WINDCREST DONFIELD

1st: American Horse Shows Association High Score Awards — 1958
1st: National Morgan Horse Show — Grand Champion Saddle Horse — 1957 - 1958
1st: National Morgan Horse Show — Grand Champion Harness Horse — 1957 - 1958
1st: Green Mountain Stock Farm 1st All Morgan Show — Grand Champion Stallion — 1958
1st: Mid-Atlantic All Morgan Show — Championship Stake — 1957

Perfection of form paves the way for perfection of motion, and dozens of judges have agreed that Donfield's conformation and action are the most typically and outstandingly "Morgan" of all, and have awarded him honors unequalled by any other Morgan. Why breed your mare to a stallion with a lesser reputation when you can give her the compliment of a breeding to the Morgan stallion whose solid handsomeness and brilliant abilities have brought him to the top of the Morgan Honor Roll?

Give your foals a head start in life — Give them Donfeld for a sire.

WINDCREST DONFIELD, ch. s., 1951 (Upwey Ben Don x Seneca Sweetheart) and
WASEEKA'S NOCTURNE, b. s., 1954 (Starfire x Upwey Benn Quietude)

The two top stallions are available to a limited number of registered mares, until the 1st of June, when our show schedule makes it unfair to mare owners because the stallions are away too much. Stud service for either stallion is $100.00.

We reserve the privilege of approving mares before service.

WASEEKA FARM
Ashland, Mass.
Bred and Raised at Broadwall Farm

— DISPOSITION COUNTS —

PARADE 10138
(Cornwallis — Mansphyllis)

A great performer, unmatched disposition.

Stud Fee $100.00

BROADWALL DRUM MAJOR 11457
(Parade — Debutansque)

1st as yearling, two year and three year old stallions. 1st in two year and three year old harness.

Stud Fee $100.00

BROADWALL ST. PAT 11353
(Parade — Lippitt Georgia)

We are very pleased with the type colts he has sired.

Stud Fee $100.00

Mr. and Mrs. J. CECIL FERGUSON
Greene, R. I.

Tel. Express 7-3963
Dear Sir:

There is a question that has come before me a number of times during the years I have read the Morgan Horse Magazine, which I would like someone to explain the meaning of. This term is "western type."

What in the world do we mean by this term?

Having been born and raised in the west and in my youth it was the "wild and wooly west" and yet I never knew there was a certain type of horse that was definitely western. I have lived to almost three score and ten years. During all of this time I have tried to keep an open mind that I might learn all the new and useful things I could. I still wish to learn all I can. Right now I want most of all to learn what Morgan horse owners mean when they tell you that a certain horse is a good "western type." May I also say that I subscribe for several horse magazines and in none but the Morgan Horse Magazine do I recall ever reading of the "western type" horse.

In all of my years in the west, associated most of all this time with horses, I have seen top stock horses or "cow horses" as we sometimes call them. However, I have never known a specific type for this work. You will find tall, slender thoroughbreds that are top stock horses. Then there will be little "roly-poly" type of cross-bred that will do a mighty good job. There have been standard-bred horses that have done very well. Right now one of the best "cutting horses" in the west is an American Saddle-bred gelding that is so proficient that our cowboys say he can "put a cow down a gopher hole." So we have used and still use the tall and slender horses, the short, chunky type and all in between these types. We do not classify them stock horses until they prove they can do the work well. So that is why I am so anxious to have your Morgan owners tell me what a "western stock horse type" is.

(Continued on Page 5)
Color Discrimination In Horses

By Rodney Gould

On April 30, 1954, The New Hampshire Jockey Club made the grant of $2,000 available to the University of New Hampshire for a research project in light horse husbandry to be carried out under the direction of Prof. L. V. Tirrell, chairman of the Department of Animal Science.

Chosen to manage the research project after a year of screening many applicants, was Mr. Robert R. Strang, a 1955 graduate of the U. N. H. Thompson School of Agriculture. Mr. Strang was also graduated from Bowdoin College in 1951 where he received a degree in psychology. He is an ex-service veteran who hails from Garden City, New York, and is the manager of the world-renowned Hanover Shoe Farms Stables in Hanover, Pa.

Cooperating and assisting Mr. Strang in this research project were Dr. Harry A. Keener, chairman of the U.N.H. Agricultural Experiment Station; Dr. Nicholas F. Colovas, Associate Animal Nutritionist; Prof. George M. Haslerud, Department of Psychology in the College of Liberal Arts; and Prof. L. V. Tirrell, chairman of the Department of Animal Science.

Mr. Strang, the researcher, discovered that horses seem to possess the ability to discriminate between reds and greens. If this is so will further research indicate that horses respond to color? Did the U. N. H. researcher really hit upon a new factor in his color perception tests? What does this mean to horse breeders the world over? These are provocative questions. The following is a reprint of Mr. Strang's complete report concerning the methods he used in conducting his experiment, and includes a detailed analysis of his findings.

I. Introduction

The effect of color on people is being employed in so many forms that it is often taken for granted. Color is a work in schools, salesrooms, and restaurants in such a way as to make people more comfortable, more at ease, and more efficient.

MARCH 1959

(Continued on Page 33)

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sir:

We enjoy our Morgans a great deal. My bay has trained Swan Lulu 09099 and did a very satisfactory job with her. The boy is thirteen. We recently dealt for another Morgan mare, Koko. She is to be the children's horse.

I enjoy the Morgan Horse Magazine and want to compliment you on the article in March, 1958 on training the weanling colt. We have used this method on most of the colts we have had over the years and find it works very well. My only comment is why not tell the uninitiated how to break a foal to lead.

We have had excellent luck tying the colt to its mother, after it has been taught to cross tie, and leading the mother. When the colt comes along nicely beside the mother we then tie the colt to one end of the corral and lead the mother to the other end, tie the mare and go back after the colt. When the colt can be led and held we

(Continued on Page 16)
Trail To Freedom

By ERN PEDLER

with illustrations by Jeanne Mellin Herrick

PART 2

Between the Morgan stallion and his native land, twenty five hundred miles were end to end. Yet this distance was not so great as the span between his former way of life and the life that lay ahead. For he had been totally dependent on man, as had his sire and his grandsire before him. He was many generations removed from the days when his ancestors made their own living.

By mid-morning the sun had come out hot, crowding the clouds back behind the horizon and putting a quick crust on the mud, and as soon as the crust was here, dust rose from it at every step, and the long slope to the foothills which had drained the scoriing rain, by afternoon was dry, showing dampness only at the base of the tall sage and in the shade of the scattered cedars. He could have used a drink by now, but the only water he had ever seen grew in a bucket, or maybe a trough in the corner of the corral, and he did not know enough to follow a trail to find it or to look in the hollows for a puddle. The tall man could have told him of two cases of ponies spending all their lives in a box stall, and when in middle age they were put out to pasture they stood at the fence line each morning waiting for a drink, finally to die for want of water, though a brook flowed through the pasture less than a mile away. But the ponies had never put their heads to the ground for a drink and did not know enough to hunt for water.

The mahogany of him did not show between them narrowed. The Morgan would be for some time to come. For breed alone does not make a tough horse, only the potential is there until work has roped out the muscles and melted off the baby fat, and only work and lots of it can open up the lungs and put air into the bottom of them. The Morgan fought desperately, trying now only to keep clear. He felt large patches of hide leave him, he felt flesh and lots of it can open up the lungs and put air into the bottom of them. The Morgan fought desperately, trying now only to keep clear. He felt large patches of hide leave him, he felt flesh

The little wild stallion hit him right in the middle while he was still standing up, knocking him down and skidding him along on his back. He tried to get his legs under him, but there were hooves, and mean pig eyes, and laid back ears wherever he looked, and bored teeth snapping like castanets. He rolled, and rolled again, feeling the hard hooves find him, but he got his legs under him and came up. He had never before been in a fight, nor had he done anything more than make a lot of noise at the stallions in the other stalls. Instinct told him to strike, to keep his own front legs away from the snapping teeth, to try to find a mouthful of buckskin front leg or breast or shoulder and hang on. There was too much, too often, too fast, of the eight hundred pound mustang. He had fought often and hard for his little band of mares, and he had driven off studs that were tougher than the Morgan would be for some time to come. For breed alone does not make a tough horse, only the potential is there until work has roped out the muscles and melted off the baby fat, and only work and lots of it can open up the lungs and put air into the bottom of them. The Morgan fought desperately, trying now only to keep clear. He felt large patches of hide leave him, he felt flesh stand up on him in large knots from the bite of the powerful jaws. He felt the kink come into his neck from the bull dog grip on his crest. Dirt clogged his nostrils when his nose was shoved into the ground, and his lungs sobbed for the air they did not have room to receive, and strength faded from him, draining away for want of that air. A front leg let him down, the muscle torn and bleeding, and sudden swelling of it could be felt. He was tired, but the free feeling picked him up, and though he stopped often to rest as the pitch of the hills grew sharper, his eyes still looked to the high horizons instead of back over the way he had come, and a bigness was in him that had not been there before, and a call he could not name, but still must answer. He crossed trails that showed pony tracks made since the rain but they were thin trails winding through the brush and he did not see them, nor would he have known enough to follow them. He did not know enough to stay to the ridges or the sides of the canyons, where a sidling trail could keep him out of the heavy brush or the bedrock bared by flash floods, and he skinned his shins a time or two scrambling through the sharp rocks and found that cedar snags were a dangerous thing to walk into.

Late in the afternoon he walked through the fold of two hills into a basin covering not more than five acres and in the bottom of it cheat grass still stood green, and horses were there, swinging around and tossing their heads when they heard him. He sent a piercing call onto the air and swung into a lope, suddenly beautiful again, the column of his neck crested and graceful and his tail set out to catch the wind. But he did not get far before a lone pony, standing a little apart, swung out to meet him. Leastwise he guessed it was a pony, though he had sure never seen a head like that. The head was far too big for the animal that carried it, and the eyes were small and piglike with bone bulging out between them and showing no taper down to the nostrils. There was much more of him that did not fit together either, but he was not self-conscious of his looks and he sent his own scream onto the wind as the space between them narrowed. The Morgan slid to a stop and stood up, feeling the challenge in that scream. He waved his front legs in the air while his mane streamed down his back, and his tail plumped out, and he made a picture that any horseman would have ridden a long way to see.

But not for long.

By mid-morning the sun had come out hot, crowding the clouds back behind the horizon and putting a quick crust on the mud, and as soon as the crust was here, dust rose from it at every step, and the long slope to the foothills which had drained the scoriing rain, by afternoon was dry, showing dampness only at the base of the tall sage and in the shade of the scattered cedars. He could have used a drink by now, but the only water he had ever seen grew in a bucket, or maybe a trough in the corner of the corral, and he did not know enough to follow a trail to find it or to look in the hollows for a puddle. The tall man could have told him of two cases of ponies spending all their lives in a box stall, and when in middle age they were put out to pasture they stood at the fence line each morning waiting for a drink, finally to die for want of water, though a brook flowed through the pasture less than a mile away. But the ponies had never put their heads to the ground for a drink and did not know enough to hunt for water.

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came when the teeth slid off, cracking like two rocks hitting together. If he had been a prizefighter in the ring he probably would have run to the corner and hid his face in his gloves.

And that is about what he did.

He turned and ran on his crippled legs, aiming for the fold in the hills and the wide spaces beyond. But the mustang was after him like a mad wife after a drunken husband, and once more the jaws closed on the muscles of his front leg. They fought out through the narrow opening, the Morgan skidding along with one shoulder to the ground, trying to pin down the big ugly head of the mustang and make him let go. But the mustang was there to stay and the running battle went on out to the face of the hills and along the edge of a wash that drained the basin, and the Morgan with all his strength scouring from him could not push back from the edge, and the bank caved off and dropped him in. It wrenched him free from the hammer-headed stud though, and maybe saved his life, for the mustang ran up and down the side of the wash snorting his hate and anger but he did not bother to find a way in, and soon he left, to bunch his mares and move cut.

The Morgan lay quivering in the bottom of the wash, his shoulders jumping like jelly, without the strength to bring him up off the ground. For the first time in his years he had come to grips with life. Always before, man had been the buffer between him and danger. He had known no fear because he had never been hurt, nor missed a meal. But he knew fear now, and pain and hunger and thirst, and he knew the feeling that all working ponies have known, to sometimes find that the job was too big for the strength. But the working pony still pulls when the load is too heavy, and still climbs when he is tired, but cannot see the top of the mountain, and no man or animal ever built muscle without getting tired.

Night came, and darkness, and the unexpected chill of the high desert after the sun has gone, and the Mor-

(Continued on Page 37)
New England News
By Rodney Gould

Special report on New England Morgans in Peru
Easter Twilight 1958 Vermont Champion

In the fall of 1953, the University of Vermont sold two yearling stallions, Waltz King (Stanfield - Symphonee) and White Star (Stanfield-Sugar) to the Cerro De Pasco Corporation in Peru, South America. The sale of these young stallions was reported in the November, 1953 issue of this magazine.

As chance would have it, the University of Vermont has with them this year a graduate student from Peru, and who is working for his Master's Degree in Animal and Dairy Science. His name is David Sobrevilla and he is personally acquainted with the manager of the Cerro De Pasco Corporation's ranching operations in this South American country. Mr. Sobrevilla reports that this mining Corporation employs some 20,000 workers and that they maintain over 200,000 head of sheep, kept chiefly for the purposes of supplying meat to these native workers. They are also starting to import Hereford bulls to improve their extensive cattle holdings.

It goes without saying, that a primary need in these ranching operations is to have suitable horses. The present native horses, called "Morochucas", are pony size, fine boned and with small sharp feet conducive to the steep terrain of the high Andes. They are not of sufficient size nor are they rugged enough to suit the demands placed upon them, and that is why the Corporation bought the Morgan stallions, to cross on their native mares. Between the information reported by Mr. Sobrevilla, through the auspices of Prof. Donald C. Balch, and additional reports from the superintendent there, we have learned that these two stallions were placed in service at tremendously high altitudes. Waltz King was used at the Hacienda Atocsaico which is at an elevation of 11,500 feet above sea level. He was bred to 23 native mares. Each stallion had a man assigned to its care as an only duty. Neither was turned out to pasture or open range because of the "logical assumption that they would soon die or be killed by lightning." The superintendent stated that by-in-large they have been very satisfied with the colts of these stallions although they have been somewhat smaller and lighter than they had anticipated.

The extremely high altitude, rough country with sparse hard grass certainly presents a challenge to any breed of horse. In successive generations it would seem that the offspring of these crosses might become better acclimated to these extreme conditions. Dr. Sobrevilla, (he holds a D.V.M. Degree from Lima) has promised that when he returns to Peru he will send further information on the results of this Morgan introduction to the Peruvian Sierra.

The Vermont Horse Shows Association wishes to extend to the New England Morgan Horse Association their sincere thanks and gratitude for the lovely trophy donated to them by the N.E.M.H.A. The trophy itself was presented to a truly outstanding Morgan. That Morgan being none other than Easter Twilight owned by our own President, Mr. Keynith Knapp. We extend our heartiest congratulations to him.

Speaking of Presidents, our National President, Ted Davis has sent us some interesting news also. Windcrest Bob B. 12097, has been sold to Dr. William K. Woodward of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Dr. Woodward hopes to eventually start a Morgan breeding establishment in his home state, and of course we welcome him into the fast growing group of new Morgan owners. Another new Morgan owner is Dr. and Mrs. Charles Rutherford of Mobile, Alabama. They recently visited Vermont, and while there purchased a son of Upwey Ben Don and a son of Orcadia Leader from Mrs. Robert Middleton of Brattleboro, Vt. They, too, hope to start a future Morgan breeding establishment. Dr. Rutherford has quite a collection of antique wagons and purchased a unique pony cart from the Ferguson stable in Woodstock, furthering his collection. Ted recently sold Bald Mt. Black Queen 08572, a daughter of Black Sambo, to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Colgate of Oldwick, N. J. They also purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Darwin S. Morse a stud colt, Windcrest Abner (Upwey Ben Don-Abby Gail) who the Morses purchased from Mr. Davis last summer. The Colgates are also new Morgan owners.

Jumping to Massachusetts, and purchases rather than sales, Green Meads Farm reports that in the latter part of October they purchased the three year old mare Donna June by Miller's Admiral out of Blanche S. Sentney from Mrs. Magnan of Rutland, Vermont. They have been driving her this winter and expect to breed her eventually, but probably not this year. They have also purchased the six year old mare, Conspiracy, from Gail O'Brien Goushaw of Burt, Michigan. This mare is by Plains King out of Gaddabout and is a full sister to their good mare, Abbington of Shady Lawn, who is certainly well-known in New England.

Green Meads Farm is looking forward to the arrival of five foals this spring, one by Upwey Ben Don, one by Windcrest Donfield, and three by Windcrest Ben Davis, their own stallion. They have two yearling fillies by Windcrest Ben Davis which they think are very pleasing. Incidentally they have had very good reports concerning their filly foals which Windcrest Ben Davis sired and which they consigned to the weanling sale.

A letter from Denny Emerson of Greenfield, Mass., reports that his mare Tuppence and her filly are both in fine shape, though the filly, (now named Denbrook Tara) is very disgusted at having been weaned. Lippitt Sandy apparently is giving Denny plenty of exercise, particularly since he has been feeling pretty "peppy" during the recent cold spell we all encountered. He is also used some by the Stonleigh girls when Denny is away at school.

Our good friend Anna Ela writes that Morgans stood out in the Weston-Wayland 4-H trail ride this year. This 20 mile competitive ride is open to 4-H club members only, and has to be completed within a three hour time limit. It is held through the towns of Weston and Wayland, Mass. There were over 40 riders competing—and
Morgans won the first five places in the best trail horse award. Furthermore, in the Horsemanship division, all six awards were given to riders who happened to be mounted on registered Morgans. The best trail horse winners were as follows: 1st, Larigo’s Stardust ridden by Harriet Hartwell; 2nd, Whippoorwill’s Merrily, Carol Janson; 3rd, Townshend Senorita, Susanne Mailman; 4th, U. C. Pentora, Barbara Crockett; and 5th, Quorum, Susan Stanfer.

Winner of the Horsemanship Awards were: 1st, Nancy Norseen riding Misty Morning; 2nd, Susanne Mailman on Townshend Senorita; 3rd, Ellen Rayner on Westfall Barby; 4th, Carol Ganson on Whippoorwill Merrily; 5th, Phyllis Cox on Manspur, and 6th, Barbara Johnston on Manzanita. Anna also reports that the John Sibleys of Wayland, Mass. are the proud new owners of Royalton John Darlingston. He is an 8 year old gelding, purchased from Mr. Proctor Lovell of Springfield, Vermont.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen P. Tompkins of Bar-T-Farms in Rowley, Mass. have sold to Mr. and Mrs. Paul M. Weiner of Haverhill, Mass., a beautiful two year old registered Morgan mare whose name is Bar-T-Bermuda. This filly was sired by their Grand Champion Stallion Orcland Leader, and is out of their good mare Corene. The Weiners are new Morgan enthusiasts, and they will get off to a good start with Bermuda, as she not only has excellent conformation, but is well-broken to harness.

Jumping to Maine, Janet McGovern writes that Mrs. Earl Bubar of Caribou has just recently purchased Rocky-B-Twilight, a chestnut stud colt, from Mrs. Alvin Reichel of Litchfield. “Rocky” is by Billy Twilight out of Meadowbrook Lee Ann and is a very promising youngster. He already has many admirers and mare owners are anxiously awaiting his services. Mrs. Bubar is also the proud owner of Broadwall Pandra, by Panfield out of Alynda, purchased last fall from Mr. Ferguson. Although Pandra has only been ridden a few times, she is behaving like a real lady. It is hoped she will be sufficiently trained by show time so that Mrs. Bubar and her son Richard may enter the pair classes. Richard’s mount is a nice grade Morgan mare named Tip Toes and who bears a striking resemblance to Pandra, enough so that everyone thinks she is her dam. Mrs. Bubar, incidentally, has asked us to enter a plea on her behalf, to anyone who may have knowledge of the ancestry of this broodmare. Here is the story on Tip Toes in so far as we know it. Tip Toes has been definitely traced to Dr. James Burke of Ashland, Maine, who imported her at the age of 3 months from New York. He called her “Fawn.” We are not certain whether this is the name he gave her or whether she was already called. She was foaled in June of 1940, and is a bay with a white snip. It was Dr. Burke’s understanding that she was seven-eighths Morgan and Quarter and one-eighth Hackney pony. He purchased her from Mrs. Geneva Torry Eames (or Eaton) now residing in South Deerfield, Mass. At the time of the purchase, she was located in Clinton Corners, New York. Mrs. Eames or Eaton used to raise Morgans and Hackneys, and was well-known as an author of children’s stories about ponies. Anyone having information concerning this mare is requested to contact Mrs. Maxine Bubar, Rte 5, Caribou, Maine. A photograph of this mare appears in the pictorial section.

Richard, Mrs. Bubar’s son, has enjoyed a very successful season showing Regal Banner, a two year old grade Morgan by Croydon Banner. He broke and trained Regal Banner and showed against many old veterans of the ring. His first entry resulted in the blue in the Parade Horse Class, and since then, he has accumulated a total of 20 ribbons, including a Grand Championship, a Reserve Championship, the remaining being first and second place ribbons. He also won the High point trophy for the Presque Isle Riding Club, and the Reserve Trophy from the Aroostook Riding Club. The highlight of the season, however, was the large night show in Woodstock, New Brunswick, where he won 5 blues which were presented by Miss New Brunswick — Miss Canada was also present.

Mrs. Willis Garcelon, Jr., of East Exeter, Maine, writes that her two year old stallion, Casablanca Sealict, better known as “Lucky” won his first trophy last summer. She received it in November at the Penquis Club banquet. “Lucky” celebrated his occasion by shedding his front tooth.

Clarence Thomas of Camden, Maine has purchased the five year old gelding, Peter Moro, who is out of that good old Mansfield mare, Rootina. Mr. Thomas’ stable is now comprised of two registered Morgans and a Hackney pony. His other Morgan is Charm, by Payday, out of Illawana Marybelle.

Word has been received of the late fall purchase of Windcrest Cassman (Upwey Casablanca - Starfire) by Randolph Weatherbee of Hamed, Maine. He was formerly owned by L. Randolph Churchill of Kezar Falls, Hugh Smith of Meadowbrook Farm, Windthrop, Maine writes that his grand old mare, Karina, is again in foal. He is keeping his fingers crossed, however since two years ago, he lost her foal and almost lost Karina herself. She has had many outstanding foals, perhaps the most widely known being Panfield. He also writes that his Bobbie Twilight is in training under saddle and that we will be seeing him on the show circuit this season.

Margaret Gardiner of Wiscasset, Maine, has just returned from her first vacation in nine years. She has been down to Puerto Rico. Mrs. Waldo E. Robinson of Bangor, Maine tells us that Waseeka’s Special Edition, Eddie, as he is affectionately called, has become a “Papa” for the first time. Appropriately enough, his first foal was born on New Years Day. It was born from their daughters mare, and is a lovely filly known as New Years Cherri of Special Acres.

Connecticut College for Women in New London, has a riding club which has spent a very active year. Started may years ago, Sabre and Spur Riding Club accept its members on the basis of performance at various horseman-ship figures. Prospective members are judged during the Fall and Spring try-outs by the permanent Club members. At the moment, the Club has eleven members from the four College Classes. Although the majority of the members ride the College Stables hunting-type horses, several girls own horses — the majority being registered Morgans. Miss Mary Cluett, a Freshman from Rhode Island, brought her gelding, Royalton Tulare, and uses her versatile horse in either English or Western tack. A sophomore, Miss Gladys Hopkins from Connecticut, exercises the mare Sealict Lady Jane, owned by a Connecticut woman. Sealict Lady Jane’s education has recently been added to as a result of her participation in the movements of the Club’s Drill Team. Another Morgan “who has gone to college” is Manitoba, owned by Miss Ruth Barn Grove of New Jersey. Toby and Ruth together are learning to (Continued on Page 33)
Once the prospective buyer has firmly entrenched in his mind just what he wants, and needs, in a horse, the problem itself has only just been nicely stated, its dimension and its given areas clearly defined. Its solution, however, is something else again, with the "wheres" and the "hows" to be solved one by one. Logically, at least with a modicum of that mathematical quality, the "wheres" come first, since one can hardly buy a horse without locating him somehow. Horses do turn up in some odd places, from soap contests to television quiz shows, but in general the serious purchaser goes to a friend, a dealer, a breeder or an auction. The right horse may be found at any one and at any one there are some advantages and some disadvantages, sometimes to both buyer and seller. When horse-trading was at its zenith, it was truly an art, to be practiced on one's enemies, never one's friends; for if the trade was a "good" one it likely converted said friend into enemy at one fell swoop. The story of the young man who left home one spring with only a broken jackknife and after trading for a month or two returned with a fancy pair of Morgan mares, a new red wagon full of such needfuls as a plow, a harrow, a sack or two of seed potatoes, a few bolts of calico ... and the broken-bladed jackknife ... was a success story much admired, by those who'd had no part in the multitude of deals that had gone to make up the traveler's wealth. Today, horses are much more of a commodity, and are bought and sold with much more of an idea of fair value given than one of a quick, smart profit. This does not mean that dealers, breeders or horse owners do not intend to make a sale profitable. They do, of course. A few months ago the gray jumper Snowman climaxed a brilliant season of showing and an offer of many thousands was made for him. To many, this seemed a fantastic profit for a horse his owner had bought for less than one hundred dollars. A money profit it certainly would have been, even counting two year's fees and the other expenses a show horse incurs. But consider for once the schooling hours that were required, and the proverbial years of riding and learning that his owner had already spent acquiring the "know-how" that made the whole thing possible. Profit? Not nearly as much as shows on the surface. Of course, its work a horseman enjoys, part of the penalty he pays for being a horseman, but never begrudge the price good training and care has added to the money value of a horse. If the average rider did not charge much of it against his own enjoyment, five thousand dollars would not pay him too highly for the time he has had to put into that beautifully schooled five-year-old. Probably it is not possible to rule out completely the people who persist in asking double or triple a horse's value, apparently more or less on the off chance that someone just might possibly take them up on it, but usually such cases are obvious enough, even to the neophyte. Just don't confuse those with the people who say their horse is for sale for twenty-five thousand! Its their way of saying he really isn't for sale at all. In general however, minus the levity, people now are much more apt to price their animals carefully, usually well in line with similarly schooled and bred horses of the same breed.

Buying a horse from one's friend still has a disadvantage or two to some people however. Human beings in general seem to have a very well-developed phobia against anyone ... anyone at all ... knowing what they have paid for a horse. They will cheerfully tell you how much the new car cost, the boy's tuition at college, the rent or the gas bill, but what price the horse? Silence. Elaborate sometimes, but silence just the same. Buying horses from friends seems to put those people in a brighter goldfish bowl than they can stand somehow. Actually there is little logic behind this phenomenon, in theory at least, they should know a friend's horse almost as well as its owner does; all of its habits, good and bad, its experience on local rides and its behavior in local shows ... everything of its suitability and training. Why then go two hundred miles for a horse that will suit them no better than the one up in the north end of town? Just because they are normally human, I guess!

All of which reduces the sources of this new horse to three — the dealer, the breeder, the auction. And again there are pros and cons to each. A well-established dealer in horses is usually, contrary to fiction, highly reputable. He has to be, for he deals in one of the most highly perishable commodities there is, the well-schooled horse. "Perishable" may seem an odd choice of word but almost every horseman I know, or you know, will assure you that it takes an appallingly little bit of abuse or bad feeding care to ruin a good horse, both training-wise and physically. And there's no small hazard for the dealer's reputation in the well-known horse owners' variety of grapevine, along which rumors and facts grow to a truly astounding stature. I am not at all sure they do not sometimes exceed the Einsteinian limits of energy. The result of course is that any dealer who runs a successful business must do so by virtue of a reasonable proportion of satisfied customers. Again, he expects to turn a profit, just as any merchant does, so visit the sales stable with an open mind. Tell the owner exactly what you have in mind as to breeding, general size, degree of training and age. Remember the limits of your horsemanship and admit them. Add your price range. Instead of planning a series of counter-offers, you might instead place your estimate of your price limit about one notch below what you could actually manage to scrape up for that dream horse. It may prove a bulwark of protection against the occasional scalpers who consistently show $1000 priced horses to people who have already said their limit was $750. Its considered good salesmanship, so either gauge your sales resistance accurately, or allow yourself a buffer! If you cannot afford a particular animal, say so. The probability is that the dealer may know of a suitable horse even if he hasn't it in the barn. The dealers have a flourishing grapevine of their own, you see! Ordinarily however, most of them will show you what they have that approaches your needs, or tell you frankly and sincerely that they do not have one. It is also quite possible that they will tell you that you have set your sights without due regard to the windage of present-day inflation. A little shopping about may give you a better idea of the price range of your expectation.

(Continued on Page 32)
I'm afraid that this will be short, short, short. The "winter doldrums" have set in — on me most of all. I never want to hear the words cold or flu or virus mentioned again. The only ones in this household who have escaped the bug are the animals, which goes to prove something — although I'm not sure what. In December I introduced the COSCA champion Morgan horses, crowned at the Annual Fall Round-Up, and I now present them in person—or at least in picture.

Here are Miss June Miller, of Uniontown, who owns and shows her Fury, the COSCO Western Hi-Point Champion; Janet Foster who showed Devan Wales, owned by Gene Angel, of Akron, to the COSCA Junior Hi-Point Morgan Horse, and Tom Mattox who took his Devan Chief all the way to the top as the COSCA English Hi-Point Champion. Again, we're very proud of you all — and of everyone who showed the Morgan horse last season.

We would also like to present a future champion — Foxy Royal Aire. He is owned by Miss Pauline Zeller, of Findlay, and is not yet a year old. Miss Zeller bought him from Paul Rumbaugh as a weanling, and he came home to Findlay around the first of December. He is by Foxfire, and out of Patricia Gates, and Miss Zeller reports that he has caused quite a sensation in Findlay, being the only Morgan in that area. She says, and I quote: "I plan on showing him at every available show next year." To this I say — wonderful and welcome.

I have a short spot of news from Sugar Run Farm, and the Bukeys and Mrs. Junk. They have sold a 6-months old stud colt, Nugget's Sandman by Nugget x Syndee to Mr. W. R. Sterrett of Baden, Pennsylvania. He is a flashy chestnut with a blaze and two hind socks. Sounds like a pretty picture. The young stallion, Merrylegs Allen, is doing serious work under saddle, and will enter competition in the 1959 season. He was shown once at halter last year, and he won his age class at the Mid-Western, and he looks like he will continue his winning ways under saddle.

The annual election meeting of the Ohio Morgan Horse Assoc., was held in January at the Globe Hotel at Mount Gilead, Ohio. The turn-out of members for the meeting was good (and so was the chicken dinner I hear) and the results of the election are as follows: President, Mr. Paul Rumbaugh of Polk, Ohio; Vice-President, Mr. Don Shook, Akron, Ohio; Directors, Mr. Joe Bukey of Mt. Sterling, Ohio and Mr. Ed Mattox of Mansfield. We were unable to get to the meeting, but I understand that there was much talk on the forthcoming Morgan horse Judges School to be held in Ohio in the spring, and a proposed horse show, also in the spring. These committees have not yet met (a poem) so a complete report on both these events will have to wait 'til next month. But stay tuned — they both sound exciting.

I shall close now and go and nurse my aching head. New Years was over long ago, so no remarks please.
As we all know the busiest time in the horse world is dead ahead but there is still a little time to sit around by the fire and think about the day when we can begin the many tasks associated with showing or breeding horses. The young stock has been handled and given fundamental training as best as most inside barns will allow, but the real training begins when they can be taken out and ground driven or harnessed. And then there is the ever constant grooming for those not fortunate enough to have spent the winter blanketed like a prima-donna. The long hair must come off to make way for the smooth glossy coat needed for the show ring. Show equipment must be brought out and inspected, repaired and cleaned. And those who are Morgan breeders, not only have the aforementioned to think about but also stalls to ready for early foaling mares and the breeding program to set up, along with the many other things that crop up during the spring training time. (Makes one want to get busy, doesn’t it?)

Well, we of the Justin Morgan Horse Association have been busy ever since Santa went back to the north pole to stay for another year, I hope) with plans for an even bigger and better show in 1959. A brand new permanent show ring and stands are to be erected adjacent to the present show ring at Woods and Water Farms in South Lyon. Gerald Taft has graciously offered the club his road machinery to do the grading and landscaping. The ring will be fenced in by the usual hard working members of the club.

Harold Niemi of Plymouth has been appointed Show Chairman for 1959 and is very busy selecting his many committees.

The 1958 Show Secretary Report is very gratifying. The classes were larger, 79 Morgans having participated and a very handsome profit was again made.

The First Annual Justin Morgan Horse Ass’n. High Point Championship Awards were presented to the winners and Reserve winners at our January meeting held at Salem Township Hall. There were 121 members and their guests present including the Juniors and the small fry. This was the largest turnout in the history of the association.

The menu consisted of a shrimp cocktail, half fried chicken, french-fried potatoes, cranberry jelly, fresh green peas, rolls and butter, ice cream and cookies and coffee and milk.

Believe it or not (if you are not sitting, you had better) this dinner was prepared and served by the men of the club even to the clean up job of doing the dishes and stacking them away. We women were expecting a crash or two in the kitchen but the men saw to it that no accidents occurred, much to our disappointment.

Our hats are off to Edgar Mansfield who took full responsibility for this huge project. He did himself proud as only Ed knows how to do when it comes to club activities.

One of the feature attractions was the appearance of eighty-two-year-old Chuck Haas, former 16 times roping Champion. Chuck doesn’t look a bit, but the real training begins when they can be taken out and ground driven or harnessed. And then there is the ever constant grooming for those not fortunate enough to have spent the winter blanketed like a prima-donna. The long hair must come off to make way for the smooth glossy coat needed for the show ring. Show equipment must be brought out and inspected, repaired and cleaned. And those who are Morgan breeders, not only have the aforementioned to think about but also stalls to ready for early foaling mares and the breeding program to set up, along with the many other things that crop up during the spring training time. (Makes one want to get busy, doesn’t it?)

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Mid-America News

By Jane Behling

The regular January meeting of the Mid-America Morgan Horse Club, Inc., was held at the Black Angus restaurant, near Barrington, Illinois.

Following a superb dinner, President Leonard Schmitt formally called the meeting to order. Nearly the entire membership was represented either by being in attendance in person, or by having assigned votes by the Proxy form to one of the several directors.

President Schmitt expressed his appreciation to everyone in the club for their work and cooperation during the past year. The increase in membership has been most gratifying. The various members that exhibited their Morgans, have done much to advertise and build the good will of the club.

The meeting was then opened for the election of officers. No Nominating Committee had been assigned to present a prepared slate of officers, as it was felt that the organization was one in which all nominations could come directly from the members themselves.

Mr. Bob Behling was elected President by acclamation. Mr. Harry Andre was elected Vice-President also by acclamation. Secretary for the ensuing year is Mrs. Joan Hoburg. Treasurer is Harold Meyers, both officers having served most efficiently in 1958.

The following persons were elected to serve as the Board of Directors: Mrs. Edith Kinsman, Mr. Leonard Schmitt, Mrs. William Barton, Mrs. Doris Norton, Mrs. Norine Osman, Mr. A. Gordon Heitman, Mr. Robert Stahl, and Mrs. Beverlee Stahl.

Mrs. Jane Behling was re-elected by acclamation as Publicity Director for the following year.

The tentative date set for the April meeting was the 19th. It was suggested that the quarterly meetings be held on the third Sunday of every fourth month, so that members might better plan their activities in advance. More definite information will be announced later.

The meeting was adjourned. 35mm slides were shown by the Behlings, taken of horses here in the Mid-West and those in the east.

Have had news from the Greenwalts at Pawnee, Ill., that the very well known stallion Agazizz, has been sold by Mr. Bob Tynan of Stella, Nebraska, to Mr. Herman Speck’s Tas-Tee Farm in Brunswick, Ohio. Agazizz, now in his twenty third year, has done much to promote the Morgan in the west, through his good quality offspring, he should be a valuable addition to the up and coming Tas-Tee stud. Also consigned to Herman Speck is the handsome young stallion, Mr. Breezy Cobra, a dark chestnut, with a white mane and tail, sired by The Aircobra.

Beverlee Stahl reports some very interesting news from down Indiana way. M. R. Hoffman of Indianapolis has sold his good stallion Comanche Brave (Lamont-Rose 0. Day) to Miss Flora Lee Elkington of French Lick, Indiana. Comanche Brave will stand the season at the French Lick Sheraton Hotel. Miss Elkington is very anxious to get some Morgan classes started in Indiana shows, and with her newly acquired stallion, interest should develop rapidly in that area.

Another Indiana Morgan that bears watching is Foxhaven (Dorset’s Foxfire - Haven’s Beauty) four year old bay gelding owned by Bob and Beverlee Stahl of Lowell. Have heard via the grape vine that this young fellow is getting to be a pretty hot cutting horse, we need good working stock horses to represent the Morgans, and with the excellent handling of Stan McLean also of Lowell, we appear to be well on the way!

Mr. George Jones Jr. of Perrysburg, Ohio has purchased the Morgan gelding Archie “X” (Archie “O” Sue Travelmore) from the O’Neill Morgan Horse Farm at Manteno, Ill.

Two more Morgan additions to Indiana, Mr. Enos E. Allee, of Coatesville has purchased Emerald’s Noble Lady by Our Emerald King, and Irish Lass by Archie “O”, both yearling fillies from the O’Neill Morgan Farm.

Welcome, welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holloway of Patatoc, Ill., who have just become members. Mr. Holloway is an executive of Marshall Field and Co. The Holloways are both great horse enthusiasts and have owned several different breeds, but let me quote in part from her recent letter, “What a ride our Illawana Satan gives us! When I think of all the years I’ve spent on other horses when I could have owned a Morgan, I could kick myself. You can sense, I’m reasonably sure, that I’ve become a Morgan booster of the first water,” unquote.

Arriving in a near blizzard, on slick and treacherous roads, Milo Measel and son Dick pulled up the drive at the HyLee Farms, Cambria, Wis., to pick up the two mares they had pur-

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After considering our progress for the year 1958 very carefully, we decided that a Club Xmas party should wind up our very successful year.

So, on Sunday, December 28th, a delicious lunch of fried chicken was served at the new Woodside Inn, Hinsdale, Illinois, with an Xmas grab-bag of gifts for all after lunch. Business was dispensed with completely and there was much talk and laughter about each others presents. The film, “New England Morgan Farms” was then shown and enjoyed by all. I am sure that many of the members present felt as I did, that Nancy Ella and Sad-win taking their swim together really stole the show. Anyway, it was a lovely film with all those beautiful Morgans at home and I would gladly see it again any time and many of our members present that Sunday have expressed the same wish.

The year 1958 has been a year of many important steps forward for our Central States Club. Just a year ago, we inaugurated the monthly meetings, then we inaugurated the monthly meetings, the Central States Club. Just a year ago, when the officers sat around the coffee table talking of ways and means of developing Junior interest, they had no idea that one short year later, we would have such a wonderful going Junior Division with the interest and spirit of co-operation shown by these Juniors. What wonderful future Senior Members they are going to make!

The year 1958 and our 2nd Annual Trail Ride has shown us that our first start was not in vain and that this annual event will develop in the future into one of the most looked forward to activities of the year. The committee is already at work on the 3rd Annual Ride, which takes place in September.

1958 has brought us many good educational programs, as well as friendly get-togethers, trail rides and hay rides.

In 1958 also, the very first plans were laid for an annual Club Play Day, which will be held for the first time in May of 1959. There are many details that have to be worked out in order for this event to be a success and the committee is already hard at work.

There is one very important step in our Club’s development that our distant members do not enjoy at present. We hope to bring this to them possibly through visits in the future. That is the progress of our club through pictures, sketches and enchanting bits of reading matter developed in the Club’s Record Book being compiled by our able historian, Miss Dorothy Colburn.

One of our members who has been absent from our fall meetings was home from college in Colorado to attend the Xmas party. She is Miss Sally Tomkins of Elgin, Ill. and we were all glad to see you, Sally.

One little Morgan has just recovered from one of the winter difficulties. He is Master O’Tonio, the little Morgan gelding owned by Miss Dorothy Colburn of Chicago and he caught up with a “flu bug” of all things. Dorothy said he was just as miserable as any human while he had it.

Miss Nedra Bushby of Kaneville, Ill. who owns the Morgan gelding, Caven-Glo Sun Sand, appeared on a short radio program early in January and gave a good plug for the Morgans. She appeared on the “Coffee Clutch” program, on radio station W-M-R-D in Aurora, Ill.

Speaking of giving the Morgan a plug, our very friendly members from Erie, Pa., the Chester Reynolds are really plugging Morgans in a big way these days. The following item written by Walter Jack, a 75 year old much respected and well liked horseman of that area and whose family used to own Morgans, appeared in the Erie Sunday paper recently under a large and attractive picture of their Morgan stallion, Superson (Supersam - Towns bend Lass). This same picture appeared in the pictorial section of the Jan.-Feb. 1959 issue of the Morgan Horse Magazine. Mrs. Reynolds tells us the photo is no.”
us that they have been swamped with local visitors since the article appeared.

**Popular Morgan Saddle Horse Back In Erie County**

*By Walter Jack*

"The strong, active, vigorous and sure footed beautiful Morgan saddle horse has been brought back to Erie County by Mr. and Mrs. Chester Reynolds, Fair Ave., Fairfield community, off Route 5 east of Lawrence Park.

"The Morgan horse, spoken of as the Golden Morgan, has been appreciated by horse lovers for generations. This horse, because of intelligence, appearance and vigor is becoming more and more popular with horsemen and horsewomen, nationwide.

"The Morgan was frequently mentioned by older people whose roots were in New England. They were aware that the Morgan served in every capacity on pioneer farms, on pioneer stage coaches, and as mounts for officers in the wars of the nation.

"At the outbreak of the Civil War, Secretary of War Cameron sent buyers into New England to purchase eleven hundred of this breed on which to mount the crack first Vermont Cavalry.

"Half of them were casualties in seventy-five battles preceding Gettysburg, and the behaviour of Morgans against Jeb Stuart's famous southern mounts was admirable.

"Morgan horses did their part while Union cavalrymen were slowly learning through sad experiences. Morgans are used by the Washington, D. C. Park Police today in their patrol work.

"More Morgans will be seen in local and regional horse shows thanks to the recent importation by Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds. One of the finest stallions of the breed, Superson, 11388 of the American Morgan Horse Registry.

"This fine horse won the reserve championship in the Model Morgan class at Hamburg, New York in 1958.

"The Morgan Horse has acquitted himself so ably in every field that he has developed a tradition and a history that will cause any owner of an animal of or from this breed to be proud.

"Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds are happy over the fact that their stallion possesses the beauty, conformation and intelligence of the original horse, Justin Morgan.

"Mrs. Reynolds in showing this fine horse tells of the background of the breed, and its increasing popularity. A magazine, "The Morgan Horse" is published in the interest of the fanciers and breeders. She says: "Justin Morgan foaled 1789, was named after his owner after his owner's death. Morgan called his horse "Figure." He lived at Randolph, Vermont and rode Figure back and forth to district schools, and to writing schools where Morgan taught.

"The quality of Figure was recognized and stud fees contributed to the sustenance of the Morgan family, husband, wife, four daughters and a son. Justin Morgan's health failed, his wife died, his children were put out among the neighbors and the famed horse, the founder of the great breed was rented to a neighbor for a year.

"He was used as half or more of a team, clearing fifteen acres of wood land.

"Justin Morgan, the man, died in 1798 at the age of fifty-one.

"The horse was sold to pay debts of the deceased owner and thereafter he was spoken of as the Morgan Horse, or Justin Morgan.

"The splendid colts from this sire were noted everywhere. Their quality was recognizable by farmers, stage coach operators, doctors who made their rounds over the New England hills, and business men, army and government officers."

"Normally, all articles on training are confined to the Central States Club monthly "News Letter" but the following article submitted by member Harry Sweet, of Elgin, Illinois, is just too good to keep to ourselves. Harry, who owns the four year old Morgan stallion Rhythm's Bimbo (Archie O-Rhythm's Lovely Lady) is an avid devotee of the sport known as "Barrel Racing." We think he has done a wonderful job of pointing out the important items in training a top "Clover Leaf" horse and we would like to see some Morgan competition in this class in the future. We hope you enjoy his article and join us in thanking Harry for his very worthwhile effort.

**How To Train Your Horse For The Cloverleaf**

*By Harry Sweet*

"To have a top Clover Leaf horse, you must have a horse capable of a tremendous burst of speed and the ability to collect himself while turning around the barrel and to keep running all his time. While you may not have a top notch Clover Leaf horse, you can receive a lot of pleasure and enjoyment in training your horse for the Clover Leaf.

"We will say that your horse is properly trained to neck-rein; if he isn't, read the article on "Neck-Reining" in the December, 1958 issue of the Central States Club "News Letter," starting on Page 7. This is an excellent article.

"The above is a diagram of a Clover Leaf pattern. The barrels are set about 40 yards apart and they can be 55 gallon gas or oil drums. A distance of approximately 10-15 yards of space is needed on each side of barrels to give room enough to make turns and the first barrel should be about 25 yards from starting line. To start your horse, walk or trot, through the pattern. This is to help him to know the pattern and what is expected of him. After he is accustomed to the barrels and the Clover Leaf pattern, you can start working him at a slow canter.

"In making the turn around the barrels, I like to stay about four to six feet from the barrel, but that will depend mainly on the ability of your horse to turn and to keep moving. Remember your horse must keep moving on the turns. A horse that turns too short and hesitates loses valuable time. Races have been lost by one-tenth of a second; so keep your horse moving. Let him take the turns a little wide what is expected of him. After he is accustomed to the barrels and the Clover Leaf pattern, you can start working him at a slow canter.

"After several days of training at a canter and your horse is running the pattern without any resistance to you; you can gradually increase your speed. A point to remember is that you do not over-work your horse or he may go sour on you. Run the pattern two or three times. Then take the horse away and walk him to let him rest. After this you can take him back and run the pattern again.

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North of the Border

Winter has really set in across Canada with lots of cold weather and snow everywhere. The 'box' which was started by Rodger Mallory last fall has made its way all the way to Nova Scotia and back, with each owner adding a note and a picture or two of their horses. It is really very interesting, especially the colored slides, and is doing a lot to acquaint the Morgan enthusiasts with each other. If there are any other Canadians who would like to be included in this, drop a line to Mr. Mallory at 106 A 3rd Ave. S., Port Alberni, B. C.

One of the four-horse chuckwagon teams being hitched up before their heat at the Calgary Stampede.

We were pleased to receive a letter from Mrs. Nancy Beacon of Seebe, Alberta. The Beacons have a number of grade mares and hope eventually to obtain a Morgan stallion. They are well acquainted with the Morgan as Mrs. Beacon's parents have a farm in South Woodstock, Vermont, and are active in the 100 Mile Ride and the Olympic training trials. Sorry, but their name has slipped me.

And a note of correction to your New England correspondent, Mr. Rodney Gould, to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Graham Brockus' stallion Colfield is NOT the only registered Morgan stallion in Canada. He has about a dozen or so companions in the ten provinces, and this isn't counting colts. We hope to see this number doubled before too long.

Also at this time we would like to extend an invitation to Mr. John Seabrook and others interested in driving four horse teams, to attend the chuckwagon races at the 1959 Calgary Exhibition and Stampede. The races, for those who have never seen them, are run in eight heats, with four wagons and teams and four out-riders per wagon, in each heat, with a total of thirty-two flighty Thoroughbreds turning the barrels in a figure-8 onto the half-mile track at the same time, it certainly takes all the experience and skills that the drivers have to avoid spills and to maneuver their outfit across the finish line first, with the least number of penalties. It is a sight which one does not forget. Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip will attend the races one night this year.

News is rather scarce right now, but everyone is looking forward to spring and the new foals and first shows. Can we have your news, views and pictures please? Box 245, Albert Park, Alberta.

Letters

(Continued on Page 5)

Dear Sir:

I have a problem I hope you can help me with. I have a colt I want to train for English and Western pleasure classes but I don't know just how to go about it. If I train my colt to back slowly the judge likes a run back and I don't know about it until the show. Would you have a book of rules such you can send me so I can train my colt by the methods preferred by the judges. If you cannot help me perhaps you would refer this letter on to someone who can.

Karene Heimstead
RR 2, c/o Cernahan
Eau Claire, Wisc.

(Continued on Page 30)
On January 23rd, 1959, a new organization was formed, namely, the Circle J Morgan Horse Association. Following a sumptuous breakfast in the beautiful home of gracious host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Nichoalds, Jr., of Denver, Colorado, the representatives of ten states settled down to the business of forming this club.

The first order of business was the election of Officers and Directors. The following were elected officers:

President, Raymond Macy, Loveland, Colorado
1st Vice President, W. L. Dansby, Loveland, Colorado
2nd Vice President, George R. Burgess, LaPorte, Colorado
Secretary-Treasurer, Mrs. Ollie Mae Dansby, Loveland, Colorado
Publicity Secretary, Miss Maxine Merchant, Houston, Texas

Following the election, Mr. Macy, President, declared a temporary adjournment in order that each state in the Association be permitted to select a representative, these representatives to serve as directors on the newly formed official Board. These were:

Dean Jackson, Harrison, Montana
Wales Wenburg, Laramie, Wyoming
Hughes Seewald, Amarillo, Texas
Amos Mosher, Salt Lake City, Utah
Dr. T. H. Conklin, Stigler, Oklahoma
Stuart Hazard, Topeka, Kansas

The Constitution and By-Laws are drawn up and are being sent out to the various members. Dues were set at $5 per annum, per membership, with each membership entitled to one vote. Membership is open to Morgan owners, breeders and those interested in seeing the Morgan return to prominence in the horse world.

The ideas of shows were discussed and it was suggested that the Association participate in the 4th of July Celebration at Greeley, Colorado and the Adams County Horse Show at Brighton, Colorado. A poll is to be taken of the membership to learn how many Morgans will be available for summer shows and in which classes.

Special guests at the meeting included Mr. and Mrs. J. Cecil Ferguson, Rhode Island, Mr. and Mrs. Darwin S. Morse, Massachusetts and Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Davis of Vermont. Mr. Davis is the president of the National Morgan Horse Club.
Mississippi Valley Club Morgan News

The Illinois-Missouri-Iowa area has long needed an organization to promote the Morgan. For years the Saddlebred has been very popular here, and more recently the Walking Horse and Quarter Horse have been in great demand.

On December 27th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sears, Medora, III., the Mississippi Valley Morgan Horse Club was organized. Charter members are: Mr. and Mrs. Ray Sears, Mr. F. K. Dzengolewski, Don Dzengolewski, Mr. and Mrs. William Byers, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Brachear, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McElhinney, Mr. A. E. Swartz, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Kaseberg, Mr. and Mrs. Earl MacMichael, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Test, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. White, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Werts and Miss Sue Lutz.

The following were elected as officers for the coming year: Don Dzengolewski, President; Ray Sears, Vice-President; Mrs. William Byers, Secretary-Treasurer; Mrs. Neal Werts, Publicity Secretary. Elected to the Board of Directors, in addition to the officers were: Bill Byers, Ray Brachear, Clarence Test and Earl MacMichael. By-Laws were drawn up and approved.

The Club hopes to acquaint many of the people looking for good pleasure horses with the Morgan. It will work toward Morgan classes in some of the shows in this area, as well as plan social events such as trail rides, barbecues and moves. Anyone interested in joining can contact any of the members or write to the Club Secretary Mrs. William Byers, 11057 Breezy Point, St. Louis 21, Mo.

Following our first meeting and refreshments, we trooped to the barn where Mr. Sears showed us his Morgans. As usual, they were all in top shape. His well known parade stallion, Cinnamon King, was admired by everyone and it was agreed that here was a very typy stylish Morgan stallion. Mr. Sears also has a showy bright chestnut stallion with white markings, Prince de Jarnette. The mares Fanny de Jarnette and Illawana Joy Royale were looking well. Both of these mares were sired by Fudge Royale. Mr. Sears’ coming yearling stallion by Cinnamon King out of Fanny de Jarnette was in excellent condition. The third mare owned by Mr. Sears is a grey roan, Frosty Princess by King Mick out of Silver Princess. There was some discussion at this point as to the prejudice and discrimination against certain colored Morgans. It was agreed that the color should not be a factor in judging Morgans.

Some new Morgan enthusiasts (and they are very enthusiastic) are the William Byers of St. Louis. After having some bad experiences with other horses, including a nasty spill for their young son, they became interested in Morgans. Last summer they visited the Morgan farms of Mr. S. G. Hazard of Topeka, Kansas, and Mr. A. E. Swartz of Independence, Mo. At the latter, they purchased two mares, one of which had a young filly; the other due to foal shortly. One mare, a chestnut called Sundo, is sired by Sunflower King by Tehachapi Allen, and out of Dot Jekyll by Jekyll. Her filly, named Jubilee’s Starlight is sired by Independence Jubilee. Sundo possesses the good sense and quiet disposition so typical of the Morgan. The other mare, also a chestnut, is Jubilee’s Pastime by Independence Jubilee out of Missouri Lady by Brownie A. She presented her new owners with a chestnut filly by Independence Jubilee. These mares are only green broke but their owners are doing well with them and their fillies, and hope to have them driving soon. They are surrounded by Quarter Horse people, so perhaps they can convert them to Morgan enthusiasts also.

Tribute to Conscience

The untimely death of this lovely little mare is a loss which will be felt by all of us who are Morgan lovers and have had the privilege of knowing and enjoying her.

She was well-bred, attractive, lively, but tractable — an animal to be enjoyed in or out of the stable.

She won countless friends wherever she was and all join with her owners in regretting her sudden death.

If there is an equine heaven (and surely there must be) “Connie” should be secure in her well-earned niche there.

New York News

By Ruth Rogers

The best time of the year is rolling around again — we can begin to think of the coming shows.

May brings the Professional Horsemen’s Show in Syracuse (that means under the auspices of that organization; not that the exhibitors are professional); and also the Buffalo International about a week later. Definite dates will be set by next month. These are both established shows.

Then in June there will be a show at Cobleskill, N. Y. and to this I want to call your special attention.

A group of our Eastern club members succeeded in getting Morgan classes in there last year, and are going to try again. They need help. There were seven Morgans entered, and over one hundred quarter horses. The Morgans, however, made a fine showing both in their own classes and in open competition.

Our Morgan boosters feel that we have a real opportunity in this section and are fighting hard for a foothold. Everyone who can possibly offer, please do so. This would be a good tuneup, or training for young horses.

Cobleskill is near the Thruway, west of Schenectady. It is also near Route 20. It will be a 2-day show, under AHSA rules. Stabling is excellent, and there is a hotel nearby.

Further information may be had from Mrs. J. W. Gordon, Trefoil Farm, Middleburg, N. Y.

It is pretty well established that we show for two reasons: to promote and advertise the breed, and for the fun we get out of it.

Mrs. A. William Jasper of Napier, Ill., wrote a letter to the editor in the January-February issue which was most gratifying. We like to think that this happens as a matter of course at shows where our New York State Club members gather. We do help each other. Everyone likes to win, of course. But if worthy Morgans come one with the ribbons, even the losers are not down-hearted. We all have fun.

Several Morgans have changed hands recently. The Charles O’Donnells of East Aurora now own Peggy O. Peggy is the little mare who did so well under Western tack for Doctor Bachman of Snyder. She joins the 3 year old (Continued on Page 30)
Mid-Atlantic News

By HELENE ZIMMERMAN

As I feared it might be, it seems that last month's column was indeed a comedy of errors. First, my apologies to Dr. Schaeffer of Allentown; despite the word which was passed at the banquet, I have been informed that her gelding, Kingfish, has not been sold after all. My other mistake was in listing William Kemper as placing third in the word which was passed at the banquet.

I visited the Glenns in Royersford, Pa., shortly after New Year's and saw Vona fifth. Just the opposite is true. My other mistake was in listing William Kemper as placing third in the word which was passed at the banquet.

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Although it is hard to believe right now, by the time this issue comes out, the foaling season will be upon us. One of the first foals expected in our club is due in mid-March at Frederick, Md., when the Vonas' mare, Donnette, is due to Lippitt Mandate. All mares bred to Lippitt Mandate at Ringtown, Pa., last season are reported in foal. The Childs expect their first foal the end of April. Another early foal is expected by Morrell's mare, Towne-Ayr Gay Gypsy, at North Wales, Pa. Gypsy is in foal to Nobles' Dyberry Billy.

The progeny are expected to be between 13.2 and 14.2 hands high. They may be entered as cow ponies, in the pleasure, halter or trail horsemanship classes; they may be hunted and jumped and used as roadsters, parade horses or for “just plain ranch riding.”

MRS. H. HOLBROOK BELCHER

Ten-year-old Lyn Belcher went back to school today in Atherton after receiving a shipment of ten Welsh ponies from England that will put her in business as the half owner of a brand new pony breeding venture.

Lyn and her mother, Mrs. H. Holbrook Belcher, 82 Belbrook Way, Atherton, will put on the market early next year from Wooden Valley Ranch at Napa, colts foaled by Welsh Pony mares with a Morgan horse sire.

Lyn is following in her mother's footsteps in one sense. Bellbrook Farms, Pine Valley, Calif., where Mrs. Belcher bred and showed five-gaited and three-gaited roadsters, hackney ponies and hackney horses, produced over 10 national champions before it was sold at the start of World War II.

The ponies were purchased from T. Wilding-Davies at a sale October 4 in Herefordshire, England, by Mrs. Belcher, with Mrs. Birch, trainer for the daughter of Prime Minister Harold MacMillan acting as agent. Mrs. Belcher and Lyn saw and selected some of the ponies during a trip to Europe last summer. This, of course, includes the stallion, Fayre Noggin.

Lyn has two with her for the winter, to be stabled at the Menlo Circus Club. The others were hauled to the ranch to inaugurate the new enterprise to be known as Welmore Ponies.

Welsh Ponies

By MRS. H. HOLBROOK BELCHER

The first colts will be born early next year. Several mares already have been bred to Zorro, registered name, Baacaman 9980, an eight-year-old Morgan stallion purchased from Ward Wallup who used him as a personal mount on trails in the Woodside area. Zorro is dark seal brown with a white stripe on his face and is 14.2 hands high.

Also in the shipment were two fillies and a four-year-old pitted grey Welsh pony stallion with the colorful name, Fayre Noggin.

The aim of the new crossing is to produce “the ideal show pony for children eight to eighteen,” according to Mrs. Belcher.

The sires are described as “tractable and easy to handle, with a willingness to perform,” according to Mrs. Belcher. Mrs. Belcher predicates success of the venture on population growth and continued prosperity. The scope of the undertaking is indicated by the fact that, until yesterday, there were only 33 Welsh ponies in California at the last count.

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North Central Association

By R. G. Anderson
1509 Tenth Street South
Fargo, North Dakota

I would like to correct an error I made in reporting the directors for our group. Mr. Thomas Dunne, Alexandria, Minnesota is a director, and not Mr. James Quigley. Mrs. Lee Nasseff has resigned her office and Miss Patricia Dorow has taken over the duties of Secretary-Treasurer for the coming year.

Last fall at our annual meeting S. J. Duginski suggested that we try out the idea of dividing our group in four groups and elect a member from each division to keep the "ball rolling." The thought back of the idea was to stimulate greater interest and activity in our Association. At the January board meeting held at the home of the David Naas', president, in addition to the regular business ideas were suggested for the chapter activities. The idea was decided to have a traveling trophy, donated by S. J. Duginski, to be presented to the group having earned the most points during the calendar year.

No definite point value was assessed to the activities that might be considered or engaged in by the various groups.

A few activities that might be used for earning points — new Morgan owners and persons interested in the Morgan, paid-up old members, (including drop-out members), trail rides, horse shows AHSA approved, new subscriptions to the Magazine, advertising in the Magazine, informal gatherings with or without their horses. Then, at a time to be decided on, the trophy will be presented to the chapter with the highest number of points. The members who will be responsible for the activities are: Fargo-Moorhead, S. J. "Mike" Duginski; St. Cloud, James Quigley; Minneapolis-St. Paul, Art Peterson and Springfield, Al Dorow.

It is never too cold for Mike to ride, but I can't say as much for the rest of us. Nothing has been done as far as breaking out our Wyoming stock, or getting out the cutter for a ride. The Merrill's returned last week from attending the National Western Stock Show held in Denver, Colorado. I had heard that Morgans were to be shown at the show, but I regret to report that the class was not listed. Mr. Burgess is still working on the problem, and in another year or two he hopes to have the classes. The Morgan people in that area are planning on organizing a group.

I would like to put in a plug for Ernest Wood. His address is 2844 16th Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota, and his telephone number is PA 7072. Ernie has just now completed a course in horseshoeing at Michigan State. He is now ready to put his skill and knowledge to use. He found time before returning to Minneapolis to visit with several large Morgan breeders. He visited the Walter Kanes, Roy Brunks and the Greenwalls.

Dr. Francis Knippling, Princeton, Minnesota is the new owner of the Champion Stallion, Regy 11798. Please send in news items and pictures to me or the representative in your area. Let's get the year off to a good start!

Sagacity and Staunchness

On the 18th of September, 1819, a gentleman, mounted on a favorite old shooting pony, had beaten for game all day without meeting with any success; when suddenly, to his great astonishment, his pony stopped short, and he could not persuade him to move either by dint of whip or spur. He desired his keepers to go forward; the pony immediately drew after him. A cover of fifteen partridges rose, and he shot his bird and bagged it.

The above is certainly an extra-ordinary instance of the sagacity of horses. This gentleman has been accustomed to ride the pony, shooting, for fifteen years; and the animal had thus no doubt acquired a knowledge of the scent of the birds.

For the gift that will arrive each month, send:
The MORGAN HORSE Magazine
Leominster, Mass.
1 year $3.50 — 2 years $6.50

Mid-West Morgan Owners, Inc.

By Miss Sheila Cunningham

The Annual dinner meeting of the Mid-West Morgan Horse Owners, Inc., was held at The Angles, Trevor, Wis. The first item on the agenda was elections. The new officers led by Delphine Pieritz, president received a full vote of confidence from all members.

In spite of recent snow storms, we had an excellent turnout including three new members. As our club grows by leaps and bounds, Miss Barbara White of Chicago, Ill., Miss Norma Reeder of Janesville, Wisconsin and Mr. Fred Carlson of Pound, Wisconsin were welcomed by all.

It was reported by our secretary that requests for The Standard of Perfection for the Morgan Horse, published and copyrighted by the Mid-West Morgan Horse Owners, Inc., are still being received. The club finds this very, very gratifying and has scheduled a reprinting, making the fifth to date. Anyone interested in this authentic and informative booklet may write to our secretary Mrs. Margaret S. Trefite, Box 184, Silver Lake, Wisconsin and as soon as they are off the press, she will see that you receive a copy.

All Morgan Horse Owners and people interested in the Morgan Horse in the mid-west, are cordially invited to contact our secretary or our membership chairman, Miss Barbara White, 1928 North Sayre, Chicago 35, Illinois, for information on our club and our activities.

We extend our sympathy to Maureen and George Chesak on the loss of their Morgan Sparkel on the Palatine Highway. It is truly a shame that a horseman was responsible for the death of such a fine horse.

With spring and all her glory just around the corner our thoughts turn to the show ring where the results of the years breeding, training, and grooming will be tallied.

The show ring is not a gladiatorial arena — it is a place where we meet with our horses to get the opinion of the person officiating as judge, in friendly competition not open combat or rivalry. Your horse wins today — maybe mine will win tomorrow.

(Continued on Page 30)
New England News

BROADWALL PANDRA (Panfield-Adlyndra) owned by Mrs. Earl Bubar of Caribou, Maine.

DEERFIELD PHYLLISTINE (Orcicrnd Leader-Lady Field), owned by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen P. Tompkins, Rowley, Mass. Phyllistine is 1958 New England Champion Morgan and Morgans in Harness.

REGAL BANNER, grade Morgan, owned by Richard Haines of Caribou, Maine.

ROCKY-B-TWILIGHT (Billy Twilight-Meadowbrook Lee Ann) owned by Richard Haines of Caribou, Maine.

CROYDON CHIEF 10186, foaled June 8, 1949 (Lippitt Ethan Don - Rootina) owned by Janet McGovern of West Scarborough, Maine.
KENNEBEC ALICE by Lippitt Ethan Don out of Helen May 1958 Maine Colt Champion—all breeds, owned by Margaret Gardiner of Wiscasset, Maine.

KENNEBEC FLAMING LADY (Lippitt Ethan Don - Allame) 1958 Reserve Colt Champion—all breeds, owned by Margaret Gardiner of Wiscasset, Maine.

Winners of the Horsemanship Awards of the Weston-Wayland 4-H Trail Ride; left to right from first to fifth place: Nancy Norseen, Susan Mailman, Ellen Rayner, Carol Janason, Phyllis Cox and Barbara Johnston.

BEAU DARE, owned by Albert Massey, Hullaboo Farm, Wolfeboro, N. H.

Winners of the Best Trail Horse Division of the Weston-Wayland 4-H Trail Ride; from left to right, and from first to fifth place: LARIGO'S STARDUST ridden by Harriet Hartwell; WHIPPOORWILL MERRILY ridden by Carol Janason; TOWNSEND SENORITA ridden by Susan Mailman; U. C. PENTORA ridden by Barbara Crockett, and QUORUM ridden by Randy Olsen.

PRUDENCE ASHMORE (Paragraph - Lippitt Ashmore) 6 months of age, owned by Miss Judeen Cameron of White River Junction, Vermont.

LIPPIT SANDY (Lippitt Sam - Bethal) owned by Denny Emerson of Greenfield, Mass.

NOREMAC SCOTSMAN (Windcrest Springtime - Jubilee's Courage) 4 months of age, owned by Judeen Cameron, White River Junction, Vermont.
MILLER'S DEBUTANTE, Reserve Champion in both Justin Morgan Horse Ass'n. and Michigan Horse Show Ass'n. High Point Morgan Under English Saddle. Owned by Walter Kane.

JOHN GEDDES, Champion in both the Justin Morgan Horse Ass'n. and Michigan Horse Show Ass'n High Point Morgan Under Western Saddle also M.H.S.A. High Point Open Western Champion. Owned by Walter Kane, So. Lyon

WAL-THOR, Michigan Horse Show Ass'n. High Point Morgan Under Western Tack Reserve Champion. Owned by Rheda Kane, South Lyon.

MICKY FINK, Justin Morgan Horse Ass'n. High Point Western Reserve Champion. Owned by Milo Dugan, Northville.
JOHN GEDDES excels as a western and stock horse, and is always a going concern.

All-American Morgan Horse Show at Monee, Illinois. Entered in 6 performance events and won 6 trophies.

JOHIE and BARBETE, our first pair of Morgans.

JOHN GEDDES excels as a western and stock horse, and is always a going concern.

Maria Kane, age 5, at the 1957 Nat'l. Morgan Horse Show.

Walter and Woods and South Lyon.
JOHN GEDDES

Winner of

Championships in 1958

Stern Pleasure Horse and
Under Western Tack

Winning a trail class. Thor Nielsen up.

Winning a trail class. Thor Nielsen up.

Judy Bentley, age 17, showed Johnie in all of his
1958 classes. Winning 15 firsts, 3 seconds and a third.

Rheda Kane

WATER FARMS

1, Michigan

Renee Kane riding Johnie at Woods and Water
Farms.
By MARILYN C. CHILDS

At Morgan gatherings the writer has often heard people asking directions for the grave of Justin Morgan. Many have easily found the grave of Justin Morgan, the man, but fewer have succeeded in getting to the grave of Justin Morgan, the horse. Fewer still have ever been to the place where Justin Morgan was born in West Springfield, Mass. (or even know of the Massachusetts link in the story). This group of pictures is designed to help Morgan lovers find these points of interest when touring New England.

When the pictures of the Justin Morgan Memorial Park (burial place of the horse) were taken last fall, the gateway was down and rough footpaths were largely grown up to brush. However, the Morgan Horse Club is taking steps to clean up the paths, repair the gateway, and also to replace or correct the present grave stone! No one knows how the wrong birth date was placed upon the stone, but the fact remains that Justin Morgan was born in 1789, not 1792 as appears on the stone pictured. He died in 1821 the property of Levi Bean on the farm of Clifford Bean, south of Chelsea, Vt.

At least 30 minutes should be allowed for the walk back to the grave.
After winding walk through woods following footpath and metal arrows on trees, you are almost there.

The grave of Justin Morgan, the horse.

Gateway (partly down) to path to grave.

At next intersection, bear left as sign indicates.

At next intersection park car just around the corner to right.

Sign on Route 110 between Tunbridge and Chelsea, Vt., marks turn off highway.

After going through this covered bridge, turn right.
A touch from the sporting scene of another century will greet Hialeah’s racing fans this winter as a cream and green shooting brake pulled by four Morgan coach horses appears on the track prior to each race.

The one-ton brake, which used to carry Victorian era parties to the field of steeplechasing, will transport Hialeah’s patrol judges to their posts and will complement to Florida showplace’s other scenic wonders like the incomparable Royal Palm Drive, Widener Fountain and Flamingo Island in the infield lake.

This touch of times past has been brought to Hialeah from Seabrook, N. J. where it is part of the collection of old horse-drawn vehicles belonging to frozen food manufacturer John M. Seabrook.

The Morgans shown in the picture are Fort Knox, Bolivar as wheelers with Capt. Ken and Max as leaders. Not shown in the picture and to be used as a leader and cock-horse on different occasions will be Autumn Knight, three year old stallion by Sealcat of Windcrest out of Upwey Casablanca.

Seated on the box driving the team is Jack Whitaker, manager of Lead Bar Farms.

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**Standing for Service**

**Melody Hawk**
Dark Bay — 14.3 hands  
(Flyhawk - Polly Forest)  
Owned by Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ryan  
Irish Lane Farm, Delavan, Ill.

**Senator Graham 8361**
Dk. Chestnut — Stripe  
(Senator Knox - Fortuna)  
Owned by Mr. & Mrs. L. S. Greenwalt  
Pawnee, Ill.

**The Brown Falcon**
Brown — 14.2 hands  
(Flyhawk - Allam's Fancy L)  
Owned by Stuart G. Hazard  
Topeka, Kansas

**Whippoorwill Duke**
6 yrs. — Chestnut  
(Squire Burger - Diana Mansfield)  
Leased from McCulloch Farm  
Old Lyme, Conn.

**Chief Red Hawk**  
Bay — 14.3 hands  
(Flyhawk - Neliza)  
Owned by Stuart G. Hazard  
Topeka, Kansas

**Private Treaty**

---

**MR. & MRS. EDWARD RYAN**  
Irish Lane Farm, Delavan, Ill.  
Telephone 8823

**MR. & MRS. L. S. GREENWALT**  
Highview Farm, Pawnee, Ill. (near Springfield)  
Tel. Springfield 9-1989
Morgan Is As Morgan Does

1. What Morgan stallion has shown the most versatility as a using horse AND a show horse?
2. What stallion was New England Morgan Champion, 1945?
3. What stallion sired the New England Colt Champion, 1945?
4. What stallion, although never a National Morgan Show Champion, has placed third in senior stallion, third in saddle stake, and third in the harness stake at National Morgan Horse Shows?
5. What stallion has beaten, at some time, every other top show stallion of his day? (He made his last show at 15 years of age, completing 12 years of showing, trail riding, and hunting still sound and fit as a five-year-old.)
6. What champion stallion has made all his wins in the same keg shoes with which he is still hauled by his owner?
7. What stallion has won these classes at the National in addition to regular show wins: Jumping, Versatility, Roadsters in Harness, Pairs, Children's Horsemanship (before current rule against stallions)?
8. What top saddle and harness show stallion has hunted regularly and also claimed ability as a stock horse? (Third in stock horse stake at Pennsylvania National Horse Show.)
9. What horse has for his sire Mansfield, the greatest sire of show horses and top breeding stock on record?
10. What horse has for his dam Lippitt Kate Moe, also dam of National Grand Champion mare, Lippitt Dusky Kate, National Senior Champion Mare, Lippitt Duplicate; Lippitt Morman, only stallion ever to win the 100-mile sweepstakes; as well as show winners Lippitt Ethan and Lippitt Red Moe?

LIPPITT MANDATE

STUD FEE $100 (Return privilege)

HIS COLTS INHERIT HIS EXCELLENT DISPOSITION, TRACTABILITY, AND VERSATILITY, ALL DEVELOPED AND SHOWN BY AMATEUR OWNERS. THEY INCLUDE:

Champions

NANCY DATE, Bedford, Pa., 1958
MAN O’DESTINY, Mid-Atlantic Gelding, 1956-1957
MANITO, Mid-Atlantic High-Score, 1957
LADY’S MAN, New England Colt. 1945

National Blue-Ribbon Winners:

MANITO, Jumping, Pleasure
MANDATE’S PEGGY LOU, Roadsters under saddle, Justin Morgan Performance
MAN O’DESTINY, English Pleasure
MAN O’DAY, Roadsters under saddle, Children’s saddle
LIPPMAN HAWK, Weanling stallion

Mid-Atlantic Blue-Ribbon Winners:

MASTERMAN, 1956 Futurity
TALISMAN, 1957 & 1958 Futurities
NOBLEMAN, 1958 Futurity
MANDATE’S PEGGY LOU, Mid-Atlantic Stake, 1958
NANCY DATE, Mid-Atlantic Stake, 1957
MANITO, Stock horse, pleasure, jumping
MAN O’DESTINY, Gelding, trail horse

MARILYN and HAROLD CHILDS

Ringtown, Pennsylvania Phone 4231
Letters
(Continued from Page 16)

Dear Sir:

Time to again renew my subscription to the magazine I wouldn’t be without. I have them all — way back to when they came folded!

Here’s a living proof of Morgan toughness. It happened to my beloved Delco 8044 (Delgado x Hazel). I bought him from my good friend Mrs. Ruth Dickson when he was 5 months old and he has been with me for over 21 years.

While I was away on a three-day trail ride this fall, Delco was “appropriated” by a college girl without my permission. She sweated him up badly, sponged him off with cold water and turned him back out into the field for the night. There was a frigid wind blowing and we had a frost that night. When I got home a couple of days later, Delco couldn’t move out of his tracks. The vet gave him shots of cortisone and did everything he knew — both horse and human — and he knows plenty! He said it was like rheumatic fever in a person. For five weeks Delco couldn’t move or lie down — just stood there and threaded his feet and drew up his legs as if in a cramp, 24 hours a day. He suffered every minute and I fed him aspirin by the hundreds. And SWEAT! It dripped continually from him — even from the ends of his mane.

Finally, when it seemed as if he would die, I wrote to the good Dr. Conn in Freeport, Ill. He wasn’t very encouraging, due to Delco’s age — coming 22 — but he suggested trying brewers’ Yeast. That wasn’t to be had locally, but I was desperate and settled for a pound block of the regular bake shop variety. After two doses of that in his grain, that ole boy got up his courage and took a few painful steps! That puddled up my eyeballs! At the end of two pounds of yeast, he was trotting!

Delco fell away to a slat through that ordeal. Whereas he ordinarily keeps looking like a prime Hereford on 2 quarts of oats a day, I had to “up” it to 6 quarts for a spell. Now when he rolls over in the snow and gets it on his back, it melts and forms puddles where his backbone is supposed to be.

Oh, yes, and I rode him lately for a spell. Now when he rolls over in the snow and gets it on his back, it melts and forms puddles where his backbone is supposed to be.

I guess you’d have to call his “bucking” exhuberance! The good ole Morgan durability pulled him through — and AM I GLAD! !

There are two other Morgans in the barn, too. Johna 09736 (Ashbrook Darling x Anna Darling) a coming three year old filly given to me by dear Mrs. Dickson and this handsome little gal is truly a gem, and I suppose you might say “wasted” on me, for I have neither the cash nor the sense to show her! But she says SHE doesn’t care, just so long as she’s so definitely sure I’ll never sell her.

Then there is that nice big boy Beau Dare (Sealock Windcrest x Windcrest Wunderbar). But he is just visiting us for the winter, and a right enjoyable guest he is!

And now I can look forward to another year of interesting reading.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Elmer Blanchard
Hanson’s Ridge
Springvale, Maine

Mid-West
(Continued from Page 20)

The margin of success is a narrow one. Only one Grand Champion. Only one first in each class. Therefore the chances of winning are extremely restricted, most certainly a lot of places would take the fun and sport out of the shows and make them dull, uninteresting, and unimportant affairs.

Therefore it seems most important at this time to follow the shows in the best tradition. Let us keep “politics” where they belong — in the political arena. Let us keep our activities on a friendly and helpful plane. The experienced ones giving generously of their knowledge to the novice who is willing to learn. Thus will we be fostering the best traditions of the horse show. Our service to the grand ganie to which we are committed by love for the horse will then be of lasting benefit to those who follow.

New York
(Continued from Page 18)

Royalton Firefly at beautiful Hemlock Hollow Farm.

Mrs. Anne Somerville of Sydney has purchased a 3-year old, Broadwall Sport. Sport is the youngster won in the colt contest several years ago by Marie Louise Mills of New York City. He already drives beautifully and Mrs. Somerville plans to show him.

In Kanona, the George Arnolds have...
been having an anxious time due to an outbreak of rabies in their neighborhood. They lost one fine young heifer — a neighbor lost five — and are thinkful that the Morgans have not been out much, nor far away from the barn.

Lord Lindsley is the name of the Donald Long's new young stallion. He is by Lindsley Lee - Sunflower Belle, and should prove a popular stud around the country.

Don't forget that the New York State Club welcomes all Morgan owners and their friends into membership. No application blanks are needed. Simply send the fee to Phil Hess, Akron, N. Y., and he will return your membership card. Dues are $5 for a family membership, $3 for a single. The first 1959 meeting will be in April.

And address your reporter as follows: Mrs. V. J. Rogers, Martin Road, Akron, N. Y.

**Central States**

*(Continued from Page 15)*

"Your top Clover Leaf horses aren't trained in just a few days; it usually takes weeks, and sometimes months, of training; so, work your horse every day and keep increasing the speed until you have him performing at his best.

"The rider can help his horse to win. In neck-reining, hold the rein at the base of the neck and, in turning, bring the rein straight to right or left from the top of the neck; so you don't pull the horse's head up. If you carry your hand too high and the reins too far forward on the neck, you will pull the horse's head up. He must have his head down to make a good turn. When you go into the turn, put your weight into the inside stirrup and lean a little forward. Do not sit back into the saddle or lean back, as this will put pressure on the loin muscles and make it difficult for the horse to collect himself and to get his feet under him to make the turn. The rules say that a person may have one hand on the reins and the other on the saddle horn but a person who has to hang on isn't a balanced rider and a horse works best under a well balanced rider.

"I'm training my Morgan for the Clover Leaf. I'd like to see a lot of them trained and competing in this game. Since the public likes action, let's give it to them and bring our Morgans before a larger audience."

Late in 1958, a small group of Morgan enthusiasts in the St. Louis, Mo. area met to discuss the potential of organizing a local Morgan Club. We have just been informed that this has been accomplished and the Mississippi Valley Morgan Horse Club is one of the newest additions to the ever growing list of local Morgan Clubs throughout the country.

Our Central States family joins in wishing them every success in their undertaking.

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

**Mid-America**

*(Continued from Page 13)*

chased from the Behlings. It was good to see Dick again after his stretch in the Army, we're all happy to have him back in the Morgan fold again. Shawnee Sioux (Fillmore-Aster) and Knora Knox (Senator Graham-Velvet R. M.) were the two transfers.

Sayonora, yearling daughter of the late Rhodako and the good mare Bambi Moon has been sold by Mrs. Ralph Schild of Browntown, Wis., through the L. S. Greenwalts to Paul Runbaugh of Polk, Ohio. Mrs. Schild has purchased the coal black five year old gelding Billy Black (Flyhawk-Highland Firefly) from W. H. Parker of Centralia, Ill., through the Greenwalts. Billy Black is working real well, and shows a great deal of promise as a parade horse. "Brenda", Sayonora's little sister is a regular pepper pot and is Mrs. Schild's 1959 Illinois State Fair Morgan Futurity hopeful.

Two more coming yearling fillies being groomed for the big futurity event are Harry and Melva Cleveland's Binny Bee, last year's champion weanling and HyLee's MaryAnn, the chocolate colored cut up of the Waverly, Iowa stable. Mr. Cleveland, on a recent visit, tells me that both prospects are coming along very well.

Am anxiously awaiting news from the Illinois Morgan Breeders Futurity as to what was decided about the division of the Yearling Futurity class. Many persons seem interested in the decision, as it was definitely felt by those attending the Morgan meeting at last year's state fair that a mare and a stallion class be held. Maybe we will have further information next time.

Ora Jane O'Neill, Mgr. of the O'Neill's Morgan Farm at Manteno, Ill. has purchased a beautiful chestnut mare with white markings named Rythym's Sue Travelmore (Archie "O"—Sue Travelmore).

The Wisconsin Horse Ass'n. annual awards banquet was held January 18th, at the Blue Dalhia Supper Club in Milwaukee. A full report with pictures of the winners will appear in the April issue of this magazine. Robert V. Behling, Cambria, Wis., was elected to serve on the W. H. A. Board of Directors for the next three years. I don't believe a Morgan breeder has ever held a position of this sort before, so it is a step in the right direction.

This is all for this month. We are always pleased to welcome new members, write to our Secretary Joan Hoburg, 600 Lincolnway W., Morrison, Illinois for your membership application today.

**Justin Morgan**

*(Continued from Page 12)*

They also had their mare, Ruthven's Victoria bred to Parade. This is a match all Michigan will be waiting to see.

Francis "Raz" LaRose, well known Morgan trainer, has leased stall space and the work ring at Gerald Taft's Springfield Farm in Northville where he is training several Morgans for local owners.

The Wilburn Lokeys have high hopes of moving to their "Morgan Manor" farm in Farmington in the spring. "Morgan Manor" has been registered as a farm name with the state of Michigan. A very appropriate name for a future Morgan breeder.

Received a note from Ruth Curtis of Maple Ridge Farms in Oxford, reporting the sale of their very fine black mare, Maple Ridge True Dee to Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Kelly of St. Johns. They have also sold the mare Bar Spor to Harold Render of Milford and a 1958 stud, Maple Ridge Mister, to E. J. Hadden of Lake Orion.

Tex Talley of Stanerigg Stables in Ann Arbor has sold Lady Helen's 1958 stud colt, Allen Geddes, to Dick Panfold of Frankfort.

Cynthia Gates of Northville has recently purchased a weanling colt by Colonel Hamtramck out of Ruthven's Barbara Ann from Milo Dugan of the Mar-Lo Farm in Northville. Miss Gates has given me the permission to mention her engagement to James Darling, a former member of our association. She tells me their plans...
for the future are still undecided.

We have temporarily lost one of our members to Uncle Sam. Dave Batton is presently located in Washington, D. C. and his wife, Barbara (formerly Groom) is going to join him there. They have sold their fine western pleasure Morgan, Bickel’s Black Knight to the Kanes. This new addition gives the Kane family four top westerns for their own personal use.

The James Mair family, owners of Kane’s Princess Caroline have recently purchased Kane’s Victory Star, a typy two-year-old stallion, sired by Jon-Bar-K out of Kline’s Beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Harley Scheffler of Carleton, Mich., have purchased a yearling filly, Kane’s Anna May (Kane’s Jon-Bar-K—Kane’s April Dawn) and a black yearling colt Kane’s Stardust (Jon-Bar-K—Torchee). This is the Schefflers first adventure in the Morgan field thus fulfilling their desire to some day own Morgan horses.

David Reaume, well known farrier and Quarter Horse owner in the South Lyon area, (he lives across the road from Woods and Water Farms) has broken down and purchased a three-year-old Morgan gelding, Kane’s Robin Hood, better known by his stable name, Broken Arrow. David tells us that his excuse to the Quarter Horse people will be that he shoes so many Morgans, he just wanted to own one.

I would like to rectify an error I made in the December issue. The placings of the Broodmare and Nursing Foal Class at the Saginaw Fair were entirely incorrect. They should have read: 1st, Illawana Nada, Jack Appley; 2nd, Devan Gold, Green Hills Farm; 3rd, Nancy’s Muggins, James Jones; 4th, Macano’s Cotton Lass, Joseph Symons.

The 1200 feet of colored film taken of the 1958 Michigan All-Morgan Horse Show is available to all Morgan Clubs, free of charge.

Barbara Reid of Plymouth has graciously submitted news from her area and I might add news and pictures of this sort are greatly appreciated. Here is what Barbara has to report.

About this time of year, despite cold winds and snow, the horseman’s mind turns toward the coming show season and he starts planning which shows to attend and putting his favorite mount into condition.

The Edwin Eareharts of Northville are planning an extensive campaign for their three year old stallion, Billy B. Geddes. Although Billy was a late starter last year, (he was not shown prior to August) he racked up an impressive display of ribbons and trophies. The Eareharts are happy over the promise this typy little stallion is showing and have many plans for his future including both the show ring and a breeding program.

One of the younger members of the Association, Miss Barbara Niemi, has already started putting her horse into condition for the 1959 season. Down icy roads on raw windy days, Barb can be seen riding her three year old gelding, Max’s Hi Jax Kid. A year ago Barb and Jax started out even — both were green. But by show time both had learned their lessons well and showed remarkably well in 4-H and horsemanship classes. Barb plans to further her career in the 1959 season.

Barbara is not the only horseman in the Niemi family, her sister, Susan, is planning on becoming an English rider this season. Prior to this Sue has favored riding her Morgan, Justa, western. But now she would like to try this “flat saddle business.” Justa doesn’t mind at all, he is an old hand at both styles of riding.

Gary Wright, a newcomer to Morgan circles, purchased Cloverlane Lad from Mrs. Beverly Risk of Ypsilanti last August. Laddie, a three year old gelding, is slated for Western Pleasure and Stock Horse classes this coming season.

Hints (Continued from Page 10)

A word is indicated here about guarantees. Few dealers will make them for reasons which should be obvious. Most will take a horse back however if he proves to be immediately unsuitable. Almost everyone who offers you a horse for sale will also offer you a veterinarian’s examination if you wish it. If you have any doubts regarding an animal’s health or soundness, by all means have it checked. But remember again that not even this is any guarantee of future unsoundness. It can only mean that, at the time of examination, the veterinarian had found no ill health or unsoundness present. If you are a spanking-new horse buyer, the “vet’s certificate of soundness” is of value to you, but don’t haunt anyone with it when the horse pops a splint six months later.

If your need is for a schooled horse, then most dealers can offer you more of a choice than many breeders could. Some of the latter are extremely specialized. They do no schooling at all, offering only stallion services, weanlings, yearlings or an occasional broodmare for sale. They have tremendous advantages over the dealer however if you are buying a purchased stock or foundation animals, because it is usually possible to see sire, dam or even older brothers or sisters of the youngster you are considering. These horses will give you valuable evidence of the size, temperament and conformation you may logically expect your purchase to attain one day. Again, many breeders have already performed one of the less rewarding chores of horse breeding, that of painstakingly trying and sometimes erring among, the various families that exist in every breed’s register. He probably already knows which families cross best with his own stock, a fact which will be of inestimable value to you if you are buying foundation animals. Again, most breeders keep very close watch over
horses they have raised. They usually have a mare's produce records at their fingertips, often including cross references to scores of horses that are of similar breeding, all of which will help you if you have the task of trying to guess a foal's future potential as a breeding prospect. If you are fortunate enough to contact breeders who also school their own horses for sale, then you have all the advantages of the dealer, because no dealer is half as pernickety about his sales horses' reputations as their breeder is, plus the not inconsiderable advantage of seeing the family your horse comes from and the conditions under which he was raised and trained.

Leaving auctions until last is undoubtedly shirking the problems they present. A general horse auction is not the place for the beginning horse buyer. It is probably true that some good horses are sent there but the proportion must be considered small. Through such sales go the horses the dealers cannot safely recommend; the ones with vague unsoundnesses, and some not so vague, and those with vice. An experienced horseman on a very tight budget might bet his experiences against that of the regular habituees of such sales, and win, but even he will tell you it is no place for the novice. The ways and means of hiding age, unsoundness and vice are myriad ... and the horse auction "regulars" know them all. Oh, there are exceptions, and they do make wonderful movies, but you will be playing long odds.

As completely different from the general horse auction as the proverbial chalk from cheese however is the purebred sale. Of this type are the Saratoga and Keeneland sales of Thoroughbred yearlings, the 1958 sale of Morgan weanlings and any breeder's complete dispersal sale. When sales yearlings at Keeneland average over $10,000, it should be obvious that these are not culls. Most such sales feature prominently the fact that all animals are carefully selected, sometimes even by committees of breeders themselves. There is always at least one veterinarian present and the result of his examination is read prior to the sale of each horse. Unless you know the farm from which it came, you do not have the advantage of seeing sire or dam but since top prices are expected, the parents' show, racing or produce records are also read in detail or printed in the sales catalog. Many people feel that such a sale fixes the nearest true value for each horse since its buyer has literally paid only the amount of his last bid above what someone else was obviously willing to offer. Also, the choice of similar animals is undeniably wider than the buyer could find without traveling many hundreds of miles. Advantages? Disadvantages? There are probably some to you in each case, but you should know what you want — and how you intend to go about finding it. Where? Well that's up to you, too. Good luck!

New England
(Continued from Page 9)

jump as well as to execute properly very simple dressage figures. The last privately owned horse is a cream colored gelding recently purchased by Miss Marjorie Inkster of Connecticut. Miss Inkster will train the horse as a hunter.

The Club members have a wonderful time riding together on supper rides, equitation classes, in addition to the drill team practices. This year the team will perform at the Waterford, Connecticut Horse Show held in the spring, as well as in the College Show on Father's Weekend in May.

At the moment, the Riding Club is interested in hearing about the Riding Club activities of other schools. An exchange of ideas would be most welcome, and those interested should contact Miss Ruth Barngrove, #25, Connecticut College for Women, New London.

Miss Lucy Brace Eaton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Spaulding Eaton of Terry Road, West Hartford, Conn., was married January 17th to our Vice-President, Seth P. Holcombe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold G. Holcombe of Ledyard Road, West Hartford. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents by the Reverend Harold G. Newsham of the Center Church. Mrs. Gilbert A. Wicke was her sister's matron of honor and Shepherd Holcombe was his brother's best man. Ushers were Harold G. Holcombe, Jr., brother of the bridegroom and Ellsworth Wolcott, Jr., of Bloomfield, Conn. Our heartiest congratulations to the newly married couple.

Under the direction of Nan Wolcott of Underhill Center, Vermont, a new 4-H Horse Club has been formed. There are about 19 members, with the Wolcott children owning two Morgans to work with, namely, Naiad, a former UVM Morgan Farm mare and her filly, Hip Heath's Adfield by Stanfield. Another member, Bob Adsit of Burlington also has a new Morgan. Other members have animals of various breeding including one family with individuals of extra long ears and very peculiar neighs.

Mr. and Mrs. Wolcott recently lost their 4 year old mare, Menda, (U. S. Mennmar — Ashdaleys), but have a nice filly to work with named Hip Heath's Adfield, (Stanfield - Naiad). Incidentally, Naiad is in foal again to Stanfield. We certainly hope that the Wolcott luck will take the turn for the better.

Recent sales in Vermont include the following: Lippitt Ashbrook Moro, weanling stud by Lippitt Moro Alert out of June of Glenmore, was purchased by Harold A. Terry of Randolph from the Green Mountain Stock Farm; Lippitt Sally Moro, in foal to Lippitt Mandate returned to the Green Mountain Stock Farm in November, having been purchased by Mr. Knight from Marilyn C. Childs of Ringtown, Penna.; Kantheta, a yearling stud colt out of Miss Tweedle by Miller's Admiral was sold by the Green Mountain Stock Farm to Mr. Robert E. Lee of Manchester, N. H.

Strenuous attempts are being made to find a date in an already overcrowded Vermont Shows schedule for another All-Morgan Show this summer. I know we all hope that a date will soon be set.

ATTENTION
April 19, 1959 is a must for your calendar. Why? This is the date set for the New England Morgan Horse Association spring meeting. Where? Storrotown at the Eastern States Exposition grounds in West Springfield, Mass. Time? Dinner will be served at 12:00 noon sharp. A guest — Joe Maguire will talk on proper and improper equipment, the care of leather, the use of various bits, etc. Hope we will see you all there. Incidentally, let's not forget that the April issue of the Morgan Magazine is the Stallion Issue. Let's have a good representation from New England.

Color Discrimination
(Continued from Page 5)

intricate experiments are those that have proved color vision in the rat. The others all possess serious flaws in technique and theory. This, coupled
with the fact that the rat's eye possesses retinal cones, which according to the Duplicity Theory of Color Vision are essential for color vision, indeed indicates that more work needs to be done to refute or support the negative results. It will here be noted that according to Sisson and Grossman, the horses eye has retinal cones.

It is extremely difficult to obtain experimental proof of the presence of color discrimination in animals which can tell us of their perception only by their behavior. Besides this, color is itself a difficult experimental subject; it is never easy to exclude other stimuli such as those of variations of brightness to the animal, and perception of wave lengths outside the human visible range. Furthermore, the animals behavior will be influenced only if perception of the color is important to it, and changes in behavior can be interpreted only if the animal behaves in a consistent and intelligible manner, and is not disturbed by other stimuli or by its own nervous state.

At the end of World War II in Berlin, Von Berhard Grzimeck conducted an experiment which convinced him of the horses ability to perceive color. A discrimination of a color from 27 shades of gray was the learning situation. Color cards were used. The work was not considered significant for the following reasons:

1. Color cards are not good stimuli since they can change in quality from day to day depending on wear, dirt, light, intensity upon them, etc.
2. Perhaps 27 shades of gray were not enough. Perhaps none of the 27 precisely matched the color so that he was getting a brightness discrimination and not a hue discrimination.
3. Grzimeck stated that there were hourly bombings by the Russians which excited the horses and when the Russians finally entered Berlin he lost his records and was going on memory when he wrote up the experiment.
4. The length of the training period was not stated nor was the amount of light in the experimental situation.

II. Apparatus and Technique

According to Gardiner horses readily learn to lift a hinged cover on a feed box of grain. She also found that a horse would learn to open a box with black on it as opposed to white. The position of the black patch was varied and the position that gave the quickest learning was with the black on the front of the box and below the cover. A discrimination apparatus was set up with these points in mind.

A 12 foot x 12 foot box stall in the stud barn at the University of New Hampshire was used for the experiment. The stall was darkened by papering the inside with roofing paper. Two feed boxes were used. They were made of 1-inch plain white boards. The covers were hinged and projected 2 1/2 inches over the front so that the horse could easily open the box with his nose. The covers were counter-balanced with weights just as is a window so that the cover would remain at any height to which the horse might lift it during the course of his movements. The boxes were painted black. They were placed so that the covers were 46 inches above the ground. The sides were 17 inches apart which made the center of the stimulus squares 34 1/2 inches apart. Into each of these boxes slide a light funnel of inside dimensions 4 1/2 inches by 4 1/2 inches. One inch from the front edge of the funnel was inserted a filter and three inches in back of the filter was inserted opalized glass to diffuse the light and make it impossible to see the bulb itself. The inside of the tunnels were painted white except the one inch lip beyond the filter which was black. So the light went from the lamp, through the opalized glass, though the filter, and then into the room. The tunnels were so constructed that they were interchangeable between the two boxes in order that a certain color could be shifted back and forth according to the random right - left relationship that was set up before the experiment commenced. Also the filters and opalized glass could be, and were, shifted between tunnels together and independently so that the horse would not respond to something he saw on or in the tunnels.

The filters used were Eastman Kodak Wraltan Gelatin Filters #29 and #74 (#29 - red, #74 - green). The absorption curves can be seen in Table I. The filters were five inches square. They were mounted between two pieces of clear glass and the perimeter bound with black photographic binding tape so that the resulting filter size was 4% x 4% inches.

Since some method of varying the brightness would be needed and since sufficient room to move the lamp in a tunnel away from the filter was not available a rheostat was decided upon. The great disadvantage to a rheostat is that it changes the wave-length of the lamp to which it is attached. However, the use of the rheostat was not considered detrimental for two reasons:

1. The use of a rheostat favors negative results and since negative results were not obtained it is thought that the rheostat was not detrimental.
2. The spectral energy curve on a tungsten lamp is relatively low in blue output and high in red output. As the voltage is dropped, as with a rheostat, the blue output and green output drop much more rapidly than the output in red; therefore the total energy or brightness not only drops but the relative blue and green as well, thus causing the light to look very red from such a lamp. Since the rheostat was always connected to the lamp that was behind the red filter (#29) there was no change in wave length of the color coming through this filter because while the rheostat changed the brightness of the light it also removed part of the blues and greens which this red filter would have done anyway. However, if the rheostat was hooked up to the lamp behind the green filter it would have removed most of the green wave lengths before the light reached the filter so that the green coming from the filter would have been missing certain portions of its spectral make-up. And there was a certain area of safety by using #29. Orange-red starts at about 550 mu and filter #29 filters out up to 610 mu so the rheostat could have removed from 550 mu to 610 mu without altering the wave lengths of the resulting color.

The rheostat used was a powerstat variable transformer — type 10. The lamps used were standard in-side frosted General Electric bulbs. Behind the green filter (#74) and a 25 watt lamp which operated with a color temperature of 2560° R and behind the red (#29) was a 100 watt lamp which operated with a color temperature of 2890° R. These lamps were replaced with new ones bi-monthly to insure maximum output.

After some preliminary investigation the following technique was adopted. Each horse was given an orientation period of 10 trials each to teach them to open the boxes for their grain. At the beginning of each trial the red and green light tunnels with the appropriate lamp was inserted into the box as prescribed by the chance order used throughout the experiment. Grain was put into each feed box (2 quarts per box) to eliminate the cue of smell. However, the negative box had its cover latched
Table II

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Color Pair</th>
<th>Horse</th>
<th>Positive Color</th>
<th>Trials Required</th>
<th>Trials of Over-Learning</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Red-Green</td>
<td>Melysses</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>312</td>
<td>55</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>187</td>
<td>70</td>
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</table>

III. METHOD AND RESULTS

A. Discrimination of a brightness difference

The first thing to do was to establish a discrimination of two colored lights differing both in hue and brightness. The rat's discrimination will be one of brightness difference. It was thought that this would also be true in the case of the horse, and if it wasn't true, then so much the easier.

Two horses, Melysses and Peter, were used in this portion of the experiment. Both were trained positive to the green color. The green had a 25-watt lamp for illumination and the red had a 100-watt lamp. The rheostat was not used in this portion of the experiment. To the human observer the red was quite bright and the green was obviously the duller of the two. It was thought that the horse, unlike the rat, would more readily discriminate on a brightness basis colored lights of unequal brightness. Thus, a 25-watt lamp had to be used behind the green since a 100-watt lamp would have made it the brightest color to the human eye, in which case the rheostat would have been worthless for the red color. Filters do not transmit, from equal amounts of white light projected upon them, their respective hues in equal amounts.

It should here be noted that learning was said to have taken place when 50 consecutive correct trials were completed.

Table II shows the number of trials needed for learning and the amount of over-learning:

Included in these relatively high numbers are the trials during which the experimenter was investigating a suitable means of teaching the horses what was expected of them. Fifty trials were expended before the previously described technique was employed.

The only explanation that can be given for Melysses slow learning is his rather advanced age.

B. Determination of the point of Subjective equality

Undoubtedly the most important single requirement in a study of color discrimination is the control of the brightness factor, since it is thought that the established discrimination is one of brightness difference, it should be possible to gradually vary the brightness of the red by means of the rheostat until a point is reached at which the discrimination of a brightness-difference is no longer possible. This point has been called "the point of subjective equality." The point of sub-

HIGH PASTURES MORGAN HORSE FARM
WOOSTOCK, VT.

Come and see our small band of Morgan horses. We have growing young stock, not for sale but a good sample of what we may expect to have for sale in our 1959 foals. If interested — better get your order in early!

MRS. HARRIET J. HILTS, owner

MARY TURGEON, Mgr.
TABLE III  P.S.E. Determinations*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>P.S.E. Determinations</th>
<th>Lights and Rheostat Setting in Percentage of 120 watt volt current.</th>
<th>Horses</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Red</td>
<td>Green</td>
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<td></td>
<td>100 watt at 90%</td>
<td>25 Volt</td>
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TABLE IV. Trials for Learning at the P.S.E.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Color Pair</th>
<th>Horse</th>
<th>Positive Color</th>
<th>Trials for Learning</th>
<th>Over-learning</th>
<th>Error</th>
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<tr>
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<td>26</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Admiral</td>
<td>Green</td>
<td>294</td>
<td>%</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

It is true that animals having formed a brightness-difference discrimination habit transfer to a discrimination involving hue differences only with great difficulty. However, due to a lack of horses in this particular barn it was necessary to keep one of the horses which learned the brightness discrimination on this next portion of the experiment, hue discrimination. Thus in this phase two horses were used — Peter and Admiral. The same criterion for learning was employed. Table IV presents the data on the learning at the point of subjective equality.

The experiment had to be brought to a close before Admiral reached the criterion of learning; however, he did attain 84% correct responses over the last 50 trials and it is thought that in time he would have reached 100%

One may say that the reason for learning at the P.S.E. was because it was not the P.S.E. at all and that it was still a brightness discrimination. Perhaps there was a slight difference which the horses learned to discriminate over the training period. To check this possibility a total of 50 trials were run on Peter. The rheostat was varied above and below the P.S.E.

TABLE IV. Trials for Learning at the P.S.E.
level of 52% in ½% steps, that is 52½%, 51½%, 53%, 53½%, 50½%, up to 55% and down to 48%. In the entire 50 trials there was not one incorrect response. It is hardly possible that finer steps than a ½% should have been used since this change in brightness went unnoticed by the human observer. It is of course, possible that the horse is more sensitive to brightness differences than is the human individual, but this is not likely.

IV. Conclusion

Horses seem to possess the ability to discriminate red and green, and if they can perceive these two colors the chances are that they can perceive and discriminate other colors. Great care was taken to exclude secondary cues; great care was taken to accurately determine the P.S.E.; the filters and lamps were of such high quality that it was known just what stimuli affected the horse so that it is fairly certain that these horses responded to color on a wave length basis. However, a larger number of horses would definitely prove the point more effectively.

Trail To Freedom

(Continued from Page 7)

Gan was still in the wash. He raised his head feebly a time or two and dropped back down, groaning and breathing hard. But the heritage of the Morgan horse is guts, and given a chance it will show through, and by midnight he made the great effort and came to his feet to stand, wide of foot and shaky, like a newborn colt. Stiffness had set up in him, and a jumping soreness ran along all his muscles, and in many places swelling had tightened the hide and made it shiny. The muscle of his shoulder and leg shuddered with a pain felt above all the other soreness, and blood oozed from the torn wound, to run down his leg and over his hoof. Blood matted the hair of his side where he had lain in it, and there was an offset in his neck forward of the crest.

He looked into the blackness down the wash and tried to move, but the mangled flesh of leg and shoulder would not let him down hill, and he turned stiffly around to find that he could move some up grade. Walls of the wash here were too high and straight even for an active horse, and he moved slowly along the bottom, stopping often to rest. Had the wash drained a draw or a gulch instead of the basin it likely would have pinched together too close for him to move, but coming from the basin it started wide and flat, and in an hour he found himself back where the fight had started. No sound or smell of horses was on the air and he stood wide braced, silently standing the pain. He put his head to the ground and picked at the grass which was less sparse here than on the face of the hills, but grazing was too painful and at last he stood, low-headed and silent.

In the morning fever was in him and a great want for water, and he tried many times before he could move. The knee joint was too swollen for action and he hobbled slowly, dragging the toe of the injured leg. He picked at the grass again for a moment but no moisture came to his mouth when he chewed and his throat was too dry to swallow. It took him an hour to go the hundred or so yards...
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through the fold in the hills and out again to the face of them, and he stood for a long while looking from glazed, pain-deadened eyes across the miles. He did not know where to go, nor how to get there, and the slow hours turned away with the fever growing hotter in him, and the yellow grease building up in the wound in his leg. No rider hunting him would ever stop for a second look now. There was not a mustang on the range that looked as bad. In the afternoon he saw a band of horses moving into the mountain at a trot, traveling single file and seemingly with purpose, and he chukkered feebly and moved toward them. They went from his sight into a canyon to the south, but he kept trying to reach where he had seen them last, sidling awkwardly and in great pain around the face of the hill, unable to go down, but able to climb slightly. The horses were long gone when he reached the canyon, but the smell of their passing was still upon the ground, and a trail was there, plain to follow and not too steep. And though two days ago he would not have known enough to follow it, today it showed him a way to travel and find horses, and was another page in his education. For a mustang trail is a marvel of engineering in grade and elevation, seldom giving up a foot of altitude gained on its winding way to the pass. The Morgan called faintly and followed the tracks, agony wracking him with every stumbling step. But darkness came again, and he stopped for a long time, glad of the early chill, but shivering from it later on. He heard the sound of horses again, coming up from behind, and he was about to call when there came the ringing snort of another stallion, and he stumbled from the trail into the cedars, moving faster than he had all day. As the bunch went by, the stallion stopped to sniff the air and send his challenge into the night. Then he went on and the Morgan stood trembling and afraid, and did not move for a long time.

He did not know where he was going or why, but he was lonely and afraid, and wanted to be near other horses, and once again he followed the trail, and in the gray light of dawn he looked over the pass, but he did not look far at the great land there, for death was coming near to him, and the fever burned and dehydrated. He had been too long without water. He still had a want to live and to keep moving, and where the trail sidled around the mountain and into a shaggy gulch, he followed. The throbbing in his swollen leg echoed the beat of his heart and there was a sickness raging through his body burning up the flesh. And though he had been too fat when he left the ranch, he looked shrunken and hollow now.

He stumbled and fell, the bad leg

---

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folding back under him, and he slid on his side for a ways down the mountain, groaning, and the breath grunted into him and out, and he struggled twice to rise, but could not make it and finally lay still. Flies gathered on his wounds and along his lips, and he did not twitch to shake them off, the ebb of vitality being low within him. But soon the throbbing came back, and the jolting pain, and he struggled again and came up on his legs to stand wide braced for long minutes. Then he moved again, angling slowly up to get back on the trail, and the gulch flattened out some on three sides while towering ledges hung over it from the other, and from a low crack in the stone, water bled to catch in a muddy pocket at the bottom. The earth was churned to muck by the many hooves that had trodden there, and a sour, brackish smell was in the mud. But water was there and the Morgan went to it, in stumbling, ungraciously agony. But he could not reach deep enough to get his nose in it, and in panic he spread his front legs far apart and ahead of him to get down, and the mud let them out from under him and he slid into the hole with his nose deep in the water. He sucked up the coolness of it run into his stomach, and when he tried to breath he could not raise his head high enough and nearly drowned there in only a foot of water. He convulsed with what was left of his strength and got his good foot under him and somehow came to stand with his front feet in the water hole, and he stood swaying there, strangled, and coughing up the water he had pulled into his lungs, and when the spasm passed he drank again, able to reach the water now that his feet were lower than the surface of it. Long minutes passed before he was full, and only then did he taste and smell the brackishness of it. Here without the help of man he started his fight for survival. He let his body down into the small pool again, putting his head on the edge, and the coolness of the water and the mucky clay seemed to cut down the fever, and he lay there somewhere between coma and sleep, and the day went by, turning from hot to the cool of evening.

Other horses came, looking into the pool from far back to see that all was clear, and snorted at sight of the prone body of the Morgan there, and left to follow the trail over the long miles to the next water.

In the morning sunlight spilled over the skyline to run down the slopes and find him still there in the water, and shivering, and as the sun's warmth found him he made his try and at last came up onto his feet. There seemed more strength in him this morning and less fever, but his leg was swollen almost to the bursting point, and caked with thick mud, and each throb of his heart jolted down through the length of it. He pulled long and deep at the water again and used his good legs to get out of the hole, a thick layer of soreness being over all his body when he moved. He almost went down again, slipping in the mud, and the swollen leg would not fold at the knee.

But he moved on around the mountain to where the grass had not been trodden out by ponies coming in to water and he grazed, getting not too far from the water hole, and feeling the soreness fade a little as he moved about. But he moved on around the mountain to where the grass had not been trodden out by ponies coming in to water and he grazed, getting not too far from the water hole, and feeling the soreness fade a little as he moved about. But the leg kept swelling in the muscle below the shoulder, and it grunted with pain each time he moved. Flesh had melted from him in an unbelievable amount since he left the ranch,
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the fight and the fever and the days without water taking their toll, and the once round back showed a backbone now, and the tops of ribs showed through and the crest of the neck had gone, leaving it thin and long looking. But he was finding enough grass to slow down his hunger.

All the excitement was gone now, and the fun of being free, and he remembered the clean white stalls he had known before he came to this land and the good food, and the gentle hands that cared for him. He remembered the low log barn back at the ranch, and the slow, easy voice of the tall man, and he wished to be back there. But the miles were too long between, and his bad leg would not let him down hill out of these mountains, and most of his spirit was gone. Now mostly he wanted to get rid of the pain in his leg and find enough to eat. Already he had found that true freedom is not a thing easily come by, and it costs more in blood and tears than a life of servitude, and the fight to stay free never ends. He found too that freedom for him had its drawbacks, and he would find out that there were many more that he had not yet seen.

He stood for hours in the shade in the afternoon, too sick to move, but in the evening thirst pointed him back to the water hole, and he moved slowly that way. Other ponies were watering when he got there, the colts splashing and playing in the mud, and the ringing snort of the stallion with the band warned him back, and he moved with more haste than at any time since the fight, grunting from the pain that the effort cost him. He waited long after they had gone before he came in, and he flipped the green scum back with his lip before he drank, and again the coolness of the water revived him, though the briskness of it was still hard to take. He let himself down slowly into the mud with his bad leg under him, and the mud cooled the fever above and below the open wound, and he stayed there long after dark, finally to stagger to his feet and move out onto the slope of the mountain. He tried to graze, but it cost him too much to move around in the dark. He stood wide braced, and with his head hanging low he slept, the hide on his leg being too tight to twitch at the feel of the night insects.

In the morning he had his head down to the water and did not hear the bunch come in. But he heard the
challenge of the stud and tried to quit the water. He was far too slow and once more felt the fury of a range stallion turned loose on him. It was no more than a flurry though, the mustang only wanting him out of the way to bring in his mares, and he ran the Morgan out into the cedars, pushing him hard into the snags of one before he turned back to his bunch, and the Morgan stood there trembling and sick, watching the yellow grease run down and onto the ground from the hole that a cedar twig had punched in the wound of his swollen leg. Nausea hit him, and more pain than he could bear at first, but as the minutes ran on and the wound continued to drain it came to him that the pressure was leaving his leg, and the nerves there stopped their screaming, and after the others had gone he went back in and drank his fill and lay in the mud again. By afternoon he had grazed much more than the day before, moving farther back from the water hole, and when his wound began to itch he worried it with his teeth, scraping off the caked mud and it drained again, and by evening he found that he could bend his knee just a little, and the kink in his neck was beginning to straighten out, making it easier for him to feed. Horses were at the water when he went back, and he saw the hammer-headed buckskin that had whipped him, and he remembered and stayed silent and out of sight while the ponies drank quickly, and moved quickly out, and he had his evening drink and a short rest in the mud before he went out onto the mountain again. When the itch of healing came, he scraped it with his teeth, and again the wound drained clean and he put a little weight on his foot and the pressure drained more matter and he grazed some during the night, the grass tasting mighty good to him now.

He was little more than a wrack of bones by now, and the hair of him was rough and flat of color and deep ground in with mud, and the light in his eye was still half dead, but the fever had left him and the swelling in his leg was getting less and he was hungry all the time. He ranged out farther from the water hole, finding the better grass high on the slopes, and one day he looked beyond the moun-

Note: We apologize for the picture of the Orcutt's new barn in our December issue which was, through error, printed upside down. — The Editor

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Morgan still remembered too well his
hold his few mares together. And the
bands was a stallion, strong and tough,
and willing to fight or even kill to
hold his few mares together. And the
Morgan still remembered too well his
fight with the hammer-headed buckskin.
He found that each trail went
somewhere and did not wander aimlessly at all,
and the mustangs all traveled pretty much alike,
seldom stopping to graze when they had some-
where to go, and when they did graze they left the trail
and fanned out on the hill where they could keep an eye
on the land below. The stallion usually grazed a little apart from the mares
and was watchful at all times, even
tain and saw the horizon, a long look
away, with sand dunes and hills between,
and the air clean and bright and thin, and the heart in him became
big again and he wanted to live. He
learned to stand on a ridge or a sky-
line in the afternoon where the wind
could reach him and keep away the
insects, and he learned to put his head
into the cedar branches when the wind
did not blow, keeping the gnats out of
his eyes. The lameness left him a little
more each day, and he worked to the
higher passes, a want being in
him to see the other side of each ridge.
He saw bands of wild horses every
day, and felt his yearn to join them,
but the spark of fight had not come
back yet and he stood on his ridge and
watched them graze and drift, and
graze some more. One day when he
had worked out onto the face of the
range he saw ridden horses, scarcely
more than dots across the miles, run-
ning after a band, and he watched
them out of sight. Excitement came
to him and he wanted to run, but he
stood there on his lame leg and knew
that the time was not yet. That night
after the excitement had gone he
thought of barns and mangers, and
firmed grooming hands. He thought of
screened stalls and clean, fresh grain,
and the smell of hay well cured, and
he was homesick and lonely and the
call of freedom was not so strong. But
when morning came he looked into
the tall sky and pulled in the cool air
as he limped along the trail to the
water hole, and the wilderness was in
him again. He was not breathing so
shallow anymore. The fat that had
crowded his lungs was all gone and the
air he pulled in went deep, pushing
those lungs out where they belonged,
and this time when the flesh came back
the lungs would be working hard
enough to keep big and free for air.

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South Woodstock, Vermont
staying pretty much alert while the mares and colts slept on a ridge in the afternoon. The Morgan found on the skylines where the rocks were not too thick, there were big dust pits where the horses rolled, and it was easy to see that they spent many hours at these places, bedding down for the nights. He rolled in these pits himself, the fine dust scrubbing out his coat and he checked over the big cones of droppings stacked up by the passing stallions, finding them often under high branched cedars where the stud could stand and watch the land for a long, long way. He found that some of these trails led to water and he began to notice the lay of the country where the water was to be found. He longed for cold clear water again, but this part of the range held none, and he learned that no miles would be too long to travel even for this brackish stuff. For these soggy holes were the only hope of life in a harsh land.

In the days that came he learned to like the feel of his expanding muscles when he pulled up a grade, and he felt bigger than in the old days even though he was still thin. His eyes were round and clear again, and light was in them, and on his skylines he stood proud, with an arch to his neck as he had done so many times when shown on a halter. And the last sure sign of his returning vigor was the sheen that had come back to his coat, for even through the dust haze that was upon him after he rolled, the shine of the mahogany hair showed through. He ranged far and wide now, and he learned to work the north side of the slopes where the sun had not scorched the grass, and he learned that he did not need a swallow of water after every few minutes of feeding as he had done in the old days. But he still hunted up a water hole each morning and evening though the mustangs hit them only once a day, and this kept him mostly on the move, and though he did not pick up weight too fast he sure did harden up the flesh that was on him. The muscles roped out and stood each segregated from the other, sculptured under the silk of his hair, and one cool morning late in summer he squealed and bucked clear across the floor of a basin. He felt so good he just couldn’t stand it.

(To be continued)
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<tr>
<th>THREE WINDS FARM</th>
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<td>Home of BLACK SAMBO DENNISFIELD</td>
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<td>Useful Morgans for Pleasure, Work and/or Show.</td>
<td>AT STUD: Senator Graham — Top Flight Flyhawk (retired) Morgan of all ages for sale.</td>
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<td>Breeders of Morgan Type Morgans for Disposition — Stamina — Conformation</td>
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<td>Yes, we always have Morgans to sell.</td>
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<th>WOODS and WATER FARMS</th>
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<td>WALTER and RHEDA KANE South Lyon, Michigan</td>
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O. C. R. 9089 HURRICANE LAKE
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Yearlings and 15 weanlings for sale.
Over 65 Top Morgans.
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FOR SALE: Dark bay registered Morgan filly by Upwey Ben Don out of Dottie Irene 07114. Placed second in mare foal class at All Morgan show in Randolph, Vt., Sept. 6, 1958. SHIRLEY LOCKE, West Brattleboro, Vt.


FOR SALE: 7 year old registered Morgan mare. Chestnut with white markings. Good pleasure horse and a real pet. Sound and clever, Price $850.00. Also a few yearlings for sale. Visitom welcome. HIGHLAND TACK SHOP, Chester, N. H. Tel. Tulp 7-3818.

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WANTED: Well trained registered Morgan horse; mare or gelding. Must be sound and well mannered. NORMAN ARTER, 168 Prospect Street, Shrewsbury, Mass. VI 2-3541.

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