Starting in This Issue

TRAIL TO FREEDOM

In 5 Parts

by Ern Pedler
April STALLION Register

Mail Your Pictures and Advertising Today (Deadline March 1st)

Your Morgan Stallion Directory

Join in the movement for the development of the Morgan Horse with your advertisement about your stallion, your breeding program and the horses you have for sale. You will get an opportunity to meet our subscribers from coast to coast.

Largest Issue of the Year

Since this issue was first inaugurated, the ANNUAL STALLION ISSUE has been our largest issue, devoted to helping horsemen tell about their stallions, helping to build a stronger market for registered breeding stock and helping to increase the overall interest in the use of horses for ranch, show, pleasure and breeding.

Build Your Stallion's Popularity

Your pictures and advertising in this issue are the best way to establish and develop the popularity of your stallion among horsemen who are interested in breeding to the best and buying the finest Morgan stock. Let horsemen and buyers of horses know the winnings of your stallion, his successful colts: show how attractive he is with a picture and tell of his family. Your advertising will pay big dividends.

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THE IDEAL WAY TO REACH THOSE WHO ADMIRE MORGAN HORSES!

BREEDER ADVERTISING RATES

(for display advertising)

(Advertising Deadline — 1st of month preceding date of publication)

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(* on Contract basis only)

SPECIAL LISTING RATES*

- $5.00 per stallion (no picture)
- $10.00 per stallion (with picture)

*Include only information as shown on enclosed Order Blank.

The MORGAN HORSE Magazine ★ Leominster, Mass.
The group of foals produced by Broadwall St. Pat were very uniform and excellent Morgan type. In 1958 we pasture bred St. Pat to twelve of our mares. Watch for his offspring in future shows.

We have two colts left to sell: Broadwall Ringmaster 12172, by Parade out of Raymond’s Lyn 07865, an outstanding chestnut colt with two white hind socks and light golden mane and tail. Broadwall Allyn 12171 by Parade out of Adlyndra 07333. A very stylish bay colt, no white markings. (Both show material).

Mr. & Mrs. J Cecil Ferguson
Greene, R. I.
Dear Sir:

In September I had the pleasure of taking a yearling Morgan stallion to the State Fair at Syracuse for the halter classes. The colt, Sylvester 11977, is by Brown Pepper out of Seneca Lady, by Cornwallis. He is owned by Dr. and Mrs. Peter Olafson, of Ithaca, N. Y. This was my first experience training a Morgan, and one from which I hope never to recover. Previously my first love was the American Saddlebred but nine weeks with this colt has converted me to enthusiastic Morganism.

There is one observation I would like to make, which perhaps your members simply take for granted. I met many of the Morganites: Nancy Gochee, Mr. Langley, the Rodees, Bob Brooks and that very nice Doris Laidlow of the Monarch Stock Farms. What impressed me was that they were friends. Not like the saddlebred folks who take their society status seriously nor like the Quarter Horse people who are sometimes not serious enough, but warm and friendly and honest, like the little horse they admire. They made a point of saying hello and giving out helpful advice and even pitching in with pointers when they were competing against me in the same class. They got together and talked about each other's entries, and they pulled no punches either. In short, I liked the Morgan people. They are not blind to the faults of their own horses. I liked the way Bob Brooks guided and advised me and took his time to educate me about Morgan showing. I liked the way Doris Laidlow got down and washed the white hind socks on my colt when I was slow finishing, and best of all I liked the spirit of friendly competition that prevailed. You are to be congratulated for representing such a dandy group. Here's to them and to their game little horse.

We were awarded the third ribbon, bowing to Nancy Gochee's two entries. After the show we moved horse and all to Naperville, Illinois where Silly got down and washed the white hind socks on my colt when I was slow finishing, and best of all I liked the spirit of friendly competition that prevailed. You are to be congratulated for representing such a dandy group. Here’s to them and to their game little horse.

(Continued on Page 5)
Blueprint for . . .

Morgan Promotion in 1959

By George B. Russell

Morgans have been getting a number of publicity breaks in recent years. For example, there was the January '55 Mercury magazine piece by Harland Manchester, "The Horse that became a Legend," which was condensed and reprinted by the Readers Digest. More recently George Russell of the New York Daily News has been having considerable luck getting the newscasts and N-B-C to cover the National Morgan Horse Show. Major New York papers and the wire services also have used Morgan Horse material supplied by Russel . . . and his publicity tips in the article below deserve the special attention of every regional Morgan Horse Club.

It's always an unexpected thrill to open one's Sunday paper or some favorite magazine and discover an article on Morgan horses. Early in October, a Dutchess County farm neighbor sent us a copy of the October 5th issue of the Poughkeepsie Sunday New Yorker which carried almost a full sized page on the Gordon Voorhis Morgans at Red Hook, New York. Voorhis told us later that the article was not even solicited by him but was merely a followup to a local story about Morgan horses appearing at the State Fair.

Later, we were fortunate to run across a copy of the Boston Sunday Globe for October 26th which carried a Morgan spread in its magazine section . . . a whole page and a half . . . seven fine photos plus a box of Morgan copy. A spread like that, if carried as Sunday magazine advertising, in some New York papers would cost about $15,000. All of which is proof positive that picture editors on countless newspapers around the United States are crying for feature material on horses . . . and in some cases will PAY for same. Our problem is how to exploit this readymade market for promoting Morgans in every section of the country. Let's explore the problem . . . see what material is acceptable . . . and HOW and WHERE to go about placing it.

For the smaller daily papers one needs some general copy on the Morgan breed such as we've included at the end of this article . . . one good black and white glossy photo of a Morgan champion . . . and two or three professional quality photos of Morgans located in your own county or state. The brief Morgan history below, expanded to cover your local Morgan horses and Morgan owners will do the trick and provide acceptable copy that no enterprising editor will refuse.

As for regional clubs, a more extended picture layout consisting of three or four good Morgan National pictures and an equal number of shots showing regional Morgans plus the box history on Morgans should be sufficient. The caption material on the local photos will take care of the publicity effort expended by the club members. In short, the captions must tell the reader where to see the local Morgans pictured.

A check with our New York picture editors convinces this writer that they want variety in the picture layout . . . say six or seven good quality photos, eight by ten glossy prints that will include one riding group on well

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Club have been as warmly gracious as I have come to expect the Morgan folks to be wherever I find them, and we look forward to a long and pleasant association.

Yours truly,
Mrs. A. William Jasper
231 No. Mill St.
Naperville, Ill.

Dear Sir:
I am a Morgan owner and proud of it! A year ago my sister and I acquired a 27 year old Morgan mare, Upwey Anna 04796. She has competed on four fifteen to twenty mile trail rides and placed on three of them. She is ridden several hours a week and covers about 20 to 30 miles. I think this proves somewhat the longevity, and stamina of this breed. She won a fourth on a 4-H trail ride trophy. Also my three year old brother rides her alone and loves it.

Sincerely yours,
Valerie Breen
South Shaftsbury, Vt.

Dear Sir:
I would like to congratulate you on your magazine for the last year as we have enjoyed the articles very much and also take this opportunity of making a few inquiries.

While living in California during 1956 and 1957, my family insisted on
Trail To Freedom

By ERN PEDLER

with illustrations by Jeanne Mellin Herrick

Not too long ago one of my children said to me, "Daddy, you even look like a horse when you eat, the way you chew for a while and then listen, like you heard something moving in the brush."

True enough I have often tried to look at things from the horse's point of view, wondering what he thinks under different pressures, and what his opinions are of me and other folks, his likes and dislikes and such. And it came to me that I would like to write a story, looking at things mostly from the side the pony is on, and drawing some from the things I have learned and seen and felt about horses. The things in this story are plain and honest, the way horses really are. And the wild ones in it will not be all curried and polished like in the movies, with their manes combed and their hooves polished and all. But there will be burr filled tails and coats plastered with mud too thick for the flies to bite through, and bellies stretched tight from tanking up on water when the chance comes, which is far too seldom.

This story is not a condemnation of mustangers as a breed. Some being in it for a sport, and some for business, and either way they are no more cruel than man following other sports or businesses. Fishing takes on a much different outlook from the barbed point of a hook than from the casting reel, and deer hunting is not a sport to the buck scrambling frantically up a slope on three legs and a bloody stump, or maybe with his bowels shot out and dragging on the ground. And a lone duck finds it hard to see fun in flying through the barrage of anti-aircraft fire that comes up under him as he wings into a swamp on the opening day. Yet these things happen in these sports and many another every season, and the men who do it are respected no less for it.

So I write of a breed of men who are but little different from all the rest, but mostly in this I write of the horses they run. I hope it is a thing you will want to read.

— ERN PEDLER

PART I

He was more curious than scared when the big door opened, rumbling on the steel track, and glad now that he might get out of the box car after all these days. The steady swaying and the sad, long call of the whistle had not done much to keep him from being lonesome. And when folks you've known all your life spike you in a stall and roll the big door closed with only a narrow crack for light and air to squeeze in, you feel something like a boy being taken from the ranch and started on his first day at school alone and in a strange town. Only this had been a little worse. No one had explained to him where he was going or how long he would be gone. The men who stepped into the car were much like the folks he had known, yet different some in the way of dress, and they walked up on high heels, and when they spoke it was not quite the same, the words being alike but the sentences being put together some different. And these men had a half shut to their eyes, and skin wind-whipped the color of an old penny. But he liked the way the tall one looked over the stall, and the low, pleased whistle he made. There was the screech of nails leaving hardwood, and the splintering sound of split lumber as the two men went to work with bars, taking only a short time to wreck the stall.

His legs were stiff for a few steps when they led him down the ramp and into the pens, and the land around was strange, nor did the grass grow thick and high nor trees stand up upon the landscape. But the sky was wide and tall, and the horizon a long look away and the far mountains held his look for a moment. A light jerk on the leadrope brought him around and he heard the pleased whistle again when the blanket came off his back.
and though the tall man had handled horses by the hundred, this was the first time he had seen or handled a horse blanket. He looked it over inside and out.

"Pony," he said, "They had you wrapped up prettier than a Christmas package. An' no wonder. You're the best stallion ever to hit this valley, and that's for sure."

The horse stood alert and with the column of his neck proud as he had been taught to do, and he liked the firm, confident feel of the tall man's hand going over him, running down his legs and around the coronet at the top of his hooves. He did not know what was expected when the man dropped a hand past his eyes, no more than a foot away, and it made him blink. But the man seemed satisfied and the tone of his voice was good.

Tied behind the buckboard he led up on a slack rope, matching the trot of the light team, and feeling the chill March wind run by. Ahead the wagon track dropped behind one rise after another with the ruts seeming closer each time, finally to look as one, and the box car dropped behind standing alone on the short siding, growing smaller in the distance, but still clear of outline in the thin desert air. In the hollows was mud, gray and slick as axle grease, but the rises were already dry and dust rose there, light and soft, to stay long on the wind.

The miles were not many before the stallion faded some, using up the slack in the rope now, and putting air into parts of his lungs that had seldom been used, and the tall man looking back grinned.

"Probably never trotted that far in his life before. He's a sure enough garden variety horse."

It was about twenty miles to the ranch, and the team trotted it out in three hours, stopping none for rest or water, and bringing the stallion's neck out to its full length for the last ten miles, and they were snug against their bits when the last rise showed the cottonwoods around the home corral, and when the tall man turned his new prize Morgan into the stud corral to roll himself dry in the dirt he said, "Won't nobody need to rock you to sleep tonight, son. You'll be stiff for a week."

He forked hay into the manger of the low log barn, ducking as he passed through the doorway, and he led the Morgan from the gloom of evening to the darkness inside. There was no white paint here like the barns of home only the sun-cracked logs plastered with mud and cow manure for chinking. But light did not come in through the roof and it seldom leaked much during a storm, though it dripped some the day after when the water had time to soak through the adobe mud and cedar branches. And this was the Morgan's home, with Vermont's green hills a far away thing, and the clean white stalls and the judging ring never to be his again.

There was enough to keep him happy for awhile at the ranch, with riders dropping in from the neighboring outfits to have their look at the imported horse, and he posed at times longer than he had ever done in halter stalls and the judging ring never to be his again.

There was enough to keep him happy for awhile at the ranch, with riders dropping in from the neighboring outfits to have their look at the imported horse, and he posed at times longer than he had ever done in halter stalls and the judging ring never to be his again.

For each man has his own idea of how a horse should be made, and
there were few who had seen a Morgan horse before, nor knew the type well enough to judge. But never a man left the place without agreeing grudgingly or willingly that here was the most beautiful animal on that part of the range. There were those who figured his colts would be "too high strung" for stock work, their experience with hotbloods telling them that this could be so, and others were willing to admit that intelligence and calmness were in the eye, but doubted the enduring qualities of any animal so beautiful, though they had never seen anything better put up. But the tall man just listened and grinned, for he knew that jealousy makes men say some strange things, and he figured in a few years he would have the best horses on the range and maybe even import a few purebred mares to start the first band of true Morgans in those parts. The Morgan sometimes stood on his hind legs for a quick look out over the tall corral. He saw cattle out there scattered and in small bunches, and once far out against the mountain, dust arose and hung long in the air and he screamed loud and long, knowing somehow horses were under that dust, and a call came to him, silent and strong and wild, to run out across the desert. But the corral was too high and too strong.

As the days ran by the tall man found less time to sit on the top rail and look at his prize stallion, and some days he did not come at all, for the spring riding had started and though this could not be called a really big outfit it did hire half a dozen hands for spring and summer work, and riders came and went, leaving sometimes before the full light of day. In a week or two a band of mares appeared and were each day corralled with the Morgan, and each evening turned out again. Foals were born, and mares settled again, and soon the brood band was run out onto the far range, and the stallion found himself left mostly alone.

Working for the outfit was a boy of eighteen years who had drifted in three years before with fuzz on his face and a want to be a cowboy. The fuzz had changed to whiskers now, scattered some and patchy, but still whiskers, and the voice which had jumped then between the bass and treble clef had now settled about half way between. But the kid was still growing mostly up, and ran pretty much to arms and legs. He moved about with his head hunkered down and his shoulders carried high trying to shorten the length of his neck, which length was considerable and had won him the name of turkey. When he swallowed, his adam's apple which was large and pointed rose sharply and dropped almost with a splash. He wore his Levi's low, which was risky considering the narrowness of his hips, and watching him you figured they would fall and trip him any second now. His shirt tail was generally out, lacking the length to meet his Levi's, and considerable arm showed beneath the cuff of his sleeve. But he never rolled them, wanting to hide the scrappiness of the arm. The kid could ride, though, better than most, and he had the guts to step back onto a rough one after a bad pile up, and he knew that sitting on a horse he had a gracefulness he would never acquire on the ground.

He had a great and powerful yearn for the adopted daughter of the tall man, and sight of her choked him up with emotion and smothered his talking and set his heart pounding wildly within the flat and narrow confines of his chest. She was older by a year, and well put up, and round where he was flat, and there sure would have been no trouble holding Levi's up on her hips. Her hair was but little aside from red and her face was well splashed with freckles which scattered on down probably to thin out somewhere below the neckline of her dress. But her teeth were firm and clean, as was the rest of her and life was in her eye and her laugh came easy, running up and down an octave in clear round tones. When she spoke to the kid, which was not often, it was only to tease and she would leave him standing awkward and red with confusion, trying to draw his wrists back up into sleeves that were far too short for the job.

For the first time the tall man had given the kid the job of breaking out the geldings for the year, letting him have a half dozen of them on contract at ten dollars a head, and giving the kid a chance to beat his forty a month for one month if he did a good job. And the kid was doing a good job too, crawling all over those range ponies, and knowing the girl's weakness for a good horse he caught up a young black mare to work on in his spare time, figuring if he was working on contract he was stealing no time from the boss, and if the girl took well to his work on the mare she might look a little more kindly on him.

This kind of horse handling was a new thing to the Morgan, and he saw horses wild as bobcats run in and roped for the first time since they were branded. He saw tongues hang out, and heard air saw through choked down windpipes. He saw buttons stripped from the front of the kid's shirt by striking hooves, and he saw the kid hold his ground, talking softly into the dusty air and keeping his turn around the old snubbing post. The Morgan had never seen handling as rough as this, but he had never seen horses that had run on the open range for four years untouched either.

There are many ways to break a pony to lead up on a rope, and to accept a saddle, but none of them work until you can lay a hand on the horse, and with the wild range animal this must start with the laws, for he will take down wire or try to climb poles to keep clear of man, and cornered he will fight back or over a man, because in his mind he is fighting for his life. No one has explained to him that he is just being taught how to work. And when an eighteen year old kid can choke down a thousand pounds or more of fighting horse, or pick up his front feet in a loop as he runs by and bust him to the ground and hold him there alone while he puts on a hackamore, he has the right to be proud.

The kid had that right. There was a big bay in the kid's string of broncs that wasn't taking real kindly to saddle work, and while the others had given up their bucking after the first few saddlings, and were wearing a puzzled look trying to figure what was wanted of them, the big bay had been getting rougher every day. He wasn't worrying much about what the kid wanted of him, and was for sure not developing any inhibitions along that line. But each time out he was getting stronger and learning better how to buck until he was making the kid really sit up and ride, and the kid instead of being really vexed by all this was sort of glad of the chance to show off. He knew the girl's work schedule as well as she did herself and was watching every time she left the house, and every day when she came by the corral on her way to gather in eggs, he made sure to have the bay saddled and to step up onto him as she went by. The bay would bawl and pitch, throwing dust high into the air and hitting the
morning, stopping to watch, and having
one, screaming and bucking high and
in his corral would join in the
ground hard and jolting, and the Mor-
gan in his corral would join in the
ground hard and jolting, and the Mor-
gan in his corral would join in the
fusion and excitement. The girl had
come to look forward to the show each
morning, stopping to watch, and having
secretly more than a little admiration
for the kid’s riding ability. The kid
would have a look of studied non-
chalance on his face and pretend not
to know she was anywhere around,
and sometimes when his back was to
her he would hang to the horn for a
little extra help and rake the big
squealing pony from shoulder to flank
each jump, like a rodeo rider. The
tall man would have put a sudden stop
to this had he known it was going on,
for he was paying money to have these
ponies made ready for ranch work and
not the bucking arena, and that is why
for the most part the breaking job us-
ually went to an older hand, a man
who was interested in breaking rough
horses, not just trying to prove that he
could ride them.

One morning while this show was
going on the kid ‘just happened’ to
glance over his shoulder, pretending
to notice the girl for the first time.
She waved and cheered him on and
and the kid was so overcome he showed the
first burst of self confidence that had
ever been his in front of a woman. He
threw away both reins and waved his
arms in the air in a ‘Look mom, no
hands’ gesture.

And he never should have done
that.

The big horse hit the ground limber
legged and came back instead of for-
doubled the kid over the horn
and the next trip up spun him high
ward, doubling the kid over the horn
suspended for a brief instant, like a
squirrel with his shaps spread out that.

and on the next trip up spun him high
and on the next trip up spun him high
saddle on his stomach to be put
was still under him, and he lit across
the only thing in his mind was that
he was thrown. But he heard the peal
of laughter as he stumbled away all in
one piece trying to get his shirt tail and
dignity tucked back in, and tears of
shame glazed his eyes, and sorrow
smothered his heart, for in the ungain-
ly frame of him were fine emotions
laugh at, and the feelings of a poet
seen only by himself.

He had a week left to work on his
bronsc when it came time for the long
cattle drive to summer range and he
would have liked to be on it. But the
tall man saw this as a good chance to
leave a hand on the place for the heavy
chores, and thereby not overload the
women folk who had plenty to do of
their own. The kid could take care
of the kept in stock morning and
night, and finish out his string of
horses during the day, and the kid
consolated himself with the fact that he
could present the girl with his surprise
black mare without the chance of the
other hands being around to make fun
of him.

On washday the girl spent a good
deal of time outside during the warm
weather, heating water on an old wood
stove set up under a big willow in the
yard. She scrubbed out the worst of
the soiled clothes on a board and
turned an old hand turn washer on the
rest, leaning with her back to the tree
and reading a catalogue sometimes as
she churned away at the boring chore,
shifting the book from one hand to the
other from time to time to rest her
arm from the crank handle. But it
took two hands to turn the wringer on
the heavy stuff, and there the reading
would end and the day dreaming, and
the wishing for all the treasures in the
book. She hung the clothes out to dry
on two wire lines that ran parallel and
about ten feet apart.

The morning was not clear and bright
as he would have liked it, but a little
overcast and with an uneven wind
from the south, blowing with sudden
sharp gusts, and was still and oppres-
sive between times. But he washed

(Continued on Page 34)
A master artist discovered his pupil asleep over the outline of a picture he was about to paint. Taking the crayon in his own hand he wrote across the canvas the one word AMPLIUS—which translated in English means "larger." We are all tempted to fall into a sleep of self-satisfaction over the meager sketches of our plans for the future. The result is we measure our possibilities by inches rather than by acres; our actions tending to be limited doing so little when there is much that could be done. It is apparent that our favorite glass is the microscope, when it should be the telescope. All this reminds me of the Sunday school teacher who told the story of Jacob’s Ladder to her class of children, with the angels walking up and down between earth and sky. She asked if there were any questions and one youngster said: "Yes, Teacher, why did the angels walk up the ladder when they had wings?" In other words, our possibilities with regard to what we actually can do tend to be measured in inches when they should be measured in acres, providing, of course, we use our wings.

All of what I have just said can be likened to the New England News and the Morgan Magazine as a whole. The possibilities of both growing and expanding are tremendous, but they won’t grow without your support. Sometime this month many of you will receive in the mail a letter requesting your news. Accompanying this letter will be an advertising contract. If you have not already contracted to advertise your Morgans in the magazine, and if you have not already sent us your news, won’t you do so now? Let’s make one of our goals in the new year of ’59 a two-fold one: a larger column and a bigger and better magazine. Let’s get on the band-wagon and expand our potentials by the acre rather than the inch.

The fact the Morgans win the admiration of both young and old alike was exhibited in a card we received from Dr. Garner N. Cobb of Strafford, Vermont. Dr. Cobb suffered a bad cerebral hemorrhage last June. This doesn’t seem to stop him, however, from enjoying his 30 year old Morgan stallion (Reg. No. 04550) as he is still able to hitch him to a buckboard for an afternoon drive. I’m sorry that we do not know the name of his stallion, but we certainly hope that Dr. Cobb will continue to have many years of enjoyment with his companion.

Dr. and Mrs. Blanchard W. Means of Elm Hill Farm, Brookfield, Mass., are the proud new owners of Bar-T-Coredar, an outstanding two year old filly out of Corine by Orcland Leader. This beautiful filly was definitely not for sale, but Dr. Means’ desire to own an Orcland Leader mare for such a long time prompted the Tompkins to part with her. At the shows, this mare always attracted much attention due to her excellent conformation, coupled with her light chestnut color and a flaxen mane and tail. She won the colt championship at the Hopkinton, New Hampshire Fair last Labor Day. Dr. Means reports that he is continuing her harness training, driving her two or three times each week on the roads of his beautiful Elm Hill Farm.

The John Proctors of Marblehead, Mass. have sold their weanling stallion, a brother to their Derrick Leader (Orcland Leader-Bay State Victoria) to Mr. Charles Tersolo of Beverly.

Mr. John Lydon of Millis, Mass., has purchased a young black stallion from Joseph M. Robinson of Bristol, Rhode Island. Although this stallion’s name is presently Black Rambo, John hopes to be able to change his name to Minstrel Man, as he is by Black Sambo out of Black Ranger, a Texas mare. Incidentally, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Orcutt of West Newbury, Mass., have purchased Dianna Mansfield from the Donald C. MacMullin family of Milford, New Hampshire. This mare is believed to be in foal to Minstrel Man (Black Rambo).

We are glad to hear that our good friend Ginny Lydon is riding horses again for the first time since her auto accident last Christmas Eve. Ginny doesn’t have to wear her neck brace any longer, only when she is riding. She will be able to remove it permanently by the first of the year. Her really remarkable recovery must be due in part to the wonderful encouragement she received from all her friends throughout the horse world during her convalescence.

(Continued on Page 31)
The fund of "horse trade" jokes and anecdotes known to most comedians has been many centuries in the growing. Updated periodically to include used cars, and presently airplanes too, it is not without doubt, they really change their basic thought not at all. Its always a case of the buyer beware of the best of his ability, and then being caught out in spite of it all. My favorite was always the one that Abraham Lincoln managed. It was really more of a wager than an authentic "horse deal," since the winner was to be the one who could bring the worst, not the best, horse into the trade. The other party to the bet searched far and wide and finally came up with what he firmly believed to be the lowest value, still alive, animal in the county. Lame, blind, thin and bedraggled, no two ways the one that Abraham Lincoln was to be the one who got up off the sawhorse he was standing on the verge of losing the battle of keeping bones together. He checked carefully. The horse wasn't shod, he had no halter. Satisfied, the man tied a piece of twine and left a note for himself. The winner was to be the one who could ride a horse, and exactly what he is able to ride with pleasure to himself and safety to others. Probably the part that will come hardest is his evaluation of his own ability as a rider. Few people can do it for themselves, and few friends will risk their friendship that way! If you'd really like to know, go to a large riding school—about a day's drive away, and one that employs a riding instructor worthy of the name. Ride one or more of his horses, not as a member of a class, but alone, as if you were taking a test. Knowing his horses, a good instructor can evaluate your hands, your seat and your experience with an accuracy that will surprise you—and may embarrass you too. His opinion, given as to whether or not you need a completely schooled horse, should be carried firmly in your mind when you look at that unbroken, or even green-schooled, young horse that appeals to you so mightily.

The sex of the horse you buy is of no small importance to you also. Stallions, pros and cons, constitute the major part of that problem. There are many people, and most breeders are prominent among them, who firmly and loudly believe that only the best horses should remain entire and that their only proper place is on a breeding farm. There are several other points to consider, however. A stallion may normally be expected to show greater endurance, if and provided his own temperament which does not make him abuse of that endurance. This latter degree of soundness and only lastly fact is of primary importance and should not be passed over lightly. The record of stallions on various endurance rides is one of the best cases in point. Some fret themselves unduly over other horses, the strange stable, the odd hours, even over passing other horses turned out in fields. These horses take an undue amount out of themselves, sometimes to the extent of becoming absolutely exhausted. A stallion who has fussed himself into a white lather even before his day's work has started is certainly possessed of a temperament which does not make him a suitable saddle horse. Another stallion, taking the strangeness and other horses with at least reasonable equanimity, will do his thirty-five or forty miles slowly, shake himself, take two deep breaths and be able to do it all over again. Such a horse is able to do a great deal of work with little apparent effort. They can be extremely hard to beat in any kind of competition, either in the show ring or on the trail. Then too, there is the matter of stallion presence, that extra bit of "horse" that some riders enjoy having under them. If you ride that well, both to enjoy it yourself and to control it for the safety of others, then by all means consider a stallion. Always remember that he will require more of your time, more and special grooming and more of your ability as a rider; but if you can give him all that, he will in turn give you a deeper appreciation of how much a horse can be. There is, perhaps luckily, much less to consider between the relative merit of mares and geldings. A well-schooled gelding is the source of a great deal of day-to-day pleasure and enjoyment. They are almost never subject to the moodiness that sometimes plagues mares and stallions alike. Their happy predictability is one of their greatest assets. Once schooled, they remain the same year after year. In purebred stock, they often represent the greatest possible riding value for your money. Almost always, the reason for their having been gelded interferes in no way with their value as a saddle animal. It is true, of course, that a gelding does not have the value potential in his later years that a registered mare has, but perhaps a closer look at that word "potential" is indicated. The best fillies that a breeder raises are rarely, if ever, sold by him unless he happens to be one of the few who sells all his youngsters, or is having a complete dispersal sale. In either

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**Canadian Morgans**

From Vancouver Island to Newfoundland, in each of Canada's ten provinces, many thousands of light horses of every breed and cross may be found. The popularity of a specific breed or type varies with the use to which the horse is to be put and the type of rider to be found. The one breed, perhaps the least known and the least understood of any, which is gradually making itself noticed, from coast to coast, is the Morgan. The fact that the breed is found in the mountains, the foothills, on the prairies, in the country as well as in the city, proves the versatility and adaptability of this great horse.

We would like to introduce to you, the Canadian Morgan owners and their horses. The Canadian Livestock Records, Ottawa, Ont., where all our registered stock is listed, has only 35 Morgans registered. Some of these registrations are years old, some of the horses having died, some changed owners either in Canada or the U.S. while there are several other animals which have not been registered at all.

So if you are ready, we shall start our introductions on the far eastern coast. Perhaps you will meet a horse which you formerly owned and have lost track of.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. George F. Wade and family, in Kentville, N.S., the Wades mix a little Morgan breeding with turkey ranching. Their first Morgan was a stallion, Jubilee's Victory, 6 (Jubilee King — Delight Magic) with which they were so pleased, that they soon bought two mares, Springletty 18 (Springfield-Bellendale) and a Lippitt mare named Whitespot 19 (Lippitt Billy Ash-Lippitt Arrowhead). In the past three years, four foals have been raised from the two mares, and both were to foal again this summer. The four Wade children are very proud of their fine horses and enjoy riding them in their local riding club's activities. Needless to say, the whole family is completely satisfied with the Morgan and are looking forward to the time when there are many more Morgan enthusiasts in their area.

A short time ago the F. W. Pirie Co., Ltd., of Grand Falls, N.B., purchased a mare, Meadowbrook Princess 30. We would like to hear more of this Morgan.

In Quebec, a French speaking province, at Foster is a good two year old stallion UVM Colfield 29 owned by Mr. and Mrs. G. Brockus. The Brockus' plan to show Colfield across the border as well as in their own area. He is at stud and will be used on a few mares of various breeds as well as on Mrs. Brockus' hackney. They are hoping to add a Morgan mare to their stable before too long.

Several other Morgans are reported to be, or have been in Quebec. Some have been sold by their original importers, only to return to the U.S. Others are kept as pleasure horses and not heard from. Some of those listed are Upwey Liona 1, Honora 2, Meade 7, Buddy 13, and several Lippitt horses namely Wally Moro 3, Mormon 4, Flashlight 5, Ruby 8, Sally Ann Moro 9, and Polly Ann Nekomia 10.

Westward several hundred miles at a tiny town, Fox Valley in the great wheat province of Saskatchewan is a very good old stallion. At the T7 ranch, owned by the Yeast family is Shadow Hawk 14-9632 (Go-Hawk—Forette)

This stallion was first brought to Canada about ten years ago by Mr. C. H. Gilhurst of Claresholm, Alberta. He was bred by Mr. S. Doaks, Paris, III. Mr. Gilhurst was one of the Gilhurst Bros. of Many Berries, Alberta who brought the first Morgans to this province some thirty years ago. These imports were used to improve the Gilhurst's range herd, but over the years as the purebreds died, the Morgan characteristics slowly disappeared.

About three years ago, Shadow Hawk was sold to the Yeasts to head their large band of grade mares. Perhaps the Yeasts reason for purchasing a Morgan was because of Mrs. Yeasts, Sr., association with the breed during her childhood days on her father's ranch in the U.S. When she came to Canada from Nebraska in 1914 with her husband, they brought with them over 150 head of horses of various breeds.

Shadow Hawk runs in a huge pasture with his band of mares all summer but is brought in to the barn and kept in the barn during the severe prairie winter. The Yeasts have no trouble selling their foals each year, some going as far away as Ontario.

Moving west again to the foothills of the Rockies we come to Calgary, the home of the world famous Calgary Stampede and its exciting chuckwagon races. Being in the heart of the ranching country, needless to say, the interest in horses is very high.

South of town, the A. Mills are well established on their thirty-five acre farm. Their two fillies Twinkle T and Queen Letta, both by J. C. Jackson's late stallion Fleetfield, are progressing nicely with their training.

At our own place east of Calgary we are busy with the three colts, as well as building a new barn. Our youngest is Kilgoran Redwood (Faylenne-Silver Rockwood). He was a very early colt born March 9 and is a chestnut with a light mane and tail like his sire. We believe he is the first registered Morgan to be foaled in Alberta. Our yearling, Kilgoran Rockwood, is also out of our mare Faylenne and by Clarence Shaw's Silver Rockwood. He is a yearling, a pretty dark chestnut, also with a light mane and tail. He is certainly typical of Morgan intelligence and temperament.

Our latest addition is also from the Shawalla Morgan Farms, Walla Walla, Wash. He is a two year old bay stallion Travaille 11728 (General Ben's Joy-Silver Rockwood). Mr. and Mrs. Shaw brought him to the border for us and we brought him the rest of the way. He has created quite a sensation the short time he has been here and will be used on a few grade mares as well as on our own mare Faylenne, this year.

In the heart of the majestic Canadian Rockies, in British Columbia we find several fine Morgans. They are around Kilowanna, Ohanagen Mission, and Clinton. Some of these are Magic Miss 21, Miss Glenda 20, Coronation 23, Korea 24, Nespelem Golden Flaxen 25 and Beau Dare 27. Mr. J. H. Matter of Riske Creek, had the misfortune to lose his stallion Pharol 12 of swamp fever, as a two year old.

On the west coast where good horses are in very high demand, there is a very thin scattering of Morgan blood, but quite a bit of interest in the breed. Perhaps the two recent arrivals of Mr. Mallory and Mr. Loewin of Port Alberni, will create even more interest and bring a few more to that area.

In the far north, Tom and Jean Connolly of Ross River, Yukon, are thoroughly enjoying their three Morgans, Yukon Rocky 31, Fireweed 32, and Ilawana Kathleen 33, which they brought all the way from Washington over a year ago.

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Central States News

By Eve Oakley

Our October meeting was held at Caven-Glo Farm, home of the Larry Oakleys, in Downers Grove, Illinois.

An excellent program was planned on "Colt Training" and one that is being looked forward to by a number of our members, especially those who either have young foals now or plan on acquiring one in the near future. However, it being a very rainy and damp Sunday, the members found the inside of the house more comfortable and went to work with zest on the club business at hand and so our "Colt Training" program will be reserved for a future meeting.

It has been definitely settled that our future May meetings be a "Club Play Day." We feel that this Play Day will be a great deal of fun and enjoyment for our Juniors and also a number of our Senior members who are young in heart. If properly developed, it could well be an outstanding Morgan event in this area in the future.

We have a new "Filly" added to our Junior Division — Miss Janet Sulk, of Downers Grove, Ill., to whom we will extend a warm welcome.

Miss Nancy King showed her new mare, Hylee's Lady Maudeen (Justin Dart — Dolly Mae) at the Illinois State Fair this year and placed 5th in the Breed Class for Morgans over 3 years of age. She rode Maudeen in the Open Morgan Pleasure Horse Class and placed 5th in this class also.

We have three new members added to our Central States family — Mr. and Mrs. Duane Bietz and their son, Gordon, of Elgin, Illinois. The Bietz' family own that nice matched pair of black Morgan mares, Miss Helen Squire and Peggy Lee — a mother and daughter team. We extend a warm welcome to these new members.

Dr. Nelson King, of Kirksville, Mo., has purchased Irish Luck (Luckmore — Patty Pratt) a 6 months old bay colt from the Ryans, of Delavan, Ill. He was first in the Open Morgan Weanling class at the Illinois State Fair this year — a very high-headed, good going little fellow. They hope to keep him for future stud purposes. The day they picked him up, he had his off hock during the night before and was very lame for about 2 weeks — a most pathetic little fellow, but we understand he is getting better now.

Dr. Nelson King has sold his 15 months old colt, Kings-Haven Clipper (Royal Clipper-Choquita) to Mr. Robert Tynan of Stella, Nebraska. This colt also placed 4th in the Weanling Class at the Illinois State Fair a year ago.

We have news of a local Morgan sale, probably one of the first Caven-dish colts to be re-sold. Our new member, Mrs. Nancy Vogt, of Elgin, Ill., has just purchased the good-looking three year old stallion, Caven-Glo High Capri (Cavendish-Spring Hope) from another member, Mrs. Patricia Rode, of Hinsdale, Ill. Nancy plans on training him for a good pleasure Morgan and had planned to geld him shortly.

Tragedy has touched our Central States family for the first time! Mrs. Patricia Rode was killed just the next day after selling her Morgan stallion, Caven-Glo High Capri. She had just purchased a gelding to ride (not Morgan) and took him out for the first time. No one knows exactly what happened, but they found her alongside of the road, unconscious from a blow on her head where she hit a rock in her fall. She never regained consciousness and died that night. This has been a great shock to all those of us who knew her and especially here at Caven-Glo, where she had the habit of running in every so often with some question about Capri. She was only 22 years old and leaves behind, her husband Jim, and a small nine months old daughter. All members extend their sympathy to her family in their bereavement.

Mrs. Chester Reynolds, of Erie, Pa., writes that their seven-eighths Morgan filly Lady DeJarnette (Superson-Starfire, three-quarter Morgan) is being delivered to her new home. However, we did not get the name of the new owners, but will do so in the future.

Mrs. Reynolds also advises that they showed their Morgan stallion Superson (Supersam-Townshend Lass) as a Morgan example recently at a local "Horsmanship Clinic." Superson won the Quarter Horse breeders hearts and was quite a topic of conversation.

Had a short note from our Canadian members — the George Lewis' of Woodbridge, Canada. Mrs. Lewis writes that George was so excited at the National Morgan Show that he took 50 feet of film twice — they call it the 3 dimensions — chuck wagon races across top, comes down and runs into another horse, trots over the top of a picket fence and somebody shakes hands while a horse runs over them — just to give you a general idea. This isn't any better than the Oakleys and the Haywards did — they simply forgot to take moving pictures while there.

Our November meeting was held at La-Ra-Dee Acres, home of the Rae Millers in Downers Grove.

The high point of this meeting was, of course, the presentation of the trophy to the winner of the Junior Essay Contest, Miss Penny Baran, of Downers Grove, Illinois.

Ron Hayward, our President, gave a very nice talk about the effort the Juniors had made in this contest—the amount of knowledge they derived from their research and the thought-provoking question "Why I Like A Morgan." He had each Junior who was present read their essay and also the essays of those not present. Most of our Senior Members were astounded at the amount of thought, ideas and facts these Juniors put into their essays. Actually they hadn't realized just how much Morgan had rubbed off on these youngsters. It was, indeed, an eye-opener and what a wealth of future Senior Members we have!

Penny, of course, was a most surprised and happy Junior when Ron Hayward asked her to step forward and receive the Trophy — a lovely model of the Morgan horse.

Miss Shirley Subotaz received Honorary Mention for the next best essay and all Juniors who participated in the contest received a small ceramic model of a busy little foal.

The Central States Club Officers all felt that there should be an outside person judge these Essays, someone (Continued on Page 29)
With the turn of the new year, we find that people in our part of the country are already getting together their 1959 show string. Several Morgans have changed hands, especially interesting is the placement of different bloodlines through these sales.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwal of Highview Farm, report the sale of their top ten year old stallion Top Flight (Flyhawk-Sentola) to John J. Warner of Dodge City, Kansas. Top Flight, is a jet black full brother to the Greenwals good brood mare, Jubilee Joy, and to the superb parade stallion, The Airacobra. Mr. Warner is a rancher, cattleman who already has a nice group of registered black Morgan mares, from which he plans to breed all black Morgans. Mr. and Mrs. Warner, daughter Lynn and two sons, are all horse minded, ride well, and keep the Morgans busy on their well equipped ranch. Keeping in the scheme of things are the many Warner Aberdeen Anguses.

The Explorer, a dark chestnut coming yearling son of Senator Graham and Flyette, has been sold by the Greenwals to the University of Conn., at Storrs.

Another bit of news that makes me want to make tracks down Springfield way is the arrival of Whippoorwill Duke (Squire Burger-Diana Mansfield) to Highview Farm. We have long admired this six year old dark chestnut stallion, and now will have an opportunity to see first hand his influence on the Morgans in this area.

We would like to welcome into our organization Dr. Nelson King of Kirkville, Mo. Dr. King is a most enthusiastic Morgan fan, and has a mighty fine group at his Kings-Haven farm. Have heard via the grapevine that the Kings have sold their two year old red chestnut stallion Kings-Haven Clipper (Royal Clipper-Choquita) to Robert Tynan of Stella, Nebraska, owner of the good aged stallion Agazizz. Mr. Tynan intends to cross Clipper with the daughters of Agazizz and his other good mares.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Ryan, Irish Lane Farm, Delevan, III., have sold their nice bay coming yearling stallion, Irish Luck (Luckmore-Patty Pratt) to Dr. and Mrs. Nelson King.

It is with much regret that I must report the passing of the grand old champion Flyhawk. "Fly," was so much a part of all the Morgan breeders all over the United States, that each and everyone of us will miss him. Flyhawk 7526, black; foaled August, 1926; bred by J. C. Brunk, Springfield, Ill., one name listed among the 899 stallions in Volume V of the Morgan Horse Registry, but one of the greats of all time. His family of Morgans are wide flung, they are, and will continue to be, a royal group. The Greenwals, and the Ryans have eight daughters, and three sons to carry on for him.

Mrs. Ralph Schilds of Browntown, Wis., has sold her nice chestnut seven year old broodmare to the L. S. Greenwals: Bambi Moon, sired by L. U. Colonel and out of Quanta, has produced two nice fillies for Mrs. Schild both sired by Rhodoa.

Mr. and Mrs. Neal Werts, Sleepy Hollow Farm, Hillsboro, Mo., are the proud new parents of a daughter, Marcia Ann, born November 13th. We were all so pleased to have Pat and Neal back showing with us again this year, after Neal's stretch in the armed services.

Mr. William Dansby informs us that there will be two shows in the Colorado area with classes for Morgans. One in Greeley, Colorado, July 4th, 1959, and one in Brighton, Colorado, at a later date. Oklahoma, Kansas, New Mexico and Wyoming are reportedly forming Morgan clubs, just recently, Texas has organized one. If anyone is interested in exhibiting their Morgans in these two shows, please contact Mr. Robert Riley of What Cheer, Iowa, who can supply you with more detailed information.

Helping to inform the younger generation about the Morgan horse, HyLee Farms has listed their name in the Girl Scout Guide Book, used by the leaders as a listing of interesting places to visit. The response has been terrific, and if somewhat time-consuming, it is well worth it. To the timid soul, it is a bit frightening to have 7 or 8 station wagons pull up the drive, loaded to the limit with impatient small bundles of TNT, but it is surprising how quickly these children settle down and become absorbed in the "Story of The Morgan." Lots of fun, try it some time!

HyLee Farms, Cambria, Wisconsin, has sold two chestnut coming yearling stallions to Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Hitz of Hopkins, Minn. One, the top notch HyLee's Compadre, sired by the Behling's champion stallion Torchfire and out of the top show mare HyLee's Lady Justin; the other HyLee's Johnny Reb, also sired by Torchfire and out of the champion mare, Lurgan.

Mary Robinson of Lake Bluff, Illinois has sold her black seven year old gelding, Illawana Satan (Illawana Jim-Gilda) to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holloway of Palatine, Ill. Satan is to be the mount of Mrs. Holloway.

Mr. Norm Bliffert of Elm Grove, Wisconsin has purchased the three year old gelding HyLee's Roja (Max Hi-Ho Kid—Dolly Mae) from Sylvia Kraus of Milwaukee, Wis. The last time I saw Roja, he was working in a 30 foot circle, without a lunge line, taking his commands without ever a flaw in performance. Miss Kraus had Roja well into dressage work, so Mr. Bliffert has bought himself a three in one package a champion English Pleasure horse, a master Western stock horse, and a dressage prospect. It seems unbelievable that a three year old could be so very well trained, but it just goes to show you what you can do with a Morgan!

Harry and Melba Cleveland of Waverly, Iowa, former owners of the 1958 Illinois State Fair champion stallion HyLee's Top Brass (Max Hi Ho Kid-Dolly Mae) just couldn't stay out of the Morgan business for very long. Actually they are back in with both feet this time, with the purchase of the dark chestnut, flaxen mane and tailed filly HyLee's Mary Ann (Agazizz-Knora Knox), bought from Jacqueline Behling, HyLee Farms, Cambria, Wisconsin. And from Mary Laseter of Sigiourney, Iowa the 1958 Illinois State Fair champion weanling, filly, Binny Bee dark bay daughter of Betsy Ross and Captain Ben. The Cleveland's intend to show both fillies extensively in 1959, and since both are Illinois Morgan Futurity eligibles, look for them there.

Start the New Year off right, become a member of the Mid-America Morgan Horse Club, Inc. We'd sure like to have you with us! Contact Joan Hoburg, Sec., 600 Lincolnway W., Morrison, Ill., for further information.
New York News

By Ruth Rogers

Shermill Stable has enjoyed many Morgan minded visitors this season. Mrs. Roger Ela stopped on her way to the Toronto Winter Fair. Fred Herrick was Pete Hess' hunting season guest at the time at nearby Ledgewood Farm, and we all "talked Morgan" for most of the night.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Cecil Ferguson were here briefly on a Morgan tour, but had time for only one additional stop at the Roy Taylors' Royalcrest Farm at Medina. We are still worrying because we were so busy with the horses that the Fergusons had to leave without lunch.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cole of Raleigh, N. C., were here during the holidays. Mrs. Cole is the Barbara Cole of those very helpful articles in the Morgan Magazine. The Coles had pictures of their young stud, Clement, by Jubilee's Courage-Lippitt Robrita. This is one of the finest youngsters we have seen in some time, and should do much to popularize the breed in that state.

We hear from Miss Mary Lyster of Medina, that her little newsmaker, Sherri L, has been at it again. The filly recently tipped over a basket of eggs on the back porch; turned on the water in the barn and forgot to turn it off; came into the house and upended the bird cage, complete with bird; and when shoed out to the barn at this point, skidded off the porch. There were no serious casualties except in the egg department.

Miss Henrietta Smigel of Preston Hollow writes a delightful letter about her new Morgan mare, Larrietta Jane, by Larry Colonel-Jane L, recently purchased from Mrs. Greenwalt. Henrietta says, "Larry is a most beautiful mare. I don't think you could find a nicer head on any Morgan . . . When she came I was so excited I ran out and left a shoe behind." Larry is bred to Flyhawk's Black Starr, and will foal in April.

Ledgewood Rocket, owned by Miss Becky Slos of Williamsville, won the large open pleasure class at the December Saddle and Bridle Club show in Buffalo. This accomplished little chestnut gelding is really cleaning up all competition in the section.

The Donald Sellers of Canisteo have purchased the mare, Nubbins Pride, from Eisenhards' Oatka Farms in Warsaw. Pride has a lot of real class and should produce a nice foal by the Sellers' stallion, Illawanna Jerry.

Don Brantingham of Rome has sold his two year old Ben Don colt to Mr. and Mrs. Bill Howard of South Trenton. They will use him for pleasure and might show him locally.

Mrs. Edward G. Murphy of Central Square has purchased the three year old mare, Orcland Youlenda from Mr. Ralph Lasbury. The Murphys plan to show this flashy filly this coming season.

Miss Nancy Gochee of Rome bought Mrs. Murphy's chestnut mare, Georgianna. That makes the seventh Morgan for Nancy, who is one of our best Morgan boosters in her section of the state.

Mrs. Fleur Dorschel of Cheekotawaga now owns the gelding, Penn Morgan, recently purchased from Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Willey of Kennedy. Fleur's 2 year old, Irish Parader, has been at the Willeys all winter for training, and so that she would have a Morgan to ride, Mr. and Mrs. Willey loaned her "Penny". Now she finds she does not want to part with him. Penny is boarding at present with Mrs. Jean Sanders of Orchard Park.

The Dorschels are planning a move to the country this coming summer, so that they can keep their horses at home. How these Morgans do get you!

The Donald Longs of Johnstown have a new stallion from Mrs. Greenwalt, by Linsley Lee-Sunflower Belle. I do not have his name — more about this later.

Bad news from Marlene Beggs of Esperence — she recently lost her 3 year old UVM Canez from gengrene.

Mrs. Muriel Gordon's stylish mare, Aida, went not to Indian Hill as reported, but to Joseph Vona, owner of Knobbieneize, among others. My apologies for this mistake.

Mrs. Gordon's Bravo (Ebb Tide) is again in the news. Now he is serving as a pack horse, quite a departure from his ribbon-winning ways. You may remember that Muriel recently wrote "If he can only learn to cook, I can get away for the weekend. He can do everything else."

Now she writes "Bravo can now scramble the eggs. But this morning he was careless and burned the bacon."

Happy New Year and many Morgans to you all.

Southern California News

By Mel Morse

Well, again another year has passed, our 1958 season as to show activities and the progress of the Club, I must say it should have been much better than the records show, our 1957 records were in much better standing. I was very proud to write and let everyone know how far we had gone in two years.

Each of you Morgan owners who want to take interest in the Morgan breed, your breed mind you, just why is it we can't get you out to the meetings, also the shows, if at all possible. Let's build this club on an upward basis. I'm afraid some of us might regret it later on. I've tried hard to do more than my part with not much cooperation from the membership. I know some of us are busy, we mean well, but that's not enough. We've got to do better this coming year to keep our club going. The membership has increased some, our new members are: Dr. Holman, of Monrovia; Mrs. W. S. Green of Whittier; Mr. Bob Riding of Lakeside; Barbara Rovina of Crestline and Mrs. R. U. Duntley of Oxnard, Calif. To date the membership stands at 42. This report should read much better with the Morgans that are in Southern California.

Our President, Orval Smith gave up his bachelor-hood, to our surprise and took himself a bride in October. They took a honeymoon and went to Honolulu for an extended trip. While there they made a trip to visit the Parker Ranch. This ranch uses Morgan stallions to cross with Thoroughbred mares. At present they are using two stallions. Their horses are used extensively on the ranch for cattle work. The Kualoa Ranch on the islands also use Morgans on the ranch. The owner is Sinclair Johnson. Mr. and Mrs. Smith returned and told what a wonderful trip it was. The climate must have agreed with them for they surely looked good on their return. Each and every one wishes them many years of happiness and may they find peace and contentment as the years go by.

I have received some inquiries of the club's activities. I do try to answer (Continued on Page 28)
Mid-Atlantic News

By Helene Zimmerman

Although the show season is finally over, Morgan activity is certainly not abating. It seems that everyone is indulging in an orgy of buying and selling Morgans. One horse that is consistently traveling north is The Flying Dutchman. From Mike Brittain's in Frederick, Md., he went to William Lichty in Lancaster, Pa., and thence through Marilyn Childs to Gerald Mest in Allentown. I understand that Mr. Mest also purchased Kingfish from Dr. Frances Schaeffer of Allentown. I am sure he will derive a great deal of enjoyment from these two young geldings. Also in the Allentown area, I hear that Suzanne Person has sold the nine year old chestnut mare, Bumble (Raymond S. Sentney—Mac Morgan), but I do not have the name of the new owner. To replace the "northbound" horse, Mike Brittain has purchased the two year old chestnut filly, Delight Ashmore (Lippitt Ashmore-Flicka Hawk), from Mrs. Robert Stoner of Lewisberry, Pa.

A note from Muriel Gordon of Middleburgh, N. Y., tells us that she purchased the ten year old chestnut mare, Sunflower Belle who is now bred to Linsley Lee, from Mrs. Greenwalt of Pawnee, Illinois. She also bought Armona Kitty Star, a two year old chestnut filly, from the Richard Stantons. Annfield, whom she has since sold to Sandra Hunt, had a bay stud foal by Sherimill Sunrise and was then bred to Annfield, whom she has since sold to Sandra Hunt, owned and shown by Helene Zimmerman of Maple Glen, Pa.

Versatility champion was Arrow Hawk, owned by Helene Zimmerman and reserve champion was Mandate's Peggy Lou, owned and shown by Ayleen Richards of Pine City, N. Y. For those folks whose clubs do not have versatility awards, I will explain that this division is scored on points won in both Morgan and open classes.

The new Hurlacher Amateur Morgan Challenge Trophy was presented for the first time this year. This trophy consists of a lovely large silver cup which must be won three times for permanent possession with a smaller silver replica which is given to the winner each year "for keeps." The winner this year was Princess Jarnette, owned by Frances Franks. Reserve champion was Manito, owned by William Hopkins, Green Village, N. J. and shown throughout the season by Ann Hopkins. Third was Arrow Hawk, owned by Helene Zimmerman. Fourth was Mandate's Peggy Lou, owned by Ayleen Richards. Fifth was Nancy Date, owned and shown by Dr. Frances Schaeffer. Sixth was Broadway Flicka Hawk.

North Central Assn.

By R. G. Anderson

The exciting news that I have to report is the acquisition of several new Morgans in this area. Early last winter Al Dorow made a trip out to Albert Cross' ranch in Dubois, Wyoming. A report on his purchases and sales were reported in an earlier issue of the magazine. I am sure most of you have read the interesting articles by Ab Cross on his Wind River Morgans. My curiosity had been aroused and I decided I wanted to see the West and the Wind River Morgans. So about the middle of August my wife and I left Fargo for Dubois. The trip was a thrill for us and we certainly enjoyed our visit with the Cross family. Ab rounded up a herd of his Morgans and we exchanged ideas on horses. I came away with a tentative option on ten Morgans.

On our way home we stopped in LaPorte, Colorado, to visit with George Burgess and family. He had sold his outstanding stallion King Royale to a breeder in Laramie, Wyoming so we did not get a chance to see him again. King Royale was a consistent winner in Illinois. Mr. Burgess showed us his remaining stock which right now is limited to about four horses. Edna Jarnette 07005, a 12-year old brood mare, Bonnie Jewel 08879, a four-year old, and Kate DeJarnette 08610, a six-year-old. Picture in pictorial section.

I gave Cliff Hitz such a glowing account of the Wind River Morgans that he and Marilyn immediately made plans to go see Mr. Cross. They made the 2,000 mile trip in a little over two days, and returned with three beautiful weanling fillies. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woods are the proud owners of one of the fillies.

Mike Duginski decided it would be a nice fall vacation for he and his wife to take — so convincing the Phil Aigners that they should accompany them they left for Dubois shortly after Labor Day. However, about twenty odd miles from the Cross ranch they had an unfortunate accident. A local cowboy traveling in the wrong lane of traffic hit them head-on even though Mike tried to get out of his way. The car was demolished and the occupants were in the hospital about a week with bruises and shock. Mike was released.
LIPPITT MANDATE, 19 years in 1959, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Childs, Ringtown, Pa.

RUSTY RAY, 2 year old (with bells) and his mother PRINCESS TOBY, owned and driven by F. K. Drzegolowski of Lebanon, Ill.
SEALECT LADY JANE 08218 by Lippitt Ethan Ash out of Select Lass, owned by Sally T. Hounslea of Waterford, Conn. This 8 year old mare was a fourth place winner at the 1958 National.

Miss Louise Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Grant (formerly Mayor of Fall River and presently County Clerk of Courts) on her gelding NOVEMBER'S RED STAR, consistent winner in Hack and Trail classes. Miss Grant attends Endicott Junior College in Beverly, Mass.

MERRY MITTIE (Merry Knox-Merridale) weanling filly owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson of Middle Grove, N. Y.

MERRY ALLEN by Merry Knox and out of Merridale, and MERRY MIA (Bright Star-Conniedale) two yearlings; gelding and filly respectively, bred and owned by Merrylegs Farm, South Dartmouth, Mass.

Husband and Wife — Mother and Daughter on a trail ride. Who are they? ROYALTON TWILIGHT, 10 year old mare by Knickerbocker out of Lippitt Twilight and GREEN MOUNTAIN DARLING by Royalton Ashbrook Darling out of Royalton Twilight, both owned by Dr. and Mrs. Lee C. Bird of Upton, Mass.
The Morgans and family of James F. Orme, M. D., of Salt Lake City, Utah. Stan and June on ROSY; Jim and Terry on NEVADA and Eric and Jimmy on MEETEETSIE.

PRIDE OF KING, well known Morgan that for 7 years carried flag bearer in O'Fallon homecomings, shown here waiting for parade to start with Don Dzengolewski of Lebanon, Illinois, up.

U. V. M. CHARM, 2 year old filly owned by Patti A. Reiss of Old McDonald's Farm, Lake Placid, New York.

MORMON'S RED LADY, owned by Mrs. H. F. Spencer of California.

MY STARS, 3 year old owned by Chet Bacigalupi of Sonora, California, received two Grand Championships and 5 firsts in 1958.

Mrs. O. L. Dappen of Santa Maria, California, with two of her Morgans.
IN MEMORY OF FLYHAWK

With a few of his sons and daughters shown below as prize winners of the 1958 show season.

BETTE BELLE
(Flyhawk-Betty Barr)
Second, Roadster under saddle, Nat'l Morgan; Fourth, Mares 15 hands under saddle, Nat'l. Reserve, Land of Lincoln Saddle Class, Ill. State Fair. Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryan, Irish Lane Farm, Delavan, Ill.

THE BROWN FALCON
(Flyhawk-Allan’s Fancy L.

FANCY BE
(Flyhawk-Frontier Gal)
Winner Model Class and second 3-gaited, 1958 Milwaukee Spring Charity Show. First, Mares under 15 hands Saddle Class and third, mares and geldings in harness, Nat'l. Morgan Show. First, $1,000 Land of Lincoln Saddle Class, Ill. State Fair. Owned by Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt, Highview Farm, Pawnee, Ill.

MODELETE
(Flyhawk-Elberty Linsley)

FAIR LADY OF WENLOCH
(Flyhawk-Betty Barr)
First, Combination Class; First, Ladies Harness Class; Second, Ladies Saddle Class; Reserve Champion Harness Stake at the Nat'l. Morgan Show. Also many prizes at other shows. Owned and shown by Wenloch Farm, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

FLYHAWK 7526
(Go Hawk — Florette)
(1926 - 1958) Picture taken at 26 years.

Grand Champion Morgan Stallion, 1940-'41 Illinois State Fairs

At Highview and Irish Lane Farms, we have several daughters and three sons to carry on for the grand old man in the future — for both show and pleasure. The above snapshot of "Old Fly" is so exactly like him that we selected it in preference to other photos.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt
Highview Farm, Pawnee, Illinois
acquiring horses and after much looking and comparing we were very fortunate to meet Mr. E. W. Roberts of Campo, Calif. and soon became very good friends along with acquiring two young Morgan studs from him that soon became part of the family. After showing in the halter classes at Del Mar we found it necessary to return to our original home in Western Pennsylvania and said a temporary good-bye to our boys till we could find a suitable place for them back East. After much searching, we found a small farm with an old barn and started the task of rebuilding the barn for our Morgans. Having no house built but a decent barn for the horses I decided in late April of '58 it was time to bring our boys East. I approached the trip with much misgivings as I had been away from horses for a number of years and had never made a long trip with any kind of horses.

After a fast cross-country trip, I arrived in Campo and was met by our good friend Glenn Francis who had taken care of our horses during the winter for us and who incidentally is a real Morgan enthusiast and has some fine stock he has acquired from Mr. Roberts band.

Our horses immediately recognized me when I went to the corral. I got my Exhibitor horse trailer out of the shed and decided to load up the next morning and see what happened.

The first day across the desert to Tuscon, Arizona and unloaded at the Copper Tower Ranch where we were warmly welcomed and the horses seemed perfectly content as long as they could see the trailer. The second day we made Ruidosa, New Mexico in the white mountains where we put up in a deserted corral and slept in the horse trailer right alongside the horses. They seemed perfectly content to ride along all day and we pulled into Clinton, Okla. the third night where we unloaded at a rodeo grounds and stayed with the horses all night amid tornadoes that were all around that section then. The fourth night we pulled into Lebanon, Missouri where we stayed at the fairgrounds in good box stalls with a good night's rest. The fifth day we made Indianapolis, Indiana where we arrived amid a rainstorm but found shelter in a private Saddlebred barn where the facilities were excellent so we had a good night's sleep in a motel. The next morning bright and early we started for home and arrived late in the afternoon with the whole family on hand to meet the horses. The Morgans weathered the trip without even a sign of a running nose and I was very glad to be home without any trouble. A good friend Art DeVeney made the trip with me to help out and having never been around horses was completely sold on Morgans by the time we arrived home!

It has taken us all summer and most of the fall to finish our home and get settled for the winter but we did take time out to see the Penna. National for one day to see the Morgan Classes which was a real pleasure along with meeting some of the Eastern Morgan people.

In closing I might say we live in an area where there isn't too much horse activity but people seem very interested in our Morgans and we are trying to organize a show on the farm for his next season to promote interest and also looking for a couple of marcs to start a small band of our own.

I would appreciate any suggestions you may have on which Association I should join as there are no Morgans in our general area and we can't travel too far to take part in showing and for general shows in this area I don't know what classes we should show in for the Morgan's good. As yet we are small but really love our Morgans and welcome anyone who is passing and would like to see our Eastern, Western Morgans.

Sincerely,
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Palmer
Blackhawk Morgan Farm
184 Chippewa Park Rd. Beaver Falls, Penna.

Dear Sir:

This feller, "ole man Time," has a way of temporizing one's activities and when I sold my ranch and moved to Toronto, Canada, I sort of lost interest (what am I saying?) i kinda got run over by fast moving events, which did not include the activities of the lovers of Morgan horses in U. S. A.

When I broke ties, the Morgan Horse Magazine was published in Woodstock, Vermont under the Morgan Horse Club. Frank Hills wrote me that the infant has matured into a man of great stature. Being an inquisitive old goat, this I gotta see. Maybe a proud parent is a little cock-eyed in his sentimental judgment.

I hereby hand you my subscription, sight unseen, for your publication, no, I'll do better than that, please enter my grandson's name on your list of subscribers as well. If there is a bargain rate on multiple years, please advise me. I am hot after the dollar and if the savings justifies the additional investment, that's for me. My being a life member of The Morgan Horse Club substantiates that statement.

I sent a prize filly over to Phoenix for my grandson's Christmas. I won't say that she has the best papers but I'll spit and polish off any one who claims better.

A back-number to sonny and me would be a nice gesture, don't you think?

Cordially,
J. Victor Pinnell
1723 Whitley Ave.
Hollywood 28, Calif.

Dear Sir:

In reply to the letter in the November issue of the Morgan Horse, we too, are interested in a question and answer column in your magazine. We think it is a wonderful idea and would help the people who are just beginning in the horse raising business.

Yours truly,
Berkley Rangers 4-H Horse Club
Anne Desauteals, Leader
Berkeley, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Enclosed is a check for $3.50 so my subscription may be continued for the next year, beginning with the December issue.

I have enjoyed your magazine very much and have become very interested in Morgans because of it.

My aunt, Mrs. David Emerson of Concord, Mass., has just bought a registered Morgan gelding and is terribly pleased with him. His name and number are 11297, Mixeldon. He is by 8447 Ethan Eldon and is out of x-0603 Mixie. She says he has a very sweet disposition and is wonderful to ride or drive. He has settled in beautifully with the other two horses and acts as if he has lived with them all his life.

I will be looking forward to seeing The Morgan Horse Magazine for another year and the address is the same.

Yours truly,
Camilla Riggis
Wilton, Conn.

(Continued on Page 27)
Remember The Stallion Issue

Your stallion is only as good as you think he is. If you feel he is a good representative Morgan and will help the breed, by the colts he sires, be sure and advertise him in this important issue.

Circulation has tripled in the last few years. Advertising does pay. Readers do look to the Morgan Horse Magazine for guidance. Be first in your area to tell of your Morgans.

Pictures and advertising must be in the Publication Office in Leominster no later than March 1st to be included in this issue. Because of our newsstand contracts we cannot extend publication deadlines in the future.

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THE MORGAN HORSE CLUB, INC.
90 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y.
Letters  
(Continued from Page 25)  

Dear Sir:

We have taken your most interesting magazine now for the past two years and may I say that we have so enjoyed every issue. A while back we had the pleasure of owning a half Morgan horse, and realized in him what a wonderful horse a Morgan is.

We hope to own a full blooded Morgan in another year. Meanwhile, we have visited a few Morgan horse farms in New England this summer and were graciously welcomed at Windcrest, Winsor, Serenity Farm, So. Woodstock, Vt., Merrylegs Farm, So. Dartmouth, Bar-T-Farm, Rowley, and Broadwall Farm, Greene, R. I. Not only did we enjoy seeing the beautiful Morgan horses, but also enjoyed the hospitality of the owners. We took moving pictures at each farm and have relived these visits several times on the movie screen. May we extend our thanks to these folks through your magazine.

We are also pleased to see the return of horses and owner to the Orchard Farm, West Newbury, where we spent many a Sunday afternoon last year.

We look forward to reading the instructive articles by Miss Owen and the stories by Mr. Pedler.

Have just renewed our subscription and treasure every issue.

Sincerely yours,
Mr. & Mrs. Colin T. Campbell
217 Crescent Lake Ave.
Haverhill, Mass.

No. Central News  
(Continued from Page 16)

after a check-up so he did get to see the horses and have a horseback ride in the mountains. They all made the return trip to Moorhead by air. Mike bought a well-broke working gelding at the time to be delivered in October. He has since sold him to a Morgan owner in Crookston, Minnesota.

Al Dorow also visited with Mr. Cross again this summer and purchased several young horses which he now has on his farm in Springfield. As you can surmise, Mr. Cross was finding himself in a difficult spot with so many people wanting Morgans. He didn’t want to let his band get too low, and at the same time he wanted his Morgans to go to other areas. After several telephone calls on my part he did agree to deliver ten Morgans to us in October. On a very cold week-end Mr. and Mrs. Cross arrived in Moorhead with the horses. We had many curious spectators on hand to watch the antics of the "wild Morgans from Wyoming," but in true Morgan style they walked out of the truck and into the enclosure. After a 1,000 mile trip it would be a relief to get out and move around. However, they did not disappoint us when it came time for putting on a lead rope and leading them into the barn. I will admit it took a little time and urging, but the horses were sensible and responded to our efforts.

Mrs. Kathern Merrill bought Peg a two-year old buckskin with most unusual markings (A black tail, mane and four black socks). This horse should make a terrific showing once she has been trained. Mr. L. E. Merrill owns a weanling colt and it will be interesting to watch his development under stable environment. I own a five-year old bay mare Lila June 08831, unbroken and range raised. She is in foal to Chingadero 11091. Phil Aigner bought a three year old unbroken mare and a weanling filly. Miss Allone...
Potter purchased Breezy, a five year old well-broke mare in foal to Chingadero. She writes me that she is having a lot of fun driving her two-year old stallion Sunnyview Blaze. Mike's weanling colt is coming along fine and shows great promise. Mr. Cross bought Dakota Hoksinia, a 12 year old stallion from Phil Aigner. The Moorhead Riding Club held a fall trail ride with about twenty horses and riders on hand plus an additional twenty for the picnic lunch. With the advent of snow, we are all getting the cutters and the buffalo robes out for some pleasant riding during the holiday season.

The members of the North Central Morgan Horse Association wish to extend to all Morgan horse owners and admirers a sincere wish for a happy holiday season.

P. S. I understand that at the January 1959 National Western Stock Show to be held in Denver, Colorado there will be, for the first time, classes for Morgans. Mr. George Burgess is to be congratulated for his efforts in securing a place on the program. Good luck to the Morgan owners who will be showing at the show!

Mid-Atlantic

(Continued from Page 16)

city, owned and shown by Emily Horns of Mountain Lakes, N. J.

With great fear and trembling, I am going to attempt to list all the equitation winners. If I have given anyone credit where credit is not due, please let me know. Champion equitation rider was Frances Franks. Reserve champion was Emily Horns. Third was William Kemper of Butler, N. J. Fourth was Tommy Hens of Williamsville, N. Y. Fifth was Helene Vona of Frederick, Md. Sixth was Timmy Franks of Allentown, Pa.

While speaking of equitation riders, I would like to offer bouquets toLee Horns for showing her Morgan, Broadwall Felicity, in equitation classes at the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden. It is certainly a thrill to see our Morgans reaching this stronghold of equitation champions.

We welcomed quite a few new members at the banquet this year. They are as follows:

John Dichl and Paul Lauer, Our Blue Heaven, Rain Tree Road, York, Pa. They are the owners of Nobleman and Tracy Mansfield. They have just purchased the chestnut mare Pin-up (Canfield-Hermina) from Barbara Cole of Raleigh, N. C.

Gloria Weintraub, Moorrestown, N. J. She owns Anna-Marie Mar-Lo (Mickey Finn-Ruthven's Barbara Ann). This is the filly who won the yearling mare class at Frederick.

John Wise, Ashton, Md., and Lester Twigg, Jr., Ednor, Md. These are two Quarter Horse men who are looking for some western pleasure type Morgans.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Jones and family of Brook Hollow Farm, Sergentsville, N. J. At the recent weanling sale, Mr. and Mrs. Jones purchased the chestnut colt Donny's Go Lightly (Windcrest Donfield-Rose Bowl) who was consigned by Mrs. E. J. Poitras of Holliston, Mass., and also a chestnut filly by Tutor-Fairytos from the University of Vermont. They also purchased Nabob's Adeline, a two year old chestnut filly by Nabob Morgan-Lippitt Adeline from William P. Clarke of New Preston, Conn.

Marianne Dalassandro of Gwynedd Valley, Pa., and Carol Schreiber of Plymouth Meeting, Pa. Both of these girls and their horses have previously been mentioned as new owners and are now Mid-Atlantic members as well. Norma and Clair Lewis, Smoke Run, Pa.; they are owners of western palominos.

Robert F. Nierman, Cumberland, Md. I do not believe that Mr. Nierman is a horse owner.

That's all for this month. Happy Holidays to everyone — two and four legged!

Southern California

(Continued from Page 15)

these letters when I receive them. Some I can't seem to find the answer to. I have had requests for a list of California Morgan owners. The list I have is not up to date. I shall try and accomplish this request in the near future. I myself would like to have an up-to-date listing of all California Morgan owners. We might find the opportunity to visit with them to try and get them interested in the club. My knowledge of California Morgan owners is limited, I'm sorry to say.

I have a note here from the Double F Ranch, Frank and Freda Wac of Orange, California, telling me that they have two additions to the ranch, Black Rascal and Muffett. These two being full brother and sister by Monte L and out of Gondola. The latter, Muffett, to join the brood mares. Dr. Richter of Solvang has sold all her Morgans but three. It's too bad we had to lose her as a Morgan owner, for she sure took pride in her horses. The Orval Smiths have also purchased a new mare.

In the spring of 1958, I had as visitors Metta L. Baxter of Michigan, a Morgan enthusiast, Capt. Virginia Barr of Texas and Capt. Lois McEal of California. Capt. Barr as I had mentioned, was a Quarter Horse owner. She mentioned her next preference would be a Morgan. To my surprise some time ago I again had the pleasure of having Metta Baxter visit me. I am always so pleased to have visitors stop in when it comes to Morgans. She informed me that Capt. Barr had purchased a Morgan from her. I know she will have lots of pleasure working and training this colt. We will soon have with us in California, Metta Baxter. It will be our gain and Michigan's loss.

Some time ago I made a visit to the ranch of Mr. H. H. Reese, in Pomona, California. Mr. Reese has been an Arabian breeder for some years, but years ago he was connected with the U. S. Morgan Horse Farm in Middlebury, As Superintendent he bred many prize winning registered Morgan horses. In my visit with Mr. Reese, he brought forth a book entitled "Horses of Today, Their History, Breeds and Qualifications," Mr. Reese, author, and the illustrations by Gladys Brown Edwards. This book is a well informed book and should be a must on your book shelf. Any one wishing to get this book can get in touch with me. Melvina Morse, 1244 S. Sunkist Ave., West Covina, Calif, Phone Edgewood 7.5150.

Mid-Atlantic Club Presents Awards

Championship trophies and award ribbons were presented to the outstanding horses and riders of the Mid-Atlantic Morgan Horse Club at a banquet held November 22 at Allentown, Pa.

Biggest winner was the Morgan mare, Princess Jarnette, owned by Rouges Harbour Farm, Northeast, Md., and shown by Frances Franks of
Allentown, Pa. She was champion mare for 1958, and also received the Horlacher Trophy for champion amateur Morgan of the year. Miss Franks received the club’s trophy for champion equitation rider of the season, her showing again astride Princess Jarnette. Dr. Frances Schaeffer of Allentown won awards with each of her three Morgans. Her gelding, Kingfish (registered as Battenkill King) was named champion gelding of the year. Her stallion, Topfield, was reserve champion stallion under the riding of Suzanne Person. With Nancy Date, which she showed exclusively herself, Dr. Schaeffer took fifth ribbon in the amateur Morgan scoring for the year.

Another duplicate winner was Voorhis Farm of Red Hook, N. Y., which had the champion stallion with Sealcot of Windcrest, shown by Fred Herrick, and the reserve champion mare with Madalin, shown by Jeanne Herrick.

The club’s versatile trophy, for which horses must have won ribbons in at least four open show classes, was a win for Miss Helene Zimmerman’s Arrow-Mar. This horse also took the reserve champion gelding title and was third in the amateur Morgan scoring. Mrs. Ayleen Richards of Pine City, N. Y., won the reserve versatile title with Mandate’s Peggy Lou, this same mare placing fourth in the amateur scoring.

Behind Miss Franks in the equitation scoring was Miss Emily Horns of Mountain Lakes, N. J., reserve champion. Her mare, Broadwall Felicity, was sixth in the amateur scoring. Other horsemanship ribbons went to Helene Vona of Frederick, Md., third, Tommy Hens of Buffalo, N. Y., fourth, Timmy Franks of Allentown, Pa., fifth, and William Kemper of Butler, N. J., sixth.

F. B. Hills, secretary of the Morgan Horse Club, New York, was guest speaker. Films of the 1958 National Morgan Show as well as slides of the 1958 Mid-Atlantic show were shown to the nearly 100 Morgan enthusiasts present from states as far away as North Carolina.

Central States (Continued from Page 13)

who had a good understanding of Morgans and was interested in Junior Development. Mrs. Frances Bryant of Serenity Farm, South Woodstock, Vt., judged the contest.

I would like to take this opportunity to give a bit of Penny’s start with Morgans — the summer of 1956! That is when I first met Penny. I believe I met her earlier in the year when I did a little plain and fancy cutting on my Morgan mare, Jubilee’s Gloria, in attempting to keep our Boxer dog from entering a fight with a small dog who was being led on a leash by several youngsters. However, I did not discover that Penny was one of the youngsters until a long time after, as I was much too busy that day.

In the late Spring of 1956, I noticed a little girl about twelve years of age standing at our front pasture fence quite often watching the Morgans at their play — particularly the foals. Finally one day after observing her there for some time, I invited her into the barn, as I was bringing in the foals for their evening meal. After that she came each day and offered me assistance around the barn. I got to know this little girl quite well and found she was sincerely interested in horses, although she couldn’t have one of her own because there was no place to keep it where she lived.

I started giving her a few instructions on the handling of the Morgans, mainly as a safety precaution because I didn’t want anyone hurt in the barn. I found she was an apt pupil. Penny has been with me ever since whenever she has time after school or weekends. Many days during past summers found her in my living room browsing through the Morgan Registers or old copies of the Morgan Magazine. She has listened to a number of spirited discussions on Morgans and different Morgan families when visitors came. She became quite efficient at handling the Morgans at halter whenever I wished to show them to someone.

And, because she loved and appreciated them so much I boosted her up on our Morgan stallion, Cavendish, one day in the summer of 1956. Cavendish being a gentleman and very careful of his young rider helped her learn the fundamentals of good horsemanship. This has blossomed into an enduring love of Morgans on Penny’s part and I believe it was Cavendish of whom she was thinking when she wrote her essay, for he has taught her much of the way of a Morgan with his typical Morgan personality.

Penny progressed rapidly and was like a sponge absorbing knowledge. She learned to have a fairly good seat and light hands and to always think of her horse’s welfare. She has also learned to drive Cavendish.

Then, in the early spring of 1957, she decided to join the 4-H and I loaned her a yearling Morgan filly — Caven-Glo Rebel Gold (Cavendish-Jubilee’s Gloria) for the project. Penny was over every morning before school about 5:30 to feed and take care of her filly, as she had to do it all herself in order to complete her 4-H project. With suggestions on feeding and working up her charts and advice on training, which I gave, Penny and Rebel progressed rapidly. At the finish of this 4-H project, Penny had to show Rebel in the 4-H Conditioning and Conformation class at the DuPage County Fair, Wheaton, Illinois in August of 1957. Penny had a lot to learn about handling a youngster in the ring, for she had never done this before — also Rebel had never been in the ring, which meant education for her also. Penny worked hard until show time. She learned all the little things about grooming a horse for the ring, how to stand them — to walk them out and trot them out and as the days drew closer to show time, I suspect she had a number of butterflies in her middle.

Well, the day finally came — warm and sunny and lots of elbow grease to bathe and shine up Rebel. As the morning passed, clouds began to gather and then the showers. However, my husband and I finally got everything loaded between showers and started on our way. We hadn’t gone very far when the downpour came — thunder and lightening and hail and Rebel, being all alone in the trailer became so frightened she climbed into the manger. We stopped and extracted her from her plight and this particular filly being a favorite with my husband because of her good conformation and lovely golden coloring, he decided to keep her company in the trailer the rest of the way.

When we finally got ourselves and Rebel inside the big tent at the fair grounds where the class was being held, we were all drenched and everyone was wading in water and mud. However, busy hands were bringing in fresh shavings for footing and with dry towels, brush and comb, we finally got Rebel glistening again.

At last they announced the class and Penny and Rebel were on their own. Rebel was curious and a bit suspicious of the sights and I could almost see Penny’s knees knocking to-
together. She almost forgot what to do and when they presented her with the Blue Ribbon, she looked like she was floating on a cloud. She and Rebel were called back for the Championship Class and Penny almost fell over when they presented her with a purple ribbon.

They were called back for the Championship Class and Penny almost fell over when they presented her with a purple ribbon.

She learned a lot from observation. This little gelding, Mickey, owned by the Rae Millers. She also showed Mickey in the local Western Pleasure class at the Fall Festival Horse Show, Downers Grove and placed 2nd. Not bad for a start.

Finally late this summer, she gathered her courage and attempted to ride my mare, Jubilee's Gloria. Gloria, while being exceedingly well trained, presented a bit of horse and would not be classed exactly as an amateur's horse. However, when one has good hands and some knowledge of the aids — she is willing to cooperate. And so, Penny was allowed to ride her both on the Juniors Fall Ride and the club's 2nd Annual Trail Ride in September. The annual ride was quite an education for Penny, as she had never ridden the forest trails before or with a large group riding close together and I think she did admirably.

Needless to say, I am very proud of Penny's accomplishments and I know my time and effort was not spent in vain and I hope in the years to come I can help many more youngsters to understand and love Morgans.

Incidentally, one of our distant members, Mrs. Billie Hanson of Derwood, Md., sent a check to be given at the meeting to "Penny for winning the contest, with strings attached — it is to be put in a Savings Account under her name at the family bank and draw interest until with this and some more, she is able to purchase her first Morgan." I know all our members join in thanking you, Billie, for being so generous to a very hard-working junior.

Beginning January, 1959, the Juniors are having a Poster Contest — the subject to be our Club Play Day in May. The closing date will be the last Sunday in April — midnight, April 26, 1959. Anyone wishing information about this contest, contact Miss Dorothy Calburn, 2127 W. 108th Pl., Chicago, Illinois.

We have another new member who has recently joined our Central States family — Mrs. Dorothy Jasper, Naperville, Illinois. Mrs. Jasper and "Sylvester" are warmly welcomed and "Sylvester" (Brown Pepper—Seneca Lady) wishes us to announce that he has a "welcome" sign on his stall door for all those who would like to visit him. At present he is living at Bruce-wood Farms Stables, Naperville, Ill.

The Ron Haywards advise that Mrs. Thomas Brunk, Morgan breeder from Springfield, Ill., paid them a visit recently when she was in the vicinity of Elgin. Larry Oakley and Ron Hayward have just returned from a very grueling trip to Vermont over the Thanksgiving weekend, where they picked up a load of sleighs and buggies and they brought back two Morgan weanlings— Celine (Jubilee's Courage-Lippitt Dulcie), an exquisite little bay filly whom the Haywards purchased last summer from Mrs. Frances Bryant, South Woodstock, Vermont and Dorian Ashmore (Lippitt Ashmore-Spring Darling) a rugged little chestnut stallion purchased from Mrs. Bryant by the Larry Oakleys. Needless to say, both of these youngsters will be at home to any visitors.

The Chester Renolds advise that they have just returned from a trip to Vermont to pick up their weanling filly, Aurelia Ashmore (Lippitt Ashmore—Jubilee's Amber) whom they purchased from Mrs. Frances Bryant, Serenity Farm, South Woodstock, Vt. They were smart, they made their trip a week earlier than Larry and Ron and had lovely weather. They also advise that Ted Davis and his wife stopped by and paid them a visit just after their return.

On a recent Saturday afternoon, Miss Shirley Subotas and Miss Penny Baran played hostess at Caven-Glo Farm to a group of Girl Scouts. Penny and Shirley showed the Caven-Glo Morgans in halter and also showed the mare, Jubilee's Gloria, under saddle. They ended this activity by having their group picture taken with Jubilee's Gloria mugging it in the middle.

For information regarding the Central States Morgan Horse Club, please contact Eve Oakley, 235 W. 55th St., Westmont, Illinois.

Canadian Morgans
(Continued from Page 12)

We Canadian Morgan owners hope eventually to form our own organization, have our own stud book, and be a recognized breed at all the shows. This will require a lot of work, promoting and selling the breed to the Canadian horseman and requires the cooperation of every owner and enthusiast. So lets hear the news and views of all the Canadian breeders. You have a good horse, appreciate him and speak for him.

Hints
(Continued from Page 11)

case, a top filly will sell for a very high figure. The risk then becomes yours. Perhaps one filly in ten never has a foal, for any one of a multitude of reasons. If you plan on using her as a show or saddle horse until she is twelve or fourteen before trying for a foal, then the odds are considerably less favorable to her having a foal than they were at the age of four or five, the very years when she was just coming into her best as a saddle horse. Purchasing a weanling filly for use as a broodmare at four is an economically sounder proposition than buying a filly for use as a saddle horse for ten or twelve years first. In that case, buying a gelding to ride, and later on a proven broodmare to raise a foal or two from, would probably be a wiser and more workable plan.

Consideration of size and color are relatively minor aspects of the choice of the horse to buy. Color, among purebred animals, is apt to be one of personal preference. If you plan to show, do not choose a color which is typical of the breed in question. Few judges would fail to take it into consideration, however true the adage that "a good horse cannot be of a bad color." Gray Saddlesbreds rarely do as well as their other colored contemporaries, as the recent show records of a mare called "Painted Doll" illustrated so clearly. White legs and face markings are also a matter of personal preference, with some "flash" indicated for show animals. Size is a problem that solves itself, except in those instances when a single animal has to serve an entire family. In that case, height is necessary, but not a great deal of width, particularly just behind the withers. When necessity demands it, small children can be safe
on a well-schooled, tall horse, but a round-backed, big one will give them no area of grip at all, besides being very apt to spoil their feeling of confidence. Whenever possible, children should always have horses they can mount and dismount easily, and without recourse to blocks, chairs or the ring fence. When, as is only too frequent, circumstances dictate that the whole family share one horse, then make it as small a one as Dad will allow himself to be seen dead on! It will be better for the smaller members of the family if you do.

Probably the actual purpose for which you want a horse should be your major concern, and first “looking point.” Do you want a show horse? A trail and pleasure horse? Both? If it is the latter, then you will want a lot of time to hunt, a suitably hale exchequer, and all the luck to be found in a fistful of rabbits’ feet and four-leaf-clovers. Such a horse is apt to be some doting owner’s gem-without-a-price. For most horsemen, it’s a one as Dad will allow himself to be seen dead on! It will be better for the smaller members of the family if you do.

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N. E. News

(Continued from Page 10)

It is with great satisfaction that we are able to list the Championships awarded by the Maine Morgan Horse Association which were won by Morgan horses and their owners during the 1958 show season in Maine. They are as follows:

Open Pleasure Horse, English: Champion CELESTE MAREA, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Burnheimer of Waldoboro.


Res. Champion: BROADWALL BELINDA, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Burnheimer of Waldoboro.

Open Morgan: Champion, BROADWALL BELINDA, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Burnheimer of Waldoboro. Res. Champion: I. Q. DUSKY, owned by Debby Hary of Owls Head.

Morgan Champion: BROADWALL BELINDA, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Burnheimer of Waldoboro.

Colt Champion, KENNEBEC ALICE MAY. Res. Champion, KENNEBEC FLAMING LADY, both owned by Margaret Gardiner of Waldoboro.

Open Parade Horse: Champion, ZAMBO, owned by Corol Alpen of Lewiston.

Road Hack: Res. Champion, CELESTE MAREA, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Burnheimer of Waldoboro.

Junior Parade Horse: Res. Champion. ZAMBO, owned by Corol Alpen of Lewiston.

Morgan Pleasure Horse: Champion, CELESTE MAREA, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Burnheimer of Waldoboro.

Res. Champion, I. Q. DUSKY, owned by Debby Hary of Owls Head.

4-H Fitting and Showmanship: Res. Champion, Dobby Hary of Owls Head.


As you can see, Morgans in Maine have made great strides in all classes. This is an accomplishment that we can all justly be proud of.

Mabel Owen writes that Merrylegs Farm has sold the six year old Squire Burger-Easter Maid mare “Merry Bells” to Miss Florence Williams in Bedford, New Hampshire. Merry Bells was bred to Townsend Manwalis last spring so Miss Williams should have an early foal to raise next year. She was a mare that the Owens hadn’t really planned to sell, but when Miss Williams came down to look at a younger filly she spotted the mare and that was that. Miss Williams was most interested in the fact that the mare was bred to Townsend Manwal- lis, as that horse is the sire of Merry Knight, a three year old gelding owned by Clarence Boulette of Derry. Known as “The Topper,” this gelding has done much to popularize Morgans in that area. He has a wonderful disposition and manners, and Mr. Boulette has done a remarkable job with his schooling. The Owens’ have also sold their weanling filly “Merry Mittie” by Merry Knox out of Merridale by Squire Burger. She went to New York state, to Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson of Middle Grove, near Saratoga Spring. Mrs. Ferguson is not new to Morgans, as she was the owner of Miller’s Top Flight, a gelding by Miller’s Pride. Mittie has a remarkably big trot for a foal and the Fergusons are delighted with her. They hope to acquire a small band of good mares to raise foals from. This is nice to hear, as theirs is a relatively new Morgan area. Saratoga has always meant Thoroughbreds to anyone who hears it.

The Owens paid a visit to the University of Connecticut and reports that they have more horses than usual, about thirty head. We are sorry to hear that UConn has lost their good mare, Noontide. A pasture accident of some kind was the cause which resulted in a completely shattered front leg.

The fact that Morgans were meant to have fun with, is exhibited again by the fact that the “Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow” made an evening appearance in South Dartmouth —

JANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1959
riding a Morgan no less. Apparently, Halloween was to much of a temptation for Mabel Owen, so she dressed up as the Headless Horseman, and rode her young stallion Merry Knox into town calling on some mutual acquaintances. He got plenty of carrots and apples while Mabel Owen got hot and tired in her costume, but they had fun. There were scads of children, dressed as all manner of things, but Merry Knox didn't mind a thing. Mabel says he should be used to costumes as when he was a weanling, one of the local shows carded a costume class as well as one for mare and foal.

One of the local small fry wore a clown suit and dressed the colt in ruffles and paper leis. So he won with his dam in the "serious" class as well as in the "fun" class too. There may be something Morgans draw the line at, and one day Mabel Owen may find it, but she says she hasn't yet.

As many of you know, the Lau family has moved back to Ann Arbor, Michigan, from whence it moved just last May. A call from the Bendix Aviation at their new plant was just too tempting, so they went back to the old home farm.

Not only this, but the Laus figured their horse trailer would be unbalanced with only one horse in it on the trip back, so they brought back three — at least they hope they did. They bred their mare, Ruthven's Victoria to Parade, and purchased a weanling colt from the Fergusons, named Broadway Drum Major. He is a full brother to Broadway Drum Major, so they are hoping for the likeness. They believe that the new blood in Michigan would be welcomed, and with Parade behind it, it surely will be. The Laus have purchased a small farm outside Ann Arbor, but it does have a large barn on it.

A message from the Laus to New England Morgan enthusiasts reads as follows:

"We know, even after so short a residence in New England that we will miss your many activities like that of the Fall Trail Ride in Vermont (which was really wonderful)! And the people too —."

There is another new Morgan owner in the state of Rhode Island. Mrs. Arthur Holdsworth of Clayville, has acquired the gelding Dark Magic (Merry Music—Merry Magic) from Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Coman of Woodstock, Conn. He will join the ever-growing group of pleasure Morgans in the state.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Lester Wyatt of Wylowood, Oxford, Mass., purchased a mare (Debutantesque-Parade) and a gelding (Mansphyllis-Sealact of Windcrest) from the Ferguson in Greene, R. I. These 2 two-year olds were delivered to Joe McLaughlin in South Royalton, Vermont for training and the Wyatts are looking to the time when they will be riding the trails.

A bay weanling Broadway Penelope (Lyndrata-Parade) a full sister to Janet Dakin's filly, Broadway Rhythm, and Sandra Crosley's filly Broadway Mist, has been sold to Susan Dumont of Auburn, Mass. Susan has a gelding, but wishes to start with a youngster and train it herself.

Jon Winters and his parents visited Broadway Farm recently, and before they left, decided to purchase a fine sturdy, weanling filly, Broadway Rockette (Broadwall Susie Q-Broadwall St. Pat). She is a very typey little filly and should be a great credit to her sire.

Broadwall Minuet, a yearling filly out of Raymond's Lyn by Parade has been sold to Mrs. Mabel Mitchell of Farmington, Conn. Mrs. Mitchell's father had Morgans at one time, and it has always been her desire to own one. This third place winner at the National this year has been delivered to Jack McGraw's stable in Avon for training.

The Ferguson's had a nice newsy letter from Peggy Nichoalds of Englewood, Colorado. Broadwall Grenadier, (Junestar-Broadwall St. Pat) was purchased by the Nichoalds at Mr. Morse's weanling sale. Miss Nichoalds wrote to say that he was doing very well and a great pet with the children.

Before I end the column for this month, may I openly extend an invitation to Morgan enthusiasts throughout New England. If at any time you are in the vicinity of my home town of Nashua, by all means stop in and say hello. There will always be a pot of coffee brewing, and I can always find time to talk shop. Particularly when it comes to Morgans.
In the years that followed his best known sons, Sherman, Bulrush and Woodbury added luster to the Morgan name. One and all possessed old Justin Morgan's ability to transmit their unique qualities of good temperament, versatility and endurance. Morgan blood went into the making of today's Standardbred trotters and pacers . . . into the showy American Saddlebred . . . and contributed mightily to the makeup of the Tennessee Walker.

As for the Morgan contribution to history . . . General Grant rode a Morgan . . so did Sheridan on his famous ride to Winchester. And Custer's Morgan, Comanche, was the sole survivor at Little Big Horn. Wyatt Earp's pappy took his brood west in a wagon drawn by four bay Morgans. As cavalry in the Civil War, Morgans had no peer . . . and the history of the West is replete with stories of Morgan stamina and reliability.

The late turf writer John Hervey summed up the Morgan breed thus . . . "In my boyhood the entire United States was populated with horses of Morgan blood. They were the favorite 'light' horse of the whole country. And they could be picked out from any and all other breeds, kinds and types on sight by anybody, almost, that knew a horse from a cow.

"Small, symmetrical, plump and pleasing in outline; tough, wiry and long-lived in constitution; wonderful roadsters and clever nimble saddle horses; as surefooted as a goat and hardy as hickory; full of life, speed and spirit but so tractable that women and children could do anything with them; as intelligent as they were good tempered. The world has never seen their like."

Last but not least, here's a helpful I hope, list of some good contacts at some of the leading newspapers around the country. All individuals named are the picture editors, unless otherwise designated. The rest is up to you regional club directors and up to you individuals remote from any club set-up. Good luck.

Seattle Times, Chester Gibbon, Sunday editor
Seattle Post-Intelligencer, Bruce Penny
Portland Oregonian, Edw. M. Miller
Los Angeles Examiner, Bob Boich
San Francisco Chronicle, Stanley Ar-
nold, Sunday editor
San Francisco Call Bulletin, Jack Mc-
Donald, Sunday sports

**CORONA OINTMENT**

This fellow is going to need Corona for small cuts, slaps, scratches, bite marks, sore hoofs, etc. Corona provides that most reassuring touch of comfort and care. Use as directed under supervision. Never be without a can of this favorite of horse lovers since 1906. Many human uses, too! Over 90-cents, 10c pil. At dealers or post paid, Three samples free.

**MIDDLEBURY ACE 11043**

**STATE OF MAINE**

**GRAND CHAMPION MORGAN**

**1958 NATIONAL**

**RESERVE GRAND CHAMPION STALLION**

Ace will stand the 1959 breeding season at my farm.

**James Douglass**

Phone — Wilton 5-6095

**EAST DIXFIELD, MAINE**
cinched up, and when the girl stepped between the lines to hang her last load of clothes, he stepped up into the saddle and rode across the yard, entering between the lines from the other end, and he met the girl about halfway. He raised his hat very formally and then sat there dumb, forgetting in her presence the words he had planned to say, and the smothering feeling came into his chest, and his throat constricted until he could not have said the words anyhow, and more than anything else he wished there was a way out.

And sure enough there was.

A gust of wind ruffled the clothes, making a sheet behind him flapp and pop, and the mare suddenly came to life. She came up under the kid in a high, sharp kink. She snorted from the girl and spun into the line, and it was good luck that she pitched high enough to gather in the wire on the saddle horn instead of the kid's neck. The line left the end posts and swung behind her, half wet clothes slapping at her hocks, and her jumps came higher and longer as she crossed the yard with clothes fanning in the breeze and a suit of underwear filling with air like a wind sock as she gathered speed, and the last thing the screaming Morgan saw as the apparition passed the stud corral was the kid's hand clawing frantically at an apron pasted over his face by the wind, making his desperate effort to locate the ground and get his balance, and the stud heard the muffled, unfriendly noise that came from behind the apron. But the kid heard none. He heard the golden peal of laughter that followed him out onto the range.

The harpoon of ridicule is not thrown in the school yard alone, nor are all juvenile minds encased in heads of under twelve years, and the kid had spent many a night in his bunk blinking back the tears as the other hands rode him about his odd build, and if the kid grinned, he sure did not feel that way inside. For no man likes to be laughed at unless he is trying to be funny, and the kid looking into the eyes of under twelve years, and the kid had coming would more than pay for her, and he rode into the night. With the wind picking up and the feel of storm in the air he would have best waited for tomorrow, but his pride which had tried to raise its head had been beaten down again, and the only way out was the trail over the mountain.

He stubbed his toe on the board walk and fell against the door as he tried to quietly put the shredded clothes on the step, and he heard again the golden laugh and he crept quietly away, forgetting to hold his shoulders up high to hide the length of his neck. He rolled his other shirt and Levis behind his saddle, and there was but little more he owned. He had come here without a bedroll and he planned to take none away. He lay in the loft until dusk watching the dust roll ahead of the increasing wind, and seeing the dark clouds that sat heavy on top of the far away mountains. He massaged the two milch cows, glad that the other hands were not here to see him at this chore, and put the milk in the spring house. He drew a couple of pails of slop from the swill barrel and poured them in the hog trough, adding a couple of cans of grain to give it body, and he lerked hay to the geldings he had just finished out. While he was feeding the Morgan the great loneliness came to him of the man who did not fit, and emotion burned behind his eyes and bubbled over some, and he climbed over the high corral into the next one, forgetting to slide the bolt in the gate on the other side. He saddled the little black mare, knowing that the wages he had coming would more than pay for her, and rode into the night and into the steady push of the wind, and ahead of him lightning stabbed into the desert, lightning briefly his way.

In the corrals the horses grew restless in the roar of the wind, stampeding back and forth and speaking from the shadows, and the Morgan alone in the corral joined in the fun, running up to the rails and sliding to a stop and standing up like he would jump, and watching the spears of lightning far out on the flats. And the call was there, stronger now than before, putting the great yearn in him to run free in the big land, and to look across the tall mountains. He ran again, circling the corral with his head up and his mane standing out with the wind, and another flash of light stood him out for an instant clear in outline and clean in action, giving a quick glint to his

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**Pedler**

(Continued from Page 9)

up good at the water trough in the stud corral after he had finished out his horses. With only one horse drinking there, the water was cleaner, and he combed his thick hair down wet, tucked his shirt in, cinching the belt in an old man's mouth and leaving fur-

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**Our Popular Argentine JUMPING SADDLE**

![Image of jumping saddle](image-url)

**ARGENTINE FORWARD SEAT JUMPING SADDLE**

A sturdy Italian style jumping saddle made to our rigid specifications. The very low price reflects the favorable currency exchange rate in Argentina. Built on a sturdy well reinforced tree with a deep seat and safety stirrup jors. The six billets are all stitched to canvas. Calf skin lined panels and concealed knee rolls. An excellent low cost, well made forward seat saddle. Complete with a four fold leather girth, bevel edged stirrup leathers and Never.

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**JUMPING SADDLE**

**Our Popular Argentine**

Pedler

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**The MORGAN HORSE**
mahogany coat, and there was no horse more beautiful. He slid to a stop at the unbolted gate, crowding it with his shoulder, and the wind caught the edge of it and took it around, and the stallion put his nose to the ground blowing rollers through his nostrils. He trotted out across the yard, through the open wagon gate and onto the range. For the first time in his life he was outside of fences, strong with the feel of freedom, and he swung into a long lope, feeling at first that he could run forever. But in a mile the air could not pull fast enough into his shallow lungs and he slowed to a trot. He got the taste and the grit of the desert dust as clouds of it rolled with the wind, and the strong smell of sage was there, and the sharp, cracking sound of it as he passed through. He felt the unevenness of the ground under him, and stopped short at a shallow wash, finally to angle across it because it was too wide to jump, and just as he swung into a lope again he broke through into a badger hole and it turned him over to slide along on his side, and the rough sage put the first scratches on him he had ever known.

Thunder rolled, slapping against the far mountain and echoing back and forth. For any good rider and horse could have ridden him down in his tracks. For any good rider and horse could have ridden him down in a day. The smooth roundness of him was not muscle, and in the days ahead he was to find that out.

In the gray light of dawn after the rain had quit he topped a hillock and put his nose down and blew rollers again. On the hillock was the little black mare down on her knees and hocks with the kid still in the saddle. Their ears were crisped like bacon and the kid’s jacket was split down the hocks with the kid still in the saddle. Thunder bumped along the foothills, finally to angle across the shallow wash, finally to angle across the wetness of it bringing out a smell against him and pockmarking the dust, the wetness of it bringing out a smell like stale coffee from the sunburned brush. He kept his nose closer to the ground since his stall, watching and smelling his way, and in an hour he stopped and explored the cone of horse droppings in a clearing, and afterwards added his own and sent his ringing call out on the wind. He was a horse turning wild in a wild land.

“The rain stopped spattering for a while, then came again, scouring the land, and slanting in with the wind. Thunder bumped along the foothills, lower now, and lightning punctured the black night. There was no shelter from the stinging drops and the Morgan swung and drifted with the storm, the splashing mud gathering heavy in his tail and causing it to swing and drift around his hocks sand it dragged at him tiring him down. He thought some of the home corral then, and the dry barn, but the feel of freedom was still strong and he did not turn back. He did not know that things would never line up like this again to set him free with the hands away yet for two more days and the rain washing out his tracks. For any good rider and horse could have ridden him down in a day. The smooth roundness of him has been the justifiably proud boast of countless Morgan horse owners. To be told we must sacrifice one of the very traits that made the breed as deservedly popular as it always has been. Versatility among the individuals of any breed is nothing unusual. Versatility in one animal is, and always should be, a distinctive Morgan prerogative.

In his only show after the 1958 National Morgan Show, Merry Knox won both the open and the stake. Although Dartmouth is only a one-day show, Morgans have always turned out well for it. Of the seven in his classes, all but one were previous blue or championship winners at either the National Morgan Show or the Illinois State Fair. Six weeks later he was entered in a competitive trail ride in which he was expected to do thirty five miles in a minimum of six hours. There were thirty-nine entries, almost all of which were well-conditioned and well-ridden by people with many years’ experience in his type of riding. Final score—the reserve championship for Merry Knox. It was good work for a four year old.

And then because Morgans are meant to have fun with, he cheerfully allowed himself to be costumed as the “Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow” so we could both call on our mutual friends on Hallowe’en. A prank of course, but you see, there’s really no limit to what one good Morgan can— and will— do.

For a breeder to lose sight of that is for him to sacrifice a time-honored Morgan tradition. “Just a show horse” . . . indeed!

Merrylegs Farm
Box 87
South Dartmouth, Mass.

A note about Animal Breeding:
For a century and a half, versatility in the individual Morgan has been the justifiably proud boast of countless Morgan horse owners. To be told we must sacrifice one of the oldest characteristics of the breed for the one “show horse” or “pleasure horse” is a tacit admission that at least some modern breeders may be losing sight of one of the very traits that made the breed as deservedly popular as it always has been. Versatility among the individuals of any breed is nothing unusual. Versatility in one animal is, and always should be, a distinctive Morgan prerogative.

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Merrylegs Farm
Box 87
South Dartmouth, Mass.
### BREEDERS' LISTING

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<th>THREE WINDS FARM</th>
<th>WIND-CREST</th>
<th>PORTLEDGE</th>
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<tr>
<td>AT STUD</td>
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<td>(Formerly Dawncrest)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dyberry Billy 9649</td>
<td>If you want champions, come to the home of champions.</td>
<td>Young and Grown Stock For Sale</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sire: Lippitt Billy Ash 7724</td>
<td>MR. and MRS. F. O. DAVIS</td>
<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. HAROLD J. ALLBEE</td>
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<tr>
<td>Dam: Lippitt Miss Nokomis 04938</td>
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<td>Home of BLACK SAMBO DENNISFIELD</td>
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<td>Mr. and Mrs. John A. Noble</td>
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<td>R.D. 2, Clark’s Summit, Pa.</td>
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<th>Mid-State Morgan Farm</th>
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<td>Useful Morgans for Pleasure, Work and/or Show.</td>
<td>AT STUD: Senator Graham — Top Flight Flyhawk (retired) Morgans of all ages for sale.</td>
<td>Morgans of Classic Quality</td>
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<td>Pine City, N. Y.</td>
<td>Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt</td>
<td>MR. &amp; MRS. PETER W. HUNT</td>
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<td></td>
<td>Pawnee, Illinois</td>
<td>DeMott Rd., Middlebush, N. J.</td>
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<td></td>
<td>(near Springfield)</td>
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<td>Morgan-Holstein Farm</td>
<td>1958 N. E. H. C. Morgan Pleasure Champion</td>
<td>Breeders of Morgan Type Morgans for Disposition — Stamina — Conformation</td>
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<td>Breeders of the True Type</td>
<td>Star of Valor Also Harlequin Great Danes</td>
<td>Home of ARCHIE “O” Morgans Celebrating his Silver Jubilee.</td>
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<td>Home of ORCLAND VIGILDON MELODY MORGAN 9119</td>
<td>BARRE MASS.</td>
<td>AT STUD ARCHIE HEROD “L” 10071 ARCHIE “O” DUPLICATE 11493</td>
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<td>Mr. &amp; Mrs. ROGER ELA</td>
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<td>Visitors Always Welcome</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bolton, Mass.</td>
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<td>Ora June O’Neill</td>
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<td>Montego, Illinois</td>
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<tr>
<th>MERRYLEGS FARM</th>
<th>WOODS and WATER FARMS</th>
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<td>Michigan’s Top Morgan Breeders</td>
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<td>Stock for Sale</td>
<td>Largest Collection of Blue Ribbon Winners in the Midwest.</td>
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<td>Morgans of all ages for sale including about 10 weanlings</td>
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<td>WALTER and RHEDA KANE</td>
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Home of
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Yearlings and 15 weanlings for sale.
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_IANUARY-FEBRUARY, 1959_
BOX CS. Morgan Horse Magazine, Leominster, Mass.

FOR SALE: Custom-made tandem 2-horse trailer all steel construction, drop door, electric lights, priced right. RALPH SCHILD Brownston, Wts. Phone 91-L South Wayne, Wts.

FOR SALE: Registered Morgan chestnut stallion, 4 months, show prospect or sire, Mansfield and Sealect bloodlines, $500.00. Also 3 grade Shetland mares, black, white markings, Exchange for registered filly or boy. BURT E. JONES, Hill Center, N. H.

WANTED TO BUY: Reasonably priced registered Morgan mare or filly. Sorrel chestnut or black color. Send photo and information as to size color, bloodlines, etc. JOHN WEATHERLY, Box 942, Ph. CL 2-3202 Jamestown, N. Dak.

WANTED: Morgan mare or gelding, between the ages of five and twelve, sound, gentle, and suitable for a child. Please contact RICHARD E. ADAMS, 49 Long Ave., Framingham, Mass. Trinity 3-7711.


WANTED: Young Morgan mare, not necessarily broke, to be used as pleasure horse. Must be sound and with good disposition. Contact H. C. ADAMS, Worcester Road, Townsend, Mass. Telephone: 223-N.

WANTED: Morgan mare or gelding. Age about ten. Well broken for girl to ride in three gaited classes at local horse shows. FLOYD J. REINHART, Fort Plata, N. Y.

FOR SALE: Attractive Morgan, well broke to ride and drive, safe for children but plenty of horse for a large man, outstanding trail horse. M. C. CHILDS, Kington, Pa. Phone 4521.

FOR SALE: Blood red stud colt, 18 months, name, Sparkler 08238, out of Opal by Bay State Bounty. Excellent conformation. EARL VAN CAMP, 29 Farmington Street, Manchester, Conn. Tel. MI-8-4748.

WANTED: Morgan horse, 4-8 years old, 15 hands or over, well broken for trail riding, with good appearance. Send description and picture to be returned. FRIEDMAN, 2500 Hilltop Road, Schenecscady, N. Y.

"HOW TO TRAIN HORSES" — A book everyone who likes horses or ponies should have FREE. No obligation. Simply address BEERRY SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP, Dept. 1501-C, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

FOR SALE: The following mares and yearlings: Kedron Cinderella 08238, foaled 3-18-57 — Colby Choice 09709 foaled 3-18-57 — Princess Victoria 09717, foaled 3-20-57 — Justine McClure 09420, foaled 7-21-57 — Gay Gypsy 09120, foaled 3-21-57, Justine McClure and Gay Gypsy are broke to drive and ride. Gay Gypsy has been placing 3rd and 4th in Open Road classes against the Standard Bred horse. All of the colts are broke to drive. If interested contact: D. K. COFFEY, 21350 Lassen St., Chatsworth, Calif.

HITCHING POST FARM HORSEMANSHIP CAMP: For eight weeks 18-20 girls ages 10 to 16 enjoy the friendly horsey atmosphere in learning or improving their horsemanship. Each girl is assigned her own horse to feed, groom, ride and show. Trail experience is gained on our 360 acres of beautiful farm land and over some of the one hundred mile trail in our area. Swimming in spring-fed pond. Parent-like supervision, excellent meals. Fee $550.00. Write MR. & MRS. J. C. McLAUGHLIN, Hitching Post Farm, South Royalton, Vt. Tel. 3-2103.

WANTED: Horse trainer for private party in New England area; one thoroughly familiar with Western and English style riding training — capable of breaking, grooming, feeding and exercising horses; plus teaching same to be driven. Year-round position — No liquor. BOX HZ, Morgan Horse Magazine, Leominster, Mass.

WANTED: For training starting April 1059, several good western type Morgans. Experienced, equipped, reasonable. DEAN SCOGGINS, 1539D Spartan Village, East Lansing, Mich. ED 2-2145.

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Reserve This Date!

NATIONAL MORGAN HORSE SHOW

JULY 24, 25, 26, 1959

THREE COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS
The forehead should be broad and not bulging; the eyes full, clear, and prominent, with a mild expression, and not showing any of the white; the muzzle not too large, as a coarse, large muzzle indicates ill breeding; the nostrils large and open; the face straight; the lower jaw with ample width between the two sides, for the development and play of the larynx (Adam's apple) and windpipe, and, in addition to allow the head to be nicely bent on the neck.

The ears should be of medium size, set well on the head and held erect.

The parotid and submaxillary regions should be free from large glands and without any loose skin at the lower part of the throat.

The neck should be of moderate length, clean and not too narrow at a point just in rear of the throat; a short thick neck does not allow of free movement from side to side, and a long slim neck is apt to be too pliable. A neck with concave upper border, known as "ewe neck" is unsightly. The jugular channel or furrow should be free from enlargements. The point of the shoulder should be well developed. The point of the elbow should not be turned in as the horse in that case is apt to turn his toes out; the opposite conformation results in the condition called "pigeon toes."

The forearm should be long and muscular; the knee broad, and when looked at from the front, much wider than the limb above and below, but tapering off backward to a comparatively thin edge. A bending of the knee backward is called a "calf knee," and is very objectionable. The opposite condition is known as "knee sprung."

The cannon should be of uniform size; if smaller just below the knee than elsewhere (a condition called "tied in"), weakness is to be expected.

The fetlock joint should be of good size and clean; the patterns of moderate length, and forming an angle of between 45 and 50 degrees with the ground or floor.

The foot should be of moderate size; a flat foot or one too narrow at the heels is objectionable.

Stable Hints

The relative proportions of the shoulders and the exact shape desirable vary considerably in cavalry and artillery horses. Thus, when speed and activity are essential, as in the cavalry horse, the shoulder should be oblique (sloping), as this shape gives elasticity to the gait of the horse. For the artillery horse, working in harness, a more upright shoulder bears the pressure of the collar more evenly, and when the collar is at right angle to the traces the horse exerts his strength to the greatest advantage.

The withers should not be thin and high, as this conformation will allow the saddle to slip too far forward and the pommel will rest upon the withers. The bars of the saddle will be forced against the shoulder blades, causing irritation and inflammation, and preventing free motion of the shoulders; the contrariwise causes stumbling. On the other hand, the withers should not be low or thick, as the saddle is then apt to pinch them.

The breast and chest should be of moderate width and have considerable depth; the narrow chest indicates weakness, and the wide, heavy chest is suitable for heavy-draft horses only.

The capacity of the lungs is marked by the size of the chest at the girth, but the stamina will depend upon the length of the back ribs. The barrel should not be broad back of the cinch, as it would cause the cinch to slip forward and chafe the body just back of the point of the elbow. The opposite conformation would allow the saddle and cinch to slip backward. The back should be short, with muscles well developed and the upper lines of the back bending down a little behind the withers and then swelling out very gently to the junction of the loins, which can hardly be too broad and muscular.

The last rib should be placed close to the point of the hip, as this is an indication of strength, and the horse is more easily kept in good condition than one having the opposite conformation.

A slightly arched loin is essential to the power of carrying weight; the concave or "sway-back" is therefore a sign of weakness; the much arched or "roach back" is almost sure to give uneasy action from its want of elasticity.

The hips should be broad, smooth and muscular.

The croup should be well rounded, should slope slightly downward and be of moderate length; both the straight horizontal croup and the drooping croup are unsightly; when the croup droops and also becomes narrow below the tail, the conformation is known as "goose rump" and is a sign of weakness.

The dock should be large and muscular; the tail carried firmly and well away from the quarters.

The quarter (thigh and buttock) and gaskin should be broad. The muscles of the two quarters should come close together, leaving no hollow below the anus; the widely separated conformation is an indication of a want of constitution.

The hock should be of good size, but clean and flat, and with a good clean point standing clear of the joint. The two hocks should stand well apart, but not enough to give the horse the appearance of being "bow-legged."

"Cow-hocked", so-called is when the hocks stand close together and the hind feet wide apart with the toes turned out.

If the hocks stand in, it will be noticed that the stifles stand out, and the reverse. "Straight hock" and "crooked hock" are terms used to express the shape of the hind leg as seen from the side, both shapes are objectionable. "Sickle rock" describes the curve which results from a crooked hock, a short cannon, and a sloping pastern.

The cannon should be short, not tied in below the hock, and the line from the point of the hock to the back part of the fetlock should be straight.

The fetlock when bent forward is an indication of weakness known as "cocked ankle." The hind fetlocks, pasterns, and feet should correspond to those of the fore extremity, but pasterns are usually more upright.
GREEN MOUNTAIN STOCK FARM
Randolph, Vermont

Home of "Lippitt" Morgans

Lippitt Morgans enjoy a very high percentage of Justin Morgan blood and are bred and offered for sale as pleasure horses.

Visitors Welcome

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