BAR-T FARMS PRESENT

DEERFIELD CHALLENGER 10147

1955 New England Champion Morgan
1955 New England Champion Morgan in Harness
1955 Massachusetts Champion Morgan

Deerfield Challenger Age 6 is sired by Orcland Leader and his dam is Lady Field. His sire and dam have had the honor of winning National Morgan Grand Championships and have both been New England Champions. This young stallion has been bred, raised and trained at the Bar-T Farms.

Lady Field is Dam of:
Deerfield Challenger
Deerfield Meadow
Deerfield Leading Lady
Deerfield Phyllistine
Bar-T Twinkle
Bar-T Conqueror

Orcland Leader is Sire of:
Deerfield Challenger
Deerfield Leading Lady
Deerfield Phyllistine
Bar-T Twinkle
Bar-T Conqueror

All of the above get have been blue ribbon winners.

AT STUD — FEE $100.00

DEERFIELD CHALLENGER 10147
ORCLAND LEADER 9038

Breed To A Champion

Mr. and Mrs. STEPHEN P. TOMPKINS ★

Rowley, Mass.
BROADWALL FARM

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cecil Ferguson
Greene, R. I.

PARADE
10138

For Sale
Weanlings
Yearlings
Bred Mares
Dear Sir:

From 1932 to April 1951 on account of health and labor I had a big sale and sold all my horses. My horses were the crosses of bloodlines of Headlight Morgan, Linsley, Querido and Jubilee King. All the colts I raised carried the name of Sentney. I shipped and hauled registered Morgans to very near every state in the United States and some foreign countries. I owned such stallions as Justa, Juzan, Sir Linsley, Texas Tiger, Miami Snip Ray, Roscoe and Chas. Sentney.

I am a member of the Morgan Horse Club, Inc. and take the Morgan Horse Magazine. I have been paralyzed flat on my back. May never walk again. I get a lot of enjoyment reading the magazine.

Yours very truly,
R. S. Sentney
Table Top Stock Farm
Hutchinson, Kansas

Dear Sir:

Now that "our" magazine has many more pictures of Morgans, I can't see how it could be improved. The only drawback is, that when it arrives at my home, everything has to stop while I go through it from cover to cover.

We did some "horse visiting" on our vacation this year, and included was a visit to Mrs. Rice's Morgans in Meredith, N. H. I never saw a nicer group of horses. Lippitt Sam Twilight is just gorgeous, I could have spent a week just looking at him. All the Morgans were lovely, but two others in particular took my eye. One is a striking filly, Sadie Ashbrook—just about the dearest little foal I've ever seen. And Lippitt Hannah impressed me very much, so much color, style and beauty in one horse. We went into their pasture to visit with the horses, and they literally swarmed all over us, each one looking for attention. One mare went over to visit my Dad, put her head on his shoulder and promptly fell asleep. She stayed there all during our visit, and was quite upset when her comfortable "pillow" had to leave. Even my mother, who

(Continued on Next Page)
The Editor's Comments

We were off to a good start this morning when one of our well-known Morgan breeders, Mrs. Anna Ela of the Townshend Morgan-Holstein Farm, dropped by to leave an order for eight paid gift subscriptions for some of her horse-loving friends. We could not help but indulge in a little mental arithmetic, as we thought of where we would jump in the "circulation world," if we only had more Anna Elas among our readers. Yes, we would certainly be "leading the pack."

Then as we began to lay out the pages for this issue we were again pleasantly surprised when we started counting the full and even two-page ads which would make this one of our larger and better issues. It is with pride that we write these lines. Pride in our breeders who have made possible this large issue to start our new year.

We are glad to have Mr. Knight back with a full-page contract for the year. Our thanks to Mr. Ferguson of Broadwall Farm for this contract. You all know the amount of advertising he has been taking regularly. He will be glad to tell you the excellent results he has obtained.

During the past year we have also noted those advertising even though they have nothing to sell. Kennebec Farms in Maine, and the Clarks in Ameshury are two who come to mind. This type of good-will advertising is essential if we are to take advantage of the great amount of favorable publicity the Morgan has been receiving in recent years. National telecasts of Morgans in action, and large entry lists at shows are in themselves not sufficient. We are in an age when the world no longer beats a path to the door of the inventor of the better mousetrap.

Our president, "Ted" Davis is now visiting breeders throughout the widely scattered sections of the country. Some of you have stated you just cannot find the time to prepare your advertising. This is your opportunity to let "Ted" help you prepare your copy, not just for one issue, but for all of 1956. If we could have 10 breeders taking full-page ads for this year, our magazine would be self-supporting. Many cannot take this amount, but the smaller ads will also add up to make possible the largest and best horse magazine published.

As "Ted" views your Morgans, and tells you of the National Morgan Club's plans to make the Morgan the best-known as well as the best piece of "horseflesh" in the country, think of what you can do to make your Morgans the best-known in your own section.

Let's start by making our National Stallion issue a listing of every good Morgan stallion registered. The Morgan has done his part. Now it is up to you.

Letters

(Continued from Preceding Page)

...not brave with strange horses, made friends with these nice Morgans. All of these lovely Morgans won us over with their gentleness, friendliness and affection. If all Morgans are like these, they must truly be a wonderful breed.

There is a very lovely half-Morgan here in Littleton — Bay State Trinket owned by Miss Carol Todd. Trinket is a bay filly sired by Bay State Torrence. She has splendid conformation and one of the finest heads I’ve ever seen, with very large expressive and intelligent eyes.

And how many people have had the privilege of seeing Lippman Hawk? He is owned by the Ben Smalleys of Acton. I for one, don't ever expect to see a more beautiful horse. He's perfect from nose to tail—when he starts showing, the best Morgans will have a run for their money.

When I have more room, I want to get a Morgan filly or mare to go with my Arab-Flackney mare.

Sincerely,

Claire Garceau

(Continued on Page 30)
I read in the papers day after day of shootings and robbery, of teenage beatings and petty thefts, of high speed collisions and death at the wheel, and even of a knifing at the church steps, and I wonder if the West of yesteryear was in any way wilder than the West of today. The problem is how to handle our young folks, and guide them in the right path.

A lot is said by authorities and educated folks who have studied the thing, blaming parents for the actions of the kids, a lot of that is true. More is said in excusing the young folks by telling of the change in social conditions and the high speed of today's life, and much of that is true also, problems being there that are far beyond my education or thinking ability. But the problem of choosing good or bad has been eternally with man, and as the saying goes, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make him drink, and you can show youth the path, but you cannot make him walk on it. Many a youth has stepped from the straight and narrow for a moment to find that he can't make it back.

A teenage man makes many of his own decisions, and it is up to him to choose the right way, no one can force him, and he'll always find that the long range fun is on the right side of the narrow margin. You cannot live it over again from either side, but on the right side you can make it go on a lot longer.

—The Author

By Ern Pedler

He'd liked the fun at first, and the excitement and the mischief of the thing, and it satisfied the wildness in him, and was an answer to the flare of his temper. The old boost of exultation had come to him when he had gathered up a little bunch of cattle from the range, cattle of assorted brands from the various ranches. He'd run them into a deep ragged gulch, blocked them in with dead brush, and one by one he had thrown them. Using a cinch ring for a running iron he had changed the brands, working each one over into any brand that lent itself well, whether he knew it to be registered or not. Then with some night riding he drove them back down the mountain, scattering them across the flats. The fun had come, when in a day or two some rider riding line along the great unfenced, discovered the strange fresh brands, and after a day's moving around through the scattering of cattle had brought word in to the post office. The news had gone out then, and a dozen ranchers had come, making their big circles, gathering in the unknown brands, and the Kid had ridden as a representative from his dad's own spread. Cheerful he was, and smiling, and bouyant with youth, and the points of the face and the jawline were not sharpened by the years. Real helpful he had been, riding his big circle with the others, cutting out the strange brands and bringing them into the holding grounds. A mean sati-

The MORGAN HORSE
He saw no one, but knew someone was there, and a gradual fear squeezed at his stomach. He wiped his knife on the grass, and keeping his head down walked slowly to his horse. He stepped up, still looking away from the hill and rode down the draw.

At the mouth of the draw he turned into the deep brush, moving back along that side some. He tied his horse, pulled his rifle from its boot and climbed quietly back to where he could see the butchered cattle, and was in time to see a man shake out a hide to look at the brand. It was the rider Ed Malotte had sent to help the Spaniard. Meanness came to the kid and hate, and the drive of excitement that pushed him on. He called, and as the man straightened, squeezed the trigger and watched the rider go down. But the shot was only half good, and the man rolled, and scrambled like a lizard to the thick brush, lifted himself into the saddle, and holding fast to the saddle horn rode wild and hard down the draw, blood running down to fill his boot, and was far out on the flat pointing to Malotte's when the kid reached his horse, and now for sure he had crossed the narrow margin and was a wanted man.

He punished his horse across the miles to home then, stirring up a tall dust and at the home corral roped out the best horse the old man owned, and without a word to anyone he left, taking only the food still in his saddle bags. But when he angled to the hills another tall dust showed, riding to cut him off, and he knew this would be Ed Malotte. Some of the fun came to him now, and the excitement and the meanness pushed him on, and he thought that now he would find out about those Vermont horses. He found out some of it soon enough all right when Ed closed the gap and forced him into the high ledges, and when dark came he was high in the tops, fumbling to find his way out. He was cautious now, the crashing of brush or the rolling of rocks would lead Ed to him, and he moved on foot, trying to find a way out. The moon didn't help him the way he had hoped, the clouds putting a curtain across the sky, and during the night it drizzled a little, let up, and then rained hard, adding to his discomfort. But by morning he had worked his way down the east side of the mountain, leading his horse, and when daylight came he stepped into the saddle and worked
Chapter I. Pets vs Stable Horses

When a child, in all seriousness, asks an adult, "How high is up?", and the adult is able to give an answer satisfactorily to both, then the "unknown" does not seem so impenetrable and disturbing. Two years ago at summer camp a young girl came to me with tears in her eyes. Why had her favorite horse stepped on a wild rabbit just because the rabbit happened to be directly in the horse's path at the time the horse was walking over to the water tub? Why didn't he stop, or step aside? The girl immediately lost all faith in her favorite's gentleness. This was a horse she loved and trusted, and he had just deliberately killed another animal. I do not remember the child, but I vividly recall the anxiety I felt trying to explain mother nature's actions, and why an animal may not have concern for the comfort or safety of another. I satisfied the child, but not myself. That's why I'm in this business — to try to find some of the answers, so that education of a young rider becomes more than merely a result of physical prowess and accomplishment.

For several years I changed from one summer camp to another. The camps were run well, and I liked their policies but the cause of my constant restlessness was the riding department at each. It was always the same story — the camps paid so much per head, and hired their horses from a local stable each summer. You never knew what type of horse you would be getting for two months, nor did you know the type of instructor who had handled them the previous ten months. To me, this was not the ideal method for teaching riding to children. Some horses knew leads at a canter, others did not. Some required a heavy hand and a heavy foot, while others required so light a hand and heel that there were no riders up to them. It was especially difficult with beginner riders — here is an awkward, inexperienced (and perhaps apprehensive) child asked to mount, and learn to ride, an animal whose habits and training the instructor has very little knowledge of. It's rather scary when you think that the instructor is responsible for the lives of the children! Under these camp circumstances I have had to care for wormy, lame, old, and badly trained mounts. And at a tender age I have obtained gray hairs with the spooky, "car and everything shy" horses, and have been kicked, bitten, dragged and otherwise circumscribed, by camp horses I had very little say about!

In the winter of 1952, I applied to a camp that owned their own horses — I have been there ever since. It's a small camp in Vermont, and when I took over the riding, the string consisted of seven Welsh Mountain ponies who boarded with a local farmer during the winter months. Since that first summer I have, with financial aid from the camp and a good deal of "Yankee Trading", built up the string to eleven beasts of all sizes, and ages running from a 5 months old Welsh-Morgan filly to a vigorous 20 year old. In August of 1952 the Camp Killooleet directors felt that their horses would benefit if they were ridden and properly looked after during the winter. I jumped at the opportunity to fulfill an incessant dream. Fay School in Southboro, Mass. also felt that this would be an opportunity for them — another sport that few private elementary boarding schools could boast of offering. There is here an acre riding ring, a pasture, and we have access to six miles of wooded trails privately owned by the parents of one of our younger boys.

Now the obstacles have been removed as far as questionable mounts are concerned. Old ponies have been put to sleep, undesirable ponies have been sold, and each new animal has been carefully selected as to size and disposition. Each horse or pony has a definite place in the string — this one is quiet enough for the apprehensive beginner, that one jumps well, this one requires advanced signals, that one helps the child learn posting by his elevated trot, etc. Now a child can be assigned to an animal best suited to his or her personality, physical aptitude, and previous training. As each horse is known to me in every aspect, riding instruction is then a result of a personal relationship between the rider and instructor, and between the
rider and horse. From the rider's viewpoint, it is a matter of learning a skill and carrying it as far as the child is capable of doing for the time he or she remains in attendance at school or camp.

Why should there be a personal relationship between child and animal, and between child and instructor? By a personal relationship I refer to one that embodies a mutual trust, warmth, confidence and understanding—a security and exchange of ideas where words are not necessary. The three elements involved when horseback riding and the education of children become fused, are safety, mental comfort and pleasure. Without any one of these elements, neither of the other two is possible. Without this rapport between child and instructor, the riding lesson is partly wasted on personalities trying to mesh, rather than the time being spent entirely on skills and abilities. Thus, the instructor can spend the hour on diagonals and have the pupil practice. An adult pupil will know that a criticism from the instructor is pertaining to his ability alone, and will not take it personally as a child is apt to do. Riding is an individual sport and there is not that sense of security that one feels being one of many on a team. With a relationship between child and instructor already established, no tension arises and no words have to be carefully chosen—each knows the other's disposition, attitudes, and behavior patterns. Thus, at the end of the lesson, whether the particular skill has been mastered or not, the result is a satisfactory experience because both the child and instructor enjoyed each other's company and the lesson has been one of pleasure.

A personal relationship between child and animal is just as important and no more difficult to establish. This can only be accomplished, of course, if the children are around the horses a great deal. We call it "Pony Crew," and the children beg to be on it both at camp and at school. They observe the animals' habits and behavior under all circumstances, help feed and water, groom, tack up, lead to and from pasture, assist in training foals, and even learn that mucking out is not as distasteful as many people suppose. They are learning responsibility, diligence, and initiative. They are playing an important part in the life of a horse, and certainly the reverse is true. Thus, the animal is a pet and a friend; not merely a stable horse that the child mounts, rides, dismounts, and knows nothing else about except its name. The element of fear is eliminated when the horse is a pet. A child has confidence in a horse he can hop on bareback in the pasture, hug even while the animal is eating grain, and who responds with a whinny when approached and called by name. When the child is mounted, he or she trusts the horse beneath him, and pleasure is not derived solely from a mad canter—induced by novels and television, I fear. The child is also concerned with the animal's comfort. The horse will not be blamed for a rider's inability to give a proper signal or aid. The horse senses a relaxed rider, is not being unnecessarily kicked or jabbed in the mouth, and receives a pat for his effort.

How do you produce pets from a string of ordinary horses all with various backgrounds and handling? In the next issue the chapter is titled The Horse As A Personality, and deals not only with the "how," but also with both pros and cons of horses as pets. However, I cannot overemphasize the importance of the "why," especially when dealing with children under 15 years of age. By establishing these proper relationships, the 3 vital elements (safety, mental comfort, and pleasure), are accomplished. The riding lessons become neither a period of labor for the child, nor a task for the instructor.
Report on Winnie

By Betty Winn

I don't know which was the happiest day of my life, December 7th, the day I got the letter from Mr. Otho F. Eusey telling me I'd won Windcrest Starfire (Winnie) in this Magazine's Colt Contest, or December 18th, the day I received him from Mr. F. O. Davis of Windsor, Vermont. That whole month of December, a year ago, was the happiest month of my life that I can remember.

I keep Winnie at Top Rail Farm on East Pleasant St. It is owned by Mr. Richard Nelson, the head horseman at the University of Massachusetts. It is about a mile from our house. We do not have any land to build a barn to keep Winnie in, but I hope that some day I can have him closer to me.

Winnie had been getting eight pounds of grain and as much hay as he will eat in addition to grazing a day until a couple of weeks ago when we decided that he was getting too fat. Now he gets about six pounds of grain a day. I know all these figures because I have to know them for our records for our 4-H Horse Club.

Everyday that it is possible, Winnie goes out in a big pasture with four other horses, and a herd of cows. He has to go out to get some of the spunk out of him.

After I got Winnie, I had a little trouble controlling him because he would rear a lot, but with Mr. Nelson's help I soon learned how to teach him to behave himself.

Last February, Winnie sprained his ankle while he was out at pasture with another horse. The Nelsons and I all took turns soaking his ankle in warm water and epsom salts three times a day for a couple of weeks.

Winnie and I go on long walks as often as we can, so he is very used to cars, trucks, dogs, papers blowing around and people.

On May 7, Dr. Francis Austin gelded Winnie. He was almost a year old.

At the end of May I led him in a parade through the center of Amherst. He behaved very nicely. He loves to have people admire him, and he is a little show-off.

Winnie was on television in July, advertising the National Morgan Horse Show. It was a lot of fun.

He had pulled a tendon just before the show, so he barely made it. In the 4-H Fitting and Showmanship class we placed second. He was very good there except that he was so bored with it, I had a hard time keeping him awake.

After the show we trailered him up to Maine. Before going we visited Miss Margaret Gardiner to ask her advice on the kinds of flies that would bother Winnie, and other questions that would help me to care for him properly. It was a very long ride, eight hours, but Winnie was just wonderful.

We kept him in Maine for two weeks, and in those two weeks he became very spoiled. He became nippy, but got over that as soon as he got back to his home at the Nelsons. He got back with nothing wrong with him except a rubbed tail, where the bandage on his tail had slipped down.

In September there was a 4-H Horse Show held in North Amherst about two miles from the Nelsons. We won the 4-H Fitting and Showmanship class.

Mrs. Winthrop Dakin checks Winnie and his stall for our 4-H club, and she helps me very much by telling me what should be done to improve on making Winnie and his stall neater and cleaner.

He can longe very well, and he is becoming a good driving horse.

I am very happy with Winnie, and wouldn't part with him for anything. It seems as if I have always owned him, although it has been only one year.

Our 1956 Colt Contest with free colts to those receiving the most subscriptions will be announced in the March issue. Plan now to win the Morgan colt you have always wanted.
The picture this month is of young Jeffy at the age of three years. It was taken in June on the eighth day of his ten-day course under Mr. N at my alma mater. You will notice that his teacher has got him up and into the bit, and that he is light and collected, alert and animated. It would have been fun to have shown you another picture, but it is too poor to print. It shows Jeffy ten days earlier just before he went to college. He is being ridden by a young friend of mine and he appears to be just a nice, quiet, little child’s horse with no presence and no boldness, just plugging along. It does not seem possible that it is the same horse pictured ten days apart.

I have ridden him a great deal this fall and winter although never far or long. He is, after all, only three and a half, although technically a four-year-old on the first of January. We held a 4-H riding school near here each Saturday this fall, and while one or more children rode Bonnie I rode Jeffy for his education in crowds of horses. The first time he spent about a quarter of the time bucketing about with excitement before he settled down. By the third lesson he was so quiet that I gave him to Betty to ride. These lessons are very hard on Bonnie. She is such a good girl that anybody can ride her, so the temptation is to give her to anyone even real beginners. As a result I can see in the course of the hour that she progressively dies from boredom and from all the little unintended jerks and bumps she gets from unskilled hands and unsteady seats. This is of course very bad for her training and her spirit. It is what happens to riding school horses and why they get heavier and deader as they quiet down and become safe for beginners. I am afraid I must withdraw Bonnie from the riding school next spring when we start again or give her to one child for the whole course. It seems a mean thing to do when so many of the young people have colts they cannot ride, or horses too far away to bring.

I received three new British horse books for Christmas. Toby gave me Pat Smyth’s “Jump for Joy” which is a wonderful account of the life and horses of this young woman who, as a member of Britain’s International Jumping Team, has won so strikingly all over Europe, Canada and the United States. It is the story of a very nice person who loves and appreciates her horses, as well as that of a thoroughgoing horsewoman. The two little books I gave myself are “Riding on a Small Income” by R. S. Summerhays which covers everything from buying and holding a horse to caring for and riding it. The other is also a tiny book “The Art of Show Jumping” by Lt. Col. J. A. Talbo-Ponsonby. It interested me very much because the author uses photographs with critical comments to make his points. The whole book consists of this technic. I think there are only three pages in the entire book which is text unrelated to the analysis of photographs. In other words it is the expert use of the method I have found so useful in my very small teaching way, as I tried to show in Part 33 of this Journal in the last issue. This book is only of interest to people who show jumpers, or to those like myself who like to watch jumping with some knowledge of what is involved.

About a year ago I wrote of Jeffy’s run-away in harness. He had twisted a rein under a shaft and I got down from the cart to untangle it and while I was on the ground he took off and I could not hold him. This fall with the expert help of the other Mr. N, my neighbor, we started him again in harness. He was fine the first two drives, walking off with the cart as if nothing had happened. Then on my suggestion, we switched to a blind bridle from the open bridle he had worn all his driving life. Then we had plenty of trouble. Every little thing set him off. Jeffy took another route tearing up the jump down the wall. For a few minutes I was afraid he would take a more dangerous route down a flight of stone steps onto the hayland. He had more sense and finally went galloping down the path between the flower beds to join her in a mad, kicking, plunging career over the acres of hay. It took one more similar lesson before I decided that it was better to leave one in while I let the other out.

JANUARY—FEBRUARY 1956
The job of press secretary at a modern racetrack is not an easy one. Press releases have to be checked and double-checked in order to achieve just the right balance of publicity that will interest a newspaper-reading public without endangering the precarious position any racetrack occupies in any locality. Sometimes the man has luck, sometimes he has the "natural," the story with universal appeal. Sometimes, though, the story has a deeply rooted past and is only the final result of a long chain of circumstances. 1948 was Citation's year. It seemed as if the devil-red of the Calumet silks would be in the winner's circle after every important three-year-old stakes. April 12 was the date for the Chesapeake Trail Stakes, one of the fixtures for three year olds at Maryland's old Havre de Grace track. The usual press releases on Citation had gone out. With the gloomy prospect of a minus wagering pool and the bright headlines that Citation continued unbeaten, the press box men had almost written their copy before the race was run. Not much over a minute later, there was a new headline. Citation was beaten, a little chestnut colt named Saggy had turned the trick with some ease. That was only the beginning. Not many races later little Saggy broke down, leaving Citation the three-year-old champion with only one lost race on his record. The next year saw Citation again a champion, this time of the handicap ranks. Another racing year and he was retired to the stud with fanfares of advertising and a phenomenal fee. Finally it was 1955 and the first of the Citations were two year old racehorses. As befitting children of a champion, they were brought along slowly, and somewhat late in the winter season, one of the most promising was to make its first start. Another press secretary and more releases, the first starter, and surely the first winner, for mighty Citation. Came the race, only a baby race to be sure, and came more headlines, for the winner wasn't the one by Citation, but instead a smart two year old by a horse called Saggy, an old nemesis, by no means buried. 

One hundred years ago there were no press secretaries, no multi-million dollar racing plant with million dollar betting days. Most of the time it wasn't even running racing. There was organized flat racing in the South and parts of the East, but throughout New England and the mid-west the trotter held full sway and at almost every little fair he was the main attraction. Usually there was a grandstand, but not always. The tracks were level, more or less, and harrowed, more or less. Usually their mile distance was scrupulously measured, however, sometimes with an extra yard added, just to make sure, for there was always the hope that some day, in some race, some horse might set a new record, and none who chanced to see it wanted the glory to be marred by the words "short track". There were no publicity men for these little fairgrounds meets, rarely anything we would call press releases beforehand. If some great horse was barnstorming through the area, there might be a few bright broadsides tacked up in the blacksmith shop or on the sides of a few wooden bridges, but that would be all. If the editor of the local paper happened to be reasonably sport-inclined, the races were written up later. Occasionally some local scribe would write a glowing report of some particular race and send it to the Albany Cultivater or old Wallace's Monthly. Some of those accounts are extremely well-done and show a close familiarity with trotting racing as well as a faithfully accurate description of the race itself. Others concerned themselves with the size of the crowd, with wonderful Surtees-like descriptions of the attire of the ladies and gentlemen present and only managed to get in the winner's name as a sort of afterthought. Some of these make dull reading indeed, and it would seem as if the racing of a hundred years ago was also a dull thing, without the side-lights we are accustomed to today. Such is a far cry from truth, however, for people then knew their race horses very well indeed, and remembered them as individuals for many years afterward. Some there must have been, one bright September day in 1876 who remembered another Fall day some eighteen years previously. The meet this day in Grand Rapids, Michigan was not a large one, but it had attracted some very good trotters. One race drew a particularly good field, the chestnut Golden Farmer, the honest grey Silver Heels, the smart little bay mare Lady MOScow, and a smallish brown gelding called George Randall. Lady MOScow was favored, and the grey horse had his backers, but relatively few of the people there cheered the little brown Randall horse as he made his appearance on the track. Three easy heats later George Randall had won the race.

There was no real need for revenge, for his sire was already a great and successful horse, but there were those present who remembered another Fall day in Michigan when A. C. Fisk's brown stallion MOScow had beaten two good Morgans, Mr. Fisk's own black stallion Vermont Hero, famous as the sire of General Knox, and the three year old Macomb Chief. The latter's name was changed the following year to Magna CHARTA and he was destined to be a great racehorse and even greater sire. George Randall was one of his good, but by no means best, sons and he won easily over Fisk's MOScow's very best daughter that September 17 in Grand Rapids. To prove it was no accident, the brown gelding started twice more within ten days, winning both times before being sold, reportedly to be a country doctor's road horse.

The story of Magna CHARTA really began back in Vermont before 1820. In the central portion of the state, around Tunbridge, Bethel and Randolph, Woodbury Morgan was considered by local people to be the best stallion in Vermont. He was almost universally admired, and for a decade it is to be doubted whether any mare whose owner believed her to be a potential producer of sales quality colts went to any other horse. At that time, farmers who bred a colt or two each year for eventual sale to the city markets were much more apt to patronize a single stallion then they are today. Not that today's Morgan breeders are any more rugged individualists than their predecessors, but because the canny Vermonter of a century ago had his eye firmly fixed on the better price matched pairs and fours brought. It was usual for the breeders to group their colts as pairs if possible, because a good team always brought an easy three times the price of two single horses. Southern breeders patronized the flashy chestnut and grey Messe-
gers and Clays for the same reason, but New England buyers were more conservative even than their Southern neighbors and a team of dark chestnuts or coppery bays always sold well in Boston and other New England cities. Although most of Woodbury's get in Vermont went as geldings to the city market, a few entire colts remained, one of which was Morgan Eagle, one of the triumvirate of great sires got by the Woodbury horse. He was out of one of Moses Cheney's mares, a bay, and said to have been by Bulrush Morgan. When Morgan Eagle was a two year old he was sold at auction with his dam for $75. His value increased rapidly however. Several owners later he was sold for $300 and at the age of fifteen brought $600, an almost unheard-of price for such an old horse. He was one of the largest of the early Morgans, close to sixteen hands, and valued accordingly because good size was difficult to attain in Morgans and highly prized in sales prospects. He was a dark bay, rugged and a little heavy-set for a Woodbury horse, but with his sire's pleasant driving manners and attractive appearance. His fame as a sire of trotting racehorses came after his death as both Sorrel Ned and Lady Sutton were from his last crop of foals. The latter was one of the first Morgans to enter the standard list and was a very great race mare.

Morgan Eagle's most successful breeding son was also sired very close to the end of the old horse's lifetime, was, in fact, foaled the year before his death. Henderson's Morgan Eagle, usually known as Morgan Eagle, Jr., was much like his sire, a big dark bay horse, sixteen hands in height and weighing close to twelve hundred pounds. His dam was said to have been a Morgan mare, which is highly probable since there was little else in that section of Vermont. Henderson's Morgan Eagle was owned, until he was eight, by Philip Farnham of Tunbridge, who at one time had owned his sire. He was sold that year to John Henderson of Conesus, New York, who showed him successfully at the old New York State Fair before taking him to Michigan. He attracted a great deal of interest there and was considered one of the leading sires on the peninsula. It was the great success of this Morgan stallion that persuaded A. C. Fisk of Coldwater to send to Vermont for another Morgan, the black Vermont Hero, known to Maine breeders as the sire of General Knox. Oddly, Vermont Hero, whose breeding credentials could not have been better, had less success in Michigan than Morgan Eagle, Jr. As a matter of fact, he did not sire one successful stallion although several of his daughters, bred to Morgan Eagle's son Magna Charta, did produce some excellent trotters.

Most of the broodmares in Michigan in 1850 were descendents of Kentucky and Tennessee stock, and the dam of Magna Charta was one of these. Early records give her name as Ophelia and her sire as Grey Eagle (Coman's), but this seems entirely erroneous as Coman's Grey Eagle was a contemporary of Magna Charta's, and was not in the Michigan and Wisconsin area early enough to have sired a mare old enough to produce a foal in 1855. An apparently more accurate record describes her as a chestnut granddaughter of old Sir Archy, with crosses to Wild Deer (probably Tennessee's Wildair) and imported Whip. Her colt, Macomb Chief, later to be named Magna Charta, was a bay like his sire, but a great deal smaller and lighter. He was under fifteen hands in height and never weighed over nine hundred pounds. As a yearling his natural trotting action attracted a great deal of favorable attention and a number of Michigan horseman journeyed to Utica to see Voorhees phenomenon. A number of offers were made for the colt, and a number refused, until a syndicate of horsemen bought him, an unbroken and untried two year old, for $7,500. It was then considered a world's record price for a colt. His owners proceeded then to confound the numbers of horsemen who shook their heads over such a price by making a tidy profit on the horse. After his loss to Fisk's Moscow as a three year old, his only start that year, he won three races at four, one in 2:33 to become the world's fastest four year old stallion. This record broke the one of another Morgan, Ethan Allen, by almost four seconds. Two years later he bettered his four year old mark by one full second and the following season made an attempt at time which gave him his official record of 2:31. He won a total of ten races, all but two of which were in Michigan. His best race was against the black gelding Cooley in Chicago, July 4, 1867, and resulted in a heat, which if it had been allowed would have put Magna Charta safely on the standard list. The race was for the best two of three heats and the little bay stallion won the first two both in 2:331/2. In the third heat, Cooley's driver was desperate, for he was driving a horse that had already beaten 2:30 a number of times—both horses were pressed close to their limits and it resulted in a dead heat, trotted in 2:281/2. It is not exactly understandable why this heat was trotted for at all, since Magna Charta had already won the race, yet it was, and even more oddly, was disallowed. Another heat, the fourth actually, the third officially was run off with Cooley the winner in 2:34. The race was before a large holiday crowd and was for $2000, a not insignificant sum, but the mechanics of it are as hard to understand now as they must have been to Magna Charta's owners eighty-nine years ago.

Magna Charta first gained fame as a sire when Sorrel Dan began to win in 1862. The property of W. H. Mead the chestnut gelding attracted little notice at first. He won his first few races, but they were in moderate time against moderate company. Finally Dan Mace, one of the best drivers of trotting horses of all time, was attracted to the leggy chestnut and offered to drive him. The colt came to himself rapidly and began to win consistently. He was raced as Sorrel Dan and as Dan Mace, more or less indiscriminately, and under both names managed to account for 24 races and almost $25,000. As race after race fell to the high, climbing trot of Sorrel Dan, the demand for the get of Magna Charta rose sharply and Michigan pastures were scoured for any that seemed capable of winning trot. A. B. DeHart found the best one, however, when he picked up a small, somewhat weedy, brown mare which he named Hannah D. She gave promise of future greatness when she made her first start a winning one, beating a large field, among which were Black Ned and Lambert Knox.

Hannah D. made 86 starts, trotted almost four hundred heats. She won 28 races and almost $20,000. She was beaten by Sally Scott, another daughter of Magna Charta, by Lizzie Keller, out of Belle Keller by Magna Charta, by Daniel Lambert's fastest son Comee by the great racehorse Driver by Volunteer and by a few other equally good horses, but she usually managed to avenge each defeat, and at the end

(Continued on Page 35)
New England News

By Carol Ramsey

It seems as though most people who have horses either own Morgans or are great admirers of the breed. The latter ordinarily have one all important goal in mind, to own a Morgan, a sure way of enhancing the looks of a stable. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Leclair of Horse Haven, Amherst, Mass., have owned and shown horses for the past five years. Recently they purchased their first Morgan, a coming two year old filly. She was raised by Mr. and Mrs. E. Keene Annis, Waseeka Farm, Ashland, Mass. This brown filly is called Waseeka’s Princess Nighthawk and is sired by the great western stallion Flyhawk and is out of the Annis’ lovely mare, Sue of Keeneland. The Leclairs plan to train Princess as a driving horse. Their grand-children David and Karen Kierstead, age 12 and 7 years, are looking forward to riding her as soon as she is old enough. Her beautiful disposition should make her the ideal children’s mount.

A short time ago I sold a coming two year old filly, Ballerina to Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Havey of Bedford Grove, Manchester, N. H. She is a very showy chestnut mare and should make a perfect show horse as well as a quiet children’s mount. I think the Haveys plan to drive her in the spring. Bali is sired by the University of Vermont stallion, Tudor, and is out of a Panfield mare called U. S. Panbright. She is the first horse that I have ever sold, a task which I wasn’t too busy to show off his excellent driving. Kay in such good flesh and moving on four sound feet. Her back is also remarkable, straight as a die, showing no signs of having had seven colts. Under Mr. Overing’s special care, General is now in excellent condition showing no sign of ever having lost weight. Under Mr. Overing’s careful handling, he is behaving like a gentleman and driving like a veteran. It won’t be long before the coming four year old chestnut horse will be useful and practical.

4-H member Madelyn Zurtti of Westboro, Mass., is the new lucky owner of a clever little black stud colt named Peter Pan. Mrs. Zurtti says the colt has a lovely disposition and seemed to make himself at home in spite of his being so young and new. He was purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Ted Davis of Windsor, Vt., and is out of the Davis’ new mare, Bald Mountain Black Queen. This mare was raised by Mr. and Mrs. Keynith Knapp of Arlington, Vt., who are the owners of Easter Twilight, sire of Madelyn’s colt.

What a magnificent filly I saw at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Roberts of Amherst, Mass. Mr. Roberts had his eye on Collette for quite some time but since she is a filly and out of a top mare who is well along in years, his chances seemed slight. He was able to buy the Paragon filly and is of course thrilled with her. She is a light chestnut with a flaxen mane and tail and has the uniform body of her dam and the distinctive head of her sire Jubilee’s Courage. I’m sure that Mrs. William Bryant of South Stockton, Vt., hated to see the filly go but is pleased that she went to a good home. The Roberts also have two handsome geldings who are about four years old. UConn Hi-Noon is a bay and as is implied by his name was raised by the University of Connecticut, Storrs, Conn. He is by Mentor and out of Quotation. The other gelding, Lippitt Benjamin has a full brother who is nearly in Amherst. He is Lippitt Sandy owned by Mr. and Mrs. Warner H. Carter. Both are dark chestnut and are sired by Lippitt Sam and out of Bethal.

Speaking of Lippitt Morgans, it certainly is more than just a coincidence when father and daughter look alike. While visiting the Havey’s I noticed a gelding who reminded me of one mare in particular that I had known for some time. I realize that it is not uncommon to see two horses who are the same color, have the same markings and just plain look alike, but when it comes to temperament the difference is usually defined. As I watched the doctor float the gelding’s teeth I was temporarily taken back to the same scene with the other horse in mind. The gelding was visibly scared as was the mare and he did the same thing about it as the mare did, nothing. This trusting faithfulness was identical in both horses. As Mrs. Havey talked of her horse I was sure that the mare that I had in mind must be of the same line of breeding. With further investigation I found that Lippitt Triby, owned by Mrs. Arthur Westling of Holden, Mass., is the daughter of seventeen year old Lippitt Searchlight.

Father and son are stabled at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Eugene M. Holden of Amherst, Mass. These two geldings look very much alike and have given the Holdens many good rides. Petersham Royal is the son of Ruthven’s Alexander Geddes and is owned by Mr. J. Harry Wood of Petersham. Miss Alberta West of Westbrook, N. Y. is the owner of the Geddes horse. This gelding drives as well as he rides. Stabled with these two Morgans is two year old U. C. Hermes an excellent model colt and Whippoover Medalion, a fine gelding owned by Barbara Holden.

Several “Morgan” Christmas cards were received with much enthusiasm last year. Mr. and Mrs. J. Cecil Ferguson sent a beautiful card which displayed the magnificent head of Parade.

(Continued on Page 35)

The MORGAN HORSE
The New Year

By Helen Brunk Greenwalt

Taking a look into the crystal ball of 1956, we see many exciting developments for the Morgan breed starting with a bang!

We had the welcome news of the Land of Lincoln Fund. $2,500.00 is being allotted to the Morgans for three performance stakes—listed as follows at the Illinois State Fair, August 10-19:

1. $500.00 Stallion, Mare or Gelding Saddle Stake (to be shown under English equipment at walk, trot, and canter) First, $125.00; second, $100.00; third, $50.00; fourth, $40.00; fifth, $35.00; sixth, $30.00; seventh, $25.00; eighth, $20.00; ninth, $15.00; and tenth, $10.00.

2. $500.00 Junior Fine Harness Stake (to be shown to appropriate 4-wheel vehicle) First, $125.00; second, $100.00; third, $85.00; fourth, $75.00; fifth, $65.00; and sixth, $50.00.

3. $1,000 Grand Championship Saddle Stake for stallions, mares, or geldings (to be shown under English equipment at walk, trot, and canter) First, $300.00; second, $225.00; third, $125.00; fourth, $90.00; fifth, $80.00; sixth, $70.00; seventh, $60.00; and eighth, $50.00.

In addition to the above mentioned we have an open-to-all Saddle Class for stallions, mares, and geldings (to be shown under English equipment at walk, trot, and canter) with prizes as follows:

First, $40.00; second, $30.00; third, $20.00; fourth, $15.00; and fifth, $10.00.

The open breeding classes have been modernized into five halter classes which include:

1. Stallion, any age.
2. Mare, any age.
3. Two-year-old, both sexes.
4. Yearling, both sexes.
5. Weanling, both sexes.

Prize money as follows: first, $40.00; second, $35.00; third, $25.00; fourth, $20.00; fifth, $15.00. in each class.

There are no entry fees in the open performance and halter classes. We are quite proud to announce that, including the Futurity, there is slightly over $4,000.00 being offered in Morgan classes for prize money.

1956 is also the tenth anniversary of the Illinois Morgan Horse Breeders' Futurity. My congratulations to all who have so generously given of time, money, and effort to further the Futurity—a forerunner of the performance classes now listed in this important show. It has grown steadily into a substantial number of nominations and has become an annual attraction at the Illinois State Fair. The winners each year have been well distributed with usually not more than one division being won by the same exhibitor.

Walter Kane, president of the Michigan Morgan Futurity recently reported on their beginning year of 1955. Classes for weanlings of both sexes and a championship class were quite successful with plenty of nominations for well-filled classes.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stahl, Stahlward Pines Farm, Lowell, Indiana, recently saw The Airacobra, four-year-old Morgan stallion owned by George Baker, Bowling Green, Ohio, win third in two large open parade classes and fourth in the Champion Parade Stake at the nearby Chicago International Show. This horse is a beautiful and colorful individual, in Mrs. Stahl's own words, "He's really a looker and a doer, with perfect manners!" What more can a good Morgan do? Due to business reasons, the Stahls were not active exhibitors of their Morgans during the spring and summer, however they entered their two nice mares, Fillaine and Just Ann, in the Town and Country Show, near Kankakee, Illinois, which was held early in October. This is an important week-end show in the South Chicago area and has never less than a dozen or more entries in each class.

Just Ann placed third in Open Model Class, third in the pleasure class, and second in the bridle path class. Fillaine was second in the pleasure class, third in the trail horse and fourth in the model class. (All classes were open competition.)

For the past few years, Mrs. William Barton, Big Bend Farms, Rockford, Illinois, has been gradually acquiring a nice group of Morgans. The most recent purchase is the good chestnut stallion Rhodoak, sired by Illawanna Ruban (grandson of Jubilee King) and out of Highlad Indictor. Her dam was Alleen C, a great grand-daughter of the late L. L. Dorsey's famous old Kentucky Morgan, Gold Dust, sired by Vermont Morgan. Rhodoak is a nice individual and a very useful well-broken horse.

Mrs. Barton has a junior sire coming on also, in George Gobel, a chestnut weanling stallion purchased during the fall from Thomas T. Brunk, Springfield, Illinois.

In north central Illinois Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryan, Irish Lane Farm, Delavan, Illinois, (near Peoria), have acquired several top quality Morgans and have established a breeding and training farm. The Ryans have a long-time reputation as excellent trainers and showmen. Among Morgan winners within the past two years that they have trained and shown are: Celebration, Just Ann, Redstone, and Conargo. Their two stallions, Melody Hawk and Melody Morgan, both sons of Flyhawk, have the type, personality style and action of top Morgans and will stand the season at their farm.

From down Missouri way, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Werts paid a holiday visit to Highview Farm. They were married late in September. Mrs. Werts is the former Patricia Hallquist. Both are well-known Morgan owners and exhibitors. Neal is now doing his stretch in the armed services which necessitates their living far from home. A part of the combined group of nice Morgans will be kept at the Werts farm in south western Missouri. They

(Continued on Page 35)
INDIAN HILL FARM proudly presents . . .

ASHLAND DONSON 10166
(foaled 1949)

Sire: Upwey Ben Don 8843
Dam: Firefly's Lady Jane x-06514

Excellent accommodations for visiting mares.

Terms: Private Treaty.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence W. Glidden

INDIAN HILL FARM
... and 3 of His Get:

ASHLAND JUNESON

10999

(foaled 1953)

Winner 2-year-old Stallion '55 Nat'l.
Junior Champ. Stallion '55 Nat'l.
Winner New England Morgan Colt Champ. '55.
Champion Open Colt No. Shore Horsemen's Assoc.
'55.
Champion Morgan Colt. Eastern States Exposition
'55
3rd Open Colt Championship Stake Class Eastern
States Exposition '55.

ASHLAND POLLY DARLING

08942

(foaled 1954)

Winner 1 yr. old Mares '55 National.
Winner New England Morgan Colt Res. Champ. '55

ASHLAND'S JUNE PRIDE

08738

(foaled 1953)

(owned by Mr. & Mrs. John Mann, Hamilton, Mass.)
1st Open Colt Class, Riverside, Mass.
1st Open Colt Class, Georgetown, Mass.
Champion Open Colt, Dover, N. H.
(due to injury early in the season this lovely filly
was unable to be shown during the remainder of
the summer.)

Ashland, New Hampshire
Tel.: Woodland 8-3323
The All-Important
FEMININE SIDE

By Marilyn Childs

No matter how great the stallion, it takes a good mare to produce that good colt. A top producing mare is rare and a good investment.

So often we hear people ask what a horse is by, and get a long line of ancestry on the sire's side. Few pay much attention to the bottom half of the pedigree, yet this may often tell as much, or more, of the tale of future worth, than the top half.

Next to poor stallions, mediocre or worse brood mares can do more harm to breeding than anything. A stallion produces many sons and daughters a year, but the mare only one, wherein lies the only basic difference. On the other hand, it sometimes would appear that mares can mean more than 50 per cent of the offspring; many leading horsemen give broodmares 75 per cent of the credit for the stock. In this they may be correct, for the colt is nurtured several months after foaling, and is given his first schooling and attitudes toward life, by that mare.

Lucky indeed is the person, or farm, which boasts a really top brood mare. Some few may have more than one, but one is enough to be grateful for and to cherish for she will pay her way and give the owner a deep sense of satisfaction just in the possession of her and her produce. Not all beautiful mares become great matrons; some rather homely mares of highly desirable bloodlines, on the other hand, become top producers. Likewise, mares do not just cross and produce with any stallion. There must be selection here.

Some mares would seem to produce top stock crossed with several different lines, while others cross best with only one stallion. Many mares become great producers because they are in the hands of breeders who know how best to cross them; others gain their standing just by chance. However, it behooves all breeders to study bloodlines and crosses to ascertain, as closely as possible, what will probably be their best cross for a particular mare.

Without attempting to set up a rating of all the Morgan dams in the country, the writer has chosen at random twenty good producing mares as samples to show readers the importance of the great producing mare to a breeder and to the Morgan breed as a whole. A half dozen of that 20 might easily claim the number one spot in various breeders' minds, so let me say right here that this is not an authoritative rating of mares—just a discussion to get folks thinking more about the importance of that brood mare.

The two mares that come to the writer's mind first are both close to her heart. Both were fairly young when I swung into the Morgan field after owning quite an assortment of horses and breeds. The first is LIPPITT KATE MORO. After looking at over 300 Morgans in several states, this was the one I fell in love with and wanted—but money could not buy her. (My purchase of her son was largely due to a feeling that someday he might be like her— and I think he lived up to my expectations.) I was interested just this summer to learn from Dr. C. D. Parks, a recognized Morgan authority, that he, too, had picked Lippitt Kate Moro as the mare he wanted, but couldn't have! Unfortunately Kate died still fairly young as a brood mare, leaving eight sons and daughters. Of that group, four have been top champions: Lippitt Morman, champion Morgan of the West Coast several years and also the only stallion ever to win the 100-Mile trail ride sweeps; Lippitt Mandate, 1945 New England Morgan champion and champion in many other states as well; Lippitt Dusky Kate, grand champion Morgan mare, 1952 National Morgan Show; and Lippitt Duplicate, senior champion mare, 1954 National Morgan Show, and also a champion under saddle. She also produced the well-known gelding, Lippitt Ethan, now deceased, to bring to five her list of outstanding winners. Morman and Mandate were sired by Mansfield; Dusky Kate, Duplicate, and Ethan were sired by Lippitt Ethan Ash. Her other three colts which includes the nice stallion, Red Moro, were sired by Lippitt Selassie and Lippitt Byfield. She proved herself a producer of champions by two entirely different stallions of generally varied backgrounds.

The mare that classes right with her in my mind is another that I rather coveted, even though I couldn't have her. This mare is VIGILDA BURLAND. On my records she has had seven colts and three of them have taken major championships. The two best-known, of course, are Orcland Leader (a repeat National Morgan Show grand champion under saddle and also grand champion stallion in hand), and Orcland Vigiland (the stallion that has come up with very important championships such as at Eastern States Exposition and the Pennsylvania National). A third champion produced by Vigilda Burkland is Orcland Vigileen. All of these are sired by Ulendon, by whom she also has had two other nice colts. Her young filly, Betty Burland, sired by Vigil Day, is one that may be expected to do things in the future. One other nice filly was sired by Orcland Vigellant.

A mare that possibly deserves to be the top one of all production lists is RUTHVEN'S BEATRICE ANN, although her winning produce have not claimed the National titles. She is the dam of two outstanding champions, John Geddes, also famous as a stock horse contender in Michigan; and for Ruthven's Nancy Ann, champion mare of the Mid-Atlantic area and one of the consistent winners at the National Morgan Show. Beatrice Ann has had 10 foals, with the above two leading in show championship titles. But look at these names, all of which may be found in results of show winners: Schoolmaster's Choice, Ruthven's Miriam Ann, Ruthven's Mimi Ann, Ruthven's Rheda K., Joker Joe Geddes, and Tally-Ho. This mare just does not seem to have failed to produce a top one, and all are sired by Lippitt Moro Ash.

A mare that is bidding for a top spot in the future is MANSPHYLLIS, a repeat winner of the mare with produce event at the National Morgan Show. She has four colts up and showing, which makes her pretty much of a maiden compared with other mares, but she is dam of the 1955 grand (Continued on Page 32)
KATIE TWILIGHT 08228, by Lippitt Sam Twilight, out of Conniedale. Owned by Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence Cole of Wayland, Mass.

GINGERO 07429, a real working Morgan shown holding a calf for branding without a bridle, works by voice command from owner Mr. Cleo McCracken of Bishop, California.

STARLET DE JARNETTE, Grand Champion Mare of 1955 Minnesota State Fair. Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Hitz of Hopkins, Minn.

Andrew Ferguson, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Davis of Windsor, Vt., ready to take a drive with their champion, Upwey Ben Don.

ROYALTON SAM ETHAN 10302, by Lippitt Sam out of Griselda. Six year old stallion owned by Mrs. Audrey Dunphy of Unity Stage, N. H.
Storey

Registered Morgan Gelding
with owner Mildred Hills
Dalton as Grand Marshall
of Gouverneur Centennial
Gouverneur, New York

Tru-B's Ebb Tide owned and trained by Muriel
M. Gordon, Trefoil Farm, Middleburgh, N. Y.

Middlebury Ace owned by James Douglass
East Dixfield, Maine

Merry Knight, colt by
Townshend Hanwallis out of Merryvale by Niles.
Bred by Merrylegs Farm.
Owned by Clarence Boulette
Derry, New Hampshire
Outstanding Morgans mentioned in "The ALL-IMPORTANT FEMININE SIDE." on Page 18.

Princess Garnette
Owned by Carls-Haven Farm

Lippitt Sally Moro
and 1950 foal

Ruthvens Nancy Ann and Lippitt Mandate
Top pair and champions in their own right with Mr. and Mrs. Childs up.
Deerfield Seadon with owner Claire Farrar was Champion Morgan Pleasure Horse, Open Junior Hack, Open Trail Horse

Osland Sealdon owned by Quaker Farms of Groveland, Mass. Won: Open Junior Parade
High Score Award Winners

Announced by N.E. Horsemen's Council.

Ashland Junson, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lawson W. Glidden was Champion Colt.

Saracen owned by Mr. and Mrs. L'Abbe was Res. Ch. Morgan

Ashland Polly Darling, Res. Ch. Colt, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Glidden

Orcland Vigilant, Res. Ch. Morgan Pleasure Horse

Ling Velvet and Orcofield Leading Lady, owned by Seebe Farms. Res. Ch. in Open Pair Classes.
IRISH LANE FARM
MR. AND MRS. EDWARD RYAN
Delavan, Illinois
Telephone — Delavan 8823
PRESENTS

These two stallions will stand the 1956 season at Irish Lane Farm.

MELODY HAWK 9120
Sire: Flyhawk
Dam: Katette by Jubilee King

MELODY MORGAN 9119
Sire: Flyhawk
Dam: Polly Forest out of Katette

Accommodations for brood mares.

PICTORIAL VIEW OF IRISH LANE FARM

STARS TRAINED AT IRISH LANE FARM


FOR SALE: Maytime Melody by Congo—Polly Forrest. 6 yr. old bay mare. Broke for amateur or lady. Has excellent Morgan type and good motion.
Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt
presenting a partial array of 1955 prize winners
either bred, trained or sold at their Highview Farm.

Pleasure, show and breeding stock for sale, at all times.
Write us your wants

At Stud

SENATOR GRAHAM 8361
Sire: Senator Knox by Knox Morgan
Dam: Fanita by Tiffany

GALLANT KING 10261
Sire: Flyhawk by Gohawk
Dam: Neliza by Jubilee King

Accommodations for Broodmares
CONNIE DALE and her 1955 filly foal by Squireburger. This is the 10th consecutive foal by this 13-year-old broodmare. Owned by Merrylegs Farm, South Dartmouth, Mass.

TOWNSHEND VIGANITA, owned by Seth Holcomb of West Hartford, Conn.

STARTING YOUNG — 2-month-old Morgan colt, ROYAL AIRE, owned by R. G. Andersen of Fargo, North Dakota.

DON HUDSON 9148, Morgan stallion by Sue G. Winter set out of Mary R. M. owned by Raymond E. Koehner of Wagoner, Ill.

RED ROCKET 9298, taken in the winter at 1951. Owned by Carl A. Schuyten of Temperance, Michigan.
MAINE 4-H HORSE CLUB
By Margaret Gardiner

Starting a 4-H Horse Program
1. Persons eligible for 4-H (ages 9-21) can start a horse club by contacting their county agent who will help them find a club leader.
2. Individual horse projects can be part of a general 4-H club.

A 4-H club must:
- Have eight or more meetings a year.
- Train demonstration team.
- Hold 1 or more judging contests.
- Complete reports and accounts and submit to agent's office.
- Hold local exhibit or public meeting.

Under the able leadership of Walter Bryant of Phillips, North Franklin County has a very successful 4-H horse club, the only one in Maine. There were fourteen members last year, twenty-one members this year, and formation of additional clubs is held up only by the difficulty of finding suitable leaders.

The club is very fortunate in having Mr. Bryant as its leader because he is not only experienced in general farming, but is a former employee of the U. S. Government Morgan Horse Farm at Middlebury, and knows and loves good horses.

4-H Horse clubs can vary in program so I am going to describe the Phillips program in detail.

Meetings are held the second Tuesday and fourth Saturday of each month. (In Massachusetts there is also a monthly stable inspection, with a score awarded.) The Tuesday meetings are held in the evening and after a business meeting, the leader or invited guest speaker presents subject matter on some phase of horsemanship, followed by discussion. Some recreation is usually planned, including games, movies and refreshments. Saturday meetings are planned so that some horses can be present, and actual work with them may be demonstrated such as: grooming, proper technique of bridling and saddling, correctly showing a horse in hand, recognizing unsoundnesses. They hope to do more work on equitation but have concentrated on care and management so far.

Keeping account of the feed, labor and other expenses is very important. The fourth meeting of the Boots & Saddles 4-H Club of Franklin County was called to order, Stephen Bryant (age 14) vice-president presiding. Guests were welcomed by horsemen everywhere.

The fourth meeting of the Boots & Saddles 4-H Club of Franklin County was called to order, Stephen Bryant (age 14) vice-president presiding. Members recited the salute to the flag and the club pledge. The minutes of the last meeting were read by secretary Tatty Probert, and treasurer Elaine Reed reported $14.34 on hand. (The club's chief expense is rental of movies.) After discussing plans for demonstration projects, the meeting adjourned, and the leader, Mr. Bryant, began the scheduled discussion on winter feeding and management, which can be outlined as follows:

1. Stable should give freedom from drafts and moisture.
2. Blankets (only 2 members blanketed their horses) chiefly benefit appearance and save some feed.
3. Grooming prevents skin parasites, stimulates circulation, improves stable manners, permits thorough inspection. Feet should be cleaned.
4. Exercise is necessary for general health and to avoid bad habits such as biting, kicking, cribbing and weaving.
5. Winter shoeing is not necessary (except in the case of defective feet) if horse is not used much. (Winter shoes to be discussed and demonstrated at next meeting.)

6. Kinds and amounts of feed were discussed. Hay was hard to estimate because the local crop was poor and they would feed extra and let the horses pick it over. For grain, a 9% protein horse feed is used, and the amount feed daily ranged from 12 quarts down. One girl estimated her feed costs at 26c a day ($1.82 a week) another at $3.00 a week.

7. Worms, care of teeth, and hoof problems were discussed.

Then the session was adjourned and everybody enjoyed some cocoa and cookies.

I departed, much impressed, and hoping that horse-loving youngsters everywhere could have the opportunity to join such a wonderful organization.

Morgan Enthusiast Dies
Michigan has lost another Morgan horse enthusiast . . . Mr. Robert H. Beall of 4188 W. 12 Mile Road, Farmington. Mr. Beall suffered a heart attack and passed on December 29, 1955. He is survived by his widow and two sons; also two of the several Morgans he owned — Beau Gallant by Highview King and Flyaway Queen by Plains King.

Big, New Saddlery Catalog Ready

The news that the new "little joe" Wiesenfeld catalog is off the press will be welcomed by horsemen everywhere. This Baltimore firm, one of the oldest in the field of saddlery and horsemen's needs, has been an important factor in supplying imported and domestic tack for many years. Its catalog is a useful encyclopedia of everything in its field and according to Mr. Wiesenfeld the latest edition surpasses all earlier ones. Copies are available at no charge on request to "little joe" Wiesenfeld Company, Baltimore 1, Maryland.
The second meeting of the 1955-1956 year of the New England Morgan Horse Association was a return to a favorite location found so satisfactory in the past, Sturbridge, Mass. There at the Publick House about ninety of our members and friends gathered at noon on Sunday, December 11 for a fried chicken dinner and much chat with other Morgan enthusiasts. After the dinner we moved across the street to the Sturbridge Town Hall for a business meeting and program. It was voted to increase our assistance to the Morgan Horse Club through support of the Magazine and National Morgan Horse Show. Six one-half page advertisements, or their equivalent, will be presented in the Magazine through the authorship of Mr. Ralph C. Lasbury, Jr, our new Director, and the sum of $150.00 contributed to the show program and trophy fund. Even without the earlier active drive for members the Association continues to grow with a few new members coming in almost every month, a happy reflection on the popularity of the Morgan horse in New England. Mr. Seth A. Armen, manager of the National Morgan Horse Show announced that the 1956 Show will again be held in Northampton. The dates will be July 27, 28 and 29. Mr. J. Cecil Ferguson spoke of the need for all of us to promote very actively the Magazine which is the bond of Morgan information which holds all of us together and without which our separate organizations could scarcely exist except in a small local way. It has been suggested that with every sale of a Morgan to a new Morgan owner a subscription to this Magazine should be given.

After the business, the President Wallace L. Orcutt, Jr., introduced the panel of experts for the quiz period. They were Mrs. Roger Ela of the Townshend Morgan-Holstein Farm, Miss Mabel Owen of Merrylegs Farm, Prof. Francis Crandall recently appointed to be in charge of the horse program at the University of Connecticut, Mr. Richard Nelson, horseman at the University of Massachusetts, and Mr. Whitey Fenton, well-known trainer from South Natick, Mass. Dr. Russell E. Smith of the University of Massachusetts served as the very capable moderator. The quiz period lasted about an hour and was certainly one of the most successful such periods that this writer has ever had the pleasure to hear. Contributing to the success was not only Dr. Smith’s “touch on the reins” of the discussion but the fact that a great many good questions had been gathered during the dinner hour on cards distributed to the tables ahead of time, which had also served as a basis for conversation of unrelated groups eating together. There were questions on problem behaviors of horses, shoeing, faults of conformation, breeding programs, appropriate ages for use and training, and many others.

After the quiz program the film of the 1955 National Morgan Horse Show was shown for those who had missed it at the meeting in Vermont in October at which it had served as the main feature of that program.

The next meeting of the Association will be in conjunction with the Morgan Horse Judging School of the Morgan Horse Club at the University of Connecticut in May. Our Annual Meeting will be at Miss Owen’s Merrylegs Farm in June or July.

Sometime in February, Morgan owners in New England will receive a questionnaire from our Committee on Showing, whose Chairman is our Vice-President, Mr. J. Loyd Marks, in regard to their plans for showing their Morgans in 1956. The answers to this questionnaire are very important in helping show managers to plan Morgan classes and in the mailing of entry blanks. It is hoped that recipients of the questionnaires will fill it out and return promptly according to the instructions it will contain.

New York State News

By Mrs. Vincent J. Rogers

Now is the time. With nothing but the “hot stove circuit” to intrigue us, we can now plan for next season.

Sharpen up your best enthusiasm for a Morgan Show to be held by our New York State Club. It has been suggested that ponies be invited to participate; they in no way conflict with the Morgans and are a great drawing card by reason of their current popularity. Let us have your ideas. The show should be centrally located, preferably where we may draw on New York for entries. We must have adequate stabling. Should the show be held early or late, before or after the National, one day or two?

As to the judging, an excellent suggestion has been made; that a qualified person from the National Club be empowered to select a judge. His identity would be kept absolutely secret. Neither exhibitors, spectators, nor even show officials would know who he was until he appeared in the ring. Let us know your reaction to this. Would you like a Mystery Man?

Since we do not meet again until April, much winter work must be done by mail. The New York Club is readying a new roster, in booklet form like the first one. Most of us found the pocket size most convenient, especially when travelling. Questionnaires should be in the hands of all members by the time this reaches print. If you have not already done so, PLEASE return yours immediately and help us get this book to you early in the New Year.

We note with interest the editorial on show shoeing in the November issue of the Morgan Magazine. Most of us in the hinterlands and many on the home front in New England were dismayed by the excessively weighted feet at our great National. Surely this does not present our Morgans at their best, and just as surely is not necessary. Carriage and action can be bred in and do not have to be nailed on.

Here at home, the half-brothers, Pecos, and Sherimill Sunrise have great action in plates or even barefooted. That this can be transmitted is shown by their offspring, Sealock of Windcrest, for instance, sired by Pecos; and even by the 18-months old Sunrise Sample, sired by Sherimill Sunrise. The well-known Ruthven’s Nancy Ann, who shows in the same shoes she wears on the trail and in night pasture, has a daughter which will bear watching. Upwey Ben Don’s offspring are great natural steppers, and I have seen Ulendon’s son, Vigildon, in winter quarters with natural feet, stepping it off as a show horse should.

There are hundreds of others. Good action is a Morgan heritage. Degree of collection and show training are of paramount importance, but our best farriers tell us that excessive weighting often defeats its own purpose.

Possibly our A. H. S. A. committee could consider this matter, after taking...
steps, of course, to get the approval of the general Morgan public. The Arabian section of the rule book used to read “excessive shoeing discouraged.” It has since been changed to “excessive shoeing to be penalized.” Until we amend our Morgan rules, a judge can only accept the horses as they are presented to him.

Other thoughts of the National entertain us. One of the highlights is the memory of Jane Clark’s Soneldon winning the Justin Morgan Performance Class. Too bad the movies didn’t catch that moment after the stone boat pull, when Jane’s head went down on his sweaty neck and she burst into tears. A sympathetic spectator handed in a handkerchief. More hankies could have been distributed at ringside, for most of us were also drying our eyes.

During the Thanksgiving weekend, Mr. Earl Langley of New Woodstock visited us at Sherimill Stables, coming here from Hess’s Ledgewood Farm at Akron. We went from here to Howard Dobler’s at Clarence Center, and Mr. Langley went on alone to the D. J. Willey’s at Kennedy. What fun it is to just “talk Morgan!”

From the Willeys we hear that their 18-months old Tibsun, son of Tibby Corbin and Sherimill Sunrise, already is a seasoned harness horse, joyfully drawing his owner around the country roads in his little red cart. Fine for these young colts to train them to harness early, especially an active young ster like Tibsun.

New Morgan owners in the state are cordially invited to join the New York State Club. Dues are still only $2.00 per year. A note to Phil Hess, Akron, N. Y., will bring you your membership card.

The Annual Board of Directors meeting was held this year at St. Cloud, Minnesota, on December 29. Our Association has made plans and is looking forward to the arrival of F. O. Davis, president of the Morgan Horse Club, here in late January or early February.

The committee for our spring trial-ride, which we hope to have in Alexandria, consists of Thomas Dunne, A. H. Hasz, S. D. Sahlstrom and R. C. Anderson. Incorporating our Association and the Light Horse Judging School were also discussed. William Bovy of Norwood and Harvey Boyum of Milaca are to make inquiries on the subject of incorporating and P. C. Alfred Dorow on the Light Horse Judging School.

Thomas Dunne of Alexandria recently purchased a chestnut filly, coming two, from the South Dakota State College at Brookings. She is Sunflower Countess, 09035, by Milaca Captain 10805 and out of Maureen L 05354. Also, he has Rita G, a five year old mare by Dakota Hokkins 9709 and out of Nugget G 05662.

Adelaide Nichols of Estherville, Iowa has a chestnut stud colt sired by Royal Major 9052 and out of Radonna 04836.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rathbun of St. Cloud have recently sold their gelding, Headlight Glen. Dr. Francis Knippling of Milaca has erected a new barn, after his was destroyed by windstorm, and stables Morgan horses for Denis Wilson, Harvey Boyum, Dr. George F. Budd, and S. D. Sahlstrom.

CANADIAN STOCKMAN LIKES HIS MORGAN

Frank Parker from the Kelowna area of British Columbia writes: “I have fairly recently become the owner of a Morgan stallion and thought you might like to know that I find him an excellent saddle horse for ranch work, moving cattle, inspecting fences, checking water points, etc. He is 5 years old, 15.1 hands and a hard, strong horse. He is a nice horse to ride but I claim no credit for this as he was broke to saddle when I bought him. He had been trained with English equipment but I have converted him to Western tack and he is neck-reining nicely after quite a short time. I find him particularly good going up and down steep rocky hill rides being sure-footed with a lot of heart.”
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Maine Morgan News
By MARGARET GARDINER

The secretary took a trip December 12-14 up to the 4-H horse club meeting in Phillips, which will be described separately, and on the way visited Clearview Stables in Winthrop (Standardbreds), and Mr. Casale’s farm in Belgrade, (Arabians). The Morgans were much more fun.

Morgan owners visited include James Douglass of East Dixfield, whose young stallion, Middlebury Ace, is coming along splendidly, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hardy of Madison, who are very pleased with their two recently purchased Morgans, UVM Blazing Star, ch. s. 1954, and UVM Talura, ch. h. 1953. Also visited was Pleasant Valley Farm in Phillips, owned by John Fox, managed by Walter Bryant, where there are three mares, Pert with two sons of Payday, Illawana Fanny with one son by Payday, and Illawana Jean Ann. All three mares are bred to Middlebury Ace. Mr. Bryant owns Win-Eve and Addison Maid, two nice fillies from the University of Vermont.

Ella Bailey of Dresden now has her niece’s good mare, Townshend Flicka to keep Rosea company, and has taken them both to Massachusetts for the winter as usual.

The next meeting of the Maine Morgan Horse Club will be held February 3, at the Hotel North, Augusta. The question of trophies for the 1955 championships will be discussed.

Letters
(Continued from Page 5)

Dear Sir:
Enclosed is a check for $3.50 for one year’s subscription to the Morgan Horse Magazine.
I have looked forward to every copy. It hardly gets laid down until I have read it through.
I knew practically nothing of Morgan horses before getting a subscription last January. But from the first magazine I have been a Morgan fan. I’m not a horse owner but hope to get one in the near future. A Morgan I hope.
I enjoy everything in the magazine. I especially like to read the letters and articles about Morgan owners in South Central New York where I live.
Sincerely,
Mrs. Helen Prindle
Lodi, New York

FOR SALE: TOP MORGANS
KING LOUIE, chestnut stallion, coming yearling, sired by Flyhawk out of Kamiah by Senator Graham. He was Reserve Champion Weanling of the Futurity at the 1955 Illinois State Fair as well as first in the Weanling Stud Class and in the Weanling Futurity Stud Class. He has plenty of high, straight action both back and front and is a real show horse. Eligible to show in the Illinois and Michigan Morgan Futurities.

GAYCONGA, dark chestnut coming four-year old mare, light mane and tail, broken to ride and drive. Sire, Townshend Gaymeade, dam, Triconga. Her dam has won several large mare and foal classes, at least one with each of her foals. Gayconga has a nice disposition and is gentle to handle.

For pictures and further information about these horses and delivery write to Mr. and Mrs. NEAL WERTS, Box 231, Humansville, Missouri.

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AT STUD: — ORCLAND VIGILDON — TOWNSHEND CHIEF

We may have a mare colt for sale this spring, a double grand-daughter of Sealect.

LAUREN CLOUGH, manager

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HORSE MAGAZINES
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(Continued from Page 18)

A mare that is highly respected over a wide area for her production record is PARAGRAPH. This mare has produced 12 colts since 1940, and almost all of them are well-known, if not show champions. Springfield, her second foal, was a successful sire until his untimely death at a young age. Mansphyllis, a mare mentioned previously for her own record, is her daughter. Three other stallions that are noted for their show winnings and also that are gaining a look as studs of the future are Cavendish, Supersam and Edward Ash. Another of her sons, Rusty Moro, is successful in the Mid-west as a sire. Parawallis is a consistent show winner in the gelding division, and a daughter, Manzanita, is a prominent producer for another farm.

With two National Morgan Show champions to her credit, SENECAG SWEETHEART must definitely be rated as one of the great matrons. She has had 10 foals and by nearly every one of her last ten she has produced winners, among them the 1954 National grand champion stallion, Black Sambo. Quietude had a great son in Sonfield, who perpetuated good Morgans greatly on the West Coast, her ninth colt. Her full sister, Manitude, was a show champion in hand. Her last two foals, however, really brought her name to fame as a producer of show champions, for they were Upwey Ben Don and Upwey Benn Quietude, both of whom have been champions and prominent winners for the past several years. Her first group of colts, of whom little has been heard, were all by Bennington. Her next group, which included Sonfield and Manitude, were by his son, Mansfield; and the last two are by Upwey King Benn.

A mare that does not rate too high on a "batting average percentage basis," but which certainly deserves to be mentioned among the greats is QUIETUDE. She produced 13 foals between 1927 and 1944, but it was not until her last ones that her value was recognized. Of her first ones, the mare, Ambition, is most familiar as she in turn has produced some outstanding winners, among them the 1954 National grand champion stallion, Black Sambo. Quietude had a great son in Sonfield, who perpetuated good Morgans greatly on the West Coast, her ninth colt. His full sister, Manitude, was a show champion in hand. Her last two foals, however, really brought her name to fame as a producer of show champions, for they were Upwey Ben Don and Upwey Benn Quietude, both of whom have been champions and prominent winners for the past several years. Her first group of colts, of whom little has been heard, were all by Bennington. Her next group, which included Sonfield and Manitude, were by his son, Mansfield; and the last two are by Upwey King Benn.

Write to:
Leominster, Mass.
for any correspondence concerning the Morgan Horse Magazine.

Feminine Side
have been Windcrest Sentimental Lady, champion under saddle at the 1954 National, and Windcrest Donfield, junior champion of the 1953 and 1954 shows. In addition she has produced the popular mare, Just-A-Sweetheart, as well as two nice youngsters in Windcrest Maytime and Windcrest Sensation, all of these by Upwey Ben Don. Her first colt, Sconondoa Chief, was sired by Mansfield and is about as nice a stallion as one can see anywhere, so she, too, has crossed well with two different lines. When it comes to consistency of offspring regardless of the stallion used, LIPPITT MISS NEKOMIA would be hard to top. This grand old mare has had 13 foals by six different stallions. Sue Travelmore, her second foal, sired by Wysox, has been a favorite entrant from the Midwest. Nekomia's Archie and Arkomia are both prominent Middle Atlantic winners and Arkomia was the 100-mile trail ride sweepstakes winner in 1954 (Lippitt Miss Nekomia herself was a trail ride winner back in her youth), both of these sired by Archie O. The stallion that has a host of admirers, Dyberry Billy, was her first son by Lippitt Billy Ash, a cross which later produced Dyberry Buddy and Dyberry Bob. She produced a lovely filly by Lippitt Jeep in Dyberry Minnie. Her last three foals include the second place winner at the National, Dyberry Nekomia, and all are by Lippitt George.

Another mare that has been bred to a variety of studs, but with more varied results, is LADY FIELD. This mare's offspring have been sired by Red Vermont, Jubilee King, Lippitt Mandate, Meade, Oakland, and Orcland Leaders. Her first colt by Red Windsor was a handsome youngster. Lady's Man, by Lippitt Mandate, was an undefeated colt and one of the stallions which was purchased for transport to China. By Meade she produced Deerfield Meadson, a championship winner. Her foals by Orcland Leader have been good, highlighted by the very typey and excellent harness stallion, Deerfield Challenger, one of the best young stallions out today. She has two nice young fillies by Leader, also, that have won at the shows. Among the grand old matrons it is hard to skip TOWNSHEND LASS. Six out of her 10 foals have been really well-known, and that is a pretty high average. Her first daughter, Clistie, by Sealact, has in turn been a good producer. Jubilee's Courage is a leading sire now and Jubilee's Lightning has been a top show winner, both of these by Jubilee King, who also sired her nice filly, Jubilee's Gloria. By Springfield she produced the winning stallion, Spring Frolic, which is now a popular gelding, and two more nice fillies, and this past spring had a son by Supersam.

Holding the record for breeding to different stallions is GLADY. She has produced 11 foals, by nine different stallions. One of her best known is her second son, Meade, he by Goldfield, and sire in turn of many a nice Morgan. By Mansfield she produced Payday, a horse that has not been seen too much but is due back at the shows this next year. By Ulysses she had Quizkid, which rates as top show horse of all her produce. Sterling Velvet, her daughter by Mentor, has also been a prominent winner. Two others of her coming colts are Sterling Pamela, by Panfield, and Sterling Gladiator, by Dyberry Billy.

LIPPITT SALLY MORO is another of the very top mares in both pro-

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NEW ENGLAND MORGAN HORSE ASSOCIATION

It's Objective

The object of this Association is to encourage and promote the breeding and use of registered Morgans as versatile pleasure horses, and to standardize the requirements and specifications for showing and judging.

Program for 1956

2. Annual Meeting — July — Miss Mabel Owen's Merrylegs Farm, South Dartmouth, Massachusetts
3. October — Fall Foliage Ride and Drive, South Woodstock, Vermont.
4. Winter dinner meeting — December

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duction and individual excellence. With her foals she has placed second in the mare and foal class each time shown at the National Morgan Show, and also claims individual mare winnings. Lippitt Ashmore, top colt of the 1952 National, and Mr. Showman, prominent at both the 1954 and 1955 National shows, lead her show winners. In the breeding department, however, she has left three outstanding daughters which in turn are producing coming Morgan winners. Her dam, LIPPITT SALLY ASH, was a great producer from 1937 to 1947. Besides Lippitt Sally Moro she produced the very potent stallion, Lippitt Moro Ash (her first colt, incidentally); also Lippitt Saul Moro, each of these by Lippitt Moro and each of them prominent in show results. By Lippitt Moro last she produced a successful sire, Lippitt Scassie; by Lippitt Sam Twilight another good producing mare in Gay Sally, and by Lippitt Scarchlight the popular stallion, Lippitt Victory. So here, from Lippitt Sally Ash, down through her daughter Lippitt Sally Moro and through Sally Moro's sons and daughters we have a continuing line of outstanding produce.

Three different stallions sired the get of ETHANELDA, another mare whose name is prominent in pedigrees. Her first to capture attention was Ethan Eldon, sired by Vigilant, for Ethan Eldon has proved to be a very successful sire. Her next foal, Soneldon, has been one of the outstanding Morgans of the decade, winning both in the shows and also in the 100-mile trail ride. He is sired by Ulendon. Her last foals were all sired by Vigil Day and include the stallion, Hilltop Prince, the nice mare, Orcutt's Fannie Allen, and the good harnessing stallion Orcutt's Allen Day.

INGRID is a name that has really come to the fore the past two years largely by the feats of her daughter, Windcrest. Dona Lee, grand champion mare both in harness and under saddle at the 1955 National Show, and champion in harness at the 1954 show. Dona Lee has had a brother in the winning circle in 1955 in Donlyn of Windcrest, both of these winners by Upwey Ben Don. Previously she had produced foals by Goldfield, Hudson, Canfield, Nadir, and Upwey King Benn without noted success—but here again the right cross, coupled with proper training, has paid off.

With only four foals recorded, GERTIE G., like Mansphyllis, appears very much a maiden compared to the other brood mares, but she should be mentioned as three of the four are well-known. Miller's Pride, by Woodland Chief is a personable stallion and has produced some good colts. Miller's Admiral, by Upwey Ben Don, has really been a big winner for her, especially in harness, and again his full sister, Miller's Adle is carrying on.

The most consistent producer, however, is KITTY HAWK. Crossed with Roubidoux she produced five good fillies in a row — Flicka Hawk, Bunny Hawk, Ruby Hawk, Janie Hawk, and Roubikate. Flicka and Ruby have each produced top colt winners at the National, and Roubikate has been winning herself in the Midwest. By Jubilee's Courage she produced the young stallion, Star of Valor, and by Orcland Leader she had J. W. Hawk.

Before closing let me say that there are lots of mares that have produced champions that perhaps should have

PINE VIEW FARM offers one of their outstanding using horses for sale.

“BOOTS”

A bay and white pinto mare with black and white mane and tail. Stands 14.2 hands. Weighs 950 pounds.
SIRE: Merry King Allan T. W. H. B. A. 470185
DAM: A registered Morgan mare from the J. C. Jackson ranch, Harrison, Mont.
She's got breeding, she's got beauty, she's gentle and she's got ability.

Boots has a good disposition and is sound in every way. She is well broke and has the ability and willingness to do any ranch job. From the photo at the left, taken when she was three, you can see that she has a good conformation. Now at six, she is a mature mare, well-trained, beautiful and smooth in every line. She's a showy animal with plenty of style, yet level-headed at all times. Having a natural rack with good carriage, she is a top-notch parade horse prospect, even though she has been used on stock exclusively. Boots is now in foal to “Apache War Smoke” Ap. H. C. T-272 for a '56 colt. Bred to this same stallion, Boots produced a leopard marked Appaloosa colt last year which was born with a natural rack.

Priced at only $250. This mare must be seen to be appreciated.
been mentioned in preference to these. On the other hand, there are lots of mares whose colts may never have seen a show ring but which have been of such uniform quality as to make her a brood mare to cherish. Often the consistent producer pays her way better than the one that produces one top and then two mediocre ones. Everyone must decide for himself what he wants in a brood mare. Once you have decided, however, and you think you've found what you want, don't let a few dollars stand in your way, for that extra good mare is worth many times what the average one will ever produce. Before closing, we might mention an old English axiom—it runs something like this: "Never breed to a stallion unless he has a great DAM." This theory is not only believed, but highly practiced, among the leading breeders of Thoroughbred, Standardbred, and Saddlebred horses. So once again, we must salute those dams!

EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers may be interested to learn that the following stallions, sons of the mares mentioned in this article, have been advertised at service in our most recent stallion issues: Crenshiah, Dyberry Billy, Dyberry Bob, Dyberry Buddy, Edward Ash, Ethan Eldon, Jubilee's Courage, Lippitt Mandate, Lippitt Red Mono, Nekomia's Archie, Orcland Leader, Orcland Viglildon, Parade, Supernum, and Upway Ben Don.

New Year

(Continued from Page 15)

are definitely planning on more Morgans for the future.

Jim and Margaret Stout, our longtime neighbors and admirers of Morgans, purchased for their young sons, Jim and Stevie, a pair of registered Morgan fillies for Christmas gifts. The fillies are Lana Gay and Lucinto, both sired by Gaymeade. The first mentioned is from the same dam as Redstone, winner of the Model Gelding Class at the National Morgan Show. Their daughter Judy, a sophomore at Smith College has owned Seneta, six year old daughter of Senator Graham, since a weanling. When shown at the Illinois State Fair as a yearling, she was judged Grand Champion Morgan mare. Seneta is now safe in foal to Danny De Jarnette and they are expecting a weanling candidate for honors this year.

L. D. Cooke, Detroit, Michigan, has purchased Music Maid (a daughter of Ern Pedler's Flying Jubilee, by Flyhawk) winner of Grand Champion Morgan mare at 1955 Illinois State Fair. Mr. Cruse has been a Morgan owner for many years. Among them are the chestnut mare Cherie by Senator Graham and Morning Mist, black daughter of Flyhawk.

Another recent Michigan acquisition is the desirable type brood mare Nada, sold by Ray Searls, Medora, Illinois, to Jack Appling, prominent young Morgan owner and exhibitor. Nada is in foal to Cinnamon King, the Searls' attractive seal brown stallion who has been a consistent prize winner in both breeding and parade classes.

William H. Cooke, Little Sister Farms, St. David, Illinois, is pleased with the purchase of his first Morgan, Roselyne. She is a coming four-year-old bay mare, a full sister of Rose Bowl, now owned in New England by Mrs. Edward Poitras. F. J. Platt, Little Sister Farms' manager, recently stopped by and reported they are looking forward to a foal out of Roselyne and sired by Flyhawk, in early May.

This crystal gazing gets to be fun but our conversations by the fireside during the winter have not all been thoughts of the future. As a spectator and exhibitor at a number of shows this past season, I'd like to add special mention and praise of the many exhibitors, both young and old, win or lose, who have shown so much genuine, personal interest in their horses. Could have had far better records had they been a bit more frail, like the Clays and some of the Messengers, who had to have speed since they were sometimes somewhat deficient in soundness and stamina.

Hannah D. was Magna Charta's best race horse, but she was by no means his only one. He got thirty trotters, who won altogether 121 races. Three of these, Judge Withy, P. H. Baker and David B. were out of mares by Vermont Hero. Twenty-seven of his daughters produced trotting winners. One of the best of these was Belle Keller 2:31 ½, who produced Lizzie Keller, a little brown mare who weighed only a little over 800 pounds, yet managed to win 16 races and make her way onto the standard list. There may be some degree of retribution in her lack of size. Early Morgan breeders sought the larger horse, continued to do so for almost a century. Morgan Eagle was a big horse, as was his best son, yet the pride of the Eagle line was Magna Charta, who weighed 900 pounds. His best daughter weighed little more, his best grand-daughter even less, but somehow, the loss must have been only bone and muscle. It surely could not have been Morgan heart, for they all had full weight there.
The Narrow Margin
(Continued from Page 7)

down through the sharp roughness and the heavy brush of the hills and was far out on the flats still going east before he saw the dust of Malotte spring up from the edge of the lowlands. He was not worried now, enjoying it some, and he still was not much worried when an hour later he saw the faint dust of other riders, far, far behind. He believed he had the horse to beat any animal there, especially the one from Vermont, and if he ran off and left them today, they sure wouldn't follow him to the end of the earth for a wounded man and three head of beef. But it was only one of his many mistakes to sell Malotte short, for Ed, though quiet and on the gentle side, was the best rider and range man in that section, and had the kid been older and wiser he would have known it and started his worrying now.

By noon he had crossed that valley and the next range of hills, riding at a walk, trot, and lope, and the heat pushed down on him, making the points of his shoulders hot, and when he slowed to a walk, the gnat and mosquitoes clouded about, sticking to his sweaty skin. The excess fluid was long gone from his horse, and where the sweat and lather had been was now matted and sticky, and he felt the need of water for both of them. Yet each time he looked back it was easy to see that Malotte was closing in, and the worry began to nag at him, making him mean to his horse, and he began to trot and lope more, remembering now the fast running walk of the Vermont horse, and it came to him how much that running walk was worth. Across the hills was another valley, wide and dry looking, but in the lowlands was a patch of cottonwoods and he aimed his horse to them, and found the water he expected. He slid from the saddle and drank, then found the gain Ed had made while he was stopped for water, but he knew that Ed would have to stop too, and the others were still far behind. He stepped into the saddle and rode, tired now and the need of deep sleep heavy in him.

Another range of low hills, and before him lay a great valley, running north beyond his sight, and some 18 or 20 miles across, and beyond that the tallest roughest mountains he had ever seen, thrusting up steep and sharp from the valley, with no bordering foothills. He knew that if he did not shake Malotte and the short coupled horse soon he would need the cover of the rough mountains. But Ed would have to drop out before long. He was pushing his horse too hard, and the old man had told him they wouldn't stay with a good range horse over the long miles.

The valley was dotted with farms, and green, and he thought of raiding one of them for a fresh horse, but that would only bring new riders on fresh horses into the chase. He dodged the farms and picked the open country. Along the bottom lay the winding river, lazy in its move to the north, and here he stopped and drank from the muddy water, and looking back once more, alarm hit him, for he didn't have to place Ed by dust any more. Ed was not a far away dot now. He was a man on horseback, and even from here he could see the pride in the movement of the horse after all these miles. He cursed, temper putting heat to the back of his neck. He knew he could never out travel the short coupled pony. The old man had been wrong and he hated him for it.

He had his troubles getting his horse to take to the water at the crossing, and he saw Malotte coming off the foothills at a lope with no more than a two mile gap. He ran his pony along the river bank, suddenly jerking him at a slippery spot, and they slid in, and the horse made the shallow crossing. He put spurs to the horse then, hard, determined to string out a greater lead. But in less than two miles the horse would lope no more, and he held him to a trot, feeling the sagging of his strength, and the heavy footedness of him, and hearing the heavy, labored breathing of exhaustion. He was bone tired himself, for it tires a man more to ride a tired animal, and the horse, though game to the bottom with nearly through, and the cut of the spurs lifted him no more. The kid reached down from the saddle and gathered up a sage brush stump and plied it across the pony's rump, beating him without mercy, but the horse was staggering at a low headed walk, and could do no more as he pulled up the grade to the mouth of the sharply defined canyon.

As he rode into the farm at the mouth of the canyon a boy, driving a dozen milk cows in for the evening milking came in from the other side riding a plow mare bareback, with a work bridle and blinders, and the sagging flesh and plodding step told of all the work and the long years she had seen. The kid slid stiffly from his horse, and watched him stagger on a few steps to stumble and fall, plowing his nose into the dirt, and blood oozed from his nostrils as he lay there. The kid stepped over him and bracing his foot against the saddle, jerked his rifle free of the boot, and swinging around, pushed the boy from the back of the old mare as she stopped in the yard. But when he tried to shinny onto the bony old back the boy hung onto his leg, screaming wildly, "Pa! Pa!" and the lank farmer ran from the barn, still carrying his pitchfork.

"I'm taking your horse," the kid said.

But the man who had pried a living from among these granite boulders did not do it without guts, and fight showed in his eyes, and anger, and he waved the fork at the kid.

"Move away from my boy an' my horse," he warned, "An' keep amovin'."

The kid fired his rifle from the hip and he saw the button on the farmer's suspenders disappear, driven in by the force of the slug. He saw the shock of pain come into the eyes, and the sudden fear of death as the farmer fell, and he heard the shrill scream of horror from the house, and saw the woman in the doorway there. But no compassion came to him, and he gathered the boy up bodily and threw him clear, and shinned onto the ancient mare. He threw a couple of shots to hold back Malotte, coming in across the farm now, scarcely three hundred yards away, and could see the other riders fanned out far, far behind. He belted the old mare into a lumbering lope up the canyon road, and he knew that within an hour other men would be after him from the neighboring farms. Fear and tension began their move in him, and the slow squeeze of fate, and he felt the jump of his tired nerves. He kept the old mare pounding at a lope along the
wagon tracks, and crossed a big clear stream. He hungered for water, but could not stop now, and when the grade increased the big mare ran out of air and pulled down to a lugging trot. A wagon came down the steep grade in front of him, loaded with ore and with the wheels rough locked, and the driver though busy with his team and load still found time to send a curious look at the kid. Ten minutes later the kid looked back in time to see Malotte come out of a kink in the road behind, standing in the stirrups to a fast trot. The kid quit the road then, thinking, "If I can drygulch Malotte I've got time to hide from the others, and with that Vermont horse rested up over night I could quit the country."

He struck a trail and followed it a half mile with the hot breath of warning warming his spine, and he pulled into a thick stand of aspens where he could watch the back trail, and with his rifle cradled, waited for his shot at Ed Malotte.

The moments dragged by, slow and thin-stretched, and his heart slugged away in his chest with a force he could feel in the pulse behind his eyes, and his breathing was shallow and smothered, and he knew that Ed had smelled a trap. Somewhere in the aspens Malotte was stalking him, maybe even watching him now. Behind him a branch cracked and he spun around with the jerk of reflex, firing into a thick stand of aspens where Malotte was stalking him, maybe even watching him now. When he looked back in time to see Malotte paused at the bottom, giving his horse a breather. Then the pony came on, clawing his way up the pitch like a big cat, and the kid rushed on, waiting to see no more. He got his breath some trotting across a small green basin, with scattered silver ponds, darkening now in the going light, and then up again over a ridge of granite anddowns, and he cradled his arm in his shirtfront, using his other hand to help him in his climb. At the top of the climb his lungs were bursting, and burning deep down in, and his head spun with nausea. He moved into another basin with ponds backed by snow even in this season, and he fell beside one of these, plunging his head and his shrieking arm into the icy water, and when he kneeled again he saw the darkening blood stain spread. He drank of the water, feeling its paralyzing cold run down into his empty stomach, and his stomach revolted and retched, and he moved on the only way there was left for him to go now, sick, and hurt and lonely into the giant jumble of broken granite, where the great stone palisades towered all around, and as he stood there in the middle of all this, exhausted in the half dark, he saw the darker blot of Malotte and the Vermont horse stop at the rim of the opening and move behind a great stone block to take command of the basin. At last he knew he was trapped. He put his back to a granite block facing the opening, trying to soak in some of the warmth still left there by the afternoon sun, for the high altitude chill was already moving in on him. He trembled from his bone tiredness and the pain shock in his arm, and from gnawing hunger, and all the while tension built up in him, rubbing self free, and turned sick when he saw the bone stuck out through the torn flesh. But he lifted, and jerked the broken arm free and dropped to the ground, the tide thirty feet down the mountain before he could stop. Below him was his rifle, and he moved to get it, but the ground spurted up before him and he heard the thunder of rifle fire, and Malotte was there levering shells through his thirty-thirty, kicking up the dust around the kid's gun, and the kid turned and scrambled up the mountain, hearing the crock, crock of the broken bones as he moved his arm. It did not occur to him that Malotte could have raised his sights and cut him down.

At the top of this pitch the kid stopped, his legs weak and trembling at this great altitude, and he looked back to see Malotte paused at the bottom, giving his horse a breather. Then the pony came on, clawing his way up the pitch like a big cat, and the kid rushed on, waiting to see no
came across the night. "Tip, come in."

38 held him down.

of the men, that they might pity his

in the doorway. Yes he wanted to give

mercy. He longed to crawl out there

out to Ed Malotte for sympathy and

the tough, killing outlaw who had cut

up, but the stubbornness and the hate

inside, and at times he felt his way along

times he could see where he crawled

and at times he felt his way along

and at times he felt his way along

upheaval of stone he had to cross. At

thinks he could see where he crawled

and at times he felt his way along

upheaval of stone he had to cross. At

looking for love and gentleness,

for peace and rest and sleep, for

food and warmth. He yearned for all

the things that tomorrow should bring,

toil and weariness and rest, strife and

anger and forgiveness, for sweat and

dust and corrals, for hope. But for him

he knew there would be no to-

tomorrow, nor the warm sweet mouth

of a girl. There would be no call of

the mountain lark, nor the spot of a

sage hen's wings against the morning

air. He knew now that though the

margin had been narrow to cross, it

was too wide now to go back, and

tomorrow held the beyond, moving him on into eternity. He cried again,

shuddering with the pain in his arm.

But he could not give up. He sat

there with his jaw muscles twitching,

and the nausea made him sit suddenly

crawling over the blood-colored stiff

of his shirt front, and he watched

it for a moment strangely at peace, and

malice and the horror of the

woman in the doorway, for now they

were all his, and her scream came to

him again, and this time he felt com-
passion. He looked down, trying to

put a numbness to his mind, and saw

a fly, brought out by the sun warmth,
crawling over the blood-colored stiff-

ness of his shirt front, and he watched

it for a moment strangely at peace, and

Malotte's voice came to him from over

the rock nearby.

"Tip," it said. "There is no need

for this thing to go on longer." Deep

feeling was in the voice, and sorrow.

"You did a wrong thing back there at

home. But all your neighbors like you

an' you could have lived that one down

easy enough. But it was meanness made

you kill that farmer, Tip, an' there is

something in you that is no good
'cause you fly off like a mad dog that

can't be called home. There's mad

men out there wanting to shoot you

from the cliffs. But that ain't right

either, an' I won't let it be. Don't make

me fight you Tip, I don't want it.

Stand up where I can see you, and

come around the rock easy, an' there'll

never a man touch you before you

stand trial."

In the silence he looked up at the

cliffs and saw the men watching him

there. He got to his knees and swayed

forward, reaching his six-gun where

it lay in the dirt, and with his good

hand trembling, he drew back the

hammer, and put the muzzle to his

head. He thought of Malotte, easy

and graceful on a horse, and of the

Vermont horse with his proud way of

going. He thought of his own unre-

asoning meanness that pushed him on,

and of the skinned out beef, and the

beaten Spaniard. The tight squeeze

of fate came to him, smothering, and

the meanness pushed him on again,

when he saw Malotte crouched on his

heels there behind the rock. He swung

his shaking arm up and called a crazy

call and fired at Ed, feeling the buck

of the gun in his hand, and he saw

smoke jump back at him from Malotte's

gun.

He felt the first one, but the second

one took him down in a shuddering

heap, and before he lay quite still, a

fly crawled through the blood froth on

his mouth and out onto the smooth

young cheek.
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The MORGAN HORSE Magazine ★ Leominster, Mass.
Dear Mother,

You would be rather surprised at the temporary new addition in the barn. She is a purebred Arabian filly and it looks like I am going to get some more education!

Nelt called me up recently saying they had called him from Syracuse that Arabian entries were light and would he please fill the classes (as usual in those cases they promised him the moon). He couldn’t get away so asked me if I would accompany him to get used to her, and vice versa. Since that Arabian entries were light and they had called him from Syracuse temporarily hoping his two stallions would be able to say something to our mare that would enlighten us as to what (if ever) would we ever get her bred again.

The filly arrived shortly after the phone call and I will say the next ten days were an experience I never dreamed of. Shally is a very beautiful, very gentle, but stubborn and irritable kind of filly. The first few days I half decided I didn’t like her at all and under those circumstances decided maybe I could do nothing with her. Then she began to worry me (after all she is quite a valuable animal.) I couldn’t turn her out with any of our “butchers” and turning her alone created a problem. She is a fence pacer. She instantly fell in love with our gelding in the next field so picked out about ten feet of fence as close to him as she could get and up and down and up and down she jigged. As I looked out the kitchen window I could see her . . . and her maneuvers are entirely foreign to any of the Morgans I have. For instance . . . she would trot up and down, then wind her head up in the most peculiar fashion and straightaway she would go at a hard fast trot with her nose elevated very high, in fact higher than her ears! How she could see I can never figure out, and judging from the scratches she got on her shoulder I would assume she hit the fence on occasions. Also, she would occasionally go straight across the middle of the ring at a very fast trot and her terrific hock action and stride always puzzled me . . . as the front end action was so low, so utterly different from the Morgans. When you see all that natural hock action in a horse you of course expect the front action to be equally full of possibilities . . . and she just had none. However her action was beautiful to watch as she seemed to float and point her feet forward with a slight thrust, then a hesitation in midair before completing the stride. I decided that since I could not understand the difference in ways of going I had best just appreciate it . . . so I watched her.

Soon Shally and I became friends of a fashion and she began to respond very well. I had spent a sleepless night or two hearing her “lot trot lot trot” the fence so decided to keep her in the barn. After schooling her a bit I would brush her, and then take her out in the yard on the lunge for some grass.

One evening just as it got dusk she did a peculiar thing . . . the lunge got wet in the grass and light was not too good. She was peacefully grazing and I was talking to her when all of a sudden she spied that line (I was continually muttering a bit so she would not get on it). Her warlike inbred history then asserted herself as Shally jumped on that line and stomped it to death. She never hesitated one bit . . . the minute she spied it she was gonna fight it! After she assured herself it was harmless, she continued grazing. If I ever meet a rattlesnake on her she will surely fight it . . . as she is absolutely fearless and bold. Ginger says that is a common trait in Arab mares . . . they were on the desert the chosen warhorse . . . and if that little attempt to savage the lunge line is any indication I wonder . . . perhaps she is right.

Our acquaintance continued and she did well enough at the show . . . I even got to ride the little Arab stud. He is a sweet tempered little horse with none of the self sufficiency of the mares . . . I don’t get to ride him often but he is surely a pleasure to handle and be around.

However, I doubt very much if you will find me trading off my Morgans for Arabs. I like both breeds . . . but while the Morgans we have are deadheads and docile in the barn they appear fiery when I ride; the Arabs appeared quite docile when you ride them but I did not trust them around the barn . . . I like a little more style in a horse than the Arab offers . . . now that they are so well trained for the ring their classes are not as colorful at the shows. Morgans, when well trained still have a glowing controlled but fiery way of moving that catches the eye . . . perhaps it would be nice to be able to have both breeds but as yet, I think you will be happier while we keep Morgan horses . . . I did not allow either Bill or Salle to get near the Arabian . . . I just wasn’t sure of her.

You remember how we just tossed Salle up on sassy Nancy, last summer at the show, and she won a blue ribbon on her? Then I took Nancy in that evening as a Parade horse and she appeared to be so spirited that you wouldn’t think she could have been handled by a ten year old would you? Well, that is why we have Morgans, we can all get some fun out of them . . . without getting ourselves killed.

Your loving daughter.

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Visitors Are Always Welcome

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