

The Morgan

35¢

MARCH, 1953

HORSE



National **STALLION ISSUE**



PARADE 10138

Parade is a young Morgan Stallion, dark chestnut, 15 hands, with personality, presence and wonderful manners. He has a very high percentage of Justin Morgan blood together with an excellent pedigree. You will hear more of this young stallion as he gets older and settles down.

Will breed a few approved mares.

"Breed Your Mares Early"

Mr. & Mrs. J. Cecil Ferguson

BROADWALL FARM



GREENE, R. I.

ARDENCAPLE ACRES *presents*

Grand Champion

Dennis K 9561

by Flyhawk out of Kathleen C

At Stud

Black Sambo 9936

by Magellan out of Ambition



Winner of championships both in the East and Mid-west as model, performance under both western and English tack and as harness horse and jumper. The most versatile Morgan stallion in the East today.



A well-made coal black young stallion, fine headed and showing a wealth of Morgan characteristics. He has won outstanding recognition as a harness horse possessing both action and speed. Will stand at stud March 1 to May 1 at Wardacre Farm, Paine Brook Boulevard, New Rochelle, New York.

Address correspondence to: WHITEY KAHN, manager, Wardacre Farm.

Private Treaty

Wardacre Farm has excellent accommodations for mares and full breeding facilities. Veterinarian in attendance.

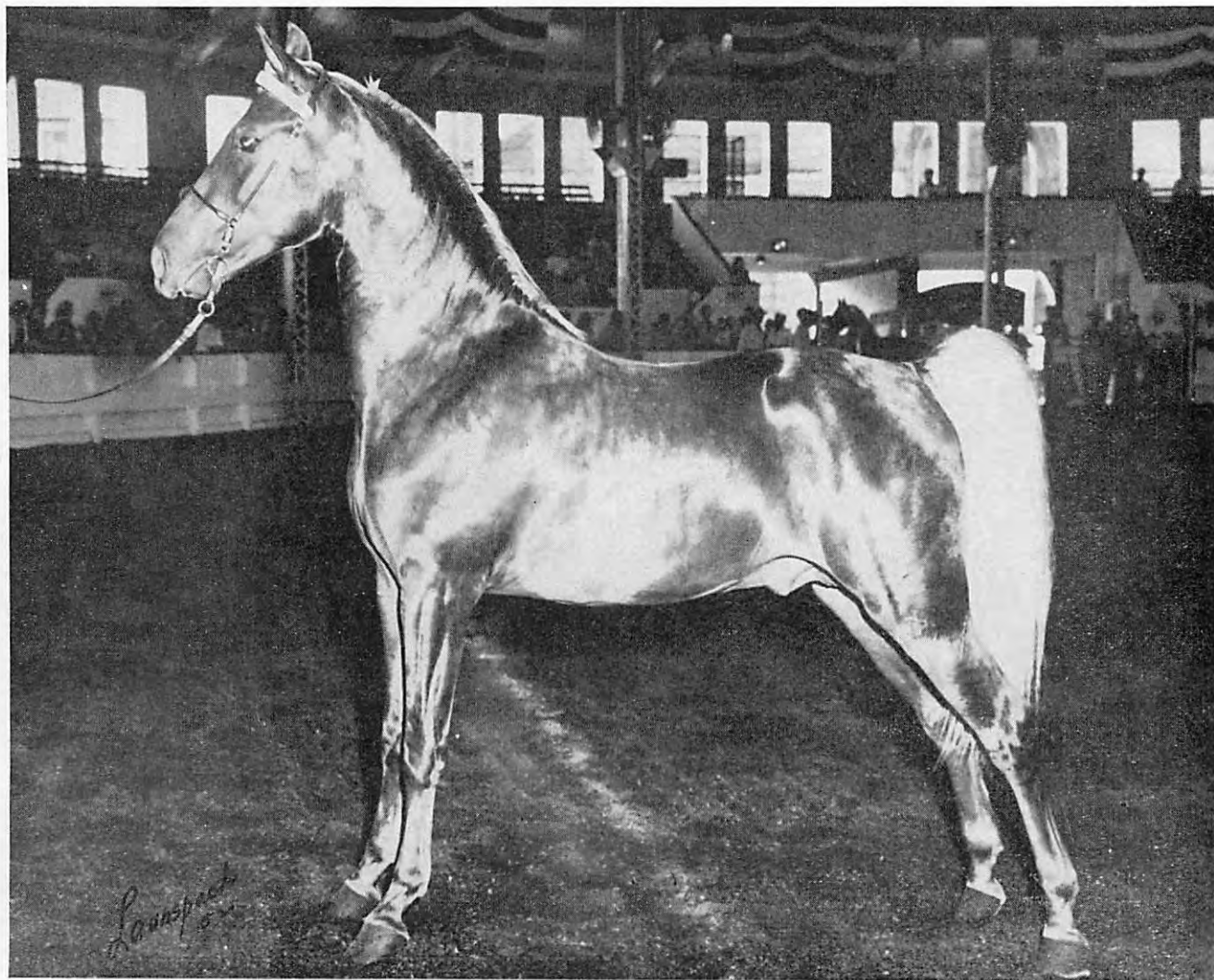
Ardencaple Acres, home of distinctive and distinguished Morgans has two young Morgans for sale, a stallion, aged three and mare aged four.

Mr. & Mrs. Willard K. Denton



Succabone Road
MT. KISCO, N. Y.

MT. KISCO 6-6989



Gr. Ch. *The Airacobra* 10386

World's greatest Morgan show horse

Sire: Flyhawk, 7526 Dam: Sentola, 04555
Foaled: April 1, 1950
Color: Dark Chestnut, white mane and tail.
Height: 15½ hands.

Now standing to a few select mares.

Stud Fee \$100, live foal guaranteed

R. S. Palmer, trainer

D. E. SHEFFER, owner

930 Evans Ave.

Kirkwood 22, Mo.

MODEL *plus* PERFORMANCE



Spring Frolic, our popular young stallion combines that desirable old-type breeding and disposition with that natural showy action which is admired by horse-lovers everywhere.



Spring Frolic as a performance stallion.



Spring Frolic as a model stallion.

Nelson D. White, owner

GLENALLEN STABLES

Winchendon Springs, Mass.

The Editor's Comments

OUR COVER



Merle Little, holds the headstall of Lippitt Morman in the picture which is appropriate to this issue and, incidentally pays tribute to a great horseman as well as a great horse. The other Little horse in the picture is the wonderful mare, Senorita Morgan. The pair, stabled in Duarte, California, have won so many ribbons in west coast shows that a groan usually arises from competitors when Little and his Morgans show up for the event.

Among our acquaintances we number an epicure—a gourmet. The other evening the group which included us both fell to talking of favorite viands and the subject went the whole gamut—to soup. Borscht had its moment, then minestrone and bouillabaise—with proper reverence— pot-au-feu, Maine chowder, Canadian pea and finally, bean. And then is when we faded out and thoughts shifted into reverse as they always do at mention of the plebian dish—bean soup.

Bean soup will ever mean the 20's—and New York . . . New York in a minor depression and a country boy trying to grab an education and keep himself fed at the same time—a trick to try a prestidigitator. Bean soup at a mean corner lunchstand below the street marked 30 was a dime and with it went a big, tough roll. Not enough for a skinny kid but it kept him hanging together. It was never served hot and could be gulped in a few minutes. That left 50 more of the noon hour for a dash around the corner and the daily auction sale at Fiske Dork Carroll's. We had no idea how long these auctions had been going on, how many thousands of horses had there gone under the hammer. To a country boy, sick of the city it was the only place he could achieve some sort of communion with horses.

Today, 200 miles and, it seems, as many years away from that incongruously horsey spot in the great city's motor maelstrom, we can still vividly recall the black horse.

Readers older than we may more clearly recall the text of the big tin signs which used to fall as each horse was led up to the block. As we remember they bore such legends as: "Sound of Wind and Limb," "Sound of Wind," etc. But for the black no sign fell. That meant he sold "as is," no guarantee.

He was brought in just as we hurried in from our mean bean lunch and we were unable to reach the front line for a closer look. But from where we stretched our neck he was outwardly all right—he didn't point, his flanks were relaxed, his throttle clean and flexible. He noticed things instead of sounds—must have had some degree of eyesight. He was a harness horse, big and black with arched neck and handsome head. He had expression, air. He was a horse! That moment, sketched so indelibly, was only a moment. He was knocked down quickly, at a ridiculous price, and was led off.

Other horses followed him that day. Other days followed that day.

Other experiences came the way of the country boy in the big city.

There was the milk wagon horse with his heavy shoe caught in the switch of a trolley track—the shoe we pulled with a hand axe and a paving block in order to free him.

There was the young delivery wagon horse that greedily gulped an apple proffered by a child and nearly choked to death before we pulled out his tongue, reached down and retrieved the Baldwin.

There was the peddler's nag down in the snow and banging his brains out. When it was evident the driver knew not what to do we sat on his head and told the fool how to unhitch him.

The saddle horse, running from a dumped rider in Central park that we stopped and rode for 10 minutes before a mounted cop took over and brought us back to earth—in every sense of the word.

Lovely, aching thing, nostalgia.

But what started all this . . . ? Oh, yes. Bean soup.

Wonder what was wrong with that black horse . . .

LETTERS

(Continued from preceding page)

Dear Sir:

Please send us the "Morgan Horse Magazine" for another two years.

Our daughter received for a Christmas present a Registered Morgan stud colt, "Chippman 10880," sired by "Lippitt Mandate" 8331, and out of that grand old mare, "Mountain Flame" X-05234.

We are all for the Morgan Horse and expect to raise Morgans here in southern Pennsylvania.

Howard H. Kauffman
R. R. No. 1
Chambersburg, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I am a real lover of Morgans. I am the owner of a Morgan gelding, three years of age. He is a light chestnut with dark mane and tail. He is not as yet trained to harness, but I am thinking of it.

I am only eleven years old. I would like to hear from any other readers my own age.

I am sorry, but I do not have a picture of my horse. I have heard of horses that are a Morgan-Arab cross, called Morabs. Is that right?

Charlotte Brailey
Franklin, N. H.

(Continued on Page 18)



Patriquin and Joe Kelly on their Morgan stablemates, BUDDY and a black mare of the Greenwalt breeding. They ride year round regardless of weather.



Patriquin on LIPPITT VICTORY cantering blithely down a Boston street during a parade preliminary to the annual visit of the rodeo to Massachusetts.

Boston Buckaroo

Being the account of a newspaper photographer and Morgan lover who rides his stallion with western tack over the "trackless wastes" of the Hub of the Universe

By SUMNER KEAN

The trial had been long, the evidence sensational, the sentence inevitable. Manacled to a deputy sheriff the prisoner, a hardened criminal was led away to start a long, life-shortening sentence. But before he left the courtroom he glanced up and saw the photographer dead ahead of him, camera poised. With a snarl the prisoner, as he passed a desk, grabbed up a heavy glass ashtray and drew back his arm to hurl it at the lensman. Other news and cameramen ducked but the man in the prisoner's path stood quietly and snapped the shutter just as the missile was hurled at him.

Result:

The Ramsdell trophy for the best news picture of the year in Boston went to Warren Patriquin of the Herald-Traveler.

Annually the Rodeo comes to the Boston Garden and annually goes out an invitation for area horsemen to participate in a street parade and later working stock horse event. When the last of them—and there were many very good ones—was put through his paces; when the last horse had jolted to a sliding stop there was a quick conference of judges and the award went to Warren Patriquin.

Who is this Hub cowboy? We on the magazine thought we knew, Otho Eusey, the publisher, and I had learned to love him for his generosity, his willingness to provide photographs and drawings at almost a moment's notice. We knew he liked Lippitt stock, that he haunted trail rides and Morgan shows. But of his background and how he came to use Beantown's narrow

streets for trails or the Common for his "wide prairie" we knew little. I decided to take a better, longer look at this Yankee westerner and recently made the run down to Patriquin's Arlington stable. Eusey, also interested, went along for the ride. Following a circuitous route we finally found the place, and, since the proprietor was late for his date we went in for a look at Dyberry Buddy the current Patriquin stallion.

Buddy has developed rapidly since we saw him last into a smart-headed little horse of great substance. Fat and sleek, he is a credit to Dr. Park's breeding theories.

Warren arrived soon after, clad in the best Boston tradition of dark blue suit, homburg hat and double breasted overcoat. He led Buddy out onto the

floor, stripped off his blanket and slipped on a bridle. He hung his overcoat on a hook and, blue suit, homburg and all jumped onto Buddy's shiny back.

The runway in front of the box stalls was concrete covered with sawdust and about 25 feet long. On this poor substitute for the open range he put his little stud into a trot. "Sissy," I yelled. "Why don't you canter him?"

The words were hardly out of my foolish mouth before he broke Buddy into a lope and around the floor the pair went, the horse apparently enjoying it for he was cat-footed on the corners and braked to a sliding stop when he neared a wall. Eusey, deciding the pair "wanted out" at this point opened the stable door and Patriquin gave a working stock horse demonstration on

the ice-spotted barnyard. When the cold drove us indoors Warren rode up to the sliding door and the stud stood calmly until it was opened. Then he wheeled quickly in and stood while his rider closed the door. Good show.

"How did all this begin?" I asked Pat as we sat later in Eusey's heated car, discussing the world Morgan as we knew it.

"Well" he started and promptly ran out of gas. It was top-drawer fun to watch this man writhe under an interview. Veteran of every phase of newspaper life, the man who had calmly snapped the great and near-great, and stood by while reporters interviewed personages, he was not up to having his own skin turned inside out. But finally I dragged the story out of him.

Born in Arlington, Mass. where he still lives with his parents, he attended art school for a couple of years after high school and then, employing a hobby he and his brother, Carlton, had enjoyed since they were kids he turned from amateur to professional photographer and latched onto the Herald-Traveler in 1942. Horses he had always loved but as a shy, spectacled kid he had never got his courage to the point where he tried to ride one. His brother, now a free-lance photographer in Boston, frequently rode at riding schools and favorite uncle was a horseman.

Finally, after a year of steady employment and with money in his pocket he decided on the Great Adventure. He went to a riding school, took a few

(Continued on Page 40)

BUDDY and Jingle bells get along together as well as ham and eggs. Patriquin and friend and the little stud take advantage of the snow cover before the plows lug it all away.





Jeanne Mellin, the author, and BONNY

I have always enjoyed reading the adventures of people and their Morgans in your wonderful magazine. The true experiences of horse owners have always been to me engrossing reading. So it is, that I submit a contribution of my own in hopes that there may be a few other horse lovers who will read it and enjoy it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

We Called Her Morgan

Written and illustrated by JEANNE MELLIN

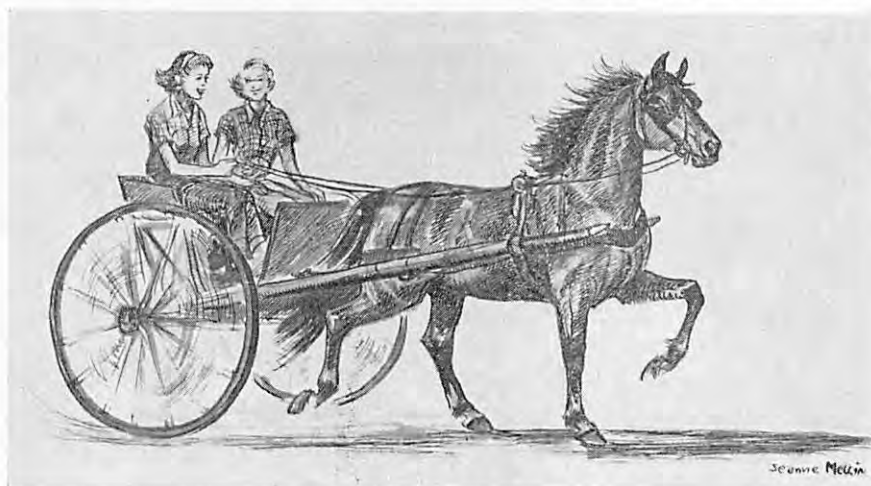
It will be ten years in August '53 that Bonny and I have been companions. It was in August, 1943 that I first saw the little bay mare studying me over the split rail fence of her pasture. I remember the day as if it had been yesterday. She was mud-caked from rolling in the swampy corner of the field, her mane and tail contained a generous collection of burrs, and she was generally unkempt. But her huge, soft brown eyes sparkled and there was a roguish look to her pricked ears. However, she was to become my own horse and at the time, mud, and dust and burrs were decidedly unimportant. I thought she was beautiful, as did my parents. Bonny became a member of our family that day. August 6, 1943 will always be vivid in my memory.

Bonny was a few months over three years old when, sporting her first pair of shoes, I rode her home. I remember I rode her bareback as that was the way I was used to riding. The big western saddle 'that came with her' was just that much excess baggage. Her back was round and smooth, which was a good thing too, since her gait was a little irregular. It was youth, I was

sure, as I concentrated on sitting to her bouncing trot. She had had very little schooling under saddle and that mostly by an inexperienced rider. When not grazing in her pasture, most of her exercise consisted of being hitched to a heavy breaking cart and driven around the country roads. Her trot was definitely the gait of a horse which had done a good share of work in harness. But I wasn't a bit worried. I was sure that intensive work under saddle would "smooth out the bumps." I soon discovered, however, that I had my work cut out for me. Bonny, due to the fact

that she had belonged to a family with numerous children, was spoiled. They had made quite a pet of her and always allowed her to have her own way with the obvious dire consequences. I can see why they spoiled her, though, she always knew how to work on a person's sympathies. With her shining brown eyes pleading, how could anyone refuse her wishes. She's still spoiled!

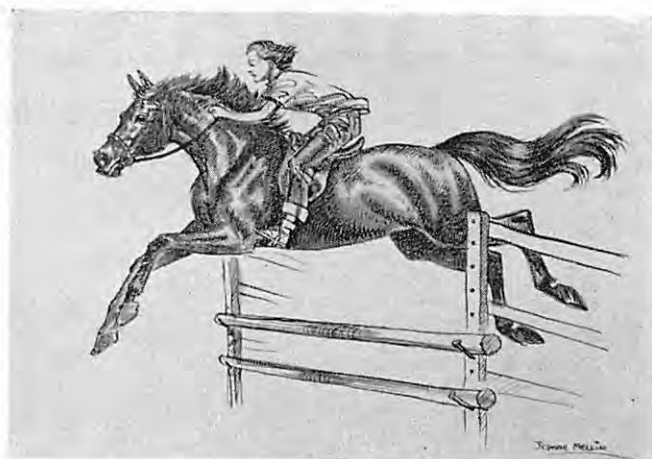
At first my friend, Nance, and I used to drive her in the breaking cart quite a bit; which was wonderful fun as Bon is very quiet and sensible in



"... we were a happy trio ..."



"... looks like a Spanish galley coming headon ..."



"... couldn't do it but she did ..."

harness. She would trot along briskly with her head held high and her eyes bright and eager and her ears pricked up most of the time. I'm sure she enjoyed these excursions as much as we did, in spite of the heavy, rattling cart and its singing and laughing passengers. We were certainly a happy trio on those jaunts: full of youth and "joie de vie."

But when it came to working under saddle, things changed abruptly. As it happened, we lived within three miles of a very fine and prosperous Hunt Club. It was there that Bon and I had our first differences of opinion. Nance and I used to drive Bon down in the cart with an English saddle and a snaffle bridle tucked under the seat. Upon arrival at the Club we'd unharness Bon and put on the riding tack. Bon knew what was coming and her ears would work back and forth as if she were deliberating upon what deviltry she would use at this lesson. It was always the same. We'd go out in the "back ring" where none of the other members were apt to be, and there the performance would begin. I'd ride her into the ring while Nance, the reluctant railbird would holler advice. Neither of us knew too much about training horses but we decided the best thing was "ring work" and lots of it. So we would spell each other. When one would get tired of putting up with Bon's antics, the other would take over for awhile. It wouldn't take much of Bon's jolting gaits to tire us out, either. We'd first walk her around the ring a few times to settle ourselves for the coming battle with gravity, equilibrium, and Bon's gaits. When she'd start out trotting, she'd toss her head in the air,

leap forward, and off she'd go at the most spine-jarring, rollicking gait you could ever imagine. Posting evenly was virtually impossible. After circling the ring three or four times, we were ready to quit from sheer exhaustion. But it was her canter that really made us wonder if we would ever make a saddle horse of her. It could be likened to a small sailboat on a choppy sea. You never knew when you went up if she'd still be there when you came down. No matter how we tried to sit still in the saddle, at Bon's canter it was next to impossible. Exasperation and exhaustion would finally get the better of us and we'd rein up. Sometimes she'd stop so suddenly we'd land up around her ears. It got so all we'd have to do is say, "Ho, Bon," and even if the reins were loose she'd stop absolutely short. You'd have to really concentrate to stay with her.

Bon's canter was a sight to see if you were watching from the ground. Her legs seemed to go in all directions as she came around the ring. Nance once remarked after seeing Bon coming toward her, "She looks like a Spanish

"... could only murmur awkward apologies"



Galley coming head on; her legs are all over the place, like the oars!" Bon had not learned the meaning of the word collected.

There was another habit she had somehow acquired that we spent many an hour trying to break. That was "balking at the gate." She would be breezing along seemingly quite content and then suddenly as we went by the gate, she'd "put on the brakes" and refuse to budge. We never knew when to expect it either as she would sometimes go around ten times or more before she'd decide she had had enough. I think this was one of the most difficult things I had to get across to her. She had it firmly in her mind that she was "boss" and couldn't understand why she had to do something she didn't want to do. However, the "concentrated" training she got every afternoon in the ring soon made her realize that it was easier in the long run to behave herself.

So the days went by and Bon's education continued. After each workout, we'd unsaddle her and let her have a good roll in the sandy corner of the ring, brush her off, harness up and head for home, with Bon still full of vitality and good spirits. Nothing could wear her out. It was this wonderful endurance that first made us, in our limited knowledge of the time, feel certain that she was of Morgan blood. Surely she looked like a Morgan. It was unmistakable. Nance and I used to spend hours discussing the possibility with each other, and sometimes with a few of the members of the Hunt Club. But they were

(Continued on Page 37)

STALLION ADS

A short history of their evolution and historical interest

Suppose, in an antique shop or old attic, you found a stack of old newspapers, perhaps the "Vermont Courier" or the "New Hampshire Sentinel," dated before 1850. You'd know, of course, that there might be references to the old Morgans, but where would you look for them, in the general news? Under local items, or in the advertising columns? Many of the old papers did carry feature news about certain horses, especially those whose stock sold well, but the best source of historical data concerning early Morgans came from the stallion advertisements and posters. Indeed, the first reference to Justin Morgan to appear in printed form was the advertisement for his services in the "Rutland Herald" of May 1795.

"Figure will cover this season at stable of Samuel Allen in Williston, and at a stable in Hineburgh, formerly owned by Mr. Munson. He will stand at Williston till the eighteenth of May; then to Hineburgh where he will stand one week; then back to Williston, to continue through the season, one week in each place. With regard to said horse's beauty, strength and activity, the subscriber flatters himself that the curious will be best satisfied to come and see. Figure sprang from a curious horse owned by Col. DeLancey of New York, but the greatest recommend I can give him is, he is exceedingly sure, and gets curious colts." The above is dated Williston, April 30, 1795 and signed Justin Morgan. This was a most valued find for historians searching out a pedigree for Justin Morgan, then known as Figure, for it established the fact that he was believed to be sired by True Briton when he was still such a young stallion as to have his pedigree of relative unimportance. There was an advertisement in the Randolph Weekly Wanderer in the spring of 1807, stating that: "The Morgan Horse will stand for covering this season at the stable of John Goss in Randolph." It is interesting to note that, as Justin Morgan become established as a great sire, no real advertising

appeared, just the bare fact that he would be available and the address of said place.

There has always been some argument that Justin Morgan was of Dutch origin and not so nearly Thoroughbred as many chose to believe. The first inkling of this appeared in an advertisement in the "Danville North Star," dated May 10, 1810. It concerned one of the least-known of Justin Morgan's sons, Weasel, or the Fenton Horse, and was as follows: "The Dutch Horse 'Weasel,' a horse four years old, will stand at the stable of the subscriber one mile north of St. Johnsbury Plain, Vermont; terms, one to three dollars. Said horse is fifteen hands high, stout built, and sired by the full-blooded Dutch horse that stood at St. Johnsbury last season. (signed) Richard W. Fenton."

This argument must have waged strong for several years, for Sherman Morgan's owner, John Buckminster seems to have had an "on the fence" attitude toward it as his ad in that same Danville paper in the spring of 1828 will show. "Notice: For the information of those who may be gratified therewith, the noted and celebrated Dutch, Morgan, or Sherman Horse (which is one and the same) will stand for the use of mares the ensuing season on St. Johnsbury Plain on Fridays and Saturdays of each week, and the residue of the week at S. West's on Danville Green. signed J. Buckminster"

The language and descriptive terms of the early stallion advertisements are also most interesting. "Curious" was in some general use in the meaning we have for it today, but also meant, in the colonies with reference to a horse that the animal was particularly elegant and handsome. Now we may say a horse had good bone, but their use of a word "stout" indicated a multitude of good points; good bone, good feet, that he was well-muscled, a horse with a great deal of stamina; all of this in one word. Also a stallion's height was usually featured prominently, if he were over fifteen hands, generally left

out if he were less. This had its origins in the fact that most of the progenitors of today's seventeen-hand race-horses were very considerably smaller than that. Indeed, the great stallion of the late 1700's, Gimcrack, was only the proverbial whisker over fourteen hands. Many horses were described in colonial days as "made strong and neat" or "the most complete," and out of "genteel" mares, which translated into more understandable terms, meant that they were exceedingly sound and good-looking, and out of quiet, tractable mares.

There were humorists in the colonies too, and apparently one of them grew tired of reading about his neighbor's stallions, for he took pen in hand and purchased an advertisement too. The following appeared in a New Jersey newspaper, and is now the property of the New Jersey Historical Society.

"The Notable Horse Ragamuffin. The property of the subscriber. Imported from Pennsylvania. Between five and twenty-two years of age this grass, in bad order. Will cover this season within two miles of the Church in Rahway, at 39 and one-sixth dollars the season. Ragamuffin is a very ugly white horse with grey legs, mane and tail, two black feet, star and snip; he is of full size, thirteen hands high, badly made for his height, and is allowed by very indifferent judges to be one of the worst-moving, indelicate and ill looking horses in the Colony. His blood and pedigree are agreeable to his shape and movements. He was got by "Nunshi," a noted horse, who, a few years s'nce, was ridden by a gentleman, then an adjutant in a regiment of Lazy Greys, with universal ridicule. "Nunshi's" sire was "Old Deformity," of whom he had a very striking likeness; his grandsire by "Blunder," who, when about to start in a race, had the good fortune to fall, breaking his own neck and that of his rider. His brothers were "Old Slack," "Sloven," and Inactivity," all famous horses, their performance exactly corresponding with their names. Ragamuffin, though wanting the beauties of those Capital horses, is fully possessed of all their deformities. Those persons sending mares to Ragamuffin will be charged no more than ten shillings per week for each mare's pasture, as they will feed on the town Common. The

(Continued on next page)

STALLIONS - - *Importance for Progress*

By W. A. COWAN, Head
Animal Industries Department
University of Connecticut

Fathers are still a prerequisite for most of the living organisms with which most of us are familiar; with some lower forms of life and a few laboratory animals we know of or hear about, mothers being the only parent (parthenogenesis). I am fairly sure that most of us will not live to see the day when children will be produced without the need or influence of fathers, or horses without the influence of a stallion.

Stallions, then, are important to us, to mares, to horses, to themselves, and to their offspring and therefore to the future as far as the horse world is concerned. It is true that about any fertile male equine is capable of siring colts and fillies if given the opportunity. It is further true and, more important, that the future quality of horse flesh depends upon the stallions which are retained for service.

It is fact that horses are the result of half the inheritance of the stallion combining with half the inheritance of the mare. This happens when one sperm from the stud combines with one egg from the mare's ovary. The inherited potentialities of the foal are determined at that time. Whether or not these potentialities for disposition, growth, type, performance, etc. are ever realized completely, is dependent upon all the multitude of things that occur both before and after birth—environment.

From the foregoing, one would judge that half the results seen in the foal are due to the stallion and the other half due to the mare. In this sense the stallion is half the herd since all the foals sired by him carry a sample half of his transmitting potential. Care in selecting stallions is therefore of extreme importance to the small "one mare" breeder and likewise to the breeder who has several mares.

There are some items peculiar to the horse breeding business, that make it very important that we be particularly fussy and selective about the kind and quality of stallions which are in service. For one thing the breeding efficiency, as compared with other

classes of livestock, is low. Various estimates indicate that on the average only about 50 to 70 per cent of the mares served produce living foals. In pigs for example, only one offspring is addition, and in marked contrast to the usual and accepted result of a pregnancy. Furthermore, the generation interval is rather long since most mares do not foal for the first time until they are four years old. The sum total of these fact makes it imperative, if we are to improve the quality of horses, that we use as good stallions as are at hand or can be produced.

Because of the low breeding efficiency and slow generation turnover of horses, the progress in producing better horses can never be rapid and is usually, even with luck, a lifetime proposition. The one thing that we are sure of is, that by the successive use of good stallions generation after generation, improvement will be forthcoming.

Let's illustrate this with a highly hypothetical example. Suppose perfection is 100 in horses and our mares average 20 (they leave much to be desired). If the stallion that serves these mares scores 20, the foals produced will average about 20. The foals will receive 10 from their mothers and 10 from their sire. If the stallion scores 10 ("slip of the knife"), the foals would average 15 and the breeder would be disappointed. If, on the other hand, the stallion is 60, then the offspring should average about 40. If another stallion that scores 60 is used on these "40" mares, their foals should have a potential of about 50. If, on these, a stallion scoring 90 is used, the offspring would be about 70. Thus we see that by the successive use of good stallions (60, 60 and 90), we have progressed from a group of horses that average 20 to a group many times more valuable that averages 70.

The importance of the female of the species should not and can not be minimized or discarded. The mare, like the stallion, is responsible for half of the inherited potential of her own foal. The whole point is, that in a polygamous procedure such as most

horse breeding programs are, the stallion is many times more important. A mare may have three to perhaps even as high at twenty or more foals in a lifetime, but a stallion, widely and yet carefully used, may have a hundred, yes a thousand and even more offspring that are the result of his biological efforts to perpetuate (for better or for worse) his kind.

The careful selection and proper planning of matings of stallions, then, is at the head of all programs for the improvement of horse flesh the world over.

Stallion Ads

(Continued from preceding page)

above horse being thought a dangerous animal, two grooms will constantly attend him during the season. The grooms will expect a small fee. (signed) J. Stanbury, certainly a man of humor, or of long sufferance.

To return to a serious vein, most of the early records, both broadsides and newspaper advertisements, were quite complete in the records that the first Morgan historians, D. C. Linsley and later, Joseph Battell, were able to compile. Occasionally a new one will appear and when it does, becomes a valued bit of property to the discoverer, most especially if that person is also a Morgan horse owner. One of the most recent finds of this sort belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Chase of Reading, Mass., and was found in the attic of Mrs. Chase's mother, in Syracuse, N. Y., in the summer of 1950. It is a large poster, or broadside, in very good condition and signed by D. S. Way, an uncle of Mrs. Chase.

"Black Hawk Morgan. Will be kept for the improvement of the Breed of Horses, the ensuing season, commencing May 12, Saturday, at the Hotel, Pompey Hill; Tuesdays at Col. Eaton's Onondaga Hill; Thursdays at Fred Childs', South Onondaga. Pedigree. Black Hawk Morgan was sired by Prophet, owned by G. A. Austin, Esq. of Orwell, Vt. and is now eight years old. Prophet was sired by the original Vermont Black Hawk, owned by David Hill of Bridport, Vt. Black Hawk was sired by Sherman Morgan, and he by Justin Morgan. Prophet was sold by Mr. Austin to a Stock Company in Muscatine, Iowa in 1855 for \$4500. The dam of Prophet was sired by Sir Charles, he by Duroc. Pro-

(Continued on Page 36)

QUIZ CORNER

This department is an experiment whose continuance will depend on your interest and enjoyment. It is designed primarily to help young people and those who are "Morgan beginners." At this time we cannot promise to answer every question, but they will be chosen for their greatest interest to the average reader.

Question: Would you explain pedigree terms such as "male line," distaff" etc.

Answer: The language of those delving into a pedigree can be most extensive, but everyone should be familiar with the proper use of the general terms. The male line, occasionally called sire line, is the top row of names along the pedigree, for instance, Mansfield to Bennington to General Gates. The word "distaff" refers always to the half of a pedigree devoted to the mare, or to the dam of the horse being discussed. The most generally abused terms in speaking of a horse's breeding are the words "by" and "out of." "By" is a shortened form of "sired by" and should always be followed by the name of a stallion, never that of a mare. Preceding the name of a mare you must use the words "out of" which is a modified substitute for "the produce of." Another commonly misunderstood term is that of "half-brother." To a horse breeder, a group of colts, all sired by Mansfield, are merely that, never half-brothers, although they are sometimes called "brothers in blood." To be half-brothers, in the correct form, horses must have the same dam, but be by different sires. Occasionally we see the term "three-quarter-brothers," which means to a horseman, that the two animals in question are out of the same mare, but that one is sired by a son of the sire of the second horse. To simplify that last bit, Payday, sired by Mansfield out of Gladly, is a three-quarter-brother to Meade, also out of Gladly, but sired by Goldfield, a son of Mansfield. Also, whereas we may refer to a horse's grand-sire or even great grand-sire, back along male line, we do not use the words grand-dam or great grand-dam, but the correct terms of "second dam" and "third dam." These words are used only for those mares whose names are found on the very bottom line of a pedigree written out in the customary form.

Question: I would like to buy a Morgan and have done a lot of looking. Everyone says his horse has good "conformation" but I am not sure I understand this as they don't all look alike.

Who decided what was good or bad conformation in the first place?

Answer: "Conformation," good or bad, was never decided by any one person. Primarily, conformation is a matter of physical soundness, plus those structural points governed by the use to which the horse is to be put. Otherwise, in a riding horse, a deep sloping shoulder is better than a straight one because the former animal will have better gaits, a lighter forehead, a better place to put the saddle. Good conformation must also include straight, clean legs, round healthy feet, a square, even way of moving and an over-all pleasing proportion of body. It is perfectly possible for two horses to have equally good conformation and still not look alike, since breed type is also a factor. You may have been told that no horse ever has absolutely perfect conformation, which is true, for that would be the ideal horse, the perfect one to look at or ride, the one with such physical perfection that he would never break down. The closest possible approach to that Utopian condition is every breeder's aim. It is also the reason why almost every class at a horse show, except equitation and those specifically exempted, are judged from 25% to 60% on "conformation."

Question: Were all of Mansfield's full brothers and sisters used in the Middlebury breeding program?

Answer: No. Querido was sold to Roland Hill of Gustine, Calif., where he became a foundation sire. Topsham and Artiben were gelded. Palmyra went to the Beltsville, Maryland Agricultural Experiment Station and another filly, Slydell, was sold privately. Redfern, Willys, Canfield and Ulysses were used at Middlebury.

Question: Could you tell me if any particular family or bloodline of Morgans has done better than any other in the Vermont 100-mile ride?

Answer: More seems to depend on the individual and his conditioning than on the breeding, although there is some similarity there also. Taking only the ten years, from 1940 through 1949, inclusive, ten different registered Morgans placed fourth or better in

either the lightweight or heavyweight divisions. These include the winners Sadwin, Lippitt Miss Nekomia, Lippitt Mormon, and Friendly. Four of these were sired by Mansfield, one each by John A. Darling, Moro, Hawkeye, Lippitt Moro, Goldfield and Carl Woodbury. To go a generation further, five carried Moro breeding in the second generation, so it would seem that a judicious combination of Mansfield and Moro had been most successful. However, since nearly fifty registered Morgans were unplaced in the same period, we will still stick by our original conviction that unless the best-bred entry is also the best-conditioned, it is not a fair means of judging.

New England Morgan Ass'n. Plans Meeting

The first meeting in 1953 of the New England Morgan Horse Association will be held at the University of Massachusetts on March 22. Sunday dinner between 12:30 and 1:15 p.m. at Draper Hall will be followed by a tour of the horse barns and then a meeting and showing of the Morgans in Grinnell Arena. This meeting, like all our meetings, is open to the public which is cordially invited to attend.

Many of us will meet again on April 20th, a legal holiday in Massachusetts since Sunday the 19th is Patriots' Day. The Weston 4-H Horse Club has invited the Association to join its trail ride on the 20th. Please note this correction from the date of the 19th given in the January Morgan Horse Magazine. The ride will start at 10:30 a.m. from the home of Mrs. Edward Rayner on Route 20 in Weston, across from the Dean Dairy. Trailers may be left at the dairy. Bring your own lunch for the stop at the Roger Elms in Wayland. This will be more than half the ride.

From here riders may either complete the ride or take a short cut back to Weston. The distance will be about 15 miles. Spectators, as well as riders, are welcome at the lunch stop, where an exhibition by the 4-H riders may be given.

Readers will be interested to learn that the bronze plaque marking the home of Justin Morgan in West Springfield, that was reported stolen in the January issue, has been returned and the owner of the property, Mr. Michael Kuras, will have it set in concrete so that it cannot again be lost.

Folks, don't ever let anyone tell you that the West is dead. You can hear talk about southern chivalry and northern courtesy, but when it comes to downright big-heartedness, you can't beat the west and the people that make up its citizenry.

Every part of the nation has drives for polio benefits. They have pie suppers, square dances, parties and other social functions. Everything that goes to the polio fund is the result of hard labor on somebody's part. But down in southeastern Oklahoma, they had something January 8 that made every-

one who participated in it feel like a king, if even for an hour.

Shortly before the end of the year, polio fund authorities asked a group of McAlester citizens if they would help in the Pittsburg county area. This was exactly 14 days before the deadline but the answer was yes and that short three letter word must have been a stick of dynamite.

Two men, Joe White and Lee Hopper, both ardent McAlester Round-Up Club members and able riders in their own rights, volunteered to lay the

ground work. They realized that two men couldn't possibly get all the work done so aid was enlisted from the following Pittsburg county residents: W. O. Young, Jess Henson, Andy Winkler and A. L. Langham.

These fellows and other people too numerous to name contacted the many independent schools and community associations throughout the country. Each agreed to hold a benefit of some sort or another and agreed to donate the proceeds to the polio drive.

(Continued on Page 35)

PONY EXPRESS 1953 Version

How Oklahoma riders carried the news -- and the money -- to win the fight against polio. A novel idea for a noble cause

"We ride again so they could walk again," is the slogan that Joe White, a Morgan man of repute, and his fellow horsemen in an Oklahoma county adopted in their unique effort to raise funds to bolster a lagging polio drive. Despite cold and blustery weather, they rode the 20-mile road in an hour and four minutes, collecting funds as they went. Depicted by artist WARREN PATRIQUIN.



JEFFY'S JOURNAL . . .

Diary of Two Greenhorns . . . A Foal and its Owner

PART 4

I have been asked how big is Jeffy? Today I borrowed a friend's measuring stick and it shows that he is 12 hands 3 inches at 7 months and 5 days old. I have never measured him until today because there are so many home standards around to measure him against. There was the first day that he reached the bottom of his mother's manger by sticking his tongue out. That manger is now his regular eating place. The five-foot stall partition was a gauge. It did him for a long time. One day his soft upper lip showed over it, later his ears, and still later his eyes. He now throws his head over and hangs it there. A couple of weeks ago he reared up and struck me on the head with his front hooves. All along I have had a good idea how big he was, but it serves the record to know the hands and inches now and then.

Jeffy is weaned. It was a very simple and apparently painless process. At least we and the neighbors could sleep through it, and apparently the horses did too. It took six days by the gradual method. The first 3 nights he and Bonnie were together, but separated in the day except for nursing periods at increasingly long intervals, 4, 6 and 8 hours. Then they were also separated at night, and the intervals between nursing longer. On Christmas eve they were completely separate and Bonnie was drying up. He was weaned at a little over six months old. Because of the diarrhea mentioned in the last issue, I probably should have weaned him sooner. It was only after weaning that it finally cleared up. However, at that time we had an all-out campaign on the trouble, including change of bedding from straw to shaving, change from our own hay to Canadian timothy and other measures. More than one of these factors may have helped. By this gradual method of weaning I did not have to milk out Bonnie and both horses were peaceful as long as they could see or hear each other in the barn.

It is wonderful to have a pleasure

horse again in Bonnie. I ride nearly every day, and have had two wonderful sleigh rides. The number of people who stop riding in winter surprises me. I have always ridden as much in winter as in summer. I remember as a child, the torture of cold fingers and toes. Now I encase them in sheepskin and use a rubber pad to cover the metal of the stirrup. A system of several layers of thinner, loose clothing works well too, two or three pairs of thin gloves, all loose. I shoe Bonnie with pin caulks which I change myself when they become blunt. I like to use leather pads in front because the snow balls are thrown out more quickly. Sometimes I grease or oil the pads if the snow is the type that balls badly. Caulks might be dangerous for horses turned out loose together. I have never had two horses to turn out together up to now. The danger of a horse caulking itself depends, I think, on the horse. Bonnie takes good care of herself, she is serene, and fairly light and well-balanced. Even so she did caulk herself very slightly once. That was my fault because I was trying to lunge her clockwise and she cuts up then. They both do. I think it is because you have to stand on their off-side and it confuses and upsets them. whereas counterclockwise is all right.

As I said in the first issue I am not trying to tell anyone what to do, I am merely saying what I do and what I think. I am not, therefore, suggesting you shoe with pin caulks. I like them. I have a friend who swears by drive caulks which are blades instead of points. Horse owners all have theories they will defend to the death. You doubtless have your own.

Now I am surely going to offend some of your theories about the education of a colt. I have struck little Jeffy with a crop, yes and hard. He became a little demon at about six and a half months old, biting and rearing in a most alarming way. All was going fine; then one day he reared and struck me on the head. I put that down to lung-

ing clockwise and paid no attention. Next day he bit and reared at least six times with a couple of blocks on the road. The following day I led him in the pasture and he was so frightful that I got him back just as quick as I could and still save face. I was just plain scared. This is a pretty pass, I said to myself, if I can't handle him at six months old. If he is not corrected now someone else is going to give him a very rough time later.

Next day I went into the stall with a nice, wide crop and I led him around. When he bit or reared, I smacked once hard on the neck or shoulder. This happened four or five times within the ten minutes we walked. Next day we did the same thing, but I only had to correct him a couple of times. After the third day we had no more trouble indoors that week. We went round and round and in figures of eight. Then I took him outdoors and had to punish him again for the first couple of days. Now he is well behaved, but I have only had him on the road once because the ice and snow has come to interfere with the security of my own footwork, let alone his. I was interested to see that he never resented this punishment. However, I was quite sure that, before I struck him, he knew that he had done wrong, and that the punishment came immediately, and that I never hit him more than twice, usually just once, so that he would not forget the cause in a panic. Right or wrong the system has worked, we are back on a pleasant relationship. I am not afraid of him and he is not afraid of me. He lets me catch him anytime I want to in the pasture. In fact he usually walks up to join me.

I have mentioned lunging Jeffy. I do not want to leave the impression that he is lunging correctly and at speed. He is too young for that. I have been told that it is hard on young hocks. We have merely started circling slowly at a walk. That will be another chapter.

BORDEN'S ETHAN ALLEN, 3rd

(Twenty-fourth in the Series - - Names in Pedigrees)

By MABEL OWEN

This is the season of the year when horse owners begin to be restive. Soon will come the best part of the riding year, a bit muddy underfoot, perhaps, but when every day and every ride shows us a little more of the promise of Spring. It is also the time when one spends long moments hanging over the stall door or paddock fence, watching a favored mare and speculating on just how good that foal we have waited so long for will surely be. If you are one of the less fortunate ones, with no foal to look forward to, this is also the season for remedying such oversights. Morgan and Arabian breeders form an interesting contrast in their evaluation of a stallion's prospects. Because the Morgan horse is descended from a single animal, and that a stallion, it has become customary to look first to the sire line on a Morgan pedigree, whereas Arabian breeders in their belief that all Arabians originated from the five mares of the "Only Blood," place their faith in the relative quality of the female line. There is probably a happy medium between the two, insofar as the production of top horses is concerned. Therefore, at this time of the year, when stallion advertisements fill the pages of every horseman's journal, it is fitting that we pay just and deserving tribute to the best broodmare sire the Morgan breed has ever known, from its earliest origins to the present day, to one of the finest individuals and best bred Morgans of all, to Ethan Allen 3rd.

It has been said that from 1850 to 1900 was the "dark age" for Morgans. On so much as fashion decreed that pure trotters and hackneys were favored over them, this was true, but New Englanders, and Vermonters in particular, are a non-conforming race, and they kept their Morgans even if the once great market for them had declined to a veritable non-existence. During this time the line of the Black Hawks and the Ethan Allens did decline, for theirs was a popularity based upon their flash and speed, but as their star gradually waned, the stock of old

Green Mountain rose to their greatest height. In the year 1852 both Green Mountain and Black Hawk were exhibited with their get at the Vermont State Fair in Rutland. Black Hawk won the class, but while the horses were standing before the judges' stand to receive their awards, someone drove by in a sulky. As he passed Green Mountain, his horse shied, and the hub of the cart hit the stallion hard enough to break a shaft. Black Hawk had won the class, but when the old horse neither moved nor fidgeted at the accident, he too won, a host of friends who bred from his stock to preserve that same quiet disposition and equanimity, come what may.

Green Mountain 42 was a most prolific horse and lived to be over thirty years old. His sons were numerous, and included Vermont Hero, Prince Albert, Massachusetts Morgan, Green Mountain Boy, the Wood Horse, and a host of other good ones. The latter was a very typy little dark chestnut, about 14.2 hands tall. Comparatively little is known about his dam, save that she was considered a handsome mare. At that time, little knowledge of a good colt's dam was either required or requested, for Green Mountain's colts sold extremely well on his reputation alone. The Wood horse was one of these, as he was sold as a five-year-old, together with four other sons of the old horse, to go to Ohio. This group alone averaged over \$500 each in price, and one of them, either the Wood Horse or Bay State Morgan, was reputedly traded there for a farm valued at \$3000.

The Wood Horse got very few colts in New Hampshire, but he was the sire of Peter's Vermont, the best known and most prominent scion of the Green Mountain line. Vermont was bred by David Wood of Hancock, New Hampshire, who also had bred and owned his sire. The dam of Vermont was a chestnut mare called Jennie, also sired by old Green Mountain. Her dam was named Phoebe, a very fast mare sired by Tom Morgan, sometimes known as

the Perkins Horse, all of which added up to make Vermont a very intensely-bred Morgan, having four and possibly five close crosses to the original Justin Morgan. When Vermont Morgan was quite young he was sold to John Steele of Stoneham, Mass., for use as a driving horse, but as the value of the Green Mountains became apparent, J. H. Peters of Bradford, Vermont, sought him out and bought him for use as a breeding animal. Peter's Vermont was a very compact little horse, only 14.2 hands tall, with a very trappy way of going. He won first premium at the Brattleboro State Fair as a four-year-old and was a very popular sire, both with Vermont breeders and the great number of New Hampshire owners who sent their good Morgan mares to his court.

One of these, Noah Humphrey of Haverhill, New Hampshire, sent a splendid chestnut mare to him, and bred from her the very good colt Peter's Morgan. The Humphrey mare was bred in nearby Croydon, New Hampshire, and was by Morgan Hunter 2nd, by Morgan Hunter by Gifford Morgan. Her dam was by Woodbury Morgan's good son General Hibbard and out of a dark bay mare by old Bulrush. That this mare should produce a fine colt seemed a foregone conclusion, but J. H. Peters liked him so well he bought him when the colt was only a few days old. Peter's Morgan was the largest of his family, being well over fifteen hands tall and weighing almost 1100 pounds. He was as compact as his sire, and considered possibly an even better mover. He was a very high-headed horse, which seemed a family characteristic as it was always said of them that they were "born checked up and ready to go." Mr. Peters kept Morgan until he was thirteen years old, at which time he was sold to an East Randolph, Vermont breeder, who in turn sold him to E. E. Tower, Hopbottom, Pennsylvania, several years later.

It is doubtful whether the Peters
(Continued on Page 33)

CLASSIFIED

5 cents per word \$1.00 minimum

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.

FOR SALE: Two registered Morgans, Barbary, outstanding bay stallion, foaled June 1937, 15.1 hands. An outstanding sire. Well-broken and in top condition. Also a chestnut coming three year old filly. Green broken, best of bloodlines. Both reasonably priced. Ct. Richard Olson Rt. 2, Derby, Kansas.

FOR SALE: Slightly used silver parade saddle, bridle and martingale. Looks like new. Priced reasonably. E. E. Havey, Bedford Grove, Manchester, N. H.

FOR SALE: Rebuilt Bailey Show Buggy, newly painted, new white side wall tires. Price \$225. E. E. Havey, Bedford Grove, Manchester, N. H.

FOR SALE: Show harness, excellent condition with new patent leather breast collar and traces, also new front and cave-son. A real bargain at \$125. E. E. Havey, Bedford Grove, Manchester, N. H.

(More Classified Ads on Page 41)

HORSE MAGAZINES

	Per Year	Sample
Morgan Horse, monthly	3.50	.40
American Shetland Pony Journal, mo.	3.00	.35
Arabian Horse News, 10 issues	3.00	.35
Bit and Spur, mo.	3.00	.25
Breeder Stockman (cattle), mo.	2.00	.25
Canadian Horse and Thoroughbred, mo.	4.00	.50
The Chronicle, weekly	1.00	
Florida Cattleman, mo.	2.00	.25
Hoots & Horns, mo.	2.00	.20
Hoosier Equestrian, 10 issues	3.00	.35
Horse Lover, bi-monthly	3.00	.35
Horseman's Journal, mo.	3.00	.25
Maryland Horses, mo.	2.00	.25
Mississippi Stockman Farmer, mo.	1.00	.15
National Horseman, mo.	6.00	
Palomino Horses, mo.	3.00	.35
Pacific Coast Quarter Horse, mo.	3.00	.35
Quarter Horse Journal	3.00	.35
Ranchman, mo.	2.00	
Saddle and Bridle, mo.	5.00	
Stable Door, mo.	3.00	.35
Thoroughbred of Calif., mo.	3.00	.25
Thoroughbred Record, weekly	7.50	.20
Turf & Sport Digest, mo. racing stories, tips, etc.	5.00	.50
Western Horse News, mo.	3.00	.35
Western Horseman, mo.	3.50	.35

Rush your order for subscriptions or sample copies today. All orders handled promptly, and acknowledged by return mail. Remit in any manner convenient to you.

Send dime for list of many more horse magazines and horse books. (List is sent free with order.)

MAGAZINE MART, Dept. M. H.
P. O. Box 1288 Plant City, Fla.

RAMBLING AROUND

By HELEN BRUNK GREENWALT

Spring is just around the corner, with it come thoughts of new foals, trail riding, and horse shows. From the first show of the year, comes interesting Morgan news, through a correspondent who attended the recent Denver Stock Show, annually held the week of January twentieth, in Denver, Colorado. My correspondent was sitting in the audience, enjoying the various society horse show classes as well as the rodeo performers, the lovely parade class of numerous entries, entered the arena. A beautiful chestnut stallion, Ethan's Jubilee, caught the eye of both the audience and the judge. He was the only Morgan entered and won the coveted first prize. The description further reads, "As fine a parade trot as you ever see on a horse. Very well shown under magnificent equipment, by his owner, Mr. Roland Steele, Kansas City, Missouri."

I might add, Ethan's Jubilee 9092, is a son of the late well known, Cotton Hill's Choice. His dam Rugee, a daughter of Go Hawk. Rugee's dam was Red Rudy, sired by Red Ethan, a son of the best foundation Brunk mare—Daisy, Volume I (American Morgan Register), sired by Billy Bodette, Volume I, A. M. R., a grandson of Sherman Morgan by Justin Morgan. In the same mail delivery, was a letter from Mrs. Katherine Colon, Athol, Massachusetts. Mrs. Colon is the owner of another son of Cotton Hill's Choice. A bay gelding Max, who won the Sweepstakes in the 100 mile Vermont Trail Ride, in September 1952, in open competition—which definitely proves that certain families of the Morgan breed can successfully compete with other and modern light breeds.

Mrs. Colon reports she is planning to enter Max in the 1953 Vermont Trail Ride. We wish her the best of luck.

There are rumors of a Mid-West Trail Ride, to be held around May first, in northern Illinois or Wisconsin. Have no details, perhaps someone in that vicinity will report on it.

We are all looking forward to the 1953 All-Morgan Show at the Berenz Lazy B Ranch, Palatine, Illinois (west

of Chicago) on July 17th and 18th.

Early in December, we were delighted with a visit from Mabel Owen, Mer-rylegs Farm, South Dartmouth, Mass. In spite of the weather, continually snowing and blowing, we managed to see most of the Morgans in our vicinity.

Later in the month, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Losey, Trumansburg, New York came west for some Morgans and paid us a visit. In addition to a two-year-old mare and gelding, they purchased Bonfire, six-year-old chestnut stallion, son of Senator Graham, and his daughter Flaette, two years old, from Noah J. Shrock in eastern Illinois.

Mr. Shrock having purchased a ranch in the state of Kansas, decided on a partial dispersal of his Morgans. Keep — three nice young broodmares in foal to Bonfire, to take to his new location.

Regret to report the death of George Bain on December 11th, long time

Cutting Horse Saddle



Full Flower Stamped

\$83⁵⁰

Express Prepaid

Order by MAIL Satisfaction Guaranteed

Your best buy for cutting horse and all-purpose riding. Would be a good value at \$137.50. Select russet leather. Rawhide covered tree. Fork 13" wide. Cattle 3" high. Horn 3", cap 3" high. Full double rigging. SEAT 14" ONLY. Skirts woollin lined. Mohair cincha. 2" metal-bound stirrups. Deposit \$20 with C.O.D. orders.

Ryon
SADDLE & RANCH SUPPLY

H-2 Livestock Exchange Bldg.
FORT WORTH 6, TEXAS

The MORGAN HORSE

**FREE
TO
HORSE
OWNERS**

Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for FREE Catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Describes over 400 popular items of English and American "tack." I ship saddlery on approval. Write today. "little joe" WIESENFELD
Dept. 87 Baltimore 1, Md.



ARDESITES
• RIBBONS
• BADGES
• NUMBERS AND
• SCORE CARDS

**HODGES
BADGE CO.**
185 SUMMER ST.
BOSTON 10, MASS.

Falder FREE
ON REQUEST

ENGLISH-WESTERN-RODEOS

MORGANS FOR SALE

Outstanding Blood Lines
2-year-old Filly
Brood Mare in foal
Others

H. A. DAVIS
1584 Hertel Ave.
Buffalo 16, N. Y.

FOR SALE: Morgan stallions. Mares and colts. Good quality. Reasonably priced. We deliver.

C. J. O'NEILL
Manteno, Ill.

If You Like Horses
You Will Like

THE BIT AND SPUR MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
1 Year \$3.00—2 Years \$5.00
Sample Copy 25c

Bill Hagen
Box 1458, Billings, Montana
Editor and Publisher

partner and manager of the L. U. Sheep Company in Wyoming. He was killed instantly in an automobile accident returning from a trip to Cheyenne. A good friend of the Morgan horse, having been interested in breeding and using them at the L. U. Ranch for the past thirty years.

From Miss Margaret Schlipf, Springfield, Illinois—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Behling, Hylee Farms, Cambria, Wisconsin, purchased Lurgan, three-year-old mare, sired by Senator Graham and out of dam by Flyhawk. She has been a consistent winner both as a yearling and a two year old at the Illinois State Fair. Nicely broken to saddle and harness, her new owners plan to show her extensively this coming show season. The Behlings also selected an outstanding dark chestnut weanling filly, Papillon by Senator Graham and out of dam by Fillmore, at Highview Farm.

Mr. Vic Lauer, Mount Union, Iowa purchased a chocolate dappled Morgan mare colt for his young daughter, a Christmas present. She is delighted and says she is one person who doesn't want to exchange her Christmas present.

From Thomas T. Brunk, Springfield, Illinois — R. E. Ward, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, purchased an attractive gray weanling Morgan filly, for his daughter, Ralphene. The filly is a daughter of King Mick and Silver Princess. The dam is also gray, and her sire, Mountain Silver Sheik, is a gray Morgan stallion which Mr. Brunk purchased from the late Dr. Frost, in Vermont, who was the breeder.

Mr. Frank Miller, another resident of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa and an expert trainer and exhibitor of saddle, harness and stock horses, purchased a four-year-old gray gelding, full brother of the above mentioned filly which he is developing into top working stock horse. Mr. Miller works him for cutting with a group of Shetland pony colts. He

jokingly remarked, "I can cut the cats out of the kitchen with him and never touch a chair." And so, look out for him, you people with working stock horses in the mid-west. — Come time to meet him at the shows.

Mr. Miller has also added to his own show string, Flyita, Morgan roadster mare by Flyhawk, which he will personally show in open competition as well as Morgan classes, this coming

(Continued on Page 33)

CORONA OINTMENT

This fellow is going to need Corona!

For small cuts, snags, scratches, brittle hoofs, sore heels, Corona provides the ideal minor-wound, fall and hoof dressing. Rich in Wool Fat—antiseptic—no salicylic, soothing! Never be without a can of this favorite of horse lovers since 1905. Makes human uses, too! 8-oz. can 1.00. At dealers or post paid. TRIAL 8-oz. PLZ 10c.

Write today. "CORONA" Box 65C4 Kenton, Ohio

MORGAN COLTS



An opportunity to secure a nice Morgan colt and train it yourself.

This year's crop of colts are ready for your inspection, sired by: Major R M 8011
Black Magic 8921
Red Racer 8919



PLEASANT VIEW RANCH

J. C. JACKSON & SONS
Harrison, Montana



"88" saves you dollars!

That's why horsemen all across the country send to Miller's for quality merchandise. They trust us for super-service and low prices! Now prove it— Send today for our FREE, 96-page illustrated CATALOG 88 and SEE the 1,000 items in English and Western Saddlery, Driving Equipment, Riding Clothes and Boots . . . ALL with our famous MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

123 EAST 24TH ST., NEW YORK 10
Dept. VM H

Miller's



Everything for Riding at Savings

PURINA OMOLENE HELPS MARES MAKE MILK...



Twice during a mare's year, her nutritional needs are extra high... the 3 months before foaling and during the nursing period.

At these times, a nutritious feed rich in vital needs helps prevent

drain on her body. Feed your mare Purina Omolene during these two critical periods and rest assured you're supplying her normal body needs. See your Purina Dealer right now!

ATTENTION!

Riding Clubs
and Posses!



FREE SHOW HELPS
for your own show!

Thinking about a show or rodeo soon? How about a swell kit of "helps" to add success. Directional arrows, officials' buttons, numbered arm bands, posters will be sent to you on request.

Please include information as to dates, etc., and specify whether you want the rodeo or horse show posters. Kindly allow 3 weeks for imprinting posters and a few additional days for mailing. Address: HORSE DEPARTMENT, RALSTON PURINA COMPANY, 1519 CHECKERBOARD SQUARE, ST. LOUIS 2, MO.



AT THE STORE WITH THE CHECKERBOARD SIGN

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 5)

Dear Sir:

Both my husband and I "grab" for your magazine the minute it arrives. So far, I am glad to state, there have been no broken bones, but neither of us can wait to read it.

We are great admirers of Miss Mabel Owens, and would love to have much more about her in each issue. She is tops, and we hope to meet her personally some day in the near future. Maybe it would be nice if you'd pass this word along to her, as we all like to know that we have "fans."

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Melvin B. Dudley, Sr.
Muncie, Indiana

Dear Sir:

Just a little news item of Morgans. Bruce Norton, who has been boarding his Morgan with me for the past two years is going to leave for California on February 14th.

He purchased a new Ford pick-up, and we are building a park for his

(Continued on Page 20)

Maine Morgan Horse Club

By MARGARET LINNELL

There is nothing like the fearlessness of youth and our Maine Morgan Horse Club, being but three years old can claim plenty of both. Our February meeting was devoted to a discussion of summer plans. Last year we put on an All Maine Morgan Horse Show. It, being a success, we are contemplating greater things for this year.

Plans were discussed for a Morgan Show this summer not restricted to Maine Morgans but open to all Morgan owners who would be interested in bringing their Morgans. The possibility of holding the show at a Fairgrounds centrally located for out of state horses was discussed and one of the members was appointed to see what the facilities are for such a thing. It will be a Sunday show and the suggestion was made that it be a New England Council Show. Plans are still in the formative stage and will be whipped into shape, we expect, at our May meeting.

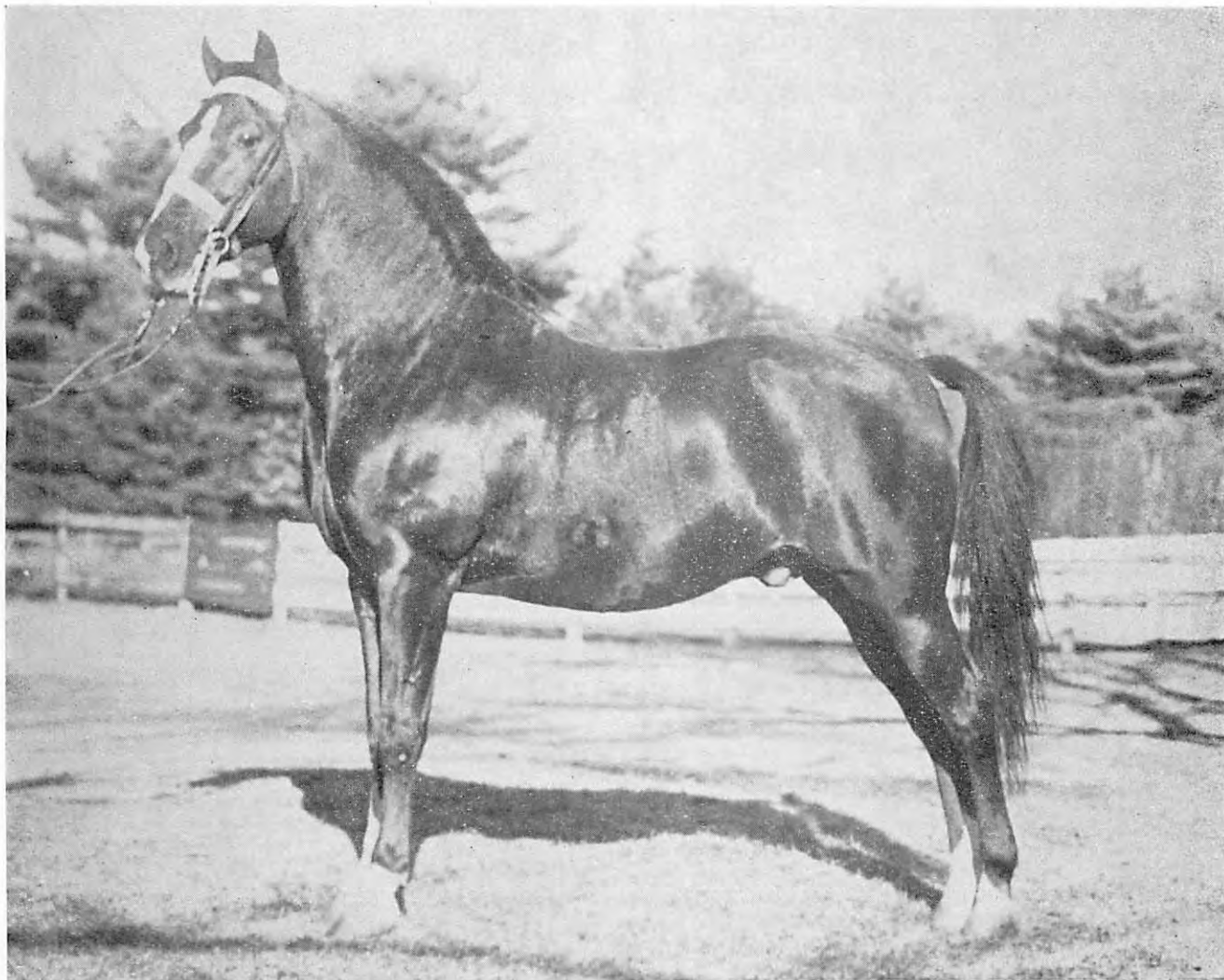
Time ran out before we got through

with our show plans, so nothing was done about planning a summer trail ride. However, several of the members have stables accessible to fine riding country so some good Sunday rides can be held if there is sufficient interest.

Maine, at least central and southern Maine, has had so much rain this winter that any sleighing has been out of the question. Conditions on Lake Auburn right now are perfect for ice racing! A good chance for some of our Morgans to see if they can emulate their great-granddaddys!

Most of the Maine Morgans seem to be enjoying barefoot comfort with exercise in paddocks and fields right now. But about the end of February each year we start to get that "feel" in the air that brings on an attack of horse fever, and then the blacksmith is summoned and shoes put on and between spring storms we start driving and riding again, and before we know it, another summer with all its fun is here!

BAR-T FARMS present at Stud
The 1950, 1951, and 1952 New England Grand Champion Morgan



ORCLAND LEADER, 9038

To get a Champion, breed to a Champion

A dark chestnut stallion with flashy white markings sired by Ulendon and out of Vigilda Burkland, a stallion on royal breeding that carries a high percentage of original Justin Morgan blood.

The first Moran in modern history to win two grand championships at the same National Show — Saddle Horse and Model Stallion. Also the winner in Parade and Combination classes.

Stud Fee: \$100

Mr. & Mrs. Stephen P. Tompkins



Rowley, Mass.

GREEN MOUNTAIN STOCK FARM, Randolph, Vermont

Breed Your Morgan Mares to a "Purebred" Morgan Stallion



LIPPITT SELASSIE, 8329 { Lippitt Moro Last, 7884
Lippitt Sally Ash, 04566



LIPPITT BILLY ASH, 7724 { Ashbrook, 7079
Lippitt Sallie, 04565

Available to a few registered Morgan mares.

Stud fee \$50.00

Address all correspondence to:

ROBERT L. KNIGHT, Box 542, Providence, R. I.

Minnesota Morgans

By MARIANNE NAAS

This being the month of the stallion issue it seems appropriate to write about stallions and to start off with one that is certainly one of the greatest sires in the Mid-West today. He is Haven 8053, sired by Delmont and out of the good mare, Topaz, and bred at the late Government Farm in Vermont. His breeding includes two crosses to Bennington and Artemisia, probably the most successful mating ever found at the Farm and one that produced such great Morgans as Mansfield,

Ulysses and Querido. Haven's papers also double to another famous Morgan, Ethan Allen 3rd, so with such breeding behind him it is not surprising that he has proved such a successful sire. Haven was sold to the Government Remount Service and sent to Winter Haven, Florida, where he remained for several years and was next sent to Wapello, Iowa, where he was stationed with Mr. W. W. Chatterton, who bought him when the Remount was later discontinued. While in Wapello he was bred to a few registered mares and got some outstanding colts. These colts were sold to various owners, a surprisingly large percentage coming to Minnesota. The very interesting fact is that of these few colts everyone that has been shown has been a winner and nearly everyone a champion. A few of these colts that have won at major shows throughout the Mid-West are Red Royal, Questionnaire, Starlet DeJarnett, Bonnie Haven and Miss Jar-

HAVEN, owned by Bob Travis of Thurman Iowa

nette. A weanling filly owned by Dr. Graves of Red Wing, won her class at this year's State Fair. Grand Jarnette, a gelding, that never had the opportunity to be shown in a breed class is doing his winning under saddle at local shows. In fact Haven has proved so popular in this part of the country that his present owner, Bob Travis, of Thurman, Iowa, is considering bringing him to Minnesota for a part of the '53 season.

In Red Wing at the Mor-Ayr Farm of Dr. R. B. Graves we find the young stallion, Milaca Major, by Mentor and out of Naiad. Dr. Graves, in addition to his herd of Ayrshire cattle, undoubtedly has more Morgans than any other breeder in the state. He purchased several from the Sentney sale in Kansas, two from Mr. W. W. Chatterton in Iowa, plus the above mentioned stallion which originally came from the Government Farm in Vermont.

FREE TO HORSE OWNERS

Why pay fancy prices for saddlery? Write for FREE Catalog that has saved real money for thousands of horsemen. Describes over 400 popular items of English and American "tack." I ship saddlery on approval. Write today. "little joe" WIESENFELD Dept. 87 Baltimore 1, Md.



At the Dorow Farm in Springfield, we find two stallions. One of them, Milaca Query, a son of Mentor, was the champion stallion at our State Fair this year and is owned by the Milaca Morgan Farm, but will stand the first part of the breeding season in Springfield. Milaca Captain, the other stallion is by Rainier and out of Naive. He is owned by Mr. Dorow.

Closer to home is the fine Morgan stallion, Woodland Chief, owned by Mr. Earle Brown of Brooklyn Farms, Camden Station. "Chief" is the sire of Burklyn Chief, champion at the 1951 State Fair.

In Moorhead we have Mr. S. J. Duginski's black stallion, Springbrook Midnight. Mr. Duginski also had one or two other stallions, but I believe they have been gelded, leaving only Midnight at stud. Black Swan, a winner in stock horse classes, was bred to him and should have a later spring colt.

With all the foals that are expected within the next few months we should have full Morgan classes in our future Fairs. Several of these foals are expected next month, so perhaps in the next issue there will be news of some of these new arrivals.

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 18)

mare (Miss Juneau) and her stud colt (Norton's Little Man), and he is hauling his house trailer.

My son Dick is going with him for the trip. He will return in about three weeks. Bruce will make his home at 41-48th Street, San Bernardino, California.

He hopes to meet a lot of Morgan people out there and would like to know the nearest Morgan club to him.

Milo Measel
Farmington, Michigan

Dear Sir:

The Morgan Horse Magazine is one means we have of promoting the Morgan Horse; the other is Horse Shows. To be sure a horse show is a gamble, but at least it's only one chance and we either make or lose. Then it is over, and we try again next year.

If we all get behind Doc. Smith this year and fill the program with advertising and not ask for too many passes, we should have a grand show and a profitable one for the Club and in turn help the magazine.

New England is a beautiful place in July and August, so why not plan your vacation and attend the show. If you want reservations or lists of hotels or places to stay, write Mrs. Winthrop S. Dakin, Secretary of The New England Morgan Horse Association or check ads in the magazine.

Bring your family and your horses to Northampton, Massachusetts July 31, August 1 and 2, 1953.

My connection with the horse show has brought me in contact with our Morgan Horse Club Secretary, Mr. Frank B. Hills. I soon learned how fortunate we have been to have such a fine person as Mr. Hills for our secretary, as he has put his heart and soul into the club to say nothing of the expenses he has paid to make his presence possible at different Morgan functions.

Having Mr. Hills for our secretary is only possible by the generosity of Mr. Whitney Stone. All Morgan breeders are indebted to these two gentlemen for what they have done for the breed.

If you see more advertising it is because some of us, and I hope there will be more, have agreed to take yearly space and try to get more subscriptions owes this to the magazine. When you

buy horse supplies, ask them to take space and try to get more subscriptions—every one counts. Some folks mentioned they could not write an ad, but any rough draft will please you when the Morgan staff gives their master's touch.

Let's put on an advertising campaign for the magazine and show Mr. Stone and Mr. Hills that we appreciate what they have done for the Morgan Horse through The Morgan Horse Club.

J. Cecil Ferguson.

Dear Sir:

I first became acquainted with Morgans through a friend Miss Adelaide Nichols, who raises them. I have purchased both of her spring colts, a beautiful pair of bay fillies. They are half sisters and are also identical.

This fall I plan to show them at the Minn. Fair and since I am a greenhorn at this, I would appreciate any suggestions your magazine could give me.

Miss Nichols also has a beautiful chestnut gelding and two-year-old bay filly for sale. The gelding has been broken to drive and would make a fine parade horse for somebody who likes to train horses.

Joy Iseminger
Estherville, Iowa

Limited and Possibly Last Opportunity

To breed to the sire of Lippitt Dusky Kate, Lippitt Duplicate, Lippitt Ethan and many others of exceptional beauty, type and disposition.

LIPPITT ETHAN ASH 7621

One of the few sons of Ashbrook 7079 still in service and carrying 15.71% of the original breed.

We have for sale one very handsome 2-year-old son of Ethan Ash, dark chestnut, reddish flaxen mane and tail — Edward Ash 10660 — out of Paragraph 04027. He has beautiful conformation and a world of syle and action.

Also at Stud: Our "blonde" and "brunette" beauties described on another page.

JUBILEE'S COURAGE

8983

SPRINGFIELD

8421

Offering plenty of Morgan excellence in themselves and their stock besides high blood percentage.

Meeting Waters

R. F. D. 1, Springfield, Vermont

Telephone: Springfield 3610 or 7452

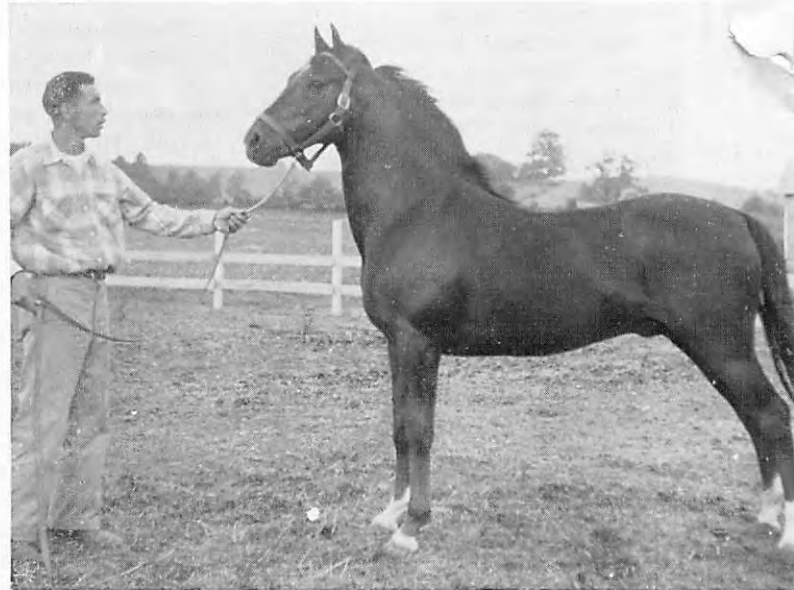
STALLIONS

Morgan stallions are always a favorite picture subject, and this issue of the Morgan Horse Magazine presents leaders of various type breeding.

The stallions portrayed on these two pages represent both the so-called new and old breeding. They offer an interesting study in both contrast and similarity.



Above: DENNIS K, owned by Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Denton, Mt. Kisco, New York. Below: JUBILEE'S COURAGE, owned by Mrs. Frances Bryant of Springfield, Vermont.



Above: KING CAPTOR, senior stud of Mr. and Mrs. Merle Evans of Massill...

Below: University of Connecticut now owns MENTOR, former government fa...





BLACKMAN, owned by E. W. Roberts of Los Angeles, California.

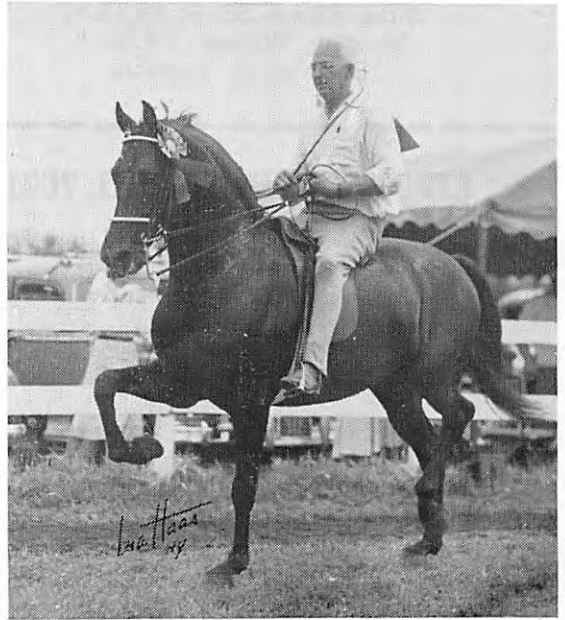


Marilyn Carlson Childs' LIPPITT MANDATE from Ringtown, Penn.

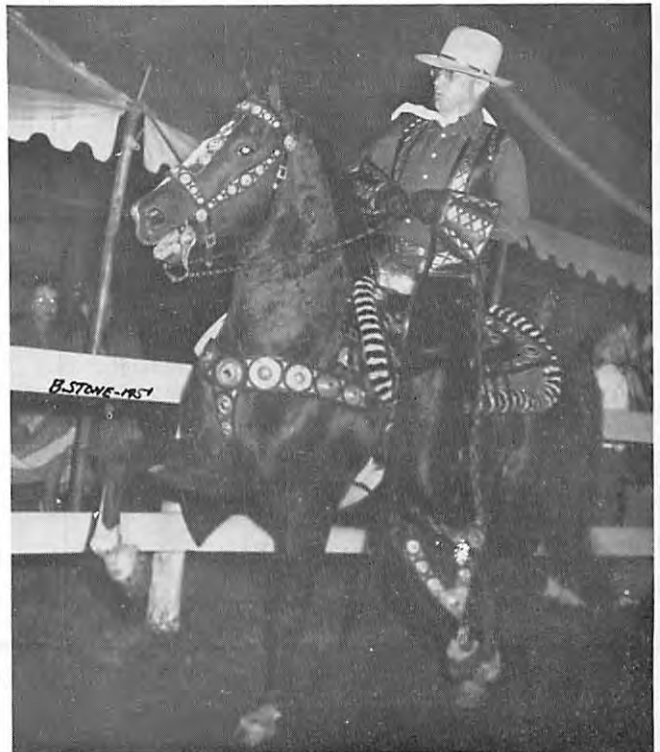


Above: Roy Brunk's CONGO of Rochester, Illinois.

Below: QUIZKID, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Gerald F. Taft of Northville, Michigan.



Above BEN DON, owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Davis of Windsor, Vt. Below: ORCLAND LEADER, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Tompkins of Rowley, Mass.



Eastern Stallions

JUBILEE'S COURAGE, 8983

Sire: Jubilee King 7570 Dam: Townshend Lass 04772
Foaled: June 5, 1944 Height: 14.2
Color and Markings: Bright Chestnut, comet-shaped
star, light mane and tail.
Weight: 1050

*Terms: \$50 at time of service with return privileges
during current season.*

MRS. FRANCES H. BRYANT
Meeting Waters, R.F.D. 1,
Springfield, Vermont

UPWEY BEN DON, 8843

Sire: Upwey King Benn 8246 Dam: Quietude 04271
Foaled: July 17, 1943 Height: 15:1
Color: Bay Weight: 1100

Terms: Private Arrangements

MR. and MRS. F. O. DAVIS
Wind-Crest
Windsor, Vermont

LIPPITT ETHAN ASH, 7621

Sire: Ashbrook Dam: Trilby
Foaled: July 2, 1928
Color and Markings: Dark Chestnut, star, left hind
sock and right front foot white.
Weight: 900 Height: 14.2

After April 1st at

MRS. FRANCES H. BRYANT
Meeting Waters, R.F.D. 1,
Springfield, Vermont

SUPERSAM 10426

Sire: Lippitt Sam Dam: Paragraph
Foaled: June 6, 1950
Color: Liver chestnut. Weight: 900
*This young stallion carries a high percentage of old
Morgan blood.*

*Terms: \$75 at time of service with return privileges
during current season.*

ORCLAND FARMS
West Newbury, Massachusetts

SPRINGFIELD, 8421

Sire: Lippitt Sam, 7857 Dam: Paragraph 04027
Foaled: May 16, 1941
Color and Markings: Dappled liver Chestnut. Nar-
row Strip, White Hind Fetlocks
Weight: 1000 Height: 15

*Terms: \$50 at time of service with return privileges
during current season.*

MRS. FRANCES H. BRYANT
Meeting Waters, R.F.D. 1,
Springfield, Vermont

LIPPITT VICTORY

Sire: Lippitt Searchlight Dam: Lippitt Sally Ash
Foaled: August 7, 1942 Height: 14.1
Color and Markings: Dark chestnut, blaze on face,
two white stockings, rear.
Weight: 950 lbs.

Terms To be arranged

PARKER B. ALBEE
Concord Road, North Sudbury, Mass.
RD South Sudbury, Mass

ULENDON 7831

Sire: Ulysses Dam: Allenda
Foaled: April 28, 1933 Height: 14.3
Color: Black Weight: 1000
This Great Proven Sire was winner of the Get of Sire
class at National Morgan Show in 1951 and 1952.

*Terms: \$100 at time of service with return privileges
during current season.*

ORCLAND FARMS
West Newbury, Massachusetts

ASHLAND DONSON

Sire: Upwey Ben Don 8843
Dam: Firefly's Lady Jane X-06514
Foaled: April 20, 1949
Color and markings: Chestnut, star
Height: 15 hands

Terms: Fifty dollars

LAWSON W. GLIDDEN
Indian Hill Farm
Ashland, N. H.

Eastern and Mid-Western Stallions

FIRECHIEF 10388

Sire: Flyhawk Dam: Jenney Lake
Foaled: May 1950. Height 14.2 Weight 900
Color: Chestnut. No white markings

Terms: \$25.

LEON W. LOSEY
R. D. 2, Trumansburg, New York

SHERIMILL SUNRISE

Foaled: June 18, 1948
Sire: Elchem Dam: Hepatica
Color: Bronze Bay, Black Points, no Markings
Height: 15 Weight: 1000

Terms: *Private Contract.*

VINCENT J. ROGERS
5096 Sheridan Drive
Williamsville, N. Y. (near Buffalo)

NABOB MORGAN, 9278

Proven

Sire: Ethan Eldon Dam: Justine Morgan
Age: 7 Height: 14-1½ Weight: 950

High Percentage Horse

WILLIAM P. CLARKE
New Preston, Connecticut

BALD MOUNTAIN TROUBADOUR

Sire: Canfield Dam: Ambition
Foaled: July 8, 1943 Height: 14-3
Color and Markings: Dark Bay Weight: 1050

Terms: *\$40 at time of service with return privilege.*

RALPH G. HALLENBECK
Troubadour Farm, Selkirk, New York

R. JUSTIN DARLING

Sire: John A. Darling Dam: Justine Morgan
Foaled: April 25, 1951
Color and Markings: Dark Bay, white star and snip
Terms: *Private treaty. Wisconsin State Stallion*
License applied for.

Here is an excellent opportunity to breed your mares
to a Morgan Stallion of RENOWN LINEAGE.

GAY ACRES HORSE FARM
Frank H. Lohaus
Salem, Wisconsin

LIPPITT SAM TWILIGHT, 8085

Sire: Lippitt Sam 7857 Dam: Green Mountain
Twilight 04488
Foaled: May 10, 1937 Height: 14.3
Color and Markings: Bay, Black Points, Large Star,
both Hind Pasterns White.
Weight: 1000-1050 High Percentage

Terms: *\$25 at time of service, return privileges.*

MARGARET VAN D. RICE
Rockbottom Lodge, Meredith, N. H.

L U COLONEL 9823

Sire: Fillmore 7948 Dam: Grovort 05500
Foaled: May, 1947 Height: 14.3½
Color: Dark Chestnut, Star. Right hind ankle white.
Weight: 1050

Terms: \$25

MILFORD FOX
Chesterland, Ohio

DEVAN CAP, 10524

Sire: OCR 9099 Dam: Caprice 06200
Foaled: May 2, 1950 Height: 13-3
Color: Chestnut, connecting large star, wide strip and
snip, left hind sock white.

Terms: *\$35 to registered mares.*

TOMMIE FOX
Chesterland, Ohio

Mid-Western Stallions

SILVER HAWK, 9553

Sire: Hawk Jim 7689 Dam: Georgeous 05025
Foaled: May 21, 1946 Height 15.2
Color: Chestnut. Marked, connected large star and wide strip extending to cover upperlips, three white stockings.

PAUL ESTEP
M. C. 56
Warren, Ohio

ROUBIDOUX, 8342

Sire: Agazziz Dam: May Rockwood
Foaled: May 8, 1940 Height: 15
Color: Chestnut Weight: 1100

For Sale or Service

ELI N. P. MILLER
Burton, Ohio, R. No. 2, State Rt. 700

EVENING STAR 9556

Sire: Hawk Jim 7689 Dam: Starflake 06509
Foaled: May 25, 1946 Height 14.2
Color: Chestnut. Marked, star

PAUL ESTEP
M. C. 56
Warren, Ohio

CHIEF HAWK 9889

Sire: Hawk Jim 7689 Dam: Dimity 04820
Foaled: August, 1947 Height: 15.1
Color and Markings: Dark Chestnut, White star and White Hind Pasterns

Terms: \$50 at time of service with return privilege.

ROBERTA F. WY SOCKI
2120 Arthur Avenue, Cleveland 7, Ohio

FUDGE ROYALE, 9840

Sire: Tarman 8867 Dam: Illawana Patsy-Red 06458
Foaled: April, 1947
Color and Markings: Chestnut, Star, strip and snip.
Weight: 1100 Height: 14.3

Terms: \$25 at time of service with return privilege.

LAWRENCE T. OLSON
R. R. 4, Centralia, Missouri

CAVENDISH 10200

Sire: Jubilee's Courage Dam: Paragraph
Foaled: April 20, 1949 Height: 14.3
Color and Markings: Golden chestnut, flaxen mane and tail, star and white left hind stocking.
Weight: 950 lbs.

Terms: Private treaty.

MRS. LARRY OAKLEY
Caven-Glo Farm, 55th Street
Downers Grove, Ill.

BAY ROCKET, 10392

Sire: Bird 9247 Dam: High-Lo 06855
Foaled: June 10, 1949 Height: 15.1
Color: Bay, White Star Weight: 1050

Terms: \$25 at time of service with return privilege.

DAVID R. BLUNT
R. R. 3, Litchfield, Minn.

KENNY'S KING COTTON, 9927

Sire: Cotton Hill's Choice 8093
Dam: Lady Helen 06179
Foaled: April 1, 1948
Color and Markings: Chestnut. Small star right of center; right hind pastern white; chestnut mane and tail.

Weight: 1000 Height: 14.1

Terms: To approved mares \$35.

JAMES G. KENNEY
1538 Bowers Rd., R. F. D. 4, Lapeer, Mich.

Western and North-Western Stallions

REDMAN 8056

Height: 15.2 Weight: 1100
Color: Chestnut with blaze and both hind socks.
Stud fee: \$50

INA M. RICHTER
Solvang, California

INDEPENDENCE JUBILEE, 10276

Sire: Ethan's Jubilee Dam: Irma Bird
Foaled: June 20, 1949 Height: 15.1
Color: Copper Chestnut Weight: 1100

IDA LAURA BUECHE
Route #4, Independence, Missouri

KEDRON CASSANOVA 10069

Height: 14.3 Weight: 1000
Color: Medium chestnut with blaze and left hind sock
Stud fee: \$35

INA M. RICHTER
Solvang, California

RED RACER, 8919

Sire: Delbert 7707 Dam: Katelina 05260
Foaled: May, 1943 Height: 15
Color and Markings: Bay, Star and white rear pasterns. Weight: 1035
Terms: \$45 to approved mares.

J. C. JACKSON & SONS
Harrison, Montana

RED GATES

Sire: Redman Dam: Bettina Allen
Foaled: May 27, 1944 Height: 15.1
Color: Dark red chestnut Weight: 1150
Terms: \$50

DREW REED
Morgan Horse Farms
17559 Devonshire, Northridge, Cal.

STELLAR, 10009

Sire: Mentor 8627 Dam: Naiad 06092
Age: 5 Height: 15.1 Weight: 1100
Color: Chestnut

J. HOLMAN WATERS
Milholm Acres, 5111 Cottonwood Lane,
Salt Lake City 7, Utah

FLEETWOOD KING, 10413

Sire: Haven 8053 Dam: Bonnie Ann 06595
Foaled: April 7, 1950 Height: 15.3
Color and Markings: Chestnut, star, stripe; right front pastern white Weight: 1100

Terms: \$35 to Reg. mares; \$25 to others at time of service until sold.

BOB TRAVIS
Thurman, Iowa

HOMESTAKE

Sire: Red Vermont 7893 Dam: Majoret P. 06288
Foaled: January 23, 1951

CLARK PIER
633 D Street, Davis, Cal.

PATSYE BROWN
Oshoto, Wyoming

Eastern Stallions



TUTOR 10198

Sire: Mentor Dam: Kona
 Foaled: May 2, 1949 Height: 14-3½
 Color and Markings: Chestnut. Connected star and strip,
 faint snip, left front pastern white, left hind sock and
 right hind ankle white. Weight: 1028
 1951 N.M.H. Show, 1st 2-year-old driving class; 1st 2-year
 old stallion class; Junior Champion Stallion
 1952 N.M.H. Show, 2nd in 3-year-old Stallion class
 Terms: \$50. Return service.

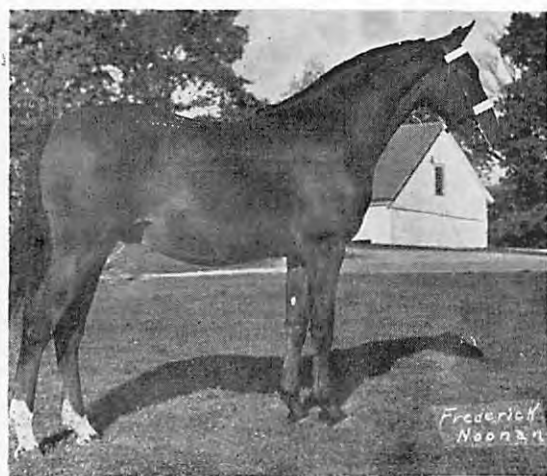
VERMONT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
 Morgan Horse Farm, Weybridge, Vermont



STANFIELD 10016

Sire: Panfield Dam: Jasmine
 Foaled: June 8, 1948 Height: 14-2½
 Color and Markings: Chestnut. Faint star, left hind pastern
 and right hind fetlock white.
 Weight: 1110
 Terms: \$35. Return service

VERMONT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
 Morgan Horse Farm, Weybridge, Vermont



U. S. MENMAR 10445

Sire: Mentor Dam: Marionette
 Foaled: April 30, 1950 Height: 14.3½
 Color and Markings: Bay. Both hind ankles white.
 Weight: 1030
 Terms: \$35. Return service.

VERMONT AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE
 Morgan Horse Farm, Weybridge, Vermont



TROPHY 10196

Sire: Mentor Dam: Norma
 Foaled: April 27, 1949
 Beautiful 3 year old dark chestnut stallion with star
 short strip and faint snip. Height 14.3. Weight 925 lbs.
 Terms: \$35.00

D. F. SWITZLER
 Carrolltown, Pa.

Eastern Stallions



CHARLIE "O" 10774

Sire: Lippitt Jeep 8672 Dam: Rhythm Lovely Lady 06177
 Foaled: January 3, 1951 Height: 14.1½
 Color: Dark bay with white on left hind heel, black points.

Terms: Private treaty — Special rates to 4-H Members.

MARY L. ARNOLD
 Arnona Farm, Kanona, New York



MANITO, 10156

Sire: Lippitt Mandate Dam: Vixen
 Foaled: June 24, 1949 Height: 14.2
 Color and Markings: Copper Chestnut, white blaze and sock
 Weight: 1000

Terms: \$25 minimum.

WM. R. HOPKINS
 Meyersville Road, Green Village, N. J.



LIPPITT SCOTT MORO, 10289

Sire: Lippitt Sam 7857 Dam: Lippitt Dusky Kate 05726
 Foaled: June 3, 1949 Height: 14.3
 Color and Markings: Bay, Star, Strip Weight: 940

Terms: \$50.

LYLE F. HORTON
 Chittenden, Vermont



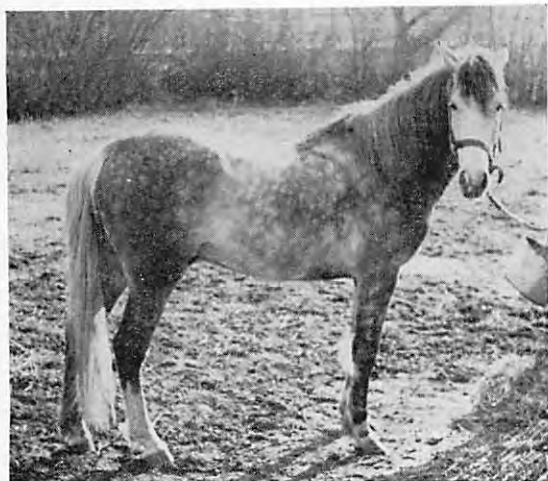
DORBEN

Sire: Benny A Dam: Doreen
 Foaled: May 29, 1948 Height: 15.4
 Color and Markings: White blaze Weight: 1075

Terms: Stud fee \$50. Return service.

W. T. DEXTER, JR.
 Pine Grove Farm, Forestville, Conn.

Eastern and Mid-Western Stallions



SHAPLEIGH SHEIK 9170

Sire: Mountain Sheik 8033
Foaled 1944, April 28
Color & Markings: Red Roan

Dam: Toy 04381
Height 15.1
Weight 1150

Terms: Approved Mares

HENRY CLAY RICCI
141 Morris Ave.
Long Branch, N. J.



BONFIRE 9512

Sire: Senator Graham
Foaled May 1946. Weight 1100

Dam: Luscious
Height 15.1

Color: Chestnut. Wide connected star and strip extending to cover nose and upperlip; right hind fetlock white.

Terms: \$25.

LEON W. LOSEY
R. D. 2, Trumansburg, New York



JUSTINIAN 8172

Sire: Night Tide
Foaled: August, 1938
Weight: 1025

Dam: Betty Barr
Height: 15.1

Terms: Private contract.

MISS HORTENSE LYNDS
46 Main St., Akron, New York



COL. KENNEDY 9559

Sire: Roosevelt 7821
Foaled: June 6, 1946

Dam: Paula Clifford 04841
Height: 15.1

Color and Markings: Chestnut, Flaxen Mane and Tail
Weight: 1000

RALPH J. SHRIGLEY
P. O. Box 6, Rootstown, Ohio

Mid-Western Stallions



LIPPITT MORO ASH 8084

Sire: Lippitt Moro Dam: Sally Ash
 Foaled: June 2, 1937 Height: 14.2
 DR. A. G. RUTHVEN ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN



PLAINS KING 7684

Sire: Roamesque 7297 Dam: Ellan Linsley 04788
 Color and Markings: Liver Chestnut. Star. Two White
 Hind Socks.
 Height: 15 Weight: 1050
 Terms: \$35

MILO F. MEASEL

P. O. Box 615, 41377 West 12 Mile
 Farmington, Michigan



JUSTIN JUBILEE 10160

Sire: King Mick 8508 Dam: Jubilee Joy 05767
 Foaled: March, 1949 Height: 14.2
 Color and Markings: Golden chestnut, star and strip. Left
 hind stocking.
 Weight: 950

Terms: \$15 at time of service with privilege of return
 through season.

NEAL WERTS

Box 231, Humansville, Mo.



ILLAWANA JERRY 10128

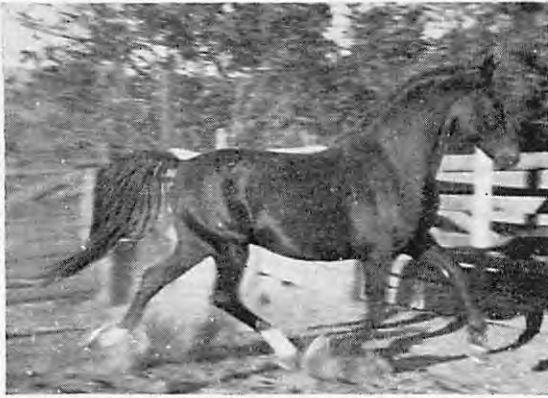
Sire: Captain Red Dam: Gildia 04614
 Foaled: June 10, 1948 Height: 15
 Color: Brown Weight: 1050

Terms: \$20 at time of service. Return for season.

RAY SEARLS

Medora, Illinois

Western Stallions



HAVEN 8053

Sire: Delmont x-7936 Dam: Topaz 04442
 Foaled: May 10, 1937 Height: 15.2
 Color and Markings: Dark Chestnut; Star, Strip, Snip; both
 hind fetlocks white Weight: 1060

Terms: \$35 to registered mares; \$25 to others at time of
 service. Return in season.

BOB TRAVIS
 Thurman, Iowa



SUNFLOWER KING 9733

Sire: Techachapi Allan 7910 Dam: Isobel 05459
 Foaled: June 20, 1947 Height: 15-8
 Weight: 1050
 Color: Dark liver chestnut.

STUART G. HAZARD
 1308 College Ave., Topeka, Kansas



SKAGIT VASHON, AMHR 9717

Sire: Highwood L 9059 Dam: Indian Summer 04971
 Foaled: June 6, 1947 Height: 15.2
 Color and Markings: Copper Chestnut. Light mane and
 tail, white blaze, three white stockings
 Weight: 1100

LOUISE D. BATES
 Red Top Farm, Route 2, Box 275
 Arlington, Washington



BOULDER GOLD 10464

Sire: Black Gold 9602 Dam: Eugenia 04657
 Foaled: June 11, 1950. Height 14 hands
 Color and Markings: Chestnut, irregular star, left hind
 white stocking foot.

Terms: \$50.00. Return privileges

JOHN F. AND CONSTANCE R. STARK
 Telephone: Westwood 1492-W
 Denver, Colorado

Rambling Around

(Continued from Page 16)

show season. A good many years ago, I recall many times seeing Mr. Joe Harris, Columbia, Missouri showing Peter Pan, a champion roadster in his time. Peter Pan was a son of Charles Reade, and his dam a descendant of the famous harness racing sire, Peter The Great. Flyita is exactly the same color at Peter Pan, a black brown with star. Another interesting fact, her breeding is somewhat similar. Her dam is by Sentiment by Major Reade by Charles Reade. The second dam is a daughter of Harvest Hand, whose dam was the famous champion race mare, Miss Harris M. by Peter The Great. In addition to the breeding background, Flyita has beautiful conformation and high action with real speed which is a very desirable combination.

Mr. H. F. Gilman, Decatur, Illinois has sold his nice coming three-year-old mare, Betsy Ross to Lawrence Olsen, Knoxville, Illinois. She is a daughter of Flyhawk and out of Josephine H. Linsley by Harris Linsley by Linsley.

Mr. Olsen is the owner of Fudge Royale, grand champion stallion at the 1952 Mid-West All Morgan Show, held at Barrington, Illinois on September sixth and seventh. Through the writer, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lewis, Urbana, Illinois purchased the six-year-old mare, Illawanna Della by Captain Red from Mr. Olsen for their young daughter as pleasure mount.

Mr. Robert Burgess, Wapello, Iowa owns Bonnie Haven by Haven — six-year-old, golden chestnut mare, who is tops for reining and working stock

horse classes. She was an outstanding attraction at Mid-West All Morgan Show, winning three performance classes and Reserve Champion Mare. Mr. Burgess's young son Roger was a popular winner in the Junior Horsemanship Class riding Bonnie at the above mentioned show.

Names in Pedigrees

(Continued from Page 15)

family would have sold Morgan even so, but they already owned his best son, Ethan Allen 2nd. This horse too was out of a beautifully bred mare, she by Ethan Allen 50 out of a mare by Green Mountain, her second dam by Tom Morgan. It is fortunate for Morgan breeders of today that the early breeders did value the distaff side of a pedigree, for in this particular instance it resulted in a great horse, one with breeding to match his performance, not a common combination. Ethan Allen 2nd was a dark chestnut, with a narrow stripe in his face an even fifteen hands and usually weighing about a thousand pounds. He was not quite as high-headed as his sire, which made him moderately less showy under saddle, but in harness he was by far the better horse. He was driven a great deal and was considered an extremely fast horse, but he was never trained for track use or a speed record. To a carriage, he combined the showiness and style of the Green Mountain family with the square, driving trot of the Black Hawks. He was more of a "pretty horse" than his sire, showing a great deal of the finish and quality that

marked Ethan Allen's influence, even to the third and fourth generations.

During the years in which the Peters family in Bradford, Vermont, had been quietly but consistently breeding their good Morgans, Stephen L. Thurber, of nearby East Burke, had also been raising good, well-bred animals from much the same lines. His original mare was a brown, sired by Tiger by Baldwin's Black Hawk and out of a mare by the Dr. Abel Brown Horse, one of the best sons of that incomparable little bay, Billy Root. Mr. Thurber bred this mare to the flashy black horse, Charlie Watson, he by Black Morgan, sired by another Green Mountain, this one a son of Sherman Morgan. From this mating came a filly which in her turn was bred to another of the old Green Mountain's sons, this one bred by Charles Cushing in Caledonia County, Vermont, and carrying the blood of Billy Root and Sherman Morgan's daughter, the Crane mare, through his dam. Thus we have the Thurber mare, now owned by Allen J. Wiggins of Burke, with twenty line crosses to Justin Morgan 1, bred to Ethan Allen 2nd, with an additional seventeen, to produce the chestnut stallion, Ethan Allen 3rd, a horse which, whether due to his marvelous individuality, or his fine breeding, or the happy presence of both, is today the recognized source by breeders the country over, of much that is great in the Morgan horse.

Ethan Allen 3rd was foaled on June 20th of the year 1885. He was a dark red chestnut, with an even white strip on his face and a white pastern and

(Continued on next page)

Eastern Stallions (continued)

MERRY MAGIC

Sire: Squire Burger Dam: Easter Maid
Foaled: June 16, 1949 Height: 14.2
Color and Markings Chestnut, connected star, strip
and snip; right front ankle and both hind stock-
ings white. Weight: 1000

Terms: Private treaty.

MR. and MRS. CLARENCE G. COMAN
R. D. 2, Putnam, Conn.

TOWNSHEND MANWALLIS

Sire: Cornwallis Dam: Manzanita
Foaled: July 14, 1949 Height: 14
Color and Markings Dk. Chestnut Weight: 900

Terms: Private treaty.

MR. and MRS. CLARENCE G. COMAN
R. D. 2, Putnam, Conn.

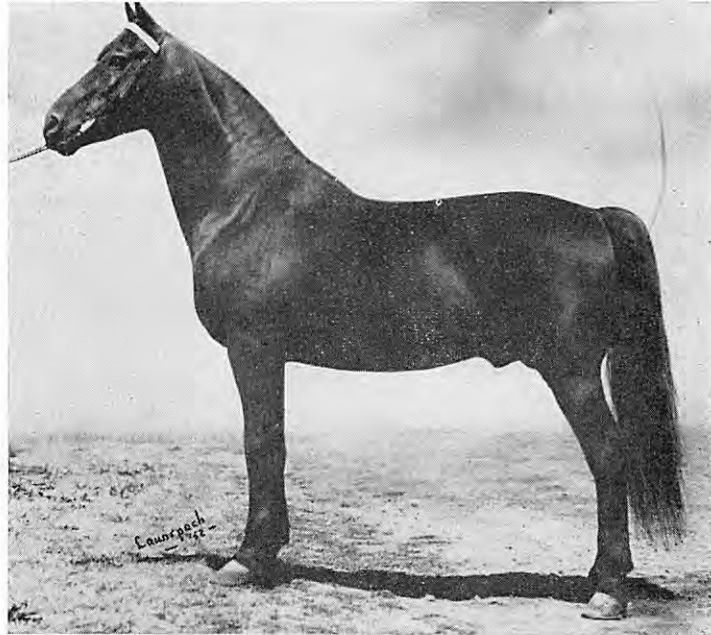
Presenting Our
SIRES OF CHAMPIONS

FLYHAWK 7526 (at right)

Sire: Gohawk 7457 Dam: Florette 04233
 Black — 14.3½ hands 1100 lbs.

SENATOR GRAHAM 8361 (below)

Foaled: 1940
 Sire: Senator Knox Dam: Fanita 04376
 Dark chestnut, strip, 15.1 hands 1230 lbs



Also . . . Our Junior Sires

DORSET'S FOXFIRE 10240

Foaled, 1949 Sire—Flyhawk 7526 Dam—Juvina 04972
 Bay, 14.2 hands, 1000 pounds

TOWNSHEND GAYMEADE 10284

Early in season at Highview Farm, later at L. U. Ranch in Wyoming
 Foaled 1949 Sire—Meade 8628 Dam—Gayselba 05514
 Dark Chesinut, narrow stripe, 15 hands, 1100 pounds

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt

Highview Farm

Pawnee, Ill.
 (near Springfield)

(Continued from preceding page)
 fetlock on his right hind leg. He was not a big horse in any way, as he was under fifteen hands and rarely weighed over a thousand pounds. He was a very short legged horse with short, strong cannons and round, hard feet. He was exceptionally deep at shoulder and croup, which lent the illusion that he stood over more ground than normal for his height, but he was, in no sense, long-backed. This same illusory appearance of length was true of almost all of the early Morgans, and was due to their remarkable slant of shoulder and unusually deep croup, coupled with those short, strong-boned legs that have made their breed name a byword for 150 years. Ethan Allen 3rd was the most remarkable in that he combined, as did no other horse of his era, those very traits that had made the Morgan horse live in the heart of America for almost a century. His disposition was absolutely without equal. Small children could, and did, ride him bareback. He would stand without a halter to be groomed and handled, even to be shod. He never offered to nip, even in play. He had the endurance of all his progenitors,

and when well over twenty could pull a Concord buggy over rough and rutty country roads at a three minute trot. The characteristic for which he was most noted, however, was his very superior action at the trot, for it is largely through their close relationship to Ethan Allen 3rd that many of our modern Morgans derive their showy gaits. His natural action was as clean and even as that of any show Hackney, for he was never "trained," in today's sense of that word, yet his knees snapped up almost to his chin at his usual road gait.

It is often the fate of a great horse to be limited to stud use on some one farm, or through one breeding program, yet Ethan Allen 3rd is the pleasant exception, for his blood is considered of great value, so great that few of the Morgans bred during the last half-century fail to carry one or more crosses to him. At the United States Morgan Horse Farm, formerly in Middlebury, Vermont, an Ethan Allen 3rd mare produced Mansfield and his good family, one of which, Querido, did much to popularize his breed in California. At the Lippitt Farm in Randolph, daughters Nancy

and Trilby produced Ashbrook 7079 and Lippitt Ethan Ash 7621. One of his sons, Morgan Rupert 4341, went to the middle-west to sire Senator, who in turn sired Seneta 02303, one of the foundation mares for the Brunk family Morgans. Returning to the East, Ethan Allen 3rd was the grandsire of Sealect 7266 and double great-grand sire of Woodland Chief 7902, also sired the dam of Donald 5224, one of the best of the old Morgans in New England. To add but a few, there was also Captain Morgan 6906, Ethan Woodbury 6823 and Allen H. 6527, the latter horse sire of many of the good mares owned by C. C. Stillman, in Cornwall, New York.

Along with the aphorism regarding the "younger generation" goes the assertion that modern Morgans compare most unfavorably with their illustrious ancestors. Perhaps we have no modern counterparts, at least in the heart of America, of Ethan Allen and Black Hawk, but we have had Ethan Allen 3rd, one of the far-too-few Morgan sires whose type and breeding made him universally accepted for the great horse he was, the greatest of a turning century.

Pony Express

(Continued from Page 13)

Arrangements were made to set up a Pony Express system to operate in the following manner: At the extreme county limit on various county, state and national roads, a rider was stationed. Each one mile interval, there was a relief rider. This system was set up to carry the entire routes from starting points to the County Courthouse in McAlester, where all riders on the final leg of the trip congregated to deliver the pouches.

Along the routes, representatives were stationed with money from the many benefits. These persons handed the money to the rider almost on a dead run and while in transit, the rider would transfer the money to a saddle bag. When he came to the end of the one mile stretch, where his relief was located, the minute the rider was in sight, the relief would spur his mount into a running gallop and the saddle-bag would change hands. Incidentally the fastest elapsed time turned in on any of the stretches was made by a young man not even in his teens. He covered that mile in a shade under 31 miles an hour.

Neighbors, I tell you, there's never been anything like it in my many years. The weather was like something out of a deep freeze box. It was influenza weather if ever I saw it but those people fogged those ponies with everything they had and if Wild Bill Hickock had of been there, he would have thought that he hadn't been dead at all. Those people even looked the part. From wide brimmed hats, fancy shirts, leather chaps, spurs and boots to real nice looking riding gear they looked the part. Even Joe White, who had been appointed Trail Boss of the ride was decked out. On top of the regulation western gear, he was wearing a pair of nickel plated "hawg-laigs" that looked as big as cannons. Had them strapped and tied low down and if it hadn't been for that black and white Highway Patrol car that was running interference for him, I would have sworn that it wasn't 1953 but sometime around 1888. And speaking of patrol cars, the lieutenant in charge of the McAlester district, A. G. Birdwell, had one for each route. He and

his detachment of troopers at McAlester are always ready to help out in any way.

Well, to boil it down to story length, the riders all came to within two miles of McAlester where they met the Line Foreman, Young, Langham, Henson Winkler and the Trail Boss, Joe White. From then on it was "Nellie bar the door." Here came those riders at a full gallop, whooping and hollering and waving their arms and right in front of them with red lights flashing and sirens going were the Patrol units. You couldn't have "drawed and fired" before there was a gang of people at the Court House so thick you couldn't stir them with a stick.

The downtown business district looked like the old Cherokee Strip run with everyone running to see what the commotion was about. I even hiked my feeble old 90 year body up there in time to see the saddle bags come flying through the air and delivered to the polio fund officials.

There were Wayne Young, Bill Livingston, Jim Powers, Andy Bidwell, B. J. Gibson, "Mike" Carmichael, Delbert Jump, all of the Oklahoma Highway Patrol and White, Langham,

(Continued on next page)



FOR SALE

MAX WALTON PEPPER 10708
Foaled June 11, 1951



BROWN PEPPER 9736

Foaled: May 15, 1947
Color: Dk. Chestnut. No Markings
Height: 14:3 Weight: 975

AT STUD

Sire: Upwey Ben Don 8843
Dam: Seneca Lady Ester x-05909



FOR SALE

DON QUIXOTE PEPPER 1709
Foaled July 8, 1951

Both of the young stallions gets by Brown Pepper.
Also for sale one weanling stud colt by Brown Pepper.
We are offering one of these young stallions for sale. Buyer's choice.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Rodee

BOX 763, MORAVIA, N. Y.

PHONE 215



MERRY BELLS 08538
a filly foal by Squire Burger 8282

While it is very doubtful that we will have any Morgans for sale this spring, visitors are always most welcome. We'd like you to feel free to drop in some Sunday, or any other day for that matter. It is always a welcome change to hear about other people's good Morgans.

At this time we are very much interested in the purchase of a good Morgan mare or filly, for present or future use here as a broodmare. A good home and the best possible care would be assured the one we buy.

MERRYLEGS FARM

Post Office Box 87

South Dartmouth, Mass.

Pony Express

(Continued from preceding page)

Henson, Winkler and Young, the trail boss and his line foremen, every one of them with a great big grin on their faces. I knew what the score was but decided to get it first hand from the ramrod of that deal and button-holed Joe White to get his side of it.

"Pop," he said to me, "I never had so much fun in my life. Every one of these men standing here have told me the same thing."

"We didn't have much time to get this ball-rolling, but believe me there are hundreds of people in this country that worked practically night and day to make a success out of this Pony Express. I couldn't name all of them if I had to but they certainly deserve a vote of thanks and when those little fellows are getting maybe just a little better treatment in those polio wards because of increased funds, when they start taking those first steps walking again, I know that in their hearts they will thank everyone who helped out on this.

"There is a little motto in my church here in McAlester that says: 'If everybody did as much as I did for this church, what kind of a church would we have?' Pop, that to me, should

make a man aware that he's not on a pension here on earth; that if he wants to benefit from the goodness of God and the U.S.A., he ought to take that motto to his heart."

Neighbors, I'll put it to you real frank like . . . can you give me a better definition of a man's purpose and a better picture of just what makes this country great than the way these people gave everything they had for a bunch of little kids who won't even know their names much less, get acquainted with their benefactors?

The Pony Express rode again so they could walk again.

Stallion Ads

(Continued from Page 11)

phet is a half-brother to Ethan Allen, Lancet, Sherman Black Hawk, Silver Heels and Belle of Saratoga. The dam of Black Hawk Morgan was sired by Morgan Tiger, he by Sherman Morgan and he by Justin Morgan. He was awarded the First Premium two successive years at the Vermont State Fair, at Montpelier and Brattleboro. Also the First Premium at the New York Fair held at Saratoga Springs. Horse breeders are requested to examine the above Pedigree of Black Hawk Morgan.

Terms, to insure, \$10, payable the 1st of March. Persons parting with mares before foaling-time, or not returning them regularly to the Horse, will be held for the insurance money. (signed) D. S. Way, Syracuse, and dated May 1866."

The Chases own a registered Morgan mare, Hillcrest Queen, by Woodland Chief out of Easter Maid by Jubilee King, and it would be most fitting if "Black Hawk Morgan," as described above, were an ancestor of hers, but apparently such is not the case, for Morgan Horse Club pedigrees are based on Joseph Battell's work and this particular Black Hawk Morgan does not appear in the Battell books. This can hardly be wondered at, for the original Black Hawk sired nearly 2000 foals, a great number of which bore confusing similar names, and it required yeoman work and years of inquiry to separate even several hundred into their rightful identities, as regards their breeding and location.

Stallion advertising no longer provides our only source of a horse's pedigree, for we have registries now for all the major, and an astonishing number of minor breeds. To see "Citation. The property of Calumet Farms. Fee \$5000. Book Full." in the middle of a

large page in a noted Thoroughbred publication is exceeding dignified, even a little awesome, but it lacks much of the romance and good reading that was to be found in Justin Morgan's day, for he was "a curious horse and got curious colts."

We Called Her Morgan

(Continued from Page 9)

'hunter people' and their knowledge of Morgans was very limited too.

We tried to get some information from her former owner but he wasn't very helpful. He could only tell us she had come from the Mid-West, with some other horses, as a yearling. He knew nothing more about her. But Nance and I, as we considered her rich, deep bay coat with its coal-black points, her kind, intelligent head, her lovely arched and crested neck, her trim, clean legs and wide, well-muscled chest were certain she was Morgan. Her small size—she is 14.2—also contributed to our certainty. And we called her Morgan.

When Bon's hacking ability had improved to the extent that we could taper off the training a little, we decided to school her over fences. The Hunt Club had a lovely outside course and numerous types of jumps set up in the big ring. Up until now we had kept to the little back ring and schooled privately, without the distraction of other horses. She would now canter fairly evenly and her trot was more "down to earth." Her balking at the gate had become a thing of the past. We optimistically thought Bon was cured of her wilfulness. So being in the environment of hunters and jumpers, we of course, couldn't wait to try her over fences.

One afternoon we put up simple white rails at three feet—which now that I think about it, was much too high for a green horse. But with no one to tell us otherwise, we put up four fences around the ring at this height. Then telling Nance to cross her fingers, I slowly rode Bon up to the first fence and let her sniff it. When she had appeared to understand, I took her back, turned her, and cantered toward it. She came "reeling" into it. Her ears were never so alert. Three strides from the fence, I felt her gather herself. I paled. She couldn't do it! But she did! At the wings, she gave a tremendous push with her quarters and

left the ground like a rocket. I was sure they would have to shoot us down!

When we finally came back to terra firma, I heard Nance's one profound comment, "Wow!" Undaunted I headed Bon for the next fence. It was almost a repetition of the first. And so were the third and fourth fences. When I pulled up speechless, Nance who is never at a loss for words said, "Grand National, here we come!"

Neither of us, in our amazement, noticed the expression on Bon's face. I'm sure, unbeknownst to us, she was considering the preceding activity carefully and forming her own opinions about this business of jumping. And she'd made up her mind by the time Nance was in the saddle for her 'turn.' "Jumping," thought Bon, "is very pleasant, but in moderation and only when I particularly feel in the mood. I am no longer in the mood."

Her mind was made up. She was firm. So when Nance cantered her into the first fence again, Bon calmly straightened out her "pile-driver" legs and came to an abrupt and jarring halt. It happened so suddenly that Nance almost went over by herself. Stunned Nance flew me a helpless look, turned Bon around and tried again; with the same results.

We managed to get her over one more fence that afternoon but the effort was great and when she did jump it was very badly. We knew we were going to have to coax her, but at least we knew that when she wanted to, she could and would beat the best of them. We headed for home confident that Bon would "straighten out."

Almost every afternoon thereafter found Nance and Bon and me schooling in the big ring. Bon had improved. She would jump, maybe not with the vivacity of the first time, but with a calm assurance from the careful schooling she had received. We were very pleased.

When the local Pony Show was announced we decided to try our luck in a few classes. I entered her in the Bridle Path Hacks, the Pony Hunters, and the Pair class. Nance told me I was too optimistic but I was adamant. After all you had to start somewhere.

The show was quite an affair with all pony owners of the area exhibiting. It was open to ponies and horses 15

(Continued on next page)

FOR SALE

1 Breaking Cart

1 Jog Cart

1 Four seater-double hitch wagon

1 pair double driving harnesses

MRS FRANK LINNELL

West Auburn, Maine



BOTTEN CORNER BUCKETS
FEED&WATER
YOUR HORSES
BETTER:
STANDARD&PONY
SIZES
PRICE \$ 6.50
WILL NOT UPSET & WASTE
FEED:
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET.
BOTTEN BUCKET COMPANY
CHAGRIN FALLS, OHIO

ORCLAND FARMS

"Where champions are born"

Home of ULENDON

A. M. R. No. 7831

A Great Proven Stud

Sire of such great horses as: Orcland Leader, Orcland Vigilant, Orcland Gaydeen, Orcland Gleam, Orcland Vigellant, Orcland Sealdon, and many more.

Reserve one of his 1953 foals now out of blue ribbon mares

West Newbury, Mass.

Visitors always welcome



DYBERRY BUDDY, 10219

Sire: Lippitt Billy Ash

Dam: Lippitt Miss Nekomia

This coming four-year-old stallion is now at stud. Buddy is a copper chestnut, 14.3 hands and weight 950 pounds. With the world's best Morgan blood in his veins, this very versatile and gentle horse has all the qualities looked for in Morgan horses of distinction. Breed your mares to DYBERRY BUDDY for REAL Morgan colts.

Warren E. Patriquin

137 Westminster Ave.

Arlington, Mass.

(Continued from preceding page)

hands and under, which, of course, drew quite an assortment of equines. There were tiny Shetlands, polo pony types, Welsh ponies and 'just ponies.' There was one Morgan other than Bon, which was not enough to warrant a Morgan class. This horse, a dark bay mare, belonged to another friend. We had planned on the Pair class together. The mare's name was Bayberry and a quieter and steadier horse never lived.

When time arrived for Bon's first class, I was in a state of "show nerves." Nance was riding another horse and had no time to share my "jitters." She had enough of her own. Bon's first class was Bridle Path Hacks. She must have looked quite pretty as we entered the ring. I had braided her mane, "hunter style," her long tail gleamed with the brushing it had received, and her blood bay coat shined like burnished copper. I was undeniably proud of her as I felt every eye rest on her. Her ears were pricked sharply as she gazed around her in wonder and bewilderment. She paid no heed to my heel urging her to trot, she paid no heed to the other ponies and horses

trotting around her, she paid no heed to my anguished "clucking." She only had eyes for the spectators lined along the ring fence. The judges shook their heads and smiled and made marks on their cards. They did not look at her again.

All through the remainder of the class, Bon gaped at the spectators. Her ears caught every sound her eyes sparkling with excitement and her legs went "every which way," as if she had no control over them. The walk, the trot, and the canter, when I finally got through to her enough to perform them, were worse than they had ever been before. She cut corners, bumped into other horses and just generally behaved as though she were in a fog. I was mortified as we were excused from the ring with the others who had not qualified. Nance's mount, a flighty brown pony, greatly in need of exercise, also behaved badly and we were excused together. She had seen Bon's strange behavior and when we were alone said, "Bonny acts as though she's hypnotized." I said, "She is; by the spectators."

The rest of the show is a blur to me but I can remember that Bon remained

"hypnotized" and would not perform at all. I took a lot of "ribbing" at that show. People called Bon the "Spell-bound Morgan." They would come up and ask, "Has she come out of it yet?"

Bayberry's rider found another companion for the Pair Class after I explained that it would be foolish to go back into the ring again with Bon. Then I gathered my tack together, unsaddled, harnessed Bon up, and as Nance had two more classes with the brown pony, I drove home alone; misery personified.

But as we all must do, I got over my disappointment and humiliation and Bon and I were back "at it" again before three days had gone by. We continued to drive down in the cart and as Nance had gotten the brown pony to exercise, we rode in the big ring together. With the weather getting cooler, more members began appearing on their hunters in the big ring. Our schooling became rather cramped but we continued it much to the chagrin of the older members. It was disconcerting, they said, to suddenly have a pony popping over a fence and land practically on top of you. It wasn't quite that bad but I'm sure they con-

sidered us terrible nuisances. More than once we were called down for these erratic antics. However, Bon got so she could jump from any angle, at any time.

When the weather got quite cold and the ground hard, everyone rode in the Club's Indoor Ring. It was there that Bon got into a new habit. She was bored by the incessant circling of the ring. She wanted to liven things up a little. There was no doubts that this new trick more than filled the bill. I can laugh when I remember it but it certainly wasn't funny to me at the time. Nance and I called this new trick, "magnetizing." It was by far the most embarrassing of all.

We would be going along fairly well, say at a trot, when suddenly Bon would spot a hunter with whom she wished to become acquainted and as we got ready to pass him, she'd give a little leap and land right up next to the startled horse and its glowering rider. (It was invariably the most distinguished member of the Club). Most of the time, this sudden appearance of another horse so close would cause the horse to shy violently many times almost losing its furious rider. Relations were, needless to say, strained for a few moments. And all I could do was

to murmur awkward apologies and try to wrench Bon away from her new-found and reluctant friend. It wasn't long before Bon began to be considered an outcast. People said I'd never be able to do anything with her. She was too wilful. I was determined now to prove they were wrong.

Bon's whole trouble was moods. If she was in the right mood she would jump with style and easy grace. If not, she would not jump at all. I never knew when she'd be in a good mood so when the Club would hold its little Members' Shows, I would enter and just hope for the best. Sometimes she would go well and people would come up and say, "Your little mare seems to have had a change of heart." And then other times they would say, "you might as well give up, you'll never make anything out of her." But I was still determined and in spite of her contrariness I loved and had faith in Bon.

By the time she was five years old, Bon had "sobered up." She still had moments when she'd be about to fall back on her old tricks but those times became fewer. Then in the Pony show of '45 she won the Pony Hunter Class against stiff competition. She's won other ribbons too at that show but to

(Continued on next page)

DO YOU KNOW THERE IS A
HALF-MORGAN REGISTRY
 satisfactorily serving horse owners since 1939? If you have a Half-Morgan of merit write for free information, entry blanks, etc. **HALF-MORGAN HORSE REGISTER, 2073 S. W. Park Ave., Suite 107, PORTLAND 1, OREGON**

FOR SALE

Chestnut brood mare bred to foal, height 14.2. Ten years of age. Can be ridden. Only to good home. Gentle.

Two year old bay filly, trained to drive. Ready for light rider this summer. Excellent trail and pleasure prospect. Gentle and easy to handle.

Margaret van D. Rice
ROCKBOTTOM LODGE
MEREDITH, N. H.



LEON SILVER, 10017
 Seventeen Months Old

This horse has developed into a fine individual and his colts are showing to be very gentle and yet with plenty of spirit. We will have a few that we could sell of both fillies and horse colts.

SUTTER RANCH
 408 Fourth National Bank Bldg.
 Wichita, Kansas

Stanerigg

MORGAN HORSES

AT STUD

LIPPITT MORO ASH 8084

*To selected Registered Morgan Mares
 Service at This Stable Only*

**FOR SALE AT ALL TIMES A FEW
 YOUNG MORGAN HORSES**

Owner DR. A. G. RUTHVEN **Manager** JAMES R. (Tex) TALLEY

Address

2945 Geddes Road
 ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

Carleton W. Patriquin

"Professional Photography"

Rm. 114—739 Boylston St.
Boston 16, Mass.

Mobile Tel: WR5-2592

Home—Reading 2-0074



Black & White & color still
Photographs and
16MM motion pictures



*Horses and animals a specialty
also all types of commercial
photography*

YOU are always welcome at

THE MAR-LO FARM

home of

VERRAN'S LADDIE

and many other
pure-bred MORGANS!



MARJ & MILO DUGAN

52373 W. 8 Mile Road
NORTHVILLE, MICHIGAN

win the coveted Pony Hunter Class was no mean accomplishment. Everyone finally agreed that perhaps Bonny had 'grown up' at last.

Many were the joy-filled hours we spent on the trails riding cross country, Nance on the brown pony and sometimes Dorcas on Bayberry. We would stay out almost all day and jump anything and everything that got in our way. Bon was marvelous! She would seldom make a mistake over a fence in the field, no matter what speed she was traveling or what height the fence. I've known her to do a four-foot stone wall at a good hunting pace without changing her stride. Her trot and canter had improved so much that you'd hardly know you were riding the same horse.

Many times we three would ride home from one of these excursions feeling as though we'd been in the saddle a week. But did it bother Bon? Not at all. She'd move briskly along just as happy and alert as she had been when we started out. We all used to marvel at that; Morgan or no!

There is, of course, much more to tell about Bon. How she continued to win blues in the shows in which she was entered. How she won two championships in the Pony Show at the Club in '48 thus silencing forever any derogatory statements about her, and finally how, having 'conquered the worlds' in her old home, she came with the family to live in New Hampshire where she has a large pasture all her own, with a shady spot under a group of sugar maples. When I see her dozing on a summer afternoon under the trees I can't help wondering if she isn't dreaming of the long ago days when everyone called her the 'Spell Bound Morgan.'

Boston Buckaroo

(Continued from Page 7)

lessons. The bug bit hard and a year later he bought a gelding, and, because the stock saddle had always appealed to him, he "went western."

Then came the ups and downs. He bought a couple of colts and raised them. One died, after a promising start, from osteomyelitis. He rode another in the 100-mile trail ride and it kicked a stone as it walked past the judges and went lame.

Then, in 1948 he bought Lippitt Victory, a six-year-old, from the Knight farm. From that day he has been sold on Lippitts. Victory carried him in street parades. Standing on his back he photographed a parade of mounted Boston police. He used him on long trail rides, showed him in Western tack classes. An interesting sidelight is the story of his friendship with the late Wilfrid LeBeouf of Canada who at the time owned Lippitt Morman who graces the cover of this magazine. LeBeouf rode the handsome young chestnut stallion to a win in the 100-mile Woodstock ride. LeBeouf had taken up riding for his health but died soon after a victim of tuberculosis. Lippitt Morman still lives in California.

But Victory, for all his courage, was a little horse, too small for a man of Patriquin's size. He stood 14.1 and weighed 950. So Pat sold him and bought Buddy from Dr. Parks in Honesdale, Penn. He rides Buddy everywhere. He hitches him to an aged democrat wagon or sleigh and drives six miles to the grain store and there puts on a sturdy load. He frequently pops Buddy into a trailer and lugs him to Vermont or New Hampshire for a week-end. As you can gather, Buddy is a versatile lad. Patriquin believes that inasmuch as the breed is known for its versatility Buddy should conform. He does.

"Morgans can do anything, anywhere," he avers. "I like to ride a stallion, they look good in western tack. And when stallions can be as tractable as Morgan stallions there is no reason why owners should not use them exactly as they do a mare or gelding. They have more spirit than a gelding and, I think, more intelligence. I can't see anything unusual about riding or driving a stallion around Boston. I've ridden Victory in a parade there when he was backed right up against a baby carriage—and with a baby in it. I trusted him completely. He never let me down."

Unlike the stallion owners I have interviewed in the past years Patriquin has no breeding program for his horse. To him he is just an excellent mount, dependable, enduring.

Perhaps because Patriquin and I are both of the newspaper breed we have a nice opinion of each other. As far as I am concerned I have never been

prouder to be listed as a friend than I was last summer at the Lippitt auction sale. I had stood in the stand all day with the auctioneer as one after another the stallions, mares and colts of the Green Mountain Stock Farm went under the hammer.

Finally old Billy Ash was led up. The bidding was desultory. Then from the edge of the crowd came a bid. Then another. Finally I could make out the bidder. It was Warren. He had no more use for Billy Ash than I had for a quart of water in each of my shoes. But he was bidding purposefully—he meant to own him—and he did.

Robert Knight, visibly affected by the sentimental tribute announced later that Patriquin and Dr. Parks had jointly bid to buy the horse for the single purpose of putting him down on the farm where he was foaled. But big Bob Knight is big in other ways as well and he refused the bid but promised the loyal pair their wish would be granted.

I recalled the incident to Patriquin and he shyly dug a letter from his billfold. Here it is:

Mr. Warren E. Patriquin
137 Westminster St.
Arlington, Massachusetts

Dear Mr. Patriquin:

At the sale of my Morgan horses on June twenty-first last year, you bought Lippitt Billy Ash with the idea of disposing of him. If you remember, you and Dr. Parks came to me and I said to forget it that I would do it for you and I would see that he was done away with. Billy Ash is still at the Green Mountain Stock Farm, very healthy, and feeling fine together with Lippitt Selassie and the mare Bethal which Mr. Magoon, my secretary purchased.

I have just written Dr. Parks, and I am writing you to see if you would be willing for me to keep Billy Ash as long as I want to, giving you the promise that he will never leave the Green Mountain Stock Farm alive. I have heard rumors of two or three mares being bred to him this spring, but of course, that means nothing until it is done. I like to see the old fellow around the place, and he certainly is happy where he is.

Hoping this finds you in good health, I am

Yours truly,
Robert L. Knight

CLASSIFIED

5 cents per word

\$1.00 minimum

MORGAN for sale: Stud colt out of Clistie 05987 by Lippitt Sam Twilight 8085, better than 15% Justin Morgan blood, born April 3, 1952. Stud colt out of Firefly's Lady Jane X-06514 by Lippitt Sam Twilight, born March 28, 1952. L. W. Glidden, Indian Hill Farm, Ashland, N. H.

FOR SALE: Registered Morgan gelding, eight years old, bay, sixteen hands. Very fast walker and spirited. Sire, Jubilee King; Dam, Ambition. J. LELAND SHERMAN, JR., Salem, New York, Phone: 3201.

FOR SALE: Two horse trailer, excellent condition. New 6 ply tires, puncture proof tubes. Solid top. Interior light, tack space, escape door. Asking \$400. QUAKER FARM, Groveland, Mass. Haverhill 2-3354.

PEDIGREES TRACED

Complete pedigree including all ancestors registered with American Morgan Horse Register and colors of same. DORCAS THURSTON, Union, Maine.

WILL TRAIN for pleasure use one or two colts, preferably Morgans. Reasonable. References exchanged. Mr. and Mrs. V. J. Rogers, 5096 Sheridan Drive, Williams-ville, N. Y.

DUE TO ill health and our son going into the service, we are forced to sell some of our Reg. Morgans. Two, five-year-old Black Mares, ride and drive; nine-year-old Chestnut Stallion; three-year-old light chestnut stallion, white mane and tail; year old Bay filly. Very reasonably priced. Write or come and see us. LAZY B RANCH, So. Quintens Rd., Palatine, Ill.

FOR SALE 2 English saddles in very good condition. \$40.00 each. Contact Mrs. Roderick Towne, Montpelier, Vt. R. D. #3.

FOR SALE: Pair of bay coming two year old horse colts. Registered Morgan stallion, especially good. Information on request. RAY SEARLS, MEDORA, ILLINOIS.

YOUNG WIDOW, 27, would like work where she can get board for herself and three children. Would be willing to work for man in same position. Any state. Prefer a farm or ranch. References exchanged. Write Mrs. Treadway, Box 149, Auburn, Maine, c/o O'Brien.

WANTED — By the Pine Grove Farm, Forestville, Conn. Registered Morgan mare. Must be a good fast roper. Also plenty of class. Phone: Southington 8-3412.

FOR SALE: A well-mannered, good looking dark bay Morgan gelding; 15-2, 12 years, well-schooled. Sire: Upwey King Peavine, X8074. Dam: Upwey Mollie Reade. Registration No. X8538. Excellent condition. Sacrifice price \$385.00. E. C. THOMPSON, 1311 Bradley Rd., Springfield, Mass. Tel.: 6-8419.

FOR SALE: "Gay Rhythm," stud colt foaled March 1952. By Reg. Morgan Stallion out of Saddlebred mare. This colt has plenty of style. Good home essential. MRS. EDWARD SPLAINE, 5 TOPSFIELD ROAD, WENHAM, MASS. Tel. HAMILTON 788-W.

PROFIT in your spare time. Raise real chinchillas in spare room, basement or garage. Clean, odorless, easy to raise. All stock guaranteed to produce. We help you get started for \$995.00 complete and assure you substantial profits by buying all young stock you can raise. Chinchilla Breeders, 303 Lexington Ave., New York City

AT STUD

**SQUIRE
SKIMP**

9631



Beautiful chestnut stud with light mane and tail.
Stands 15 hands and weighs 1100.

TERMS: PRIVATE TREATY

HYLEE FARMS

Cambria, Wisc.

Dear Sir:

If I may be permitted to toss in my two cents worth I'd like to take exception to a couple of the statements in the otherwise fine article on "Stable Hints" in your January issue.

To say that the Morgans who appear in jumping classes at the National Morgan Show are mostly poor jumpers is hardly being fair to the horses or their trainers when you consider the ridiculous obstacles set for them. Any horseman experienced with jumpers knows that you can't expect jumping performance when the horse does not respect his fences. Two by fours are not heavy enough nor are jumps set at 2' 6" high enough to present any challenge to a well schooled jumper. I have frequently seen famous open jumpers of other breeds clear jumps of 4' 6" or more with ease but consistently refuse or knock-down any fence under 3' 6". Perhaps they are smart enough to recognize the insult implied by the obstacle.

Further, I feel that the article tends to underestimate the famous Morgan intelligence by saying that teaching a Morgan to jump is necessarily a long-term job. Let me cite what happened at this year's National. We were showing a mare for a friend — a mare that was green to all kinds of work under saddle. Fifteen minutes before the pleasure horse championship for which she was eligible we learned that we would again be faced with the obstacle course that had been the downfall of our mare and so many others in the English trail class the night before — the main pitfall being the two-foot brush jump that was first on the course.

My wife then proceeded to teach the mare to jump in only a few minutes time. First she rode the mare over a log on the ground at a walk several times, then the same at a trot. As soon as the mare got the idea of jumping over instead of stumbling over we raised the barrier a little. A few more practice tries and she was ready for the brush which she took in good form.

She was ready by the time the class was called. All that was necessary to teach that Morgan to jump was to inspire her confidence and enlist her cooperation. She was not ready to attempt a big Olympic course, to be sure, but she was well started as a jumper



because she had not been rushed into jumping big obstacles at speed.

Any horse should be able to jump half his own height from a standstill and the novice trainer should be impressed with the fact that a long start or great speed are a hindrance not a help in jumping. If further proof is needed witness the success of Ben Mariles and the Mexican Army team who always keep their horses well collected in jumping. There is no training substitute for *walking and trotting* a green jumper over low fences at first to teach both horse and rider how to coordinate their movements and perfect their form over obstacles. The canter comes later!

Sincerely,
W. Dayton Sumner.

A difference of opinion is what makes a horse race and, evidently in this instance, a jumper.

The suggestions included in the article referred to by the writer of the above, were the result of many years of observing, training, showing and judging hunters and jumpers.

These suggestions were:

1. Train the horse slowly and steadily over low obstacles and on a longe line until he is able to navigate a decent obstacle before riding him over the jump.

2. Canter him in this training because a horse jumps from a canter stance.

Walking and trotting over obstacles to accustom a horse to jumping may suit the trail rider who wishes only to "get over a corncob" but it will never train a horse to get over a real obstacle.

First let us divide this business of jumping into two parts: hunter and jumper.

In the latter the horse is schooled for one end—to get over a tremendous barrier without touching it.

In the training of jumpers, the so-called "Open horse," a much different technique is used than in the schooling of hunters. The open jumper must be made keenly aware of the fact that

he must not touch the obstacle. This is accomplished by a couple of hired hands who stand at the wings of the jump during the schooling period. They hold the ends of a wire. When the horses rear for the jump they snap this wire taught and it snags his hind legs. This teaches the horse to tuck up the offending members. "Tack poles" which as their title indicates are poles with nails in them are used to slap the jumper in the belly as he sails past. A pole with a wire carrying 110 volt current is also a great "inducer" for a stopper.

As one would imagine, open horses, having experienced all these terrors have a tendency to tear into the jump and get the business over with. Hence the common open horse rider's practice of waiking to within a few jumps of the obstacle before turning the horse loose. It also gives the rider an opportunity to gauge the number of strides needed to the take-off point.

We had the good fortune to know intimately the man who once held the world high jumping record. In those days they tied the top pole to the uprights with stirrup leather, further inducement for a horse to "come clean."

But in the training of hunters or the kind of horse you want to own who can sail over a fallen tree on the trail without getting frantic, a far different method is used. Repetition is the word. Over an increasing hurdle, again, and again, and again until he learns how, how to "get in," how to place himself and not to fear this thing looming in front of him, that is the usual method.

True, most horses can hop an ordinary obstacle of low height without any special training—but many dislike to do so and if they are compelled to take several of them without any training for the job they get hot and rush their fences.

We reiterate that most of the Morgans we have seen—with a few notable exceptions, and they have been trained—rush their fences with the wild enthusiasm of the uneducated. Like any green horse in the hunt course they bolt, run out, get in too close peck, stop before jumping or "open jump." All of these are faults on which a hunter judge would score him severely.

We believe, with all our readers that the Morgan's capabilities are enormous. We would not hesitate to say we know
(Continued on next page)

Stallion Register (concluded)

DYBERRY BILLY 9649

Sire: Lippitt Billy Ash Dam: Lippitt Miss Nekomia
Foaled: 1947 Height: 14.3
Color Bay:

Terms: *Private treaty.*

DR. RAY FESSENDEN

Athol, Mass.

PAT'S TEMPTATION 9953

Sire: Lippitt Sam Bun Dam: Burklyn Lassie
Foaled: Sept. 9, 1947 Height: 14.¾ hands
Color and Markings: Chestnut, connecting star and
strip, large snip; left hind sock white.

Terms: *\$35 with return privilege.*

MRS. ROBERT RIEHLMON

204 So. Main St., Homer, N. Y.

DUDE S. SENTNEY 10049

Sire: Juyan 7895 Dam: Helen Herod 06137
Foaled: April 18, 1948 Height: 15 hands
Color and Markings: Chestnut, flaxen mane and tail,

Terms: *\$35 for grade mares to \$50 for registered.*

DEAN CACCANIS

Plank Rd.

Limx, N. Y., Phone: Livoria 805F14

LIPPITT NORMAN 10031

Sire: Lippitt Selassie 8329 Dam: Lippitt Nora 05728
Height: 14 Weight: 900
Foaled: April 12, 1948

Color and Markings: Chestnut with connected star,
Strip and Snip.

Terms: \$50 to approved mares.

G. L. BUNCE STABLES

209 Youngs Rd., Williamsville, N. Y.



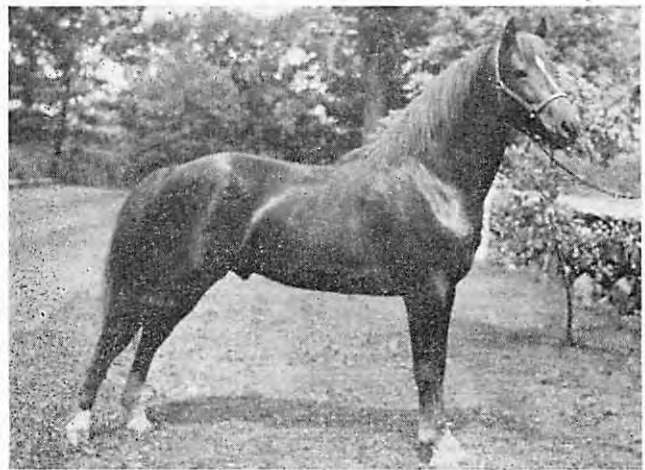
SHERMAN "L" 9536

Sire: Lippitt Jeep 8672 Dam: Rose Bay 04887
Age: 7 Height: 15 Weight: 1056

Terms: \$100 to Approved Mares.

G. L. BUNCE STABLES

209 Young Road, Williamsville, New York



PARADE 10138

Sire Cornwallis

Dam: Mansphyllis

Age: 5 years

Height: 15

Color: Dark Chestnut

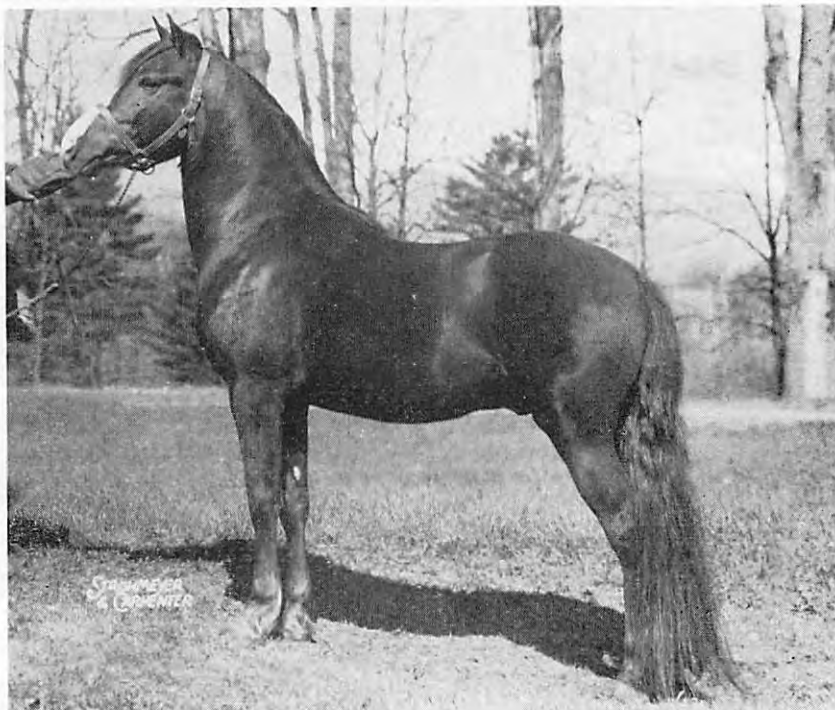
Weight: 1000

Terms: *Private treaty.*

MR. AND MRS. J. CECIL FERGUSON

Greene, R. I.

OUTSTANDING MORGANS FOR SALE



Two, three and
four years old.
All child broke
to ride and
drive and
ready to show.

20 years
experience in
developing suit-
able mounts for
children's use.

Will be pleased
to demonstrate
by appoint-
ment.

Bedford Grove

HAVEY'S

Manchester, N. H.

REGISTERED MORGANS FOR SALE

Lippitt and Archie O Blood Lines

JORGE 10722 Bay Stud Colt, foaled 5/2/51. Sire Nekomias Archie 9122, Dam Ginger De Jarnette 5574.

LILLY BELLE 07303 Bay mare, white star foaled 4/7/47, Sire Archie O 7856, Dam Ginger De Jarnette 05574, excellent child's horse, exceptionally well-trained.

CORKY 10910 Bay Stud weanling, foaled 5/27/52 Sire Nekomias Archie 9122, Dam Lilly Belle 07303 shows promise of excellent Morgan type.

BOLINVAR 10723 Bay Stud Colt, foaled 5/5/51 Sire Nekomias Archie 9122, Dam Lilly Belle 07303.

JEEPSY QUEEN 08632 Bay filly weanling, foaled 8/22/52, Sire Lippitt Jeep 8672, Dam O'Linda 05977.

FANCY'S PRINCE MSB 2204 Registered Half Morgan bay gelding 8 years, wonderful children's jumper, always in the ribbons. A very safe horse for your child.

All the above are offered for sale to good homes at very reasonable prices to make room for our 1953 colts.

Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Hunt

Mid-State Morgan Horse Farm

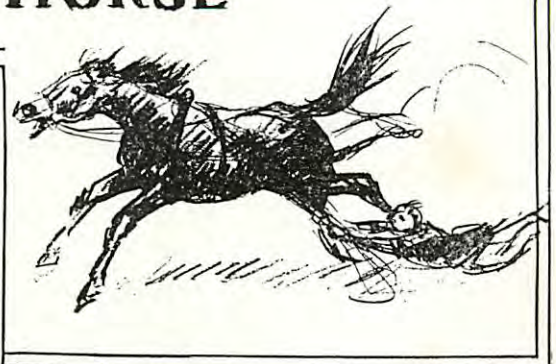
DeMott Road, Middlebush, N. J.
Phone East Millstone 8-2646

ONCE UPON A HORSE



Problems in Pageantry

By OLD TIMER



The Evolution of Horsemanship was a dream of the Chamber of Commerce and I was the addle pated idiot who agreed to stage it for them. It was to be a big event—no expense spared for costumes—and it was planned as a night street parade.

It called for a nightmare of preparation, ordering costumes, lining up horses and riders, planning the route with the police department. A nearby fairgrounds with ample stabling facilities was the rallying point and eventually the mammoth event got underway and erupted onto Main street in full panoply.

First there was an Indian in full feathers bareback on a spotted horse. Behind him came his family on a pair of travois, although the motive power objected to the crossed sticks and had to be led.

Then came a knight in full armor. Followed the Three Musketers, Paul Revere, General Sheridan, a buckboard and pair, cowboys, a coach and four, a surrey, several buggies, a depot hack and pair, trotters and sulkies, a miniature hunt — with hounds — and a gaited horse with top-hatted rider.

There were three of us on the coach, the driver, the man who owned the leaders and I—I because it gave me a vantage point to spot trouble either ahead or behind.

It was a fine, frosty fall evening. The parade drew a big hand as it paced down Main street and each horse and rider or driver did his part with costume and expression to convey the illusion of his spot in history.

The line wheeled over the depot bridge in a circuitous move which would bring it eventually back onto Main street—and then is where the trouble started.

A locomotive picked that inauspicious moment to pass under the bridge.

General Sheridan was safely across and the buckboard spurted and gained the other side before the "puffer billy" went under. But the "cowboys" had none of the no-how which usually goes with the deep saddle and they had themselves a time. To cap it all the four horse hitch got ideas. In our ignorance we had used only straight bits on both leaders and wheelers. The latter, a light pair of work horses from the water department were docile enough. But the leaders, a pair of 1100-pound bays suffering from too much grain and not enough work acted up as soon as the "westerns" started. They finally bolted.

The driver was an old livery stable man of great experience but little strength. The owner of the leaders, who squatted just back of him on the high, rocking vehicle grabbed the ends of the reins behind the driver. Thinking this a good idea I grabbed on behind him. We finally stopped the quartet before we had run down the pseudo fugitives from the western plains. Once again the line straightened out.

Then disaster loomed again. We hit a stretch of wood block paving. This type of street armor, long fallen into disuse was once popular in certain areas. But when lightly frosted it was as slippery as a kettle of home made lard. Horses skidded and slid but managed to stay right side up with the notable exception of Paul Revere. His big gelding, always clumsy, went down with a resounding thump and with him went his famous rider, many-caped cloak, tri-cornered hat and all. That was bad enough but Paul chanced to be carrying an antique tin lantern, a valuable thing I had pledged my life to safeguard. When I saw Paul go down, I leaped off the slow-moving coach and sprinted to his aid.

By the time I reached him he was inextricably tangled with his cloak and reins and the lantern lay, extinguished in the street. I rushed to retrieve it, saw that it was still intact and hurried back to the coach with it despite Paul's piteous cries for aid.

That, in brief was the Evolution of Horsemanship as staged by the Chamber of Commerce save for a brief anticlimax.

The knight in armor had showed up for the parade well fortified against the rigors of the frosty evening. He had had trouble fitting his too small steel cap. Finally, in desperation someone had banged it down onto his head.

When we returned from the parade, when horses had been put away and costumes checked and packed, when everybody was relaxed and enjoying a "well-done" cigaret, the knight wandered disconsolately out of the shadows of the big fairgrounds barn. He was still in armor, still well fortified and complaining bitterly of the fact that he could not extricate himself from his iron clothing. That was all that relaxed crew needed. They caught a hay hook under his knightly belt, hauled him a half dozen feet into the air and a half dozen willing hands fastened into that helmet.

There was a long wail from the knight, a grunt from the "grippers" and a sound like a hoof coming out of the spring mud.

STABLE HINTS

(Continued from preceding page)

of nothing he cannot do. We love his courage and his "let's give it a try" attitude. But let's give him a chance. You don't expect a Morgan to win a driving class or a saddle event without schooling. Why expect him to win a jumping event without preparation?



WIND-CREST

"The Home of Morgan Champions"

OFFER FOR SALE

LIPPITT ROB ROY 8450

Sire: Lippitt Sam 7857

Dam: Adeline Bundy 04584

WIND-CREST CASANOVA 10873

Sire: Upwey Ben Don 8843

Yearling Stallion—worthy of heading your stock

Dam: Ingrid 05292

INGRID 05292 in foal to Upwey Ben Don

Sire: Mansfield 7255

Dam: Urnice 04512

Dam of Donlyn of Wind-Crest 10273—1st prize 3-year-old stallion, 1952 National Morgan Horse Show.

Dam of Wind-Crest Dona Lee 08124—2nd prize 2-year-old mares, 1952 National Morgan Horse Show and a mare that you will want to watch in 1953.

DUCHESS OF WIND-CREST 07995

Sire: Hilltop Prince 9194

A 3-year-old filly broken to ride and drive, safe for a child.

Dam: Upwey Benn Quietude 06391

1st prize filly — 1950 National Morgan Horse Show

WIND-CREST SPRINGTIME 08578

Sire: Starfire 10170

Dam: Upwey Casablanca 06156

1st prize—mare and colt, 1952 National Morgan Horse Show

2nd prize—weanling filly, 1952 National Morgan Horse Show

*We are forced to sell these to make room for our spring colts.
Write for pedigree, prices and pictures or better still, visit us.*

Mr. and Mrs. F. O. DAVIS

Windsor, Vermont

Valerie Low
294 Chamberlain Road
Honeoye Falls, NY 14472