Vigileen, owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Orcutt, Jr.; fifth, Deerfield Meadson, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.

**COMBINATION:** First, Riviera; second, Dennis K; third, Orcland Leader; fourth, Parade.

**CHAMPIONSHIP:** First, Riviera; second, Spring Frolic; third, Orcland Leader; fourth, Dennis K.



Jack Appling on Springbrook Goladdy, winner of the challenge trophy donated by H. R. Houghton to members of the Great Lakes Morean Horse Association.

# Minnesota Morgans

By MARIANNE BLICK

On the evening of August thirtieth a group of twenty-four Morgan horse owners, breeders and enthusiasts met and organized a Minnesota Morgan Horse Club. This meeting was arranged by Mr. S. D. Sohlstrom of Milaca. The aim of the club will be to foster interest of the Morgan horse in this locality. Temporary officers were elected as follows: Mr. S. D. Sohlstrom, president; Dr. R. B. Graves, vice - president; Marianne Blick, secretary-treasurer. A committee was appointed to draw up rules and by-laws. Another meeting will be held later this Fall; members will be notified as to the time and place of meeting. Anyone interested in Morgans is encouraged to join this organization and can contact the secretary, Marianne Blick, Savage, Minnesota.

A nice group of thirty Morgans was shown at the Minnesota State Fair on Sunday afternoon, August thirty-first. This was the second year for Morgan classes. There was an increase in the number of entries over last year and also a few new exhibitors.

The champion stallion was Milaca Query, owned by the Milaca Morgan Farm. Reserve champion was Firebrand, owned and shown by Marilyn Dreher of Excelsior.

Barbadon was the champion mare and reserve champion was won by Miss Jarnette. Both mares are owned by Marianne Blick.

Following are the placings:

## STALLIONS:

Four years and over. First, Archie N., owned by Victor Soboleski.

Two years old. First, Milaca Query, owned by the Milaca Morgan Farm; second, Milaca Major, owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Graves; third, Milaca Captain, owned by the Milaca Morgan Farm; fourth, Headlight Glen, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rathbun.

One year old. First, Firebrand, owned by Marilyn Dreher; second, Mor-ayr Victory Pop, owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Graves; third, Sun-flower Pie, owned by Frank Gasner.

Stallion foal. First, King's Jester, owned by Marianne Blick.

## MARES:

Four years and over. First, Bar-

badon, owned by Marianne Blick; second, Dakota Girl, owned by P. C. Alfred Dorow; third, Lakota Girl, owned by P. C. Alfred Dorow; fourth, Gail Dean, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rathbun; fifth, Susette Jarnette, owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Graves.

Three years old. First, Starlet De Jarnette, owned by Marilyn Dreher; second, Tillicum, owned by the Milaca Morgan Farm; third, Princess Jarnette, owned by George A. Ellis; fourth, Jane S. Sentney, owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Graves; fifth, Betty Belle, owned by David Blunt.

Two years old. First, Ko-Ko Dean, owned by Eloise Monarski.

One year old. First, Miss Jarnette, owned by Marianne Blick; second, Milaca Mae, owned by the Milaca Morgan Farm; third, Betty J. Sentney, owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Graves.

Filly foal. First, Entry, owned by Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Graves; second, Entry, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rathbun; third, Entry, owned by P. C. Alfred Dorow.

## ILLINOIS FAIR

Following are the results for the Illinois State Fair held on August 9, 1952.

The Greenwalt Morgans again played an important part. Their mare, Glorita, was made Champion Mare, and the Champion Stallion was The Airacobra, owned by D. E. Sheffer of Kirkwood, Missouri.

WEANLING MARE COLT CLASS: Won by BRIGHT STAR, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Illinois; second, FLYING BETTY, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.; third, RHYTHM'S TONGA, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.

WEANLING HORSE COLT CLASS: Won by CELEBRATION, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.; second, FANCY DAN, Wesley A. Dent, Caseyville, Ill.; third, HI-SHADOW, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Ill.; fourth, RHYTHM'S PETER "K", Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.; fifth, RIC READE, Thomas T. Brunk, Springfield, Ill.

YEARLING COLT CLASS: Won by FOX FIRE, Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Rumbaugh, Polk, Ohio; second, PATTY'S SWEETHEART, Lewis H. Pape, Pawnee, Ill.; third, GRACE GRAHAM, Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Rumbaugh, Polk, Ohio; fourth, ROSE BOWL, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.

TWO-YEAR-OLD CLASS: Won by THE AIRACOBRA, D. E. Sheffer, Kirkwood, Mo.; second, FORT KNOX, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawtucket, Ill.; third, SIR PATRICK, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Ill.; fourth, DANNY DEE, Thomas T. Brunk, Springfield, Ill.

STALLION, THREE YEARS OLD AND OVER: Won by LIP-PITT JEEP, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.; second, TRINANGO, Roy Brunk, Rochester, Ill.; third, DON HUDSON, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Ill.; fourth, FUDGE ROYALE, Lawrence T. Olsen, Knoxville, Ill.; fifth, CONGO'S PRIDE, Lewis H. Pape, Pawnee, Ill.

STALLION, TWO YEARS OLD AND UNDER THREE: Won by THE AIRACOBRA, D. E. Sheffer, Kirkwood, Mo.; second, HYTONE BOY, Wesley A. Dent, Caseyville, Ill.; third, FLYING FLAG, H. B. Gilman, Decatur, Ill.; fourth, SIR PATRICK, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Ill.; fifth, DANNY DEE, Thomas T. Brunk, Springfield, Ill.

STALLION, ONE YEAR OLD AND UNDER: Won by FOX FIRE, Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Rumbaugh, Polk, Ohio; second, RHYTHM'S CHAMPION, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.; third LARRULEY COLONEL ROYALE, Laurence T. Olsen, Knoxville, Ill.

STALLION, UNDER ONE YEAR: Won by FANCY DAN, Wesley A. Dent, Caseyville, Ill.; second, RHYTHM'S PETER "K", Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.; third, HI-SHADOW, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Ill.; fourth, CELEBRATION, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.

MARE, FOUR YEARS OLD AND OVER WITH COLT AT SIDE: Won by JUBILEE JOY and CELEBRATION, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.; second, DEL-LAMA, Wesley A. Dent, Caseyville, Ill.; third, MARY R. M. and BRIGHT STAR, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Ill.; fourth, RHYTHM'S LOVELY

(Continued on page 20)

# Allegheny Notes

First off, let's get folks up to date on what has been happening in the show rings around the area. On June 28 Morgans met at Harrisburg, Pa., in a combined Morgan-Arabian class that brought out only one Arabian entry. Results were: Carls-Haven Farm's Lippitt Mandate, first; Stonaire Farm's Rockie S., second; Betsy Hawkins' Lassie Knox third; Stonaire Farm's Flicka Hawk fourth.

On June 29, these same horses, less Lippitt Mandate who was playing host, and plus horses from Philadelphia and from Pennsylvania State College, met at Ringtown, Pa. Here the ribbons were tied in this order: First, Stonaire Farm's Ruby Hawk; second, Stonaire Farm's Flicka Hawk; third, Sydney Stoner's Man O'Day; fourth, Penn State's Royalanne; fifth, Penn State's Quaker Lady; and sixth, Betsy Hawkins' Lassie Knox.

Last month's issue gave a report on the National Morgan Show, which turned up quite a few winners from this section of the country—Stonaire, Carls-Haven, C. W. Rodee, Betsy Hawkins, and of course the Denton's Ardencaple Acres, which are also part of our area.

Morgans got a break at York, Pa., on Aug. 16 when Arabians failed to fill their class and the show committee offered a Morgan class instead right in the middle of stake night. Five horses answered the call, with the following results: first, Lippitt Mandate; second, Flicka Hawk; third, Lassie Knox; fourth, Man O'Day; fifth, Rockie S. Regularly scheduled Morgan classes are promised for next year at York, as well as at Philadelphia and Quentin.

Closing the tabulation of performance Morgans for this month is Milford, Pa., on Aug. 23. This brought out a new group of entries with the following results: First, Lippitt Mandate; second, E. V. Regalia's Regal Boy; third, Mr. Regalia's Jersey King; and fourth, W. R. Hopkins' Manito. Manito, just three years, was later ridden by 10-year-old Ann Hopkins to win the break and out contest.

The Erie County Fair at Hamburg, N. Y., found a nice group of Morgans on hand for the breeding classes. Following are the results:

#### SENIOR STALLIONS:

1. SHERMAN, owned by George Bunce. 2. BROWN PEPPER, owned by C. W. Rodee. 3. JUSTINIAN, owned by Hortense Lynds.

#### SENIOR MARES:

1. MARGARET O, owned by Howard Dobler. 2. VIXEN, owned by Sherimill Stables. 3. TOWNSHEND'S LADY SELECTAFIELD, owned by F. H. Eisenhard.

#### MARES WITH FOALS:

1. TIFRA, owned by Sherimill Stables. 2. JANE, owned by P. A. Hess. 3. NANCY ANN, owned by Ayellen Richards. 4. GOLDEN RIVER DONNA, owned by C. W. Rodee.

#### 1952 FOALS:

1. SUNRISE SERENADE, owned by Sherimill Stables. 2. NANCY DATE, owned by Ayellen Richards. 3. STUD COLT, owned by P. A. Hess.

#### YEARLINGS:

1. DON WELTON PEPPER, owned by C. W. Rodee. 2. DON QUIXOTE PEPPER, owned by C. W. Rodee. 3. MAY DATE, owned by Harry A. Davis.

#### TWO-YEAR-OLDS:

1. LEDGEWOOD SELECT, owned by P. A. Hess. 2. OATKA MY LASS, owned by F. H. Eisenhard. 3. SUSIE, owned by George Bunce.

Mrs. Robert R. Stoner, Jr., of Stonaire Farm reports the sale of the prize-winning mare, Ruby Hawk, to Ben Smalley of West Acton, Mass., as a mount for Mrs. Smalley. Ruby is in foal to Lippitt Mandate and the sale provided for possession of the coming foal by Mrs. Stoner.

\* \* \*

Last arrival of the season came at Carls-Haven Farm late in July when Duchess Ann foaled a bay stud colt by Miller's Pride. Stonaire Farm at time of writing was momentarily expecting a foal from Reveille and sired by Rockie S.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ayellen Richards of Pine City, N. Y., is one of the most active members of the Morgan fraternity in performance classes. She competed successfully with her Morgans at such good shows as Williamsport and Elmira in open classes, and recently at Mansfield, N. Y., won the parade class with Nancy Ann.

Over at Carrolltown, Pa., D. F. Switzler has a very choice group of Morgans from the fountainhead mare, Althea. He has a very beautiful young stallion, Trophy, which would do well at any of the shows, and which has sired a typey and lovely filly from Althea this year. He recently sold a two-year-old mare by Gipse Prince—Althea and a yearling filly by Lippitt Mandate-Althea.

#### ILLINOIS

(Continued from page 19)

LADY, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.; fifth, BETSY HYTONE and RIC READE, Thomas T. Brunk, Springfield, Ill.

MARE, THREE YEARS OLD AND UNDER FOUR: STARLET DE JARNETTE, Marilyn Dreher, Excelsior, Minn.; second, FILLAINE, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stahl, Lowell, Ind.; third, RHYTHM'S LADY GAIL, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.

MARE, TWO YEARS OLD AND UNDER THREE: Won by GLORITA, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.; second, LURGAN, Margaret Schlipf, Springfield, Ill.; third, BETSY ROSS, H. B. Gilman, Decatur, Ill.; fourth, RHYTHM'S MONA LESA, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.

MARE, ONE YEAR OLD AND UNDER TWO: Won by GRACE GRAHAM, Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Rumbaugh, Polk, Ohio; second, PATTY'S SWEETHEART, Lewis H. Pape, Pawnee, Ill.; 3d, RHYTHM'S SUE TRAVELMORE, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.; fourth, ROSE BOWL, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.; fifth, KAMIAH, Neal Werts, Humansville, Mo.

MARE, UNDER ONE YEAR: Won by BRIGHT STAR, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Ill.; second, RHYTHM'S TONGA, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.; third, FLYING BETTY, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.

CHAMPION STALLION: THE AIRACOBRA, D. E. Sheffer, Kirkwood, Mo.

RESERVE CHAMPION STALLION: LIPPITT JEEP, Ora Jane O'Neill, Chicago, Ill.

CHAMPION MARE: GLORITA, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Pawnee, Ill.

RESERVE CHAMPION MARE: BRIGHT STAR, R. L. Brachear, Waggoner, Ill.

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# New England News and Notes

(By Dana Wingate Kelley)

Fall has set in in the Vermont hills and dales. During the October 12th weekend, the New England Morgan Horse Association will hold its annual foliage ride and drive. Contact Mrs. Janet Dakin; President J. Cecil Ferguson in Greene, Rhode Island, or me if you can come. I have a couple of extra nice Morgan mares well-broken here in Vermont that I would be glad to have used on the ride. Vermont is at its best in October. Don't miss this ride! A few days from business will do you a world of good.

\* \* \*

Following the foliage ride and during the winter, news may be sent for this column to me at 416 Cambridge street, Winchester, Mass.

\* \* \*

If I were to pick the Morgan of the Year, I believe I would pin the blue on Townshend Lady Sensation, a 4-year-old filly owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Orcutt of West Newbury, Mass. This little mare did well at the National Morgan show and defeated stallions by winning the Justin Morgan class, and also placed well in the ten-mile ride. In August, she came up to Vermont and was entered in the 100-mile trail ride where she was outstanding. She then competed in the Green Mountain Morgan horse show. She is a daughter of the late Cornwallis, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Roger Ela, and out of Ping Pon, a daughter of old Nekomia and granddaughter of Ashbrook. To my way of thinking, she is truly as creditable a mare to the breed as one can find, and she is not a horse over 14.2. There is loads of quality in the small ones, and Sensation is an example to prove it. Congratulations to her and to her rider, Ruth Dickson Orcutt.

\* \* \*

Miss Ann Thompson of Melrose, Conn., is the proud owner of a lovely yearling chestnut filly purchased from the Royalton Morgan Farm of Dana W. Kelley in Vermont. This filly has already been trained to drive and goes off like an old timer in a two wheeled cart. Naturally at that age, no weight

is put in the cart. She will be seen in Connecticut, ridden by her new owner in a couple of years.

Richard Carliss of Manchester, N. H., has purchased the five-year-old mare, Lippitt Lenora, a daughter of Lippitt Selassie and Lippitt Nora, from Ed Havey and has her all dressed up in western tack with plenty of silver. She will be used as a pleasure mount and shown in local shows.

\* \* \*

While in Morrisville, Vermont, I stopped in to visit Mr. Miller at his hotel and see his Morgans. He has a cute bay filly sired by his stallion Miller's Pride and out of Betty Ross, a daughter of Mansfield and Berry's Billy. In the pasture were a couple of young stud colts by Upway Ben Don and a gelding. Mr. Miller recently purchased a five-year-old Duke of Windsor daughter from Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Little of Rockland, Maine.

\* \* \*

Down in New London, New Hampshire, Dr. Oliver Hayward is raising a few choice Morgans, and one filly that I particularly like is a beautiful little thing out of Ethan Eldon and Jemima. She should go a long way. Her dam was again bred to Ethan with the hope of another colt as good.

## LETTERS

(Continued from page 15)  
Florida Trail Ride

Dear Sir:

This may be a little late but I thought you may be interested in what the Morgan is doing here in Florida. My father and I own two half-Morgan and half-quarter horse studs. They are full brothers. This past spring I entered my horse, Rocket, in the 100-Mile Endurance Ride held the middle of March in Eustis, Fla. Again this year he placed first in the ride.

This ride was started last year as an annual event and both occasions I have had the pleasure of riding him to win. Both times he showed no

sign of exhaustion and was willing to go on. This year in particular the second and third day out I definitely had to hold him in so that we would not come in too far ahead. This fact was noted and commented on by the judges. I am enclosing a copy of a picture which was taken within two hours of the finish this year at the presentation of the winner with the trophy. The rules and regulations of the ride are patterned after the Vermont Trail Ride.

Rocket is a bright sorrel in color and has a wonderful disposition. He was six years old this spring and stands 14.2 hands and weighs now



Winners of 100-mile Endurance Ride

about 950 pounds. The brother to him that we have is 14.3 hands and weighs about 1000 pounds and will be five years old this month and is a chestnut in color. As far as I am concerned Rocket is the only horse. We have won numerous prizes with them at Gymkhanas throughout the state and also as parade horses. My dad and I are thoroughly sold on Morgans to do anything with.

They were sired by the Morgan stallion Hawthorne.

Both of our horses Rocket and Thunder are becoming known throughout the state as we take them everywhere where there are horses or horse activities.


Sincerely,  
Edith Whiting  
Holly Hill, Fla.

### South Dakota Results

Morgans made an excellent showing at the South Dakota State Fair held September 1-6. The Animal Husbandry Department of the State College took the Stallion trophy with Sunflower Prince 9662 by Colledge Bud 8787 out of Sunflower Girl 05183. They also took the Mare trophy with Maurcena L. 05354 by Ranger L. 7635 out of Twinkle L. 04517.

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## Parasites

(Continued from page 14)



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gestive tract. Other species not only consume the lining of the digestive tract but extract blood directly from vessels supplying the digestive system. Continual hemorrhage as a result of parasitic attack invariably causes the development of moderate to severe anemias. Injury to the lining of the digestive tract frequently permits secondary bacterial invasion and resultant systematic infection. The horse ascaris may be present in such numbers that the contents of the digestive tract cannot pass a certain area; this would be an example of mechanical obstruction. As a matter of fact, every tissue in a horse's body can be affected by parasites. Suppose I say that parasites adversely affect every physiological function of a horse. It is true that parasitic infections notably affect ingestion and digestion. Absorption and assimilation are affected; respiration is affected. Respiration is the process by which oxygen is ultimately drawn into the body to consume tissues and release energy. It would appear that proper respiration is important if maximum performance is to be obtained.

All of the other physiological processes are affected by parasites; in short, secretion, excretion, elimination and, finally, reproduction. I am now afraid, however, that the names of these

physiological processes affected by parasites and resultant improper function have not been understood. I have said that as a result of parasitic infection, stallion fertility is not what it should be. The percentage of mares settled is not what it should be. The size of foals at birth and difficulty experienced by mares in delivery are conditioned by parasites. In almost every instance, the ultimate performance of a horse has been affected adversely before its birth. In almost every instance the foal's performance is partially destroyed the first day it is alive because that is the day it suffers its first exposure to parasites. The pleasure and enjoyment to be derived from owning horses is minimized because of parasitic infection in the horses. Now all of these things are part of what parasites do to horses and I am entirely prepared to prove them to your complete satisfaction. I should say dissatisfaction.

What will happen if you control parasites in horses? I can tell you. You will breed mares successfully. You will have more and sounder foals. The foals will be larger and grow more smoothly. The foals will perform better at the tracks or in the ring. When these horses come home from the track or the ring to enter the stud, they will be better animals. These things will occur when the worm parasites of horses are controlled. You may be interested to learn that a so-called parasite-free horse has not yet won the Kentucky Derby; the record now stands at one second, two thirds and one fourth place. This year's winner of the Preakness had the advantage of having been

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foaled at a farm with a rigid system of worm control. Now I have not said that parasite control will make every foal into a stakes winner. The fact remains that a foal by Cold Water out of Pitcher is most unlikely to win the Derby. Parasitic infections are not the entire reason why horses fail to win races or ribbons. This is merely a precaution on my part because it is true that there were great horses before adequate systems of worm control were devised. I have been trying to say that many great horses have been bred but the majority of them were not able to give their best performance.

The purpose of these preliminary remarks has been to give you a basis on which to build an understanding of parasite control. If you will now use this background material, I shall proceed to discuss a particular group of parasites.


Strongyles are a particular kind of worm parasites. The word "strongyle" is used as a common name for a group of some 40 species of worms. The one most important worm parasite of horses is a strongyle, *Strongylus vulgaris*. The common name for the immature stage of *Strongylus vulgaris* is "the blood worm." This worm kills horses. Actually, *Strongylus vulgaris* is not exactly a typical strongyle. Most of the strongyle species live entirely in the digestive tract. The adult *Strongylus vulgaris* lives in the caecum and anterior part of the colon proper. The immature stages invariably are found in a particular blood vessel which supplies the posterior part of the small intestine and the anterior part of the large intestine. This unusual location of the blood worm larvae is not typical of strongyle parasites in general. This unusual location, however, is responsible directly or indirectly for the loss of some five hundred young horses each year. The situation can be eliminated by a rigid system of worm control. There must be no compromise with the bloodworm. Either this worm is wiped out or the profits and pleasures associated with horses will continue to be diminished.

In order to control the bloodworm, its life cycle must be clearly understood. By understanding the life cycle of the bloodworm, we can hope to find one link in the chain of its life cycle which is most susceptible to at-

tack. The adult bloodworm is found most frequently in the caecum where it lives firmly attached to the lining of that organ and sucks blood. The adult females produce eggs which pass to the outside of the horse in the manure. These eggs are the source of infection for the same or for other horses. The number of eggs passed by a given horse is dependent upon the number of worm parasites present. Some parasitologists have estimated that certain horses have had more than a million worms present in their digestive tracts. The fact remains that no one parasitologist has been able to count all of the worms present in a heavily parasitized horse. At Kentucky we once made such an attempt. We began collecting and counting worms from one horse in late fall of 1947 and continued this counting and collecting until mid-spring of 1951. At that time we estimated that we had collected about 1/3 of the number of worms present. To enable you to understand the extreme size of the source of strongyle infections at a given farm, I ask you to consider these figures. At many farms we found broodmares which were passing 1,000 strongyle eggs per gram of manure. There are roughly 28 grams an ounce, and 16 ounces to a pound, and an individual mare produces approximately 30 pounds of manure a day. Now assume that 100 broodmares are present at a given farm. The total number of strongyle worms produced at this farm each day will be 1,344,000,000.

Each of these eggs which is fertile, and 90 per cent or more of them are, will contain an embryo which will give rise to a little worm. This little worm, which is microscopic, will hatch from that egg and live free in the soil. It will feed on bacteria and ultimately reach a size and form when it will be infective for horses. When such an infective larva is ingested by a horse, the larva will mature in the horse, completing the life cycle. This life cycle is typical of all strongyles in general.

The infective larvae of the bloodworm apparently may go directly to the caecum and mature. Other infective bloodworm larvae apparently enter the digestive tract after ingestion by a horse, but then migrate out of the digestive tract and enter the blood stream. Actually the detailed movements of bloodworm larvae are not



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known. In any event, bloodworm larvae in the blood stream are known to enter the wall of the anterior mesenteric artery. This is an artery which arises directly from the dorsal aorta and which in turn branches to supply the posterior part of the small intestine, the caecum and the anterior part of the large intestine. The activities of the bloodworm larvae in the lining of the anterior mesenteric artery cause scar tissue to form. At the same time the blood vessel itself hemorrhages or bleeds. This results in the formation of blood clots. Very frequently portions of these blood clots break loose from their original location and are transported down the blood vessel and its branches until they come to lie against the wall of the digestive tract. In this event circulation to that part of the digestive tract is impeded and those tissues receive no nourishment and die. The result of such a happening is a moderate to severe attack of colic. A horse with a repeated history of colic is recognized as a horse parasitized by bloodworms.

The entry of bloodworm larvae into the anterior mesenteric artery allows secondary bacterial invasion and subsequent production and storage of bacterial toxins. Continual arrival of bloodworm larvae followed repeated exposure of the horse to infection interrupts the normal processes of repair. The formation of new and larger blood clots and proliferation of more and more scar tissue result in the weakening of the blood vessel itself. The enlarged and at the same time weakened blood vessel is now known as an aneurysm. The normal anterior mesenteric artery is somewhat less than an inch long and as wide as the

(Continued on page 24)

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*(Continued from page 23)*

average lead pencil. On the other hand, verminous aneurysms have been found which weighed more than three pounds. Very frequently under the stresses of breaking and training this damaged blood vessel may rupture and allow blood to escape directly into the body cavity. Such an event almost always has a fatal termination. On other occasions bacterial toxins may escape from a pocket of infection in the aneurysm so that the horse may die rapidly and without extensive hemorrhage. There is no known treatment or surgical remedy for verminous aneurysm.

When exposure to infection is interrupted, verminous aneurysms may heal slowly. Under normal conditions interruption to exposure does not occur and the aneurysms remain. In some instances the entire colic artery may be involved so that aneurysms 3 feet in length have been recovered. The youngest horse dead from verminous aneurysms in my experience was a 6-week-old trotting horse foal. More than 400 bloodworms were recovered from its aneurysm. The oldest horse dead as a result of verminous aneurysm in my experience was a 26-year-Thoroughbred mare. The most valuable Thoroughbred dead from verminous aneurysm in my experience was a Thoroughbred stallion which had a Derby winner in its first crop. Very frequently the cause of death of such valuable animals is diagnosed as "severe intestinal upset." Severe intestinal upset is an euphemistic expression for clinical parasitism.

As we now proceed to methods of control for bloodworm infection, we must recognize that greatest injury is caused by immature stages of the parasites. In other words, greatest host injury occurs in the interval after exposure and before maturity of the parasites. Absolute prevention of parasitic injury can be obtained by absolute prevention of exposure.

In the years 1947-1951 a series of surveys of worm parasite infections were conducted with Thoroughbreds in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. These surveys sought to determine the incidence of infection in all ages of horses, the source of infection for all ages of horses and the seasonal progression of the infection. It was quickly established that the ultimate source of strongyle infection for foals

was the concurrent infection in their dams. Which is to say, farms with mares passing few strongyle eggs had foals which sustained relatively little bloodworm injury. It was also obvious at farms where heavy strongyle infections were found that no management or hygienic methods were sufficient in themselves to control parasitic infections. It was apparent that a system of helminthic treatment had to be devised to attack the source of infection at a time when it was concentrated within the broodmares and not dispersed over hundreds of acres of pasture.

One drug, phenothiazine, is effective against the majority of worm parasites of horses. Certainly it is effective against strongyle parasites of horses. The problem in 1947 was to devise a method by which phenothiazine could be used in a continuous attack against strongyle infections in broodmares. A continuous attack is necessary because broodmares are continuously susceptible to strongyle infection. Their infections, in turn, provide the continual source of infection for their foals. The parasite problem in 1947 was further complicated because of the fact that the drug phenothiazine was in disrepute with the breeders.

The drug phenothiazine probably is one of the nicest things that ever happened to domestic animals. It is effective against many of the most important worm parasites of domestic animals. Unfortunately, its introduction into equine practice was not preceded by adequate testing. You understand that in order for a drug to kill a worm the drug must be a poison. When a drug is administered in too great quantities both the parasites and their host may be poisoned. And this is what happened with phenothiazine in horses. The first recommendations indicated that horses would tolerate as much as half a pound and the drug itself was hailed as somewhat of a miracle. Administration of phenothiazine was abused and some horses, in poor physical condition, were given fantastic amounts of the drug. Some horses were killed by over-doses of phenothiazine. Certainly you now can understand that Thoroughbred breeders in Kentucky and elsewhere very rapidly developed a distrust for phenothiazine. Through a period of years, however, a "standard" phenothiazine treatment was developed for horses.



This treatment, one ounce of phenothiazine in a capsule or drench is now employed wherever horses are raised. One ounce of phenothiazine in a capsule or a drench constitutes the full therapeutic treatment for mature horses. Half of this amount, that is, one-half ounce in a capsule or drench, constitutes full therapeutic treatment for young horses, sucklings, weanlings and yearlings. By 1947 the classical treatment for strongyle parasites in horses was the full therapeutic treatment outlined above given twice a year.

The trouble with the classical system of control was that bloodworm mortalities continued. You can see that under conditions of continuous exposure twice a year treatment did not recognize the fact that there remain 363 days in a year for horses to continue to sustain parasitic injury. The period of time required for most strongyle parasites to mature in horses is about 30 days. Under the classical system of treatment, therefore, some 10 generations of parasites, so to speak were allowed to pursue their life cycles each year and injure horses without interruption. The classical system of phenothiazine treatment did not, and does not today, provide a continuous and rigid system of control.

Phenothiazine can be used in a continuous attack on strongyle parasites when administered in fractional or subtherapeutic amounts. The basis for the control of strongyle parasites in horses recently devised in Kentucky is a 2-gram amount of phenothiazine. This present system requires that each broodmare receive 2 grams of phenothiazine mixed in her grain ration the first 21 days of each month. Under systems where foaling mares are brought up and fed each day the treatment continues through the 12 months of the year. Under the system where foaling mares are turned out after weaning and not again brought up regularly for feeding until preparations are made for foaling and breeding, the 2-gram daily treatment is initiated when the mare is brought up in preparation for foaling and breeding and continued until weaning. I am hopeful that you will have noticed that the source of strongyle infection for foals, which is the infection in the mare, is under continuous attack all during the time the foals are running with the mares.

This system of low-level treatment is now employed in every important horse breeding center in the world. Tests for cumulative adverse effects of such therapy have been conducted continuously with a group of foaling mares since the spring of 1948. These horses are located at the Department of Animal Pathology at the University of Kentucky at Lexington. No unfavorable effects of this treatment have been discovered during the past four-year testing period.

The adverse effect of parasites upon foals is expressed in two manners. First, adverse effects consist of direct injury to the young horses. The second, effects of parasitism certainly become evident in the performance of horses at tracks and in the show ring.

Effects of parasites can also be determined in another group of horses at a breeding farm. This group of horses is comprised of individuals known as barren mares. These horses exist for the eventual purpose of producing foals. In many instances failure of barren mares to produce foals is derived from their own heavy parasitic infections. I submit that removal of parasitic infections from these barren mares will enable them to be bred more successfully. Where barren mares are fed grain daily, they should receive the 2-gram daily phenothiazine treatment the first 21 days of each month. Under other situations where barren mares are fed grain daily in preparation for breeding, they should receive the same low-level treatment. In regard to one more group of horses, the stallions, it is not true that they suffer no exposure to strongyle parasites and strongyle injury. Stallions should receive the 2-gram daily treatment with phenothiazine.

(Continued on Page 26)



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*Botten Bucket  
Stable*

Hemlock Point Rd.,  
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

(Continued on page 25)

Now of course all of this effort in the control of strongyle parasites of horses has been directed toward prevention of exposure of the young horses at a given farm. Where foals are with mares on the low-level system, it appears unnecessary for the foals to receive this treatment as sucklings. At some farms where the suckling has his own feed box, the sucklings are given one-gram daily doses of phenothiazine in their grain. At other farms the mare is tied and the foal is allowed to feed first from the feed box containing the phenothiazine. As weanlings and yearlings all horses should receive the 2-gram daily doses of phenothiazine in the schedule of treatment where the drug is fed the first 21 days of each month. This system of phenothiazine therapy should be continued while the horses are broken and are in light training. All treatment should be discontinued when horses enter hard training and racing. After horses enter hard training and racing they should receive regular worm treatment but the method of treatment will depend upon time intervals allotted for resting and freshening. When horses are withdrawn from hard training for extended periods, the schedule of low-level (2-gram daily) phenothiazine treatment should be resumed.

The audience here at Washington State apparently is not comprised of

numerous individuals who raise Thoroughbred horses. The above remarks on the control of parasites of horses apply to all show horses and working horses of light breeds. It may well be that your horses are not brought up and fed grain throughout the year. In this event the low-level system may not apply to your particular situation. I can only say that you must make consistent efforts to attack parasites at every opportunity, and these efforts should be consistent with the well-being of the horses. Because you now are in possession of the essential facts necessary to control strongyle parasites of horses, I am certain that your exercise of "horse sense" will now enable you to devise a satisfactory control system for your horses. You should, however, devise a program jointly with your veterinarian and rely upon his advice and experience. Should you have further questions about the control of strongyle parasites in your horses, I shall be happy to receive them at the University of Wisconsin.

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### N. W. NEWS

(Continued from page 12)

Kirkland, Washington; 4. Sunshine Suzy — Grace Kirkwood, Tacoma, Washington; 5. Nimbo K — Grace Kirkwood, Tacoma, Washington.

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### OLYMPIA RIDING CLUB HORSE SHOW

The Capital city once again played host to the annual horse show sponsored by the Olympia Riding Club of Olympia, Washington, August 2nd and 3rd. This show incidently was the first in the northwest to offer classes for Morgans under saddle and now it has become a regular event, usually bringing out the largest number of Morgans in any show. The old campaigner Montie De Jarnette under his new owner, B. F. Fluty, of Tacoma, topped the class for the second consecutive year.

1. Montie De Jarnette—B. F. Fluty, Tacoma, Washington; 2. Red Bess—Karin Brauns, Wenatchee, Washington; 3. Shiek F's Ladybelle—Elsa Brauns, Wenatchee, Washington; 4. Star Gates—Gladys Koehne, Bothell, Washington; 5. Gayman—R. W. Van Pelt, Kirkland, Washington.

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### HAPPY VALLEY GRANGE HORSE SHOW

After a start in Morgan classes on an impromptu order in the Happy Valley Grange Horse Show last year, Morgans have now become a regular

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Beautiful chestnut stud. Perfect white face markings. Up and Coming

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Several two and three year old mares, some broken to ride and drive, and from my top foundation Royal Stock.

**Dana Wingate Kelley**

Royalton Morgan Horse Farm

South Royalton, Vermont

part of the program in the show held at the Circle JM Ranch of Redmond, Washington, August 10. The class was tied as listed:

1. Montie De Jarnette—B. F. Fluty, Tacoma, Washington; 2. Star Gates—Gladys Koehne, Bothell, Washington; 3. Gayman—R. W. Van Pelt, Kirkland, Washington; 4. Illawana Joanne—R. W. Van Pelt, Kirkland, Washington.

\* \* \*

### OLYMPIC SADDLE CLUB HORSE SHOW

*Port Angeles, Washington*

Halter class, mixed mares and stallions:

1. Star Gates — Gladys Koehne, Bothell, Washington; 2. Beau Jeau—Lex Dilling, Port Angeles, Washington; 3. Gayman—R. W. Van Pelt, Kirkland, Washington; 4. Abbeline—C. M. Van Pelt, Kirkland, Washington.

Saddle class, western equipment:

1. Star Gates — Gladys Koehne, Bothell, Washington; 2. Beau Jeau—Lex Dilling, Port Angeles, Washington; 3. Gayman — R. W. Van Pelt, Kirkland, Washington; 4. Abbeline—C. M. Van Pelt, Kirkland, Washington.

\* \* \*

### BOOTS 'N SADDLE CLUB HORSE SHOW

*Okanogan Valley, Washington*

Morgan stallions (all ages) (halter)

1. Highland Glen—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 2. Nespelem Jack — Clarence Fields, Chewsaw, Washington; 3. Kazan King Grey—Harry E. Roath.

Morgan mares (all ages) (halter):

1. Red Bess—Karin Brauns, Wenatchee, Washington; 2. Magic Miss—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 3. Sheik F's Ladybelle—Elsa Brauns, Wenatchee, Washington.

\* \* \*

### BOOTS AND SADDLE CLUB

*Wilbur, Washington*

Morgan 1952 foals:

1. Black Ranger—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 2. Tom—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 3. Fox—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington.

1. Wilbur Silver—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 2. Wilbur Nellie—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 3. Bernie—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 4. Queen—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington.

Morgan mares:

1. Magic Miss—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 2. Lady Glenda—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington; 3. Dee—Fay Wilson; 4. Nespelem Snippy—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington.

Morgan Stallions:

1. Highland Glen—Fred Mangis, Wilbur, Washington.

## PASSE PARTOUT

*(Continued from page 11)*

—could mean was almost beyond comprehension. They hurried to greet their trainer-rider as he rode back to the stables.

"Great little horse" was his only comment. They wordlessly agreed.

"He could go a long way," Roche said as he dropped to the ground and pulled off the saddle. "He could make you a lot of money," he added.

Roche never again rode the horse in a race, but he continued to train him for the rest of the season. He always told the rider to "leave him alone. He knows what he's doing." The advice was good for the little horse went to success after success. And so did his owners. They bet him heavily wherever he ran and "beginner's luck" paid them handsome dividends. The agent quit his job. They changed their way of life to fit their new circumstances. As their horse won and won again they moved on to bigger fields, bigger prizes, bigger bets. Roche followed their successes for a while but gradually duties pressed and he lost track of them.

Years later Roche, now living in "the states" where he owned and operated a big training stable, made one of his annual pilgrimages to Canada in search of horses. The Thoroughbred-Canadian cross was excellent hunter stock and he had bought and sold a lot of them. Following one of his daily tours through the farms he returned to his hotel for the night and stopped at the bar for a drink. A teetotaler, he nevertheless preferred to drink his lemonade in the rough camaraderie of the barroom and he enjoyed the noisy scene as he sipped his drink. He finished it and was about to leave when a hand touched his arm.

"You don't remember me, do you Mr. Roche?" a hoarse voice asked.

Roche didn't but he wouldn't admit it—he prided himself on never forgetting a face—man or horse's.

"Sure, sure," he beamed. "How are you?"

But the barfly, down at heels and apparently rumdumb, did not fall for the forced geniality. He shook his head.

"You don't," he said. "But you must remember the station agent—the man you made into a race horse owner."

This was a rough one. Roche shook his head as a boxer does coming up from a hard blow. It couldn't be. He recalled the affluence which racing—and luck—had brought the station agent. He recalled the quick prosperity of the agent and his wife, remembered how they had looked when he had last seen them on the railroad station platform as they departed to follow the flaming fortunes of their horse. Their manner, their baggage, their clothes—especially their clothes. This bum in baggy trousers, greasy coat and broken shoes . . . this couldn't be. But it was.

Roche broke the silence.

"How are things? How's the missus?"

"No need to ask how things are, Mr. Roche. She's in that rooming house across the street. That's where we live now," and he pointed to a dingy frame building.

"How's the little horse? Whatever became of him?"

The sot's eye brightened. His back straightened. Even his voice changed.

"He's fine. Remember his name—Passe Partout? Remember how my wife—she's French—named him that first time he raced? Passe Partout, that means passes, everywhere. That's what he did from the start. While we had just him alone we were in the money. We lived high. Then, as he began to show signs of wear and age we bought other horses.

"But none of them were like Passe Partout. We lost and lost and lost. Now this," and he indicated his miserable clothes.

"I suppose you wonder when I say that he is fine. But he is. When I had money I resolved he'd never want and I set up a fund to take care of him as long as he lived. He has a good big box stall, a three-acre paddock. I never touched that fund and I never will."

Passe Partout—passes everywhere.

## Pedigrees

(Continued from page 13)

Goffstown, New Hampshire, whose pride and property he remained until his death at the age of twenty-one years.

Great-grand sire of Farmer's Beauty, the black Hawkins Horse was purchased as a three-year-old by Olney Hawkins for use as a parade horse. Hawkins was captain of a troop and for the six years he remained in St. Johnsbury, the black stallion was a fixture on muster days. He had the action, the fire and the looks to command the awe and attention of every passer-by and his great-grandson, Farmer's Beauty, was his direct counterpart in all save color. He was trained to march to music and with his hooves polished, his mane and tail flying, he made a picture that remained in the memory of all who were privileged to see him. Mr. Taggart was primarily a farmer and horse breeder and could never be persuaded to sell the horse for use only as a muster mount, but he very generously did loan him, and up until the year he died Beauty led every parade in Goffstown and in many nearby villages.

He was a versatile horse, for not only was he a show in itself under saddle, but in harness he was the gentleman's roadster par excellence and could trot an easy mile in three minutes or less. He was an even fifteen hands tall and weighed 1050 pounds. Dark, dapple-bay and without white on face or feet, he was a beautifully balanced horse. Many of the early in-bred Morgan sires were a little heavy, some with very hairy legs and jaws, but Beauty, with two close crosses to Sherman Morgan and another to the Hawkins Horse, was very clean-legged and fine-coated, perhaps due to the fact that Sherman showed the most quality of all of Justin's foals, with Hawkins and Woodbury close behind. He was naturally high-headed, one of the earliest sires to have this characteristic noted of them, with a neat head and a kind disposition. He was very intelligent, easily taught, and required no constant practice for parades or other work. He was one of the first of the early Morgans which did not have to do his share of farm work as well as almost any other job to which a horse could possibly be hitched, but his value as a breeding horse was recognized

very clearly and his owner would permit no handling which could in any way impair him for this, his primary duty.

It is unfortunate that the true value of a sire is seldom measured until after his death, for it isn't the great number of good colts a horse leaves that is the mark of greatness, but rather the ones, if any, that are better horses, with better records, than their sire. In the final reckoning, Farmer's Beauty had to qualify among the top sires of the breed, for he was the sire of Taggart's Abdallah 567, one of the best horses ever foaled in New Hampshire, indeed, probably second only to Black Hawk himself as the best "native son."

Whatever pride and satisfaction Mr. Taggart felt in the ownership of Farmer's Beauty, it was more than doubled by his feeling for his bright, copper-bay son Abdallah. Bred similarly to Daniel Lambert and a host of great horses, he was by a strictly Morgan sire out of a quality mare carrying the best possible breeding. Mambrino's first son, Messenger, was the tail-male sire of many great trotters, was indeed the founder of the Standardbred horse, but his second son, Abdallah, was a broodmare sire of the first magnitude. Two of his daughters, Lady Mac and Fanny Cook, perhaps not great mares in their own right, produced, when bred to Morgan stallions, Taggart's Abdallah and Daniel Albert, Titans of the breed.

If Taggart's Abdallah lacked a little of Daniel Lambert's striking beauty, he had an equally fine disposition and was, in the opinion of those who knew him, the best possible example of Morgan type tempered with what was later to be so highly desirable in Morgan quality. He gave the appearance of good breeding in every line of his head and neck, in every move he made. When he was eleven years old he was exhibited at the New England Fair in Manchester, New Hampshire. Already a successful sire of top racing trotters, his owner was persuaded to send him on an exhibition mile, completely without preparation. The mile originated purely as a sporting gesture and a tribute to a great horse, but when his time of 2:28 was announced, Taggart's Abdallah received a tremendous ovation from every horseman present, an ovation they doubled when he repeated a half in the really excellent time of 1:12½. This was an un-

official record, made some years after his "official" time of 2:36, but it was nonetheless an indication of his wonderful courage and undeniable natural ability.

Taggart's Abdallah was never sold, but remained the property of David Taggart for all of his nineteen years. His foals were almost all bays or browns, uniformly excellent, and despite his location in an area of comparatively few top quality mares, he got the winners of 52 races from relatively few foals. One of his best race-horses was Ned Wallace, who won fourteen races and defeated some of the best trotters of his day, including Tom Moore, Ben Morrill, Honest Harry and Belle Dean. Another fine racer sired by him was Ned Hastings, who won thirteen races, as well as Dauntless and Fleetwing, who raced mostly in New England but won fourteen races between them.

Several Canadian breeders became deeply interested in the descendant of Papineau and tried for some years to buy him. Failing in this, they procured Paragon and All Right, both bred from good Morgan mares, and took them to Canada, the former to Quebec, the latter to Nova Scotia. Both became immediate successes for All Right was the sire of the famous Blackbird, whose best race and claim to glory was her defeat of the fabulous Lady Thorn and Grey Eagle on a Montreal race course.

Although both Daniel Lambert and Taggart's Abdallah made an immediate success of their years in the stud, it is the quirk of Fate that one name should appear in the pedigrees of at least half of our present day Morgans while the other appears with the greatest rarity, and even then never on the male line descent.

Perhaps there may be even more of a comparison, as noted earlier, with the case of Wise Counsellor. Unfashionably bred, that horse did yeoman duty in the stud, sending out stake winners year after year. The line to Justin Morgan through the Hawkins Horse was a great one, perhaps one of the greatest, yet today it is a rarity for it to show even down on the bottom-most corner of a pedigree.

We select a sire perhaps for type, maybe for stamina, possibly for courage, yet it is no one of these, but the one small spark we cannot see, that marks one line for survival, the other for extinction.

(Continued from page 9)

### LIGHTWEIGHT DIVISION

(Carrying 155-179 Pounds)

Horse	Age Sex	Weight Hgt. Carried	Riders	Owners
1. Max Reg. Morgan, 08010	9 Gelding	15-1½ 167	Mrs. Katherine P. Colon Athol, Mass.	Mrs. Colon
2. Townshend Gladalect Reg. Morgan, 05824	11 Mare	14-3 157	Patricia Hallquist Hillsboro, Mo.	Mrs. Anna D. Ela Townshend, Vt.
3. Townshend Lady Sensation Reg. Morgan, 06937	6 Mare	14-0¼ 174	Mrs. W. L. Orcutt Orcland Farm, Elliott City, Md.	Mrs. Orcutt W. Newbury, Mass.
4. Duke 7/8 Thoroughbred	9 Gelding	15-2½ 170	Mrs. James Clark Phyllis Taylor Bellows Falls, Vt.	Mrs. Clark Phyllis Taylor
5. Tarik's Golden Lass Reg. Morgan, 06272	8 Mare	15-1 156	Eleanor Mahoney Milton, Mass.	Camp Jo-Al-Co Strafford, N. H.
6. Buyer Seahams Topper Hackney	10 Gelding	14-2 157	Mrs. Cora P. Snow Milton, Mass.	Camp Jo-Al-Co Strafford, N. H.
7. Princess Breeding Unknown	8 Mare	14-3¾ 156	Joan Evans Hanover, Mass.	Camp Jo-Al-Co Strafford, N. H.
8. Cocoa Breeding Unknown	8 Mare	15-1 158	Mrs. B. Howe Barnard, Vt.	Gay Wins Barnard, Vt.
9. Captain Grade Morgan	7 Gelding	15-2 157	Janice Smith Middlebury, Vt.	David Lawrence Waterbury, Conn.
10. Casia Anglo-Arab, AA-224	5 Mare	15-1 156		

### HEAVYWEIGHT DIVISION

(Carrying 180 or More Pounds)

1. Black Corner Half-bred	9 Gelding	16-1 230	D. W. Patterson, Sr. The Plains, Va.	Mrs. James Clark Elliott City, Md.
2. Rusty Bradley Anglo-Arab	8 Gelding	15-0½ 197	Luther Witham Peabody, Mass.	Luther Witham
3. Best Bets Breeding Unknown	10 Gelding	15-2 209	Dr. Wilson Haubrich Claremont, N. H.	Ted Augustinowicz Putney, Vt.
4. Sad Sak Louie Appalcosa	8 Gelding	16-1 184	Capt. A. G. Wilder, V. C. Ft. Devens, Mass.	Ferguson's Stables Woodstock, Vt.
5. Cossabianca T.B.-Albino	9 Gelding	16-1¼ 190	Leo Dore Montreal, P. Q.	Leo Dore
6. Apache Quarter Horse	7 Gelding	14-3 185	Kenneth Fossa Danvers, Mass.	Kenneth Fossa
7. Dark Age ¾ T.B.—¼ Q.H.	11 Gelding	15-1 192	Charles Wheeler Loudonville, N. Y.	Charles Wheeler
8. Tarik's Golden Yankee Grade Morgan	7 Gelding	15 187	Helen Young Roanoke, Va.	Jean B. Chase Putney, Vt.
9. Babe's Delight Reg. Morgan, 9044	8 Gelding	14-3 227	Gene Timmons Malone, N. Y.	Gene Timmons

### JUNIOR DIVISION

1. Tamer Half-bred	7 Gelding	15-2½	D. W. Patterson, Jr. The Plains, Va.	D. W. Patterson, Jr.
2. Stardust Breeding Unknown	12 Gelding	15	Betty Jo Cloud Lebanon, N. H.	Betty Jo Cloud
3. Bobby Breeding Unknown	6 Gelding	15-2	Barbara Gramstorff Randolph, Mass.	Camp Jo-Al-Co Strafford, N. H.
4. Chico Breeding Unknown	9 Gelding	15-3¾	Priscilla Perras New Bedford, Mass.	Camp Jo-Al-Co Strafford, N. H.
5. Copper Dust Grade T.B.	10 Gelding	16	Josh Edgerly Windsor, Vt.	Josh Edgerly

### SWEEPSTAKE WINNER

Horse: Max. Owner and Rider: Mrs. Katherine P. Colon, Athol, Mass.

### BREED PRIZES FOR REGISTERED STOCK

#### MORGAN

(Donated by the Morgan Horse Club)

Horse: Max, 08010. Owner and Rider: Mrs. Katherine P. Colon, Athol, Mass

#### HALF-BRED

Horse: Black Corner. Owner: Mrs. James Clark, Elliott City, Md. Rider: D. W. Patterson, Sr., The Plains, Va.

### BEST TRAIL HORSE

First Horse: Apache. Owner and Rider: Kenneth Fossa, Danvers, Mass.

Second Horse: Townshend Lady Sensation. Owner and Rider: Mrs. W. L. Orcutt, W. Newbury, Mass.

### HORSEMANSHIP AWARDS

Ladies' Horsemanship: Mrs. Alvah D. Snow, Camp Jo-Al-Co, Strafford, N. H.

(Donated by H. J. Kroto)

Men's Horsemanship: Ted Augustinowicz, Putney, Vt.

(Donated by H. J. Kroto)

Junior Horsemanship: Jane Clark, Amesbury, Mass.

(Fessenden Challenge Trophy)

### SPORTSMANSHIP AWARDS

Ladies' Sportsmanship: Mary Meyer, Noroton, Conn.

Men's Sportsmanship: Luther Witham, Peabody, Mass.

Junior Sportsmanship: Michal Rihl, Lebanon, N. H.

### OTHER AWARDS

Stable Awards: For the best decorated and kept stall.

Senior: Leo Dore, Montreal, P. Q.

Junior: Sandy Hunt, New Brunswick, N. J.

Rookie of the Year:

Senior: Charles Wheeler, Loudonville, N. Y.

Junior: Barbara DeMar, Reading, Mass.

# ONCE UPON A HORSE



## Regularity, Repetition and Restraint

By OLD TIMER



Once upon a time when we were very young we bought a horse. We bought him for a board bill—\$77.50 if we remember correctly.

He was young enough—less than 10—and sound as a nut. We were taken with him from the start—mostly Morgan and with a black coat shot with white, a true blue roan. His mane and tail were nearly pure white. They led him out from his stall that day long ago and we discounted the fact that he danced nervously on the tie ropes. So we bought him and paid the price. Then we contracted to get him home and a van was finally obtained—a big roomy truck.

We led our new purchase out of the stable and the moment he saw the truck he snorted—no comforting snort of a horse loving the weather or the mere fact of living—but a determined, hating snort of pure terror. It took us three hours to load him in those early days when he knew so much—less than now—and when we finally got him in the truck he promptly sat down. We stood beside him all the long road home and he sat on his tail all the way—the skinned segment of it that it took weeks to cure was mute evidence of the ride.

Such was the blue—the most nervous animal we have ever encountered. He was afraid of his own shadow—and like Minner Cheevie—he had reason. A hard horse to load and unload he had once been shipped in a dump truck and unloaded by the simple expedient of merely hoisting the body until he had slid out. He trusted no man.

We tried to mount him and he was gone like quick silver. We tried to harness him and he bolted when he

felt shafts. He wouldn't drink. He wouldn't eat. A problem child.

Trying to induce him to suck up a bit of water or mouth a bit of food was useless. He was ready to die before he would do either. We remember the hours spent on an upended bucket as we tried to solve the problem. Finally it simmered down to this—if we could make him recognize us as an authority under the saddle or in harness he might condescend to live a normal life.

Once decided on this course all that remained was to teach him to act like a normal horse. We saddled and bridled him, took him to the middle of the exercise ring and started to mount. Useless—he was gone as soon as we set foot in stirrup, despite short rein and double bridle. Once again we gathered the reins, tucked our left hand low on his neck to hold him and this time we merely pulled the leather. He started to bolt but we checked him. Time and again we pulled on the stirrup and as quickly hauled him back on his haunches until he gave up and consented to stand.

Then we put a foot in the iron and put some pressure on it. Off he started but we were ready for him and checked him sharply the while we hopped—one foot up and one on the ground. It seemed to be hours so uncomfortably bent until he agreed to stand. Then we vaulted up, and down and up and down until he agreed that it was the best policy to stand still. Day after day we repeated the process until we could mount him with the reins dangling—and he stood motionless. Then we rode him.

Driving was much the same. We tied a couple of hitching weights to

the free end of a war bridle. Then, when we had hitched and drawn up the cart and he made a bolt, the sash line cut deep into his atlas bone and he quit. Day after day we repeated this until he would stand quietly while we harnessed and hitched. Soon he would do it while we climbed into the cart.

By this time he was literally skin and bones. He still refused to eat and drink. He was weak and tired by the ordeal of complying with man's demands—demands that had never earned him more than punishment. But one day I saddled and rode him. Then I harnessed and drove him. I dried him off, combed, brushed and petted him and turned him into his box stall. Waiting him was a hot bran mash larded with cut up carrots. He took a long look at me over the boxstall door, heaved a more or less contended sigh and dug into it. When he had finished he had a long drink of water and then tore into his hay. From that time on we had no trouble with him but must admit that we always handled him quietly and gave him no cause for alarm.

What we tried to prove in the foregoing story is that a horse is a creature of habits—in this case he had no good ones and had to be taught. Frequently if you come in contact with a rebel, one of those guys who will die rather than comply, simple lessons of deportment will often regulate him to stay on the normal road. There is nothing like regular and easy lessons to give a horse confidence both in his owner and himself. It all depends on regularity, repetition—and restraint.

Hackamore—Nowhere in the world are there more hackamores than in the west. There, in the land of the neck-reined mount this mouth-saving device is the favorite of many, especially the working cowboy. In the West the hackamore is often nothing more than a canvass of hard manilla, the noseband especially heavy. At its lowest point is affixed a rope rein and the noseband itself, where it crosses the jawbones is frequently covered with sandpaper. This is done during training and rubs raw the skin over the sharp bones. Far from being an inhuman gadget it causes little pain but does make a horse react quickly to a touch of the reins. It is nothing short of amazing the speed with which a cowboy can train a horse with a sandpapered hackamore.

But in the East you seldom see this rigging—the hackamore, that is. Yet it is the answer to more biting problems than we have here room to relate. In the first place, a hackamore of a certain type may be obtained from any saddlery which is so fitted with chin and nose straps and bars resembling a curb bit that it is not necessary to neckrein a horse. He can be ridden as usual with one or both hands. And if he is a puller or one of those go-away-quick guys his antics are over.

We have seen runners, fresh from

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

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**PHOTOGRAPHY** by Barbara Stone. 41 Franklin Avenue, West Medford, Mass. Show pictures and action shots. For appointment and price call Mystic 8-9810.

**FOR SALE:** Purest Morgan Blood Lines. Handsome two-year bay stallion and three-year chestnut gelding, out of Ashbrook daughter. Well broken, excellent prospects. Moderate price. WESTFALL FARM, RD, Port Jervis, N. Y.

**FOR SALE:** Knickerbob 10610, foaled June 1, 1951. By Sonny Bob 7693 out of Ember X-072425. Fine old-type Morgan, chestnut with tiny star. MR. & MRS. MELVIN H. MANDIGO, Glover, Vermont.



the track with mouths like iron that it was not possible to ride safely for lack of control. But put a hackamore on them and they behave. There is no bit in the mouth to lug on. The gently strap pressure under chin and over the nose pulls in the extended head, collects the legs and co-ordinates a "loose" animal. Truthfully, we have never seen one of these animals run away when fitted with a hackamore.

An example of this comes to mind. Nearly 20 years ago a big Irish hunter landed in a stable near our place. He was a fine big horse sound and clean despite his age which was 15. But he had established a reputation as a puller.

A short time after that we were transporting a bunch of young runners to a track 15 miles away. Two of us each rode a horse and led two more. The hunter was also due to make the trip and the only rider was an inexperienced girl. We fitted the hunter with a hackamore and started. All went well enough until one of the

runners scared at something and away went our trio. The other threesome quickly joined in and the six raced a mile before we had those horses under control, and could give a thought to the girl. She was not in sight so we turned and rode back. We met her hacking quietly along. "What did he do?" we wanted to ask. "Oh, she replied. "He wanted to chase those other horses but he stopped as soon as I pulled the reins."

From that day on we have become firm believers in the hackamore.

It is also an excellent rig for the animal who is annoyed by a bit—who chafes, snatches and throws his head. He'll forget all that with a hackamore.

A neighbor of ours has a rather headstrong pony who "broke jail" and was found by his young son cropping our lawn a half mile from the stable. The boy had no bridle, the pony had no halter and he was a puller especially when headed for home. We cut about six feet of clothesline, put the middle of the rope across his head right back of the ears, brought the two ends down his cheeks and crossed them through his mouth. We handed them to the boy after giving him a leg up and that pony stepped down the road as sweet as a spring song. That, however is a powerful and punishing rig if used roughly and not to be compared with the hackamore.

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## CLASSIFIED

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**FOR SALE:** Two registered Morgan mares, bay and a chestnut with white markings, both suitable for women or children to ride. Also two weanling colts, bay filly and chestnut stud, both with white markings.. R. W. VAN PELT, Route 4, Box 146, Kirkland, Washington. Telephone Kirkland 22-3720.

**FOR SALE:** Mistmaiden 05920. Double granddaughter of Mansfield 7255. Sound, ten-year-old. Suitable as broodmare. Bred to Lippitt Sam Twilight 8085. Would trade for registered young stock. JAMES DOUGLASS, East Dixfield, Maine.

**FOR SALE:** Gipsej-Jo, half-Morgan filly by Gipsej Allen, out of a very typey mare. Delivered in reasonable radius for \$150. Also, purebred Shetland weanling filly, chestnut or bay with a cream mane and tail. Contact MRS. AYELIEN W. RICHARDS, Richard Ranch, Pine City, New York.

**FOR SALE:** Morgan-Arabian gelding. Five years old. Bright red chestnut. Star and Strip. 750 pounds. Very well broken to ride. Will drive and do a few tricks. Must have a good home. Kind and a pet. Price \$175. MRS. LENARD LONGE, Enosburg Center, Vermont.

**FOR SALE:** Registered Morgan stallion, Scott's Hero, by Golfield, out of Ben's Girl by Bennington. Beautiful chestnut with flaxen mane and tail. Sire of some good colts and a sure breeder. Eleven years old. Broken. Also, weanling bay stud colt by Black Sambo out of Vega by Sir Ethan Allen. A good colt whose sire and dam are excellent harness horses. KEYNITH KNAPP, Arlington, Vermont.

**FOR SALE:** Indian Boy, registered Morgan stallion 7866, sired by Winterset 7403, Dam—Cola 04447. Chestnut with star, left front pastern white; broke to drive and ride under English tack; height 14:3, weight 1050. CARL A. SCHEPPERT, Box 443, Route 2, Temperance, Mich.

**FOR SALE:** Nipagon, two-year-old beautiful Red Chestnut filly, full sister to Comanche Brave. Sire Lamont. Dam. Rose O. Day. M. R. HOFFMANN, 401 East Michigan Street, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Just  
*A Thinkin'*

by

ERN PEDLER



*I'm a'layin' on the prarie  
And I'm thinkin' of my home,  
An' the folks I left behin' me,  
When I started out to roam.  
But I'm not the least bit lonely  
On this mighty desert sea,  
'Cause I know that if I left it,  
It'd soon be callin' me.*

*Seems there's somethin' in the desert  
Makes you want to be alone.  
An' you ride it in the daytime  
Knowin' well it's all your own,  
An' at night when your a'layin'  
An' a gazin' at the moon,  
Then you're thinkin' of the roundup  
That is comin' purty soon.*

*In the last an' final round up  
When the Big Boss ropes us in,  
I been wonderin' just what sort of  
A corral I'm gonna win.  
Will I be selected care'f'ly?  
An' put in a hay filled barn?  
Or just left fer common herdin'  
'Cause I'm hardly worth a darn?*

*Think I'll start to livin' better  
So's to join them grainfed steers,  
'Cause I'll have to meet my maker now  
In just a few short years.  
But my thoughts is gettin' fuzzy  
An' I'll soon be sleepin' on.  
'Cause I got to hit the saddle,  
With the early crack o' dawn.*