

The San Mateo HORSEMAN

APRIL / MAY 1975



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	Cathy Icenogle

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Since our last issue, there's been a lot of things happening; both good and bad.

The bad: We had to cancel our spring schooling show due to bad weather. We wish we could have put on the show but did not want any riders or horses hurt. Many thanks for your efforts Connie!

The good: Last Sunday we had our spring ride which was very successful. Thanks to Lynda Walker, trail boss, and assistants Lew Reed and Bob Krensky. A special thanks to Ross Meredith for allowing us to park our trailers.

By the time you read this issue, we hope to have had a successful "Night At The Races" and an out of town ride.

Come on, members, and join us in these activities.

PAT GRADY

PROGRAMS COMING AND GOING

The SMCHA June meeting will be held on the 25th at the Huddart Park Zwierlein Arena. Fay Humphries and Friends will put on a polo clinic featuring Fay's bay gelding, C-Note, recent winner of a large class at Palm Springs in which he was judged the best working polo pony. C-Note defeated some of the top horses from all over the country in this event. (See cover story, page 4).

Our June meeting will also include a dinner catered by The Colonel for those who want to call in their reservations to Phil Ray at 326-6762 (we must have your reservation for the dinner.) For this part of the program we are joining President Pat Grady and the United Farriers who have reserved the Werder Shelter for the dinner.

Probably the most memorable program we have had in a long time was the one in February. Steve Chapman and Sue Scott are two beautiful people with voices to match. Steve's "Cattle Call," with some of the best old-fashioned yodeling we've heard since Eddie Arnold, takes you right out on the prairie. And when Sue sings the haunting "Man Walks Among Us" we can fairly see the eagle soar and the shimmering distances of the high desert. It seems that just anything these two sing, solo or duet, comes out just as it should.

Together with their guitars Steve and Sue are a real professional team. They said they'd come back. We hope they will.

APRIL TACK SALE A SMASH

Young Mark Ashcraft, a 4-H'r from Half Moon Bay, helped us get our April 30 tack sale off to a gavel-banging success by auctioning some of the choice items given to SMCHA for the sale. He was assisted by ringmen, Pat Grady, Hap Harper, Ed Hansen and Harold Zwierlein who was finally overcome by the bidding and found himself the proud new owner of a handsome pony saddle.

The Olsen Nolte Saddle Shop donated a wall blanket and a Wells Fargo express box as door prizes. Lucky winners were Judy Magrin and Alvide Raymond.

Total gross for the sale came to well over 800 dollars. We want to thank all of the generous people who donated tack and all those who came to have a good time and pick up some needed items at bargain prices.

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Horsing Around In Hong Kong

Three months ago, if a gypsy fortune teller had told me that within sixty days I would find myself riding an Australian racing horse through the woods north of Hong Kong within the toss of a pitchfork of the border of Mainland China, I would have suggested that she go off the sauce and use some windex on her crystal ball! But an apology would have been in order, because a little over two weeks ago it happened just like that.

Horsebacking in Hong Kong? It just doesn't fit. Hong Kong is for buying jade Buddhas, riding in rickshaws, glittering restaurants, mysterious opium dens and Susie Wong. But the Chinese are insatiable gamblers, and laying money on the horses is probably the most popular means (besides eating and Mah Jongg) of separating themselves from their earnings. High-quality, Australian-bred horses showing lots of thoroughbred breeding, but not straight thoroughbred, are imported to be raced at Happy Valley Race Course on Hong Kong Island.

When they are no longer regular winners, the better ones are moved about twenty-five miles north, up the Kowloon Peninsula, into the New Territories, an area of 365 miles leased from China by the



White-washed cement stalls at the Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club



Cliff Pierce aboard "Not-So-Bad"; Mountains of Red China in Background.

British in 1898, which consists of farm lands, fishing villages, forests, hills and mountains rising to over 3,000 feet. These horses then take up residence at the Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club, private with limited membership, a swimming pool, tennis courts, dining room, overnight cottages, situated in beautiful country near an 18-hole golf course.

Apprentice jockeys, young Chinese boys, learn the fundamentals of riding here. Some of the sounder horses are schooled for jumping, and there is a really fine jump course set up in a grass arena. So when business suddenly required my presence in Hong Kong it was here that my Chinese friends arranged for me to get a horse to ride. Though it took some doing, they wouldn't be satisfied until they finally saw me actually seated in a saddle which was firmly attached to a young gray gelding which had run his last race about four weeks earlier. He was now undergoing a brainwashing to forget that the only important thing in his life was to get from Point A back to Point A as fast as his four legs would allow.

Actually we got along just fine, and I had one of the most memorable rides of my life. From the stables I followed a narrow, sandy trail which led up into a pine forest, rising higher and higher through stands of giant ferns and orchid-like flowers. We came across two ancient tombs overgrown and neglected which reminded me that I was not in Portola Valley! Finally standing alone in an open space on top of a ridge, I rested my horse, and the only sounds were those of the birds in the trees below. The quiet across the land was like another world.

The hills and mountains of Red China loomed darkly to the north, a short ride up but a long ride back. Coming down off the mountain I explored trails leading off in the general direction of the stables and found lots of natural jumps made up from fallen trees by the young riders at the Jockey Club, just like we do around the Webb Ranch. So, if you are planning to go to Hong Kong, don't just pack money — pack your britches and boots! You won't be sorry.

Cliff Pierce

Fay Humphries C-Note Number One!

(cover)



The last week of February saw ten polo teams and one-hundred fifty polo ponies from around the nation converge on the west coast's home of winter polo — the El Dorado Polo Club. With players ranging in age from 17 year old Ryan Reddell of Midland, Texas to 70 year old Mo Lightman of Los Angeles, the El Dorado Polo Club, in Palm Desert between Indio and Palm Springs, was again host to the United States Polo Association's Pacific Coast Circuit Governor's Cup.

The final day of the tournament, with the temperature in the 80's as they had been throughout the week of polo matches and festivities, saw Fay Humphries' polo pony Century Note awarded Best Playing Pony of the tournament. Best Playing Pony was selected by Mrs. James Stimmel of Midland, Texas, ASHA judge and wife of the captain of the eventual winning team. Ponies

were scored on reining pattern, tournament play and conformation. C-Note came out on top in reining and conformation competing with polo ponies from Chicago, Wyoming, Oregon and Texas, including last year's winner, Calvin, owned by Mr. Greg Baldwin of Woodside (a key member of the winning team) and trained by Bob Smith Sr., a former 7 goal player. The Best Playing Pony award is often more coveted by players than the winning of the tournament because of the importance of the bold, fast, well reined pony to successful individual play.

C-Note is an 8 year old bay AQHA gelding of the thoroughbred type, with blaze face and standing 15.2 hands. He was trained from a weekend pleasure horse to a top pony by Fay, who previously had started Lovely Sage, a two-time winner of the Best Playing Pony award at the National Open.

Fay's Carmel Valley Polo Club team (Pat Herman and Richard Collins of Pebble Beach, Jack Conant of Turlock) did not fare so well in tournament play and he had to be urged by his wife, Connie, into entering the official competition for Best Playing Pony. But, he promises to listen to Connie from now on...sometimes!

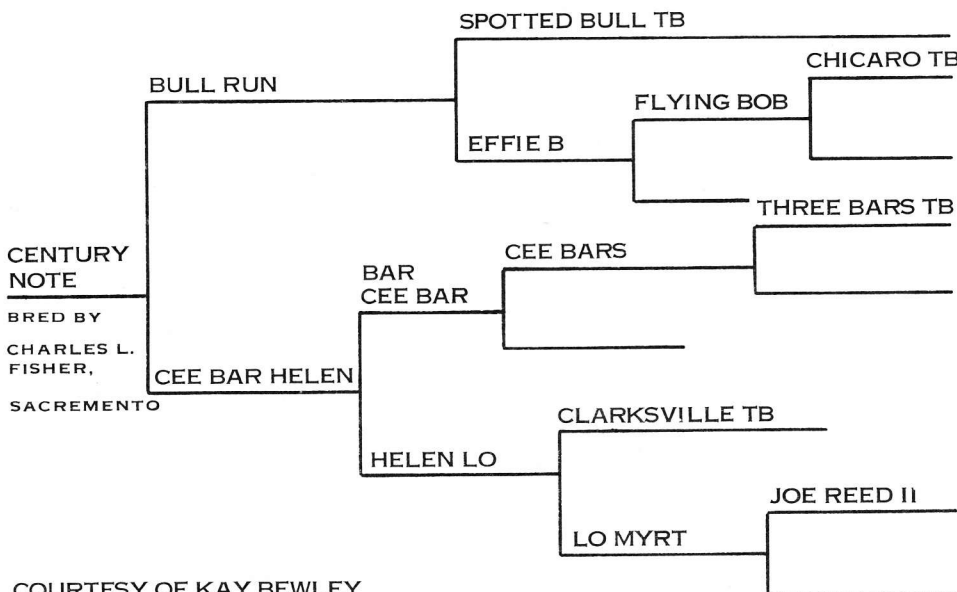
JOE TRIPIANO

SPRING RIDE A GREAT SUCCESS

Sunday, April 27th, found eighty-five enthusiastic riders winding their way thru the redwoods to the Horsemen's retreat in the San Francisco Watershed. Leaving Ross Meredith's shortly after 10:00, we rode through the Rosekranz property, past the magnificent Phleger estate, into Huddart Park by way of the Flood estate, along West Union creek into Filoli, and from there onto the Water Company land. Much of it was new to me, and I was most impressed with the beauty of it. Wild flowers everywhere you looked; fields of buttercups, indian paint brush, lupine and delicate wild iris. A beautiful ride! And a great lunch that tasted even better after a thirst-quenching drink provided by the mobil unit of the Hitch Rack. Our two past presidents, Harold Zweierlein and Ed Hansen, tended bar most efficiently. President Pat Grady very generously offered Harold a horse to ride back. You'd think, after the hours Pat has spent in the saddle, that he'd feel completely at home.

The returning ride split into two groups; Lew Reed leading those who wanted a shorter route back, and Rob Krensky taking the others. While a few moans and groans were heard as people dismounted, everyone agreed that the Spring Ride was a great success. Congratulations to Lynda Walker, Trail Boss, for leading and organizing a great ride, and to her assistants, Lew Reed and Rob Krensky. Thanks for a super day!

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Los Altos Hunt Race Meet



Birch Jones, on Jeanette Rettigs' Tudor Nova, in the Spyglass Hill Steeplechase.

Photo by Robert Hall

Los Altos Hunt members turned out en masse for closing weekend at Pebble Beach. Three days chock full of sporting and social events kept everyone's mind off the uncertain weather and deplorable footing.

Activities commenced Friday evening with a trail ride through the Del Monte forest and ended with a hay breakfast Sunday noon in the hant barn of the Equestrian Center.

In between came the Los Altos Hunt Race Meet on the unique Bird Rock course, Masters' Dinner at Del Monte Lodge, and the final drag hunt of the season through the forest, around the golf courses, along the sparkling beaches of the 17 Mile Drive.

First two events of the traditional race program were well filled by members racing their regularly hunted horses four miles from the Equestrian Center through woods, up and down sand dunes, along the beaches, and over timber fences of the Bird Rock course.

Winners of the Hill Topper Point-to-Point were new members, a mother-daughter team from Salinas, Mrs. Andrew Wolf and Mrs. Audrey Fleming. In-coming

Hunt President, Richard Moser on Kilcogy and Mrs. Robert Munson on McDuff took second, while Mr. and Mrs. Peter Lambert of Woodside, on Childe Harold and Kalamia, came third.

Susan Snyder on Brian Boru and Melissa Brown on Pretty Boy Floyd galloped home 13 seconds ahead of Toni Zurcher on Rebel and Mrs. James Prevolos on Hannibal to win the Del Monte Forest Point-to-Point for the third year in a row. Retiring Hunt Treasurer John Love on Sagan and Peter Hill on an entry from the Pebble Beach Equestrian Center came third.

Entries for both the ladies' and gentlemen's steeplechases — two miles and three and one-half miles over timber — were light. What the riders lacked in competition, they made up in enthusiasm, however. The feature race of the day, the Spyglass Hill Steeplechase, turned into a stretch duel between Professional Whipper — In Birch Jones and hard riding Dr. Richard Von Beaudingen from Anaheim. Jones brought Mrs. Jeanette Rettig's big striding bay colt across the finish line just one-tenth of a second behind veteran Kingston

Boy. The gallant galloping grandfather, Tim Durant, on St. Francis came third.

Bari Von Beudingen on her generous green colt, First Shave, led Georgia Ann Michell on Nimrod the whole way to win the Bird Rock Steeplechase. Mrs. Ronald Hitch on her three-day prospect, Hill High, came third.

At the Masters' Dinner Saturday evening, Joint M.F.H.s Richard Collins and Mrs. Jay Foss awarded colors to several deserving members: William Bennett, Mrs. Charles Collins, Erwin Friedauer, Mrs. Ron Hitch, Mrs. Joseph Kramer, Don Mehaffey, Mrs. Ron Riley, Mrs. John Schilling and Miss Tony Zurcher.

These members had hunted consistently for several years with Los Altos or other recognized hunts. They are familiar with several drag hunting locations as well as with the Pacinies countryside, and, in the words of Joint M.F.H. Collins " — are fully capable of rendering aid to horse or human in the field, should that become necessary, or upon occasion, taking charge of the field should the Field Master be called away."

SAN MATEO COUNTY HORSEMEN'S ASSOCIATION
WESTERN SCHOOLING SHOWS

Wednesday, June 25—Judge, Kenneth Pugh, Santa Rosa
 Wednesday, July 23—Judge, Kathi Hansen, Livermore
 Wednesday, Aug 20—Judge, Russ Ranklin, San Martin
 HIGH POINT COLOR HORSE AT EACH SHOW
 HIGH POINT NON-COLOR HORSE AT EACH SHOW
 Desk Pen Sets or Crystal to all First Place Winners —
 Ribbons to Sixth

Starting Time: 9:00 a.m.
 Entry Fee: \$3.00 per class, no post entry penalty
 Manager: Cheryl Kreuzer, 549 Fulton St., Redwood City,
 94062; (415) 368-5415

Food Catered by Mother Nature
 Photographer Available

1. Trail — Green (basic course)
2. Trail — Open
 Obstacle work to be held in main arena
3. Pleasure — Beginning (walk / jog)
4. Pleasure — Green
5. Equitation — Beginning (walk / jog)
6. Equitation — Non-Blue (Maiden)
7. Equitation — Novice
8. Equitation — Open

LUNCH

9. Halter Class — Open
10. Halter Class — Color

10 MINUTE BREAK

11. Pleasure — Advanced (Individual work)
12. Pleasure — Non-Color
13. Pleasure — Color
14. Gimmick Pleasure
15. Pleasure — Non-Blue (Maiden)
16. Pleasure — Novice
17. Pleasure — Local Only++
18. Clinic Class — Juniors
19. Clinic Class — Seniors

ALL CLASSES COUNT TOWARD TWO HIGH POINTS.
 SNAFFLES and BOSAL-TYPE HACKAMORES per-
 mitted in all classes on **any** horse.

In the GIMMICK Pleasure class all humane training
 aids and equipment are permitted.

++LOCAL Pleasure open to horses **stabled** in San
 Mateo County only.

Chaps are optional. These shows open to horses, ponies
 or whatever.

Large classes will be split with awards to each section.
 COLOR CLASSES—no bays, blacks, browns or chest-
 nuts.

GREEN horse is a horse which has started showing
 since June 1, 1974, in that particular class.


NOVICE not to have won three blues at any shows in that
 particular class.

MAIDEN not to have won one blue in that particular
 class.

BEGINNING classes are open to juniors and seniors
 (equitation), or horses (pleasure) who have shown in 6
 shows or less in that particular class.

HALTER classes open to all breeds, to be judged on best
 representative of particular breed.

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 MRS () _____
 MISS () _____
 please print name and address

MAILING ADDRESS _____

APPLICANT'S SIGNATURE _____

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 (up to 19 years)

THE *San Mateo Jr. Horseman*

Junior President's Message

With each meeting comes more and more encouragement as I see your shining faces and hear your helpful comments. Through your participation, our association will grow, become more involved, and more fun. Keep up the good work.

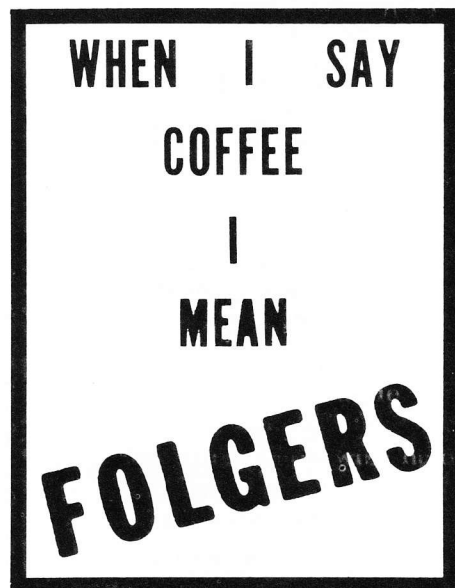
Our next main event will be a fashion show on May 28 featuring clothes from Olsen Nolte Saddle Shop. Fifteen Jr. and Sr. Horsemen will stroll down the runway sporting the latest in horseshow fashions. The highlight of the evening will be a sequel to "A Bar Scene," starring Harold Zwierlein.

Next year's officers will be nominated in June. We're tentatively setting the date of the installation for the end of June. This year we plan to have a swimming party and bar-b-que instead of the traditional dinner-dance.

Those of you hoping to become future officers would be wise to make your interest in the Association obvious. Right now there's plenty of room at the top.

Hope to see you all at the fashion show and the Installation. Good luck in the show season.

Kathryn



JUNIOR HOOFBEATS

Co-editors Dora Raymond and I went to the Cow Palace a few weeks ago to see the Junior Grand National and these are the three classes we saw:

Trail Class winners:

1. Carrie Thornburn
2. Lisa Kenyo
3. Ellen Reagan

Stock Seat Medal Equitation:

1. Kathleen Bryan
2. Lisa Anderson
3. Caroline Couthreen

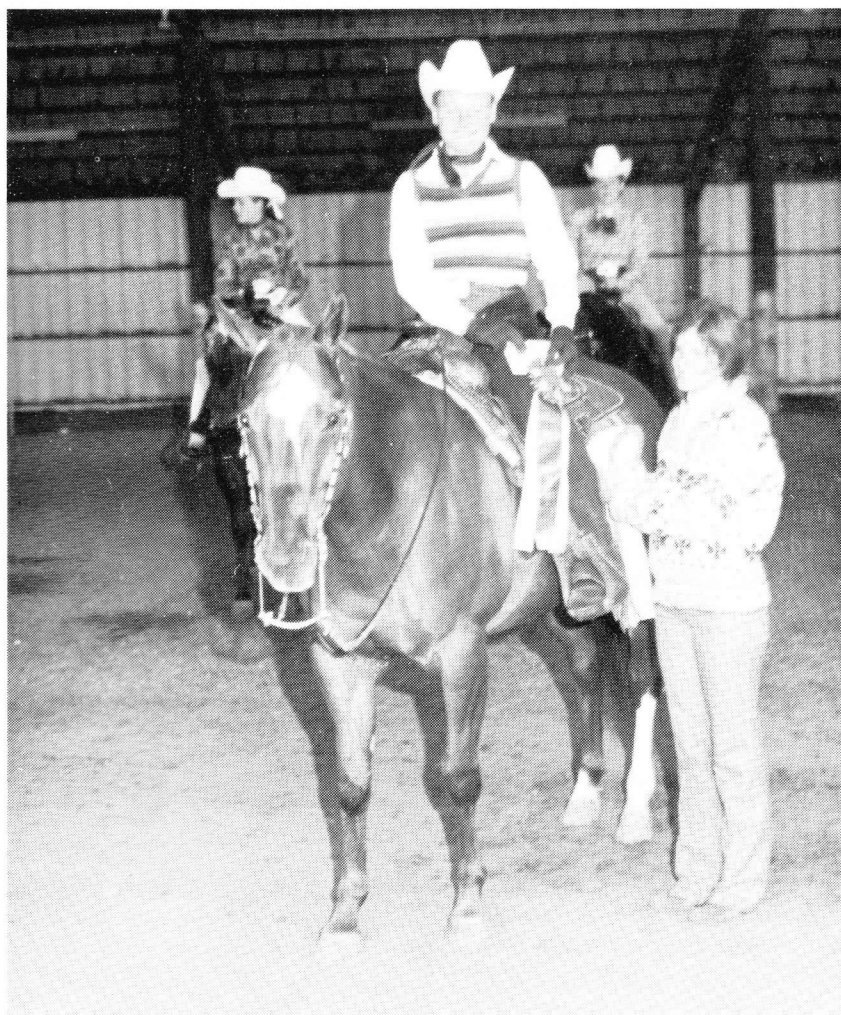
Western Pleasure 9 and under:

1. Brian Emeric
2. Natale Neilson
3. Caroline Peterson

These kids did extremely well for their age. Dora and I were amazed at how well they all can ride. The Trail class had to do a lot of obstacles, like side-pass over a log 3 or 4 yards long, open gates, jump obstacles, go over bridges, and back in very narrow areas.

The Stock Seat Medal equitation had to do a routine thing. The judge read off to them all the things the riders were required to do, and Dora and I only caught the first three requirements. It was a lot of fun, especially eating all that good food!

Dora and Cathy, Co-editors



A WINNING COMBINATION: Carrie Thornburn aboard Barbird's Girl, accepting a blue ribbon on Trail Horses, Riders 15-17, at the recent Junior Grand National.

JUNIOR GRAND NATIONAL WINNERS

Elizabeth Kilham of Portola Valley, Ca., and Jane Haake of Atherton, Ca., were named Overall High Point Hunter Seat Champions at the conclusion of the Hunter-Jumper Division of the Grand National Junior Horse Show at the San Francisco Cow Palace.

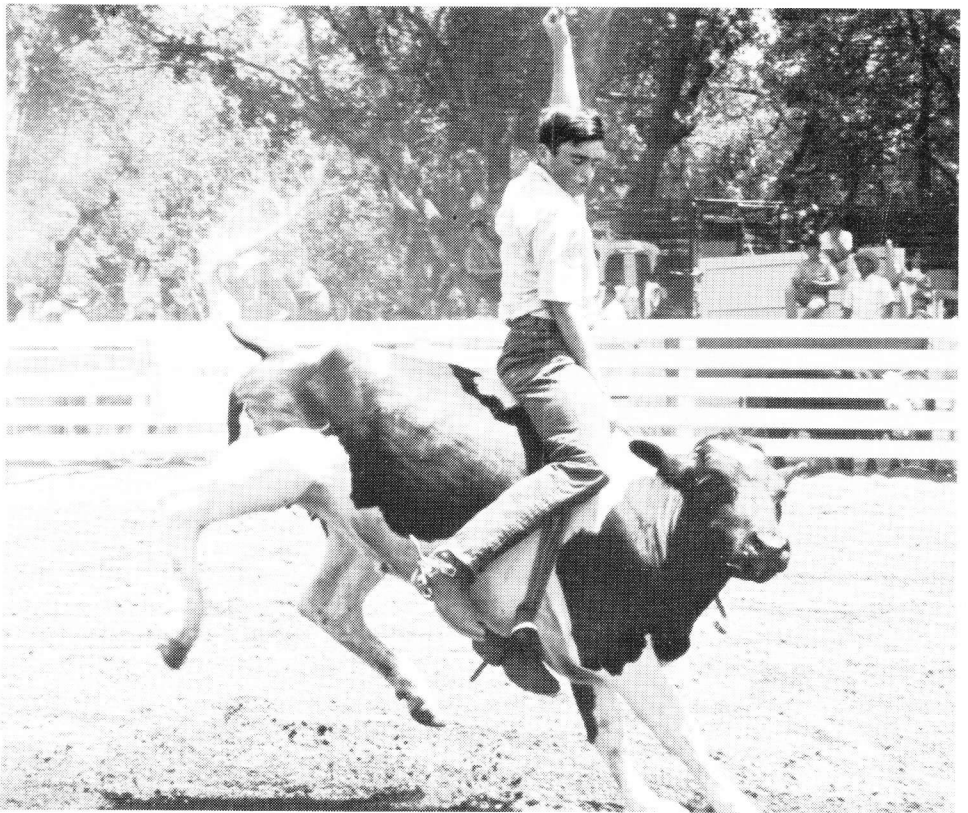
The two girls competed against riders from the Pacific Coast states and Canada in junior jumping, working hunter, working hunters under saddle and hunter seat classes, which followed the horse show's 3-day Western Division held last week. The combined shows drew over 2,850 entries and 750 riders, 18-years-old and under.

Miss Kilham, 17, was named Overall High Point Champion for the 15-17 classification. Pat Rostrom and her mother, Betty Kilham, of Springdown Farms, Portola Valley are her trainers.

Jane, 13, won the 14-and-Under division championship, riding her bay gelding "Macchu Picchu." Her older sister, Terry, was reserve Champion in the 15 to 17 classification, while Elizabeth Folger of Woodside, Ca., was the 14-and-under Reserve Champion. Trainers for both the Haake girls and Miss Folger are Graeme and Lou Thomas, Willow Tree Farm, Ltd., Woodside.



Elizabeth Kilham (left) and Jane Haake (right) Overall High Point Hunter Seat Champions at the 1974 Junior Grand National Horse Show. Pictured with the winners is "Macchu Picchu", Jane Haake's bay gelding. Photo By Hal Randall



JUNIOR RODEO

It's that time of the year again! The annual Junior Rodeo will be held on the Fourth of July at the Mounted Patrol Grounds in Woodside. The Grand Entry will start at 1:30 p.m. with Ed and Harold Zwierlein directing the rodeo and Lydia Cavallini Rodeo Secretary.

The rodeo events are the same as last year. The events will include steer riding, calf riding, calf roping, steer tail tying, pig scrambles, barrel race, and team roping. Our rodeo clowns are Sammy Reynoso and Bill Landis, who have some exciting tricks up their sleeves for you all to enjoy!

RODEO QUEEN

Since it's time for our Junior Rodeo it's time to pick our Woodside Junior Rodeo Queen. The rules and qualifications are the same as last year, but in case you have forgotten how simple they were, here's a little reminder.

First of all, you must be 18 years of age or younger (no minimum age limit). And next you must sell 20

rodeo tickets. After you sell the 20 tickets, you become a semi-finalist. You will then be judged 60 percent on horsemanship and 40 percent on personality and appearance.

The judging place and day will soon be announced. For more information call 366-7830, or write to: Lydia Cavallini, 3941 Brookline Way, Redwood City, Ca. 94062.



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THE STOCK SADDLE

ANATOMY AND EVOLUTION

By Phil Ray

II: Visalias, "Meanies," and Others

The young saddlemaker took up the last stitch and rubbed his hand over the smooth leather of his creation. "I guess that ought to about do it," he said to himself as he stook back and studied it. Instead of finishing the cantle with the usual beaded type of binding which puts a rather sharp edge on the cantle, he had left some extra length in the seat leather and in the leather covering the back of the cantle. He had turned these leathers back at an angle of ninety degrees to the cantle and stitched them together.

The finished product was a rather wide, flat rim across the top of the cantle which, compared to the old style, might not be quite as painful to a rider coming down hard on it should one of those rank Wyoming broncs happen to losen his seat.

The young man's name was Frank Meanea and the year was 1873, or thereabout. His shop, the Cheyenne branch of Gallatin and Gallup, with home offices in Denver, was to be purchased by him a few years hence, launching a business career that was to thrive until his death in 1928. His invention was to become known as the Cheyenne roll. It was to be seen on a number of stock saddles in future years, but would not come into popular use until the 1930's, concurrent with the fading out of the old high-fork, high-cantle style which typified the cowboy saddle for so many years. Today the Cheyenne roll is almost standard equipment on the stock saddle with the exception of the rodeo bronc (RCA) saddle.

Frank Meanea's uncle was E.L. Gallatin who is sometimes referred to as the father of the modern stock saddle. Gallatin was working for John Landis of Independence, Missouri, when he established the new Landis shop in Denver in 1859. In 1863, Gallatin and Francis Gallup formed a partnership and bought out John Landis. Gallatin had taken the light plainsman's saddle and made from it a heavier, more rugged piece of working equipment more suitable to working cowboys who were, during those years, trailing cattle up from Texas into Kansas and the northwest. These were the years during which the American cowboy developed his working style and traditions; his equipment evolved with the help of such craftsmen as Gallatin and Meanea. Of all the tools and equipment developed by the cowboy, his saddle — his rigin', his "hull," his "wood" — is the one which is the most intricate and most expressive of range tradition; it was the item most revered by its owner and, when hard times struck, it was the last of the cowboy's possessions to be converted to cash.

The cattle industry boom which began right after the Civil War created a number of subsidiary industries, not the least of which was the saddlery business. Saddle houses large and small began to sprout all over the west. The forerunner of these was the famous Sickles Saddlery of St. Louis which was in business nearly thirty years before the war. By 1880 the range cattle industry had reached its peak and the leather trade in that river city alone was a multi-million dollar business.

But it was the shops west of the Mississippi — those located in the heart of the cow country — which were to become the favorites of the working cowboy. It was the cowboy who put a saddlemaker in business and kept him there if he liked his product.

By the 1880's most of the large saddle makers has gone into the mail order business, a marketing method pioneered by Frank Meanea. It had become customary for ranch cowboys to buy their saddles and other equipment from a catalog. these illustrated volumes were the principal reading material in many a ranch bunkhouse.

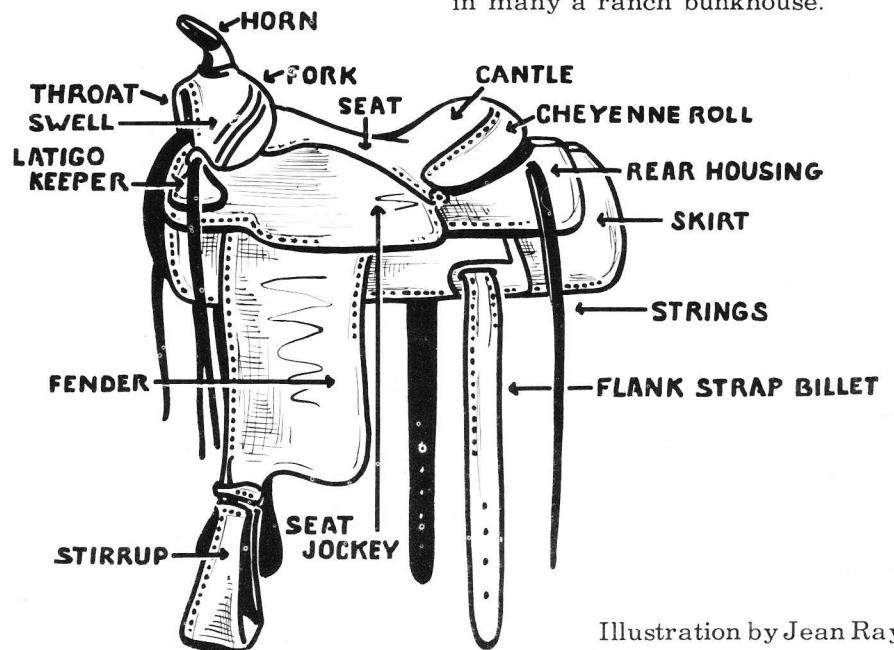


Illustration by Jean Ray

Emil Magrin Construction
 NEW HOMES - REMODELING
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A Walker Visalia centerfire saddle as it looked upon completion in 1907. Note the two-piece fenders, slots in the seat for stirrup leathers and the very fine, intricate tooling not seen on modern saddles. Courtesy Visalia Stock Saddle Co.

There were four or five cities which appear to have become the principal saddle centers in the west. Pueblo, Colorado, was the largest of these. It had such famous shops as those of S.C. Gallup, T. Flynn and R.T. Frazier. The latter company was in business from 1876 until 1945 and was once the largest maker of cowboy saddles in the world. It was the most progressive of the large saddleries; it advertise extensively and developed a large mail order following.

Nearby Denver was another important center with E.L. Gallatin (later Gallatin and Gallup), the Mueller shop and the famous Triple H brand of Herman H. Heiser.

Miles City, Montana, has often been called the cowboy capitol of the west. During the eighties and nineties it was the northernmost shipping point for cattle and served the same purpose for the beef industry which Abilene and Dodge City had a few years earlier. It is remembered by the old hands as a typical western town where everyone carried his law on his hip; gambling was wide open, saloon

whiskey flowed like spring-melted snow and the red light houses carried on a thriving trade.

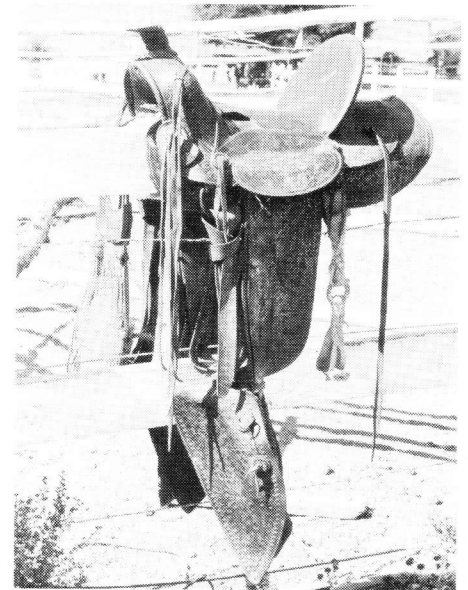
Miles City was also one of the great saddle-making centers. Shops here are believed to have developed the first swell-fork saddles; and it is certain that there in eastern Montana the birth of the three-quarter rig took place. It was the offspring of the California single-cinch centerfire and the Texas full double. It suited the Montana and Wyoming cowboys just fine. Working conditions here were such that seldom were heavy steers roped on the range. The heavy double rigging was not needed. The three-quarter single allowed a rider to put his saddle well up over a horse's withers, yet the girth had enough forward placement that his horse wasn't strangled. This rigging had wide regional use and in some ranching areas was used exclusively. Many of the old hands claimed they could hold any critter they could get a rope on with a three-quarter single and a wide, 17 or 19-strand, cinch.

In later years saddlemakers sometimes modified the three-quarter rig to a seven-eighths or five eighths by placing the cinch ring slightly farther forward or back. Often the ring for a flank cinch was added. This was the rigging style that later became popular on the west coast and gradually replaced the old centerfire.

Other saddlemakers who made Miles City one of the great centers of the industry were Al Furstnow, E. Goettlich, Robins and Lenio and Hugh Moran. To the south, in Cheyenne, Frank Meanea and John S. Collins were primarily responsible for that town's reputation as the saddle capitol of Wyoming. of the two, the Meanea shop was the best known and longest lived. Frank Meanea created what was to known as the Cheyenne saddle. The cantle roll was not its only characteristic. It retained the full double rigging of the southwest and Rocky Mountain saddle, but it was a lighter rig with

the square skirts cut down in size. Meanea made saddles for such notables as Charlie Russell and Owen Wister, while the Collins shop designed one for Theodore Roosevelt. In later years, when western movies and cowboy heroes became popular, Frank Meanea was called upon to create saddles for many of the Saturday afternoon idols.

Before 1890 saddles were characterized by two-piece fenders and separate seat jockeys. In the earlier period the stock saddle had no seat jockeys and had what was called a half-seat in front of which the exposed stirrup leathers ran through slots in the tree. Just before the turn of the century saddles with the seat and seat jockey in one piece began to appear. They were still of the two-piece fender add eight-string variety, however, and the stirrup leathers were still uncovered, showing through slots in the seat. About 20 years later saddlemakers learned to form the seat, seat jockey and front jockey all from one piece of leather. The short strings under the fork were replaced by a reinforcing screw which went directly into the tree.



A 1900 vintage Visalia as it looks today. This saddle has a handmade hair cinch, long tapaderos over the stirrups and an old pair of rawhide hobbles hanging from the flank cinch ring. Photo by Dale Jennings. Courtesy Don Naas

The six-string saddle became the standard. The one-piece fender began to appear at the same time; the shape of the modern-day saddle had finally evolved.

These differences between the old and the modern saddle can be seen by comparing the photographs of the two old Walker saddles with the more modern Olsen Nolte pictured here.

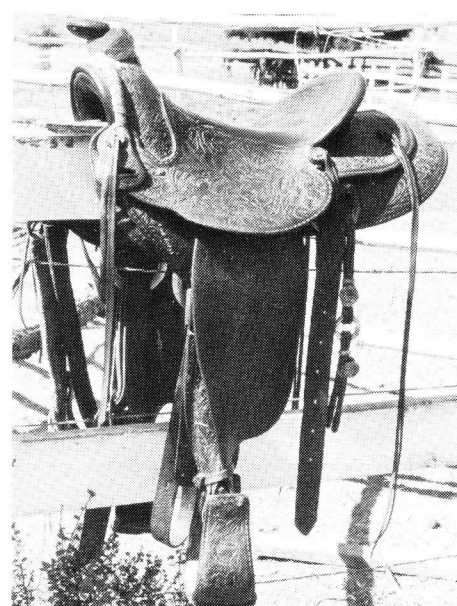
San Francisco was the west coast saddle center during the early period and remained so until 20 years ago. Maine and Winchester was the earliest of the San Francisco shops, beginning in 1849, absorbing the L.D. Stone Company in 1905 and, finally, being bought out in 1911 by Keyston Brothers. Samuel Keyston had opened a small whip-making shop in San Francisco in 1868. The business was eventually turned over to his two sons who gradually widened the scope of the business into harness and saddlery manufacture. The J.C. Johnson Company was the first to be absorbed by Keyston Brothers. After they bought out Maine and Winchester, Keyston Brothers became the largest harness and saddlery manufacturers on the west coast.

But by far the most famous of California saddleries was the D.E. Walker Company, maker of the renowned Visalia saddle. To many west coast vaqueros there simply was no other saddle.

This company began as a small, two-man shop in the town of Visalia which was in the heart of California's great central valley, then a major cattle-raising center with a century of Spanish tradition behind it and much of which was soon to come under the economic control of a firm-fisted German immigrant named Henry Miller of the huge Miller and Lux empire.

But probably the only thing of importance to young Henry Shuham and David Walker (both Maine and Winchester graduates) when they opened their Visalia shop in 1870 was the fact that there were cowboys and cattlemen in the valley who needed saddles and there was only one other shop in Visalia producing them. This shop was to last only a few more years, little longer than the partnership of Shuham and Walker which was dissolved in 1879. From then on the Walker Visalia saddles gained prominence throughout California, Nevada and Oregon. In 1887 the San Francisco shop was opened to satisfy a growing demand. Later the Visalia shop was abandoned, but the Walker saddles continued to be known as "Visalias." When David Walker died in 1889 the firm was well established and was to be a major influence in saddlery until 1958 when financial problems resulted in its sale to the Kenway Company of Alberta, Canada. The company was then moved to Sacramento where it was based for several years until its purchase in 1964, by Bill Magers, a former assistant manager of the old firm. The Visalia Stock Saddle Company is now based in Grass Valley where it specializes in silver-mounted saddlery, butts and spurs, and other silver products.

Extremely fine craftsmanship and quality characterized the Walker saddles. They were also noted for their light weight with no loss in durability. Among the many owners of these saddles were cowboy artists Charles Russell and Ed Borein and the colorful showman, Buffalo Bill Cody.



An Olsen Nolte saddle, the kind west coast cowboys liked during the thirties and forties: Slick fork, 3-inch plain cantle, California round skirts, three-quarter double rig, 4-inch stirrups. Photo by Dale Jennings. Courtesy Don Naas.

After 1900 we begin to see some subtle changes in the look and shape of the stock saddle. The extremely high forks grew shorter and broadened out a bit — the beginning of the swell-fork (it can be seen in both the Visalia saddles shown here). The cantle retained its height (about 5 inches) for a couple of decades longer, but tree makers learned how to hollow it out so it was more comfortable and gave the rider a firmer seat. Saddlemakers now using metal horns instead of the old wooden ones were improving ways of bolting them to the fork. In the Rocky Mountain states the exposed nickel-plated horn became popular (impractical though it was) and remained so for the next 20 years.

The hand-made custom saddle continued to be made by the large mailorder firms until very recent years. There were important saddle makers in cities other than those mentioned here, of course. There was the Frank Griffin Shop in Bozeman, Montana, Connolly Brothers in Billings; Ogden Utah, had Cornish and Walton; in Pendleton, Oregon, Hamley's had

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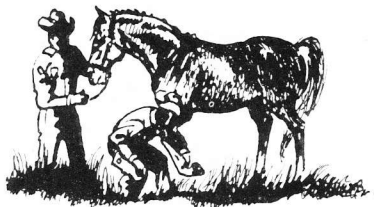
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outfitted cowboys since 1904, arriving at that location by way of previous shops in Idaho and Ashton, South Dakota, where they began in 1883.

In the southwest there was the S.D. Myres Saddle Company, beginning at Sweetwater, Texas, in 1897, and continuing its thriving trade in leather goods from its El Paso shop since 1920. Coming to Phoenix, Arizona, in 1895 from earlier shops in Abilene and Taylor, Texas, was the N. Porter Company. Porter's became an important firm, the largest in Arizona, and in later years specialized in roping saddles for rodeo cowboys.

Some of these old firms were unable to weather the depression years of the thirties. Of those which did, many of them began to disappear after World War II. The era of the large custom shops was coming to an end. There were several reasons for this, not all of them economic. We'll discuss them in the next issue and we'll take a look at one of the local firms which had its start in the middle of the depression and experienced its rise and success during a time when many of the older saddleries were dropping out of the picture.

(to be concluded)



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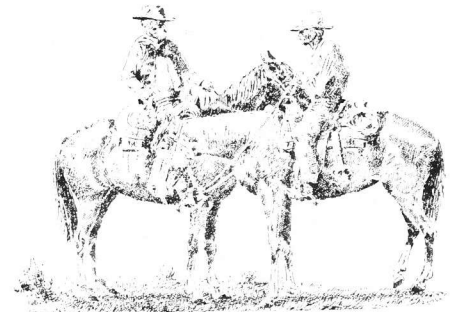
On the cover of the April Quarter Horse of the Pacific Coast magazine is a beautiful color photo of Poco Folly Bar. This stallion, now owned by Paul Benedict of Rowland Heights, was bred and raised by our good friends and long-time SMCHA members, CHARLES and THERMA BUCHANAN, who still stand the sire of this horse, Tonto Bars Folly, at their Rancho Rodeo in Pescadero. Poco Folly Bar was reserve champion at the Cow Palace last year and is not being shown extensively, leading his division in points for Pacific Coast standings. Although Charlie and Therma have recently curtailed their breeding operation, they have been responsible for some of the finest animals on the coast, many of which are much in evidence these days at both quarter horse and open shows. Poco Folly Bar's wins have put them among the leading breeders in the Pacific Coast Quarter Horse Association. This charming and gracious couple is deserving of every honor. Our best wishes go to them in the retirement they have recently chosen.

Over at BOB KNUDSON'S on Alpine Road can be seen DON THORBURN'S sorrell Janie's Boy colt — a dandy — romping at his mother's side. The mare, by Barred, has been rebred to RITA NEARY'S Doc's Pepper Bar who stands at the Knudson stable.



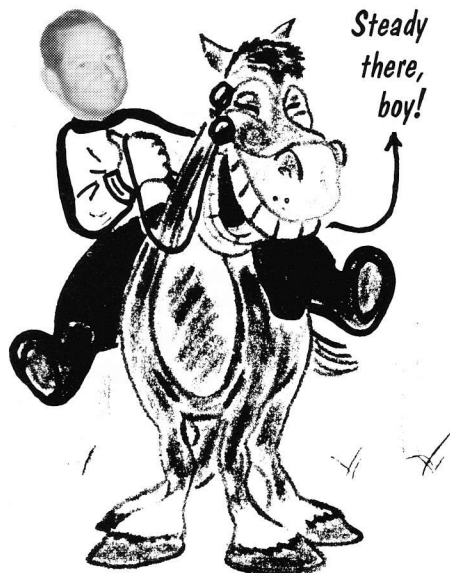
The Bayland Stable on Charleston Road in Mountain View, now under the enthusiastic management of PETE and SHERRY is the bi-weekly scene of raised dust from cutting practices out of which we expect to see some future champions emerge. Principal characters are BOB BAHR'S Forty-Mile Mac, KAY BEWLEY'S Velvet Cash, PHIL RAY'S Miss Showy Bar and ANDY ANDERSON'S Sho Me 63. Andy also has a new three-year-old filly by Doc's Dynamo who is nominated for the First Annual California Cutting Horse Futurity to be held at the Fairgrounds in Santa Rosa, November 21-23.

Bayland Stable will have an English and Western show on June 22. This should be a fast-moving affair since there will be three judges: NANCY VAN ZWOLL will tie the English winners, PHIL RAY will be in the Western Ring and ANDY ANDERSON will judge the cow working and reining classes. For info or entry blanks call Sherry at 964-8714.



Nostalgia: A state of mind which leads one to imagine the present tense and past perfect.

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MY STORY by ISHEBUSY *(or Roy Muetzenberg Rides Again!)*

There's no reason why any bonafide horse lover wouldn't believe my story, so I'm going to tell it like it is....

I was born in 1972, on a little farm just outside of Sacramento, California; where off in the distance, one could hear Ronald Reagan singing "This Is My Kind Of Town." My father wasn't much of anything a connoisseur of breeding could rave about, but he was my dad and I loved him. Actually, my mother wasn't much better for letting herself be covered by this "stud." Either she wasn't wearing her glasses at the time, or Dad sneaked up on her from behind. Well, it really doesn't matter, because here I am.

I had a very happy childhood. I was with my mother continuously until I was weaned, which is a story in itself. Do you remember Gussie in "A Tree Grows In Brooklyn"? Well, that was me. Anyway, we used to romp and gallop all over the fields, and it was a very carefree life. My father never joined us in these little excursions. He was too busy out searching for another near-sighted mare.

The word was out that I was for sale, and one day two good-looking dudes came up to look me over. I had been especially groomed for the occasion: glossy coat, silky mane and tail, Pepsodent smile, the whole bit. I was sharp! They took a lot of pictures and talked to my owners for quite awhile. They finally

reached an agreement, and I was loaded into a trailer and on my way to my new home in Woodside. I felt lonesome and quite frightened for awhile. After all, I could have been headed for the glue factory for all I knew. But my new owner sensed my uneasiness and he did everything he could to make me happy and forget my old ties.

As time went by I became used to my new surroundings, and started putting on a little weight and size. Then one day my owner came to me with something strange in his hand. No, it wasn't an eviction notice — we liked each other a lot by this time. What he had was a bridle. Now, I had already been halter broken, but this was something new. For my owner, the name of the game was "get the bit in, and don't get bitten." (Like the play on words?) After I was used to the bridle, I was introduced to a little girl named Judy. She seemed very nice, and it didn't scare me too much when she was lifted up and placed on my back. After I became accustomed to having Judy's weight on my back, I was presented with what you call a saddle. This felt very strange because it was held on by something they put around my belly. I figured this was the "eighteen-hour girdle" that Jane Russell speaks so highly of. Anyway, I was soon led into a small ring, where Judy mounted me and proceeded to teach me how to be guided. Being a very intelligent horse, I was quick to learn, and we were soon doing figure eights. After I'd mastered this technique, we went out for a trail ride and a short canter.

Then one day I was tacked up in the stall and my owner put a man rider on me. He was guiding me around the stall when all of a sudden I had a stinging sensation in my rump. I was beginning to think maybe I needed Preparation H, when it dawned on me that this "horseman" had struck me with a whip! The nerve! My owner got

very mad and bawled him out profusely. No horse should have to put up with that kind of treatment.

The spring and summer went by, and I had put on some size. So it was decided that it was time for me to go to the races. I was pretty well legged up from the up and down travel of trail riding and a few short canters on the flat. (I had also sneaked in a few deep knee bends on my own time). I was loaded into the old trailer and shipped to a racetrack.


Now the serious part of my campaign began. Every morning, a man would wake me up at the ungodly hour of four thirty or five o'clock, and set a feed tub in my stall with some oats in it. I tried to change the order to a stack of buckwheat pancakes and a side of sausage, but the fellow just looked at me and said, "Look here, horse ... do I look like Aunt Jemina? Eat your oats!" I must admit that they tasted very delicious after a steady diet of hay.

Later in the morning, I would be saddled up and an exercise boy would take me out to the track. All we did was gallop once around and then I was taken back to the barn to cool out. This procedure went on for some time until the trainer thought I was legged up enough to start breezing. The first couple of times I was only allowed to go along at a slow clip, but one day I felt so good I got a little carried away. I went too fast and bucked my shins. It happens to a lot of young horses, and with a little care they get over it quickly. Well, my owner didn't want me breaking down before my career got off the ground, so he had me shipped back to the ranch.

continued on page 14

HORSESHOEING

CHRIS WISEMAN
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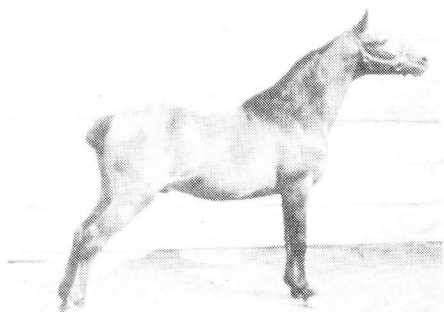
PAT AND LITTLE BUBBLE

The Woodside — Portola area boasts many a good horse person. Among the best of these is a delightful young lady named Pat Holmes.

As was the case with many of us, as a child Pat longed to own a horse, but it wasn't until she was eleven that she had saved enough money from watering neighborhood lawns to buy her first equine friend, an aged Thoroughbred mare. This ancient lady was subsequently sold for a slight profit and the money reinvested in a Morgan gelding, which Pat kept until his death last year. He was about 24 years of age.

Pat rode with Col. Alex Sysin and showed hunters until she was out of the Junior Division. Meanwhile, when she was sixteen, she went to work for Alice Ruth Woolsey; thus began her interest in Hackneys. Pat went to Mt. Angel College in Oregon and continued to help Miss Woolsey as the latter had moved to the same area. During her last two years in college, Pat had her own stable, with several ponies in training.

After graduation she came to Heather Hill Farm, where she has taught and trained for four years, teaching hunt seat students as well as breeding and training Hackneys.



LITTLE BUBBLE -
HACKNEY PONY STALLION -
AGE 26 YEARS.

In 1971, Pat was given the great hackney sire, Little Bubble, to assure him of a good home for his remaining years. This pony was never shown due to the loss of an eye in a training accident. But he was beautifully bred, by King of the Plain, probably one of America's greatest acquisitions from England, out of Carnation Rainbow, also an



FELICITY

English import. He was foaled at the Dodge Stable, Rochester, Michigan, in 1942. He sired approximately 200 registered Hackney ponies, many of them futurity winners, others winning in harness. Among his get were ASHA Champion Hackney of the Year in 1970, Callaway's Limerick Lad, Red Wine, a West Coast Champion, and also an East Coast champion, Little Gypsy.

Little Bubble died in November, 1974, at age 32, having had the kindest and best care that Pat could give him in his last years.

There are four fine young ponies by him at Heather Hill Farm, Magic Bubble, (Lee-roy for short), Bubble's Encore (Dewey), Felicity Bubble, and Bubble's Final Tribute (Heather), who will enter the ring during the next couple of years, so here's hoping that they will carry on in the tradition of their older relatives, and bring success and good fortune to Pat Holmes.

Polly Swinerton.



DEWEY

continued from page 13

Now, my owner has a very nice lady friend, who is a great horsewoman and knows a bit about veterinary medicine. They did something to me that was quite painful at the time ... they blistered me. Lord, have mercy! Ooh, that smarts! But pretty soon the swelling and soreness went away and I was feeling pretty good again. Judy came back to ride me again, and soon we were back on the trail. I'm probably one of the few thoroughbreds headed for racing that have had this kind of training, so I feel mighty privileged.

I'm sorry to say it, but although I love Judy dearly, she could teach me just so much. So my owner reached into the old grab bag, and came up with a retired professional exercise boy. Well, **retired** is right! This fellow must have retired about 30 pounds ago! When I saw him coming, I thought to myself, "Hey, what is this? I'm a thoroughbred racehorse, not a Clydesdale! What happened to the 115 lb. exercise boys my mother spoke of?" I'll never forget the first time he rode me. My first impulse was to call the S.P.C.A. — with a little bit of a struggle, he got up onto my back, shook the reins to and fro, and yelled, "Giddyup, horsie!" I thought, "Oh, brother ... this guy better go back to the Money Room where he belongs." A few laps around the track, and we were both huffing and puffing to beat the band.

Well, I guess everything takes time. My friend seems to be getting into the old groove again, and he's turned out to be a pretty nice guy. I look forward to the visits he makes about twice a week. He treats me wonderfully, and I've become very fond of him. I still wish he'd lose a little weight though ... I'd hate to make the racetrack scene with a swayback!

It's winter time now, and I'm getting in better shape everyday. Soon I'll be returning to the racetrack for further training. I can just feel it in my bones — I'm going to be a winner!!!

NEWS FROM ROY MARKEGARD TRAINING STABLE

by Nancy-Lee Brown

Well the first foal of '75 finally arrived on March 15. Bud & Bobbi Oasters Registered Quarter Horse Mare "MAUD" had a beautiful little sorrel filly, whose sire is "SIZZLING STAR". So far a name hasn't been chosen for the little cutie.

Valerie Haws brought her bay thoroughbred mare "VIKING BABE" by "VIKING SPIRIT" out to the ranch this month to be bred to Roy's stud "SKIP ONCE".

Bob Holaday just became the proud owner of two young horses. Bob purchased "WHISPERING SKIP", a two year old stud colt, and "SCHAUTZ", a one year old filly, from Bud & Bobbi Oaster. Both these youngsters were sired by Roy's stud "SKIP ONCE".

On march 16th Roy took Robert & Sharon Hosier's stallion "BROOKTREE" to Santa Rosa for a Quarter Horse Show. "BROOKTREE" took 6th place in the three-year-old Stallion on halter class.

The following Saturday, March 22nd, we headed for a schooling show at Larkin Valley Ranch in Aptos. Roy rode Dennis & Jordie Hellers' mare "SAMAZING" in her first green Western Pleasure class, and brought home the blue ribbon. One of our juniors, Marilyn McCormick, followed in Roy's footsteps when she rode her horse "BLACKFOOT BEAU" to first place in Stock Horse Dry Work only.

Congratulations were in order for Max Phillyza on his purchase of Les & Bonnie Edwards gelding "TITAN". "TITAN" will stay in training and Max hopes to be showing him in stock horse classes soon.

Some new faces at the ranch this month are Don & Joan Craighead. They brought their sorrel gelding out for training.

We have some old familiar faces back in training this month after long vacations. They are "STEEN

THE HUNGRY HORSEMAN

Shoestring Stable Spare ribs is this month's featured recipe, and it's made public only after much soul-searching on the part of Bob 'O'Neil. Many thanks, Bob, and we hope others follow your example of generosity!

This is a secret, secret, never released before, all-time, guaranteed 100 percent successful recipe.

Shoestring Stable Recipe for Ribs:

Spare ribs

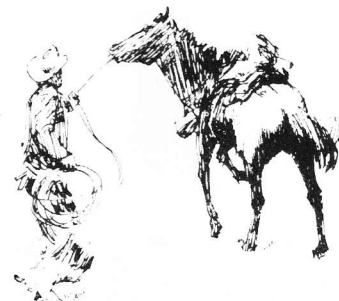
Cut in serving pieces. Simmer for about 1 hour. Place ribs on grill; baste heavily with sauce. Cook about 5 minutes on each side, basting often with additional sauce, until ribs are deep brown.

SAUCE

- 1/4 C vinegar
- 1/2 C water
- 2 T sugar
- 1T prepared mustard
- 1/2 tsp. pepper
- 1 1/2 tsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. cayenne pepper
- 1 thick lemon slice
- 1 sliced peeled medium onion
- 1/4 C butter or margarine

- 1/2 C catsup
- 2 tsp. worcestershire sauce

Mix first 10 ingredients in saucepan; bring to a boil, then simmer 20 minutes uncovered. Add catsup and worcestershire sauce. Reheat to boiling and use immediately.



BAR PAT" owned by Carol Jarrett and "BUCKEYE" owned by Lance Miller.

That's all the news for this month, see you at the shows.



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BULK RATE

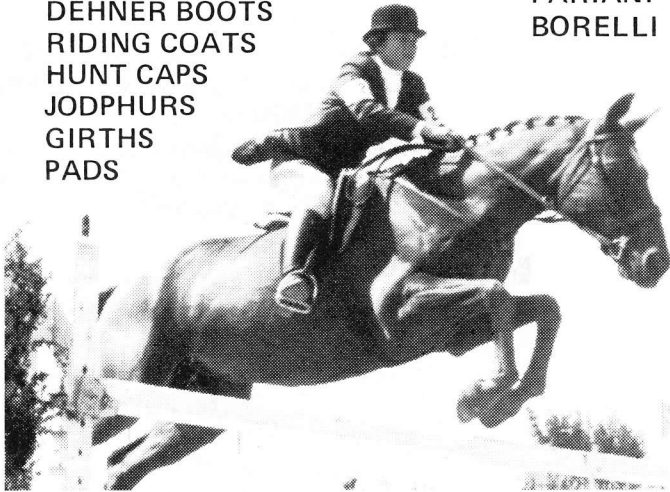
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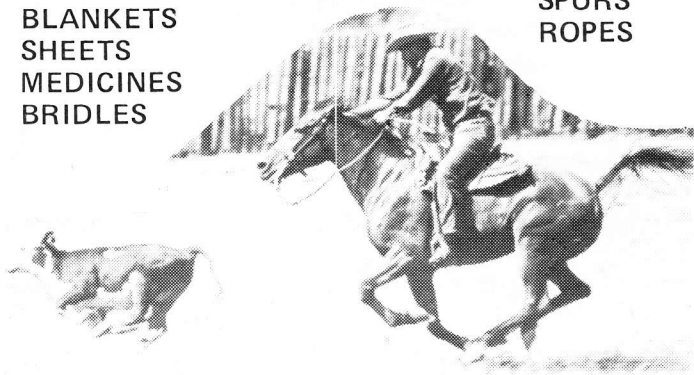
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