

The Morgan

35¢

February, 1952

HORSE



TWO DAYS ... *A 1952 Cowboy tells his story*

COLTS -- Feeding and Raising

BRAUNS .. Northwest Morgans



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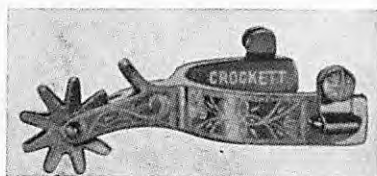
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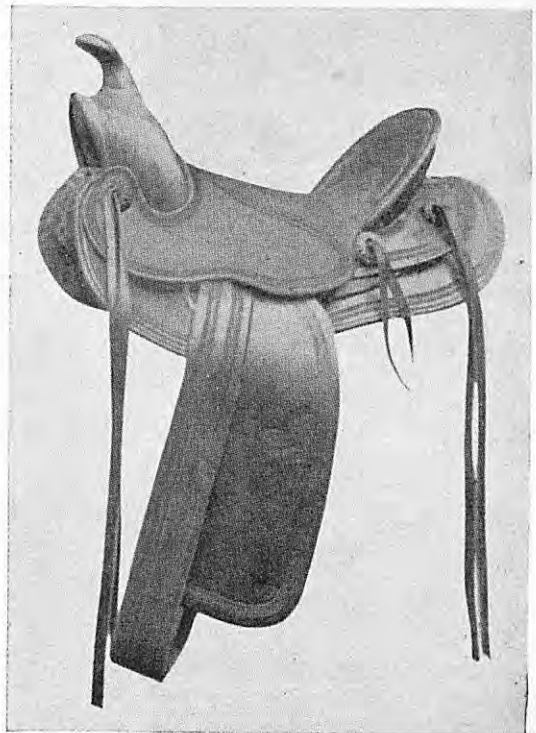
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At Right: Prize No. 17
BOYS WESTERN SADDLE



Prize No. 2—CROCKETT ALUMINUM SPURS



22/3

Letters to the Editors

Dear Sir:

This little horse, Quicksilver, a half Morgan, is just seven months old. The October issue had a picture of Gallant Lad, and since Quicksilver is one of his daughters thought you might find her interesting. This colt was foaled palomino color with a red mane—her tail had a red streak. At the age of four weeks we noticed her mane was growing white; today, all the red is gone except a little on the ends of the hairs in the tail. She is really quite flashy wearing Lad's white stockings and strip and her white mane and tail.



Quicksilver

Quicksilver and her dam, Babe, who is a western type saddle mare, were shown twice in mare and foal classes and winning the blue each time. They were also "cover girls" for the Farm and Garden section of the Watertown Times.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Philip Howard
Black River Road
Watertown, New York

Good for Twelve

Dear Sirs:

I have heard that a Morgan is stiff on turning corners and he jolts the rider. Is that true? I sure hope not, because I love Morgans better than any other breed.

(Continued on Page 5)

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**His neigh is like the bidding of a monarch,
and his countenance enforces homage.**

-- King Henry V

The Editor's Comments

By THOMAS FAY WALSH

in Professional Horseman's Association "News"

If you race or show horses, play polo or engage in any sport, you automatically become a member of a very high caste. For you can wear no prouder caste mark, nor bear a more noble appellation, than to have sportsman or woman written after your name.

From time immemorial this illustrious caste has been divided into two major classes—amateur and professional and with amateur has also gone that elastic cognomen "gentleman."

As neophytes the caste accepts both classes at their face value. Money, higher education, or social position have little to do with it; for sportsmanship is innate, something made from the very essence of life itself.

Amateur and gentleman are not synonymous as one would think, for many charlatans have, and still use these terms as a cloak behind which to hide. An amateur may have a professional heart in the worst sense of those words, while the professional may be motivated by that intangible quality that stamps one anywhere and under all conditions a gentleman, and there is no more splendid title borne by man.

By their actions and betraying tongues one may easily recognize those who "belong," and those who, despite apparent breeding and genteel background, are outside the pale. There is no half way, you either belong or you do not. For once the caste mark is upon you it directs your conduct more rigidly than the severest taboo. It is a religion in itself. You remain a brahmin or become a pariah, your actions alone decide. For sportsmanship is an essence that cannot be diluted. If tried it exposes a sham gentleman or woman.

You are now in the oldest and most far reaching fellowship on earth, something that embraces all nations, all people, and this means racing, horse shows, hunting, yachting, tennis, baseball, football, golf,—sport in all its countless ramifications. And the first and greatest of all your commandments is—play the game—not for monetary gain alone, but unselfishly, for love of the sport. For once monetary gain, which spells selfishness, becomes dominant, it ceases to be sport; the glamour is sadly dimmed.

Although it may provoke laughter among your friends, a mis-spoken word may spoil the whole day for those in the car parked near you or the strangers on the rail, who perhaps are watching their loved ones perform. Remember there was a time when you were green and awkward, and how a kindly sporting phrase brings fresh enthusiasm.

Play the game remembering courage is not all, for the savage beast has courage, and the desperate criminal also. With it must go good temper, patience and tolerance, and the greatest gift the gods have given man: Laughter—kind laughter. Play the game; uphold your individual caste with the reverence due your religion. Talk and act straight, without subterfuge or evasion. For sportsmanship is but another name for chivalry, with all its ancient allure and romance modernized.

The laws of the caste follow you into your private life. They guide your conduct toward your family and especially your servants. Here is where breeding meets a daily test, your attitude toward those dependent upon you, or the youngsters who are striving to learn the game, who rely on you for example.



Three young mares looking over a barway is something to delight the heart of any Morgan man or woman.

So, in this period of hibernation—from horse activities, that is—we're running it as our cover in the hopes that it will give all you readers a lift and strengthen the hope that spring is just around the corner.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 4)

I entered the Morgan Colt Contest. I am twelve years old and have wanted a horse since I was four more than anything else in the world. I have tried just about everything to get one, but something always goes wrong. Every night I pray that God will give me a horse, because Mother can't afford to buy me one as a good one costs about \$250.00. We have a swell place to keep one and Mom is hoping I can get one because she loves them too. She wants me to be a horsewoman if I want to. I read all the horse books I can get my hands on and tudy every night about anatomy, muscle and the skeleton, etc., until I know them by heart. I want to know all there is to know about horses and brother such names as the muscles have! I have a hard time pronouncing them, but I make out. I hope to go to one of those colleges of horsemanship when I am older.

God won't let me have a horse till I am good, so I try hard to be good so He'll give me one. If I'm not lucky enough to win a colt, PLEASE tell me of any contest or any way possible for me to get a horse free.

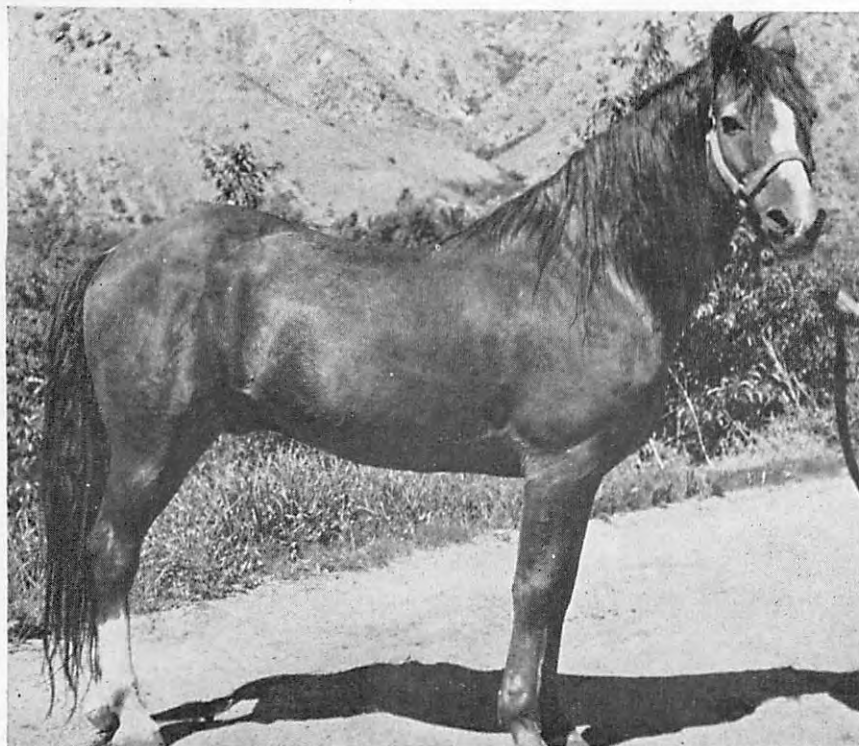
Yours truly,
Denise Stephens

Egg Horse

Dear Sir:

As I was looking at the MORGAN HORSE Magazine, I noticed that it was to be a monthly instead of a bi-monthly. As you can imagine my

(Continued on page 15)

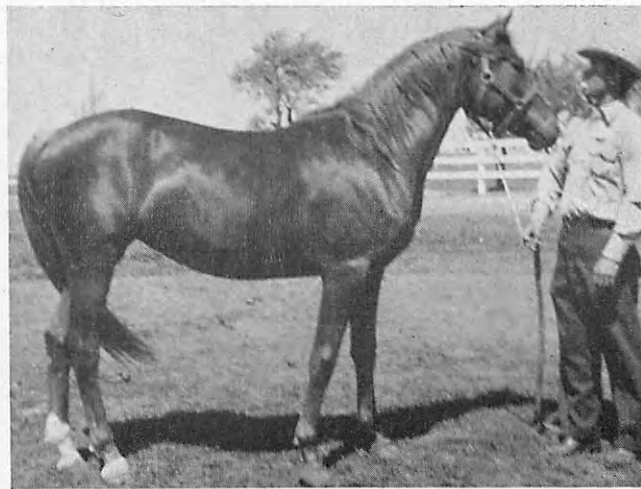
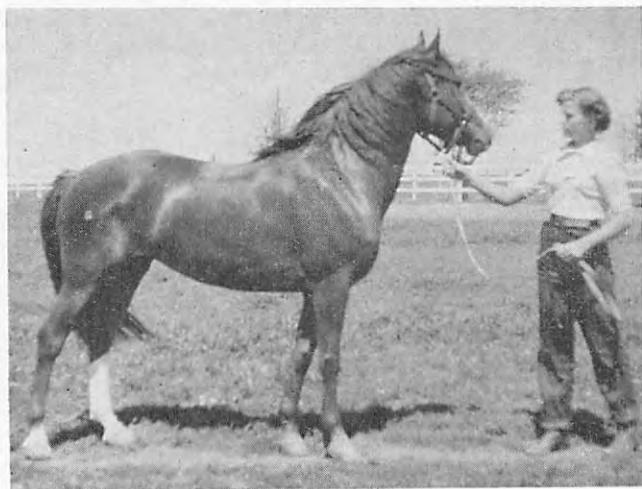


Pomulus by Escort out of Aroloma.
Headman in the Brauns stud, full of years
but still getting good colts.



The Brauns Family and **Northwest Morgans**

By SUMNER KEAN



A pair of young mares, Red Bess and Red Lass by Redman. Girl at right is Karin Brauns, one of the two accomplished young horsewomen in the family.

Twenty years ago Barclay Brauns of Wenatchee, Washington, attended a rodeo in Waterville. Brauns, an easterner and a Harvard man, was getting accustomed to rodeos, but their fascination never palled. So that day in 1932 he was taking it all in—the familiar display of roping, pole bending, bull riding, bronc riding. In short, all the color and life and noise and dust that goes with a western rodeo.

Horses were there by the score—Arabs, Paint and Palomino.

But one animal took his eye. This was a high-headed, well-set-up bay, which he later learned was called Pomulus. It was love at first sight; and Brauns did some investigating. He had never heard of Morgans but when he learned that Pomulus was of that breed he immediately cotted to it. He found out that Pomulus was by Escort out of Aroloma, generally of Black-Hawk blood. In his heyday the name of General Gates appeared three times. The animal then belonged to Harold Brail.

Brauns liked very much everything he had seen, everything he had heard about the little horse, but an expanding northwest apple business clamored for his time. And it was not until seven years ago when a pair of rapidly growing daughters were appealing for horses that he gave thought to Pomulus — and Morgans.

He wrote to the Morgan Horse club for a list of breeders in the West. He and his wife and the two girls took numerous long trips in the family station wagon. The first Morgans were three Redman foals, Red Bess, Red Lass and Etna—the last for Susan Eskil, a member of the Brauns family. The three fillies were yearlings. Brauns also bought a red Vermont filly, but she was killed tragically when she reared and caught her foot in the crotch of a tree and was hanged. It was necessary to get another to replace her, and finally a filly by Sheik F out of Laydee, named Ladybelle was obtained.

The Brauns live in horse country; but despite this, their accumulated horse knowledge was meager. Nevertheless, father, and two daughters handled the colts for a year before they wisely turned them over to a professional, Bingham, who broke them to ride and drive and taught both girls to ride. Barclay Brauns had owned horses as a youngster and quickly "came back."

About this time the Appleatchee



A Palomino Morgan foal shown just before he shed his light fuzz.

Riders, Inc., was formed in Wenatchee and now has membership in 300 families. It started as a small group and grew in 1948 when a labor camp was purchased. Each member who wished to have a stable for his animals paid \$50 for a share of stock. Old buildings, 20 x 100, were cut into five and altered to fit a pattern. These were set up in a row, bordering a flat terrain, bounded by Rocky Mountains, to form a picturesque show ground. The riders are members of the Washington Horsemen's Association, which includes all clubs in the state, grouped together for mutual benefit in the matter of publicity, shows and other activities.

In addition to the shows, the riders in small and large groups hold week-end rides along the hills bordering the Columbia Gorge—some of the most beautiful country in the United States.

While all this was going on, Barclay Brauns had not forgotten his first Morgan love—Pomulus. The horse was then owned, 1948, by Hale Quigley of Ellensburg and Brauns bought it. Last year when I was in Washington, Brauns showed him to me.

Pomulus was then an old horse but still possessed a world of Morgan

Mardy Vermont by Red Vermont



characteristics. He had at that time sired two outstanding colts, a stud, Keystone out of Red Lass, a filly out of Siskiyou Girl, and a filly out of Etna. The first two are now two years old. Other colts on the Brauns ranch were a Palomino by Herod out of Dawnglo who is the dam of their young mare, Mardy Vermont. Pomulus, with Siskiyou Girl and Red Lass has proven the best nick in the Brauns breeding program. Two more colts resulted last July and both mares are again in foal to him. The Brauns horses have excellent pasture, plenty of good water and hills and valleys in which to range.

Just as the Brauns' Morgans have progressed and gone on to win in model and performance classes in the northwest, so have the two Brauns daughters, Elsa and Karin.

These girls are excellent riders and what is more are horsewomen to the core. Kind and considerate of their mounts, they would rather pass up a class than overwork a tired horse. I saw them both win in close competition—competing with professionals, asking no quarter, and giving none.

As 1951 rolled to a close, Karin could look back on seven shows in which she had won six blues. Elsa rode in five junior classes and came away with three blues and a third ribbon.

Barclay Brauns, who is the president of the Pacific Northwest Morgan Horse Club, a position he won by acclaim last May, is keenly interested in showing the Morgan in the Northwest states. Because membership in the club is so widely scattered it is difficult for them to meet often. However, the officers of the organization are Morgan stalwarts and do much to promote the breed in such widely scattered areas as Marvin Jeppesen in Keating, Oregon; R. L. Van Pelt, Jr. in Kirkland; Gladys Koehne in Bothel. Other members reside in Idaho, Washington, Montana, and Oregon; and although their effort are widely separated during the year, they look forward to the annual show at Pullman, Washington, for the big get-together.

Such a family as the Brauns with interests of parents and daughters alike; such a pleasure organization as the Appleatchee Riders; and such horses as the Morgans should do much to promote good fellowship and good horses in their corner of the country.



TWO DAYS

In two Parts

By ERN PEDLER

Part One

I've sometimes thought, from the western stories I've read that folks must get a mighty queer opinion of the west. The Cowboy is generally described as having "slate grey eyes," or "blue ice eyes," or "flinty eyes," he has a face rugged as rimrock, and is a six gun artist with no equal, killing on the slightest provocation. He supposedly is a livestock man, but spends much more time brawling in the saloons or chasing hordes of rustlers, than he does raising cattle.

In contrast to these are the Sunday paper magazine section writers who say that the old west is gone, that the American cowboy is a thing of the past. They tell you that the cowboy has been replaced by the airplane and helicopter, and that the rancher now herds his cows from the air. To be sure, some of the outfits own planes to cover the long distances, or to survey the feed situation in a hurry.

But I have a mental picture of a cowboy landing a plane in a bunch of rock ledges so he can chase on foot a half dozen calves, with a rope in one hand, a piggin' string in his mouth and a hot branding iron over his shoulder. Some branding and earmarking is still done on the range. I can see him step from his helicopter, dressed like a movie cowboy, adjust his tie, wipe the dust from his boots, and then dive into a patch of scrub oak. With practiced skill he catches an old range cow, twists her down easily with one hand, while he doctors her caked udder with the other, tripping her newborn calf with one foot and dopping its navel to keep away screw flies.

I think of these things and I grin, and I'm happy I know that there are many jobs to do and many places to go where the horse is still by far the most practical, and in many cases the only possible thing to use, even in 1952. Picture some thrifty rancher moving his stock from one section of range to another, many miles distant. He runs the lathering cows at top speed mile after mile, spooking them along with the roar of his plane as he buzzes down over them again and again, and he melts hundreds of pounds of beef from them at present prices. This of course is the same rancher who has cussed the boys out for chasing a calf horseback once in a while for roping practice.

The west I see and know is a land where men even with plain brown eyes and kind faces are tough as leather from hard riding and hard work, even if they've never killed a man or two. They are men with hopes and dreams, and humor. They are good men, and bad men are few. The country runs from great rolling grass lands to rugged mountains, to sage flats and desert. It runs to strange colored wonderlands, to bad lands jumbled and broken, and to some it has a strange call, a sweet nostalgia that lives with a man all his days.

In the following account I write (with participles dangling at all angles and my meager education showing through) of two days in the life of an average young rancher, a tough day and a good day. It is true of him and hundreds just like him scattered through the western states.

It is the west I see and know.

In the half dark he checked his saddle bags, then picked the saddle up by the fork and swung it onto his snorting "Cougar" horse, a powerful Morgan, so named for his cat-like action and smooth grace. As he snapped the latigo strap tight, the pony humped his back and circled nervously in the snow, sounding rollers through his nose and sucking his belly up from the cold touch of the rear cinch. The man grabbed the horn and raised himself to the stirrup, and as he swung into the saddle the pony buried his nose and began to unravel, high, hard, spine cracking jumps clear to the end of the lane, and Leo with his boots slick with snow was riding hard to stay on top until he hauled the pony's head up. He offered the pony a few sincere words of criticism, and swung in the saddle to wave to his wife, outlined in the window by the lamp-light behind her.

It was warmer this morning, with the wind pushing against him strong from the south. The pony snorted at every step until he warmed up and his hair laid down. Leo felt the good power under him, and the long swinging walk that rolled the blue sage by in a changing endless pattern. It was good to ride this morning. There was no frost glitter and the snow was beginning to pack. He hummed a tuneless tune in answer to the wind and the snow wrapped hills, and the silent mountains that had their pull on him now as they had always done. These were the things that made him, the widening valleys, the cedar black hills and the commanding peaks, and the summer's blistering heat nor the winter's stiffening cold could not drive him away, because there was an answering call in him. It was him.

The white face of a newborn hereford calf, the reckless play of a colt, the feel of saddle leather, and the breath-taking action of the range horses held him and made up for the many things he would never own.

He thought of the thirteen head of cows he had not yet found to tally up his herd of 211. He watched the bunching shoulder muscles of his Cougar horse as he pushed steadily up and over the top of Pine canyon in a good twenty inches of snow. In the pass the wind pulled through hard, and he dropped a little down the other side before he stopped. He put the glasses to the country, scanning the mountains for any off color or

movement of objects, paying particular attention to any dark patches on the ridges and the thick chaparral tangles. He saw them then on a slope facing him and a good three miles away. He counted them, and knew this would be his last high altitude riding for the winter. They were all there. He thought to eat his can of beans, and grain the gelding, but the wailing of the wind warned him on, and he stepped up into the saddle and rode again.

He noticed the lull in the wind as he rode around his hungry cattle, and in the few minutes it took to push them out of the clearing they had packed down, the air moved again with a hollow sound from the north, and the snow came. Gaunt, weary cattle moved along, balked, and filed on again whipped by the increasing wind and the snow. He drove them hard, knowing that time would wear thin before he pushed them over the pass, knowing that cattle left deep in these mountains tomorrow would still be here next spring, dead. The pitch of the mountains grew steeper and the roughness of the country increased. Cattle hunkered under the towering rocks and ledges, and would not move. He hollered through the shrieking wind, he bit into their shaggy rumps with the bull whip, pushing crowding. The cows brushed up on him trying to hide from the searching wind. He dug them out, shouldering them along with the horse, up the heavy grade. He reached up with squinting eyes looking for the pass and could not see it through the driving snow. He felt the steady shove of the wind against him, making him brace himself in the saddle. He felt the cold settle into him and his skin pulled tight across his cheek bones, his body packed itself against the cold, and the wind pulled the tears from his eyes, freezing them along the line of his jaw. He knew that he would need to get through soon.

The Cougar horse was glazed with snow, and the ice hung to Leo's chaps, cracking like glass when he bent his knees. He rode ahead, breaking trail a hundred feet at a time, coming back to push the dead-weary cattle on, and even in the paralyzing cold he worried about the horse, knowing that he asked too much.

The exhausted cattle slobbered, and the slobber turned to ice. He was tired from swinging the bull whip, he was tired from bucking the snow on foot, helping the horse break trail, and above all he was cold until he felt that his

bones would crack. He wanted to leave the cows, to give them to the storm and get himself over the pass and out of the mountain. He wanted to be home with his feet in the oven, with a slice of fresh bread and butter in one hand and a *Morgan Magazine* in the other, but he stayed, and pushed, and moved on again. He kicked ice out of the stirrup and climbed on and rode to rest himself. He got off and bucked snow again to rest the horse and warm himself. A cow went down and stayed, and would not be whipped up, and he went on with the wind and snow slapping at his face, and numbing his hands and feet. He thought of an article in the last Sunday paper he had seen, "Gone from the western range is the cowboy and his inseparable horse, gone are the chaps and jingling spurs, closing a chapter in the history of the west. The modern rancher rides herd in an airplane, speeding up the work and riding many many more miles than the cowboy of old."

His thoughts called for a grin, but his cold face could not answer as he thought: "I wish that Jasper was here now with his plane trying to snake these cows over this pass." In the same paper was a notice stating that all private and commercial planes were grounded in that area due to violent weather.

The cows turned and tried to come by him, and the wind nearly smashed him from the saddle, and in the half dark he saw the pass just above him. He blocked the trail, forcing the weary cattle to face the storm. Foot by foot he crowded them up. The wind screamed over the divide in mighty force, and he had to put his face behind the collar of his old sheepskin mackinaw to breathe. The cattle huddled hard together, trying to turn their rumps to the gale. He worked frantically, feeling the cold and stiffness bore through and through, and in the awful battle he won, and started them down the other side. He knew he ought to leave the downed cow and get the hell out of these mountains, but he was a cowboy, with all that it meant, and he went back. She was still down, no more than two hundred feet below the pass. He looked at her a long moment and said through stiffened lips, "Cow, didn't you ever hear about the Donner Party? They quit just under a pass too, and mostly died."

He fumbled at his rope, broke the ice from the keeper strap buckle, and
(Continued on page 24)

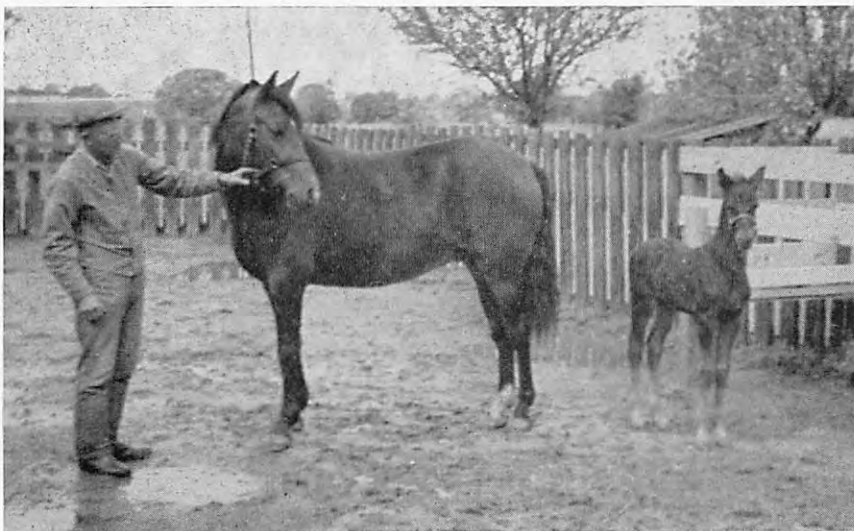


Mr. White and Dawn Melody then a week old. Dawn is now a strapping stallion.



How they raise 'em and feed 'em in Folsom, Calif.

By WILBUR WHITE



Mr. White with his beautiful bay mare, Shawnee also taken in 1947 with her stud foal Melody.



Magazine reading, experiment station and U. S. D. A. bulletins, talks with silver-haired "old" timers and rosy cheeked "new" timers influence our way of raising colts. Any ideas or information are sorted over and what seems good and reasonable and which *can* be used by us are added to our store of knowledge and may vary slightly from time to time, in our way of doing.

We do not claim that our way is the best or by any means, the only way. Each owner must be governed by the time available, money, abilities, love for, and understanding of their horse friends.

My greatest shortages are money and time. I work outside to earn a living. An average day begins at 4:15 a.m. Two horses are curried, brushed and combed every morning, but one of them is always the principal friend, the senior stallion, Silver Dan. He is groomed very carefully and completely both because he is kept in an inside box and because he has repeatedly shown his primary business in life as looking after and worrying about me.

All are fed, cleaned out and watered. The other Morgan folks have their individual barns and corrals.

Everytime I am with them an automatic check of their condition is made. I find the development of the "noticing eye" of great value. A flash look indicates how their stomachs are working and how they handle their food, whether they are wasting it or cleaning it up and its effect on them. Is it too laxative? Does it work the opposite way? Is the amount of material voided excessive, about normal or too scanty?

Young animals of any kind, including human, are very easily upset as a result of overfeeding, wrong or tainted foods, or too radical a change in feed.

We feed hay of our own growing mostly—about three quarters red oat hay and one quarter or less of home grown, tender, leafy alfalfa.

A small quantity of grain is fed twice a day. A handful of dry, red wheat bran is added about every other day, and during cool weather a handful of linseed oil meal is added about every third feed.

Plenty of fresh well water is kept before all. Dan has had a bucket set inside his stall door on the floor for eleven years and has only tipped it over twice. While I am working

three times during the day, as a rule, my wife checks the water, hands out a small amount of alfalfa at noon and makes liberal use of kind words and some petting.

Linseed meal is fairly well liked. It is mildly laxative, a high protein feed and puts bloom on the coat.

Speaking of coat and bloom. Include also skin texture. A fine, soft, thin pliable skin with a fine coat (not crank case oil) is an almost certain indication of refinement of breeding. Following is my belief on coat. Polish your Morgan's coat *from the inside*. I would require any breeding class judge to at least touch an animal's coat in the class, and if he has to wipe oil and grease from his hands after doing so a cut should be in order. I thought I had seen everything after years of showing until I watched a Percheron owner draw dirty crank case oil from his truck and apply it liberally to his black stallions.

From the time our foals are five days old they are fed rolled oats twice daily. We never feed rolled barley although it has been used quite extensively in California. Barley is comparable to corn in analysis. I think it shortens a horse's life considerably, especially in moderately warm areas. It is said to "burn them out." Certainly in past harness days it made them sweat more profusely, and there was always a foul, disagreeable odor in collar pads and light harness back pads of felt.

I do not particularly prefer rolled oats as I would rather have them cracked. But that form is not always readily obtainable. We do not like whole oats. It is my contention that they irritate the intestines since so many are passed unchewed and undigested. Oats are said to be cooling and are a high protein feed. A good bran mash is given about every ten days and sliced carrots are dropped in any concentrate feed every few days. We get unused carrots from our grocer at a special price.

When a mare's foaling time is at hand we spray the stall walls and scrub the floor with a strong sheep dip solution and bed it well with clean oat straw. We have recently dropped sheep dip in favor of No. 6 pine oil disinfectant. We have this mineral oil, iodine, and soap and bucket handy. We watch the condition of a mare's system very closely. I contend that if the intestinal system is in perfect condition, little chance of trouble

is likely to develop. We put iodine on a foal's navel at the first possible moment. We keep out of sight during foaling but occasionally take a "peek." With our present mare, Shawnee, no trouble has ever occurred. She goes exactly 340 days, foals about midnight and takes about twenty minutes to do it. She does not become peevish with us but seems proud to have us around. Strangers upset her for about two months.

As soon as a colt nurses we clean the stall and clean the worst off the mare. During the last foaling, the only soil on her was found at the tip of her tail. At any rate we clean her skin, tail and quarters thoroughly the second day.

When about five days old the foal will be investigating what mother is eating.

We have a creep outside the mare's box barn with a tiny manger and small loose grain box. We place a small handful of rolled oats, a pinch of alfalfa, and oat hay in the box and manger and lead and coax the youngster into the creep a few times. Within a week he will hustle out to the creep as soon as we come into the mare's stall with feed. Probably before I finish brushing the mare he will hustle in for a drink of warm milk to wash the creep feed down.

From then on it's a race to beat it to the creep and results in his being tied while the mare is finished.

When the foal begins his second day a tiny, made to order, halter is put on. With the left hand I lead him and with the right, slipped behind his buttock, push him at same time saying "come" a number of times. Shortly, we make a loop of soft sash cord and drop it over his hips, pulling or mildly jerking the halter at the same time saying "come". In ten days he leads like "nobody's business" and "comes" readily. I ease my hand under his tail and gradually work upward, at the same time saying "easy" and administering many pats and other mumbles. I follow with a very smooth hardwood stick under the tail, slid back and forth and up and down. I stroke them all about the body and legs with the stick until they pay no attention to it. I would suggest using cotton rope all around them. They are well sacked and occasionally given a "paper" lesson. Any object is good for lessons.

(Continued on page 21)

Cabell's Lexington ... The "Greatest"

(Thirteenth in the Series - - Names in Pedigrees)

By MABEL OWENS

At the end of each year, each decade, each generation, or even each century, it is the custom of man to compile lists of greats, in all fields, from politics and statesmen, to sports and the colorful figures therein. For the most part, the final selections give food for argument for months on end, like the one that waxes strong whenever two thoroughbred breeders meet and begin to discuss the relative greatness of Man O'War over Citation. It is a truism that differences of opinion are with us always, but there does come, maybe only once a century, that one truly great horse, for whom there is a unanimous choice. At nearly the close of a long career, one of the greatest showmen and show horse breeders of all time was asked concerning his choices among the stallions in the South at that time. His answer was that there were many good ones, perhaps more than there ever had been at one time before, but it had been his privilege to see Indian Chief in harness and Cabell's Lexington showing at his best, and it was his considered belief that none of the best modern show horses could match their performance or their stamina. Be that as it may, it is a matter of record that in a short life span of but sixteen years, Cabell's Lexington proved one of the most popular horses of his day, and despite the very great handicap of being born in the war year of 1863 and making his short stud career during the subsequent reconstruction and depression period of the South, he made his name a byword among two registries, the Morgan and the American Saddlebred.

The brown B'ood's Black Hawk 89 was one of the most popular Morgan stallions ever to stand in Kentucky. Bred in Vermont and sired by the original Black Hawk 20, he sired a great number of top road horses in the South, foremost among them, of course, was the incomparable harness horse Indian Chief. He also got the very good sires Blood Chief 91 and Vindex 133, both foaled in 1863 and the keenest of rivals, almost from that moment. Whenever there is a great

sire, with several well-known show horses to his credit, there may also be found, usually in some numbers, others of his get in surrounding towns. Perhaps not so well known and with considerably less opportunity, they do sire countless good horses, well able to carry on their grandsire's name and fame, if not their own. Such a one was Gist's Black Hawk 1222, concerning whom almost nothing is known, not even his birth year. Kept in what was then the "back country" outside Lexington, this brown horse was in very extensive use in the stud and left a great many good sons and daughters, widely used as general farm stock, with an occasional sale by a farmer to a city dweller who had reason to know they could trot as well as work all day. However lost in time are the records of Gist's Black Hawk and his dam, the name will remain, if only that he was the sire of the colt destined to become known as Cabell's Lexington.

The dark bay Lexington was foaled in 1863, what was to be a "vintage year" for the great number of equine champions to be foaled in it. There is a local legend concerning Lexington's sire, which, although unauthenticated, has a ring of practicality if not of proven truth. He was bred by Dr. Price in Lexington, Kentucky, a town containing then, even as it does today, the cream of the best sires the state could boast. Dr. Price's reasons for choosing the little known Gist's Black Hawk for his mare are vague, when he could have made a wide choice, but fable has it that the mating which was to produce one of the outstanding show horses of that time, was made as a part of the barter system with which country doctors have been familiar for untold years, a part, in fact, of the payment for a new addition to a country family. Whether it was barter, or whether the good doctor was well aware of the tremendous stamina which marked the get of Gist's Black Hawk; whether fiction or fact, Dr. Price did make the choice which was responsible for Lexington's ability to enter a ring and leave it, an hour

or more later, as fresh as when he started.

All the stamina in Lexington's make-up did not come from his Morgan sire however, as his dam was a top road mare sired by old Tom Hal out of a mare by the immortal yellow roan from Tennessee, Copperbottom. For sheer toughness and courage, perhaps no horse America has ever seen could compare with Tom Hal. Bred in Canada, from a location in which there was a great deal of Morgan interest, there is some possibility he was of that blood, and he is so credited in the Morgan register. He was a dark chocolate-brown roan, a true pacer, and a very nicely rounded, solid little horse. He had a very lovely head, perfectly straight iron-strong legs and feet, and an equally iron constitution, he lived to be over forty years of age. Some of his feats of stamina seem almost unbelievable today, as once, for a side bet of \$100, he was ridden the eighty miles from Lexington to Louisville in one day, from sunrise to sunset, and with one day of rest, returned at the same rate. A favorite bet his owner always won was that Tom Hal could pace over a row of ten logs and never touch one. Because of some of these early efforts, Tom Hal became blind, but even this did not dampen his enthusiasm for great deeds as he was frequently driven fifteen and eighteen miles in an hour countless times beyond his twentieth birthday. He was a confirmed stall walker and would eat his hay and grain on the fly unless tied securely, yet he remained fat and round until the last. He was active in the stud until his death, and he was thirty-five when his best son, Bald Stockings, was foaled. This horse, credited with being the source of the gait we now know as the rack, was a foundation sire of great repute as his daughter Queen produced Diamond Denmark, Latham's Denmark, Jewel Denmark and King William, four of the greatest early show sires. Of the golden roan Copperbottom, little need be added, for he was one of the great

(Continued on page 26)

Daddy Peck

... the man who died too soon

Hazel Dean Loomis

A western girl whose touching story of the almost-end-of Morgans in Dakota receives her award of a Montana bred colt from J. C. Jackson.

We hope that her prize has the endurance and spirit of the animals which made so interesting the life of the hero in her essay.



Hazel Loomis takes over her prize. Although the colt was halter-broken only the day before, it put up no struggle when Hazel led it and loaded it on the truck.

At left Hazel's father with Orange Blossom, the dam and the colt. At right, Hazel is shown with the colt and with its donor, J. C. Jackson of Harrison, Montana.

Wherever cowboys, stockmen and ranchers meet, you can bet there's going to be some lively talk about horses. Probably one of the best known stories told is the one about the man responsible for bringing the Morgan horse into South Dakota.

That man was Charles Peck, known to everybody for miles around as "Daddy Peck." He settled in 1878 on Black Horse Creek near Black Horse Butte. To the east were the Standing Rock and Cheyenne reservations. Running between these two reservations was a six mile strip, left by the Government for beef herds to cross. This was called "The Strip." Herd after herd crossed on this strip to Everts, which was at that time the largest shipping point for cattle in the world. The Milwaukee Railroad stopped at Everts until it began moving westward again in 1907.

Every year Daddy Peck brought a carload of Morgan studs up from Kentucky. These horses, branded with a NO on their left shoulder, were smoothly built and known for their endurance. A man could travel a hundred miles on a green bronc in one day—a day began when the sun rose until it set.

Charlie Ross, a person of that vicinity, owned a team of Black NO's. He drove them hitched to a double seated buggy from Everts to Siem, a distance of 90 miles, in one day.

A one-track-mind seemed to be a dominating characteristic of these horses. When I say a one-track-mind, I mean just that because once a horse made up its mind to do something, there was no changing it. For instance, if you saddled up in the morning, and it kicked or bucked, you could be certain that it would do the

same thing for the rest of the day.

Daddy Peck never bought anything but strip faced stocking-legged sorrels. The only exception to this rule was a stud called Brownie. Daddy Peck rode and drove him for a number of years. Even at the age of 18, Brownie was still full of spirit. If you walked up to him on the wrong side while he was eating, you could expect a swift kick.

These Morgans weren't hard buckers, but they were fast. Most of them weren't broken until they were about eight or nine years old. The average horsebreaker, being afraid of them, kept too tight a rein and cold-mouthed them. The smallest sound would cause a stampede among them.

Daddy Peck was the first man to raise alfalfa in that vicinity. Alfalfa was something new to the ranchers
(Continued on page 24)

The Vet Says . . .

How does he stand? In, out or sideways.

By R. E. SMITH, V.M.D.

Proper and desirable standing positions have long been recognized. For the amateur they can be determined by establishing imaginary lines from various points of the horse to the ground.

In the front legs a plumb line from the point of the shoulder to the ground, as viewed from the front, should divide each leg into equal halves. Viewed from the rear, the same plumb line dropped from the point of the buttocks should divide each rear leg into equal halves. In judging the standing position of the fore leg from the side, a line dropped from the middle of the elbow joint should hit the ground immediately behind the heels. For the rear leg, a similar line from the point of the buttocks should meet the lower leg at the point of the hock, follow the tendons downward from the point of the hock to the fetlock or ankle, and meet the ground a few inches back of the heels. Refer to the diagrams.

It has already been stated that a horse with a proper standing position will usually have true action. That is, he will move in a straight line, with the feet of each side taking a parallel course to the midline of his body.

Perfection is usually just a little out of reach. As a result we can find all manner of deviations from the normal, or rather the proper standing position, and also from straight true action.

The more common errors in standing position concern base-wide and or base-narrow or toe-wide positions, let's define them. *Base-wide* is seen from in front or behind, and places the feet too far apart at the ground. Toe-wide allows the legs as far as the ankles or fetlocks to be in proper position, but from that point downward the toes point outward. *Base-narrow*, as opposed to base-wide, places the feet too close together at the ground. Toe-narrow, like toe-wide, effects the legs from the ankles downward, so that the toes point inward.

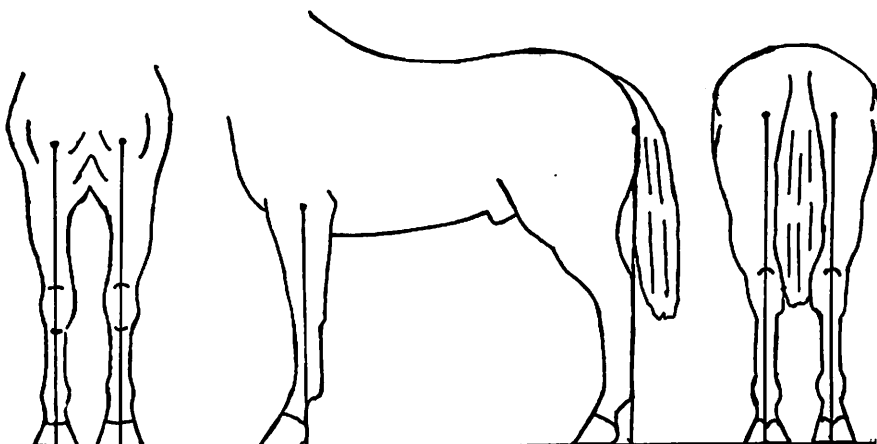
How do such positions change the line of travel of the foot? Using the previous diagram as the standard, the base-narrow or toe-narrow position favors "winging" or "paddling". In this case the foot is carried away from the midline with each stride.

The toe-narrow position brings about more exaggerated paddling than

scuffed ankles or shins or from calk wounds.

In the December 1950 issue we discussed at some length the proper foot axis from the ankle or fetlock downward. The normal foot axis as seen from the side is an imaginary line drawn from the middle of the fetlock joint to the ground and parallel to the front surface of the pastern and hoof.

While the standing position will determine the trueness of action, the foot axis will influence the height of action. As already noted the axis should be a straight line, broken neither forward nor backward. Normally it should meet the ground at a 45-50 degree angle. A steeper incline results in an upright foot; a flatter incline results in



How does he stand? In, out or sideways. How to judge the straightness of a horse's stance. At left from the shoulder through the knee, ankle, pastern and hoof. Center, imaginary lines show proper rear end view.

the base-narrow position.

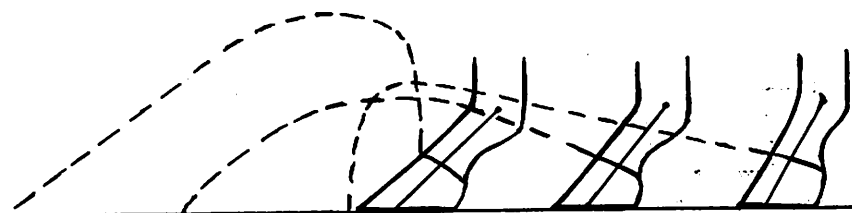
The base-wide or toe-wide positions make a horse tend to interfere, or to clip the leg that is supporting weight with the leg which is advancing.

The toe-wide position again exaggerates the tendency to interfere. Now note the diagrams which show true action and its variations.

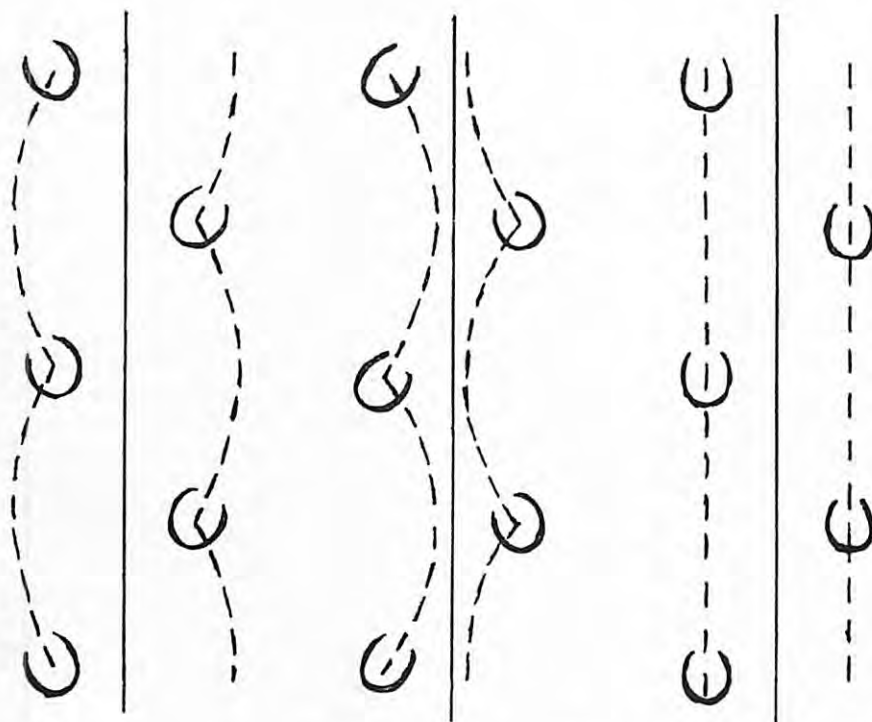
In comparing paddling and interfering, of course paddling is the lesser evil. It results usually only in wasted motion. Interfering, however, can keep a horse continually crippled from

an acute-angled foot. See the accompanying diagrams which indicate these three types of feet. Each of the three types is normal for the particular individual that owns them. The foot axis is not broken, and such feet should be trimmed in accordance.

Now, to examine the character of the action produced by these feet. A horse progresses by digging in the toe of the foot, flexing the ankle, raising the foot, advancing it, and replacing it flat upon the ground at the end of the stride.



Dotted lines indicate travel course of hoof.



Toe in, toe out and straight ahead.

In a horse whose foot meets the ground at a 45-50 degree angle, the flight of the foot describes a regular arc whose high point is at the center of the stride. In the acute-angled foot, the greatest height is at the beginning of the stride. Due to the extra effort necessary to break the foot over, the horse tends to snap his foot from the ground. Long toes and added weights increase the effort and exaggerate the height of action. The upright or stumpy foot shows the opposite type or arc in the flight of the foot. Little effort is expended in starting the stride, since there is little interference with the breaking over of the foot. The high point of such an arc falls near the end of the stride, and contributes little to style of action.

Correct standing positions and proper conformation of legs have not been determined by fancy, but rather from their contribution to action and general usefulness of a horse. Legs still remain the most important points of conformation. But until men learn to whistle at the sight of legs on a horse, they will not get their deserved attention!

LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

joy was overwhelming as it is really a wonderful magazine, and we wouldn't miss it for the world.

We own a Half Registered Morgan filly, Morning Star, three-years-old, sired by Corisor of Upwey, which we think is pretty nice.



Morning Star

Last summer in a Gymkhana, the ring master yelled, "The first ones here will get the eggs for the Egg and Spoon Race." Being the nearest, Morning Star and I were the first there and all the other horses came rushing in on all sides. Not once did

she lift a foot, nop or lay back her ears. I was so proud of her that I put both arms around her neck and gave her a big hug.

It's Morgans for us, and someday we hope to have a couple of registered mares to keep for breeding purposes.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Wallace Dennis
Sherwood Forest Farm, Inc.
Nottingham, N. H.
R.F.D. 1, Epping

Matched Chestnuts

Dear Sir:

I am writing for the "Colts and Fillies of Tacoma," a young but strong group composed of 67 members under eighteen years of age. During the past year we have had as leaders, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Kirkwood. As they have retired as supervisors we would like to show our appreciation to them for all they have done for us by giving them a year's subscription to the wonderful MORGAN HORSE Magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood are great admirers of Morgans and are the proud owners of two beautiful matched chestnuts. The Morgans are full brother and sister sired by Sunshine R,

a beautiful sorrel stud owned by Sid Hayes of Tacoma, and out of Jena, a registered Morgan. The Morgans are Nimble K, a four-year old stud, and Sunshine Suzy, a three-year old mare. Nimble has been winning trophies in Parade, Pleasure and Harness classes. Sunhine Suzy has won several ribbons this year.

In our group we have several purebred Morgans in our drill team. They are excellent horses and have proved very satisfactory for drill, parade, shows and trail riding. Because of this we are finding more people buying Morgans.

In closing I would like to wish you a greater New Year and best of luck in your great magazine.

Sincerely yours,
Caro'e Ann Roslie
Tacoma, Washington

Now an Owner

Dear Sir:

Although I've always been a lover of Morgans I have never owned one until last year. In March I purchased Starlet de Jarnette, a full sister to Questionaire from Marianne Blick. Last September I decided to buy Firebrand, a six-month-old colt.

(Continued on Page 23)

Horse Breeding Problems

By JOHN P. HUTTON

Reprinted from 1951 Belgian Review

The fundamental object of any horse breeding establishment should be to raise as many sound, healthy foals as possible from the mares available, and to accomplish such object, it is necessary to breed mares and stallions whose genital organs are free from disease, sound and healthy in every respect, and capable of reproduction.

Gestation or pregnancy, is the period extending from the time of fertilization of the ovum until birth. When pregnancy occurs, the uterus enlarges rapidly to many times its former size, the principal changes in form taking place in the pregnant horns. The cervical canal is firmly but slightly increased in size, unless the fetus develops equally in the two horns. The cervical canal is firmly closed and sealed by a mucous plug. When the gestation period ends and parturition begins, the cervical canal is dilated until it is of the same dimensions as the vagina and uterus. Following birth of the foal, the cervical canal contracts rapidly so that a normal condition is regained about seven to ten days after the first heat period.

A first, the pregnant uterus rest partly within the pelvis, suspended by the broad ligaments but as soon as the fetus has acquired any great volume, it bears the pregnant organ downward toward the floor of the abdomen, and finally pushes its way forward until it is in close relation with the liver, diaphragm, and stomach. The direction of the pregnant uterus is longitudinal in line with the long axis of the body.

Duration of Pregnancy

The normal duration of pregnancy commonly accepted is about eleven calendar months. Major John F. Wall gathered statistics from the breeding establishments in Kentucky, which showed that the average duration for 168 mares was 341.49 days. The average for 38 foaling mares was 340.6, and 23 maiden mares 340.8 days. The average for colts was 341.22 days, and fillies 340.38 days. The period for one mare was 319 days, but the foal was very weak and small—perhaps not a normal duration of pregnancy. Except for this instance, the minimum number of days was 324 and the maximum 379.

Count Ledudroff, in his text on horse breeding, gives a table of over 8,300 records, in which the average duration of pregnancy was eleven months and three days.

Statistics collected by the horse department at Michigan State College, on 167 draft mares, show that the average duration of pregnancy was 334.53 days.

The Foaling Stall

When mares foal in the stable, preparation of the foaling stall is of great significance. The most commonly encountered infections of the genital tract in mares (except contagious abortion), occur at foaling time, or between foaling time and the first heat period. Much of such infection can be avoided by proper sanitation during the breeding and foaling season. The foaling stall should be thoroughly cleaned, disinfected, and bedded, with clean dry straw, several days before the mare is expected to foal; and each day up until the mare foals, all manure and soiled bedding should be removed and replaced with fresh clean straw. As soon as the afterbirth has been expelled, it should be immediately removed and buried. Lime sprinkled on the stall floor underneath the bedding is an excellent disinfectant and deodorant. Brood mares should always receive ample rations, shelter and exercise throughout the period of pregnancy, to keep them in good flesh and the best physical condition, whether they are worked in harness, or allowed to run in the pasture field.

Foaling

The signs of foaling in the mare are more or less uncertain and at times misleading. The udder usually starts to enlarge about three or four weeks prior to foaling and gradually increases in size. The consistency of the udder secretion at first is watery, but later becomes more milk-like and assumes the character of colostrum. When foaling time is near, the milk secretion may become quite profuse and escape from the teats in drops, or in a stream. Usually a few days before foaling, a wax-like substance collects on the ends of the teats, sometimes in old mares that are bred for the first time, there is little or no milk secretion, and only a slight enlargement of the udder prior to foaling.

As the time for birth approaches, the lips of the vulva become swollen, stand apart, and a thick mucus may appear in, and flow from the vulva.

Mares approaching foaling time often appear somewhat anxious and nervous, and move about cautiously. Signs of colic, like pawing, walking around the stall, switching the tail, and looking around at the flanks, may be observed two or three day before foaling. Some mares act very timid for a few hours before foaling, and if an attendant is present in the stall, or where he can be seen by the mare, she seems to delay the act of foaling as long as possible. Attendants should make frequent inspections of mares due to foal but in doing so should disturb them as little as possible.

The duration of labor is only a few minutes in normal parturition. Foals very seldom live more than one to three hours after labor pains begin. The watchman should be qualified to render first aid and assistance when the mare is foaling, if such aid and assistance is necessary, or to have quick access to a veterinarian, because the lives of many foals and their dams can be saved by rendering assistance when indicated. Very often the nose or a foot may be caught on the pelvic girdle, and prompt release will be followed by normal birth. The operator who renders such assistance should always take due precautions against infecting the genital canal, by first thoroughly scrubbing his hands and arms with soap and hot water, to which has been added a small amount of antiseptic. The external genitals should also be washed with soap and hot water before inserting the hand and arm into the genital canal.

Excessively large foals sometimes retard delivery, and in such cases, traction on the front legs should be directed straight back until the elbows are free, then in a downward direction toward the hocks. Traction should always be applied when the mare is making expulsive efforts. The upper angle of the vulva may be pushed back to prevent tearing. Sometimes the foal is born with the amnion still intact. This thin membrane stretched over the nose of the foal may interfere with respiration and should be quickly removed.

The MORGAN HORSE

A weakly foal may require artificial respiration to resuscitate it. This is performed by making alternate compression and relaxation of the chest wall with the hands and blowing into the nostrils. As soon as the mare has gotten upon her feet and commences to give attention to the foal, it is best for all attendants to leave the stall for a time. If the mare is sweating and hot from foaling, she should be rubbed down with dry straw, or rub-rags and covered with a blanket.

As soon as the mare has completely recovered from the shock of foaling, the outer genitals, the thighs, the inside of the hocks, and hind legs should be thoroughly scrubbed off with hot water, using plenty of soap and a sponge.

The Umbilical Cord

The umbilical cord in the foal is so long that it is usually not ruptured when the fetus is expelled, unless the mare foals while standing. Normal rupture of the cord, however, usually takes place by the movements of the foal, or when the mare gets upon her feet and starts to move around. Occasionally the chorion (sometimes called the colt bed), becomes detached from the uterus immediately after the fetus is expelled, and comes away with the cord still intact; the cord, then must be ruptured by the movements of the foal when struggling to get upon its feet. It is usually best to let the cord rupture normally, but should its rupture be too long delayed, it should be separated by the caretaker, but before doing so, the hands should be washed thoroughly in soap and hot water, then the cord grasped about two or three inches from the body with thumb and forefinger of each hand, and torn apart by tension. It may be necessary to scrape the cord with the thumb nail to facilitate its rupture. After the cord has been ruptured, gently press out the blood and jelly from the umbilicus toward the ruptured end of the stump, and while still holding the stump, saturate it with tincture of iodine.

When the cord ruptures normally, it should be disinfected as soon as possible by applying tincture of iodine, then after treatment should consist in the application of a reliable disinfectant healing powder three or four times per day for two or three days. The umbilical cord should not be ligated before it is ruptured, nor is there any good reason to ligate it after it has been ruptured. If the cord is ligated

prior to rupture, it prevents the normal discharge of blood and Whartonian jelly from the cord. The retention of Whartonian jelly within the cord by a ligature makes a fertile media for bacterial growth. The non-ligated umbilical cord, if given proper treatment, immediately after birth, will seldom ever become infected. There is little, if any danger of fetal hemorrhage from the unligated cord.

The Fetal Membranes

The fetal membranes are normally expelled immediately after birth, or within one to three hours thereafter; should they be retained longer than three hours, a veterinarian should be called to remove them.

Lacerations

There frequently occurs during parturition lacerations of the vulva and vagina. If such lacerations are at all extensive, they should immediately be given attention by a veterinarian. Mares that suffer from lacerations of the vulva and vagina, or retained fetal membranes, should not be bred on the 9th day after foaling. It is safer in such cases not to breed until the second or third heat period after foaling.

The Meconium

The meconium is the fetal matter discharged by the new born, and in the foal, normally, much of this should be expelled soon after birth, but this does not always occur. In order to avoid constipation and scours, it is quite advisable to give the new-born foal an enema about six or eight hours after birth. The enema may consist of warm salt solution made by adding two tablespoons of common salt to one gallon of warm water, or it may consist of plain warm water. The enema is best administered from a suitable irrigator through a small rubber tube. The rubber tube should be lubricated with vaseline or mineral oil and inserted twelve to sixteen inches into the rectum, while the enema is flowing. The enema should be continued until the operator is sure all hard feces have been expelled. Hard lumps of fecal material may be removed by the finger. It sometimes happens that large hard balls of fecal material in the colon are hard to remove; these may be dissolved and removed by enemas of mineral oil and rectal injections of two or three ounces of glycerine.

Artificial Feeding

Artificial feeding of the foal may become necessary, due to the death of

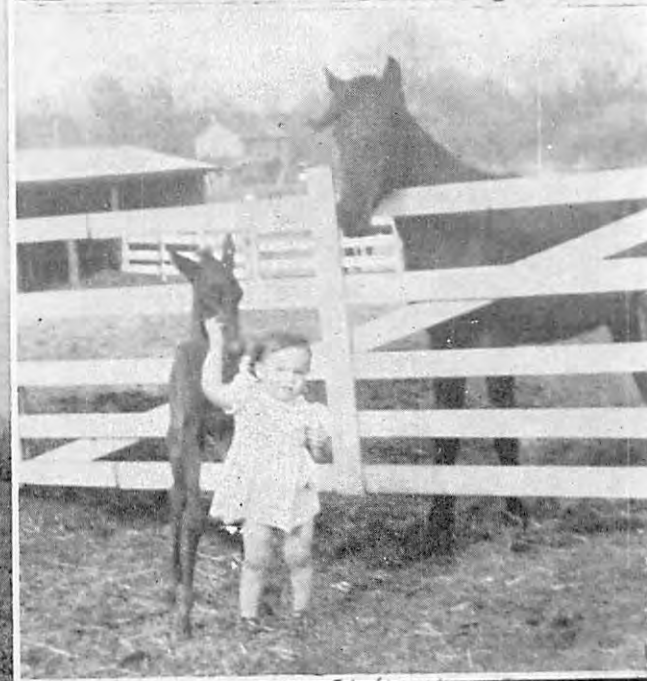
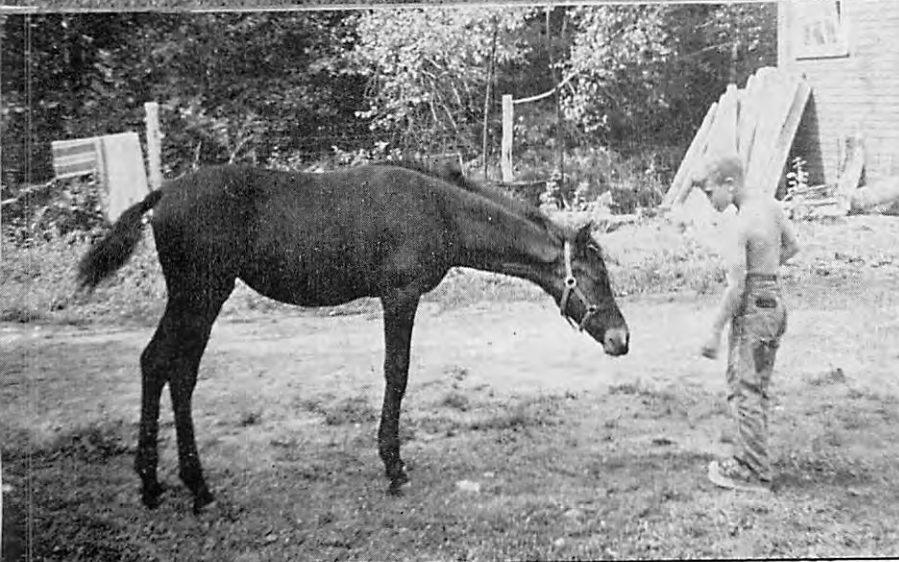
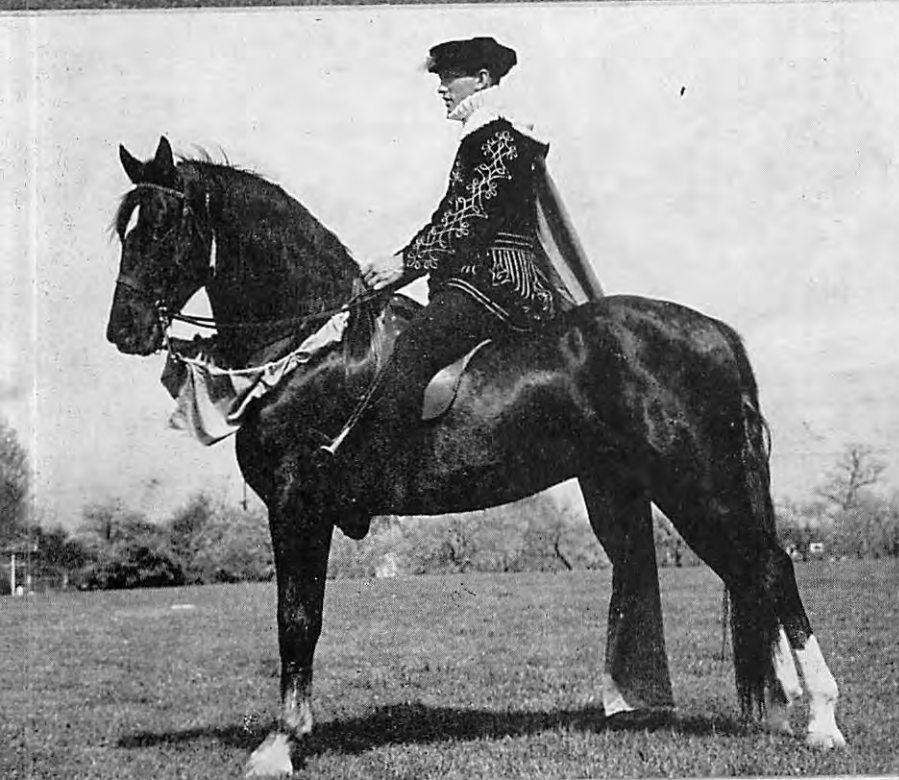
the mother, or to diseases which may reduce, or render the milk flow dangerous. The basic principle to be observed in artificial feeding is absolute cleanliness of all receptacles used in the preparation and administration of the food. All nipples, bottles, and containers should be sterilized before each feeding. The food should be wholesome, and free from all harmful bacteria. Cows' milk may be used raw or pasteurized; it should be diluted from about one-third to one-fourth with water, depending upon its butterfat content. Holstein milk should be diluted about one-fourth, and rich Jersey milk about one-third. If cows' milk causes constipation, the addition of a little milk sugar will usually prevent it. Following is a mixture that has worked well: Cows' milk, 3 parts; lime water, 1 part; 1 tablespoonful of sugar to one-half pint of mixture. About two ounces at body temperature should be given to a foal every two hours. This amount may be gradually increased as the foal becomes older. It is also advisable when feeding a foal artificially, to give one teaspoonful of tested cod-liver oil once daily. The various powdered baby foods have been used very successfully in the feeding of foals. They are prepared as directed on the package and administered every two hours, giving about two ounces at a feed. As soon as the foal commences to nibble about it should be given a small ration, two or three times per day, of equal parts, by weight, of crushed oats and bran.

Scours In Foals

Cause: The gastro-intestinal canal of young foals is very sensitive and often becomes affected from the ingestion of too much milk. Overfeeding the mother on too much grass, clover or alfalfa hay, or the giving of non-nutritious spoiled feed may change the character of the mother's milk sufficiently to cause scours in the young foal. A common cause is an inflammatory condition of the udder. Many foals show slight diarrhea for a few days during the first heat period of the mare, and it is commonly believed that a change in the character of the mother's milk occurs at this time, causing diarrhea.

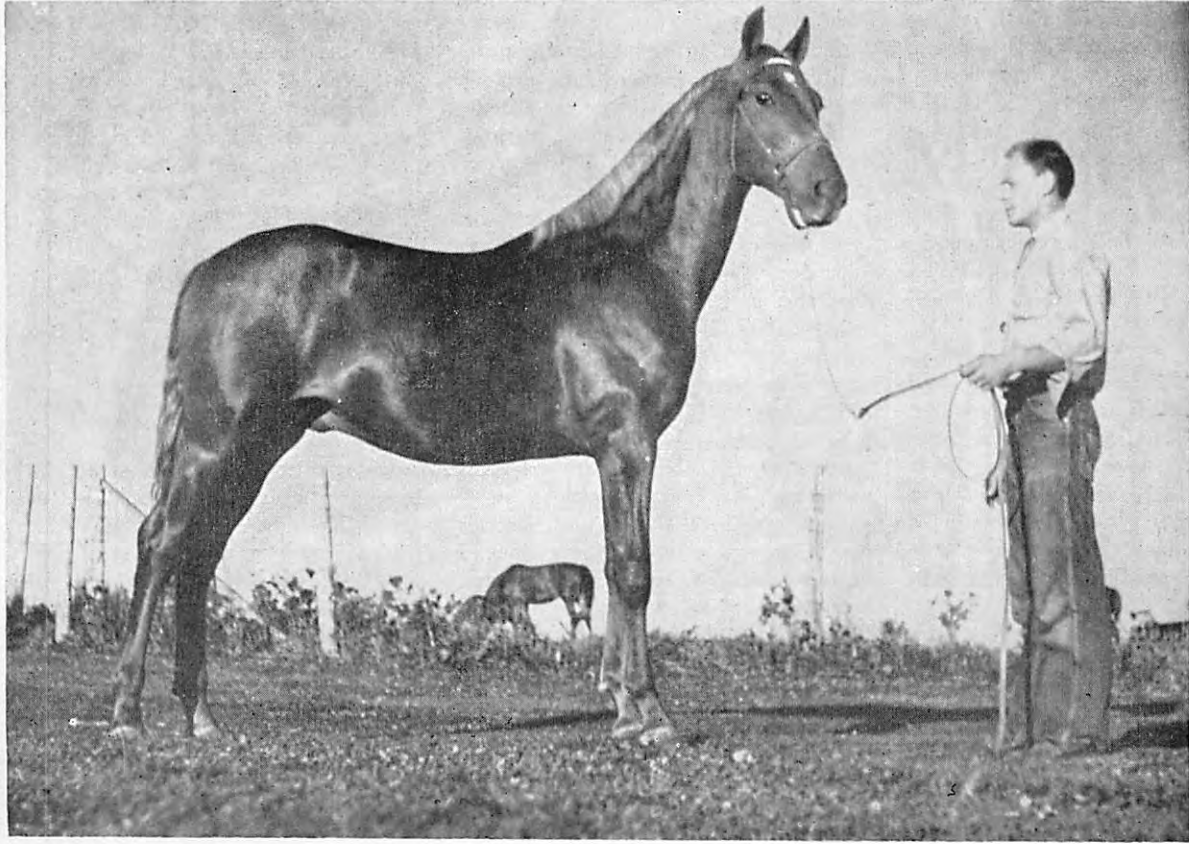
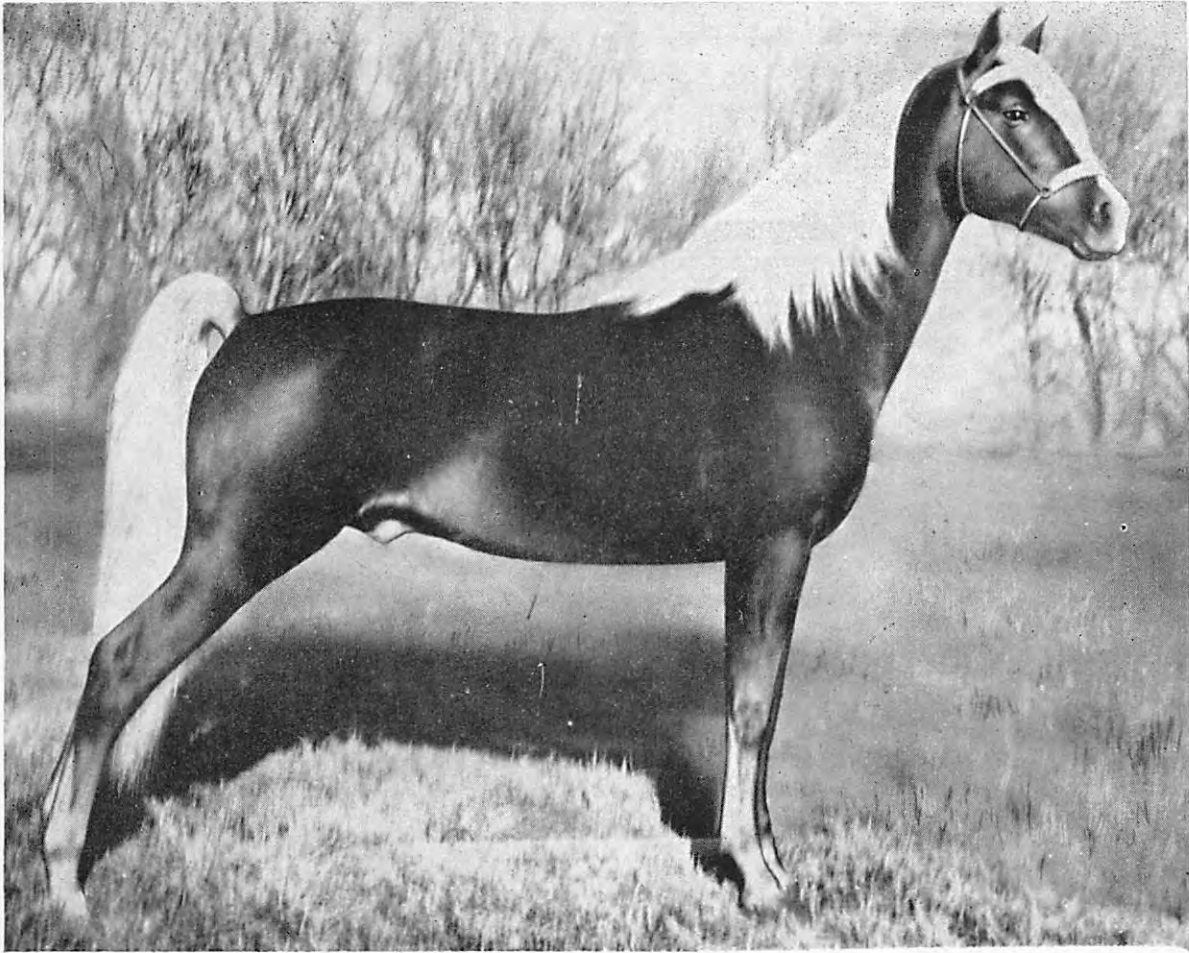
Exposure to rain and passing from a warm stable to a very cold out of doors is a possible cause. Foals may develop a diarrhea from eating at a very early age, such objects as feces,

(Continued on page 26)



TOP: Upwey-Mont-Penn shown with Miss Joan Lippincott, color bearer at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana. MIDDLE: Robin Hood of Earlham. The costumed rider is Robert Macy, "the King's Champion." Both owned by Mr. Paul J. Furnas. BOTTOM: Katie Twilight shown at five months, owned by Mrs. Van D. Rice of Meredith, N. H.

TOP: Madell, by Jubilee King and foal. CENTER: May, a two-year-old Cathy Gelten and a two-day-old foal. The mare and young stock are all owned by F. K. Dzenzoley of Lebanon, Illinois. BOTTOM: An eternally pleasant scene of horses and foals at a Morgan breeding farm.



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TOP: Pepper Box, stallion age five, owned by J. K. Billings, of Omaha, Nebraska. BOTTOM: Diablito, yearling stallion, owned by Hylee Farms, Cambria, Wisconsin.

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New England News and Notes

By DANA WINGATE KELLEY

Do you know why Vermont Morgans are famous? As I write this it is now 20 below zero and my snow covered fields have taken a half hours good beating under the hoofs of 12 colts and mares who have had the time of their life warming themselves by racing around and around the edges and making their own natural figure eights. I am dashing this column off to get it to the printer by the first of the month, loading my car and taking off for Winchester, Mass., where I have just completed a winter home. A few of the three-year-old mares in training will come with me in February.

Now on with the show. Up in Morrisville, Vt. Edwin Miller reports the sale of a very nice yearling filly sired by Upwey Ben Don and out of Betty Ross to Mrs. Robert Stoner of Camp Hill, Pa. who will be trained by her son and daughter and shown as a two-year-old this summer. Mr. Miller also sold a very nice brood mare, Duchess Ann in foal to his young stud, Miller's Pride to Marilyn Carlson, excuse me, Mrs. Harold Childs.

Lloyd Marks of Peabody, Mass. is the proud owner of Windcrest Donfield, a very fine son of Upwey Ben Don and Seneca Sweetheart. At the National show this colt was chosen first in the '51 foal class and Junior reserve champion. He is a full brother to the junior champion mare of the same show, Windcrest Sentimental Lady. Lloyd is a splendid horseman and I know he will do a lot of work on Donfield and turn out an outstanding Morgan. The colt was raised, shown and sold by Ted Davis of Windsor, Vt.

* * *

Mr. Davis informs me that he sold a very good bay four year old gelding, Coca Cola, the first son of Upwey Casablanca and sired by Don. Well mannered under saddle he will give his new owner, Joyce Ellsworth of Worcester, Mass. many enjoyable hours in the saddle, especially when the snow has gone and the spring dries out the bridle trails around Worcester.

* * *

Mrs. Phylis Cox of Wayland, Mass. who owns Townshend McArthur, the sire of Junior Miss, has recently pur-

chased from the Windcrest Farm the '51 stud colt of Upwey Casablanca and Starfire, who will be gelded and used for pleasure riding. Speaking of Mrs. Dakin's Junior Miss reminds me that this spring she is expecting to have a foal sired by Ben Don, there is an empty box stall in the Dakin barn, just waiting for the new arrival and I know he will have the finest of care, not only from his dam, but from his owner, Janet Dakin.

* * *

The mailman brought me a very pleasing letter from Margaret and Frank Lohaus in Wisconsin, who purchased a couple of John A. Darling colts this fall. May I quote? "The article in the last Morgan magazine of BILLY ROOT was sure wonderful, our Anna's action, disposition, etc. is very much like your description of Billy Root."

* * *

I know of no other Morgan man who made more during his lifetime and whose recent passing leaves a memory that will cling for years than Joseph Boulris who for 15 years help guide the destiny of the Lippitt Morgans. The picture of Joe lunging Ashbrook at 30 years of age in the January issue brings back memories of that day as I watched him and the old stallion work together, and many other days that I have spent learning of Morgans from Joe. This association at the Green Mountain Stock Farm with him and his wife have been one of my greatest pleasures in Vermont. When visitors arrived at the farm in Randolph, never was Joe so busy, but what he could take time to welcome and talk Morgans with those who were interested in the Lippitt Morgans. I am sure that anyone who has enjoyed a few hours with Joe will cherish the memory for years to come. As I stood with a small gathering of loyal friends and relatives beside the grave in the snow covered cemetery nestled between the Green mountains he loved so the minister's final words "Well Done, Life's work Well Done" were perfectly chosen. All of the wonderful things in Joe's life passed through my mind and somehow I was sure that the "Lippitt Morgans" must have lowered their



Doctor Bill, owned by Dr. Oliver S. Hayward of New London, N. H.

heads in tribute to their beloved trainer. No words could have better fitted Joe's life than "Well Done."

* * *

Pictured in this month's column is Doctor Bill, taken at the National Morgan show where he placed in the stud colt class. Dr. Bill, received his name from his owner, Dr. Oliver S. Hayward of New London, N. H., he is by Ethan Eldon and out of Jemima. Next year it is hoped that he will have a full sister, like Royalton Starlight owned by Mrs. William C. Bradford of West Bridgewater, Mass., and then Dr. Hayward will have a well matched pair. A recent letter from Dr. Hayward states that Bill is growing every day, putting a lot of muscle on his beautiful chest and set of shoulders, he tries to boss all the other horses. What he likes to do most is get near the road and pose for all the people driving by. Literally hundreds of people have photographed him. They plan to make him rake and work to a light plow and do all the farm work just the way the real old Morgans did. I am sure he will do this as his daddy is well used to the rake and spreading lime over the hilly Vermont pastures at Royalton. Another brother, Ethan-son Morgan, now five years old is used every summer in this respect by his owners Thomas and his son Franklin Warren in Dorset, Vt. Their dam Jemima has been used during the past two years on the pleasure ride all over the Hayward farm, bareback by their youngsters.

How We Raise Colts

(Continued from page 11)

Perhaps the most frightening things are: an umbrella and a five pound coffee can with several 40 penny spikes inside with a rope attached to the can for the purpose of shaking and dragging. They are also partly whip broken. All come at call. Sometimes one will get a little "brietheaded." That's a good time to lay him down, sit on him and discuss the matter with him in a gentle but firm talk keeping him down until he completely relaxes and lies flat and quiet. Generally the result will be that he will roll up to a natural "lay," with legs folded as at rest and eat grass, getting up only when ordered.

When a few days old I begin to pick up feet until no resistance is made. In fact, with the three stallions, when I want to look at feet I merely point to the leg and they hold them up for me to take hold. Results are wonderful. We never had a "kicker" but how they love to "taste" me).

When teaching a colt to allow you

to pass from one side to another behind him, place your hand well forward on his back and slide it along to top of his hips and *keep it there* as you pass around behind him. Teach them early to "get over." When you turn him loose in a box, go in with him and then release him and step out. You may slide your hand along his back and end with a word and a pat and all will be well. On the other hand, turn him loose in the stall door and slap him in and you will probably and very presently develop a nasty kicker.

If time can be found at anywhere from six months on, a back pad, crupper and side checks or side reins are put on. He is taught to circle. Generally the side check on side away from me is snapped in halter Dee, to keep him from coming toward me until he learns what is wanted. Then both "dees" are snapped in and 30 foot cotton reins attached, and driving from the ground longeing with one rope and "in the reins" proceeds. Recently a light bridle with snaffle bit and "players" was introduced. The "players" are taken off the bit as soon as the colt is used to it and starts a moist mouth.

At about 14 to 18 months the sad-

dle is eased on. I always fold the off side stirrup and double rig cinches up over the seat and set the saddle on, not holding with "throwing" it on. I put reins through stirrup leathers and drive him about the yard and field several times. Before unsaddling I put weight on each stirrup first by knee, then with foot, finally raising up enough so he can see me from the opposite side.

Next, I tie the dam on one side of fence and the colt on the other side with me. Then, I ease up and put a leg over gently and step right down on the other side. This is done repeatedly, remaining in seat longer each time. Finally, when a friend, who is a horseman, is about, we saddle horse, friend leading him about the yard and in small circles each way. Presently he releases his hold continuing to walk with us a few steps and then moving off to one side. We teach them all to pay no attention to mounting and dismounting from either side. From then on it takes plenty of time and patience.



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How to Make a Horse

Crippled since girlhood, in a fall from a horse Mrs. Branson makes true-to-life models shown below on this page.

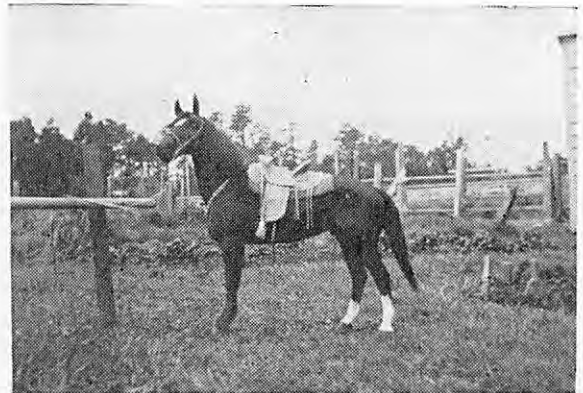
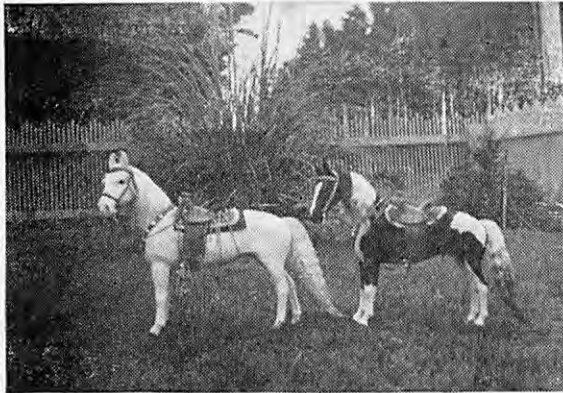
By FANNIE BRANSON

Most of the horses I make are just made, in other words, of the "old man whittler." I take a block of Balsa wood, look at it until I imagine a horse, then I sit down and whittle out the parts that are not the horse. I also make a few models; however, it is very difficult to obtain hides that are just the right shade, and the pictures sent are very poor.

known as the Zimmerman Ranch. My sister and I were real cowgirls as we frequently rode the range after cattle and horses. We also broke horses to ride. However, we never rode in shows since they were practically unknown. One day as I was galloping a horse down a mountain, it fell and rolled over me, injuring my hip and thus crippling me for life.

the past twenty years of my life. At the present time we are building a horse museum in our home. I plan to have each kind of vehicle ever drawn by horses and oxen with teams hitched to each one.

The display on hand has attracted visitors from every state in the Union since July, 1947. The Universal Motion Picture Company and the Para-

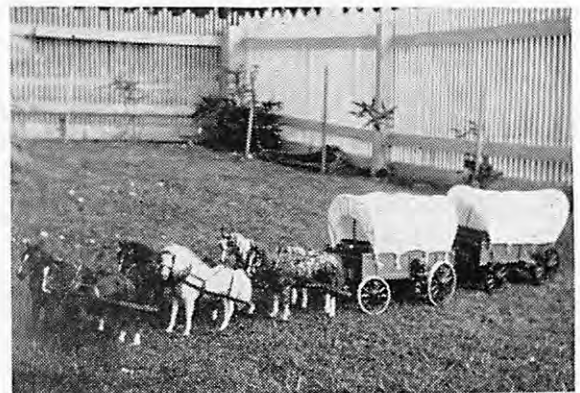


These miniature horses are carved from Balsa wood and are covered with unborn calfskins which I tan myself. When completed they stand from six inches to fourteen inches to top of withers.

I grew up on a large stock ranch in Malheur County, Oregon, which was

This unfortunate break did not hamper my love for horses, however, and since I craved a hobby, I turned to carving figures of miniature horses. I might add that I never took a lesson in my life in wood carving, in leather work or any other part of my avocation. I have been doing this for

mount Motion Picture Company have taken pictures of the display, and letters have been received wherever the pictures have been shown. Some days I receive as many as 150 letters from such faraway places as Tokyo, Korea, Germany, Africa, Australia, New Zealand—to mention only a few.



BUFFALO NEWS

Morgan business is looking up a little as we turn at least halfway toward spring.

Mrs. George Arnold of Kanona, New York, has purchased a young stallion sired by Lippitt Jeep, from C. J. O'Neill of Manteno, Illinois. Mrs. Arnold is one of our most enthusiastic boosters of Morgans, and we will be anxious to see the new member of her family.

Mr. B. M. Keene, Jr. of Indianapolis, is holding the coming three-year-old stallion Tar Hawk for Howard Dobler and Ben de Yound of Clarence Center and Akron, New York. Mr. Dobler has purchased a 90 acre farm outside of Akron, where he intends to raise Hereford cattle and Morgan horses. He hopes to take possession and start farm operations in March.



Ledgewood Sealect, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Phil Hess, Akron, New York

We are enclosing a picture of the stud colt Ledgewood Sealect, owned by Alice and Phil Hess of Akron, New York. "Woody" was just sixteen months old when this snap was taken. He is not really working yet—just learning how. This was his second time hitched to a cart.

The picture of the stallion Pecos in the December issue was taken by Dr. Sam Gibson of Buffalo, our leading amateur photographer. Pecos is also owned by Mr. and Mrs. Hess of Akron. Dr. and Mrs. Gibson own the good Morgan gelding Harmony Lad. Mrs. Gibson is an ardent reinswoman and may be found any fine day driving

Harmony over the suburban roads north of the city.

Harry Davis of Williamsville has in his barn two weaning fillies, one Morgan, by Lippitt Mandate-Vicen, the other a half Morgan, sired by Sherimill Sunrise out of Mr. Davis' saddle mare. The two little girls got loose recently and called on all the neighbors. No harm was done, but Harry had some anxious moments.

Next month spring comes officially — even to Buffalo. Plans for an organization meeting will be published then.

Mrs. Vincent J. Rogers

LETTERS

(Continued from page 15)

The only Morgan classes that I've shown them in were at the Minnesota State Fair this year. Starlet de Jarnette won the two-year-old mare class and



Starlet de Jarnette owned by Marilyn Dreher, Excelsior, Minnesota shown at top. Below Firebrand, also owned by the same girl.



(Continued on page 25)



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Two Days

(Continued from page 9)

with mittened hands finally got it down. It cracked as the ice broke from it and was as stiff as a steel cable. He dragged out a small loop, putting it just under the horn stubs on the critters head. He put a couple of hitches on the saddle horn with the other end. He stepped wearily up into the saddle and spoke to his "Cougar" horse, watching that the rope did not kink and break because of the stiffness. The good horse leaned against the load and Leo spoke to him again, stroking him with the spurs. The great pony dug in and went to work, dragging the critter up the steep slope through the heavy snow for some fifteen feet, before Leo stopped him.

He gave the pony a moments rest, hearing him reach deep for air, then he put him to work again. Clawing and scrambling, sometimes slipping to his knees, but always plunging up the grade the "Cougar" horse went, never offering to quit until he was told to. Leo saw the great shoulder muscles start to quiver, felt the great heart slugging away beneath his knee, heard the heavy sucking for breath. He slid out of the saddle and slapped the horse on the neck, "Son, you sure got a lot of guts."

He got behind the cow and lifted, and hollered at the horse, and the storm nearly shoved the sound down his throat. Man and horse worked and rested, and strained and rested, and strained again, until the breath whistled in and out of them, and their lungs burned, and the man knew that this was no good in this awful exposure. Once the cow struggled to her feet, tottered ahead a yard or two and went down again, but the man and the horse never gave in, and when they crossed the pass through the icy blast, the horse was shaking from exhaustion, but still leaning against the load, and darkness had come over this new, easy life that had replaced the old time romantic cowboy. They wallowed and slid down the other side, striking the trail of the other cattle, and half an hour later caught up with them moving slowly without being driven, on the steep down grade. The downed cow was up now, moving with the others in this easier going, and Leo pulled the rope from her and let it drag from the saddle horn. He stumbled in the underbrush and went down, and as he struggled to his feet he groaned, "Almighty God I can't take much more of this."

Then in the dark he heard a deep soughing of the wind, and felt a slackening of its force and knew they had reached the scrub cedars at last, and knew he would need to stay here tonight. The cattle would huddle in the shelter of these thick cedars and live 'till morning, and he knew if he left his shelter he would never reach home. He and his pony were too done in.

He groped until he found three cedars tight together, and he crouched on his knees behind these, scooping the snow away with his mittened hands, until he had a bare spot on the ground. He ranged around, breaking brittle twigs and small branches, reaching into the trunks of the trees to get them. He moved to where his "Cougar" horse stood with head down and tail to the storm. He spoke to the pony and slapped him gently on the shoulder. He fumbled at the saddle bag straps finally getting them open. He fumbled again for his match can and a pound coffee can. His hands were numb and he couldn't feel much, and the precious moments wore away as he tried to close his fingers on the small match can. He needed a fire bad, and he allowed it would be a little tedious rubbin' two sticks together on a evenin' like this.

He moved back to his three cedars again, he wiped his clear space clean. He worked the lid from the coffee can and spilled out a ball of binder twine soaked in kerosene. He laid some of his brittle wood over it, opened his sheepskin coat and hunkered down low, making a complete shelter for the makings of his fire. He fought down the panic as his stiff fingers refused to grip the lid of his match can, and he put his hand under the other armpit warming it a few moments. Finally he got the lid off, emptied the matches onto his other hand, and with wooden like fingers, picked up several of them. He wiped them across the rough surface of his big belt buckle and slid them under the ball of twine. The flame came up under him smelling of kerosene, and the wood began to crackle. Tightness came to his throat and the tears of weakness and relief to his eyes. He had a fire.

Reminiscences of the Past

(Continued from page 13)

and quite different from the feed they had been using. They thought it was so much richer that a good sized handful was sufficient for any horse.

The E6 outfit settled along with Daddy Peck. However, about the year 1881 the Turkey Track, a Texas outfit, bought out the E6.

Another prominent ranch in this section was the C7, which originated around 1907 or 1908. During the first winter, they lost several hundred head of four and five-year-old steers because they were brought up too late in the year. The Morris Packing Company once owned the C7 ranch.

Seventy miles to the east of Daddy Peck another neighbor of his could be found, the DZ, owned by Dan Zimmerman. The DZ had a NO horse running with their string. This was the only horse they ever had that had a different brand than their own. He was a black gelding called Hawk. Hawk was a cutting horse of the best type, and he was never used for anything else. Gus McDanials, the DZ's top wagon boss at that time, rode Hawk most of the time. Gus was a short fellow known as "Little Gus" and was one of the best bronc riders in the country.

Nearly all the Buckleys rode for Daddy Peck. Jim Buckley was with him for quite a few years. During 1909, Daddy Peck sold 900 head of five-year-old geldings to the army at Miles City, Montana, without one rejection. Jim rode with him on this drive. They began trailing from Everts to Siem—on the Grand River—crossed the Montana line where Marmarth, North Dakota, is now located. They forded the Little Missouri, just above Ekalaka, and went on into Miles City.

After the horses were sold, Jim asked Daddy Peck for some money. He didn't say what for, and Daddy Peck, not one to question him, gave it to him. When they were ready to head for home, Jim had disappeared. Nobody heard from him or about him for more than twenty years. When he finally appeared on the scene again, he was minus a leg. He had been to Alaska in search of gold.

In 1918 army officers were still riding the same NO Morgans sold them in 1909.

But people in Dakota, like people all over the United States, stopped thinking about horses after the First World War ended. By 1924 nobody seemed to want a small stock horse. Daddy Peck couldn't afford to buy range. So, when the farmers started settling that country, there were about

(Continued on page 26)

Letters

(Continued from page 23)

also Reserve Champion Morgan mare. Firebrand won in his class also. I hope to take in more shows this year.

I have included two snapshots. I hope you can print them although they are not the best.

Yours truly,
Marilyn Dreher
Excelsior, Minn.

Not Big Enough

Dear Sir:

Enclosed please find check for renewal of my subscription for another two years. I am very happy that the magazine will be published monthly as I never find the largest issue large enough.

We are the proud owners of four Morgans, three mares and a gelding, and no other breed can beat them.



Torchee, owned by D. A. Disbrow,
Hartford, Michigan.

I am enclosing a picture of one of our horses, Torchee. We purchased our horses from Mrs. Greenwalt of Pawnee, Illinois.

Respectfully,
D. A. Disbrow
Hartford, Michigan

Long Long Way

Dear Sir:

The MORGAN HORSE Magazine has come far since its humble beginnings. Owen Moon has planted a good seed which, with loving care, has flourished. It is encouraging to mention the word "Morgan" and see the light of recognition in a listener's eye. "Oh yes, I have heard about the breed," he says.

Ten years ago this was not the case. I believe the magazine has done more than the editor realizes in promoting recognition of and respect for the Morgan horse.

In the December Morgan pictorial section, a horse which I believe to be

Ben Quietude, was named Quietude. Fussy of me, to be sure, but Quietude has long since passed to greener pastures, and I do believe that Danis' barn is in the background. My personal interest lies in the fact that Quietude was the dam of that brave little mare, Manitude, which I once owned, and who was later shown so successfully by Marilyn Carlson.

Mabel Owen is doing a wonderful job with "Names in Pedigrees." Wonder if she has considered making up a book sometime. I think she would find real interest among Morganers for such a publication.

Sincerely,
Marjorie Maxham
115 Elmlawn Road
Braintree, Mass.

Improving

Dear Sir:

The last two issues of the MORGAN HORSE Magazine are, in my opinion, the best ever published.

I would like to see a picture of Red Royal in the magazine. I have read some material about him but have never seen what he looks like. I own Red Royal's sire, Haven, and wonder if they resemble each other.

I own a three-year-old stallion, Bob Haven, sired by Haven. I would like to train him for shows but must admit that I am green about such things. I will undoubtedly have to sell him in spite of the fact that I have become attached to him.

My two Morgan mares, Bonnie Ann and Anna Rose are in foal. Both are full sisters and were bred to Haven. My two-year-old mare, Haven's Beauty, may be in foal. If so, my yearling stud colt, Fleetwood King is to blame since they were not separated until he was nine months old.

As an interest to a greenhorn on horse shows, why not publish an article about the know-how of showing your Morgan.

Bob Travis
Thurman, Iowa

(Continued on page 33)



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MILLER'S

NEW 96 PAGE **77** CATALOG **77** REAL SAVINGS ON EVERYTHING FOR RIDING

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Reminiscences of the Past

(Continued from page 24)

1000 head of NO Morgans running from Grand River to the Moreau. Every time a farmer would plant a crop, a herd of near-wild horses would trample it out. Finally, disgusted and angry, the farmers rounded up the NO horses and shot them. The shooting of these Morgans was the worst sight a man could behold—horrible to think that horses were no longer needed, horrible to see them die.

After this, Daddy Peck lost the ranch and moved into town. There he lived for four or five years until his death. Although he was penniless when he died, his many friends did not forget him. They gave him one of the largest funerals ever held in South Dakota.

He died before people's way of thinking changed, when they grew to realize that horses were—after all—a necessity of life to the West. He died before the Morgan became re-established as the great American horse.

We shall not forget Daddy Peck. The vibrant living Morgans of today will not let us forget him.

Names in Pedigrees

(Continued from page 12)

sires of the Colonial Thoroughbred, those horses which were able to run four mile heats and five heat races, and come back in a week and do it over again, all under crushing burdens of as much as 180 pounds, a far cry from our present day "top weighted at 130 pounds."

Lexington was a dark red bay with a medium star, a snip on his upper lip, and three short white sox. He was a scant fifteen-two hands high, and when in show condition weighed 1070 pounds. He had a beautiful head with extremely tiny ears and fine large eyes. His head was almost chiselled in its fineness, particularly below the eyes and around the muzzle. He was well-ribbed with good strong loin and deep square quarters. His legs were short in proportion to his height and he had extremely dense bone with the very best muscling above his knees and hocks. His mane and tail were thick and black, which showed off his polished mahogany coat to perfection. Like most

Morgans, he gave a strong impression of compactness, and this balance, coupled with his intelligence and regal carriage made him a very hard horse to beat in any show. In the ring he was beaten but once in a long career, and this was by one of the greatest show stallions ever seen within Kentucky's borders, the unbeaten and ill-starred Middleton's Drennon. Probably the one performance which most endeared him to the hearts of the ringsiders was at the World's Fair in Woodford County, Kentucky in 1870. Then a seven year old, Lexington was first in the ring, his bright bay coat shining to each hair, and with a majesty and balance seldom equaled even in today's paragons. Behind him came Hamlet, exactly the same color, but finer and smaller, and with a gait of manner that brought him prolonged acclaim. Then came the great Arlington Denmark followed by the queer-tempered Montrose, then only a five year old, but destined to be a great champion in later years, winning final acclaim in St. Louis at the unprecedented age for show horses of twenty years. Last horse in the ring was the little peacock John Waxey, well under fifteen hands, but with a heart and courage nearly as great as he was. It was a grueling show, with no decision after forty-five minutes of showing, finally ending with over an hour's effort on the part of each of the horses to put forth his very best. When the smoke of battle had cleared, Cabell's Lexington was the winner to properly great acclaim, over Arlington Denmark and stout hearted little John Waxey with Montrose fourth.

Lexington had been purchased by W.W. Cabell from his breeder Dr. Price when a four year old, and he made his entire show career in Mr. Cabell's hands. When he was thirteen years old he was sold to the very astute horseman Nick Ray in Edmonton, Kentucky who in turn sold him to W. M. Kirby of Smith's Grove, in whose ownership he died at the age of sixteen, his death coming as the result of complications following a kick by a mare.

As a sire, Cabell's Lexington was second only to Gaine's Denmark as progenitor of quality saddle horses. Most of his get were that same satiny mahogany color and most had his quiet willing disposition and complete ease and balance of gait. Sold for from \$200 to \$1500 they were in

great demand all over the United States, with carload lots going to the great horse markets in New York and Indiana, as well as some to California and England. His best sons in the ring and at stud were the bay Duluth and Tom Boyd. The former a counterpart of his sire in color and manner, won the stallion sweepstakes at the St. Louis Fair over no less than ninety-six competitors. Like all the Morgan sires who did so much to futher the early success of the Saddlebred horse, Cabell's Lexington was primarily noted as a broodmare sire, and his daughters did much to strengthen the reputations of such sires as Harrison Chief and Bourbon Chief, yet the bay Lexington is also the sire, in tail-male, of more good saddle horses than all the other Morgan sires combined. One of his best in the show ring was the white faced bay mare Sally Cabell, shown at Harrodsburg, Danville, Laurenceburg, Shelbyville, Springfield, Bardstown, Bowling Green, Franklin and Hopkinville without a defeat, living in a land of almost literally no Morgan mares, Cabell's Lexington figures woefully little in modern Morgan pedigrees, as perhaps his best known appearance there comes as the sire of Billie, the grand dam of Bennington 5963, whose four sons Mansfield, Ulysses, Canfield and Querido, and two daughters Redfern and Willys, probably figure in more modern Morgan pedigrees than do the get of any other single stallion. Rescued from its near oblivion in an un-Morgan state, perhaps the blood of the great show champion Cabell's Lexington, added a small bit to the present great popularity of this whole family.

Horsebreeding Problems

(Continued from page 17)

straw, grass and other foreign material.

Symptoms: Diarrhea is usually the first symptom noted. The feces become very soft, thin, and are often voided in a stream at short intervals. The feces often have a very disagreeable, penetrating, sour odor, and are yellowish in color. They are sometimes blood streaked. There may be a loss of appetite and a rise of temperature. Sometimes foals show colicky pains and the intestinal sounds become exceptionally loud. They may become tucked up in the flank and show rough hair coat.

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

If the disease is allowed to progress, the foal may become very weak, and unable to stand, the extremities cold, and death occur in stupor or convulsions.

Course: The disease ends in recovery in most cases. Improvement is generally rapid. Serious cases may die in three to seven days, or drag along two to four weeks, and terminate in pneumonia.

Treatment: The thing to do is to remove the cause, and regulate the diet. If the foal is getting too much milk from the mother, reduce the amount by milking some out every two hours. If the cause is an inflammation of the mother's udder, resort to artificial feeding until a cure can be brought about. If the foal is eating foreign objects, like feces, straw, or grass, this may be controlled by applying a muzzle between feedings. The foal should be kept in a warm, clean, well-bedded stall.

As to medical treatment, one may give the foal two or three ounces of castor oil to eliminate gastro-intestinal contents. Many foals will respond quickly in the early stages of the disease to a one-half ounce dose of bismuth subnitrate. This dose can be repeated every six hours until the diarrhea stops. The required dose of bismuth should be mixed in a clean cup with a little of the mare's milk, and given to the foal from a small bottle, or a dose syringe.

Severe cases sometimes respond to the subcutaneous administration of (100 to 200 cc) of the dam's blood. This treatment may be repeated daily.

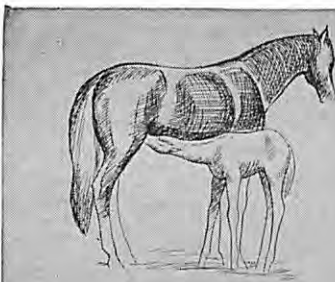
Navel-ill

(Joint-ill; Pyosepticemias; Omphalophlebitis)

Definition: Navel-ill is an acute infectious disease of new-born foals, characterized by lameness and swollen joints. The disease is caused by infection of the navel, which is either prenatal or post natal, mostly the former.

Causes: Navel-ill has been found to be due to a specific infection. The organisms incriminated are: (a) streptococci, (b) *bact viscosum equi* (c) *B. coli*, and (d) *bacillus abortivo-equinus*. ¶

The natural infection occurs from two sources, intra-uterine and extra-uterine. We have very conclusive evidence at the present time to indicate that a great many cases of navel-ill are due to prenatal infection. The main



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2. A hormone that acts like estrone.
3. A hormone that acts like testosterone.
4. A factor helping newborn young to live through weaning.

References:

a. Estrogenic, Androgenic and Gonadotrophic Activity in Wheat Germ Oil, *Endocrinology* 49:289 (1951).

b. An Unidentified Factor Required For Survival of Newborn Rats. *J. Nutrition*, October 1951.

For maintaining vigor, stamina and top level performance on the track, trainers provide REX OIL all through training and believe it a valuable feed supplement. One great horseman says, "Rex Oil colts are vigorous and sturdy; they get off to a good start."

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VIOLIN CORPORATION, MONTICELLO, ILL.

reasons in support of this theory, given by Magnusson are that: "(1) Certain mares year after year produce foals dying of joint-ill. (2) The disease appears so early that post natal infection could not have had time to develop. (3) Even when the navel has been treated with great care, joint-ill sets in. (4) The same bacillus is found in the uterus and in the foal."

"It is the conclusion of Dimock, Edwards, Caslick, Hagyard, and others of wide experience in Kentucky breeding establishments, that in a majority of cases, the source of infection is intra-uterine. Dimock, Edwards, and Bullard found that in many cases of *Bacterium viscosum* infection, there was unmistakable evidence of prenatal infection, the possibility of this having been positively demonstrated. Large numbers of foals showing symptoms of the disease at birth or developing

it later, have been delivered of mares from whose uterus it was possible to recover the organisms found present in the lesions of the diseased foal and its fetal membranes."

"The subsequent history of mares with streptococci infection is that uniformly they have a metritis and cervicitis following delivery of a diseased foal. Infection may be present in the uterus at the time of conception or be introduced during service and gain entrance to the fetal body directly through the fetal membranes and thence the fetal circulation, or the *Bacterium viscosum* infection may be transmitted from the maternal circulation to the fetal circulation through the placenta.

"The habitate of the viscosum organism is believed to be in the digestive tract of the pregnant mare; it is readi-

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

ly recovered from the tonsillar crypts of the great majority of horses of all ages, both male and female. It is believed to invade the fetus in utero through the blood of the dam."

"Extra uterine infection may, and no doubt does, occasionally occur as a result of contamination of the umbilical stump during parturition or immediately after birth. Such infection may be acquired from soiled bedding or from the dirty hands of attendants when applying ligatures or antiseptic to the umbilical cord."

Symptoms: The symptoms may be present at birth, but usually appear within the first twenty-four to forty-eight hours after birth. Foals may be dead when born, or they may be born in a semi comatose condition, showing characteristic symptoms of the disease; such foals are usually referred to as "sleepers."

In some cases, foals show very acute symptoms soon after birth. In such cases there is high fever, diarrhea, and rapid loss of strength. Such foals usually die in one or two days, or they may recover and later develop a chronic form of the disease.

In some cases, the first symptoms observed are swelling and pus discharge from the umbilicus; following this, the foal becomes lame, one or more of the joints swell, there is a loss of appetite and a rise of temperature. In a few cases the umbilical symptoms will disappear under proper treatment and the foal may completely recover. In many cases, however, the foal shows more or less depression, lameness appears, one or more of the joints swell, become hot and painful, finally fluctuating and rupture at several points, discharging various amounts of pus. The foal finally loses strength, becomes emaciated, and very weak, the temperature goes below normal, the legs become cold, and finally the foal dies without struggle or in convulsions.

Treatment: A great many different forms of treatment have been tried for navel-ill, but up to the present time we do not know of any specific treatment.

A certain percentage of foals that show symptoms at birth will recover when treated with the dam's blood. The amount usually given is from (100 to 200 cc). This dose may be repeated every twelve to twenty-four hours if indicated. Antistreptococcal serum, bacterins administered to the mother

previous to foaling, and to the foal when born, the internal administration of stimulants, oily laxatives, and internal antiseptics of various kinds, supplemented by antiseptic treatment of the umbilicus, have been tried for years, but up to the present time have not lowered the mortality of the disease, and those foals that do recover are seldom of much value.

Prevention: The best prevention of joint ill in foals that we know of is to breed only those mares whose genital organs are perfectly normal and free from infection and inflammation, to a stallion that is potent, in good health, and has normal healthy genital organs. The foaling stall both before and after parturition should be kept scrupulously clean, and immediately after foaling, the umbilical stump should receive prompt antiseptic treatment. All foals affected with navel-ill should be kept strictly isolated from other brood mares and foals, and all litter from their stalls should be thoroughly disinfected, or put somewhere where no healthy foals or brood mares will come in contact with it.

Barren Mares and Breeding Sanitation

The majority of mares show normal heat periods at regular intervals. Mares generally come in heat on the eighth to the tenth day after foaling, and on the eighteenth to the twenty-first day thereafter. The period of heat usually lasts from three to five days. When teasing mares for evidence of heat, it is seldom that one finds two mares that will act exactly the same at the heat period.

There is a great variety of methods of teasing practiced by different breeders, and it is very difficult to say at the present time just what may be the best method. My own observation leads me to believe that many breeders do not try their mares often enough during the breeding season, or because they came in heat, were bred, and showing no further evidence of coming in heat were assumed to be in foal, but proved not to be. My opinion is that many of this group of mares are not barren because of any disease affecting their genital organs, but simply because they were not tried by the teaser frequently enough to catch them in heat and breed them. There are some mares in which it is difficult to determine definitely when they are in heat. My observation leads me to believe that in maiden mares and open

mares, the maximum time between teasing periods, during the breeding season, both before and after such mares have been bred, should not exceed four days. Foaling mares that foal normally and do not suffer from any lacerations, retained afterbirth, and show no abnormal discharges, should be tried on the eighth or ninth day, and bred, if in season, then such mares should be regularly tried at intervals not to exceed four days throughout the breeding season, and rebred at any time they may come in heat.

Caslick* has recorded some very interesting observations that he has made during the last five years with thoroughbred mares, concerning the sexual cycle in mares and its relation to ovulation. These observations include a study of the vagina to determine the true ovulation period (oestrus period) and the periods between heat (dioestrus). While the breeding season of the thoroughbred mare is quite short (extending from about February 15th to June 15th) he has found that in the average thoroughbred stud, it requires about three normal heat periods to produce one pregnancy. He also found that, "under a system of every other day teasing, Sunday excepted," that the largest percentage of mares conceived when bred either on the first, second, third, or fourth day of their heat period.

Caslick has concluded that in a well-managed stud with good veterinary service that, "barrenness in mares comes from three main sources: the shortness of the breeding season; genital infections; and failure of the mare to have a normal heat period. With our present knowledge of the control of genital infections, except probably specific infections, failure of the mare to have a normal heat period results in more barrenness than the other main sources combined."

Caslick has concluded from his studies that, "clinically there appears to be, outside of the normal cycle, four quite distinct types of sexual cycles." These abnormal cycles he terms: (a) long heat periods, (b) long periods between heat, (c) the irregular heat period, (d) and the individual in which there is no heat period. Caslick is quite definitely of the opinion, based upon his studies of a large number of mares, that mares showing long heat periods, long periods between heat, irregular heat periods, and no heat periods at all,

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding page)

ovulate quite regularly, and that such ovulation period can be determined by vaginal examination. He has been successful in getting a very large percentage of such mares in foal by making systematic vaginal examinations and breeding the mare at the time she is ovulating, regardless of whether she is showing symptoms of heat to the teaser or not.

Undoubtedly there are many mares that fail to get in foal when bred, due to the fact that ovulation occurs, either too long before, or too long after copulation, so that the sperm cells are all dead before the ovum was available for fecundation. In many aged mares physiological exhaustion of the genital organs is undoubtedly a common cause of barrenness.

In searching for the cause of barrenness in mares, the potency of the breeding stallion must not be overlooked. Sterility in the stallion may be quite accurately predicted by making a microscopic examination of the semen. It is advisable to make semen examination of breeding stallions at the beginning of each breeding season, in order to make sure that the vitality of the ejaculated sperm cells have not become impaired. The number, motility, and vigor of the sperm cells may be readily studied by placing a fresh drop of semen on a glass slide and observing the cells with the microscope. Stallions whose semen show only 50 per cent of the spermatozoa to be normal in motility and morphology, will generally get but few mares in foal, rarely it has been found that stallions with a relatively small number of sperm cells in their semen were fertile. On the other hand, stallions may have what appears to be a normal semen, yet be of very low fertility. Several examinations of semen should be made from as many copulations before arriving at definite conclusions as to fertility of the stallion.

The technique of sanitation employed at the time of breeding mares to stallions is of great importance. First, I wish to strongly condemn the practice of opening up mares at breeding time, or at any other time between heat periods. That practice is a dangerous one in that you may introduce infection that may cause sterility; it is dangerous in that you may introduce infection that may cause abortion if the mare gets in foal; it is dangerous in that you may introduce infection

that may cause the foal to be weak at foaling time, and die soon thereafter; and it is dangerous in that you may introduce infection that may cause the foal to suffer from navels or joint disease.

The mare, having been found to be in heat, after being tried by the teaser, is brought to the breeding shed, or to some other suitable place where she may be safely bred, but, before being bred, should have the tail bandaged and the external genitals thoroughly scrubbed with hot water, using soap and a sponge, the outer genitals should be rinsed off with clean, warm water, using a second sponge and pail for this purpose; then the lips of the vulva should be parted and cleaned inside the organ with a water-soaked pledget of absorbent cotton. The mare is then restrained with twitch and hobbles, or otherwise. The stallion is then allowed to serve the mare, and, as soon as he dismounts, he is backed away from the mare and the penis is washed with soap and warm water, and rinsed with clean warm water from a second container. If the above methods were always religiously employed at the time of breeding mares to stallions, I am sure we would have a much less number of abortions, dead foals at foaling time, weak foals that die soon after birth, and foals that suffer from joint disease or navels.

Artificial Impregnation

The introduction of semen into the uterus with an impregnating syringe, or with breeding capsules at the time of service, is practiced to a limited extent in some horse breeding districts. It, however, has never conclusively proven that the introduction of additional semen into the uterus does get a higher percentage of mares in foal than when reliance is placed entirely upon normal copulation. Impregnation has the advantage in that two or more mares can be bred from one stallion service, provided the additional mares are in heat and at the place of service. Unless artificial impregnation is performed according to the rules of strict asepsis, it can easily become a dirty, filthy, and dangerous practice. It is not advisable to impregnate foaling mares, when they are bred at the first heat period after foaling.

Diagnosis of Pregnancy

The diagnosis of pregnancy by physical examination can be determined quite accurately, after the mare

has been bred 60 to 90 days, by one who has had training and experience. The examination is made by palpation of the uterus per rectum. An ideal time to make a physical examination for pregnancy is in early fall, and any mares found pregnant that have aborted at any previous pregnancy should be vaccinated against abortion. Three doses of equine abortion bacterin should be injected subcutaneously at weekly intervals. Where there has been several abortions in a band of mares, it is advisable to vaccinate all pregnant mares on the farm. One series of bacterins will produce immunity against abortion for one gestation period only, and must be repeated each year. The bacterin has no ill effects when administered.

Infected Mares

The clinical symptoms usually observed in infected mares are matting of the tail hairs, caused by a discharge from the vagina, the skin on the inner surface of the thighs, and on the inside of the hind legs and hocks often become soiled from this discharge. The external genital organs often become very much relaxed, and air will be sucked into the vagina, indicating a loss of tone in the muscles that support the genital organs. If the vaginal tract is inspected, the mucous membrane lining the tract will often be found congested. Sometimes fluid is found in the vaginal cavity, the character of which may be thin and cloudy, or thick and yellowish. Sometimes a fluid may be seen coming from the cervical canal. In a few cases, adhesions occur in the cervical canal, resulting in the accumulation of varying amounts of pus in the uterus.

In low grade infections of the genital tract, the clinical symptoms may not be visible from a physical examination, and in such cases, it requires a bacteriological examination to make a diagnosis.

Research investigations upon the breeding diseases of mares indicates that the bacteria found in uterine infections and causing sterility in mares, enter the uterine cavity through the external genital canal. Such infections may be carried into the genital canal by inserting the hand and arm into the vagina to open up the cervix at breeding time; it may be introduced by unclean artificial impregnation; retention of fetal membranes; difficult parturition, and improper douching fol-

(Continued on page 33)



BROOD MARE BAND — CRABAPPLE VALLEY FARMS

Crabapple Valley Farm, now buried in snow, will in a few more weeks sprout grass on which mares such as those seen above will crop with their foals. When the days are longer and warmer and horses have shed their winter coats, make it a point to drop in at the farm and see our big band of Morgans.



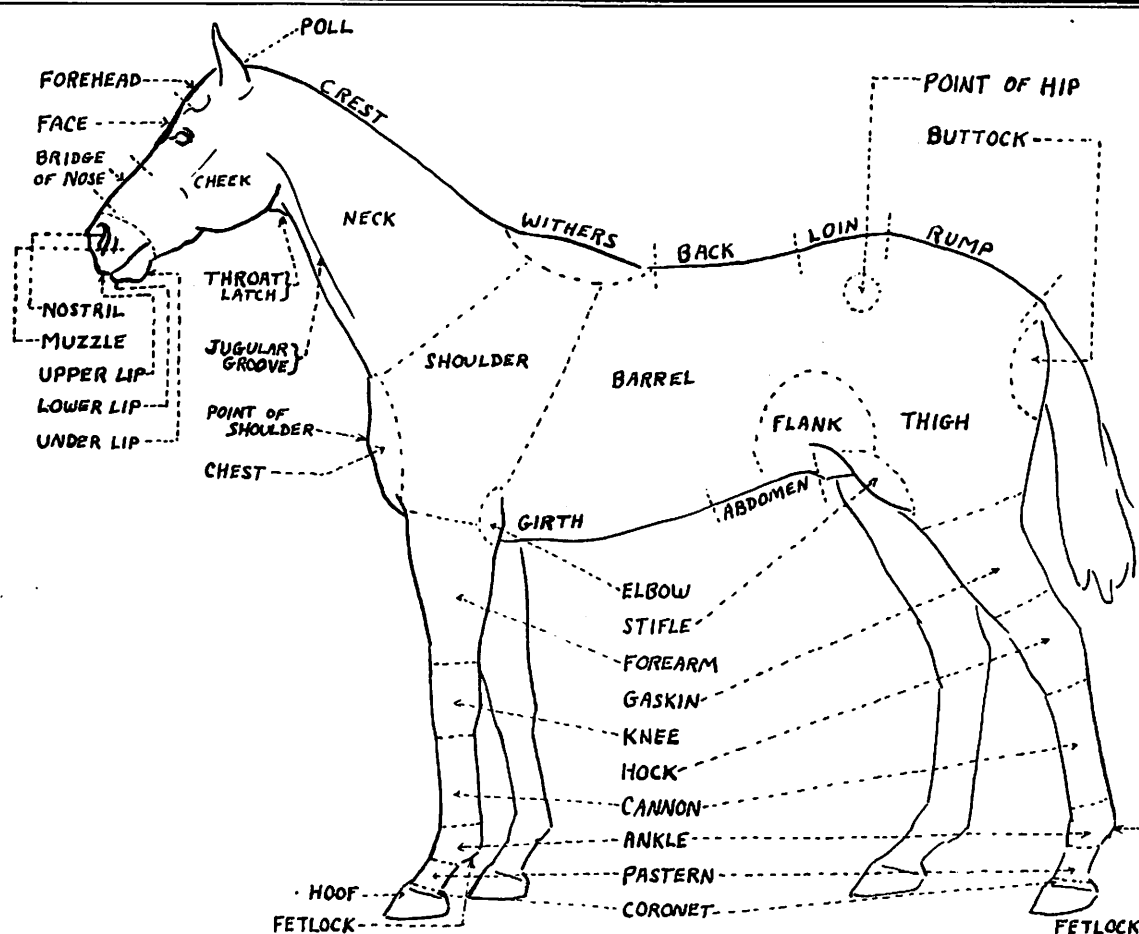
Merete D. Evans, owner

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NEWS FLASH!!

\$71.50 English saddle to be added to prize list. Only 25 Subscriptions to win this valuable prize. See Stallion Issue for details and picture. Saddle supplied by Miller Harness Co.

The Morgan Horse Magazine
Leominster, Mass.



Once again the Morgan magazine runs the diagram shown above familiar to most horsemen. However the correct terms for various parts of a horse's anatomy frequently slip the memory and the illustration serves as a refresher.

THE FLAME'S TRUST

By
Carol
Blandin

PAGE
1.

ON BOARD THE BLACK VICTORY, IN THE BAY AT ROCKLAND, THE YOUNG CAPTAIN SAT IN THE HELM READING A LETTER. HIS FACE GREW SOLEMN AS HE READ. BILLY, THE CABIN BOY, APPROACHED THE FLAME OF VICTORY....

IT'S FROM MY MOTHER!

WHY DO YOU
LOOK SO GRAVE?
WHAT IS IN THE
LETTER, FLAME?



HERE LOOK AT IT, BILLY.

SUNRISE, MAINE
MARCH 2, 1776

DEAR SON,
BEFORE YOU LEFT HOME
YOU TOLD ME THAT I EVER NEED
ED HELP TO SEND FOR YOU. I
NOT ONLY NEED HELP BUT SO
DO ALL IN OUR VILLAGE. PLEASE
COME TO OUR AID. COME QUICK
LY FOR OUR LIVES DEPEND ON
IT. BRING YOUR MEN AND BE
READY TO FIGHT FOR YOUR
LIVES. I WILL TELL YOU MORE
WHEN YOU ARRIVE HOME.
WITH ALL MY
LOVE,
MOM.

FIVE HOURS LATER....

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME MOM
HAS EVER ASKED FOR MY HELP
SINCE I LEFT HOME. I HOPE WE
REACH SUNRISE IN TIME.

DON'T WORRY SO, FLAME.
EVERY THING WILL
TURN OUT ALL RIGHT.



Horsebreeding Problems

(Continued from page 29)

lowing parturition.

No infected mare should be bred to any stallion so long as she is infected. Infected mares may occasionally get in foal, but if they do, they are liable to abort, give birth to a dead foal at foaling time, to one that is weak and will die in a short time or to a foal that will suffer from joint disease. A certain percentage of infected mares can be cured with proper treatment. Such treatment should be given under the direction of a veterinarian who has had experience with breeding diseases.

The commonly encountered infections of the genital organs in mares (except equine infectious abortion) often occur at the time of foaling, or some time between then and the inception of the next period of gestation. While some of this infection may be unavoidable, much of it can be prevented by observing proper sanitation during the foaling and breeding seasons.

References: *Cornell Veterinarian, 1937, 27, 187. Beeman — Veterinary Obstetrics and Zootechnics.

LETTERS

(Continued on page 25)

Don't Worry

Dear Sir:

Do enjoy the magazine to hear about Morgan affairs elsewhere. Last year I did not raise any colts, but if things go as planned, will have some next year. Horses do not seem to be too popular now in this locality. Perhaps they will become more plentiful this coming spring and summer. It's been so wet and mean that people just don't ride much now for pleasure, and the question of stabling horses in the immediate vicinity is quite difficult. Also, feed is expensive and expenses to the average person who would like to own a horse is quite a problem. However, if one wants something badly enough, there always seems to be a way out.

Sincerely,
G. A. Wessitsh
Stockton, Calif.

Dear Sir:

This is a photo of Cotton Hills Choice, who died last spring. He was owned by A. E. Swartz of Independ-

ence, Missouri. I believe he has contributed much to the breed and grade of horses in Missouri and Illinois.

Yours, very truly,
Linda Falkner
11502 East 20th St.



Cotton Hills Choice

Dear Sir:

Just a word of compliment on the last issue of the MORGAN HORSE Magazine. It was an extremely fine issue, and I enjoyed every part of it.

I might add that we have recently completed a deal with Dr. R. B. Graves of Red Wing, Minnesota, whereby we acquired a mare and foal from him; and he, in turn, acquired a Mentor yearling stallion from us.

Very truly yours,
S. D. Sahlstrom
Milaca Morgan Farm

Dear Sir:

Many people own fine Morgans in this section of the country. I own two Morgans, one gelding and one



Captain Stormalong

two-year-old stallion. The snapshot is of my two-year-old colt, Captain Stormalong, foaled on June 4, 1949, color dark chestnut. We call him Stormy.

Yours truly,
Mildred Hilts Dalton
Gouverneur, New York

Orcutt Gives Demonstration at U. of M.

On Wednesday, December 12, Dr. Robert Orcutt of Rawley, was the guest of the University Pre-Veterinary Club at the University of Massachusetts, where he gave a lecture and demonstration on the training of light horses. The demonstration was open to all Animal Husbandry seniors as well as Pre-Veterinary students.

Dr. Orcutt opened his lecture with a demonstration on the use of the biting harness. He fitted a harness to a previously untouched 18 month old Morgan stallion, U. S. Panez, owned by the University farm. Emphasized were methods of fitting and safe means of handling. Dr. Orcutt then drove a three-year-old with little previous training, in long lines, following which he showed the new Morgan stallion, Meade, in harness.

The demonstration was both interesting and beneficial to the students and guests attending.

Jean Sanborn

CLASSIFIED

5 cents per word
\$1.00 minimum

PHOTOGRAPHY by Barbara Stone, 41 Franklin Avenue, West Medford, Mass. Show pictures and action shots. For appointment and price call Mystic 8-9810.

KING RANCH BLUESTEM, BLUE PANIC, and the NEW BUFFEL GRASS. Seeding details and prices.

Guy Hutchinson, Uvalde, Texas

REGISTERED MORGAN COLTS, Fillies for sale, Lippitt and Archie O blood lines—Mid State Morgan Horse Farm, DeMott Road, Middlebrush N. J., phone East Millstone 8-2646.

REGISTERED MORGANS—COLTS, FIL-LIES, MARES for sale at all times. Best bloodlines from selected foundation stock. Ideal saddle and show prospects, some outstanding winners. Pictures upon request only to interested buyers. HYLEE FARMS, CAMBRIA, WISCONSIN.

TWO HORSE TRAILER—Custom built with tandem axles, brakes, metal body and roof, tack space. Has everything plus looks. H. Bertram, Box 231, Haverhill, Massachusetts (Phone 3-3849)

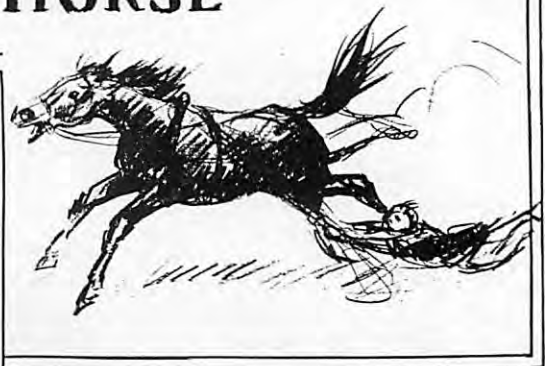
FOR SALE: Registered Morgan Stallion, six-years-old, dark chestnut with white strip in face. Stands 15-2 and is broke to ride and drive. Priced reasonably. James E. Repp, Chippewa Lake, Ohio.

ONCE UPON A HORSE



MAN WITH ALL THE ANSWERS

By OLD TIMER



Roger Stone eased his 200-plus bulk onto the plank seat near the open door of his big farm barn. Roger, of French-Canadian descent—his real name was Raoul LaRoche—was built like a barrel. Like a barrel he sat and at a not much lower level than he stood. He pulled off his wide straw hat and sat, grateful for the brief rest in a long, hot day.

Above his head was an open window and through it came a big brown head. It bent until its twitching muzzle almost touched Roger and then a long tongue started lapping Roger's bald head.

"Stoppat, you old fool," he mildly ordered. "She like's the salty taste in the sweat. Plenty salty today," he added as he reached up and softly cuffed at the insistant busser.

"Some baby" I commented as I watched the mare, now nibbling at Roger's big, hairy ears. "Had her long?"

"Bout two years," re replied. "She's Belgian coach horse."

"You don't mean—she's not the one that—?"

He nodded and his big mouth tightened under the old-fashioned moustache. "That's the baby."

I recalled what I had heard about her. Runaway, kicker and biter she had put several men into the hospital before she ended up at Roger's farm. "House of correction," his place was called by disgruntled horsemen who saw animals which acted like demons when they owned them and like lambs when they passed into his hands. Yes, Roger had a hard name in the horse business, a reputation swollen by livery stable gossip. Yet no one had ever seen him abuse an animal. After a few weeks in his care the most man-shy horse was his friend.

A horseman all his life, tough in mind and body, he exuded confidence. He never tackled a job he couldn't finish, and he would tackle anything.

When he landed in our town he was a teamster. Then he drove city teams. Then he bought a farm but retained part of his city job—he acted

as caretaker at the barns and had general charge of the city horses. To accomplish this he usually drove into the city twice a day. He was a stiff taskmaster and woe to the driver who brought in an over-heated or worked out pair. During those years he met up with some mean horses and quickly subdued them. So, when he bought the farm and began to do a little trading it was only natural that owners of bad ones would seek him out. He never straightened out a horse for anyone—he bought or traded for the bad-actor. "If I make any mistakes I have only myself to worry about," he was wont to explain.

"Get stuck often?" I asked as we basked in the shade of the barn. "Not often," he answered, "but mabbe pretty oon," and he gestured with his head toward the end of the long driveway. Turning in was a spring wagon carrying two men. In the shafts was a big gray, young—by the extent of his dapples — sound and handsome. "Know them?" I asked. He shook his head. "No, but I know about that horse. Balks."

The rig pulled up in front of us and the driver greeted the farmer. A wave was the reply. The talk, as always at such meetings, concerned everything in the world except horses. Roger sat stolidly on his plank, answering but briefly all remarks aimed at him. Finally the driver came out with it.

"What've you got to trade? This fellah's a little too young and quick for my business. Want something a little older, quieter."

"Dunno," was the answer. "Show him that mare in the end stall," he said to me. I went in and led her out, old, a chunk, and fairly sound.

The visitors alighted and looked her over.

"How'll you trade?"

"Even," grunted Roger and stared expressionlessly at them as they protested.

They haggled for boot. They started at \$100 and worked down. Roger said nothing. He wore them down.

They traded. I helped switch the harness and they drove off. When they were out of sight Roger heaved himself off the bench. "Lessee what we bought," he said.

We harnessed the gray and hitched him to a stoneboat. I piled on convenient boulders and Roger picked up the lines. "Giddap," he said. The horse started, felt the weight of the drag, reared and plunged. Finally he threw himself. I jumped on his head. "Stay there," he ordered and I held the big head down until he reappeared with a maul, rope and a couple of iron stakes. He drove one stake near the head and the other just out of reach of the extended feet. With inch rope he firmly tied the animal's head to one and his four feet to the other.

"Thar," he said. "You take a little rest."

"How long?" I asked. "Long enough," was the answer. I left soon after.

The next day, curious, I drove up to Roger's farm. He was standing in the barn doorway. "How's the horse?" I asked. He pointed, in answer, and I walked around the barn. There on the grass, exactly as I had last seen him was the big gray—flat. "How'd you feed him?" I asked. "Or water him?"

"Didn't," was the answer. "Didnt want to disturb his rest. He should be 'bout ready to get up."

He certainly was. I took him by the head as Roger released the rope and he struggled to his feet and shook himself.

"Back him to that stoneboat," said Roger. I did and Roger hooked the tugs to the trace chains.

"Giddap," he said. The stubbornness was gone from the gray. He settled down and pulled the load until Roger halted him. He unhitched, rubbed him down, gave him water and hay and later a big mash.

He never balked again.

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That was Roger's way.

The Belgian mare who licked his head had been cured as quickly. The
(Continued on next page)

Horses as well as humans are victims of war—in recent conflicts as well as in the days of Napoleon. Not only are they targets for artillery and bombers but they suffer from lack of care and food.

We recently were discussing phases of the last world war with a young German engineer who had escaped into West Germany after the Russians took over in the East and who had eventually made his way to this country. In the course of our conversation we mentioned the fact that we had once read that Hitler's armies were not as mechanized as generally believed; that Germany had horses and mules running into the millions which it used instead of trucks and even in some of its field artillery units.

The engineer confirmed this.

On the Russian front where he had been stationed horses had a hard time of it. Many of them were the big Flemish type and they suffered the most. The smaller, more wiry native horses stood up better. But big and little they failed rapidly from short rations. Army regulations provided that each animal should have so much grain, so much roughage. But the soldiers stole it—the grain to augment their own meager rations and the hay to provide insulation for huts and clothing, for bedding and for fuel. The horses literally starved to death. During the earlier days, before American bombers wrecked the Ger-



man transportation system it was the custom to transport thousands of these starving, weakened animals to France where they were fattened on captured farms. When their strength and condition warranted they were shipped back to the front.

But when the main rail lines were blown up transportation was too precious to waste on animals and they remained at the front until they died. When supplies ran out they lived on bark and moss, young brush, frozen stubble.

The engineer, describing their plight said it was most pitiful in the cases where farmers or real horsemen were assigned to the task of caring for the beasts. These men, reared with animals would as soon starve themselves as mistreat their horses. Consequently they stole hay—for which they were promptly jailed. Thus punishment was the reward for trying to keep life in animals owned by the army.

The happiest end for all concerned was when a Russian shell ended one of the miserable beast's life. Done

was starvation for man and horse alike. The horses hungered no more and neither did the men—they ate them.

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Starvation stories are reminders that now is a good time to check on your well-fed but possibly starving horse. The plentiful diet he gets may be doing him little good. Minerals to tone him up; vitamins to correct his jaded condition or worm medicine to rid him of ravenous parasites—These deficiencies, one at a time or all together, can make life almost as miserable for your stock as it was for the German captive horses in Russia.

* * *

If your horses have been barefoot all winter, keep the ragged edges of hoof trimmed and, with your footpick, check for gravel. This annoying and even dangerous condition comes about when a barefooted horse starts a small separation between the walls of a hoof and the sand or other grit works in. If caught in time it can be worked out or cut out. But if a horse so afflicted is shod without the condition being corrected the chances are good that it will give him trouble. It is not uncommon for this gravel to work clear to the top and come out, complete with pus, right at the junction of hair and hoof. Then it's time for a veterinarian although many old-timers had a method of treating it.

first day she ran away with him was the last time. He turned her toward the hills and let her run her heart out. When she started to slow he went to the whip. He drove her back to the farm under a steady "massaging" and it was all she could do to reach the barn and still trot. She never ran away again.

Then there was the trotter who had a habit of rearing and coming over backward. A haywire cavesson and a standing martingale ended that the first time. He came up, felt the sting of the wire on his atlas bone and came down, shuddering, never to rear again.

There was the crowder—a big team horse who had a nasty trick of crushing anyone who came into the stall along side him. He would throw his entire weight against the man, pinning him to the stall wall—that is he did until Roger got hold of him. Roger sharpened a two-foot length of pick handle until it was needle sharp.

He carried this when he walked in. The big horse threw himself at Roger but instead of the gratifying crunch of human flesh and bones he came up against the sharpened stick braced against the wall. That ended that career of mayhem.

The horse that pawed his manger until his ankle was raw was quickly cured. Roger placed a wide elastic around his arm just above the knee. From it dangled a one-inch iron nut suspended with stout fishline. The horse pawed, the nut cracked him on the shin. The pawing stopped.

He'd tie up one front leg of a kicker and tease him with a whip until he lashed out with his hind feet—and fell on his face.

* * * *

A wealthy mill-owner, who, in later life took to fox-hunting, had great respect for Roger's judgment. But one year he went to Virginia and bought a pair of heavyweight hunters.

He had them shipped north and the day after they arrived he and his wife mounted them and rode over to Roger's.

Roger was cutting brush along the edge of one of his fields when they rode up. "Halloo" he beamed at them for he admired and liked them both. They greeted him as enthusiastically. Talk shifted from inquiries of families to state of the nation, crops and local politics.

Finally the millman, nettled that Roger had said nothing about the new hunters asked bluntly, "How do you like these horses?"

In heavy pantomime Roger gazed toward his barn, across the fields, made play in the brush at his feet.

"Horses, horses—I don't see any horses," he replied paying no attention to the heavy-footed, poorly-made pair in front of him.

They went back to Virginia the next day.

GREEN MOUNTAIN STOCK FARM

Randolph, Vermont

ROBERT LIPPITT KNIGHT
17 EXCHANGE STREET
PROVIDENCE 1, RHODE ISLAND

February 20, 1952

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Robert L. Knight
ROBERT LIPPITT KNIGHT

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Visitors Always Welcome

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