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BLACKMAN 8622
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Our fifty broodmares have been most carefully selected. We have at all times Morgans of all ages and both sexes for sale.

MR. AND MRS. E. W. ROBERTS, OWNERS
Address correspondence to: 236 West 15th St.
Tel. Richmond 7-0658
Los Angeles, California
FREE - Five Registered Morgan Colts

Would you like a lovely registered Morgan Colt? Are you under 21 years of age? If so, you may be one of the winners in our big contest to get more stories on Morgan horses past and present for our readers. Stories which you may have heard from your parents or grandparents on Morgans of other days.

Or . . . you may wish to write about what you are doing with your Morgans today, and illustrations or pictures submitted for use with your article will be considered in the final judging.

So . . . if you liked "Father Owned A Morgan" in the August, 1949 issue, or "An Old Morgan Roadster" in the February, 1950 issue or "Kit-M" in last December's copy. But even better will be an article on present exploits or interesting incidents with your Morgan or a friend's.

Then again it may be just a down-to-earth story on your plans in caring for and training Morgan horses. In short, anything which will make interesting reading for other Morgan Enthusiasts.

Line up you friends, parents, and teachers to help you win one of the beautiful Morgan colts which our leading Morgan breeders are donating.

READ THE MORGAN HORSE MAGAZINE FOR FUTURE NEWS ON THIS CONTEST

LEADING BREEDERS COOPERATE TO PROMOTE MORGANS

Robert L. Knight to donate colt to Eastern Winner
Merle Evans to donate colt to East-Central Winner
E. W. Roberts to donate colt to South-West Winner

Locke Theis to donate colt to West-Central Winner
J. C. Jackson to donate colt to North-West Winner

* Canadian entrants will be placed in nearest corresponding U. S. area

Address all entries to:

CONTEST EDITOR
Morgan Horse Magazine
Leominster, Mass.

ENCLOSED is my entry for the Morgan Horse Magazine colt contest. I understand that all entries become the property of The MORGAN HORSE Magazine and decisions of the judges will be final.

Name ............................................. Age .........

Address .................................................................

Telephone No. ............................................................

Contest Closes September 15, Get Your Entry in Early.
Dear Sir:

I am sure that all Morgan owners, like myself, have been much disturbed to see the Government Farm at Middlebury close. I went up there after the recent wind storm, and in spite of the fallen elm trees at the barn, Justin Morgan stood supreme on his granite base amid the fallen branches. It seemed very symbolic—that in spite of everything the Morgan will still hold a high place for all horse lovers. I looked over all the fine horses that were up for sale and I hope you will let us know in your magazine where they found new homes. Caulfield, Quaker-lady, Riviera—and the rest—and where is Symphony?

I am sure all your Morgan readers would appreciate this information.

Very truly yours,

Dr. Norman B. McWilliams
Northwest Hill Road,
Williamstown, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I like your magazine very much for the only two I have gotten. The stories are fine and so are the pictures.

After you send me the card saying that in your magazine where they found new homes.

Bye now,

Jeannine Krouse

We Go To School

Dear Sir:

I am grateful to you for placing my name on the list to receive a complimentary copy of the Morgan Horse Magazine. I shall see to it that this magazine is made available to our many students in Agriculture through the medium of our Herd-Book Room.

Sincerely yours,

Roy M. Kottman
Assistant to the Dean of Agriculture
Iowa State College

(Continued on Page 5)
The Editor's Comments

January third was the biggest day in the life of Earl Krantz but he wouldn't live it over again if he could.

On that day the government career which had begun 30 years before, came to an end. The retirement date is actually in June but as far as he was concerned the third spelled finis to a career.

For on that date he was sold out, literally and figuratively. By nightfall the animals he had raised had new owners. The project to which he had given the thoughts and energies of a large share of his adult life ceased to be.

A lifetime of close associations with horses was brought to an abrupt and painful end through no fault or desire of his own.

No. It would be a man-sized job to convince the retiring superintendent of the U. S. Morgan horse farm at Middlebury that it was a big day. Rather he could almost successfully argue it was heartbreak day. But he'd be wrong.

Few men live to see the fruits of their efforts come to harvest in one bountiful, beautiful crop. Few, indeed, experience that smashing realization.

But on that day in January, in the midst of the sadness of all things-come-to-an-end such an experience was the lot of Earl Krantz.

For on that day, he had taken the time that might have leaned back from checking the bids on his prized stock and said to himself, "I did it." For "did it" he certainly had.

Starting with small beginnings, with no help from the outside, with no funds to go out and buy top breeding stock he had developed a breed of horses so well thought of that from all over this nation of ours came offers. Good offers they were too—beyond the wildest imagination of most breeders—for when the smoke had cleared away a score of Morgan men and women had bought 28 head for a figure approximating $15,000. Of that 28 a few were outstanding, but most of the adults were unproven and full half of the band were youngsters. Yet, in the dead of winter at a close-out sale they averaged better than $500. The adult stock brought better than $1000 each. And don't forget, some of the cream of the crop at the big farm was not included in the sale. They had already been dedicated to breeding programs in big state universities.

No indeed. If Earl Krantz had chosen to consider that phase of the sale it would have salved the sting of separation's wounds. He might well have seen it—he still can—as a grand climax in a grand life.

For its been a grand life for Earl. The Nebraska cattle ranch boy who learned about stock from his father and more at Ames, lowa where he took his degree, has had a wide and varied career: teacher of animal husbandry at Washington State where he obtained his master's degree in 1916 . . . two years in the army and a commission in the remount service . . . horse and cattle dealer . . . in U. S. service in horse and mule investigation . . . in charge of Western horse breeding work at Laramie, Wyoming and in Montana . . . Middlebury farm in 1928 until 1937 . . . at Middlebury college from 1938 until 1945 . . . and then the U. S. farm until its finish.

The end of the farm will not be the end of farming, however. On their rapidly-developing apple farm just outside Middlebury, Mr. and Mrs. Krantz will continue to make their home.

So, perhaps in frosty fall mornings to come he will pull a reddened apple and unconsciously extend it toward the statue of Justin Morgan across the autumn-tinted hills. It will be for Mansfield and those great brood mares . . . for Mentor his best-loved stallion . . . for Riviera his greatest performer . . . for those hundreds of knobby-kneed weanlings . . . for Morgans the world over.

Yes, an apple for a Morgan.

And for Earl Krantz a simple "Well done."
DEAD HEAT — ALMOST

By Sumner Kean

S trawhat impresarios would have you believe that the summer theater is a comparatively recent innovation. But in our town the summer theater flourished half a century ago. Perhaps the stage of the 1900's was not so frequently graced with this or that reigning star of Hollywood on a bucolic bender but the performers were entertainers. Gilbert and Sullivan was the principal dish in that little open air theater in a pine grove.

But what followed the last act was what I most clearly remember.

Those were the days of horses and, although there wasn't an anemic trolley line that pandered to the theater, it was the buggy and the surrey that was used by most of the patrons. The departure of these hundreds of rigs in a dusty maestrom of flashing heads and hooves, spinning wheels and Jehu drivers was a sight never to be forgotten.

Along one side of the theater was a hitching area with two rails a hundred feet long to which were tied the assorted transportation of the patrons. There the horses stamped or switched flies during the summer twilight or rested in sag-hipped comfort as the dark closed in and the stars began to blink.

When the final curtain rang down and the audience started to pour out they sensed the coming departure and became restive. The stamping turned to pawing. Ears pricked and the whinnying chorus seemed an anti-phonal of the orchestra's final notes.

The relaxation that had prevailed in our family group dropped away like fog. Father's quickened step, the rather tense expression on mother's face and the quickly raised sense of the dramatic among the youngsters spelled the next phase of that turn-of-the-century counterpart of today's "evening at the theater."

Each family hurried to its rig. The driver quickly unhitched the tie rope from the rail and then unsnapped the loop around his animal's neck. If he had a well-trained crew they were by this time all seated in the surrey. He gathered up the looped reins, "whoaed" his excited horse to a momentary halt and leaped for the seat.

What was the point of all this? Well, there was a reason, albeit a slim one for getting out on one of the several dirt roads that converged at the theater. The reason was dust. The summer roads were powder dry and whoever trailed ate dirt all the way home. But beyond this commonsense explanation of the mad takeoff was the pride each driver had in his horse. True, buggy vs buggy was a real contest but no mean accomplishment was that of the heavier surrey horse who could go a sufficient lick to get out in front despite the four or five-passenger load.

Father, after some rather brutal cutting in front of other less nervy drivers, usually led the procession back to town. In fact it became the rule rather than exception and we more or less took it for granted that the family ate no dirt either figuratively or literally.

But all that came to an end one summer. I'll never forget the night. We had wheeled successfully out of the theater yard and gobbled up the
two rigs ahead of us. Father had settled back in the seat and checked the horses to a good road gait. Then, over the noise of our own steel-tired wheels came the drum of a hard-trotting horse and with little more ado a black head and heavily-maned neck pulled even with our dashboard. Father gave our big driving horse his head but it made little difference. Again the black horse came up—and continued past, drawing a surrey as heavy and as laden as ours. Try as he would Father could not overtake that rig.

This was repeated during the summer. The scene was always the same—whirling departure, winning clear and losing on the first stretch to that big black horse with the pounding trot.

After the third or fourth of these trouncings the summer theater lost its appeal for Father but he turned his evenings to a new use.

In the south section of the city there was a mile stretch of level dirt road and there on a summer evening it was almost always possible to find someone "with a little speed" who was willing to try a brush. They usually started at a spot near the county jail and raced to the city line. There they pulled up for the road narrowed shortly thereafter into a gully between two little hills too narrow for more than one rig at a time. This bottleneck was known as Happy Hollow.

It was on this highway racecourse that the owner of the black horse, a Boston and Main engineer was wont to appear of an evening and take on all comers. The black, a Morgan nearly 16 hands high, was never headed.

Father learned all this and got little comfort from the knowledge. Then he began driving off alone after supper almost every evening. If Mother knew his destination she never told and we youngsters were completely mystified. He'd come home late and I'd hear him from my shed bedroom as he backed the buggy under cover. After I'd heard his step on the stair I'd sneak down and with a lantern inspect horse and vehicle in an effort to find where he'd gone. I never learned.

But after several weeks the mystery was solved. This particular evening when he drove into the yard he was leading in back of the buggy a tall-thin-gray horse. I couldn't make out much else in the half gloom of the stable yard but as soon as Father had put him in the extra stall and gone to bed I was down in the stable.

What a wreck he was—tall, gaunt and as bunged up as any horse I'd ever seen—a racer. I guessed, by the look of the hobble scars on his legs. As I stood looking at him he moved uneasily from foot to foot—sore all around. I went to bed wondering what was up.

Father took him for a drive the next night up the country road in back of the farm and brought him back rather warm. He cooled him out and we all went to bed—but not to sleep. From the stable came a steady pound, pound, pound. I started out of bed and down the stairs but Father's big hand caught me and he ordered me to my room. Hours later he came back smelling strongly of some pungent bottle from the stable medicine chest. There was no more pounding.

The next night the horse was still too sore to do much more than move and the next night he was only slightly better despite all of Father's ministrations. Gradually the truth was driven home. The old horse was good for a fast mile or two but not more than once a week. In the meantime Father fed him well and exercised him lightly.

He also acquired a rig in which to drive him. A devotee of the heavy and very popular Concord buggy he switched allegiance for the nonce to a spidery-framed piano box that he picked up somewhere. One night when the old horse was ready to go again he hitched him to the buggy and set out for the jail racecourse.

Father never told the story in his presence but in the course of the next few years I picked it up in stable yards, livery barns and at blacksmith shops.

That summer night when he let us in the barnyard he drove to the general store, hitched his hard-looking nag and went in. His timing was excellent, his conduct casual and results were as he had planned. In due course the railroad man arrived, passed the time of day with the storekeeper and became part of the groups discussing the affairs of state on the rickety front spidery-framed piano box that he picked up somewhere. One night when the old horse was ready to go again he hitched him to the buggy and set out for the jail racecourse.

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While he hurried around the corner to harness his black Father drove to the jail raceway and gave his aged performer several brisk dashes. He had him sweating by the time the engineer arrived and the soreness faded from his bunged up legs.

The contestants turned around in the jail yard and came out on the road abreast—and racing. The big black knew his business and settled quickly into his pounding gait. He trotted like a machine, head rather low, leaning on the strongly held bit, his powerful legs driving like pistons—truly a formidable opponent. He quickly swept into a lead and, what was more discouraging to Father, began to widen it.

The old pacer was warmed sufficient to remove his soreness but he needed more work to "oil" him to the point where he could really go. Half way to the city line he began to loosen up and Father, who had been forced to wait for this lick of speed began to bear down. If the black moved like an engine, the pacer moved like a breeze. His long old legs swung in perfect synchronization as Father steadied his head yet telegraphed for more and more speed. The gap quickly closed and as the pair neared the goal—the city line—they raced neck and neck. The black had the courage of a lion and the pacer had past glories of the track to live up to and neither would quit.

Across the line they tore and the assembled spectators gawked as they disappeared in the sun-sparked dust.

The race had not been won. Neither driver would pull up and down the road they continued head and head. The old gray pacer had reserves of greatness and the black unlimited power. They might have been racing yet had it not been for the Happy Hollow cut. Father and the engineer might well have been above consideration of such petty obstacles in their blind stubbornness for supremacy.

(Continued on Page 35)
A statue on a pedestal still gazes over the rolling Weybridge countryside. This likeness of Justin Morgan once symbolized Morgan breeding under U. S. Government auspices. Today however, none of the breed which bears his name belongs to Uncle Sam.

Principals in the opening of bids at the Government Farm Sales January 3, were (center) R. A. Carlson, Administrative Officer, U. S. Department of Agriculture and Earl B. Krantz, Farm Superintendent. At left is Henry Beecher.
The heroic-sized statue of Justin Morgan must have sensed something unusual Jan. 3, when the government closed out its Morgan holdings in the U. S. Farm at Weybridge. He must have swelled with pride at reports from the farm office where bids from all over the United States for his sons and daughters were being opened by Supt. Krantz. So, within the next 10 days, when one after the other all 28 of them made their departure without a backward glance at their progenitor the metal replica of the great American horse must have said to himself, “I’m still popular.”

Popular he is, if prices paid are any gauge.

Top-priced horse was Riviera by Mentor, top saddle horse at the 1950 national show for which Nelson D. White of Winchendon, Mass., bid $2525 to take her from a hotly-contested group. Interest was great in this handsome, beautiful-performing three-year-old and the bidding was high. Mr. White must have gazed in a crystal ball to arrive at his figure for it was high enough—but by a very narrow margin.

Another daughter of Mentor, the four-year-old Quakerlady brought the next highest price, $1751. She went to the Pennsylvania State college. Although the competing figures were not revealed, it was learned by this magazine that only a dollar separated the winner from the losers on several animals and she might well have been one of them.

Among the stallions, Panfield bought top price when he was purchased by Locke Theis of Dodge City, Kan., for $1600.

The 28 horses, 21 of them under three years, averaged $523. Five three-year-old and over mares averaged $1150.

The two mature stallions and three two-year-olds averaged $800.

A total of 398 bids acclaimed the government’s Morgan was sold for a total of $17,375. The highest price was paid by Supt. Krantz for a three-year-old stallion that went to Nelson D. White, Winchendon Springs, Mass.

The largest purchasers were:

- S. D. Sahlstrom, Milaca, Minn., who obtained seven young stallions for veteran agricultural students in that region. Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa., besides obtaining one of the top mares, also bought two fillies and one of the top young stallions.

J. Holman Waters of Salt Lake City, Utah, purchased Stellar, the junior champion at the last show. J. C. Jackson, Harrison, Montana, who is one of the largest breeders of Morgans in the United States, secured one of the most promising weanling stallions, the colt by Mentor out of Norma; also the yearling full brother of this colt, named Trophy, who went to D. F. Switzer of Carrolltown, Pennsylvania.

List of purchasers:

NILES 8783 (Mansfield—Novice) 7-year-old stallion — Leon Losey, Trumansburg, N. Y.

PANFIELD 9206 (Canfield—Karina) 5-year-old stallion — Locke Theis, Dodge City, Kansas.

SUREFOOT 10007 (Mentor—Joyce) 2-year-old stallion — Harold Pierce, Woodstock, Vt.

STELLAR 10009 (Mentor—Naïad) 2-year-old stallion — J. Holman Waters, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SILVERFIELD 10012 (Paxton—Kona) 2-year-old stallion — M. W. Leumkill, Cooperstown, N. Y.

TRIUMPH 10167 (Mentor—Damself) 1-year-old stallion: TYLER 10199 (Jubilee’s Courage—Jasmine) 1-year-old stallion: 5 weanling stallions, 2 by Mentor out of Naïve and Olivia; 3 by Ranier out of Ulwina, Penny, and Goodgirl: TILLICUM 07794 (Lippitt Sam—Olivia) 1-year-old filly — S. D. Sahlstrom, Milaca, Minnesota.

TOPFIELD 10194 (Panfield—Hermia) 1-year-old stallion: QUAKER LADY 06870 (Mentor—Willys) 4-year-old mare; STAR DUSTIE 07510 (Lippitt Selassie—Oleta) 2-year-old mare: TUNEFUL 07774 (Panfield—Joyce) 1-year-old mare — Pennsylvania State College.

TROPHY 10196 (Mentor—Norma) 1-year-old stallion — D. F. Switzer, Carrolltown, Penna.

Weanling stallion (Mentor—Naïad) J. C. Jackson, Harrison, Montana.

Weanling stallion (Panfield—Willys) E. A. Larter, Dummerston, Vermont.

ISHTAR 05228 (Goldfield—Lady Sealact) 8-year-old mare — W. B. Henning, State College, Pennsylvania.

MANTUA 05922 (Goldfield—Lady Sealact) 8-year-old mare — Oak Farm, Warsaw, N. Y.


ROSALEE 07228 (Magellan—Fairy Top) 3-year-old mare — F. J. Morgan, Troy, N. Y.

SEQUIN 07506 (Ulysses—Hermina) 2-year-old mare — J. A. McManus, Greenwich, Conn.

THALIA 07772 (Panfield—Nubia) 1-year-old mare — R. J. Dunphy, Newport, R. I.

Weanling filly (Mentor—Pennroyal) — Marian Grady, Milton, Vt.

Weanling filly (Mentor—Jasmine) J. C. Ferguson, Greene, R. I.

April Issue is the NATIONAL STALLION Number. Reserve your space today.
The reason Ted Davis started in the horse game so late in life was because of his father. Davis the elder, a well-known horseman, was the obstacle in the way of the son's ambition. But he was firm and he meant it when he said to the son:

"Ted, quit plaguing me. You can't drive that Morgan stallion until you're big enough to bridle him."

But the man who later in life was to become one of the leading figures in Morgan breeding and showing, then and there laid the foundation for the reputation that "he knows his way around." Youngster that he was, and small for his age, he shinned up the wooden manger of the standing stall and by dint of some luck, a lot of struggling and a modicum of cooperation from the stallion, managed to get the bit between his teeth.

Then he drove him.

"That was a long time ago," mused the handsome snowy-topped master of Wind Crest as we stood in the stable between long lines of box stalls, "But I've managed to have a horse ever since."

"Ever since" connotes the passage of aeons of time but in the Davis case it is really not so long. That white hair is premature. To see the ruddy-faced Morgan director atop his favorite, Ben Don, is to see a man in the prime of life, boy-like in his tremendous enthusiasm but man enough in his shrewdness in acquiring and showing his Morgans. Years in the saddle are apparent in his excellent hands; in the graceful seat despite a limit-length stirrup. Davis is a horseman in the saddle or out of it and Morgan "bosses" are his whole life.

Davis comes honestly by his love for Morgans—he was raised with them. His father William E. Davis was a Hartland, Vt., farmer who specialized in Morgans. He raised them and bought them to supply a steady market for matched teams. He had a keen eye for types and could buy a horse a hundred miles from home that was an excellent mate for one he had on the farm. The teams were in demand by Boston doctors and candy-makers in the days when confections were brought to your door.

Ted Davis was born on that Hartland farm. There were five boys and seven girls altogether. Most of them liked horses but Ted loved them. So, when he was ten his father gave him a colt. Ted broke him to ride and drive and when he was "finished" sold him for $60. A Vermonter through and through he immediately reinvested the money in a pair of young steers, fattened and sold them. It was about this time that he managed to bridle his father's stallion, Almont.

A year later a friend of the family gave him a Thoroughbred mare. She "had a little age on her" and was slightly bunged up. But she could run.

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**All In The Family**

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The nuzzling weanling belies the whip in Ted Davis' hand. Davis' Morgans are handled from birth.

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The MORGAN HORSE
So Ted conditioned her and spent a glorious summer racing her at the fairs. From then on he was strictly a runner man. Other Thoroughbreds took her place while he was at high school in Vermont and later at what is now the University of Massachusetts where he majored in dairying. “Those were great days,” he recalled. “I never weighed over 125 and I won more than my share. A lot different than the show ring. On the track you’ve won if your horse comes in first. Not so certain as that in the ring.”

On graduating from college he and his brothers bought and operated for several years a large dairy farm in Hartland. Then he married and went into the garage business in Windsor and is still in it. “Have to keep busy to feed those horses,” he explains.

But horses began to mean a lot more to Ted Davis and his wife when their daughters, Helen and Patty, became old enough to ride. He showed saddle horses and they showed their ponies and the show ring began to have a real attraction. The girls were good riders even as little things and garnered their share of ribbons.

First he bought the Duke of Windsor, a yearling stud from Owen Moon of Woodstock. It might be added here that Mr. Moon’s activity at Upwey farm added fuel to the fire of his enthusiasm for the breed.

But as the girls grew old enough to ride horses the dream of Morgans as a family enterprise became a reality, albeit modest at first. In 1940 he bought his next Morgans, Ladyfield and her stud colt, Red Windsor by Red Vermont from Bourdon of Woodstock. The mare is now the property of Stephen Tompkins of Gloucester, Mass.

Then came the war. Cars were frozen. Business was in the doldrums and the Davises sold all their stock but the girls’ private mounts. But the war failed to dim their bright view of a Morgan future and when it ended the Davis family went to town. Here are their purchases.

In February 1947 the Davis family took a ride. It resulted in the purchases of Upwey Ben Don and Seneca Lady Esther from Harry Woods of Boucherville, N. Y.; Upwey Casablanca, of Moon breeding, half-sister of Don, and Seneca Sweetheart from Wesley Nieman of Rome, N. Y.; Ben Casandra, full brother of Casablanca and another mare, Bonny Pearvain, in Baltimore. The Davises were out after Upwey blood and they got it. Don is by King Benn out of Quetitude. Casablanca is by the same stud out of Casandra. Ben Casandra, of course, is the same. The two Senecas were by Cornwalls.

In 1948 they purchased Quietude’s daughter, full sister of Ben Don, and Hilltop Prince by Vigil Day of the Frank Orcutt breeding.

In 1949 four were bought in Virginia but, as they did not fit into the breeding picture they were sold. But that winter was purchased the 1949 grand champion mare, Abbingnton of Shadylawn from Vaughn Groom of Northville, Mich.; Springbrook Roxy Ann from Gerald Taft of Northville, a consistent mid-west winner; Cerise, grand champion mare at the Illinois State fair as a yearling that same year, from Howard Behl of Rochester, Ill.; Star Fire, yearling futurity and reserve champion at Illinois from Mr. and Mrs. Greenwalt of Pawnee, Ill.

In 1950 from the Upwey farm the Davises bought four: Ingrid, a brood mare daughter of Mansfield out of Eunice, daughter of Bennington; her two-year-old daughter by King Benn, Upwey Ben Isabelle and her yearling stallion Donlin, by Don and a weanling filly by Don.

But purchases are not all that fills the barns at Wind Crest. Here are some of the results of the Davis breeding: Wind-Crest Delight, Wind-Crest Debutante, Wind-Crest Star of Dawn, Wind-Crest Sentimental Lady, Wind-Crest Dona Lee, Daughters of Upwey Ben Don.

Wind-Crest Kiss Me Kate, Wind-

(Continued on Page 34)
SHERMAN MORGAN -- One of the Three

(Sixth in the Series -- Names in Pedigrees)

By Mabel Owen

THERE IS A COMMON GROUND UPON which all horse breeders meet, whether they raise Thoroughbreds, Morgans, Standardbreds or Shetland ponies. That lies in their sole hope of raising the one “great horse,” the one which will go down in the annals of its breed. This hope lies as firmly entrenched within the being of the small breeder with only one mare as it does within the heart of the millionaire with 50, and indeed, records seem to show that success attends the former fully as often as the latter. During the latter end of the 1700’s the great sire, Messenger, was imported to this country. His coming was heralded with all the fanfare of the age, he received special care from his own private grooms, only the choicest and best-bred mares were accepted for him. There are records of over 50 of his entire sons, yet only through one of them, Mambrino, does his name survive in the male lines of his family. Justin Morgan, his close contemporary in time, without the care, the prestige of great ancestry, without the help of great mares, sired three sons who were to rival him in popularity and who were, each, to form the nucleus of a family of his own.

These three were of course, Sherman Morgan, Bulrush and Woodbury. Of these, Sherman Morgan 5 was the greatest, siring a prominent line down through Black Hawk 20 and his son Ethan Allen 50 as well as getting a great number of excellent performers and through his daughters, contributing much to the success of his paternal half-brothers Bulrush and Woodbury. In the interest of the present trend toward more quality in Morgans, history will show that is no new idea. Sherman Morgan was from an extremely well-bred mare and he himself showed a great deal of fineness and was, as a direct result, by far the best thought-of son of the old horse. It is certain that a very large percentage of the mares bred to Justin Morgan were of the Canadian-Norman type, and in many instances were representatives of the Vermont Draft horse, a small, well-ribbed and compact animal weighing about 1400 pounds. These animals were eagerly sought in the large Eastern cities for freight work and it is to be regretted that so few records were kept of their origin as they were outstanding of their type. However, even then, the influence of the light horse was creeping Northward and the speed horse was soon to hold sway, depriving Bulrush and several of Justin’s other sons of much of the popularity they might otherwise have enjoyed.

Sherman Morgan’s dam was a light chestnut mare with a star, stripe and snip and three white legs. She was well over fifteen hands, very temperate always, yet showing a degree of high-spiritedness without every task to which she was put. The Hon. Ephraim Seymour of Brattleboro, Vt., was a gentleman of some fortune and one of his pastimes was an exhaustive search into the antecedents of the early Morgan horse. Among the many manuscripts which he left on the subject, many of which have been of untold help in establishing some of the earliest sires of the breed, was one concerning the dam of Sherman Morgan. James Sherman moved from Cranston, R. I., to St. Johnsbury, Vt., in 1799, bringing with him a bright chestnut mare which had been purchased for him in Virginia by a John Brown of Providence. Family records state that the mare was imported, that she was a full-blooded Spanish Barb. Whoever may have bred the mare and whether she was of Spanish or English origin, it is certain she was a fine animal as all historians of that time concur in stating she had no coarse features whatsoever, whether in the matter of coat or conformation. Her head was good with extremely small ears, her neck was long and always rather thin. Her legs were straight and free of hair but she was light boned and always showed an angularity of form totally at odds with that of her son. She carried her head unusually high, was a good road mare, but an even better saddle horse, for which use she was kept by most of her owners. Shortly after her arrival in Vermont, the mare slipped her hip and was never quite sound thereafter. She was subsequently given by John Sherman to his brother James of Lyndon, Vt., who bred the horse later to be known as Sherman Morgan from her.

Sherman Morgan’s actual foaling date is very obscure, but the consensus regards it as 1808 or 1809. George Sherman, the son of James, was married in 1811 and his father gave him the colt to use that summer. Sherman Morgan was thought to have been three at that time, but in view of the fact that the horse never reached four teen hands despite the fact he was from 14.1 and 15.2 parents lends some credence to the fact he may actually have been but two years old and not three.

Sherman was a bright red chestnut, several shades deeper than his dam who had been more of a golden color. He had a short white strip on his face and a white stocking halfway to his hock on the off side. He was slightly under 14 hands and never weighed over 925 pounds. His head was lean and well shaped, ears small and fine, eyes lively and expressive but not as large as those of his sire. His cannons and pasterns were short and his legs were very clean and unblemished, with only a little long hair along the back of his cannons and fetlocks. He had an exceedingly deep breast with the same prominent breastbone that characterized old Justin Morgan. His shoulders were deep and well laid into good withers. His neck was well-crested but not heavy and his mane and tail were thick but by no means as heavy as that of Justin Morgan’s other sons. His loins and quarters were always well-muscled, but he was very low in the middle, to a degree where he could be called sway-backed. However low he may have been, no very great weakness there could be suspected else he would most surely have broken down early in what was to be a long life of unceasing hard work.
George Sherman was a hard-working man and horses in his keeping did little resting. That first summer he had Sherman Morgan was spent largely in field clearance work. The little horse, hardly more than a pony, was worked singly and occasionally in a team with a large brown draft mare on the stone boat and at pulling stumps. He was always willing and seemingly knew the best use to which his meagre weight might be put. That following winter Mr. Sherman inaugurated a team service from Lyndon, Vt., to Portland, Me., both for passengers and freight. He was so pleased with Sherman Morgan’s capacity for work plus his tractability that he purchased another of Justin’s sons to pair with him as a team. This horse, always in Sherman’s shadow, was never named and almost certainly never used at stud. Little is known of him save that he was by Justin and was a heavier, somewhat coarser horse than Sherman.

George Sherman was never a man to be outdone in any sport and won many a wager on his “little team” both at pulling and running. Such races were at catch weights and were usually 80 rods, something less than a quarter mile, from “scratch,” quite literally a scratch across a road from which the horses would start at the drop of a makeshift flag. Both Justin Morgan and his son Sherman were particularly adept at this sport, as both were keenly alert and could reach full stride in the matter of a few feet. Sherman and his team mate were known at every inn between Lyndon and Portland and strange teamsters were certain to be victimized in a wager by those who knew the little chestnut’s ability. In Lyndon there is a fairly steep hill near the inn, and the usual procedure was to fill the sleigh or wagon with men and challenge the strange team to pull it to the summit. When the opposition had reached the peak of its ability, Mr. Sherman would carefully select one small boy, add him to the load, and chirrup to his team. Both knew the game well and it was almost impossible to weight them beyond their courage to pull.

When Sherman was about nine years old he was sold to George A. Miller of Lyndon for stud use, whose property he remained for two years. He was then sold back to Mr. Sherman and a few months later he went to S. C. Gibb in Littleton, N. H. for three seasons. An old stud poster advertises Sherman Morgan, also known at that time as the Dutch Morgan and Lord North, for the season of 1823 at the following places:

“On Monday in each week, at Capt. Jackman's stable in Goffstown till 2 o'clock p.m., from 5 p.m. on Mondays till 2 on Tuesdays at Rogers’ stable in Hopkinton Village, from 5 p.m. on Tuesdays till 2 p.m. on Wednesdays at John Parker’s stable in Warner, from 5 p.m. on Wednesdays till 2 p.m. (Continued on Page 36)
Every morning on our way to classes at the University of Michigan, we passed a pasture with several chestnut horses with colts. We thought them a very pretty sight and resolved to visit them at the first opportunity. We were thrilled on inquiry, to learn the animals were pure bred Morgans and owned by the president of our great University.

A note asking for permission to visit his horses personally. We still hadn't caught our breath, but the day and the hour was set.

Rather timidly we drove up the white fenced lane, that was one side of a pleasant farm house set neatly toward the paddock. Tex, the groom, trained them for harness. But he much prefers Morgans.

Instinctively our footsteps turned toward the paddock. Tex, the groom, joined us, whistled shrilly, and scattered a can of oats in a trough. Here came the beautiful mares, each with her colt, moving quietly. They were more interested in us than in eating. They surrounded us, nuzzling in a most friendly manner, begging to have their noses rubbed and their ears scratched. I pulled out my camera to get some once-in-a-lifetime shots. I felt a gentle tug at my coat tail. I whirled around to find a yearling laughing in my face. I adjusted the focus to get a picture of Dr. Ruthven bonding a mare and her colt.

"Is this what you would like?" he was asking.

Someone was looking over my shoulder. It was a three-year-old. I asked her if she approved of the shot I was about to take. She nodded her head vigorously, and I snapped, with the enclosed result. Finally I laid the camera aside and indulged in a half hour's communion with a group of the very nicest horses in these United States.

(Continued on Page 24)
Rosilee -- The Family Pride

By K. Hart Puffer

Nothing is understood without one's knowing how it evolved. It probably started with man's original struggle to survive. I suspect that those men and animals fared best which were drawn to each other and so co-operated in their struggle to survive. When I put my arm around one of my children or stroke the head and ears of our dog, Penny, or pat our horse, Rosilee, I feel a kind of satisfaction. I will leave it to the psychologist or theologian to explain. Maybe it is affection. Maybe it is love. But to me, I am "just doing what comes naturally."

The next significant point in history after the union of man and beast, was the moving of my grandfather to Northern Michigan in the year 1877. He cut a clearing in the woods a mile and one-half from the present location of my permanent home, which is located in So. Boardman—where I would like to have some retired couple who love horses live—and built a log cabin for his family. Then he returned to Illinois, near Chicago, where land was already too expensive for a Canadian immigrant with a family of small children. He returned with his family, and it was in this setting that my father grew up. Lumbering was replaced by farming during my father's lifetime. Although he spent his winters teaching school for a number of years, lumbering was as familiar to him as farming has been to me.

The stories of the great horses that moved the trees off this country are as much a part of the saga of the passing forests as the songs of the chanties or the bar room brawls. Since my family were temperate people and lovers of horses, I heard much more of the first than of the latter. My father took a great deal of justifiable pride in his horsemanship at a time when each starting of a logging sleigh after a brief rest meant a display of power and coordination that would thrill the most expensive horse loving crowd of today. At a time when there were no slowdowns and the main object of an industry was to move those mighty logs with horse power, a professional display of horsemanship and horse power was not a show; it was the routine of the day by which the lumberjack earned his drinks.

My father would grow emotional as he would tell of this pull or that pull in which his team came through. And there was the horse he had which had become mean before he owned her. If properly handled she was very gentle and an excellent puller. He would crawl around and between her legs when others did not dare go within kicking distance of her. Years later, I was present when my father met a man who had owned her sometime later. They fell to talking about that mare. The man who got her told of the great things she would do. For a driver whom she loved, she would pull until her belly came within ten inches of the ground; but a driver whom she hated, she would kick off a load of hay. Such statements are not lies.

The literature of my youth was rich with the unwritten stories of the great deeds of great horses, and it went without saying that if there was a job for a team, I would be the driver. When we did custom-threshing and I was not in school, I automatically drove the team to draw the threshing machine. One fall, we had to use a team which was entirely unsuited for the task. Neither had had any experience hauling anything heavier than a plow, one was only a four-year-old colt, and both were so frightened of the machine that it took five of us to hitch them. Under my father's tutoring, I developed a team of pullers that you could be proud of in any company. People who took less pride in the performance of their horses might use a block and line to move the machine in and around barns where the sand was deep, the approach to the barn steep, or the barn floor slippery. This would move the machine at half the speed and make the pull half as hard so the horses could be more easily controlled. But this kind of thing was not for us. If the blower had to be put through a hole in a scalfold and the machine moved a foot and a half or two at a time to keep from breaking the blower, we never used a block and line. We hitched onto a straight chain and moved it a foot and a half or two feet. And we never broke anything but the harness. If the horses had to make a hard pull with their feet on a slippery barn floor, I just held them steady and they pulled carefully with feet set well apart. I cannot remember ever having a horse slip on a barn floor, and we never put shoes on a horse for this hauling.

This is all a part of why I chose Rosilee and what I intend to do with her. You can see that putting a horse in front of me is like putting a plate of sauerkraut in front of a Dutchman. It is not only a reminder of home; it is a part of home.

When my children were mere babies I thought of the time they would be ready for a dog, for I loved our dog so much when I was a boy. Then I thought of the time when perhaps they might have a horse. As they came closer and closer to an age that a horse could be enjoyed I visualized exactly the kind of animal they should have. The idea of a Shetland was considered, but a Shetland would be too small for me to enjoy also. I at last arrived at the picture of the kind of horse we should have. It should weigh between 900 and 1000 pounds. It should be as gentle and as easily handled as that bay mare I used so many times to take cattle to the pasture and get them again when a boy, and behind which I guided the cultivator through so many long hot days. It should be a mature horse of settled habits so the children could not teach it bad habits with their amateur handling. Still I did not want a horse that was gentle because it was so old it could not move freely. Although I did not know much about saddle horses and could not recognize all the gaits, I thought a gaited horse must be a rare and wonderful possession. A gaited horse was more than I hoped to own. I always felt there was something wonderful about the perfection one feels in a purebred animal which is registered as a member of a breed.

Last summer I drove past a most interesting looking farm each day as I went to and from classes working on my doctor's degree at the University of Michigan. This was plainly not an ordinary farm. The white board fence around the yard, the well painted and well kept buildings, the white painted posts of the pasture fence, and the group of fine-looking horses and colts in the pasture plainly indicated something out of the ordinary.

(Continued on Page 31)
The ancient but honorable steed here pictured makes no claim to Morgan ancestry. In fact, any similarity to horses living or dead is purely coincidental! He does however make a convenient rack on which to hang the more common blemishes and unsoundnesses of horses. Before reading the labels, see how many you can identify.

This diagram is not meant for comic relief. It is intended rather to impress every horse owner with some of the disorders to which a horse falls heir. Like a car he shows the effects of long mileage, poor care, rough roads, and irresponsible drivers. Make sure that your care and management methods do not give birth to such a specter!

1. Pendulous lips
2. Roman nose
3. Moon-blindness
4. Lop ears
5. Foul evil
6. Mange
7. Fistulous withers
8. Saddle gall
9. Weak loin
10. Ragged hip
11. Goose rump
12. Rat-tail
13. Thoroughpin
14. Capped hock
15. Curb
16. Windgalls or windpuffs
17. Enlarged fetlock
18. Grease and scratches
19. Quittor
20. Hock splint
21. Multiple splint
22. Toe crack
23. Sparvin
24. Swollen stifle
25. Ruptured navel
26. Flat-ribbed (slab-sided)
27. Herring-bellied
28. Capped elbow or shoeboil
29. Simple splint
30. Bowed tendons
31. Ringbone
32. Quarter crack
33. Sidebone
34. Chronic founder
35. Cocked ankle or knuckling
36. Knee sprung

The MORGAN HORSE
New England News and Notes

By Dana Wingate Kelley

Dr. Wilson Haubrich and his father who are veterinarians in Claremont, N. H., have purchased from Ted Davis in Windsor, Vt., the mare Temptation. Dr. Haubrich has been following the Morgan shows for years and has always had the desire to own a Morgan for his three children to ride. This mare will no doubt give him and his family many happy hours. She has raised some very nice colts for Mr. Davis and some day she may present her new owners with a Morgan foal.

Lee Wheeler of Ascutney, Vt., has become the owner of two 1950 foals purchased from the farm of Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Davis. Windcrest Mister Roberts, a son of Hilltop Prince and out of the good show mare Seneca Sweetheart, is to be gelded and used for riding. The other, a filly, has been named, Windcrest Miss Liberty and is out of Upwey King Benn and Temptation.

Saw Ed Havey of Manchester, N. H., the other day. He reported the sale of a very nice six-year-old registered Morgan mare named Blythe Spirit to Gerald Melanson also of Manchester. This beautiful mare is sired by Lippitt Sam Bun, a son of Lippitt Sam and out of Burklyn Lassie. Mr. Melanson is riding Blythe with a silver mounted saddle and this pair will be seen in the parade classes next year. Ed and his wife Florence have done a lot for Mr. and Mrs. Ela bought from Dr. Fessenden and Al have him right well and promises to be a hard horse to beat. He won't be brought out until Spring. He is set on raising Everready by Hawkeye that I have ridden in shows and trail rides for a number of years. I also brought a yearling stud, Townshend Gaymeade, by Meade and out of Gayselva, a mare Mrs. Ela bought from Dr. Wallace Orcutt. Out here I bought from Roy Brunk two mares, full sisters, daughters of Congo and out of Tifona who went to China in 1947. I hope to cross them with Gaymeade who is of different bloodlines. I am sorry I missed you at Mr. Brunk's. I was there two days after you and Mrs. Kelley were there. Where I am living the land is not flat as it is in Illinois. In fact I think I could almost get a horse ready for the 100-mile trail ride around here as we are in the foothills of the Ozarks. The most popular horse around here is the Tennessee Walker as there are three breeding farms in this vicinity. I hope to show people some good Morgans in the next few years. We are also raising registered Angus beef cattle so maybe I'll have some really working Morgans. Well, the best of luck to you and my friends in the East. I hope to be back for the National next year. Pat Hallquist, Rt. 2, Hillsboro, Mo.

I know my Eastern readers who know Pat will agree with me that that gal will do all right on a Morgan's back, in getting it ready for the trail ride or chasing one of those super-duper Angus steaks.

Chester Trefc of Camp Lake, Wisconsin came to Vermont last month and took home two Lippitt weanlings to add to his other two. He is seen showing the mid-west a band of real Vermont Morgans. Mr. Trefc says that no state other than Vermont can raise Morgans with such wonderful legs.

A recent winter visitor at the Royalton Morgan Farm was Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brouillet of Athol, Mass. Al and his wife have moved into a new home with Al's brother where they have a grand barn and wonderful place to train a few Morgans. Dyberry's Billy who won first as a weanling with his dam Lippitt Miss Nekonia for Dr. Parks, three years ago at the National has been taking his training well and promises to be a hard horse to beat. He won't be brought out until Spring. Dr. Fessenden and Al have him right up where he belongs. Sentana, a nice mare owned by J. Harry Wood, with her foal is also wintering well.

Another recent visitor was John Kearns of Conn., who has two nice colts out of his Morgan mare sired by Niles both are bays with black points, a stud coming two and a filly coming three. The mare is now nursing a Lippitt Ethan Ash filly who also looks good.

In the last issue of this magazine there appeared in the Pictorial section a splendid picture of Martha Moore's stallion Jamboree taken out in Prattsville, Alabama. Today I am sorry to report the untimely death of this horse who was a very typy son of Corisor and out of Gypsy Queen. This little stud was a top cow horse, jumped

(Continued on Page 30)
Down Pennsylvania way a young mare is hunted regularly by her 14-year-old owner with the Frankstown hunt.

In the tough field of Virginia and Pennsylvania horse show competition she has also amassed the following in three seasons:

Four championships.
Three reserve championships.
36 Blue ribbons.
27 Red ribbons.

In addition she has accumulated 17 thirds and 16 fourths.

These have been won in a variety of divisions including conformation and working hunters, junior hunters, equitation and in hunter trails. Perhaps of most importance in this article is the fact that she has won for two successive years the model small hunter class at Upperville, Va., America's oldest horse show.

The mare is a half-Morgan, Justa Wac. She is an outstanding example of the versatility of Morgans as well as the use of Good Morgan stallions on other breeds for producing good using horses.

She is by Big Shot 8231 bred in Pennsylvania by Dr. C. R. Grissinger of Somerset. Big Shot's sire is Allen Lee, a son of Jubilee King. On the side of his dam, Ann Morgan 09051 he is by Tiffany 7517, a Middlebury bred horse out of a mare of the Brunk breeding.

Big Shot was bred to a Thoroughbred mare.

The filly, Justa Wac, was acquired in 1948 by Daniel P. Lenehan of Duncansville, Pa., for his then 12-year-old daughter, Daneen.

In answer to a query Mr. Lenehan writes: "We acquired the mare from William Sowash of Greensburg, Pa., a breeder. She has a fine disposition with the spirit and dash of her dam apparently tempered by the placid disposition of her sire. This fact has been pretty well proven by the fact that since we have had her she has been schooled, handled and shown almost exclusively by our daughter.

"In addition to her winnings she is also outstanding in the hunt field carrying Daneen regularly as whip with the Frankstown hunt."

No one will deny that the Morgan may be crossed to advantage with other breeds. In this instance, as Mr. Lenehan points out, the Morgan blood produced a calming effect—of tremendous advantage to a hunt where obstacles often excite them to errors in judgment. Justa Wac is the living proof that there is room in the hunt field for Morgan blood.

Small hunters are in demand for children's mounts and where a cross with Thoroughbred blood can result as advantageously as in the case of Justa Wac an example has been set which could well be followed.

Complete results on Questionaire in December issue will be published in April number. Mail yours today!
Pomona Fair Display

It is believed by many that never in the history of the Morgan Horse in California have they been more in the spot light and before the public eye, at the Los Angeles County Fair in Pomona, Calif. The Fair being held from September 19th to October 1st. It was announced that all attendance records were broken and that 1,100,000 people passed through the gates.

Through the efforts of Mr. Keith Morse of West Covina, Calif., who is a Morgan owner and has done much to promote and further the interest of Morgans in California, permission was given by Hal Lindsey of Monrovia, Calif., for the use of eight box stalls and a tack room for the Morgan exhibits. Mr. Lindsey has been head of the equestrian division for several years.

Mr. Krantz of the U.S. Morgan Horse Farm of Vermont, sent a print of the statue of Justin Morgan, which stands so proudly in front of the Morgan Farm in Middlebury, Vt. The print was enlarged and framed to hang on the center wall. Around this picture a tack room of great interest and unusual beauty was fashioned, the history of the Morgan horse was given in pictures and printed plaques, which were done in blue and gold, the colors chosen by the stable.

In the center of the room on a very colorful serape-covered table, were placed trophies and between two bronze horse-head book ends stood the six volumes of the Morgan Horse Register. One picture of great interest to the old timers and horse-lovers was a picture of three of the most famous stallions of their time, which included Dan Patch, who had Morgan blood.

There were pictures of fine Morgans, such as "Redman," who is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Warren Halliday of Etna, Cal. He is the sire of "Blackman" who sired four of the Morgans that Mr. and Mrs. Roberts of Los Angeles and Hi-Pass, had on exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts have one of the largest Morgan breeding farms in the United States and their horses have been getting their share of ribbons wherever shown.

Of special interest to many was a very fine picture of the late Lynn Green, mounted on his beloved Morgan stallion "Red Chief." This picture made all Morgan owners deeply realize their loss of a good friend and horseman. Mrs. Green made a gift of this fine stallion to a friend of hers in Roseburg, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Walker's picture of their champion mare "Nancy Rogers," sired by "Will Rogers," surrounded by her ribbons would make anyone proud to own such a beautiful mare.

Mr. and Mrs. Lingle displayed an interesting picture, also ribbons won by their three-year-old stallion "Senator Star" who was sired by "Senator Graham" and came from the L. U. Sheep Ranch. "Star" was on exhibition in the stable and greatly admired.

There were also fine pictures of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Morse' two stallions, "King Shoshone" by "Plains King" and "Top Flight" by "Flyhawk," also her mare "Highview Honey" sired by "Fillmore." Her dam is "Jubilee Joy" and grand dam "Sentala," a full sister of "Jubilee King," this stallion being owned by Mrs. W. J. Bryant of Springfield, Vt. "Sentala" is owned by Mrs. Greenwalt and is the dam of "Top Flight," "Top Flight" and "Highview Honey" were on exhibition in the stable and made a splendid showing.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Deardorff displayed pictures of their black stallion "Skyboy," sired by "Andy Pershing" also their mare "Jubilee Alexandria" by "Flyhawk," and she was on exhibition at the stable. This mare came from the Morgan farm of Mr. and Mrs. Greenwalt of Illinois.

The silver saddles and equipment were owned by Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Deardorff, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Morse, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Menge. The Mengers are not Morgan owners but Morgan friends, who said they were proud to be a part of such a fine display.

Mrs. Morse was assisted in the arrangement of the tack room displays by her son Bernard, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Deardorff, Mrs. Lingle and Mrs. Walker. Mrs. Morse regrets the lack of stall space prevented more horses from being on exhibition. A name plate, giving the sire and dam, was used on each door and it was truly interesting to hear the remarks of the many many interested people.

Mr. Lindsey highly complimented Mrs. Morse and the ones who worked with her for one of the finest displays that had ever been in the Equestrian Division.

Among the Morgan owners who called at the stables and viewed both tack room and horses were Mrs. Lynn Greene of Brea, Leigh Nickerson of Redlands, Mrs. T. R. Rex of Costa Mesa, Mrs. Merle Little and daughters of Monrovia and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Wopschall of Walnut, Calif.

Bernard Rissi gave of his time and efforts in every way possible, and he also took the pictures of the tack room, which had to be taken in sections and this was greatly appreciated by all concerned.

The Morgan tack room featuring Western saddlery, trophies and serapes, attracted much attention at the colorful Pomona Fair.
In widely-scattered areas of the United States there are five excellent Morgan mares, bred to outstanding Morgan stallions. Come spring these mares will drop five colts whose destiny is already assured.

They will be owned by five young people living in the areas where these foals were born. They will not be sold. They will not be given away. They will be presented as top prizes for the national story contest sponsored by The Morgan Horse Magazine.

You see, youngsters, it's this way:

The magazine is published for one, express purpose—to promote the growth and development of the Morgan horse. Anything having to do with a Morgan is news in this magazine and the magazine wants all available data about Morgans it can lay its hands on. It wants stories, histories, pictures, drawings from people who know and love Morgans.

When the magazine management and the directors of the Morgan Horse Club discussed ways of obtaining this material they came to this conclusion:

Go to the younger generation—the enthusiastic youngsters who will be the mainstay of the club in years to come. That means YOU, Young Enthusiasts. You live in city and country all over this nation. Your love for Morgans has sent you probing to this farm or that; has turned you to libraries and reference-books; caused you to write recognized authorities and breeders.

The magazine wants to print what you have found. It wants to use what you have dug up about Morgans out in Oregon. How they are used in the cattle country of the west. What their place is in the rich farmlands of the middle west. How they appeal to owners in the south. What is being done in Morgan—birthplace country—New England.

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May be you have collected pictures. There are some among you who can sketch. If your prints or drawings are about Morgans or Morgan people let us have them.

Elsewhere in this issue of the magazine may be found the stipulations for the contest. Study them. Then take time out to give them a bit of thought. Have you any material in your possession which could be used? Have your acquaintances such data or would an interview with them net some results?

The editorial staff of this magazine will read and rate every piece of manuscript submitted. The work will be judged for literary merit—grammar, punctuation, spelling and color. But primarily it will be judged for subject material. In other words: Is it a good story? Is it one of the top stories? Is it one of the best in your area? One of the five best in the nation? It is?

Well, then, youngster you've earned yourself a Morgan colt.

In addition to the award of the colt the magazine editors are anxious to unearth writing talent. If your stories are good, even though they don't win the prize, they will appear in later issues of the magazine.

Morgan Enthusiasts, this is the best opportunity we know of to get quick results from the work you like to do. By merely putting together facts within your reach, many of you could do a good job by merely getting your knowledge on paper. Others will have to do some work before they are ready to write.

Get your material into this office as soon as convenient. Don't wait until the last minute when the editors are buried.

Go to it and good luck.
The New Home of
Champion Riviera
by Mentor, and out of Naiad

Her record at the 1950 National Morgan Horse Show
First -- Three Year Old Riding
First -- Combination Ride and Drive
Grand Champion Saddle Horse

Now owned by
Top: Winners at Traverse City, Michigan Horse Show, August 5, 6, 1950. Dorothy Armiger on ANN HUNTINGTON; Marcia Wheeler, on ROBIN SHERWOOD; Sue Dryden, on SARAH HUNTINGDON. All registered Morgans of Dr. Ruthven's breeding.

Middle: AUTUMN STAR, Morgan Mare ridden by Miss Meredith Griffin of Merrimac, Mass.

Bottom: PRINCESS TOBY, SHENANDOAH SUE, CINNAMON QUEEN and their spring foals, owned by F. R. Dzengolweski, Lebanon, Illinois.
Top: Filly ALAZANA DUQUESE and dam LUANA owned by Ralph A. Fisher, Jr., of Phoenix, Arizona.

Bottom: JUBILEE ALEXANDRA by Flyhawk out of Betty Bass owned by C. M. Deardorff of Santa Anna, Calif.
Horse Course at University of Illinois

During the past few years, the Department of Animal Husbandry at the University of Illinois, Urbana, Illinois, has been expanding their teaching work with light horses and in horse management. They are accumulating an excellent group of Morgans for use in student judging and demonstration work for classes in horse management. This work is under the direction of Professor J. L. Edmunds, head of the Department, and C. W. Crawford.

The two pictures here are the eight-year-old mare Rhosen 05873, and her three-year-old daughter Patty Pratt 07117. Rhosen is by Illawana Ruban 7994 and out of Sentide 05265 by Night Tide 8038, the second dam being the famous mare Sentola 04555 by Penrod 6140. She was bred by Dr. and Mrs. Fauntleroy Flinn of Decatur, Illinois, and was purchased for the University from Ellsworth Reno of Browning, Illinois.

Patty Pratt was sired by Flyhawk 7526, a stallion that was grand champion two years at the Illinois State Fair and owned by Helen B. Greenwalt. This filly was bred by Sam Doak of Paris, Illinois and also was purchased for the University from Mr. Reno. This filly has just weaned a stallion foal, a full brother of Patty Pratt, which is an exceptionally promising foal. The University also owns several fillies by Senator Graham 8361. He is by Senator Knox 6132 out of Fanita 04736, and has proved an exceptionally successful sire both in Wyoming, where he stood at the L. U. Sheep Company ranch, and also in Illinois for his owner, Mrs. Helen B. Greenwalt.

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Gift Subscription

Send a Gift Subscription to your young horse-loving friends so they too may learn of the contest which is offering 5 registered Morgan colts. Rush Your Subscription Order Today.

A University mare, RHOSEN, by Illawana Ruban out of Sentide. A bay filly, PATTY PRATT, by Flyhawk out of the mare at left.
BROADWALL FARM . . .

the new home of that outstanding yearling filly by Mentor out of Jasmine purchased at recent Government sale.

PARADE

At stud to a few approved mares.

Winner — Yearling Stallion Class in 1949.
Winner — 2-year-old Driving Class, 1950.

MR. & MRS. J. CECIL FERGUSON

Tex told us the favorite on the farm is Rosalie, seventeen. She is also the most valuable mare having presented the farm with a foal every year. And she rules the herd. The others step according to her orders. Each mare, it was interesting to learn, has a definite place and order of position.

All the horses have very definite personalities. Rosalita is the biggest pest for affection. Many are her antics to satisfy this craving.

Dr. Ruthven explained that he named all his fillies "something Ann." The stallion's names contain Geddes, his Grandmother's name.

We went inside to view Lippitt Moro Ash. We were being groomed to a satin finish. He held his head high. "We've never had a mean stallion," explained Dr. Ruthven. We watched the magnificent animal as he walked out to the exercising yard. His feet beat out perfect time.

"We think he is the finest in the United States," spoke Dr. Ruthven. He certainly looked it, as he posed beautifully for us to take several pictures. Spirited yet friendly, he whipped around at the end of a tether. Lady, a liver spotted Dalmation, frolicked with him. Morgan stallions, as a race, do not like dogs, but Moro Ash did not get in the least ruffled at his unwelcome companion.

The colt crop is 100 per cent, much to the wonder of the agricultural department, which has several times been up to find out why.

"How do you account for it," we asked, for 82 per cent to 83 per cent is considered good.

"Tex is the answer," Doctor said with enthusiasm. Tex explained that excellent care was important. "Don't coddle them. These horses are out of doors the year around; they do not even want shelter in the most severe storms."

Often during a big snow the phone will ring. Someone from the Humane Society reports complaints, that the Stanerigg Morgans are not being properly sheltered.

The courteous answer is always made, "If they think the horses should not be outside, they may bring them up, but the horses won't want to come."

The mares have an unusually high percentage of fillies. Only one in five is a stud. This has no explanation.

Lippitt Moro Ash is considered to be about 14 per cent Justin Morgan blood, and is believed to closely resemble the first Morgan. Dr. Ruthven is interested in promoting the Morgans. He is one of the directors of the Morgan Horse Club.

Stanerigg Morgan farm is experimenting with inbreeding. With Dr. Ruthven's fine background as a scholar of biology we can be assured that this experiment will be scientifically sound and a genuine contribution to the science of heredity. They are not yet ready to comment upon the experiments thus far. But we will anxiously await word of these studies.

"Come back soon," we were urged, as we climbed into the car and started away.

The colt crop is 100 per cent, much to the wonder of the agricultural department, which has several times been up to find out why.

An advertisement in the Stallion Issue will increase his popularity as well as that of related individuals.
In the middle of winter the Maine folk for the most part seem to be satisfying their love for a horse by exercise in paddocks and on lounge line. Some of us can take advantage of sleighing now and then. What is more fun than a ride to the jolly ring of sleigh bells, and a hot bowl of oyster stew afterwards.

The next meeting of our Maine Morgan Club will be Feb. 2 and this will probably result in some news for our April column.

Thinking back over the show season of 1950 it occurs to me that the three Morgans winning Maine championships were all owned, trained, and shown, by women. Could that prove that women “have a way with horses?”

King Coriso 9325, owned by Mrs. Raymond Thurston of Union, Maine was Grand Champion Morgan in the Model Class. King was bought by Hugh Little to Rockland from Mr. Van Buskirk when the colt was three months old. When he was three years old he went to Mrs. Thurston’s to be trained. She and her daughter Barbara Hutchins got him ready for that year’s show season, which was 1948. Barbara did most of the actual showing and the little fellow won the Grand Championship in the Open Class.

Mansper 8962, owned by Mrs. Frank Linnell of West Auburn was Grand Champion in the Open Class and Reserve Champion in the Model Class. Mansper is a dark chestnut with red mane and tail, stands 14.3 and he too possesses plenty of that so typically Morgan personality.

Townshend Flicka 06128, was bought as a weanling from the Townshend Farm by Mary Foley of Gardiner, Me. Mary has trained her, taught her tricks and ridden her in the shows. This year Flicka won the Reserve Championship in the Morgan Open Class.

These last two Morgan have been used as trail horses more than as show horses. The countryside around their stables abounds in old woods roads and abandoned country roads which make for the best riding there is. Mansper has been on three Maine Trail Rides and I am sure if he could speak he would tell us he much preferred the trails to the show ring.

Townshend Flicka is a liver chestnut mare, stands 15.1 and is a pretty picture under saddle.

Last May there was much excitement around the paddock where Mansper and his stable mate Penny were grazing. A truck had arrived across the road at Echo Farm where the Radcliffe Mitchells live and out of it had stepped a very lovely Morgan mare, Jubilee’s Atlanta 06075, and her filly of three weeks by Scott’s Hero 8461. Much general “conversation” had to be exchanged before things quieted down in the Linnell paddock, and for weeks things were far from quiet at the Mitchells—the mare and colt drew interested admirers for days to come!

The mare and filly were a gift to young 11-year-old Dawn Ellen Mitchell. From the start she took care of them and was about the only one to handle the filly, who developed a great attachment for Dawn.

Mary Foley of Gardiner shows that TOWNSHEND FLICKA is well-trained and well-mannered.

JUBILEE’S ATLANTA and her colt, SCOTT’S HERO with owner Dawn Ellen Mitchell. A friend, Marcia Tibbetts in on the fence.

The MORGAN HORSE
Atlanta is the loveliest, gentle mare, with a very fine Morgan head, definitely a true type Morgan. She was a very conscientious mother, but she found herself, as so many mothers do, with quite a handful of offspring! I have seen her chastising the filly many times, to the apparent unconcern of Filly, but the final straw I presume it seemed to Atlanta when one day late in the summer the filly got herself a good start and sailed neatly over a four-foot wire fence with plenty to spare and took a look at what lay beyond.

Poor Atlanta was a picture of distraction and frustration until helpful hands had caught and returned Filly to her side.

We think this might auger well for Filly’s ability in future jumping events! She is a very pert and sassy youngster and you may be sure will get on in this old world!

Atlanta is now at Mrs. Thurston’s Lewiston stable for further training under saddle, so she and Dawn Ellen will be ready for the spring riding.

At Mrs. Thurston's stable are three other Morgans in “winter training.” King Coriso of course, and Mrs. Thurston’s four-year-old Illawana Marybelle who daughter Barbara is working industriously with to get ready for next summer’s shows, and Frank Linnell’s Lippitt Sandy, a coming three-year-old who is very busy learning all the things a three-year-old has to know.

At the next Morgan Club meeting I hope to get caught up on Morgan news from other parts of the state, which is hard to keep up with during winter months of poor travelling. I know the Howard Hurds in Portland must be busy with their two Morgan colts to train and the LaCasses of Fryeburg have quite a barnful to keep them busy.

A happy and horseful new year to Morgan folk everywhere from the Maine Morgan folk.

MORGANS IN AKRON PAPER
A recent letter from one of our subscribers brought some interesting clippings from The Akron Beacon Journal of Sept. 10. A full page spread in the rotogravure section as well as an accompanying story gave the story of the breeding operations on our president Merle D. Evans Stark County Ohio Farm.

According to those in the area, tremendous interest has been created throughout this section by this excellent promotional piece, which we understand was entirely unsolicited.
The Northern California Morgan Horse Club had its last regional dinner meeting of the year 1950 on Nov. 18th at the Capitol Inn, Sacramento, Cal.

This meeting was a small one due to one of the worst storms of the season. However, the ones present tackled and accomplished a big order in the way of business.

The meeting was called to order after a very enjoyable dinner by our president, Mel Lawrence.

Plans for the next year's Play Day at Plymouth were discussed at length. It was decided that Mrs. Wurz would work with the Fair and Show Committee to put this Play Day over bigger and better. Mrs. Wurz has been very active in performance classes in shows throughout the state for a number of years and her knowledge and experience will be a great help in organizing this event. The Club feels very fortunate in having a member with such a wide experience. Ted Miller was again selected to judge the Play Day show as he did a very fine job last year.

A motion was made and approved by all at the meeting that an entry fee of $1 be charged for each class and the Morgans may be entered in as many classes as they are capable of appearing. This entry charge will enable the Club to purchase all ribbons and trophies for the Play Day. All in all, the 1951 Play Day should prove to be a very interesting and worthwhile Morgan show.

Plans for next year's Morgan Breeding classes were discussed thoroughly and the official Morgan Show of the year for this area will remain at Plymouth for the next year. The Club has added three more shows in next year's show season which they are asking the support of all members and owners to show their Morgans and help keep the classes well filled. The more shows which have well filled Morgan classes, the more popular the breed will become in this area. These shows are fun for the person who keeps Morgans as a hobby and good business for the breeder who is interested in selling his stock. All shows will be advertised well in advance through the Club's bulletin "The Morgan."

The possibilities of a trail ride next year was an important topic of the meeting. For the first trail ride, the Club is combining forces with the Roseville Riders on a short weekend ride, thereby enabling all riders to be serviced by a catering firm. A tentative date was set for the last of May or early June of 1951.

Mr. Oakley brought his movie projector to the meeting and pictures taken at the Plymouth Show were shown after dinner, along with pictures which he took when he was in Vermont last spring. The moving pictures taken at the Plymouth Show last August came out surprisingly well and everyone enjoyed them. The eastern pictures were taken at the Meeting Waters Farm of Mrs. Frances Bryant, Springfield, Vt., showing their brood mares, colts and stallions along with scenic shots of the Vermont countryside adjacent to her place. Mr. Oakley was very fortunate in obtaining some extremely good shots of that grand old stallion "Jubilee King," also Jubilee's Courage and Springfield.

The Club's bulletin "The Morgan" is published monthly by the Fair and Show Committee, under the direction of the writer, and at present has a circulation of two hundred copies, which are mailed to all members and all known Morgan owners in Northern California. This bulletin has become a very necessary part of the Club, as it covers all activities of the Club, news of members and Morgan owners in the Northern California area. It is also a means of advertising salable stock, locating suitable Morgans for prospective new owners, as well as advertising well in advance all Morgan shows and listing their results. The cost of publishing this bulletin is approximately $100 annually with its present circulation. This is a non-profit endeavor and our only intention is for it to carry itself and the only means we

---

**CHOICE MORGANS FOR SALE**

In order to make room for our 1951 colts we are offering one or two of our top Morgans. We like them all and are loathe to part with any so hesitate to offer a particular one, so will entertain offers on our five selected individuals.

In this group you will find pleasure and show, riding and driving, trained and untrained Morgans, of both Eastern and Western breeding.

Mr. & Mrs. Otho Eusey

Apple Valley Ranch  Sterling, Mass.
have of financing it is from advertising space purchased and contributions of members and Morgan owners who receive it and appreciate it.

Recently, we had a true story submitted to our Club bulletin by the wife of one of our members, Mrs. Shirley Davis of Lodi, Cal., which we thought would be enjoyed by our many readers. The locale of this story is the mountains in the extreme northern part of California in the winter:

"No milk for the baby! What a predicament! The snow flurries were increasing by the minute. Already it was a foot deep and showed no signs of letting up. We decided to wait a little longer, maybe it would ease. What use is an automobile now.

"Still no let up and it was getting late. I just gave our little girl her last bottle of milk. It was 16 miles round trip to the nearest store and the snow was almost four feet deep now in the deeper drifts. Gene decided to

"Johnny wasn’t a big mare—but she was all heart and eagerness—do anything for us.

"So off they went, snow falling so fast, visibility wasn’t too clear. Her trot was smooth and even and Gene hardly knew she was up to her belly in snow until he had to kick it off his toes. The hour was late and darkness was close thus, he had to urge her on at a good trot, but she loved it. Cold! His hands were so numb he could hardly feel the reins.

"At last the store! Thank goodness they had some milk left, for the snowplow couldn’t get through. It would be another day before the people at the store could get to the city. But no snowplow for us—we were three miles off the highway.

"Johnny came back the same way she went up—eager, willing, and steady, through even more snow. If it hadn’t packed under her little hoofs, she’d have been up to her neck, for she plowed a furrow with her chest.

"It was almost dark when they reached our home. I flung the door open and we brought Johnny right into our living room. She dried and wept at the fireplace. Her eyes were big and soft and seemed to say “Thank You.” But we were the ones to thank her for being so faithful and dependable, for she had never seen snow like that.

"We went into our kitchen to eat and she tried to follow. She stuck her head in the doorway and thus joined us at our meal.

"We still have Johnny, but we’re not in the snow country anymore. She is still as eager to please and as sweet as when the baby played with her ears.

"But Johnny is a Morgan!"

Letters
(Continued from Page 5)

Come West Young Man

Dear Sir:

I enjoy the magazine a lot but would like to see more news and pictures of Western Morgans.

I have recently purchased a registered Morgan mare from J. C. Jackson of Harrison, Montana. She is a dark chestnut, five-year-old. Her name is Luck out of Chauce by Delbert. I like her fine. I have another half Morgan mare, Star Dust and her three-quarter Morgan filly, Twinkling Star. I took Star Dust and Luck down to the Clearwater County Fair. Star Dust won the blue in the mares and geldings saddle class. There were 22 in the class. Luck was fifth which I didn’t think was bad as we had just got her and she wasn’t rested from her trip yet. Star Dust went on to be Champion Mare of the show and grand champion. Naturally, I am proud of her. I took her up to the Lewis County Fair the next weekend and she won the corn cutting contest. I have trained this mare and always show her myself. She also knows around 30 tricks.

If there are any other North Idaho Morgan breeders, I would like to hear from them and see their horses, if not personally, through your magazine.

Sincerely,

Miss Frances Reichow
Orofino, Idaho

Hints Helpful

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing in check, $2.50 for the Morgan Horse Magazine which I enjoy very much.

The Stable Hints are very good and very helpful.

I wish they would put in something on trying to stop horses on eating their bedding.

Yours truly,

Mary Wilson
Presque Isle, Me.

(Continued on Page 30)
N. E. News and Notes
(Continued from Page 17)

easily, drove, worked and hacked as well as being a good show horse. I understand that Miss Moore has a couple of nice mares which she is thinking of selling due to the loss of her stallion. The sympathy of our readers goes to you Martha and I know that you have had a hard blow, but do keep your chin up and keep those mares. They may raise another Jamboree for you or one like him who will follow in his footsteps with your fine training.

**

A young stallion has been sold by Miss Owen to Bayard Tuckerman, Jr., of South Westport, Mass., probably the most successful Thoroughbred breeder north of Maryland.

**

Spent a good day with Ted Davis, early in January and had a few sleigh rides with him around the Wind-Crest oval behind some nice young fillies he is breaking. Ted and his daughter Patty are planning to enter several trail rides next season and enjoy the ride rather than working the show ring.

From Merrylegs Farm owned by Mabel Owen comes word that she has sold her two 1950 colts, keeping a black filly, Merry Melody which is by Squire and out of old Giza. She is a grand old mare, the dam of Aggari and about a dozen other good ones, Merry Master by Bright Star and out of April. Ogilvie went to Mary McCullough in Old Lyme, Conn. In the same mail came a letter from Mary McCullough telling more about this colt and stating that she had sold her mare, Morgana La Fee by Senator Graham to Miss Owen. Her new colt is a bright bay with a star and right hind white sock. He is the only double grandson of the Squire.

**

The second Merrylegs colt a flashy chestnut by Bright Star and out of Easter Maid was sold to a new Morgan enthusiast, Mrs. James Evans in Fairhaven, Mass. This colt is a three-quarter brother to Merry Magic who was second in the yearling class last year. She has named him November's Red Star and will undoubtedly show him this year.

Letters
(Continued from Page 29)

Dear Sir:

I have recently purchased the registered Morgan stallion, Beau Jeau, 8864, from Mr. Ross Dinkins of Sedro Woolley, Washington. Also own a palomino half-Morgan filly registered in the Half-Morgan Register No. M-1710. She is by Monte de Jarnette 8321, who is owned by Earl Craig of Tacoma, Washington.

Very truly yours,

W. L. Dilling

Port Angeles, Wash.

Dear Sir:

We have saved every Morgan Horse Magazine we have ever received, even the sample copy we sent for, way back when it was a quarterly, so please don't miss sending us the December copy.

Lazy-B-Ranch
Norwood Park, Illinois

A Touch of Morgan

Dear Sir:

Greatly interested to note the Quarter Horse people now claim Justin Morgan was a Quarter Horse. It is understandable why they try to lay claim to one of the greatest horses ever foaled on this continent. However I note that no independent horse authorities agree with them in the early records or history of the breeds.

The Vermont Morgan was a recognized breed and enjoyed wide popularity before the Quarter Horse was even thought of. In fact, some authorities say some top Morgan mares have disappeared and later appeared on Quarter Horse ranches to breed up their stock.

Nathan Brown
Montpelier, Vt.

(Continued on Page 32)
Rosilee

(Continued from Page 15)

My being who I am, I could not be expected to drive past such a place day after day without stopping to get a better look at those horses and learn what I could about them. To my surprise I found they belonged to Dr. Alexander G. Ruthven, the President of the University of Michigan.

When I told Mrs. Puffer about my findings, she quickly became interested, because she likes to do free lance writing. An appointment was made for her to interview Dr Ruthven and take some pictures—one of which was in the December issue of The Morgan Horse Magazine... the one with Lippitt Moro Ash 8084 in the Morgan Pictorial.

I had often heard my father tell how the Morgan breed began. When I learned what they were like as a breed, I discovered the whole breed was developed to have the exact characteristics I had expected to take years to find all in one horse. To my surprise, I discovered that Rosilee had everyone of the characteristics that I had included in the ideal I had set up as the kind of horse I wanted. She was between 900 and 1000 pounds in weight. She was gentle. She was old enough so the children could not spoil her. She was not only pure-bred she was one of the best of the breed. To add one, unexpected—touch of perfection—was gaited! In addition to all these, she would soon be for sale and was in foal to Lippitt Moro Ash... "the horse that has a marked influence on the Morgans in Michigan, and is generally considered an outstanding sire, that carries about 14 per cent of Justin Morgan blood." The purchase of such an animal seemed very unwise for a person who is trying to save money for a year of graduate work in residence at the University. There were many hours of mental conflict between saving the money or buying the horse. She was a consistent producer which should give me some assurance of having some colts to sell.

Now, any afternoon when school is out and I can get an hour away from my desk or any weekend, I announce to my three children that we are going out to see Rosilee. There is always a shout of joy and a scurry to get ready. We drive out three or four miles to the barn where she is being boarded and each of the children—ages: eight, nine and eleven—takes her turn riding Rosilee. After each has had her turn, we return her to the stable where she gets the best care I ever saw given a horse. Some of the children sit on her back while the rest of us curry and rub her. First, I do her back so they will have a place to sit. Then I do her hind and front quarters. Her legs must be taken care of, and her neck and face done. When I rub her throat and she turns her neck and lays her head against mine, I am confident that she knows we love her.

I apologize for writing at such length. If it were not Christmas vacation I would not have time to read such a long letter let alone write one; but I see no other way to answer your questions: "Why you chose Rosilee and the purpose for which you intend to use her?"

A STRONG FOUNDATION RARELY WEAKENS

When building, a strong foundation is one of the most important things. It should be well made before the rest of the building starts rising in the air.

In Morgans, a strong foundation is also necessary. Here at Royalton we have spent years of time, money, knowledge and study to produce the real true type Vermont Morgan. For example, eleven years ago one of our foundation mares, Justine Morgan was purchased at four months old, she today at 11 years of age has not only been my personal driving or riding mare but has produced three beautiful stallions, all spoken for when weanlings and three beautiful fillies that are being retained for my brood mare band and with good luck in April will again be nursing a second John A. Darling colt.

Royalton has several splendid foundation fillies and three year old mares to offer for foundation stock. The wise purchaser will choose one of these clean blooded Morgans.

ROYALTON MORGAN HORSE FARM

Dana Wingate Kelley

South Royalton

Vermont

FEBRUARY 1951
Dear Sir:

Bob Denhardt in the November issue of The Western Horseman makes statements which I feel should be openly challenged by your paper. This is in no way fair nor is it in any way proof since the statements do not convey the same thoughts and since they are what William Anson says C. C. Stillman said.

Following is the excerpt:

"Re your statement in the November issue (Just Whitting') to the effect that C. C. Stillman stated that Justin Morgan must have had some Quarter Horse blood in his veins. Being a Morgan breeder and a sort of student of Morgan history, I would appreciate it if you would inform me of the particular publication in which the statement of Mr. Stillman's occurs."

Marvin Jeppesen
Keating, Ore.

"I had the privilege of obtaining the papers of William Anson, an early Quarter Horse breeder in Texas, upon his death. Among the papers I found the following in his handwriting:

"The original Justin Morgan generally is admitted to have been a Quarter Horse; the members of the Morgan Horse Club in New York, through Mr. C. C. Stillman communicated with me on this subject, and they accepted as a fact that he could have been nothing else.

"This can be found on page 50 of The Quarter Horse, Volume II, published by the American Quarter Horse Association in 1945 along with the rest of the Anson papers."

Bob Denhardt

History should deal in facts and not wishful thinking. The Quarter Horse people have not yet (so far as I know) declared Jesus Christ was a Quarter Horse, but unless someone calls them they are going to and soon.

My father raised Morgans for 63 years and passed away at 87. The first horse I ever owned was a Morgan. I bought a carload of Morgans to get one young stud, and he has become a great horse and sire.

Let any man raise any horse he may desire, but when they stray from accepted facts he should be called by every breeder of any light horse.

I'm 61 years old, I've ridden and seen the best of Morgans and I have never seen anything but two distinct breeds. Each has its place and I do not care to pass on either. Every lover of the light horse is insulated and rightly so. Let the Quarter Horse people better the Quarter Horse.

Carleton Cummings
Moscow, Idaho

Barber Shop Diet

Dear Sir:

About October 1, I renewed my subscription through the Magazine Mart and you sent a receipt, and also two copies of the October number. I took one to our barber shop where many men are coming and going from morning to 11 or 12 at night. I left it on the reading table and our barber tells me that they "eat it up."

I am almost 63 and at 59 I had not touched a horse in over 30 years but decided to buy one.

I had known a black Morgan mare when I was a girl and wanted one but the only suitable horse around here I could find was a Thoroughbred.

I love him but he is too tall for old stiff knees to mount, also can't stand cold in winter or flies in summer. The Tennessee Walkers are greatly advertised for older people to ride and many have them here, but I think smaller horses are more comfortable. My horse is nervous in deep woods, doesn't like stony hills and wants to jump streams and not walk in water. In traffic and on pavement he is grand, but one dare not tie tiny cans to his heels as I saw a man do with a Morgan and she dragged them about without excitement.

The magazine is just right, don't change it; and as to keeping a horse—that welcoming nicker in the morning is worth the work and expense.

Very truly yours,

Mrs. E. R. Bailey
Gaithersburg, Maryland

Type for Breed

Dear Sir:

How would you go about defining type for a breed? If you take as your ideal the winners in most classes at a national show, you are taking as your ideal the horse that is trained, fitted, bred and used as a show horse. The horse that has a good style, flash, color. You are taking the opinion of a handfull of judges, and a few breeders. If you take as a standard the blood, regardless of conformation or looks you are likely to get inferior individuals who lack essential qualities. If you take the nearest thing to the original idea in breeding the horse and pick only the horse with those characteristics as a standard you would have in the case of the Morgan. 1. A horse under 15 hands. 2. A flashy, animated horse with trappy gait. 3. A gentle, willing worker with tremendous endurance. 4. A fundamentally well-built horse with long life expectancy. 5. A horse with extreme prepotency, each foal looking alike regardless of the other parent.

I am all for Morgans being accepted as a division in the A. H. S. A. but I am dead set against it if they are to be shown and judged by the present system. I don't feel that Morgans have to apologize to anyone for what they are or what they can do. I don't think they should be expected to compete in any way with horses bred for one purpose only. I don't think they should be judged by a set of rules set up by a few people interested only in showing and selling show Morgans.

The rules of the A. H. S. A. are not easily changed. The opinions of people and judges are just as hard to change.

I would like to suggest the following: 1. No weights or artificial gating apparatus in the ring OR IN TRAINING. 2. Conformation, with both ends of the horse counting

The MORGAN HORSE
equally must be set. 3. Classes should be judged for the thing in question, Hack for Hack, Parade for Parade, Saddle Horse for American Saddle Horse type, Breed class for Old Type conformation and prepotency based on three or more produce or get. But most of all for real conformation. 4. Morgan judges judging Morgan horses NOT American Saddle Horses, color or stable reputations.

Anyone who wants to jump in now and set the standard can make or break the Morgan breed. They can set a standard of Saddle Horse or Stock Horse or All-Purpose Horse and once it is done no one can do a thing about it. I charge that it is the job of every breeder to state now and in no uncertain terms to that it is the job of every breeder. It is their responsibility and theirs alone to be sure that no misconceptions are permitted to arise about type, standard, or conditions of Morgan classes. It is their job to further the Morgan breed and no other. I charge to that it is the job of every breeder to state now and in no uncertain terms just what he thinks of the whole situation and to try to understand as fully as he can the other breeders point of view and purpose. It is impossible to point out strongly enough that once this step is taken there is no way out of it. This is only the opinion of one breeder.

Mary McCullough
McCullough's Farm
Old Lyme, Conn.

"The Lady"

Dear Sir:
Have gotten together interesting information with reference to history of noted show mare "Lady DeJannette" and her son "Jubilee DeJannette."

Can you tell us who owned the "Lady" in Missouri, also some details of ownership and death in Boston or vicinity?

I have traced the "Lady's" early history in Kentucky up to time she was sold into Missouri, also that of her son "Jubilee De Jannette" through ownership in Indiana and Illinois and on to Deer Lodge, Montana—on that end I have a letter from Dr. H. C. Garding, U. S. Stockman and also "Anaconda Copper Mining" (Chairman of Board) along with Connelino Kelley.

Am led to believe that if you wish to print the information which I have, it would create unbounded and valuable interest. Although the Lady was foaled year 1874, she remains the one and only. Somewhere there is information and possibly photographs.

H. S. Knotts
R. 7, Box 39
Muncie, Indiana

On Pedigrees
Dear Sir:
This is both a note of congratulation on a wonderful magazine and a request.

Could anybody furnish me with information about the pedigrees of Troubadour of Willowmoor or Upwey King Peavine? My hobby is looking up pedigrees, through your articles, on various Morgans. I, alas, do not own one of those splendid creatures, but I have my "pet," all the same. I like, particularly, Upwey Ben Don. I would like to see him "in the flesh" someday.

My subscription ran out last August and was not renewed until last December. Could I possibly get a copy of the Oct. 1950 issue? I hate to miss even one.

Thank you again for your splendid magazine. I hate waiting two months for another. Keep up the good work!

Mary Willard
Cohasset, Mass.

(Continued on Page 34)
All in the Family

(Continued from Page 11)

Crest Cover Girl, Madeleine of Wind-Crest, Duchess of Wind-Crest, Daughters of Hill Top Prince.

Quite a list. Purchases and sales plus issues of the farm's own breeding result today in 22 head at Wind Crest: the beautiful farm-estate which the Davises bought in 1946.

What does it all add up to?

Ted Davis will tell you.

"The future of the Morgan is as a saddle horse. Our aim is a family enterprise with no more than 10 brood mares. We plan to sell all the colts as weanlings save for one or two likely breed or show prospects. If they go on in the ring they will automatically become breeding stock."

How does he pick a Morgan?

"First for Morgan characteristics."

He rates Don and Casablanca tops in this category. Although both are retired from saddle classes they will still appear in breeding events.

"One hears a lot of talk about definite types of Morgans and I am well aware of the fact that there are definite types, but I also firmly believe that we are all pretty definite on our ideal Morgan," he says. "If you don’t believe it just buy one that is your ideal from any Morgan breeder. You will find that is his ideal too. We are all striving for the same ideal, but we all have our own idea of how to get it. I happen to believe that too close breeding eventually is harmful. I will admit that I have been experimenting and will continue to experiment. I may be right or I may be wrong but I am at least having a good time and after all if you can’t have that what is the use of having horses?

"Possibly one of the most mistaken ideas that some of the public have is that we are raising Morgans for show purposes only. That certainly is not the case. The horses that we show we do not attempt to ride on trails but all the rest of them are used for pleasure as that is what I believe is the main purpose of a Morgan. We hope to be able to raise a few champion Morgans and have purchased mares and stallions that we believe will produce champions. We do not expect to accomplish miracles in a short time."

He stoutly denies that his Morgan enterprise is a business. Although he keeps but one full-time man and with his daughters, does all the training and showing, he does it for fun.

"The family likes it," he says, "and we’ll keep operating Wind-Crest as a family project until the girls want to quit." But he adds, "That is if another war doesn’t cut us off the way the last one did."

Raising and showing Morgans the way the Davises do it is a lot of fun. The whole family enters into it. Although Ted’s handsome wife does not ride she is as vitally interested as he or their two enthusiastic daughters.

A family affair that bears fruit.

A barn full of excellent Morgans and a trophy room choked to bursting with ribbons and silver plate.

An idea that started long ago, a Vermont idea in the mind of a true Vermonter.

An idea, that in this day of widespread family interests might well be followed.

Letters

(Continued from Page 33)

Dear Patty:

Enclosed you will find a snapshot of Minute Man, half Morgan, four-month-old colt, owned by Ellin Lou Kilgore of Waterloo, Iowa. The sire of this foal is Dude Herod, AMHR 7961, owned by Edna Tisdale of Baraboo, Wisconsin. I will send you a picture of Dude Herod later.

Sincerely,

Ellin L. Kilgore, Age 10
1017 Vine Street
Waterloo, Iowa

(Continued on Page 37)
DEAD HEAT...ALMOST
(Continued from Page 7)

but the cut was rapidly coming closer
and it was wide enough for but one
buggy.

With less than 100 yards to go and
above the rattle of the wheels and the
pounding of the eight feet Father
heard the peremptory shout of the en-
ingenineer to pull up.

"Pull up yourself!" roared Father as
he teased the last hit out of the old
horse—and they hurtled into the cut
together. Both men were expert reins-
men. Each attempted to crowd out
as far as he could go in a desperate
effort to win through. But the banks
of the cut were too steep, the buggies
skidded together. Wheels caught hubs
and it was wide enough for but one

All this had gone on without my
knowledge. But a small boy's pre-
monition of great goings on had me
as nervous as a witch. Mother made
me go to bed but when the house had
settled down I quickly donned over-
alls and shirt and quietly descended to
the barn to await the outcome of what-

ever was going on. I waited an inter-
mittent time, slapping the mosquitoes
that nibbled at my toes, my mind a
prey to all sorts of things that might
have happened to Father.

Then I heard the hoofsteps in the
dusty road. Slowly around the corner
came a shadowy gray head and an
equally unreal and ghostlike body
from which dripped parts and pieces
of harness. Atop all this sat Father,
his derby hat a crushed ruin, his

His left was tucked into his shirt
front to ease a fractured collarbone.

I helped him down and Mother
hurried to put a sling on his arm and
bandage his cracked ribs while I
collected the ruin of
the harness when Father came out to
the barn. I could see he was in no
mood to be questioned but I couldn't
resist blurting out "Who won?"

"Who won?" he repeated as he
walked painfully past me to take a
look at the horse. "Well that's kind
of hard to say. I guess I'd call it al-
most a dead heat."

R. F. D. 2 Springfield, Vermont

Mention Morgan Magazine when writing advertisers
Names in Pedigrees
(Continued from Page 13)

on Thursdays at Mr. Bailey's stable near the South Meeting House in Sutton, from 5 p.m. Thursdays till 8 a.m. on Fridays at John Raymond's stable in Bradford, from 12 noon on Fridays till 12 noon on Saturdays at Hillsborough Bridge. The Lord North was sired by the old Morgan horse, well-known at Randolph, Danville, Montpelier, and through the center and north part of Vermont. Some of his stock are among the finest horses in New England and bear the highest prices of any breed of horses which are offered in the Boston Market."

After several prolific seasons in New Hampshire, he returned to Vermont in the ownership of John Buckminster of Danville who advertised him as follows: "Notice: For the information of those who may be gratified therewith, the noted and celebrated Dutch Morgan, or Sherman Horse (which are one and the same) will stand for the use of mares the ensuing season on S. Johnsbury Plain on Fridays and Saturdays of each week, and the residue of the week at S. West's on Danville Green." May 2, 1828 (signed) John Buckminster.

In 1829 he returned to Littleton, N. H. Unlike his sire, Sherman was a thoroughly popular stallion and was never unappreciated during his lifetime. John Buckminster and an astute horseman as was John Bellows who kept the little horse during the last five years of his life. Bellows stood the horse each season at a location of his choice and was in the habit of leasing the horse for each season to a qualified person in that vicinity. The terms of the lease are recorded and represent one of the earlier histories of such a document in this country. In 1830 he was kept in the vicinity of Dover, N. H., in 1831 at the Ten Hills Farm of Col. Samuel Jacques in Charlestown, Mass. Under the terms of the lease, Col. Jacques received one-third of the sum of the stud fee, in this case $15, from the book of 37 mares. Col. Jacques made every effort to retain the horse for the season of 1832, and it is probably very fortunate that he failed, as Sherman made that season in Dover, South Berwick, Rochester Plains and Durham, in which place he was bred to the mare that was to produce his best son, Black Hawk 20, the following spring. In 1833 and 1834 he remained in the vicinity of Dover and Lancaster. In the former year he was the sire of 27 foals and in the latter season was bred to 57 mares, but there is no record of the percentage of living foals from this, his last, year. Beginning in 1832, Mr. Bellows also stood one of Sherman's best sons at stud with the old horse. This was Flint Morgan. a very fine young horse, but since the name of Sherman Morgan as sire of a foal was of considerable value toward a future sale, Flint Morgan was given very little patronage. He was however, the sire of Napoleon Morgan, who got the dam of Fearnought, whose mile in 2:231/4 in 1868 was then the fastest stallion record in the world.

Old Sherman died on January 9, 1835, and such was the reputation he had carved for himself that his death is a matter of painstaking record while even the year of his birth was obscure.

The actual cause of his death was unknown, but was suspected to be in the nature of a heart attack, as, after appearing as usual in the morning, he was found dead in his stall shortly after noon.

Sherman Morgan's name comes down into Modern Morgan pedigrees most often through Black Hawk, but he was also the sire of a number of others. One of the best of Justin Morgan's grandsons was Billy Root 9, sired by Sherman and said to be out of a daughter of Justin. The most like the old horse in size and color, Billy Root got, from a daughter of Sherman the handsome bay horse Red Jacket, sire of Minna, the dam of Kentucky Wilkes, 2:211/4 and Lizzie Wilkes 2:221/4. He is also the sire of the grandam of Red Wilkes that at 19 years of age had 54 performers to his credit in the 2:50 list, 11 of which have records within 2:20, including...
Letters
(Continued from Page 34)

Dear Sir:
I should like to tell you about my yearling stud colt of which I am very proud. He is a chestnut with no markings and at 17 months of age stands 14.2 hands. He is perfect in every way, conformation and disposition. I was driving through Vermont one Sunday and saw this colt running in a pasture with his mother and another horse. He wasn’t particularly striking but I fell “hook, line and sinker” for him. The people who owned him were very nice and we became fast friends. The colt was not even halter broken but even that didn’t bother me. I never handled a colt but was willing to learn so within a few days the colt and mother were delivered to my stable. The mother came along solely for company. The colt called for her just once after she left.

When he was delivered, I don’t mind admitting that I thought I had made a bad bargain. To get him in under cover, away from the trees etc. He looked just plain awful. He was so skinny you could count every rib and bone. He was bleached out from the summer sun and I’d have sent him back if he hadn’t had such lovely eyes. His eyes have never changed. He has intelligence written all over him.

I started grazing and having him, together with plenty of salt and water, and within a week you could see improvement. He has had constant grooming and care and today I’ll put him against any Morgan colt around here. I’ve had him just three months and I wouldn’t take any offer for him.

Within a month we had him taught to “stand,” bitted and lunging. To show him what you want just once is all that is needed. He never forgets. We drive him all over the property and on the main highway on which there is heavy traffic. He runs loose but never offers to go out of bounds. He is curious but fears nothing as he has never been abused in any manner. He has the makings of a wonderful stallion and I hope to make a name for him before too long. He will start showing, in hand, and driving next summer.

His sire was Knickerbocker by Goldfield, and Mansfield. His dam is Lady by Berry’s Billy and Lister B.

This is a new venture for me and I have owned horses only three years. My young daughter started this by going to camp and taking a few riding lessons. From that we became interested and now have some real fun.

My ambition is to raise Morgans some day when my colt is older. I intend to get a real Morgan mare and do my best. My only trouble is the fact that I never would part with any colt I might raise. There isn’t enough money to buy my ‘boys.’ They are as much a part of my life as my daughter. They make a wonderful team.

Probably all this sounds silly to you but at least I have it “off my chest” and I feel better.

Sincerely yours,
Margery M. Wilson
Whitefield, N. H.

(Continued on Page 38)
Dear Sir:

I am enclosing pictures of our registered Morgan mares which you may use in your magazine if you wish. They are Gypsy Darling, who is sired by Master Billie and out of Dan’s Betty by Dan. She is bay, stands 14-3 and had her first colt on June 1, 1950. He is a dark chestnut with light mane and tail and is sired by our stallion Highview King.

The other mare is Addy-Belle, sired by Sonfield and out of Addy B. by Querido. She is chestnut with white markings and stands 15-1. She has been used as a saddle horse for the past year and is one of the best we have ever owned. She has a lot of “cow sense” and has had some training for calf roping. Both of these mares are coming five year olds.

Our horses are the only registered Morgans in this vicinity, but there is quite a number of half Morgan colts around that are sired by our stallion. We have at present two half Morgan colts, one a 2-year-old chestnut gelding out of a registered thoroughbred mare, and the other a chestnut filly out of a grade thoroughbred.

We enjoy the articles and pictures in the Morgan magazine and are especially interested in Morgan stock horses.

Yours truly,
Mr. and Mrs. Ken Durrell Corvallis, Oregon

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**Letters**

(Continued from Page 37)

*Morgan Stock Horses*

**ADDY-BELLE,** chestnut mare noted for “Cow sense.”

**California Breeders Note**

Dear Sir:

I am now taking the Morgan Horse Magazine and find it very interesting. I am a Morgan horse owner myself and planning to raise Morgan horses. Could you please send me a list of the Morgan horse farms in California?

Thank you.

William H. Oehl
4442 Park Blvd.
San Diego, Calif.

**Jamboree Missed**

Dear Sir:

Gypsy Queen by Mansfield is over 22 years old and can still jump four feet but I don’t ask it of her very often. She is the true versatile old-type Morgan. We have our kennel office walls blanketed with ribbons she and her son Jamboree 10093 have won. Among them are a New England Championship, three New Hampshire Championships, and a Reserve New Hampshire Championship. We moved to Alabama in 1948 and haven’t been able to show since, due to the lack of classes.

On a sad Sunday in October, Jamboree ran into a pipe in the pasture and was killed. He was my sole mount and constant companion and I miss him sorely. He leaves a gap that nothing will ever fill. He, too, was a true Morgan: versatile, typey, sweet-natured, and well-mannered. He was a mainstay in our Rodeos as a member of the square dance on horseback as well as a barrel-race winner and exhibition jumper. His public jumping was three feet, six inches though we had

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American Morgan Show

A Morgan Horse show under the auspices of Morgan Horse Show Association Inc., will be held at the County Fair Grounds in Monree, Ill., about twenty miles south of Chicago, August 18 and 19. The new association and Illinois Corporation has for its president, Henry J. Berenz, Sr. and vice-president Frank J. Maher, secretary-treasurer, Helen Berenz. Managing Director of the new show is Frank J. Berenz, Sr., and Show Manager is Frank J. Maher. Charlotte Maher is Show secretary. Stabling facilities for approximately 120 horses have been arranged and tentative plans call for twelve breed classes on Saturday morning, August 18. Eleven performance classes will be held that afternoon and a like number Sunday afternoon August 19. Prizes range down from $25.00 to $5.00. The grand total prize money—$2,620.00. The Breed classes to be shown include: Mare with colt, Weanling filly and colts, Yearling filly and colts, two and three-year-old Mares and Stallions, and four-year and over Mares and Stallions.

Included in the performance classes are: Pleasure, Fine harness, Western pleasure, Three-gaited, Jumping, Equitation, Neck rein driving, Team combination, Western working, Roadster, Roadster under Saddle, Pleasure driving, Stallion in harness, Pair class — Ladies Fine Harness Driving.

Some of the rules which apply at this show prohibit weighted shoes and long toes. Braiding and decorations and ribbons are also discouraged as are "stretching".

Information may be obtained by writing Helen Berenz, Box 355, R. D. 1, Norwood Park 31, Illinois.

GOLDEN JUBILEE AMHR 8549 also at stud


FOR SALE: Young stock of best Morgan blood lines including 2-year-old golden chestnut stallion double grandson of Ashbrook; also unusually well dispositioned bay filly, broken and trained. C. G. Mortimer, Westfall Farm, R. D. 1, Port Jervis, N. Y.


FOR SALE: Fine Morgan stock by Flahawk and Lamont. Mar Hoffmann, 401 E. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind. Phone: Riley 1519.


FOR SALE: Six-year-old registered Morgan mare due to foal in June to Hilltop Prince also her bay 20 month old filly by Penn State. Mrs. Alfred Rice, Arlington, Vermont.


FOR SALE: Young stock of best Morgan blood lines including 2-year-old golden chestnut stallion double grandson of Ashbrook; also unusually well dispositioned bay filly, broken and trained. C. G. Mortimer, Westfall Farm, R. D. 1, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Wyoming Ranch Visited

By Helen Brunk Greenwalt

During our annual trips to the L. U. Sheep and Cattle Co ranch in northwestern Wyoming, which has long been famous for Rambouillet sheep, Aberdeen Angus cattle and Morgan horses, we sometimes visit nearby ranches. There are lots of good Morgans used on these ranches, most of them getting their start from the L. U.

Adjoining the L. U. on the northwest (some twenty miles from the headquarters of the L. U. at Dickie) is the T A Ranch. Eddie Dvarishkin, who was born and grew up in that vicinity is the foreman, and has the know-how with the cows and the cattle.

Driving in 15 miles from the highway, seeing their good Hereford cattle grazing in the pastures along the way, one comes first to the two lovely residences of the owners, Ernest May, Sr., and Mr. May, Jr. amid a gorgeous scenery of mountains, crystal clear creeks, an abundance of shade trees and blue grass lawns. (Always makes me say, it’s horse heaven.)

The ranch bunkhouses, barns and corrals continue along or near the main road for some distance until we came to the foreman’s house, the horse barn and the horses.

There were 20 or 30 saddle horses in sight. All but two were running in a meadow, in which haystacks were scattered about, at the base of a mountain. On the south a clear mountain. On the south a clear stream. According to Eddie, the animal he is after—being smarter than most cutting horses, he can keep track of a critter in a herd as well as outside,” according to Eddie.

At the present time, they have an outstanding coming three-year-old black Morgan stallion, Antler’s Black Hawk 10407, by Senator Graham and out of Fantan by Plains King, second dam by Flyhawk—which they got from the L. U. Sheep Co. as a weanling. He very much resembles his relative, Flyhawk.

He is a well muscled cow-horse type, with short, strong legs, set under him right, full bodied, good back and a perfect Morgan head (short and broad between the eyes)—nice big friendly eyes and small ears, set wide apart. An ideal disposition along with his other good qualities. I’ve never seen nicer saddle horses, they were all fat, trim and neat as a pin—resembling a nice-type, well-kept group of polo ponies.

My compliments to Eddie for the keen, personal interest he shows in his work, and for the good judgment he displays despite the fact that he is only about thirty (30) years old. He’s a capable man in the saddle and it isn’t altogether the scenery that keeps the horses so useful and attractive.

Letters

(Continued from Page 38)

him doing four feet at home. All this and a full stud book, too. I have a 5 months old colt of his out of Gypsy Queen that is Jambe in every way except for color. Jam was a dark chestnut with hind stockings, star, snip, off fore pastern white and Copper Jay is a bay with no white, just like his dam. He has so many of Jambe’s little mannerisms.

I hope Gypsy and Fay Esarey 06070 are both in foal to Jambe. Fay is by Archie O.

Thank you for running Jam’s picture in the Pictorial last month. It was very greatly appreciated.

Very sincerely,

Martha Moore

Hampshire Hill Farm

Prattville, Alabama

National Morgan Show

The National Morgan Horse Show will be held September 1, 2, and 3, the Labor Day weekend. Once again Seth A. Armen of Leominster, Mass. will be the show manager.

Mr. Armen, who did an outstanding job managing the 1950 show, is open for suggestions. According to him, a preliminary survey indicates strong interest on the part of many Morgan owners who have not previously exhibited in the National. Mr. Armen is anxious to obtain the views of former exhibitors as well as new-comers on class show committee and any other features of the annual event. Suggestions as well as recommended names for a committee should be submitted to him as soon as possible, Box 267, Leominster, Mass.

This great annual event in the lives of Morgan horses and their owners will once again be held on the Buena Vista Farm on Route 3 near Windsor, Vt. This excellent show ground on the bank of the Connecticut River has proven not only to be practicable but popular as well.

Plans for publicity of the coming show have already been set up.

The MORGAN HORSE
The Futurity—a moving show window of the breed, is recognized by breeders as one of its important phases. To begin with, there are new champions each year. They haven't collected dust in the window, by getting away from the situation that a few old campaigners are the only horses that can win and a breed is not improving.

This is a changing picture, the old champions are the still life. The youngsters that appear show the development and improvement in the breed. Futurity showing gives the breeder an incentive to produce the best. They get new ideas and new thought into improving the breed.

The owner sometimes nominates his entry before it is foaled, believing in his choice of sire and dam, to make him eligible for the future. The owner entering his foals in a Futurity takes only the best for competition, whereas just any foal may be shown in open breeding classes at fairs and horse shows. The stallions who have been nominated in a Futurity and whose get wins there, deserve recognition and are getting it.

It has been said, “Futurity classes are just colt classes.” That's not true, you are actually showing the best results of your breeding endeavors. That is, you are submitting the top produce of your stallions and mares for the inspection of the public, not just showing a colt.

The Futurity is giving our young people a chance to show a horse of their own. A colt can be entirely developed in their own hands, which is in itself a priceless experience for any horse-minded youngster.

At the 1950 Illinois State Fair, the majority of the Futurity classes were won by young and new exhibitors. Among them, 4-H Club winners who went on to win Futurity classes and championships.

The honor of winning is luring many more breeders and owners to the fold. Many more horses are being shown than otherwise would be the case. Several additional breeders and owners, from various states, are coming into the 1951 Futurity. Spectators at the 1950 showing of the Illinois Morgan Horse Futurity from Wyoming, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois, “saw the light,” and we welcome them as new exhibitors.

Due to the increased interest and the excellent showing in the Futurity, we have recently been granted a performance class for Morgan horses under saddle at the 1951 Illinois State Fair. In addition, plans for the two-year-old Futurity class to be shown in harness.

The Illinois Futurity is giving the Morgan a new lease on life, in keeping the breeders “on their toes” to produce winners, and providing future plans for the breed. It’s an enterprise, not an experiment, and we are pulling for it’s highly successful continuance.
Cowboy in the Hub. When Warren Patriquin, Boston Herald-Traveller photographer, was assigned to cover a parade, he obtained an excellent shot of Boston's "finest" mounted detail. How did he do it? He climbed atop his Morgan stallion, LIPPITT VICTORY, who stood at attention while his rider "snapped."

Meeting of Club Directors

The Directors of The Morgan Horse club met in New York City on Dec. 11. Nine directors were present: Frederick O. Davis of Vermont, Merle D. Evans of Ohio, Frank B. Hills of New York, Earl B. Krantz of Vermont, Dr. Alexander G. Ruthven of Michigan, Whitney Stone of New York, Gerald F. Taft of Michigan, Locke Theis of Kansas and Stephen P. Tompkins of Massachusetts.

The financial condition of the club was carefully reviewed based on comparative statements on 1949 and 1950. The progress being made in putting the Magazine on a break-even basis was considered, together with recommendations of the publisher, Mr. Eusey, in regard to expanded advertising and projects to increase interest in the publication. Among these was advertising directed to boys and girls on farms who might like to acquire young animals to raise and train them either for their own personal pleasure, or perhaps in connection with 4-H Club work; also a campaign to secure interesting articles on Morgans from readers of the Magazine under twenty-one years of age, the country to be divided into geographical sections and the first prize award in each section to be a Morgan foal or weanling donated by one of the leading breeders in that section. These ideas were approved in general by the directors and Mr. Eusey authorized to proceed with their development.

It was also voted to give complimentary subscriptions to the Magazine to each Department of Animal Husbandry library in the various State Colleges and Universities, and also to other institutions, including secondary schools that had active work in animal husbandry lines.

The results of the 1950 National Morgan Horse Show at Windsor, Vt., were carefully analyzed. It was the unanimous opinion of the directors that Seth Armen should be invited to manage the 1951 show in view of the excellent job he made of the 1950 show and the fact that lessons learned then could be well applied to the 1951 show. It was voted that the 1951 show would be held on the same grounds as in 1950 on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, September 1, 2 and 3.

There was much discussion about having the night session on the Saturday evening as in 1950 with which there was some dissatisfaction, but the directors felt that it should be tried for one more year at least, and with more

(Continued on Page 43)
Winter care. Now is the time of year to look over your animals for the things you won't want to see when the show season or trail rides come around. Splints, often harmless are not pleasant to the eye and other lumps and blemishes—a calloused scar from a wire cut for instance—fall into the category of things which a careful owner with pride in his mount will wish to get rid of. The common and most effective treatment is the blister of which there are many. Some are very mild and others, of the type used to reach deep-seated soreness, are very severe.

We have had great luck with the so-called silver blister. Not so severe as to cause pain yet strong enough to handle the majority of cases it can be applied by a layman. If directions are followed to the letter the results are excellent. However, do not fail to heed the directions. A badly-scarred ankle with a ridge of callous is a good case in point.

Clip the hair as close as possible from the entire side of the ankle to be treated. Then brush it briskly with a dandy brush. Brush it hard and long enough to remove all dirt and scabs and—most important—get it clean and warm from the friction. Then apply the blister with the brush which comes with the bottle. Stir the liquid well with the brush as the sediment in the bottom of the container is what you want to get onto the leg. Repeat the painting for a total of three days. Then lay off three and paint three as directed for a total of nine paintings. Then quit and leave the blister. Don't pick at it. Don't let the affected part get wet. Gradually the swelling—if there is any—will go down, the scales will fall off and the new hair appear underneath. If it's a callous you are trying to remove it will likely have come off with the scabs. If it is a splint it will likely have disappeared. If the horse has a tendency to "stick his nose into everything" or you are afraid he may rub his face against his blistered ankle put a cradle on him.

**Stable Hints**

This is a device which permits him to eat, drink and lie down but prevents him reaching where he shouldn't. If you decide to blister do it now. Don't wait for good riding weather.

**Hay.** Is your supply running low? Ours is, due to the fact that we took on a couple of extra hungry mouths to feed. We are taking it for granted that you raise your own or put in a yearly supply of good loose or baled roughage in the summer. If you have to go out in the market get the best—it's the cheapest. Low-priced hay is frequently dark in color—from weetings in the field—or dusty and therefore dangerous to feed. You don't have to have timothy and red top mixed. Clover, alfalfa or any of the legumes, if properly cured, are good. One of our fields had a bad infestation of vetch this year and we made the crop, vetch and all, with some misgivings. The horses love it and appear to be doing well. Remember: it takes an awful lot of grain to make up for poor hay so bargains in the end prove very expensive.

**Pick-me-up.** This is the dull time of the year when stabled horses find life very monotonous. Snow and ice combine to keep them in too much. Give them a change. Diet is one way. Vary the feed with a mash flavored with molasses. If possible get a bushel or two of apples which are still firm. Feed a dozen at a time. If you have plenty of them feed a peck once or twice a day. Carrots are tops if you can get them and are keenly relished. For some reason all western horses we have ever had in our stable turned up their noses at both of these tidbits. We cut them up and fed them with mash until they acquired the taste. Your eastern-bred animals love them.

**Tack.** Take a look at your stored tack at this time of the year. If it is coated with a light green mold move it to some dryer place. Leather and moisture don't get along well—the leather always loses for moisture rots. Bits and buckles and other metal parts keep their shine if given a thin coating of vaseline. Brand new saddles and bridles should be stained and oiled or just oiled with neatfoot oil until the desired shade. Put them away and saddle soap them in the spring. The high gloss on show buggies and the chrome of wheels and gear can be preserved best with a good coating of car wax. Coolers and other fine woolens not in use should be kept in the open or stored with moth-killer in a chest. Once again. Watch feet. Don't let them go too long without shoeing or resetting. Much better to pull the shoes if the animal is not being used. This is especially true if the foot needs spreading. Wool fat (lanolin) applied at the hairline will speed growth and be of great benefit if there is a tendency to dryness or hardness.

**Directors Meet**

(Continued from Page 42)

lighting, also with the hope that there might be more favorable weather this year than last.

A suggestion was considered for holding the annual meeting of the club on Saturday afternoon at 2 O'clock rather than on Sunday night. This was viewed favorably as worth trying to avoid the long sessions lasting until midnight which are a considerable strain, especially on people actively engaged in the Show itself. This matter will have further consideration, and decided on by the Directors at the next meeting.

The remainder of the day was devoted to a possible Morgan standard and formulation of a condensation of it to be submitted to the membership in connection with the proposed petition to the American Horse Shows Assn. for the inclusion of a Morgan section in their annual Rule Book. This project was voted by the membership at the Annual Meeting at Windsor in September 1950.

In The Next Issue . . .

A feature will be an article on Mrs. Bryant and the Morgans at Meeting Waters Farm.

Pictorially, another article will show the similarity in third and fourth generations of horses from widely varying breeding programs.
Lippitt Moro Ash
8057

Who is by one of our early stallions LIPPITT MORO 7622, and out of the good mare LIPPITT SALLY ASH 04566. Lippitt Moro Ash is owned by Dr. Alexander Ruthven and stands at his Stanerigg Stables in Ann Arbor, Mich. His get are famous throughout the country and includes Verran Laddie 8981, who has been three times Champion of the Michigan State Fair.

We present this stallion as an example of our “pure bred” Morgan breeding program. A Lippitt horse will be one you too can be proud to own.

Visitors Always Welcome
Reservations now being accepted for 1951 colts.

Address all correspondence to
ROBERT L. KNIGHT, Box 542, PROVIDENCE 1, R. I.