

DELL

NO. 1
25¢

a Treasury of
HORSES



Here is the wonderful world of horses — from their mysterious beginning in the distant past to the magnificent circus and race horses of today . . . the strange story of their lives and ways, told in exciting tales from storybook and real life drama





On a vast unpeopled desert in Mongolia, a herd of untamed shaggy animals, possessing the fierce, suspicious instincts of beasts long hunted, wait their leader's example before stooping to drink from a half-dried stream. . . . These are the Wild Horses of Asia.

At the same time, thousands of miles away, on the lonely moors of Scotland, a child securely mounts his first horse, a small, friendly animal, no larger than his violent Asian brother, yet infinitely more gentle and patient. . . . This is the Shetland pony.

Both of these animals are horses, but are as unlike each other as the lion is unlike the lamb. This is a book about these horses and many others, wild, tame, great and small, real and imaginary.

Today there are horses which are fast and light as the wind, others which are slow and cumbersome as the ox, bearing unbelievable weights with steadfastness and courage. There are the race horses and the great draft animals. Today there are horses which write and talk (the trick horse), and still others which help herd cattle, as the cowponies do.

Once, however, there was the Eohippus, an animal no larger than a fox terrier, and the Black Charger who carried five-hundred-pound knights in armor on their backs. There are horses of myth and fable, like Pegasus, the winged horse, and many, many others.

Man has taken existing breeds of horses and bred them with others to make new kinds of animals: the mare and saddle mount, the show and race horse. Man has made the horse pull his cogwheels, plow his fields, carry his mail and fight with him in his wars. And the horse has done these things willingly, asking only kindness and provender.

In the picture stories on these pages, the horse lives all his varied roles. Through history and across continents, from the heart of Asia, long before the birth of man, the horse makes his endless journey. To Siberia, and across the once existing natural bridges of the Bering Straits, southward again to North and South America, the great herds trek, traveling always toward adventure. . . .

THE WILD HORSE KING

IT IS WINTER IN HIDDEN VALLEY AS A GREAT GOLDEN STALLION, WILDFORE, LEADS HIS HARRM, OR HERD OF FIFTEEN MARES ACROSS THE SNOWY PLAINS---

IN A TIGHT GROUP THE HARRM ADVANCES AS WILDFORE UPRES THE GALLOPING MARES ALONG---



ON THE MOST UNLIVELY THE MUSTANGS NEVER REGRET IN THE WINTER, JOURNEYS SELDOM MORE THAN TWENTY MILES FROM THEIR GRASSY GROUNDS---



FOR EVERY UNDER THE DARK WHITE LAYER OF SNOW THE WILD MUSTANGS CAN FIND FOODER---

AND WILDFORE'S SHARP NOSE DIGS UNDER THE LIGHT BLANKET OF SNOW, REVEALING COARSE GRASSES WHICH HIS HARRM CAN FEED---



FROM THE RED SAGAHA TRACTS FORWARDED TOWARD ITS FAVORITE DRINKING SPOT FOR THEN WHILE RUNNING ALONGSIDE A STREAM OR RIVER, A THIRSTY WILD HORSE WILL WAIT UNTIL HE REACHES HIS FAVORITE WATERING SPOT BEFORE HE DRINKS---



BUT ICE COVERS THE USUAL DRINKING PLACE---



THE POWERFUL STALLION RAISES HIS HOOFLES AND SMASHES DOWNWARD CRASHING THROUGH THE SHATTERED ICE TO THE WATER BELOW---

THE MARES WATCH OUTFULLY AS THEIR STALLION GOES FIRST---



AND WHEN WILDONE'S G-TIPPED WHEEZY SCOURS ACROSS THE FROZEN PLAINS, THE MARES PUSH FORWARD, CRASHING THE WATER WOLF---



BUT THE GOLDEN STALLION'S WHINNY HAS REACHED OTHER EARS! CAUTIOUSLY SNEAKING FREE, THE WOLF PACK ADVANCES DOWNWARD ON THE UNSUSPECTING MARE---



THAT THE SLIME HUNGERSHINE PICK SPOTS ITS PREY! A FRIGHTEN HORSE BUMPS FROM THE MERE ROARED THE WOODS---



TWO CURIOUS WOLVES PEEL OFF FROM THE PACK, PUTTING ON AN AIRING ACT CALCULATED TO ATTRACT AND DISARM THE LAMP BUNNET! ONE WOLF LEAPS UP AND DOWN PLAYFULLY, AS THE OTHER PEEKS IN THE SNOW---



FREAKER, AT FIRST, BUT CALMED BY THE SEEMING FRIENDLINESS OF THE WOLVES, THE UNSUSPECTING ALIVE WATCHES, AS ONE WOLF SNARLS THE STATION AT HER HEAD---



WHILE THE OTHER WOLF LEANS BOWING HER---



WHEN BOTH ARE IN POSITION, THEY LEAP SUCCESSESSIVELY! ONE FOR THE TRAPPED HORSE'S THROAT, THE OTHER FOR HER FLANK---



AS THE MARK TURNS UPRON TO SHAKE HER, RECKLESSLY LOOSE, ONE WOLF BITES HER LIPS, BRISTLING TO HANGSTRONG HER AND MAKE HER FALL---



ASP LEAD INJURED THE CRIPPLED MARE FALLS TO THE GROUND---



FRIGHTENED AND IN PAIN, SHE WHINNIES LOUDLY---

NEIGH!



THE FALL OF THE MARE IS THE SIGNAL FOR THE REST OF THE WOLF PACK TO RUSH THE LUCKY MARE---



ARRRROOOO!



NEEEEE!

THEN THE WOLVES RACE TO ATTACK THE FALLEN MARE, AS WILDPIKE LEADS HIS MAMMOT TO CHASE OFF THE SCAVENGING PACK---



AT THE SOUND OF THE ALARMS, WILDPIKE LEAVES THE OTHER MARES AND GALLOPS TOWARD THE WOODS! HE SEES THE WOLF PACK CLOSING IN AND SNORTS FURIOUSLY---

BEFORE THE STIRRING HOOPS OF THE WILD HORSES ANNE THE TWO WOLVES RACE TO REJOIN THE PACK! THEN WOLFONE AND HIS MATE FORM A CIRCLE ABOUT THE FALLEN MARE, WITH MAREE OUT, SIDING THE PACK! FOR THE HORSES KNOW THAT TO RUN AWAY IS TO EXPOSE THE APPROACH TO THE HANDS OF THE PRO, AND THE BEST CHANCE FOR SAFETY IS IN MAKING A STAND!



AROUND AND AROUND THE CIRCLE OF MAREE THE WOLVES STALK, SEEKING AN OPENING IN THE DEFUNT LINE THROUGH WHICH TO STRIKE.



BUT THE MANADA STANDS, IT'S BARRIN' TIGHT! THEN A LONG WOLF BOLDLY ADVANCED---



SUDDENLY WOLFONE LEAPS FORWARD HIS HEAD SHEPHERD DOWN, MANE FLAPPING AND HIS TESTY CLOSE AROUND THE WOLF'S FURRY NECK---

WITH A SWEEP Toss OF HIS HEAD WOLFONE THROWS THE WOLF HIGH INTO THE AIR---



ITS LEADER LING LIFELESS ON THE SNOUT
THE PACK WITH FIERCE BUT FALSE BAYING
RETREATS, SLAMING BACK TO THE WOODS
WITH ANGRY GLANCES AT THE PRIDE
FLAME-COLORED STALLION WHO SO ABLY
DEFENDS HIS MAREMA...



AND THEN THE GOLDEN STALLION AND HIS
MARE FEED ON A SPECIAL SPRING FOOD
THE BARK OF COTTONWOOD TREES...



EVERY THE NERVOUS ANTELOPES WATCH THE
GOLDEN KING FOR THEY KNOW OF ALL THE
FLAING ANIMALS, THE MUSTANG'S EYE AND
NOSE ARE THE FIRST TO SIGHT OR SENSE DANGER...



WITH THE COMING OF SPRING TO HIDDEN VALLEY
WILDFIRE BATTLES IN THE SANDWASHED SANDS
AS CENTURIES OLD DESERT ANCESTORS
ROLLED IN THE SANDS OF ANOTHER
CONTINENT...

BUT WILDFIRE IS EVER AWARE OF THE
SHADOWS OF LEADERSHIP WHILE HIS MAREMA
GRAZE UNCONCERNEDLY IN THE HILLS ON THE
SPRING GRASS, THE WILD HORSE FIND THREE
THE LOOKOUT POSITION ABOUT THEM ON A
POSS...



AND WHEN HIS MAREMA GRAZES ON THE FLAT
PLAINS AFTER EACH BITE, WILDFIRE POSSES
HIS HEAD HIGH STRETCHING HIS GOLDEN NECK
SO HE CAN SURVEY THE FLATLANDS FOR
DANGER...



FOR SPRING IS THE DANGEROUS SEASON TO A STALLION GUARDING HIS MARES! BESIDES HIS NATURAL ENEMIES LIKE THE WOLF AND PANTHER HE MUST GUARD HIS MARES FROM THE JEALOUS MUSTANG OUTCASTS! THE OUTCASTS ARE BACKLASH STALLIONS WHO WOULD DO OR UP TOO FEELER TO HAVE A MARE OF THEIR OWN! BUT ALWAYS ONE OF THE OUTCAST STALLIONS MAY BECOME INVOLVED AND TRY TO RUN OFF ANOTHER STALLION'S MARES AND FOAM HIS OWN NECK!...



CONVINCED OF THEIR NATURAL EYES, WILDFIRE CHARGES THE OUTCASTS AND TRY TO RUN OFF EITHER THEY FIGHT TO TRY TO WIN THE GOLDEN STALLION'S MARES!



BUT NOW! MOREOVER THAN THE OUTCASTS AND THE OTHER HERD STALLIONS! AND A BURGONENT BLACK STALLION TROUPE HIS MARES ACROSS THE PLAINS, EYES WILDFIRE'S MARE DA INVOLVED!...

STRAIGHTLY THE BLACK APPROACHES DOWNWIND OF THE MARES!...



WITH A SUDDEN GALLOP THE BLACK STALLION IS DOWN JUMPING WILDFIRE'S MARES, TRYING TO CUT OUT A FEW TO JOIN HIS MARE!...



WITH BATHERING SPEED, WILDFIRE PURSUES THE BLACK STALLION WHO BOMBS OFF WITH TWO OF THE KING'S FRIGHTENED MARES---



COMING ALONGSIDE THE MARE, WILDFIRE KIPS HIS EAR ANGRILY---



THE BLACK STALLION DECIDES TO FIGHT BACK, OFF SWIFTLY AS WILDFIRE FOLLOWS---



AND THE GOLDEN-COLORED STALLION CHARGES UPON THE BLACK'S MARE, BRINGING HIS FURRY NECKERS DOWN AROUND HER NECK---



AND TO THE ACCOMPANIMENT OF WILDFIRE'S DETERMINED PURSUING, THE MARES LEAVE THEIR OLD HERD FOR WILDFIRE'S MARE---

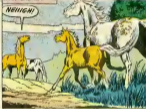


THE BLACK STALLION BITTER WITH DEFEAT, WITCHES HIS MARES JOIN ANOTHER HERD! HE WILL NOT FORGET THE GOLDEN STALLION, HE WILL BE AVENGED---

ALWAYS KEPT CLOSELY TOGETHER BY WILD-FIRE, THE MARE'S LEADS THE HERD ONLY AT FEWING TIME TO GIVE BIRTH IN SPRING TO ONE NEW COLT---



BUT EVEN THEN THE MARE IS ONLY AWAY LONG ENOUGH FOR THE COLT TO FIND ITS LEADS AND RUN WITH HER TO BRING THE MANADA! THE MARE'S SUPERVISION LASTS LITTLE MORE THAN ONE DAY---



AND AS NEW COLTS ARE BORN AND THE MANADA GROWS, THE WILD HORSE KING PROUDLY MARCHES HIS HERD ACROSS THE PLAINS! HE DOES NOT LEAD THEM AT THEIR HEAD, BUT ACTS AS REAR-GUARD, PRODDING ALONG STRAGGLERS WITH A BUTT OF HIS CRIST---



IF A HUNT SHOWS THE HERD WELL OUT BY GROVE, BUT OCCASIONALLY WOLF-PACKS WILL RAID TO THE HEAD OF THE COLONY AND BUDDY THE CHIEF IN THE DIRECTION HE WISHES TO GO---



BUT A DAM-SWOLLEN STREAM BARS THEIR ADVANCE---



THE ANXIOUS MARES, HALF OF THEIR YOUNG IN THE RAGING WATER, ARE PRODDED ON BY WILDFIRE---



THE STILL WORRIED-LOOKING FOALS QUICKLY STICK THEIR FORELEGS INTO THE STRANGE, RAGING ELEMENT---

SPLASHING THEIR HEADS ON THEIR MOTHERS' BACKS, THE COLTS INSTINCTIVELY TAKE THEIR POSITION ON THE DOWNSTREAM SIDE OF THE MARES, WHO ACT AS A BARRIER AGAINST THE ROARING CURRENT---



ONE BY ONE, THE MARES AND FOALS CROSS THE STRAITS, BUT SOMETIMES A YOUNG COLT NEEDS HELP---



WHenever THE WIND SPRING CREES A SCATTERING HOLE, WILDFIRE ADVANCES AWAY, SHAKING THE GROUND AND UP FOR A LIVING BRIDGE, WHILE THE MARES AND COLTS HEEP CAREFULLY BACK---



BUT AS WILDFIRE CATCHES THE FELLETS' SCENT OF PANTHER, THE DARING ATTACKER SPURNS---

BEFORE THE ALERTED GREAT GOLDEN STALLION CAN ESCAPE, THE ROARING PANTHER LANDS HEAVILY ON HIS BACK!



NEIGH!



AS THE PANTHER TRIES TO GET HIS BALANCE SO HE CAN BRING HIS SHARP CLAWS AND FINGERS INTO ACTION, THE GOLDEN KING BUCKS AND REARS---

AS THE CLAWS LASH OUT FOR HIS HEAD WILDFIRE THIRSTS WILDLY---



THE PANTHER FALLS TO THE GROUND---



AND THEN WILDFIRE SWINGS HIS SHARP HOOKS DOWN AGAIN AND AGAIN ON THE FOLLEN PANTHER---



VICTORY WON, WILDPIE RUSHES BACK TO HIS BAITING MARES AND COLTS, BUT REALIZING THE SCENT OF THE DIRT-FED HUNTER LINGERING ON HIM HE CAREFULLY APPROACHES HIS MAREMA DENYING SO AS NOT TO STARVE IT--



WHEN BARRAS RETURNS ONCE MORE TO HIGH VALLEY WILDPIE WISHES TO CUT OUT THE NEAR-OLD COLTS FROM HIS ARMS--



FOR NOW BOTH MALE AND FEMALE COLTS HAVE COME OF AGE TO BAIT FOR THEMSELVES, FORMING MANAGER OF THEIR OWN OR LEADING ONE! AND WITH A BATTERED WINDY WILDPIE WATCHES HIS STURDY YOUNG GALLOP OFF--



BUT THE BLACK STALLION STILL SEEKING REVENGE AND HOPING TO ROB WILDPIE OF HIS MARES RETURNS--

AT HOME TRAILING WILDPIE TO HIS FAVORITE WATERING PLACE THE BLACK STALLION ADVANCES! THIS TIME THERE WILL BE NO TURNING BACK! THIS TIME THERE WILL BE A CLEAR CHALLENGE FOR MASTERY OF THE MANE! THIS TIME THERE WILL BE THE DEADLY DUEL OF STRONG STALLIONS--



IF THE BLACK STALLION CAN SLAY WILD-FIRE, THE MARES WILL BE HIS...



BEFORE THE WILDLY-BOUSTING CHARGE OF THE BLACK, THE PANICKY MARES BOLT...



BUT THE FLAME-COLORED STALLION STRIDES FORWARD IN THE MOONLIGHT, CUTTING BETWEEN THE DROOPING BLACK AND HIS FLEEING MARES.



WILD-FIRE SENSES THIS TIME THERE WILL BE A BATTLE! HE READIES HIMSELF FOR THE GRIM CHALLENGE, SHOWING THE FIRST SIGN OF HIS PREPARATION TO FIGHT AS HIS TAIL FLARES STRAIGHT OUT...



THEY REARING ON THEIR HIND LEGS, THEIR FORELEGS FREE TO STROKE THE ON-LOOKING BLACK STALLION AND WILD-FIRE, DEPENDING HIS MARES' ADVANCE TOWARD EACH OTHER, EACH WAITING FOR THE CHANCE TO STRIKE FIRST...



BOTH STALLIONS POUNCE BACK AND FORTH, TAILS UP, WHISTLING AND HICKERING, ANNOUNCING TO ALL THAT HERE THE BATTLE WILL BE JOINED...

DOWN WITH A SUDDEN SHARP STROKE COMES WILDFIRE'S FORELEGS, BAKING THE BLACK'S SKIN---



THEN THE BLACK USES HIS TEETH, BITING AT WILDFIRE'S NECK, SEARCHING FOR THE JUGULAR VEIN, WHICH WILL MEAN QUICK VICTORY---



BEGINS WITH TWO NATURAL WEAPONS --- TEETH AND HOOF, THERE IS A THIRD, THEIR POWEROUS WEIGHTY AND SUDDENLY AS WILDFIRE BEARS TO STRIKE, THE BLACK MUST NO DODGES AND HURLS HIMSELF AGAINST THE GOLDEN STALLION'S POORLY-BALANCED STANCE---



WILDFIRE FALLS TO THE GROUND---

PRECISELY WILDFIRE ROLLS, Aiming TO AVOID THE BLACK'S FLAILING HOOF, AS HE CROOKS IN TO PRESS HIS ADVANTAGE---



AGAIN AND AGAIN THE BLACK'S SHARP HOOF CUTS HIS SKIN AND BRUISE HIS BONES, AS WILDFIRE DESPERATELY TRIES TO GAIN HIS FEET, KNOWING IF HE FALLS NOW HE WILL NEVER RISE AGAIN---



STURDILY THE BROWN-HOVED KING LUNGES AGAINST THE BLACK, UPSETTING HIS BALANCE--



LEaving HOOF AND HEAD WILDFIRE BEATS DOWN THE ATTACKER--



WITH QUICK, STINGING BLOW WILDFIRE LASHES THE FALLEN BLACK, WHO BELLOW IN PAINFUL DEFER--



BEATEN AND HIS SPIRIT BROKEN, THE BLACK SWALLOW NO LONGER PRESENTS A CHALLENGE! THE GOLDEN KING BACKS AWAY, LETTING THE DEFEATED MUSTING LIMP OFF INTO THE NIGHT--



BY DARK WILDFIRE HAS ROUNDED UP THE BLACK'S ARCADE! NOW THE MIGHTY HERD LEADER'S HARBOR HAVE DOUBLED IN NUMBER AND HIS TRIUMPHANT CALL SOUNDS ACROSS HIDDEN VALLEY, ANNOUNCING TO ALL THAT WILDFIRE IS STILL THE WILD HORSE KING!

Horse Sense



People sometimes question whether horses show real "horse sense" in certain situations. But when we understand why horses act the way they do, our doubts are quickly resolved.

One might ask, for instance, why man, a small and weak animal, is able to tame a powerful animal like the horse. Some people theorize that the horse sees everything larger in relation to himself than it really is. The reason for this, they say, is because he still retains the attitudes and possibly the eyesight of his ancestor, Eohippus—the dawn horse. Eohippus was only as large as a cat. According to the theory, a human being looks large because the horse has the same perceptions he had when he was very small. Therefore he is much more afraid of man than he ought to be, now that he has evolved into an animal of such considerable size.



Another interesting question about horses is why they don't use their one sure weapon against a rider. All a horse has to do in order to kill or dismount his rider is to lie down and roll over. But this almost never happens. It is so rare that most professional trainers have never seen it happen. Just why the horse does not use his best weapon is not known, but many horsemen claim the reason is related to the horse's very construction. Most horses do not even lie down to sleep. It seems to be an uncomfortable position for the big animals. This can be more readily understood when it is realized how thick a horse's body is and how off balance it would be if the animal were lying on its side, relaxed, with all four feet touching the ground. Therefore, a horse spends most of his mature life on his feet, and hardly ever thinks of lying down and rolling over when resisting a rider.



The Story of

The Horse

MANY CENTURIES AGO, WHEN WE HORSES WERE VERY SMALL AND HAD FOUR TOES, WE WERE CALLED EDHIPPUS, WHICH MEANS THE "DWARF HORSE." WE WANDERED ACROSS THE EARTH IN SMALL BANDS, DEPENDING ON OUR SPEED AND CHALLENGE TO ESCAPE THE SABER-TOOTHED TIGERS AND OTHERS WHO SOUGHT TO KILL US.



AS THE AGES PASSES, WE HORSES GREW LARGER AND HEAVIER UNTIL EDHIPPUS DISAPPEARED. OUR SEPARATE TOES VANISHED, AND ONE TOE GREW IN ITS PLACE SO THAT WE COULD GALLOP GRACEFULLY.

STRANGELY ENOUGH, WE CAME TO NORTH AMERICA FROM ASIA OVER A NOW VANISHED NATURAL LAND BRIDGE ACROSS THE PACIFIC. BUT AFTER MANY CENTURIES ON THE GREAT PLAINS, FOR SOME UNKNOWN REASON, WE DISAPPEARED.



BACK IN ASIA AND EUROPE, THE TRUE MODERN HORSE MADE HIS APPEARANCE. HE HAD SOLID HOOF, LIKE THE HORSE OF TODAY, BUT A SHORTER, LONGER COAT, AND LONGER HORN ON HIS HEAD AND ON THE TACKS OF HIS LEGS.

WE DO NOT KNOW WHO FIRST CAPTURED AND TRAINED US. SCENES IN ANCIENT CAVES SHOW THAT MAN HUNTED US FOR FOOD. OVEN WERE PROBABLY HIS FIRST BURDEN BEARS, AND HE TRIED TO USE US LONG BEFORE HE LEARNED TO USE US.



ABOUT 4000 YEARS AGO IN BABYLON OR MESOPOTAMIA, WE WERE FIRST USED FOR WAR. MANY STATUES AND CARVINGS FROM THAT TIME ARE STILL IN EXISTENCE SHOWING THE CHARIOTS WE PULLED.

FROM THEM ON, WANDERING PEOPLES FROM ASIA BROUGHT THE ART OF RIDING TO MANY PARTS OF THE WORLD. THE HYKKS, A SHEPHERD PEOPLE, INVADDED EGYPT, AND IN THEIR CONQUEST, TAUGHT THE EGYPTIANS TO RIDE US.



IN EGYPT, THE HORSE-DRAWN CHARIOT BECAME A DREADED WEAPON. IT WAS USED ONLY BY NOBLES AND THE GREAT PHARAOH HIMSELF. THE EGYPTIANS BUILT A GREAT EMPIRE—... PERHAPS BECAUSE WE WERE SUCH A GREAT ADVANTAGE IN FIGHTING.

THE GREEKS AND ROMANS LEARNED TO FIGHT FROM OUR BACKS. BUT STILL, WE WERE A BADGE OF NOBILITY. IN EARLY ROME, ONLY THE RICHEST MEN COULD BECOME KNIGHTS AND MAKE WAR WITH THE HELP OF OUR SPEED.



IN NORTHERN EUROPE, WE GREW VERY HEAVY AND DARK COLORED, WITH A THICK SET OF SHOULDERS, STRONG LEGS, VERY LARGE HOOFS AND A BIG CHEST ON "BARREL."

BY CONTRAST, THOSE OF US WHO WERE BRED IN THE EAST AND ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SHORE WERE LIGHTER IN COLOR AND CONSIDERABLY MORE SLENDER. WE WERE FASTER THAN OUR HEAVY NORTHERN BROTHERS, AND MUCH MORE GRACEFUL.



IN THE 13TH AND 14TH CENTURIES, EUROPEAN NOBLEMEN BEGAN TO WEAR HEAVY ARMOR. THEY NEEDED HEAVY HORSES TO CARRY THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT, AND USED ONE OF OUR BREEDS CALLED THE NORTHERN HEAVY HORSE.

SOON ARMOR BECAME SO HEAVY THAT A MAN COULD SCARCELY WALK, MUCH LESS CLIMB ONTO HIS MOUNT. A FULLY-ARMED KNIGHT MIGHT SOMETIMES WEIGH FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS. HE HAD TO BE HOISTED ONTO HIS CHARGER WITH A CRUDE DERRICK.



THE GREAT HORSES OF OUR FAMILY BECAME SO IMPORTANT THAT KINGS LIKE HENRY VII HELPED TO DEVELOP US. FURTHER, HE PRODUCED THE ENGLISH BLACK HORSE. THIS PRACTICE WAS CARRIED ON IN FRANCE ALSO, WHERE HORSE BREEDING WAS AN IMPORTANT ACTIVITY OF NOBILITY.



MEANWHILE THE ARABS AND MOORS, AS WELL AS THE PERSIANS AND TURKS, DEVELOPED THEIR OWN HORSES AND HORSEMANSHIP. THEY WORE LITTLE ARMOR, AND USED THOSE OF US WHO WERE LIGHT AND AGILE.



DURING THE CRUSADES AND SPANISH WARS AGAINST THE MOORS, THE LIGHTLY-ARMED EASTERN HORSESMEN ALMOST ALWAYS WON. THEY COULD OUT AND RUN BEFORE THE HEAVY EUROPEAN KNIGHTS COULD STRIKE BACK.

AND BECAUSE THE EUROPEANS WERE ACCUSTOMED TO COOL CLIMATE, THE DIVING AND BLASTING SUN PROVED TOO MUCH FOR THEM, AND THAT ALMOST STIFLED IN THEIR HEAVY SUITS OF METAL.



THIS MANY KNIGHTS DISCOVERED THE VALUE OF THE EASTERN HORSE'S SPEED AND INTELLIGENCE, AND RETURNED TO EUROPE WITH MANY FINE, LIGHT ARABIAN MOUNTS, BOUGHT OR CAPTURED FROM THE ENEMY



BUT THE KNIGHT IN ARMOR WAS DOOMED WITH THE INVENTION OF THE STEEL-TIPPED ARROW, FIRST USED AT THE BATTLE OF BASSINOURT, BECAUSE THE ENGLISH FOOT SOLDIERS FOUND THEY COULD PIERCE THROUGH HEAVY ARMOR



THE FINAL BLOW WAS STRUCK WITH THE INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER. NO ARMOR COULD WITHSTAND A BULLET FIRED FROM THE OLD MATCHLOCKS AND WHEEL GUNS. THE WHOLE METHOD OF WARFARE CHANGED



BUT THE HEAVY HORSE DID NOT VANISH. HE PUT HIS GREAT STRENGTH TO WORK ON FARMS. HE REPLACED OXEN, AND BECAME THE FARMER'S FAVORITE. TODAY, THE PORCHERON AND SHIRE ARE DIRECT DESCENDENTS OF THE MEDIEVAL WAR HORSE



LATER THE KINGS OF EUROPE LEGION TO DEVELOP CAVALRY ARMIES THAT BAZED EUROPEAN WITH ARABIAN AND MIDDLE EAST HORSES, AND DEVELOPED LIGHTER AND FASTER HORSES, WHICH ENABLED THEM TO FIGHT ON EQUAL TERMS WITH THE BEST HORSEMEN IN THE EAST



DURING THE 1500'S, SPANISH CONQUERORS CAME TO MEXICO AND SOUTH AND CENTRAL AMERICA. THEY BROUGHT LIGHT HORSES, AND SOME OF US WERE FINE ANIMALS OF THE MOORISH AND ARAB TYPE



NEVER HAVING SEEN US BEFORE, THE MEXICAN INDIANS THOUGHT THAT WE AND OUR SPANISH RIDERS WERE ONE ANIMAL, HALF MAN AND HALF HORSE. THEY BELIEVED THE NEW CREATURES WERE GOD-LIKE, AND COULD NOT BE KILLED.



BUT THE INDIANS SOON LEARNED THEIR MISTAKE. THE SPANISH WERE NOT GODS AT ALL, AND THEY COULD BE KILLED. SOON WAR RAGED IN MEXICO AS THE INDIANS TRIED TO REBEL AGAINST THEIR SPANISH CONQUERORS.



MANY OF US, WHEN OUR RIDERS HAD BEEN KILLED, RAN AWAY, AND TRAVELED NORTH TO THE GREAT GRASSLANDS OF WHAT IS NOW THE UNITED STATES.

THERE WE WANDERED AND MULTIPLIED INTO GREAT HERDS. THE NORTHERN INDIANS BELIEVED THAT THE GREAT SPIRIT HAD MADE AN ENTIRELY NEW ANIMAL. THEY, TOO, HAD NEVER SEEN HORSES.



UNTIL THEN, THE INDIANS HAD ONLY USED DOGS TO CARRY THEIR BUNDLES. WHEN THEY CAPTURED AND TRAINED US, THEY CALLED US "GREAT DOGS" BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT THAT WE WERE ONLY LARGE-SIZED DOGS.

THE NORTHERN INDIANS SOON LEARNED TO USE US IN WAR. THEY DID NOT HAVE SWORDS, BUT QUICKLY DEVELOPED LONG LANCES.



THE PLAINS INDIAN GOT HIS TRAINING FOR WAR WHILE HUNTING BUFFALO. VERY EARLY, HE COULD SHOOT A BOW AND ARROW FROM HORSEBACK --- SOMETHING IT HAD TAKEN EUROPEANS CENTURIES TO DISCOVER.



THE INDIANS USED THE BOW AND ARROW AND LANCE WITH SUCH SKILL AGAINST THE CAVALRYMAN'S SHOTGUN AND SABRE, THAT THEY OFTEN HELD THEIR OWN IN MANY BATTLES.



WHEN THE INDIANS OBTAINED RIFLES AND PISTOLS, THEY WON SEVERAL MAJOR BATTLES AGAINST THE AMERICAN ARMY. THEIR BRILLIANT LEADERS AND BRAVE WARRIORS QUICKLY EARNED THE GRASSING ADMIRATION OF THE AMERICAN GENERALS.



WE INDIAN HORSES WERE CALLED "MUSTANGS", AND WERE SOON VALUED FOR OUR STRENGTH AND SMALLNESS BY THE AMERICAN CAVALRYMEN. MANY OF US WERE BOUGHT OR CAPTURED FROM THE INDIANS.



JUST AS WE PROVED OUR WORTH TO THE INDIANS IN BUFFALO HUNTS, SO WE BECAME IMPORTANT TO WHITE MEN AS CATTLE POWES. WE WERE PREFERRED BY MANY EARLY COWBOYS TO ANY OTHER KIND OF HORSE.

BUT AS TIME PASSED, THE RIDE OF THE CAREFULLY-BRED CATTLE INCREASED. A LIGHTER HORSE WAS NEEDED TO HANDLE THIS GREATER WEIGHT, ESPECIALLY AT THE END OF A LONG TRIP TO THE SADDLE HORN.



THE IDEAL COMPROMISE WAS FOUND BY CROSSING BIG RIDING HORSES WITH THE WESTERN MUSTANGS TO PRODUCE A MEDIUM SIZED HORSE, WHOSE ABILITY, INCREASED SIZE AND STRENGTH MAKE HIM IDEAL FOR MODERN CATTLE HERDING

SOME OF US WESTERN COW HORSES WERE SO EXCELLENT WE WERE TAKEN EAST AND USED IN THE FASTEST, MOST INTRICATE GAME EVER PLAYED WITH ANIMALS - POLO.



IN THE WORLD TODAY, THERE ARE MANY KINDS OF HORSES EACH TYPE HAS HIS SPECIALIZED WORK, AND IS SUITED TO IT PHYSICALLY BUT WE CAN ALL BE DIVIDED INTO FIVE MAIN CLASSES

HARNESS HORSES ARE ONLY SLIGHTLY HEAVIER THAN THE SADDLE HORSES YET THEY MUST BE INTELLIGENT, AND CAPABLE OF PULLING HEAVY WEIGHTS THEY ARE ALSO REQUIRED TO BE BEAUTIFUL.



PERCORATORS ARE A TYPE OF DRAFT HORSE THEY ARE PATIENT AND HAVE GREAT ENDURANCE BECAUSE THEY ARE GIANTS IN SIZE AND WEIGHT, THEY ARE ABLE TO PULL ENORMOUS LOADS

BRED TO COVER SHORT DISTANCES IN VERY FAST TIME, RACE HORSES USUALLY HAVE POOR SHOULDER JOINTS BECAUSE THEY CANNOT CARRY HEAVY RIDERS FOR LONG DISTANCES.



HORSES BRED FOR HUNTING ARE CALLED HUNTERS. THEY MUST HAVE COURAGE AND THE VERY SPECIAL ABILITY TO JUMP HEIGHTS. FOR THIS THEY NEED GREAT COURAGE AND STAMINA.



WHEN HUNTERS WERE BROUGHT TO THE OBSTACLE RACING COURSES, THEY WERE CALLED STEEPLECHASE HORSES. LIKE RACE HORSES AND HUNTING HORSES, STEEPLECHASE HORSES OFTEN SHOW GREAT SPEEDS.

BESIDES THESE FIVE BASIC CLASSES OF HORSES, THERE ARE MANY TYPES OF ANIMALS IN THE FAMILY THAT ARE LIKE US BUT HAVE THEIR OWN PARTICULAR NATURE AND APPEARANCE.



THE PONIES SHOULD NEVER BE CALLED HORSES. THEY ARE ABOUT HALF THE SIZE OF A FULLY BROWN HORSE. ORIGINALLY THEY WERE IN A WILD STATE ON ISLANDS SUCH AS THE SHETLANDS OFF SCOTLAND, OR IN OTHER BARREN PLACES WHERE FOOD SUPPLY WAS MEAGER AND MOVEMENT LIMITED.



BEFORE ELECTRICITY, PONIES PULLED CARS IN MINES. SMALLNESS AND PATIENCE MADE THEM IDEAL ANIMALS FOR THIS WORK.



TODAY PONIES ARE OFTEN USED TO TEACH CHILDREN TO RIDE. THEY ARE SO GENTLE THAT THEY MAKE WONDERFUL "FIRST MOUNTS" AND THEIR SMALL SIZE LETS THE YOUNG RIDER FEEL HE IS IN FULL CONTROL.



WHEN THE WILD OR PRE-VEGETARY HORSE WAS DISCOVERED IN ASIA IN 1876, HE WAS A GREAT REVELATION TO SCIENTISTS WHO SAW WHAT THE PRIMITIVE HORSE MUST HAVE SEEN LIKE. HE IS NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN THE PONY, BUT HAS A LARGE UPRIGHT HEAD AND LONG HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS LEGS AND ON HIS BACK.



THE MULE IS THE MOST COMMON OF WILD DONKEYS. HE IS CLEVER AND HARD TO TRAP, AND LIVES WITH A SMALL HERD, PROTECTING HIMSELF FROM WOLVES AND OTHER PREDATORY ANIMALS. HIS CLOSE RELATIVE IS THE PROSPERO'S DONKEY.

FOR SHEER STRENGTH, SOME MEN WON'T USE ANYTHING BUT A MULE. THEY CLAIM HE HAS MORE "POWER PER OUNCE" THAN ANY HORSE EQUAL TO HIS SIZE. HE IS HALF HORSE --- A CROSS BETWEEN A DONKEY AND A DOMESTIC HORSE.



THE MULE IS NOT REALLY STUBBORN, AS SOME MEN BELIEVE. HE STOPS WHEN EXHAUSTED BECAUSE HE KNOWS THAT TO PULL THE LOAD ANY LONGER WOULD DAMAGE HIS HEALTH, AND HE WOULD BE USELESS TO MAN IN THE FUTURE.

MULES ACHIEVED GREAT FAME IN WAR. MANY FAMOUS GENERALS HAVE CLAIMED THAT THEY ARE THE FINEST PACK ANIMALS IN THE WORLD, BECAUSE THEY DON'T SHY UNDER FIRE. GENERAL CROOK, THE FAMOUS INDIAN FIGHTER, USED GREAT NUMBERS OF MULES IN HIS VICTORIOUS CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE APACHES.



A GREAT MYSTERY OF THE HORSE WORLD IS THE ZEBRA. HE HAS HOOF'S AND IS STRONG AND INTELLIGENT, BUT HE WILL NOT ALLOW HIMSELF TO BE TRAINED FOR RIDING OR PULLING WAGONS.

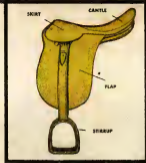
BUT AS FOR THE REST OF US HORSES, WE WILL WORK WILLINGLY AND OBEY OUR MASTERS. ALL WE ASK IS CARE, KINDNESS AND CONSIDERATE TRAINING. IN RETURN, WE WILL GAIN NOT ONLY A USEFUL ANIMAL, BUT A FRIEND AS WELL.

HORSE GEAR

The purpose of bridling a horse is to gain control over the animal. Consisting, essentially, of a headstall, a bit, and reins, the bridle allows the rider to bring his horse to a halt, and to direct him to the left and to the right. The headstall, resting close to the horse's ears, serves to hold the entire bridle in place. The bit is a very important part of the bridle. Placed in the animal's mouth, the bit is extremely sensitive to the pressures exerted by the rider. The slightest movement will force the horse to change the position of his head. Connected to the bit are the reins. The rider holds them in his hands, and, by careful manipulation, is able to determine the horse's speed and direction.



Of the many kinds of saddle, each serves the special needs of horse and rider. The weighty and elaborate western saddle is a cowboy's most precious possession. It is equipped with rings and rawhide to which he may attach much of his varied range equipment. The racing and English saddles are simpler in design and much lighter in weight. All saddles should be made of the finest leather. Every saddle is fastened to the horse's back by means of a girth. These are folded leather straps which go under the horse's belly to hold the saddle in place. Stirrups, the metal or wooden rings attached to the saddle, are used for the rider's feet. They assure him of a greater degree of comfort and security, and, at the same time, provide him with another means for directing his animal. After the feet are well placed in the stirrups, the horseman has enough foot control to prod his mount on either to a trot, canter or gallop.



the family

THE PERCHERON



In America the most popular of the draft breed, or working stock, of horses is the Percheron. Its obscure origin was in the old French district of La Perche. This breed contains a considerable amount of Flemish blood of the heavy horse, or charger, of the knights of the Middle Ages. This heaviness has been modified by crossing with the Arab breed. The Percheron has a leaner and more refined head than has any of the heavy draft strains. The ribs are very round, and the feet, although small, are shapely and sound. The height of the Percheron is about 16.5 hands high. Its color is most commonly some shade of grey, but black or bay occur. This was the famous coach-horse before the railroad era in France. In 1839 the first Percherons were brought to this country, and the first association of Percheron breeders was formed in 1876. Eleven years later the Belgian breeders were organized.

THE BELGIAN

The Belgian, the second most popular of America's draft horses, is regarded as the direct descendant of the knight's charger. The modern Belgian is a massive animal with a short body and a very strong back. Not much long hair, known as feathers, is carried on the legs. Although of rather sluggish temperament, the Belgian shares with the Shire the distinction of attaining great weight and height. Some stallions weigh 2500 pounds and reach 17 hands high. The color of this breed may be bay, chestnut, or roan.



THE SHIRE



THE CLYDESDALE

Fourth in popularity among draft horses in the United States, the Clydesdale originated in the Valley of the Clyde, which is in a southern county of Scotland. It has the blood strain of pure Flemish stock and of the Shire of England. Its height is comparable to that of the Shire but its build is less massive and the feather, or long hair, is not so abundant, being confined to the backs of the legs. Not so strong as the Shire in heavy work, the Clydesdale is faster and more agile. Its predominating colors are bay or brown.



The Shire is the third most popular draft horse in America, although in England, where he originated, he is still the chief of agricultural horses. He is descended from the old English Black Horse of the British knights, which was a mixture of Flemish and pre-Roman horses of England. Like the Belgian, the Shire is large and heavy, but his legs are covered with long hair. Some stallions are 18 hands high. Although his body is deep and wide, the Shire is an active horse, trotting freely and easily. His traditional black color is now less common than bay or brown.



THE SUFFOLK

Of draft horses the Suffolk is the fifth most popular in this country, but is the common work horse of Norfolk and Suffolk in England. This animal is related to the other heavy breeds of Europe. Its body is massive on slender-looking legs, which, unlike the other breeds, are free of long hair. The height is nearly a hand less than that of the Clydesdale but the weight is often as great. Outliving the other breeds, the Suffolk is a hardy horse with lots of pluck, contented by plain fare.

the **HORSE** family

THE PONIES

When King Henry the Eighth was in power, England was overrun by pony-sized horses incapable of carrying knights in heavy armor, for which purpose the great Flemish, Dutch and Spanish horses exterminated, but some of these animals escaped destruction and became the forebears of our ponies today. With the exception of one or two breeds, ponies are now dwindling in numbers in the British Isles since the advent of electric systems of haulage in the coal mines where they were formerly used to great advantage.



THE SHETLAND

Best known and most popular, the smallest of the pony breeds is the Shetland from the moors of Scotland. It is sturdy and sure-footed, making an excellent first mount for children. Shetlands are trained to answer to the pressure of reins on the neck so that they may be controlled with one hand.



THE HIGHLAND

The larger type of Highland is used as a cart horse on the farms in the Highlands of Scotland. The farmers in the Hebrides, the islands off Scotland, use a lighter type as pack horses.



OTHER TYPES

In the north of England are found the Dule and Fell breeds, and in Wales are the Dartmoor, the Exmoor and the New Forest. In Ireland is encountered a breed called the Irish Connemara. Iceland has a class of pony



the history of which is traced to the ponies of the Scottish islands. While some ponies are clean-bred, others are progeny of selected small thoroughbred sires but mares of various sorts, from pure native to those of Arab blood

the HORSE family

THE MULE



THE ZEBRA

Zebias, members of the horse family, are found in large herds in secluded sections of Central Africa. They feed at night, for it is only then that they can be sure of safety. The herd at all times keeps sentries posted; their warning neigh, when their sharp senses of sight, sound and smell tell of the approach of an enemy, will send the herd galloping speedily in single file. Should they be overtaken they form a compact circle, heads to the center and heels outward, and endeavor to defeat the enemy—usually lions or leopards—by the force of their combined kicks. In some areas the zebra has been domesticated and used as a draft animal. It has been crossed with the domestic horse, but the resultant breed is not so valuable as the horse, mule, or donkey. Like the horse, the zebra breeds only once a year.

The mule is a hybrid of the male donkey and a mare. There are various types of mules, such as the draft mule which is generally 17 hands high, the farm mule with the height of 15 to 16 hands, the cotton mule used on the cotton plantations and also measuring 15 to 16 hands, and the mining mules, 12 to 15 hands high. The mule possesses the sobriety, patience, endurance and sure-footedness of the donkey, with the vigor, strength and courage of the horse. Bay brown or brown in color, its chief characteristics are long ears and a tufted tail. Less impatient under a heavy weight, as a beast of burden the mule is better than the horse. Its skin is harder than that of the horse and is less sensitive to the strains of weather. Because of all of these factors the mule is ideal for military transportation. Both the male and female mule are sterile, able to reproduce their kind neither with another mule nor with either of the parent species.



THE ASS

The use of the ox and the ass preceded that of the horse by many centuries. Today in Asia still roam the Kiang and the Onager. From these breeds of wild asses came the early Biblical domesticated ass. In Bible times, and today as well as in many Mediterranean countries, the ass is the family's burden bearer. Because he requires only one-fourth as much feed as a horse, an ass is available to the poorest families, such as that of Joseph of Nazareth. The ass is not a stupid animal, but possesses excellent reasoning power; in fact, he's a genius compared with the most brilliant horse that ever lived. He was tamed long before the camel. In Biblical countries the ass was considered unclean for food, but white asses were mounts for royalty. Jesus' use of the ass was a symbol combining Messianic kingdom and humility.

THE DONKEY

Of uncertain origin is the word donkey, but the donkey is the same animal as the ass. A jackass is a male donkey. The donkey has become the symbol of the Democratic Party in this country. Some early engines had less than one horsepower so they were called donkey engines. Today a donkey engine is usually a small subsidiary steam engine. In matters of power, this suggests the relative standing of the donkey and the horse.



THE BURRO

The Spaniards who brought the first horses to this country also brought the first asses or donkeys. These latter were able to eat the wild burro bush of the southwest and thus by some early Spaniard were given the name burro. The burro is the familiar pack animal of the western prospector.

the **HORSE** family

PREJVALSKY WILD HORSE



The skeleton of the oldest horse known to science is displayed in the museum of Amherst College in Massachusetts. Dug in 1903 from the badlands of Wyoming, its estimated age is 45,000,000 years. They called the skeleton "Eohippiti Borealis," meaning the dawn horse. Except in fossil form the prehistoric horse, eleven inches in height, has long disappeared from life.



Colonel N. W. Prejvalsky, a Russian explorer, while in the Gobi Desert in 1881, found some skins and bones of what he thought was a horse, although horses had never been seen in those parts. The find was shipped to Russia for further study, where scientists identified the remains as those of a complete horse, estimating it to be 6,000 years old. The colonel now began to seek live specimens, knowing that if he found them he would possess horses of the oldest continuous breeding.



The colonel's quest was successful. He captured about twenty wild horses and shipped them to Russia for comparison with the fossil. They were identical, making these wild horses the oldest known breed of horse in continuous existence. In the colonel's honor they were called the Prejvalsky Wild Horse, known also as the Siberian Wild Horse. This animal is about four feet high, with large bones and an enormous head, and short legs that are far stronger than those of any other breed. Similar but not the same is the Mongolian pony, or Steppe horse. Both types grow thick coats of hair when the fierce winters come to their shelterless regions.

PROOF OF THE BREED



AT DAN GAYTON'S WESTERN HORSE RANCH, THE THOROUGHBRED SIRE, FLEET STAR, LOOKS UP AS A BUCKBOARD DRIVES UP WITH HIS OWNER'S YOUNG EASTERN WORKMAN, BILLY.

FLEET STAR WATCHES, AS BILLY EXCITEDLY EXAMINES THE LONG LINE OF STALLS IN THE CITY. BILLY HAD LEARNED TO RIDE WELL, BUT NEVER HAD HE BEEN SO CLOSE TO HORSES, AS HE WOULD BE HERE.



HE'S A BEAUTY!
UNCLE DAN!

YES, FLEET STAR'S SPEED WON MANY PURSES, BILLY! HIS WINNINGS HELPED ME START THIS RANCH! HIS RACING DAYS MAY BE OVER NOW, BUT HIS FOALS SHOULD ALL BE CHAMPIONS, TOO!

IN THE AMERICAN STUD BOOK, DAN GAYTON SHOWS BILLY HOW FLEET STAR CAN TRACE HIS ANCESTRY BACK MORE THAN TWENTY GENERATIONS TO ONE OF THE EARLY ENGLISH THOROUGHBREDS, MATCHEM, BORN IN 1740, ON JANUARY 19, THE DATE ALL THOROUGHBREDS HAVE ENTERED AS THEIR BIRTHDAY.



THEN BILLY IS SHOWN COMET AND STREVE, BOTH SONS OF FLEET STAR, PROUD TWO-YEAR-OLDS!



THEY BOTH HAVE THE SAME STAR MARK AS FLEET STAR—THAT SHOULD MAKE THEM GREAT RAGERS, UNCLE DAN!

IT TAKES MORE THAN A BIRTH MARK TO MAKE A WINNER, BILLY! I'LL SHOW YOU SOME OF A RAGER'S FOULTS—

FIRST, THE BANCHER THINGS BILLY THE SET OF FLEET STAR'S HINDS, AND TELLS BILLY HOW THE LONG NECK MEANS GOOD BUZZLE AND THEATER SPEED...



THEN, DAN DAYTON LINES UP THE THREE THOROUGHBREDS AND SHOWS BILLY HOW THEY LOOK FACING HIM—NONE OF THEM STANDS WIDE, WITH HIS FORELEGS TOO FAR APART, FOR A HORSE THAT IS WIDE IN FRONT CANNOT BECOME A RAGER—HE INEVITABLY STUMBLES...



AFTER LUNCH, BILLY WATCHES, AS THE HEAD GROOM, EDIE CORNWALL, SADDLES THE BROWN COMET AND A STUBBLEY HARNESSSED STREAK.



ONCE AGAIN, THE THRILL OF COMPETITION SURGES THROUGH THE THOROUGHERED'S VEINS, AS FLEET STAR TRIUMPHANTLY SEES HIS TWO BOYS MATCHED IN A RACE.





BUT AS USUAL, COMET WINS BY A GOOD LENGTH...



STREAK BAR A FINE RACE! BUT HE JUST COULDN'T CATCH HIM!

COMET'S ALWAYS BEEN THE FASTER! I'M COUNTING HEAVILY ON HIM AT THE HORSE FAIR RACE NEXT MONTH -- THE PURSE FOR TWO-YEAR-OLDS IS TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!



TWENTY THOUSAND--

---RECORD IT SOUNDS LIKE A LOT, BILLY, BUT IT'S ALMOST EXACTLY WHAT I NEED TO GET THIS RANCH OUT OF THE RED---AND KEEP IT OFF THE AUCTION BLOCK!



SOON AFTER, FOD BROCKTON, A NEIGHBORING RANCHER RIDES UP...

BOWEN, DARN! GAVE TO SEE YOUR LINE! I'M GUTTO BUY JUMPERS, PACERS, STEEPLECHASERS AND HARNESSED HORSES--- FOR CASH!



COME ALONG, BILLY! YOU CAN WATCH ME PICK OUT THE VERY BEST PRIZES OF HORSES FROM THAT STRING IN THE CORRAL!

SEE, UNCLE GAN, EXCEPT FOR GOLDI, THEY ALL LOOK AWAY TO ME!

THEN BILLY SEEKS HIS SINGLE POINT TO THE TAILTALK LEGS THAT MARK EACH TYPE OF HORSE HE SNEEZES! THE GOOD 'N'! HINDQUARTERS OF ONE HORSE AND THE BUMP ON ITS CRUP--THE JUMPER'S CRUP--INDICATE A GOOD SALTER...



IN LOOKING FOR A STEEPLECHASER, THE RANGEROO SEEKS A HORSE WITH PROMINENT STIFLES THAT DROP DOWN A GOOD BIT FROM THE HORSE'S BODY...



AS THE FLOODGATEDS ARE TROTTED UP, BOB STOCKTON ACCEPTS SOME WHILE OTHERS ARE WAVED OFF--ONE FOR A ROACH BACK, FOR ITS HIGH-ARCHED BACK--NONE WOULD MAKE SADDLE-FITTING DIFFICULT...



WHILE ANOTHER HORSE'S PERFECT BACK, ADDED TO THE FACT THAT HIS WITHERS AND CRUP ARE THE SAME HEIGHT, PROVE HE SHOULD BE A GOOD RACER...



STILL ANOTHER HORSE IS CHECKED OFF AS A POTENTIAL RACER FOR HE STANDS SLIGHTLY OVER HIS KNEES!



A MARE, LED UP AS A POSSIBLE HARNESS HORSE, IS WAVED OFF BY DAN BARTON, FOR HER FLAT SOLE MEAN SHE LACKS STAMINA AND STAYING POWER...



HAVING PICKED HIS STRING OF HORSES, BOB BROCKTON WATCHES AS DAN DAYTON TOTALS UP THE BILL OF SALE. THE PROFIT WILL BE TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS— ENOUGH TO MAKE SURE THE RANCH REMAINS HIS OWN, BECAUSE HE WON'T HAVE TO COUNT ON COMET'S WINNING THE RACE.

OH, JUST ONE MORE THING, DAN! I WANT TO START BRINGING SOME THOROUGHBREDS OF MY OWN! I WON'T BUY THE OTHER HORSES UNLESS I CAN BUY FLEET STAR, TOO!



NO, BOB— YOU'VE BEEN AFTER HIM A LONG TIME, BUT THE ANSWER'S STILL THE SAME! FLEET STAR IS NOT FOR SALE!

WITHOUT HIM— THERE IS NO RACE!



ALL RIGHT, BOB! THEN, I'LL RIP UP THIS ORDER SHEET—

— YOU'RE A FOOL, DAN! I KNOW YOU NEED MONEY AND NEED IT BADLY!



IF YOU'RE COUNTING ON COMET TO SAVE YOUR SPREAD— YOU'RE MORE LOON THAN I FIGURED YOU WERE! I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU YET— I'M GETTING FLEET STAR!



AND AS DAN DAYTON PATS HIM, COMET REALIZES, SOMEHOW, A LOT DEPENDS ON HIM.



AS COMET'S INTENSIVE TRAINING FOR THE BIG RACE BEGINS, BILLY HELPS THE GROOM BEFORE EDDIE CONNALL FEEDS COMET, HE WATERS HIM, FOR IF HE SHOULD DRINE HEAVILY AFTER EATING, HE MIGHT DEVELOP COLIC.



AND BILLY QUICKLY LEARNS A HORSE CAN DRINK A LOT OF WATER, AS HE CARRIES FOUR TO TEN GALLONS TO COMET EACH DAY. HE ALSO LEARNS THAT HORSES PREFER SOFT WATER TO HARD...



FOUR TIMES A DAY, THE HORSES ARE FED. BEING A RACE HORSE, COMET REQUIRES MORE CORN THAN HAY, EATING ALMOST TWELVE POUNDS OF CORN DAILY. BUT CHOPPED HAY IS ADDED TO THE CORN, NOT ONLY TO GIVE IT BULK, BUT TO MAKE COMET EAT MORE SLOWLY AND CHEW HIS FOOD FINER.



SOMETIMES, COMET KNOWS HE CAN LOOK FORWARD TO CARROTS, ALWAYS SLICED LENGTHWISE SO THEY WON'T CHOKE HIM. AND ONCE A WEEK, LINSEED IS ADDED TO HIS FOOD TO INCREASE THE LUSTRE OF HIS COAT...



AFTER WATCHING EDDIE CONNALL GROOM COMET, BILLY IS THEN ALLOWED TO ENTER STREAK'S STALL AND GROOM HIM HIMSELF. STREAK WHINNED HAPPILY, AS BILLY LIFTS HIS FORELEG AND FROM NEEL TO TOE, PICKS HIS HOOF CLEAN WITH A BRUSH.



NEXT, HE SPONGES STREAK'S BRIGHT EYES, HIS LIPS AND NOSTRILS...



THEN, WITH CIRCULAR STROKES, IN THE SAME DIRECTION AS STREAK'S HAIR LIES, BILLY USES THE ROOY BRUSH ON HIS POWERFUL FRAME...



QUICKLY, BILLY SADDLES STREAK, BANDAGES HIS LEGS FOR EXERCISE WALKING AND MAKES SURE THE BANDAGES DON'T COVER HIS PATELLOCK JOINTS.



THEN STREAK RESPONDS TO THE REINS, AS BILLY LEADS HIM OUT FOR EXERCISE! BUT, NO MATTER HOW HARD HE TRIES TO PLEASE BILLY, HE STILL CAN'T CATCH COMET, AS THEY GALLOP DOWN THE TRACK...



EACH DAY, COMET PASSES THE FINISH LINE FIRST AND STREAK SEEMS TO DENY THAT ON COME-LAND-NOT-TOY HIM, THE FUTURE OF THE RANCH DESPERATELY DEPENDS...



BUT WITH BILLY UP, STREAK SOON NARROWS COMET'S LEAD FROM A FULL LENGTH TO JUST A HEAD...



RETURNING TO THE STALL, BILLY MAKES SURE STREAK IS THOROUGHLY DRY... HE LETS THE MUD ON STREAK'S LEGS AND FEET DRY AND HARDEN...



...CLEANING IT AWAY WITH THE DANDY BRUSH RATHER THAN BY WASHING HIM! FOR STREAK REMEMBERS WHEN A CARELESS STARLETTY PREVIOUSLY WASHED HIS LEGS AND FEET, HIS HEELS CRACKED AND HE COULDN'T RUN...



FINALLY BILLY CHECKS TO SEE THAT STREAK IS BRODED DOWN WELL, MAKING SURE THE STRAIN IS EVEN AND CRISS-CROSS-CROSS UNDER HIM AND BARRED UP AT THE CORNERS OF THE STALL...



A WEEK BEFORE THE RACE, LATE ONE PAINT NIGHT, FLEET STAR STAYS IN HIS STALL HE DROVE TO HIS FEET, ALERT! OUTSIDE, HE SUDDENLY SEES A LIGHT FLASH...



AND FROM THE BARNHORN WINDOW, BILLY HAPPENS TO SEE THE SAME MYSTERIOUS LIGHT FLASHING, AND HE RACES TO THE STABLE TO INVESTIGATE...



BUT AS FLEET STAR WATCHES BILLY HURRY TOWARD THE STABLE, SUDDENLY...



FLEET STAR WHINNIES IN ALARM, AS MINUTES LATER, BILLY COMES TO...

W-MY HEAD---HURTS!
WH-WHERE AM I?
IT'S COMET'S STALL
---H-HIS STALL?



A MOMENT LATER, FLEET STAR'S CALLING BRINGS HIS MASTER AND EDDIE CORWALL...



BILLY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

Y-YES, UNCLE DAN! ---
SOMEONE HIT ME! WHOEVER HE WAS DRAGGED ME IN HERE --- AND STOLE COMET!

ANXIOUSLY, THE SIRE SEES THEM START OFF TO TRAIL COMET, BUT THE RAIN HAS ALREADY WASHED OUT THE TRACKS...



IT'S NO USE ---
THE JUSTLERS GOT CLEAN AWAY!



UNCLE DAN, YOU CAN STILL WIN THE PURSE --- STREAK CAN DO IT!

NO, BILLY! COMET COULD BEAT HIM!

ALERTLY, STREAK RESPONDS TO THE MENTION OF HIS NAME, REALIZING HIS OWNERS AND BILLY ARE TALKING ABOUT HIM...



BUT THE JUSTLERS WOULDN'T DARE ENTER COMET IN THE RACE! THEY'D BE ARRESTED THE MOMENT YOU SPOTTED HIM! PLEASE, UNCLE DAN, GIVE STREAK A CHANCE---

ALL RIGHT! BUT WE'VE ONLY A WEEK LEFT!

THE NEXT DAY, BILLY AND STREAK SET OUT ON A WIDE CIRCLE IN HOPE OF FINDING COMET.

NO LUCK, BILLY! WE HAVEN'T GOT THE RUSTLERS' TRAIL! THE RAIN COVERED IT PERFECTLY!

BROCKTON'S RANCH



HOWDY, BROCKTON! RUSTLERS' RAN OFF COMET LAST NIGHT? DID YOU SEE ANY SUSPICIOUS RIDERS...

...MR. DAYTON?



WHOEVER TOOK HIM WAS OUT TO RUIN MY CHANCES AT THE HORSE PAIR RACE! IF SOMEONE WANTED ME TO BE FORCED TO SELL MY RANCH AND MY HORSES---

HOLD ON, DAYTON! JUST BECAUSE I'M OUT TO GET FLEET STAR, DOESN'T ALLOW YOU TO COME HERE ACCUSING ME OF BEING A RUSTLER!

COME ON, UNCLE BART! IF WE'RE GOING TO TRAIN STREAK FOR THE RACE, WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!



AND SUDDENLY, STREAK FINDS THAT HE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT HORSE ON THE SPREAD, AS EDDIE CORNWELL PERSONALLY GROOMS AND EXERCISES HIM.

GODDAMN, EDDIE! HE OBLIPPED TWO-FIFTHS OF A SECOND OFF THAT START!



BUT STREAK IS GLAD THAT BILLY STILL STAYS WITH HIM, FOR BETWEEN THE HORSE AND THE BOY, A DEEP AFFECTION HAS GROWN! AND STREAK HOLDS HIS LEG STEADY, AS HIS SHOES ARE CHANGED AT THE END OF THREE WEEKS' WEAR, FOR IF HE RAN ON WORN SHOES HIS BACK TENDONS WOULD BE STRAINED AND HE MIGHT GET CORNS...



THEN EDDIE CORNWALL SHOWS BILLY HOW TO TELL THE FOREFOOT SHOE FROM THE HINDFOOT SHOE --- THE FORE SHOES ARE ALWAYS ROUNDER ...



TWO DAYS BEFORE THE RACE, BILLY LOOKS ON, FUZZLED, AS HE SEES EDDIE LET STREAK DRINK HEAVILY ...



AND THEN TAKE HIM RIGHT OUT AND EXERCISE HIM VIGOROUSLY ON THE TRACK ...



LATER THAT DAY, AS STREAK FINISHES HIS STALL WITH HIS FORE-LEGS AND THEN BEGINS TO ROLL AND KICK, BILLY CALLS HIS UNCLE ...



QUICKLY, EDDIE CORNWALL AND CAR DAYTON TREAT THE HORSE! STREAK LIES QUIETLY, HE WANTS TO RECOVER, KNOWING SOON HE MUST BE READY FOR A BIG RACE! THEN BILLY TELL HIS UNCLE HOW EDDIE EXERCISED STREAK RIGHT AFTER WATERING HIM.

"WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES, BILLY! BUT EDDIE SURE PICKED A BAD TIME!"



THE NEXT DAY, STREAK SPRINGS TO HIS FEET, AND EDDIE AND BILLY APPROACH HIS STALL! THE THOROUGHBRED IS BETTER, EAGER TO PROVE HIMSELF ON THE TRACK! BUT AS THE GROOM FINISHES BANDING HIS HOOF, STREAK FEELS A TIGHT PAIN IN HIS RIGHT FORELEGS.

EDDIE, YOU'VE TIED THE STRINGS *tighter* THAN THE BANDAGE!"

LOOK, BILLY, I'M THE GROOM HERE --- NOT YOU!"



I KNOW, BUT IF YOU DON'T LOOSEN THOSE RIGHT FORELEGS STRINGS, STREAK'S LEGS WILL SWELL AND HE WON'T BE ABLE TO RUN! I'LL LET MY UNCLE DECIDE WHO'S RIGHT!

SO SQUEALING TO YOUR UNCLE AND YOU'LL BE SORRY!



THEN BILLY SEES EDDIE CORNWALL FORCE STREAK TO LOWER HIS HEAD, THOSE FREEDING HIS HAND FEET TO KICK...



UNCLE DANNY
UNCLE DANNY!

FOR A MOMENT, STREAK SEES BILLY RACE FOR THE RANCH-HOUSE, THEN HE FEELS THE BIT PULL IN HIS MOUTH, AS EDDIE CORNWALL MAKES HIM SPEED FOR THE PRACTICE TRACK. IT IS HALF AN HOUR BEFORE BILLY CAN BRING HIS UNCLE TO SEE STREAK...

SWOLEN! --- HE
WON'T BE ABLE TO
RACE TOMORROW!



BILLY TOLD YOU THE STRINGS WERE TOO TIGHT! THIS AND EXERCISING STREAK RIGHT AFTER WATERING HIM ADD UP TO DELIBERATE ATTEMPTS TO KEEP HIM FROM THE RACE! WHO IS BEHIND YOU? NAME THE FOEGAT!

"YOU'RE GOOD"
"BUT THEY WERE BOTH
ACCIDENTS!"



YOU'RE FAVORITE HERE, CORNWALL! NOW I'LL TALK IT TO YOUR PAL AND GET PAID OFF! YOU CAN TELL HIM YOU DID A FINE JOB! STREAK WON'T START TOMORROW AND THIS RANCH'LL BE UP FOR AUCTION!



ALL NIGHT, AS HE LIES IN HIS STALL, STREAK FINDS BILLY THERE BY HIM! AND ALL THROUGH THE LONG HOURS, BILLY KEEPS CHANGING COMPRESSES ON HIS SORE LEG, IN THE DESPERATE HOPe THAT HE CAN HEAL HIM IN TIME...



IN THE MORNING, STREAK SAUVELY TRIES TO RESPOND TO THE BOY'S TENDER CARE! AFTER BEING FED AND GROOMED, STREAK GOES ALL OUT TO PROVE HE CAN STILL RACE...



YOU'VE PAID YOUR ENTRY FEE --- WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO LOSE, UNCLE DAN?

I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BILLY! STREAK RACES --- AND SINCE HE'S USED TO YOU, YOU WILL BE HIS JOCKEY!



THAT AFTERNOON, STREAK FEELS A THRILL OF EXCITEMENT, AS HE IS LED TOWARD THE STARTING GATE...

THERE'S BROOKTON'S ENTRY --- AND THAT BROWN LOOKS LIKE A RACER!

YOU'LL TAKE HIM, WON'T YOU, STREAK?



A DOUBLE SOUND AND STREAK FEELS BILLY DRIVING HIM TOWARD THE STARTING GATE, AS A DOZEN TWO-EAR-BLASS LINE UP! NOW MORE THAN EVER, STREAK SENSES HE MUST RUN HIS BEST! BUT THE TRUDDING PAIN IN HIS LEG! HE LOOKS ANXIOUSLY DOWN THE LONG CHALLENGING TRACK! SUDDENLY, THE GATE IS SWEEP AWAY, HE BREAKS WITH THE OTHERS...



AT THE TURN, STREAK RUMS FOURTY! THEN HE FEELS BILLY MANUEVERED HIM THROUGH THE LEADERS! ON THE BACK STRETCH, IGNORING HIS FORELEGS' CONSTART PAIN, STREAK BURGES FORWARD, RECK AND MOOK WITH THE LEADER--BROCKTON'S BROWN.



AROUND THE HOME TURN, THE BROWN PULLS AWAY FROM HIM, AS STREAK FIGHTS DESPERATELY TO SAIR THE LEAD...



BUT HIS FORELEGS STILL ACHES WITH SPASMS OF PAIN, AS STREAK TRIES TO FORGET THE AGONY AND CONCENTRATES ON JUST ONE THING, REACHING THE FINISH LINE BEFORE THE STILL-LEADING BROWN...



WITH A FINAL LONG STRETCH OF HIS POWERFUL Hind LEGS AND THRUSTING FORWARD HIS HEAD, STREAK THUNDERS TO THE FINISH LINE...

BY A NOSE---
THE WINNER IS
STREAK!



PROUDLY, STREAK IS LED INTO THE WINNER'S CIRCLE AND HE THRILLS AT THE SIGHT OF HIS OWNER'S HAPPY FACE, AS HE PLACES THE WREATH UPON HIM.



BUT AS BROCKTON'S BROWN HORSE IS LED INTO THE CIRCLE TO RECEIVE SECOND PRIZE, FLEET STAR WHINES AND STAMPS HIS LOUD CALLING HORNS SAN GAYTOR OVER HURRIEDLY...

EASY, FLEET STAR?
WHAT'S WRONG, FELLAR?



AS FLEET STAR CONTINUES TO WHINNY, DAN DAYTON GETS A SUDDEN IDEA! HE GRABS A WET SPONGE AND BEFORE ROD BROCKTON CAN STOP HIM, HE STARTS TO WIPE THE FOREHEAD OF THE SECOND PLACE BROWN.



WHAT'S UNDER THIS BROWN MAKE-UP? ... THE STAR MARK? ... JUST LIKE HIS BIRD'S! HE'S COMET!



ROD BROCKTON MAKES A BREAK, BUT FLEET STAR RACES UP TO BLOCK HIS WAY! THEN DAN DAYTON SPINS HIM AROUND AND ...



FOLLOWING IS THE GUNN, SHERIFF BROCKTON WAS THE MAN BEHIND EDDIE CORNWALL, WHO MUST HAVE SIGNALLED HIM THE NIGHT COMET WAS STOLEN!

I'LL TAKE THEM BOTH TO THE COOLER, DAN! AND IT APPEARS YOUR HORSES WON FIRST AND SECOND PLACE IN THE RACE!



WITH THE WINNING PURSES DEPOSITED IN THE BANK, DAN DAYTON'S RANCH IS SAFE! IN THE BIG RACE, STREAK UNDERSTOOD THAT HE HAD TO WIN --- EVEN IF IT MEANT BEATING HIS HALF BROTHER, COMET, FOR THE FIRST TIME! BUT IN ALL THE RANCH, NO HORSE IS HAPPIER THAN FLEET STAR, FOR THE MIGHTY THOROUGHBRED BRED BY HIS OWNERS, HE HAD SAVED TWO CHAMPIONS, WHO AT THE TEST OF THE TRACK, TOOK TOP HONORS, GIVING --- PROOF OF THE BREED!



THE HORSE

AND MAN'S
PROGRESS
THROUGH
THE AGES....



WE HORSES ARE AMONG THE OLDEST MAMMALS ON EARTH. SCIENTISTS HAVE GUESSED OUR AGE AT BETWEEN 4,500 AND 45,000,000 YEARS. OUR PREHISTORIC ANCESTOR WAS CALLED EOMIPPIUS. HE WAS ABOUT THE SIZE OF A SMALL DOG.



IN THOSE DAYS WE WERE PREY TO ALL THE PREHISTORIC ANIMALS OF THAT PERIOD. TO SURVIVE WE DEVELOPED AN ACUTE SENSE OF SIGHT, HEARING, AND SMELL.



THEN A NEW ENEMY APPEARED ON THE SCENE. HE WAS CALLED MAN. HE WAS SUPERIOR TO THE ANIMALS AND MANY OF US WERE KILLED, TO BE EATEN BY THIS STRANGE APE-LIKE CREATURE.



STILL WE SURVIVED, AND SLOWLY WE BEGAN TO GROW IN STATURE, BUT SO DID MAN, BOTH IN SIZE AND INTELLIGENCE. IT TOOK ALL OUR RESOURCES TO OUTFIT AND OUT-RUN HIS WEAPONS.



ONE DAY, A TRIBE OF MEN LIVING IN THE MOUNTAINS NORTH OF A PLACE CALLED BABYLONIA, TRAPPED A GROUP OF US ALIVE AND INSTEAD OF EATING US, THEY ROODE ON OUR BACKS. THEY CALLED THEMSELVES HASSITES.

THEN MAN BECAME OUR MASTER AND INSTEAD OF BEING HUNTED WE HELPED MAN HUNT OTHER CREATURES. IN TURN WE WERE FED AND CARED FOR!



MEANWHILE, OTHERS OF OUR BREED IN THE MOUNTAINS NORTH AND WEST OF THE KASSITES WERE BEING MASTERED BY ANOTHER TRIBE CALLED THE HYKSOS. THERE WE PULLED THINGS CALLED CHARIOTS.



SOON WE BROUGHT OUR MASTERS, THE KASSITES, DOWN FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO DO BATTLE WITH THE BABYLONIANS WHO HAD CHARIOTS DRAWN BY OUR COURSES, THE ASSES, AND WITH OUR SUPERIOR SPEED THE KASSITES OUTFOUGHT THE BABYLONIANS.



NOT LONG AFTER THIS, THE HYKSOS MADE WAR ON THE EGYPTIANS, THE MIGHTIEST PEOPLE OF THAT TIME. THEY HAD NEITHER HORSES NOR CHARIOTS AS THEY WERE RIVER PEOPLE AND TRAVELED BY ANOTHER MAN-MADE THING CALLED A SHIP.



WHEN THE PROUD EGYPTIANS WERE DEFEATED AND OUR MASTERS WENT BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS, MANY OF US HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND. THE EGYPTIANS HAD A GREAT RESPECT FOR OUR BREED AND THE CHARIOTS WE PULLED.



THE EGYPTIANS, AN INTELLIGENT BREED OF MEN, SOON BEGAN TO BRING US TO MAKE US BETTER ANIMALS. AT THE SAME TIME THEY CHANGED OUR CHARIOT DISK WHEELS INTO WHEELS WITH SPOKES. THIS MADE OUR LOADS MUCH LIGHTER.



THE EGYPTIANS TRADED WITH MANY COUNTRIES AND SOON WE HAD MASTERS ALL OVER AFRICA AND IN EUROPE. THE ARABIANS PERFECTED OUR BREEDING AND GAVE US SADDLES, AND THE GREEKS PERFECTED THE VEHICLES WE PULLED.



ONE OF THE FIRST HORSES TO BECOME FAMOUS WAS CALLED BUCEPHALUS OR DICEHEAD. HIS MASTER WAS ALEXANDER THE GREAT WHO, ASTRID HIS HORSE, MARCHED AND FOUGHT AND CONQUERED MOST OF THE WORLD.



HE WAS ONE OF THE FIRST OLD WARHORSES — — HE SEVEN YEARS OLD — — AND HIS BRAVE HEART GAVE OUT. WITHOUT A WOUND, HE DIED. HE WAS BURIED WITH GREAT HONORS BY HIS MASTER, AND WHERE HE WAS BURIED A CITY WAS FOUNDED, NAMED BUCEPHALA IN HIS HONOR.



WE WERE WITH THE ROMANS AS THEY GREW POWERFUL. THEY CONQUERED MOST OF EUROPE AND BRITAIN. THEY BUILT THE GREATEST ROADS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN, AND WE PULLED THE CARTS LOADED WITH STONES THAT MADE THE ROADS POSSIBLE.



AS JULIUS CAESAR AND HIS LEGIONS CONQUERED THE WORLD, A HORSE SHARED HIS HONORS. ONE OF THIS HORSE'S MOST EXTRAORDINARY FEATURES WERE HIS HOOPS. THEY WERE DIVIDED SO THEY RESEMBLED TILES LIKE OUR FIRST ANCESTOR, THE COXIPPLUS. WHEN HE DIED, CAESAR CAUSED A STATUE TO BE MADE AND PLACED IT IN FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS.



CYRUS, KING OF THE PERSIANS, GAVE US THE FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO CARRY MAIL IN RELAYS. A GREEK HISTORIAN WROTE OF US AND OUR RIDERS: "THESE MEN AND HORSES WILL NOT BE HINDERED FROM ACCOMPLISHING THEIR TASK EITHER BY SNOW, OR RAIN, OR HEAT, OR DARKNESS OF NIGHT."

BUT IT WAS AUGUSTUS, EMPEROR OF ROME, WHO BUILT THE FIRST POST-STATIONS THAT GAVE US AND OUR RIDERS A CHANCE TO REST. HE ALSO HAD US CARRY MAIL BY CHARGE.



THE GOOD ROADS BUILT BY THE ROMANS MADE IT POSSIBLE TO HAVE ALL SORTS OF VEHICLES. THEN WE FILLED WAR CHARIOTS, RACING CHARIOTS, CARTS LOADED WITH FARM PRODUCE, AND EVEN FOUR-WHEELED CARRIAGES FOR THE RICH ROMANS.



UNDER OUR MASTERS, THE ROMANS, WE WERE A PROUD BRIDLE OF ANIMALS, BUT THEN MANY OF US WHO WERE STILL QUITE WILD BROUGHT IN THE BARBARIANS FROM THE FOREST, MOUNTAINS AND THE DESERTS.



THERE WERE MEN LIKE ATILLA, THE HUN, AND SEVERUS KHAN. THEY LOOTED AND KILLED AND DESTROYED EVERYTHING IN THEIR PATH. WE HELPED THEM IN THIS, FOR WE HAD NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER.



THEN CAME THE PERIOD CALLED "THE DARK AGES" AND THE FINE ROMAN ROADS WERE NOT KEPT IN REPAIR. BUT WE CONTINUED TO DO OUR JOB THE BEST WE COULD.



DURING THE DARK PERIOD IN MAN'S HISTORY WE CARRIED HIM IN MANY WARS INCLUDING THE CRUSADES. WE WERE THE FOUNDATION OF THE GREAT CHIVALROUS PROFESSION CALLED KNIGHTHOOD.



WE HAD THE HONOR TO CARRY SOME GREAT MEN IN OUR TIME. BUT NOW TO ONE OF US CAME A BIGGER HONOR, AND THAT WAS TO CARRY A SIMPLE PEASANT GIRL IN BATTLE. HER NAME WAS JOAN OF ARC.



OUR NAVY HAD INVENTED MANY NEW THINGS, SUCH AS GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING AND GIANT SAILING VESSELS. AN ARMADE OF THESE BROUGHT US TO THE NEW WORLD CALLED AMERICA. IT WAS DISCOVERED AND NAMED BY OUR MASTER, WHOSE NAME WAS COLUMBUS. HIS SHIP WAS THE SANTA MARIYA.



WE LANDED ON AN ISLAND CALLED HISPANIOLA, ALSO CALLED SANTO DOMINGO. THERE WERE TWENTY-FIVE OF US CARRYING LANCERS. WE LED THE FOOT SOLDIERS AND ROUTED THE HOSTILE NATIVES. IT WAS OUR FIRST CONQUEST IN THE NEW WORLD.



THE SPANIARDS REALIZED THE TERROR WE EVOKED IN THE NATIVES. WE WERE THEIR SECRET WEAPON. WE WERE LIVING SOON IN CENTRAL AMERICA, IN MEXICO, AND FLORIDA. FROM MEXICO WE HEADED TOWARD CALIFORNIA.



IN THE MEANTIME, THE EASTERN PART OF THE WORLD HAD BEEN SETTLED, AND SOME OF US WERE IMPORTED FROM EUROPE TO VIRGINIA. WE DID OUR JOB WELL.



LATER, BREEDS OF US WERE IMPORTED FOR OTHER PURPOSES. ONE OF OUR FIRST JOBS WAS TO CARRY THE MAIL AS WE HAD DONE ALMOST 2,000 YEARS BEFORE. THE HOSTILE INDIANS IN THE WOODS GAVE OUR RIDERS SOME NARROW ESCAPES.



BECAUSE OF LACK OF ORGANIZATION THE MAIL WAS VERY SLOW, UNTIL A MR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BECAME THE FIRST POSTMASTER GENERAL. HE SPEEDED UP THE MAIL BY MAKING US WORK IN RELAYS DAY AND NIGHT.



TO MAKE SLEDGE CARRYING EASIER WE INVENTED MORE EXTENSIVELY IN WINTER, WE PULLED A TYPE OF SLEDGE CALLED A POD OR PUNG ONE OF US PULLED A POD AND TWO OF US PULLED A PUNG.



ONE OF THE BEST VEHICLES OF TRANSPORTATION DEVELOPED AT THIS TIME WAS THE CONESTOGA WAGON WE Hauled SUPPLIES TO THE SHIVERING TROOPS AT VALLEY FORD GEORGE WASHINGTON PRAISED US BOTH IN HIS DIARY.



AT THIS TIME IN HISTORY, ONE OF US, ALTHOUGH NAMELESS, WILL ALWAYS BE REMEMBERED IN AMERICAN HISTORY HIS WAS THE GLORIOUS JOB OF CARRYING PAUL REVERE ON HIS FAMOUS RIDE.



WE HELPED BARTOL GEORGE, A FAMOUS PATHFINDER, TO MOVE WESTWARD SOME OF US CARRIED MEN, OTHERS WOMEN AND CHILDREN MOST OF US CARRIED PACKS LOADED WITH ALL OF A FAMILY'S WORLDLY GOODS.



AFTER A TRAIL HAD BEEN BLAZED, THE PIONEERS TURNED TO THE CONESTOGA WAGONS WHICH HAD BECOME SMALLER THESE SOON WERE CALLED PRANSE SADDLERS, AFTER THE LAND THEY CROSSED.



MANY OF US WHO WERE FIRST BROUGHT INTO MEXICO BY CORTES, LATER WENT INTO CALIFORNIA THE MORE RESTLESS ONES BROKE AWAY FROM THEIR MASTERS, THE SPANISH CALLED THEM MUSTANGS, WHICH MEANS RUNNING WILD.



THE INDIANS, WHO HAD BEEN FORBIDDEN BY THE SPANIARDS TO RIDE OR OWN US, LATER CAPTURED MANY OF OUR BROTHERS AND USED THEM TO HUNT AND TRAVEL, PULLING WHAT WAS CALLED A TRAVELER'S



AS WE BROUGHT MORE AND MORE SETTLERS OUT WEST, WE WERE CALLED UPON AGAIN TO CARRY THE MAIL IN A VEHICLE CALLED A STAGECOACH. IT ALSO CARRIED PASSENGERS.



BUT IT SEEMED THE MAIL STILL DID NOT ARRIVE FAST ENOUGH SO WE BECAME THE PONY EXPRESS. EACH LETTER WE CARRIED COST FIVE DOLLARS. ONE OF OUR BEST RIDERS WAS CALLED WILLIAM KOST, OR BUFFALO BILL.



THE JOB OF THE PONY EXPRESS LASTED SIXTEEN MONTHS FOR US. HOWEVER SWIFT, WE COULD NOT RUN FASTER THAN THE TELEGRAPH. BUT WE STILL PULLED THE STAGECOACH WITH ITS PASSENGERS AND MAILBAGS.



WHILE WE WERE MAKING HISTORY IN THE NEW WORLD, TWO OF US HAD HELPED CHANGE HISTORY IN THE OLD WORLD. ONE WAS CALLED COPENHAGEN; HIS MASTER WAS THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.



THE OTHER WAS CALLED WARREN; HIS MASTER WAS CALLED NAPOLEON BONAAPARTE. HE CARRIED HIS MASTER IN THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW AND RECEIVED HIS SEVENTH WOUND IN THE BATTLE AT WATERLOO.



IT SEEMED WHEREVER WE CARRIED MAN THERE WAS VIOLENCE. WHEN WE BROUGHT THE SETTLERS OUT WEST, WE CARRIED THE INDIANS WHO ATTACKED THEM. WE ALSO BROUGHT THE CAVALRY WHICH SAVED THEM.



IN THIS WILD COUNTRY WE WERE MUCH CHERISHED BY OUR OWNERS. WE WERE CONSIDERED THEIR BEST FRIENDS. AND TO STEAL ONE OF US WAS PUNISHABLE BY DEATH. A "HORSE THIEF" WAS THE WORST INSULT AMONGST MEN.



THOSE OF US IN THE CITIES NOW WERE STARTLED BY MAN'S TWO LATEST INVENTIONS. ONE WAS CALLED THE STEAMBOAT. THE OTHER WAS CALLED THE RAILROAD. BOTH NEW SYSTEMS TOOK QUITE A BEATING.



NEXT WE PULLED THE FIRST PASSENGER CAR WHICH WAS SET ON RAILS. THE TIES RAN PARALLEL UNDER THE RAILS. THIS ALLOWED US TO MOVE QUITE FREELY IN BETWEEN THE TRACKS.



AT THIS TIME, MAN BEGAN TO THINK IN TERMS OF RAILROADS OR TRAMWAYS. OUR FIRST JOB WAS TO PULL A STRING OF CARS LOADED WITH GRANITE FROM THE QUARRIES.



AND WHILE MOST OF US PULLED EVERY SORT OF VEHICLE ALL OVER THIS LAND, OTHERS OF US PULLED BOATS ALONG THE CANALS.



BUT MAN WAS DISSESSED WITH PROGRESS ON RAILS SO HE CONSTRUCTED THE FIRST RAILROAD WHOSE AIM WAS TO CARRY BOTH PASSENGERS AND FROIGHT IT WAS THIRTEEN MILES LONG THE HORSE WAS ITS FIRST SOURCE OF POWER



THIS DEVICE WAS CONDEMNED WHEN A COW UPSET A FLAT CAR ANOTHER UNSUCCESSFUL DEVICE WAS A SAIL-BOAT ON WHEELS EXCUSE MY HORSE LAUGH, BUT IT WAS CALLED THE "METEOR"



MAN KEPT TRYING AND HE FINALLY MADE AN ENGINE POWERED BY STEAM IT WAS CALLED TOM THUMB A HORSE WAS CHALLENGED TO RACE IT IT OUTRACED HIM UNTIL IT BROKE A BELT, SO THE HORSE REACHED THE FINISH LINE FIRST



AS MAN PERFECTED THE STEAM ENGINE, WE HORSES MOVED FARTHER AND FARTHER ACROSS THE COUNTRY OUR WESTERN COUSINS WITH THEIR INDIAN MASTERS TRIED TO STOP THIS MIGRATION, BUT TO NO AVAL.



THEN WE WERE AGAIN CALLED TO THE COLORS IN A TERRIBLE CONFLICT CALLED THE CIVIL WAR AND TWO OF US ACHIEVED HONORS ONE OF US WAS CALLED WINCHESTER --- HIS MASTER WAS THE UNION GENERAL, PHIL SHERIDAN.



THE OTHER'S NAME WAS "TRAVELER" HIS MASTER WAS GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE IN CHARGE OF THE ARMIES OF THE CONFEDERACY THEIR COMRADESHIP CEMENTED IN BATTLE WAS CLOSER THAN EVER IN PEACE



SIX HUNDRED OF US ALSO BECAME IMMORTAL IN THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE, AND ONE OF US WAS THE ONLY LIVING SURVIVOR OF CUSTER'S LAST STAND. HIS NAME WAS COMANCHE.

BUT IN THE TOWNS AND CITIES OF AMERICA, WE POLLED THE DOCTOR'S BUSSY, THE FAMILY SURREY, AND THE OMNIBUSES. TRACKS WERE LAID LATER AND THEY BECAME KNOWN AS THE HORSE TROLLEYS.



THEN A NEW FORCE CAME INTO USE—ELECTRICITY. IT TOOK US AWAY FROM THE TROLLEY, BUT WE WERE STILL PROUD TO PULL THE FIRE ENGINES AND THE AMBULANCES AND TO RE-ARRANGE THE POLICE LINE-UP.

AT LAST, MAN TOOK TO THE AIR, FIRST IN THE BALLOON, THEN THE AIRPLANE. IN FRANCE WE WERE SCARED OUT OF OUR WITS BY THE FIRST STEAM CARRIAGE. IT TRAVELED AT THE RATE OF 10 M.P.H.



IN AMERICA THIS INVENTION WENT FROM STEAM TO ELECTRIC POWER, FINALLY TO GASOLINE. THIS GAS BUSSY CONTRAPTION GAVE US AND OUR MASTERS PLENTY OF TROUBLE. THE ONE, "GET A HORSE!" WAS A WELCOME ONE TO US.

BUT NOW MAN HAS PERFECTED MANY OF HIS TOYS. STILL WE DERIVE HIM HIS PLEASURE AND IN TOIL, WHEREVER OUR BREED EXISTS, WITHOUT GRUMBLING OR COMPLAINTS. AND WHERE MAN GOES WE WILL FOLLOW.



HORSE SHOW

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS HORSE MAN-O-WAR

In 1917, in the stable of Major Belmont, was foaled a horse that was destined to become the most famous horse America has ever known. That was during the first World War, and so he was given the name of Man-O-War. To the American public, he did for racing what Babe Ruth did for baseball, and Jack Dempsey did for boxing.

He was possibly the fastest horse ever known, since he established five American speed records. In none of these races was he really pressed for competition. He was beaten only once in his lifetime, but he defeated his rival in a return race. He also held the record for the longest leap, which was 29 feet, while the average is 25 to 27 feet.

"Big Red", as he was nicknamed because of his size and chestnut coat, was the top money winner of his day. In value, his winnings would more than pass those of the recent Whirlaway. He died in 1947 at the age of thirty (ninety years of human life is the equivalent), long the subject of famous artists and sculptors. His death also established a record for longevity. In the words of his faithful groom, he was "the mostest horse in the world".




 HORSE
SHOW

THREE FAMOUS RACE HORSES



CITATION

The greatest money winner of all time is Citation, foaled in 1945. He earned \$1,085,760. With Eddie Arcaro up, he became the eighth horse in history to capture the triple crown of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. His favorite stable companion was a cat who would try to steal along a bar at the rear of Citation's stall before the horse had a chance to turn and murder him off. This game was repeated time and time again. His greatest triumph was achieved in 1948 when he was entered for the Preakness Special. He was the only entry; not a horse in the country was considered good enough to race against him.

NATIVE DANCER

The now retired Native Dancer is the fourth all-time money winner in this country. This big gray horse won twenty-one of his twenty-two races. As Dan Patch had become a household word through advertising before the era of radio and television, so Native Dancer, through television, became a pet in thousands of American homes where there were few, or none who had ever been to a racetrack. When he lost the Kentucky Derby, his owners received thousands of letters of condolence, many of which were addressed to the great horse himself.



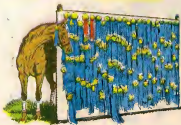
DAN PATCH



Foaled in 1896, with crooked hind legs and big hocks, Dan Patch was a mahogany bay who looked more like a pleasant old buggy horse than the great pacer that he was. After breaking all the pacing records of his time, he was bought by a manufacturer of stock feed who, using every means of advertising of that day, soon made Dan

Patch's name a household word. Cigars, children's sleds, hobby horses and even a washing machine were named after him. His owner made a million dollars from his races and another million from the sales of stock feed. After this animal's racing career was ended, his admirers—men, women and children—travelled over a special line called the Dan Patch Railroad to visit him on his farm.

AMERICA'S TOP SHOW HORSE WING COMMANDER



In the history of show horse competition there has never been a horse as great as the 11-year-old chestnut champion called Wing Commander. Descended from other champions, the stallion performs equally as well in walk, trot, canter, slow-gated stepping and the rack. His perfection has been cheered by thousands of American enthusiasts throughout the country, and only twice in his career has Wing Commander given up his first place ribbons for a second place award and a reserve championship (a near miss in the runoffs). That was in 1947, and since that time he has not lost a single show.


 HORSE
SHOW

GREAT PERFORMING HORSES IN HISTORY

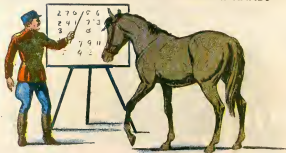


MAROCCO

One of the first great performing horses was Marocco, owned by a Scotchman named Banks. In 1800 they toured Scotland, England and France. Marocco could walk on his hind legs and could dance. He could pick up articles and carry them to their rightful owner. One of his greatest stunts was climbing the stairs leading to the top of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London.

Around 1800, Clever Hands, a horse owned by Herr von Osten, created great excitement when on exhibit in Berlin. He was able to count and subtract, and he could talk, in that he could understand, and reply to questions presented either verbally or in writing.

CLEVER HANDS




 HORSE
SHOW

 THE MOST FAMOUS
FOUNDING STALLION

 GODOLPHIN'S
BARB


In order to be ranked a thoroughbred, a horse must be a descendant of one of the three Founding Stallions. They were Byerly's Turk, Darley's Arabian, and Godolphin's Barb. (Barb means that he was bred in the Barbary States of Africa.) Of these three, Godolphin's Barb had the most famous and amazing background. The Emperor of Morocco sent him as a gift to King Louis XIV of France. Louis, for some unknown reason, gave him away.

Some years later he was noticed in Paris by an Englishman who had a good eye for horseflesh. The unkempt Barb was pulling a vegetable cart. The cart owner sold him

for the equivalent of fifteen dollars, and the Englishman shipped the Barb to a friend who bred horses in London. This man, who had no real sense of a horse's value, presented him to Lord Godolphin as an outright gift. The Lord had the Barb shipped to his breeding farms.

The Barb was forgotten until one day when the Lord was ready to breed his best mare. His finest stallion had fallen ill, so the gift horse was used instead. A foal named Leth was the result of the breeding, and he became a sensation. The Lord now traced the history of his horse to the stables of the Moroccan Emperor, attesting the saying, "Blood will tell".




 HORSE
SHOW

 AMERICA'S FAMOUS
TRICK HORSES

 BLACK BEAR
AND LADY

Black Bear, a Shetland pony from Westchester County in New York, was one of this country's most famous talking or trick horses. He could tell the time, make change, and even graciously kiss the ladies.

Another famous talking horse came from Virginia. Her name was Lady. She became famous for her ability to solve mathematical problems, converse in Chinese, read minds, and crack jokes.

TRIGGER

Today one of the most famous trick horses in America is Trigger, owned by Roy Rogers. He can untie knots, walk 125 feet on his hind legs, count as far as twenty-five, and write X on a hotel register.



HORSE RACING

A great challenge to the speed of any thoroughbred is the flat racing course. In this country, most of the major tracks are about one to one and an eighth miles long, and are usually oval in shape. Although flat racing had been introduced in America as early as 1688, by Governor Nicolls of New York, it was not until recent times that the handicapping system became popular. Handicapping horses is a method of arriving at a fair standard for racing competition. If one horse in a race is faster than every other one, there would be little point in running the race. However, if each horse is required to carry weights relative to his age and past performance, there is more of a chance to balance the speed of the animals. Hence, a two-year-old will carry twenty-four pounds less than a three-year-old, and thirty-two pounds less than a four-year-old over a six-furlong course. But even with this "weight-for-age system," the horses of better breeding, who have been more carefully cared for and more diligently trained, consistently emerge as winners.

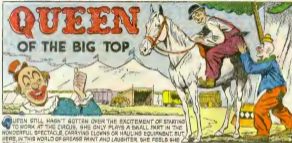
Thoroughbreds with jumping ability are often raised to participate in what is easily the most arduous of all horse races, the steeplechase. Only the sturdiest animals, trained for these events from birth, stand the slightest chance in this most trying of meets. It is a triumph to even finish the race, and a miracle to have won it. The minimum specifications for a steeplechase course are enough to discourage the hardiest beasts. In the first two miles, at least twelve fences must be posted, and in each succeeding mile six or more fences are placed, exclusive of hurdles. For each mile, at least one ditch, six feet wide and two feet deep, must be dug, and a water jump, twelve feet wide and two feet deep, must obstruct the track. In addition to all these seemingly insurmountable obstacles, a steeplechase course must have no less than six flights of hurdles in the first mile and a half, with an additional flight of hurdles for every quarter mile. It is no great wonder that steeplechasing is the most dangerous and interesting of all horse races.

Harness racing in the United States is an outgrowth of "brushes" between neighbors during the early part of the nineteenth century. Every man who owned a horse hitched to a sulky or wagon seemed to feel that his was the fastest combination on the avenue. Later, great personal feuds between wealthy members of society, such as the famous trotting races between Cornelius Vanderbilt and Robert Bonner, led to the improvement of sulkies and the special breeding of trotting and pacing horses. By the eighteen sixties, harness racing had become a formal institution in our country. Following the example set by the administrators of the "flats," a National Trotting Association was created to govern the practices of the sport. Today, the "trotters" have become an important part of the lives of sporting Americans.



QUEEN

OF THE BIG TOP



QUEEN STILL HADN'T GOTTEN OVER THE EXCITEMENT OF STARTING TO WORK AT THE CIRCUS. SHE ONLY PLAYS A SMALL PART IN THE WONDERFUL SPECTACLE, CARRYING CLOWNS OR HAULING EQUIPMENT. BUT HERE, IN THIS WORLD OF DREAMS, FAINT AND LAUGHTER, SHE FEELS SHE BELONGS!

AND WHEN QUEEN ISN'T BUSY WORKING AS A PROP FOR THE CLOWNS, SHE HELPS HULL THE HEAVY CIRCUS GEAR...



BUT ONE DAY, AS SHE IS BEGGLED BACK TO HER STALL, QUEEN SEES THE HIGHLY-TRAINED JUMPERS REHEARSING THEIR ACT...



QUEEN RAIDES, AND WATCHES, AND WATCHES, AND WATCHES...



WHEN SOME INNER FORCE MAKES HER DREAM AWARE AND HURD FOR THE CHALLENGING FENCES...



THOUGH UNTRAINED INSTINCTIVELY GUEEN KNOWS HOW TO CLEAR THE BARRIER...



AFTER CLEARING THE FIRST FENCE GUEEN FOLLOWS THE TRAINED JUMPERS AROUND THE COURSE!



DID YOU SEE HER, WALTON? SHE'S A NATURAL JUMPER!

SHE WAS LUCKY SHE DIDN'T BREAK A LEG! AND SHE WAS TAKING THOSE FENCES WITHOUT A RIDER, RINGRAUER!



WELL, GUEEN IS GOING TO HAVE A RIDER ON HER! YOU'RE AN ASSISTANT TRAINER, WALTON! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH HER!

NOT MUCH! SHE'S JUST A WORK HORSE AND ONLY GOOD ENOUGH FOR THE CLEARING!

HE NEIL LEADS HER OFF, QUEEN BEARS THE ASSISTANT TRAINER'S HOSTILITY...



"I'VE ENOUGH HORSES TO TAKE CARE OF ALREADY WITHOUT GETTING STUCK WITH THIS MARE!"

BUT IN HIS ANGER, WALTON HEADS QUEEN FOR THE JUMP AT TOO FAST A PACE, THROWING TOO MUCH WEIGHT ON HER FOREFEET AS HE RACES HER. HE PREVENTS HER FROM RAISING HER FORELEGS TO START HER LEAP...



WHEN QUEEN FEELS THE BIT YANK SHARPLY IN HER SENSITIVE MOUTH, AS HER RIDER ANGERILY SWAILS HER TO TURN BACK FOR ANOTHER TRY...



THE NEXT DAY, NEIL WALTON RIDES QUEEN INTO THE JUMPING AREA...



SHOWING SHE CAN'T TAKE THE JUMP, SHE SNAPS...



AT THIS TIME, NEIL WALTON USES HIS SPURS AND QUEEN FEELS THE SUDDEN SHARP PAIN...



BUT INSTEAD OF LEANING FORWARD TO HELP QUEEN RISE AND CLEAR THE OBSTACLE, NEIL WALTON SITS WELL BACK, HIS AIDING THROWING QUEEN OFF BALANCE...



AGAIN SHE SAYS...



THEN QUEEN FEELS THE SHARP PROMPTING OF WALTON'S SPUR...



SOON QUEEN BEGINS TO ASSOCIATE THE FENCE WITH PUNISHMENT...



AT LAST QUEEN TAKES THE FENCE, BUT NOT WITH THAT SENSE OF SPONTANEOUS AND NATURAL JOY SHE FELT BEFORE, FOR NOW SHE JUMPS OUT OF FEAR...



LIKE ALL HORSES, QUEEN RESPONDS QUICKLY TO AN ORDER, BUT AN INDECISIVE RIDER LIKE WALTON, WHO CAN'T MAKE UP HIS MIND, CONFUSES QUEEN, AND SHE IS AFRAID TO TRUST HERSELF TO HIM COMPLETELY.



AND NOW, WALTON'S CONSTANT LEG PRESSURE AGAINST QUEEN'S SIDE DULLS HER TO THE FINER PRESSURES OF HIS BOOT, WHICH SHOULD TELL HER WHEN HE WANTS TO ADVANCE OR INCREASE THE PACE.



THAT NIGHT, NEIL WALTON RIDES HER OUT UNDER THE BIG TOP WITH THE OTHER JUMPERS, AND QUEEN TRIES HARDLY TO KEEP UP WITH THEM...



I WANTED TO GO LEFT! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS HORSE, ANYWAY?

FOR THREE MORE DAYS, THEY WORK OUT, BUT INSTEAD OF REALIZING THE FAULTS ARE HIS, NEIL WALTON BLAMES EVERYTHING ON QUEEN, MAKING HER TENSE AND HORRIBLE...



WELL, SHE CAN JUMP—BUT SHE HASN'T MUCH CLASS!

BUT QUEEN HAS NEVER JUMPED WITH A GRAND PLAYOUT AND A CROWD CHEERING! THE SUDDEN NOISE CONFUSES HER...



INSTEAD OF PATTING AND REASSURING HER, KEX, WALTON SPURS HER ON! LOUDER AND LOUDER THE BAND PLAYS, AS QUEEN PASSES BY THE STAND, AND THE CHEERS OF THE ADMIRING CROWD GROW, UNTIL THE RISING, BEMUDERING SOUND MAKES QUEEN LOSE HER HEAD AND SHE BOLTS...



3 HOLY QUEEN IS LED BACK TO HER STALL, ALONE AND MISERABLE. SHE FEELS THE GUILT OF FAILURE, AND SHE REALIZES THAT SOMEDAY, THE GLAMOUR AND EXCITEMENT OF BEING A FERRARI-ING CIRCUS HORSE ARE NEVER TO BE HERS...



BUT TWO DAYS LATER, JIM LONG, ONE OF THE BARBERS, RANCY RIDERS, COMES TO HER STALL...



HERE, QUEEN! HOPE YOU LIKE SUGAR, GIRL!

EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK, JIM LONG PATS AND KEEPS HER, UNTIL QUEEN LOOKS FORWARD EAGERLY TO THE RIDER'S VOICE, BRANHYING A FRIENDLY GREETING AS SOON AS HE COMES INTO VIEW...



SADDLE HER, TOMMY! I'M GOING TO SEE HOW SHE JUMPS!

MR. WALTON TRIED HER--SHE BOLTED!

I SAW HER THE DAY SHE TOOK THE FENCES UNDER HER OWN POWER! SHE'S A AMYDUAL JUMPER AND, STRANGE TO SAY, IT'S HARDER TO TRAIN ONE OF THEM THAN AN ORDINARY HORSE! THEY REQUIRE MORE PATIENCE--BUT THE RESULT IS AN UNRIVALED PERFORMANCE!



QUEEN SENSES IN JIM'S UNDERSTANDING MANNER THAT SHE IS BEING GIVEN A SECOND CHANCE. WILLINGLY, SHE STRUCKS HERSELF AS SHE IS HARNESSSED... BUT JIM USES A STRANGE NEW THINKING AID--A STANONS, HARTINGALE...



THERE, QUEEN-- THIS HARTINGALE WILL MAKE SURE YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN!

AS QUEEN APPROACHES THE FENCE, SHE STARTS TO RAISE HER HEAD TO SHY AWAY AS SHE DID WITH NEIL WALTON! BUT WHEN A JUMPER RAISES ITS HEAD, ITS BACK DROPS AND BECOMES HOLLOW, AND THE HORSE IS CERTAIN TO STRIKE THE FENCE WITH ITS HANDS...

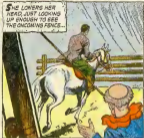


HEAD DOWN! DOWN OR YOU'LL FALL!

AS QUEEN TRIES TO RAISE HER HEAD ABOVE THE HEIGHT OF HER WITHERS, THE WARTINGALE RESTRAINS HER...



SHE LOWERS HER HEAD, JUST LOOKING UP ENOUGH TO SEE THE ONCOMING FENCE...



BUT WITH HER HEAD FORCED DOWN, SHE AUTOMATICALLY ARCHES HER BACK AND HER HIND FEET BARELY CLEAR THE BARRIER...



"NICE GOING, GIRL! I HENK YOU COULD DO IT PERFECTLY AND BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH--YOU'LL BE A CHAMPION JUMPER!"

BUT AS JIM CONTINUES JUMPING QUEEN, HE FINDS THAT WITH A RIDER UP, SHE ISN'T POSITIVE WHERE SHE SHOULD BEGIN TO TAKE OFF FOR HER LEAP...



QUEEN WATCHES AS JIM PICES OFF THE RIGHT TAKE-OFF DISTANCE FROM THE FENCE AND LAYS A POLE ACROSS THE GROUND THERE...



THEN, AS QUEEN CANTERS TO THE ARCADE SHE REALIZES SHE MUST TAKE OFF IN FRONT OF THE POLE ON THE GROUND SO HER FORELEGS WON'T STRIKE IT...



HALF A DOZEN MORE TIMES, JIM LONG USES THE POLE TO SHOW QUEEN THE PROPER TAKE-OFF DISTANCE.



EASIER TO PLEASE HER UNDERSTANDING RIDER, QUEEN STARTS FOR THE FENCE, JUDGES THE SPOT WHERE THE POLE HAD BEEN PLACED AND TAKES OFF FROM THERE...



SIM LONG CONTINUES HER TRAINING HERE, HALTON WATCHES. AS QUEEN PASSES HIM, SHE TIGHTENS UP NERVOUSLY...



BUT AS QUEEN NEARS THE FIRST FENCE OF THE COURSE, THE MEMORY OF HALTON'S SPURS DABBING IN TO HER FLANKS DOES BISH! QUEEN NOW ASSOCIATES PUNISHMENT WITH THE LINE OF HORSES ON THE COURSE! SHE GUESSES!



BUT QUEEN FINDS THAT ON-LINE WALTON, JIM LONG DOESN'T GIVE UP EASILY. INSTEAD OF BLAMING HER ANGRILY, JIM LONG HAS SOME OTHER JUMPERS LEAD THE WAY...



AND IN THE SECURITY OF A GROUP QUEEN FOLLOWS THE OTHER JUMPERS, JIM LONG, BY HAVING HER RUN WITH OTHER HORSES, HAS ENDED HER FEARS...



THAT'S THE GUY!
AND NEXT TIME AROUND
YOU'LL RUN THE
COURSE ALONE!

THEN, UNDER THE REASSURING URDINGS OF JIM LONG, QUEEN TAKES THE COURSE EFFORTLESSLY BY HERSELF.



BUT JIM SEES HER COME UP SHORT IN FRONT OF THE JUDGING...



YES, QUEEN,
I REMEMBER
ALMOST FRIGHTENED
YOU! WELL, WE'LL
JUST HAVE TO
GET YOU
ACCUSTOMED
TO IT!

AS THE BAND REHEARSES, JIM LONG JUST WALKS AROUND NEAR IT, GETTING HER USED TO THE LOUD, BRISTING CYCLES TUNES...



ONCE QUEEN SEES MUSIC REPRESENTS NO THREAT OR DANGER TO HER, SHE WILLINGLY LETS JIM TAKE HER OVER A FENCE AS THE BAND PLAYS...



AND INSTEAD OF FEARS MUSIC, QUEEN BEGINS TO ENJOY IT...



AND THEN, JIM LONG BEGINS TO TRUEN QUEEN TO "DANCE" WHEN HE TAPS HER ON THE RIGHT SIDE, SHE RIDES HER RIGHT FORELEGS IN TERROR WITH THE BAND.



WHEN HE TAPS HER LEFT SIDE, SHE RIDES HER LEFT FORELEGS, DANCING WITH THE MUSIC...



WITH PATIENCE ON JIM'S PART AND A DESIRE TO PLEASE THE MAN WHO HAS HELPED HER REGAIN HER SELF-CONFIDENCE, QUEEN SOON HAS LEARNED TO COURT...



AND FINALLY, JIM LONG FEELS CONFIDENT QUEEN IS READY FOR THE BIG SHOW. THE BAND STRIKES UP A TUNE, BUT THIS TIME QUEEN ISN'T FRIGHTENED. THIS IS THE MOMENT FOR WHICH SHE HAS BEEN CAREFULLY TRAINED. SHE FOLLOWS THE OTHER JUMPERS UNDER THE BIG TOP TAKING THE COURSE WITH GRACEFUL EASE.



THEN QUEEN SHOWS THE CHEERING CROWD HOW SHE COUNTS...

"SEE, DAD, DID YOU SEE THAT? THE MAN HELD UP THREE BALLS AND SHE PAUSED THE GROUND THREE TIMES!"



AND AS THE MUSIC PLAYS A RHYTHMIC TUNE, QUEEN DANCES THE LENGTH OF THE BIG TOP...



WHEN SHE FEELS JIM LONG PULL BACK ON HER REINS TO MAKE HER LOWER HER HEAD, AT THE SAME TIME TAPPING HER KNEES! QUEEN KNOWS THAT MEANS SHE SHOULD TAKE HER FINAL BOW...



BUT TWO DAYS LATER, AS QUEEN IS READY FOR JUMPING PRACTICE, SHE SEES KALTON THOMPSON WITH THE FENCE.



THREE TIMES SHE SHIES AWAY TAKING THE FENCE! THEN SHE PUZZLED, JIM LONG CLIMBS DOWN TO INSPECT IT.



"YOU WERE RIGHT, QUEEN! SOMEONE RAISED THE CROSS-BAR ALMOST A FOOT! JUST HIGH ENOUGH TO CATCH YOUR FEET!"

WHEN QUEEN SEES JIM ANGRILY GRAB WALTON...



"WALTON, YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS ENOUGH OF QUEEN TO HAVE PULLED A DIRTY TRICK!"

"I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, LORD! LET ME GO! YOU'RE SOBE CRAZY OVER THAT HORSE—THINKING THAT SHE'S A GREAT SHOW HORSE!"



"LOOK, WALTON, THERE ISN'T ENOUGH ROOM UNDER THE BAR TOP FOR BOTH OF US! YOU THINK QUEEN'S JUST GOOD ENOUGH FOR PULLING WILK RASBON! WELL, THE HORSE SHOW IS BEING HELD TOMORROW! IF QUEEN WINS FIRST PRIZE—YOU GO! IF SHE DOESN'T, I'LL LEAVE!"

"IT'S A BIT LONG! BUT YOU'D BETTER START PACKING!"

AS JIM BRINGS AND HARNESSES HER WITH EXTRA CARE, QUEEN SENSES SOMETHING SPECIAL IS EXPECTED OF HER! AFTER HER BIRTH IS STRIPPED, JIM WOULD PREFER TO STRETCH OUT ANY SKIN THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN PINCHED WHEN THE GIRTH WAS TIGHTENED AND WOULD HANG UP QUEEN IN JUMPING...



WHEN QUEEN IS RIDEN INTO A HALLS ARCADE! A COLORFUL CROWD OF FORMALLY DRESSED PEOPLE WATCH THE PARADE OF THE FINEST COMPETING HORSES IN THE LAND AND QUEEN KNOWS SHE IS RUNNING BOTH CHAMPIONS...



QUEEN IS LAST TO TRY THE COURSE! ANXIOUS OF HER, NOT ONE JUMPER HAS YET MADE A PERFECT RUN! SUDDENLY, JIM LONG STARTS HER FORWARD...



"YOU CAN WIN IT NOW, QUEEN! BUT YOU'VE GOT TO CLEAR THEM ALL!"

THE FIRST HURDLES ARE LOW, THE HEIGHT INCREASES GRADUALLY, AS QUEEN DOES DOWN THE COURSE UNDER THE CONTROLLED DIRECTION OF JIM'S SKILLED AIDS...



SILENTLY, THE TRIBE CHIEF WATCHES AS QUEEN MAKES THE NEXT TO LAST HURDLE WITHOUT TOUCHING HIS HOOD! THEN SHE PACES HERSELF CAREFULLY AND ON STRIDE LEADS FOR THE LAST BARBER...



AS THE TRIUMPHANT MUSIC RINGS, QUEEN DANCES TOWARD THE JUDGE'S STAND...



QUEEN STANDS PROUDLY STILL, AS THE FIRST PRIZE RIBBON IS PLACED UPON HER! JIM LOVES HIS FATE TELL HER SHE HAS PLEASED THE MAN WHO HAS COME SO MUCH FOR HER. IN SOME SMALL WAY, SHE FEELS SHE HAS PARTLY PROVED WHAT HER FATHER ALL THE YEARS OF PATIENT TRAINING...



THE NEXT DAY, UNDER THE BIG TOP, QUEEN WATCHES AS NEIL WALTON BITTERLY STALKS OFF...



AND LATER THAT DAY, QUEEN AND JIM LOOK AT A POSTER THE RINGMASTER HOLDS.



STORY BOOK HORSES



I'M PEGASUS, THE WINGED HORSE, THE SYMBOL OF INSPIRATION TO ALL OUR LITERARY MEN.

I SPANG FROM MEDUSA, THE MONSTER, WHO WAS SLAIN BY PERSEUS, SON OF JUPITER. LATER I WAS CAPTURED BY MINERVA, ANOTHER OFFSPRING OF JUPITER.

SHE PRESENTED ME TO HER SISTERS, THE MUSES, WHO WERE IN CHARGE OF THE DEPARTMENTS OF LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.



I HAD MUCH TIME TO MYSELF AND ONE DAY, AS I WAS LYING ON THE GROUND IN FLAIN, GAZING OFF AT MOUNT OLYMPUS IN THE DISTANCE, MY THOUGHTS TURNED TO MY HALF BROTHERS, THE CENTAURS.

ONE OF THE SHEPHERD OF THE CENTAURS WAS NAMED CHIRON HE WAS INSTRUCTED IN THE ART OF MEDICINE, MUSIC AND PROPHECY BY THE GOD APOLLO.



LATER, SOME GREAT HEROES WERE HIS PUPILS, INCLUDING HERCULES AND ACHILLES. HE WAS THE WISEST OF ALL, CENTAURS WHEN HE DIED, JUPITER PLACED HIM AMONG THE STARS AS THE CONSTITELLATION SAGITTARIUS.

EACH DAY, AS I WATCHED EVENING APPROACH, I KNEW MY FOUR BROTHERS WERE FINISHING THEIR TRIP ACROSS THE SKY, PULLING APOLLO, THE SUN GOD, IN HIS FLAMING CHARIOT.

EACH NIGHT, AS SURE AS MY BREED WOULD BRING BACK THE SUN TOMORROW, TWO MORE OF MY BREED WERE PULLING SELENE, THE MOON GODDESS, ACROSS THE SKY.



ONE DAY, WAR CAME TO THE WORLD. IT WAS CALLED THE TROJAN WAR. THE AMAZING—FEMALE WARRIORS—FOUGHT THE ARMIES OF ACHILLES, THE FAMOUS GREEK HERO.



TWO TREACHEROUS ACTS WERE COMMITTED IN THIS WAR, THE FIRST WAS WHEN PARIS SLAYED ACHILLES' TENDON, KNOWING HIS WEAK SPOT WAS HIS HEEL. THE OTHER WAS THE WORK OF A WOODEN HORSE.

THE GREEKS, PRETEXTING TO ABANDON THE LONG SIEGE OF TROY, SAILED TO A NEARBY ISLAND TO CONSTRUCT IT.



ONE MORNING, A FEW DAYS LATER, THE TROJANS WERE SURPRISED TO SEE THE PLAIN BEFORE THE CITY EMPTY OF ALL TROOPS, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE HORSE AND A FITFUL FIGURE STANDING BESIDE IT.

AS THE TROJANS STREAMED OUT OF THE CITY, THE LONE FIGURE SAID HE WAS A GREEK DECEITER WHO WARNED THE TROJANS NOT TO DESTROY THE HORSE, AS THAT WAS THE GREEKS' WISH.



TO THE TROJAN QUESTIONS, HE EXPLAINED THE HORSE WAS A GIFT OFFERING TO THE GODS, AND IF THE TROJANS DESTROYED IT, THE GODS' WRATH WOULD FALL ON THEM.

THE TROJANS BELIEVED THE WORDS OF THIS MAN WHOSE NAME WAS SINON. HE HAD SEEN THE WARNING OF THEIR PRIEST, THEY PULLED THE HORSE INTO THE CITY. THE ENTIRE CITY CELEBRATED THE END OF THE TEN-YEAR WAR. WHEN EVERYONE, INCLUDING THE GUARDS, WERE ASLEEP, SINON OPENED THE TRAP DOOR IN THE WOODEN HORSE.

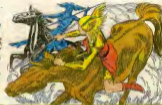


THE GREEK WARRIORS OPENED THE DOOR, AND THEIR ARMY RUSHED IN TO BURN AND DESTROY THE CITY AND ITS SLEEPING PEOPLE.

SOON, MY BROTHER SLEEPER, WHO HAD EIGHT LEGS AND CARRIED COIN, THE HORSE GOD, ARRIVED AT THE SCENE OF RUIN TO WITNESS THE Slaughter.



AFTER WHICH, ODIN, THE GOD OF THE DEAD, SENT HIS WALKYRIE TO THE BATTLEFIELD TO CLAIM THE MANY TROJAN HEROES WHO HAD DIED THERE.



RIDING TO THE TROJAN BATTLEFIELD, THEIR ARMOR GAVE OFF THE STRANGE FLICKERING LIGHT WHICH THE NORSEMEN CALL THE AURORA BOREALIS, OR NORTHERN LIGHTS.



THEN THE WALKYRIE, HAVING SELECTED THE FALLEN HEROES, CARRIED THEM TO THE GREAT HALL, VALHALL, WHERE THEY FEASTED WITH ODIN AND ALL THE HEROES WHO HAD DIED IN BATTLE.



BUT THAT WOODEN HORSE WAS NO STRANGER THAN MY HALF-FISH ROMAN HALF BROTHER, WHOSE MASTER WAS KING NEPTUNE, GOD OF THE SEA.



AND MY SECOND COUSIN, THE UNICORN, HAS THE LEGS OF A BUCK, THE TAIL OF A LION, AND THE HEAD AND BODY OF A HORSE, WITH A HORN STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FOREHEAD.



THEY TELL ME MY POOR COUSIN WAS CAPTURED BY THE HURBERTS WHILE THEY WERE NOT AWAKE, AND BY LUCK OF MERCY SO WITH AN UNKIND YOUNG GIRL AS SAID, HE WAS TRAPPED.



ONE DAY, I MET AND BECAME FAST FRIENDS WITH A YOUNG HERO NAMED SOLOMONSON. HIS SECRET AMBITION WAS TO SCALE THE HEIGHTS OF OLYMPUS, THE MOUNTAIN OF THE GODS.



BUT BEFORE THIS FLIGHT OCCURRED, WE HAD MANY ADVENTURES TOGETHER. THE MOST EXCITING WAS THE SLAYING OF THE GENERAL, ITS FOREHEAD PART WAS LION, AND ITS HINDQUARTERS THAT OF A DRAGON.

I SUPPOSE SUCCESS WENT TO BOTH OUR HEADS, FOR MY MASTER DECIDED TO TRY TO ACHIEVE HIS SECRET AND-TION, THE FLIGHT UP TO MOUNT OLYMPUS. I THOUGHT IT A GREAT IDEA.



MY MASTER WAS A MORE MORTAL, AND HIS EFFORT ANGERED THE GODS WHO LIVED ON THE SUMMIT, SO JUPITER SENT DOWN A GADFLY, WHO STUNG ME, MAKING ME THROW MY RIDER.

SINCE THAT TIME, HORSES HAVE BEEN ANNOYED AND BITTEN BY THE GADFLY OR HORSEFLY, BUT ITS STING MADE ME FLY RIGHT UP TO THE FORBIDDEN SUMMIT.



TO MY SURPRISE THE GOD JUPITER WAS NOT OFFENDED AT ME, AND I STARTED TO SERVE HIM UNTIL MY LIFE SPAN HAD ENDED. MY REMAIND WAS A PLACE IN THE HEAVENS AS THE CONSTELLATION PEGASUS.

FROM THAT TIME ON, THE IMAGINATION OF CREATIVE MORTALS ON EARTH HAS COME SOMING UP TO ME, AND I HAVE INSPIRED MANY OF THEM TO IMMORTALITY.



CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY, THE CREATIVE MORTAL HAS BEGGED MY BREED IN MANY OF HIS WORKS. ONE OF THE FIRST WAS A GREEK SLAVE NAMED JACQUS WHO TOLD OF US IN PARABLES.

IN ONE OF THE GREATEST BOOKS OF ALL TIME, THE BIBLE, WE HAVE CARVED THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE BY WHITE GOLDEN CARRIED CONQUEST, THE RED, SLAUGHTER, THE BLACK, FAMINE, THE PALE, DEATH.



IN THE SAME BOOK OUR EGYPTIAN BREED CARRIED THEIR MASTERS, THE PHARAOHS, AND THEMSELVES TO DESTRUCTION, AS THEY PURSUED THE ISRAELITES.

THE STORYTELLERS OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS BROUGHT HORSES' EVER-LASTING FAKE WHEN THEY REFERRED TO THIS PERIOD AS THE "AGE OF CHIVALRY," WHICH IS FROM THE FRENCH WORD CHEVAL OR HORSE.



A FAMOUS ITALIAN POET, WHOSE NAME WAS ALFIERI, WAS INSPIRED BY MY TRAVELS WITH BELLEROPHON TO WRITE A CLASSIC POEM ENTITLED "ORLANDO FURIBOSO." HIS HERO WAS NAMED ROLAND.

ROLAND WAS A SORT OF PATRON SAINT TO KNIGHTS, AND HIS STEED WAS CALLED A HIPPOGRIF. HE WAS HALF EAGLE AND HALF HORSE, AND HE HAD WINGS LIKE MYSELF.



MORTAL MAN HAS EVEN GIVEN US A PATRON SAINT HE IS ST STEPHEN AND WHAT ENGLISHMAN CAN THINK OF ENGLAND'S PATRON ST SEBAST FIGHTING THE DRAGON AND NOT THINK OF THE HORSE HE RODE?



SPENDING OF SAINTS BRINGS ME TO ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF ALL---ST NICHOLAS, WHO RODE A HORSE AS HE DISTRIBUTED GIFTS TO THE CHILDREN OF EUROPE



THE DUTCH SETTLERS BROUGHT THE LEGEND OF ST NICHOLAS TO AMERICA WHERE HE BECAME SANTA CLAUS. HE CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON ME IF HIS REINDEER GET SICK.



OF COURSE, WE HORSES PLAYED AN IMPORTANT PART IN MOTHER GOOSE, TOO. A GOOD EXAMPLE WAS YANKEE GOOSE WHO WENT TO TOWN UPON A POSEY, HE STUCK A FEATHER IN HIS HAT, AND CALLED IT MAGARONL.



OH---FOR WANT OF A NAIL, THE SHOE WAS LOST FOR WANT OF THE SHOE, THE HORSE WAS LOST, OR IF WISDOM WERE HORSES, BARBERS WOULD RIDE OR---RIDE A GOOSEHERE TO BANDYIT CROSS

EVERY PRINCE CHARMING RODE ONE OF US AS HE SAVED HIS LADY AND IN THE AFTER TOLD, FOR COURTESY A WE SPRANG FROM SIDE TO FULL HER COACH.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE IN ONE OF HIS POEMS DESCRIBED THE BEST OF OUR BREED IN BLOWING TERMS "LOOK, WHAT HORSE SHOULD HAVE, HE DID NOT LACK, SAVE A PROUD RIDER ON SO PROUD A BACK."

AND THE SAME SHAKESPEARE, IN HIS PLAY "HIE RICHARD THE THIRD", PUT THE HIGHEST PRICE EVER PLACED ON ANY ONE OF US, WHEN THE EVIL KING WAS DEFEATED IN BATTLE BY THE EARL OF RICHMOND... AND TO QUOTE THE BARD,



"HIS HORSE IS SLAIN, AND ALL ON FOOT HE FIGHTS, SEEKING FOR RICHMOND IN THE THREAT OF DEATH RESCUE, FAIR LORD, OR ELSE THE DAY IS LOST. A HORSE! A HORSE! MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT TOOK HEED OF AN OLD PROVERB WHEN HE WROTE "LOCHINVAR," WHOSE FIRST LINE IS, "O YOUNG LOCHINVAR IS COME OUT OF THE WEST, THROUGH ALL THE WIDE BORDER HIS STEED WAS THE BEST!"



NOT TO SEEM OVERBLASING, I MUST SAY A GOOD WORD FOR ROBINHART, WHO WAS ALL SKIN AND BONES, BUT STILL CARRIED HIS MASTER, JOHN BUNTING, AS HE CHARGED THE WINDMILL.

AND I QUOTE THE QUET, PLEASING BREED OF US COMMONLY CALLED DOWN, AFTER THE HORN IN HERO, CAPTAIN DOUBT, OR "MACKERAY" S "TWENTY NINE" CAPTAIN DOUBT WAS FULL OF DEVOTION TO HIS LADY FEAR WITHOUT DEMANDING ANYTHING IN RETURN.



GULLIVER, IN HIS TRAVELS, VISITED A PLACE CALLED HOUSTAMMA, WHICH SIGNIFIES HORSE. THERE, HORSES RULED AND LIVED LIKE HUMANS, AND WE CALLED MEN YAHOO'S.



AND WHO CAN RECALL LEV WALLACE'S FAMOUS BOOK, "SON HUR", AND NOT THINK FIRST OF THE CHARIOT RACE AND OF THE BREED OF ARAB RACERS WHO PULLED SON HUR TO VICTORY.



WE HAVE CARRIED SOME FAMOUS MEN IN OUR TIME, BOTH IN FACT AND FICTION, BUT ONE OF THE MOST NOTABLE OF OUR RIDERS WAS POOR ICENOOD CRANE, IN WASHINGTON IRVING'S "THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN."



ONE OF THE BEST REMEMBERED POEMS OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IS "THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE" OR "THE WONDERFUL ONE-HORSE-SHAY" THAT WAS BUILT IN SUCH A WAY, IT RAN A HUNDRED YEARS TO A DAY.



THAT SHAY OUTLIVED AT LEAST FIVE OF OUR BREED, BUT ONE DAY, AT HALF PAST NINE BY THE WEST'S HOUSE CLOCK, THE SHAY FELL APART, AND ONE OF US WAS THERE TO SEE IT HAPPEN.



BUT IT TOOK A LADY, ANNA SEWELL, IN "BLACK BEAUTY" TO TELL A STORY STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH THE BOOK BECAME ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS EVER WRITTEN ABOUT ONE OF US.



THE SUCCESS OF THIS STORY ABOUT ONE OF US INSPIRED OTHER WRITERS TO FEATURE US IN THEIR NOVELS. "NATIONAL VELVET" WAS A STORY ABOUT ONE OF RACING BREED.



OTHERS WERE "THE RED PONY" BY JOHN STEINBECK, "SMOKEY" BY WILL JAMES AND "LUCKY" BY MARY O'HARA. ALL WERE CREDITED TO OUR BREED AND THEIR WRITERS.



A BEST SELLING NOVEL IS TITLED "NOT AS A STRAWER," BY THE LATE WRITER, MORTON THOMPSON. IT'S A STORY ABOUT A DOCTOR, YET ONE OF HIS FIRST STORIES WAS ENTITLED "MY BROTHER WHO TALKED TO HORSES."



WHEN AMERICA WAS YOUNG, A HORSE INSPIRED SOME US KNOWN COMPOSER TO WRITE A TUNE TO HONOR DOGBOE WHO RODE A PONY TO TOWN. IT PLAYED QUITE A PART IN THE REVOLUTION.



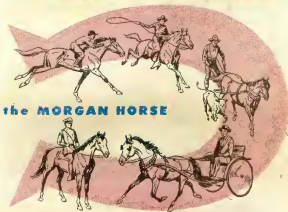
AS THE COWBOY'S BEST FRIEND, WE WERE INVOLVED IN MANY OF HIS LOVELY SONGS HE SANG OF US IN "THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL" AND "I SOD AN OLD PRUNT" AND "GOOD-BYE, OLD PRUNT."



AS I COME TO THE END OF MY NARRATIVE I THINK OF THAT FAMOUS PAINTING, "THE END OF THE TRAIL," FEATURING OUR PINTO BREED. AND SO I'VE GONE AWAY, BUT WILL RETURN EACH TIME MAN CALLS IN HIS IMAGINATION.



The greatest
all around horse
in the world



the MORGAN HORSE

In settlement of a small debt, in 1800, in Vermont, a schoolteacher accepted a runt of a horse which he named after himself, Justin Morgan. The debt was more than repaid when this horse won pulling matches against much larger beasts.

This spirited but gentle stallion also won running, trotting and walking races. After his master's death, the horse's many different owners, besides using him for toil, rented him for a small stud fee. His death was caused by a kick from another horse.

Because his progeny was unfailing, like himself, Morgan was the only horse ever to

give his name to a breed. His line is found from Vermont to California. They have won every type of race and are favorites as saddle horses, all-purpose farm horses, and cow horses. In all of our wars they have been the cavalryman's choice. The Morgan pulled the early settlers through the west and the doctor's buggy was drawn by him. Our present police mounts are of this strain, and in show classes Morgans are found. Iowa celebrated the stallion's birth with a horse show, and in the Vermont legislature a resolution was passed honoring the greatest little horse in all the world—the Morgan.



DANDY

When General George Custer, with his 7th U.S. Cavalry regiment, was stationed in the Indian Territory, he was sent five hundred new horses. One of these, a spirited gelding, he selected to add to his own string of charges. He named him Dandy because he seldom walked, but stepped with a dancing trot.

During the hard winter campaigns against the Indians, while other horses drooped from lack of food, Dandy always forged onward. He was the best buffalo horse in the outfit. But on Custer's march to his fatal battle of the Little Big Horn, Dandy was left behind at the wagon train because he had been ridden too much by the general, who, upon another horse, rode into combat to his death.

The luckiest horses in American history



COMANCHE

When General Custer led his regiment into the fatal valley of death, one of his company commanders rode a bay gelding named Comanche. An hour later, when the battle was ended and the victorious Indians had fled the field, the only living survivor was the gravely wounded Comanche. For more than a year he was gently tended until he was healed, and by regimental order he was never again ridden. As long as he lived he was led by a trooper in all the 7th's cavalry parades. Strange to think that the only survivor of the massacre was a horse with an Indian name, while the hostile Indians' War Chief was called "Crazy Horse."

Famous

horses

The smallest horse in the world



More than a hundred years ago, in one of the valleys of Grand Canyon, a rock slide trapped a band of horses. They belonged to Indians of the Supai tribe. Attempts to free the animals failed, but they managed to survive by themselves. Because of insufficient calcium in the water and scrubby plants, and because the canyon walls shut out most of the sunlight, the succeeding generations of horses became smaller and smaller. As the animals diminished in size, the Supai's fear and superstition grew. Soon the hidden horses were taboo.

When Jack Tucker, the big game hunter and story writer, gained the confidence of the Supai, he managed to withdraw three live specimens. Smaller than Shetland ponies, they died after a year of exhibition. But the Supai Indians have made a sacred god-symbol of the little horses, and to no one else will they give the secret of the canyon entrance. So, today, these little horses, smaller even than a fox terrier, still run wild and free in their secret valley, named by the Indians "The Canyon of the Little Horse."

Famous horses

The largest and heaviest horse in the world

In 1868, Boughwood Lady Grey appeared in a horse show in England. Her weight was nearly twenty-one hundred pounds, and she was almost six and a half feet tall. The average horse weighs about eleven hundred pounds and is barely five feet in height.



Famous horses

The unluckiest horse in the world



One of Julius Caesar's Consuls was a Roman knight named Caelius Seius. His steed was of an extraordinary size, of the Palomino breed. The superstitious friends of the consul warned that the horse had the appearance of the Trojan horse of the Greeks, and would surely bring bad luck to all that took possession of him. Shortly afterward, Caelius Seius was put to death by General Mark Anthony.

THE SEIAN HORSE

The next owner, Cornelius Dolabella, was killed astride the big horse while fighting. Next to acquire him was Gaius Cassius, one of those conspirators who had stabbed Caesar to death. Defeated in battle, he committed suicide by falling upon his sword.





The circle of events was completed when General Mark Anthony, who had slain the original owner, took possession of the horse. He died in the famous pact with Cleopatra. History does not state who dared to own him next, but this horse left behind him a latin proverb which applies to any man having bad luck. It is "That man has a Seitan horse."

The horse that was put on the spot

If the Seitan horse brought bad luck to its masters, one race horse brought himself bad luck by losing a race. In Chicago during the Capone era, one top mobster bet quite heavily on a horse to win a particular race. The horse lost the race, and, not much later, lost his life. He was shot to death in his stable by a gunman, sent there by the mobster.

A PLEDGE  TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome juvenile entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

THE CARE OF HORSES



FEEDING

In caring for horses, one of the most important factors is proper diet and feeding. The daily ration should vary according to the size of the animal and the nature of his work. A heavy draft horse, for example, may require as much as twenty pounds of oats or other staple horse fodder a day, while a Shetland pony needs only six pounds of food for the same period of time. However, the average medium weight horse will usually consume about ten or twelve pounds of corn, barley, maize, grain or other cereals and pulses in an average day. In Great Britain, the standard food-corn is oats, while in other countries the availability and abundance of certain grains determines what foods will be reserved for horses. For a change of diet many horses are put to grass during the summer months. While this is beneficial, an animal that is widely grass fed is rarely fit for hard or fast work. During the winter an occasional carrot or mounded hunk is excellent. Horses must be fed at least three times daily, and should be allowed to drink freely with each meal.



EXERCISE

To keep a horse truly fit, he should have at least two hours of walk and trot exercise daily if he is a riding horse, and about one hour's walk two or three times a week if he is a draft animal. The purpose of this is to make sure the horse's muscles remain keen and limber, and that he does not grow inordinately fat due to lack of proper exercise.



GROOMING AND SHOEING

Thorough and vigorous grooming is essential for both the well-being of the horse and for his appearance. Grooming serves to keep the pores of his skin open and to improve the tone and texture of his muscles. A show horse will require much more attention in this respect than will an ordinary draft animal, yet, we must not forget that the health as well as the beauty of the horse depends on good grooming.

Horses should be rethed at regular intervals of four or five weeks. This should be done whether or not their shoes seem worn. In retheding we must take into account the fact that the horse's hoof will outgrow its shoe. Even when a horse is unshod his feet require occasional dressing and trimming.



Saddle Horse Race Horse Show Horse



Mule Donkey



Zebra



Draft Horse

Pony



Arabian



Flemish



Kiang

Egyptian

?

African Wild Horse



Przewalsky



Eohippus

Relationships

In the Horse Family

TODAY



MIDDLE AGES



3000 B.C.



EARLY MAN



PRIMITIVE MAN

