

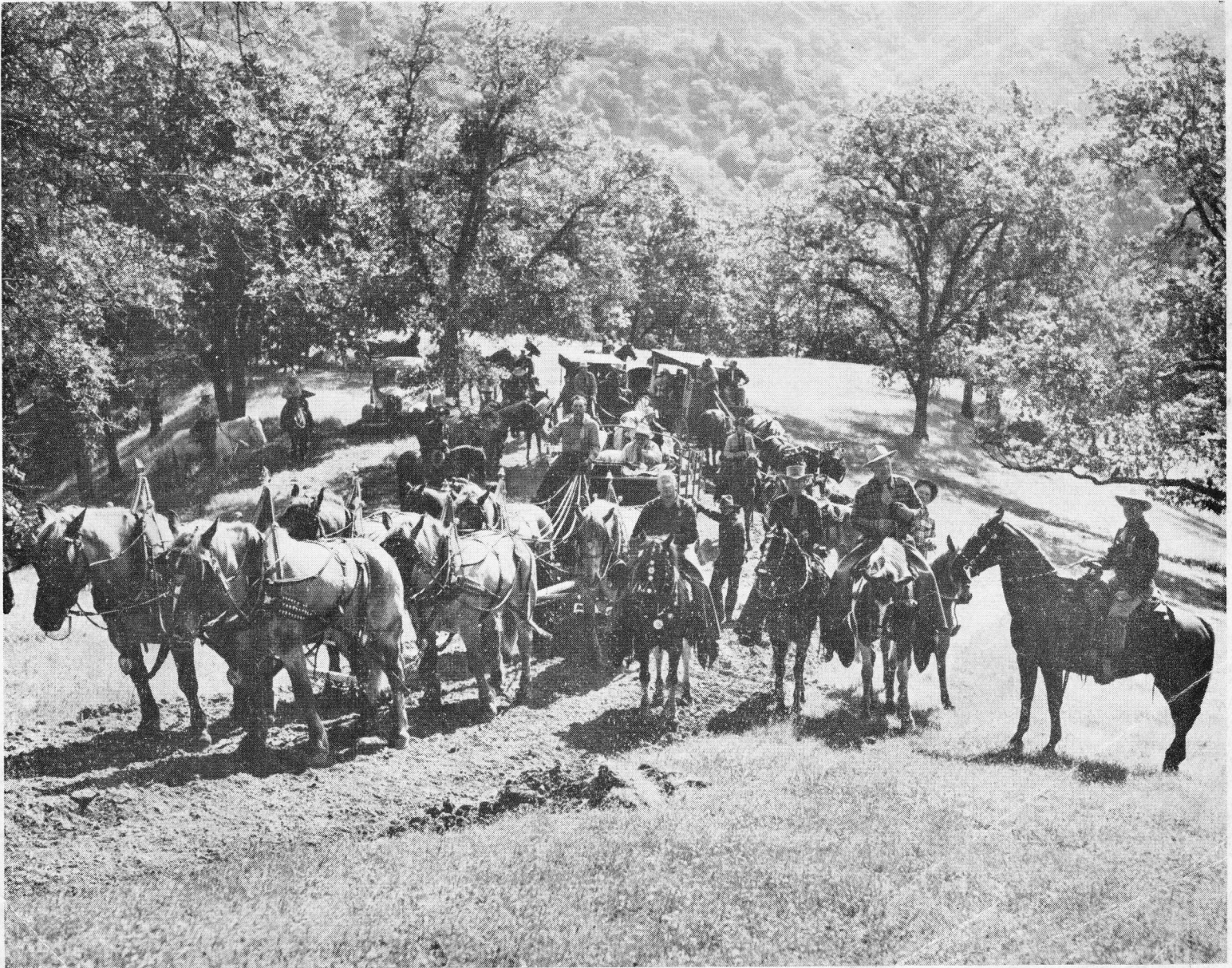
THE *San Mateo Horseman*

A Publication Dedicated to Improvement of Bridle Trails, Sportsmanship Among Riders and to Development of Interest in Horse Activities

VOL. 16

REDWOOD CITY, CALIFORNIA, JANUARY, 1949

No. 9



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dent, K. L. McDonald, had held many offices in the San Mateo County Horsemen's Association and when not in office was always the first to be called for assistance on any problem. She gave very freely of her time and effort to help in our affairs—never waiting for "Thanks" or expecting it. Just to see efficient progress was sufficient.

"Our Hazel" or "Mrs. Mac", as she was affectionately called, was reknown for good sportsmanship. The famous smile was just as wide—win or lose. Her passing is a loss that will long be felt by all who have had the good fortune of knowing her.

Our most sincere sympathies are extended to Mr. McDonald and family. We realize their sorrow and deeply regret our inability to share more of their burden.

JANUARY MEETING

DATE—Wednesday, January 26.
TIME—8:00.
PLACE—Laurel Hall, San Carlos.

BE IT RESOLVED that this Board hereby proposes that the by-laws of this Association be amended by the Additions of a new section thereto, to be known as Section I and to read as follows:

"Section I—RESTRICTION ON OFFICERS AND CHAIRMEN OF COMMITTEES".

"OFFICERS: During their terms of office, officers of this Association shall not accept office or become committee chairmen in any other organization devoted to horse activities, but shall represent this Association only, in all competitive acti-

vities in which this Association is participating.

"CHAIRMEN: During their terms of office, Committee Chairmen of this Association shall not accept the chairmanship of similar committees in any other organization devoted to horse activities."

The President is hereby requested to present this amendment at the General Meeting of the Membership of this Association for the purpose of accepting or rejecting such amendment to the by-laws and to give notice of such meeting in the manner and for the time required by the by-laws. The Board also directs that a copy of this proposed amendment be published in the Association Magazine and a copy of the magazine be mailed to each member prior to the meeting and together with notice of the meeting.

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"Our Hazel" is gone—

But—What the heart has once owned and had, it shall never lose. Hazel McDonald was deep in the hearts of all horsemen — her mark is there forever.

C. W. Hulse

On January 12th the San Mateo Horsemen lost one of their greatest boosters and most enthusiastic members in the passing of Hazel McDonald. Mrs. McDonald, the gracious wife of our past Presi-

DO YOU KNOW—

That the first accredited horse to win a race in California was an Australian inpirt named Black Swain in 1852.

That the only 2 states in the Union that have no Thoroughbred Racing Forms are Maine and Vermont.

That the average Thoroughbred racing saddle complete with metal stirrups, circling, and saddle cloth weighs only about 2½ pounds.

That the record size of a foal, named Swashbuckler, foaled in 1933 was 156 pounds 6 hours after birth.

That the first saddle used on a race horse was used in England in 631 A.D.

That the 2 race horses which brought the highest price in history were The Phoenix which cost \$645,000 and Alab Bai, a California Horse, which cost \$500,000. Both horses were bred in Ireland.

That Belair, Maryland, was named after a horse.

That Seabiscuit, one of the all time purse earners, did not win a race until his 18th start. The purse was \$750.00.

That the average American Race Horse consumes only 9 quarts of oats a day, while it's said that the British horse Windsor Lad consumes 13½ quarts a day.

That if you braid a horse's tail too tightly he will refuse to extend himself when he runs.

MINUTES OF NOVEMBER GENERAL MEETING

December 29, 1948

The meeting was called to order by the President, Richard Delucchi. The minutes of the November Meeting were read and approved.

The guests for the evening, who were duly welcomed, were as follows: Glenda Jaynes, Barbara Kelly, Marilyn Stafford, Bobbie Casey, and Mrs. Nichols. Mr. Ed. Zwierlein introduced the following new members: Mrs. George Schroth, Alvin Thryce, John and Olive Hartley, Merle due Jordan, Dixie Lee Jeffrey, Morty Jenkins, and Jack Miramontes. He gave a brief outline of what has been done and what is to be done in the State organization as well as our own.

The minutes of the Directors' Meeting held December 6th were read and approved.

The President warned that December 31st is the deadline for Futurity Nominations.

Al Cryer, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, recommended that Elmer Axell be nominated to replace Mr. W. C. Black to serve a two-year-term as Director. A motion was made that nominations be closed and that the Secretary

cast a unanimous ballot for Mr. Axell, seconded and carried. Mr. Cryer also announced that the Directors voted that a resolution be drawn up and incorporated in the By-Laws that no officer of the San Mateo County Horsemen's Association can be an officer or chairman in any other like organization. A lawyer is handling the matter and it will be placed before the membership at a later date.

Mr. Ed. Zwierlein reported on the Trail Program which has been slow of progress due to difficulty in securing right-of-ways through private property. He told of Admiral True's work and outlined the trail from the Gymkhana Club in San Mateo to the Alpine Creek Road and the Redwoods. He thanked Mr. Delucchi for his efforts and support of the Trail Committee through the year.

Mr. Delucchi urged the members to acquaint themselves with the County Stabling Ordinance which the Planning Commission passed in 1945 and are planning to enforce. Copies of the Ordinance are available to all. Please cooperate with the County Government and abide by the rules as set up.

Jack Montgomery, the new Junior President, presented Pat Plaehn, the outgoing president with a gift in token of appreciation from all the Juniors.

The Entertainment for the January Meeting will be movies—new and old—a review of the past year. Mr. Zwierlein said that he could get movies of the entire State Convention for a gentleman in Madera if the members would be interested.

The President announced that 1949 dues are now payable. Mr. Delucchi then thanked the Committee Chairmen and Committees for their hard work and fine cooperation, and he thanked Mr. Zwierlein for acting as official welcomer of our new members.

K. L. McDonald, Al Cryer and Eddie Castleman who officiated as cooks for December were thanked, and volunteers for next month's kitchen duty are the two

Sylvia Fischers and Mr. Woods.

There being no further business, the meeting was adjourned.

DIRECTORS' MEETING

SPORT CLUB

December 6, 1948

The meeting was called to order by President Richard Delucchi who welcomed the Directors and their guests. Mr. Delucchi announced that with the exception of one Director, we had 100% attendance. He then introduced the newly elected Directors and warned them that any Director missing three consecutive meetings will be dropped. Mr. Delucchi then thanked the retiring Directors for their help and cooperation during their tenure in office.

After thanking our Editor, Mrs. Gertrude Brindle, for the fine job on the Magazine throughout the year, the President gave a financial report on the Magazine.

\$1,431.05 collected	\$2,532.36 Cost
893.75 to be "	2,329.80
\$2,329.80 Total	\$ 202.56 Short

Elmer Axell reported that entry blanks for the Futurity were being printed and would be in the mail soon. There was considerable discussion pro and con on the question of whether the colts of members residing outside of the county, should be accepted in the Futurity. A motion was made and seconded that a recommendation be made by the Futurity Committee and submitted to the Directors at a future meeting. The motion was voted down. In view of the fact that any delay would cause some colts to be ineligible due to the

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proximity of the deadline, December 31st, a motion was made that all who had been members since July can enter their colts in the San Mateo County Horsemen's Association Futurity—seconded and carried. A suggestion by Ed Zwierlein that judging of the Futurity should be done by several judges was very favorably received.

K. L. McDonald, reporting on the membership, said that a program should be inaugurated whereby the Association doesn't lose so many old members each year. He stated that we lost 230 members last year. Al Cryer suggested that we spend more time on the members we keep who are actually interested in horses; he believed that there was no need for a larger membership than we have.

The President appointed Al Cryer as State Director for 1949.

There being no further old business, Mr. Delucchi introduced Al Cryer as Chairman of the Nominating Committee—the Committee, consisting of P. K. Winchell, Pete Towne, Harold Himmelman, and Abbie Cooley. Mr. Cryer announced their recommendations for officers as follows:

Ed Spillane	Historian
Marie Kemm	Treasurer
Barbara Rufus	Secretary
Bob Oleson	2nd Vice-Pres.
Stan Schlichting	1st Vice-Pres.
Sanford Wara	President

A motion was made that nominations be closed—seconded and carried. A motion was made that the Secretary cast a unanimous ballot for the Officers as recommended, seconded and carried. Al Cryer asked that the President appoint a Committee to discuss a resolution to be incorporated in the By-Laws that all future officers of the San Mateo County Horsemen's Association would not be obligated in any other organizations as officers. The suggestion was favorably received.

The Installation Dinner will be held on January 11th at the Pioneer Club. Dining and Dancing will cost \$3.35 a person. Everyone is invited. Cards will be sent out. The President thanked the Nominating Committee for their recommendations.

The meeting was adjourned. While the Directors were still gathered, K. L. McDonald arose to tell them how hard Richard Delucchi had worked all year which was one of the toughest years the Association ever went through. We were fortunate to have the grand and conscientious leadership of Mr. Delucchi.

“Does that scarecrow really do any good?”

“Does it! Why it scared the crows so bad they brought back all the corn they stole last year.”

TEAMS LEAVE FOR POLO TOURNAMENT

The San Mateo Polo Club got busy right after New Years—packing bag and baggage—to get an early start for the Santa Barbara Tournament. Play down there starts the first week in February and will continue for at least six weeks. This year's matches will be of special interest to the local group. They made practically a clean sweep of the championships last year and are conscious of the fact that the battle cry down south is—“Get San Mateo.” There will be some rip roaring polo at Santa Barbara next month—you can just bet on it. Since we can't all be down there to cheer our “Champs” on to another victory it certainly would be nice if television could be arranged so we could watch them defend their laurels. No law against dreaming—is there? Maybe in another year or two we will be able to do just that or at least have movies of the games to show at our monthly meeting.

What chances do our boys have of winning again this year? Excellent—they are far better mounted. The ponies are basically much better stock, in finer condition and have been well trained. This past season's play has sharpened all of the boys individual playing ability and the recent Round Robin Tournament gave them the opportunity of working out their best playing combinations. However—perhaps the greatest asset they have is the will and determination to win again. Let's hope they do—we all share in the honor of having those championships held by San Mateo teams.

Playing in the 12 Goal Junior, the 12 Goal Inner Circuit and the Jim Colt Perpetual Trophy Series will be L. C. Smith's

“ConCars” with L. C. Smith at the number one position, Victor Graber at number two, Dr. Wm. Linfoot at number three and Herschel Crites playing the back or number four spot. This team and lineup were the winners in the recent Round Robin Play and has proven to be a very fast, versatile combination.

In the Jim Colt Trophy play will also be Wm. Gilmore's team—the “San Mateans”, with Bill Gilmore at number one, George Pope at number two, Eric Pedley at three and Peter Folger wearing the number four jersey. This lineup goes into the Hi-Goal section of the play and is expected to do right well. They are all players of long experience and have a reputation for putting up a scrap from whistle to whistle. Besides the play at Santa Barbara Gilmore's team is signed for a series at Riviera Club in Los Angeles. They will play Riviera, Hollywood, Beverly Hills and one other team whose name we could not verify by press time.

When our teams return from their southern jaunt they will bring with them an outstanding organization from the East for a series of games to be played partly

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at 20th Avenue in San Mateo. This eastern team includes such famous names as Laddie Sanford, Cecil Smith, Peter Perkins and Larry Sharon. If our memory is correct this group will have a goal rating in excess of twenty-five. Except for Sharon, who is very young but coming along fast, these fellows are tops in experience and truly outstanding stars at the ancient game of polo. You won't want to miss seeing the play when Bill Linfoot and Peter Perkins are on opposing sides. Oh! Man—how they saddle up and fly. Yes—and when Eric Pedley locks horns with Cecil Smith. Plan on seeing some real top flight games this spring.

Following Laddie Sanford's visit we will be hosts to a team from the Argentine. Advance dope says that these boys from the Pampas will rate at 34 goals or better. You can bet they will be really mounted. This visit will revive memories of the early 'thirties' when Juan and Jose Reynal, Manuel Andrada and Alfredo Harrington made their triumphant tour of the U. S. winning nearly every game they played. Juan Reynal also won the heart of a San Francisco girl and married her. She was Jeannie Hughson, daughter of Wm. L. Hughson—pioneer Ford dealer. The Reynals now have five husky children, enough for a polo team with a spare. It wouldn't be too much of a surprise to hear some day that those kids were coming up as a team. Bet their grand dad would be on the boards at every game. Sorry—that we don't have more dope about the Argentine team on it's way here. Perhaps in a later issue we can give a story about them. They are always interesting.

Don't take this for Gospel since it is only rumor—but there is talk of a team coming from India and another from Mexico.

This will be a big year for the polo boys—let's all pull for our fellows to come back from Santa Barbara with the "Bacon" again.

— 0 —
**TRAIL RIDES
 ARE POPULAR**

Organized trail ride groups are gaining at an amazing rate. Just what is causing the sudden growth of this sport is a matter offering possibilities of debate. Could be—the crowded highways, a back to nature trend, the increased interest in horses, the commercialization of most other sports, etc., or maybe it's just because of the true goodfellowship that seems to come naturally to partners of the trail.

What ever the answer is the fact remains that more and more rides are being planned and more 'riders' are participat-

ing. Please, notice that the word 'riders' is used instead of 'horsemen'. This word was chosen after some thought and is correct since many participants are by no manner or means entitled to be called 'horsemen'. However—to pay just due—they are certainly exposing themselves to the opportunity to become one. There is no other sport which permits everyone to take an active part, and by the same token affords the opportunity for achievement of proficiency without some special adaptability. No other sport puts all age groups on such an even basis.

Let's delve a little into this statement that gaining proficiency as a horseman is simple just from participation in trail groups. Remember that trail riding is not a specialized stunt like riding a bronc—showing a gaited horse—playing polo or working out a stock horse. It is just plain everyday—relaxed riding for periods long enough to give one the opportunity of getting down in the saddle—riding through and over territory that will give indication of the handiness of a horse and familiarity with his requirements and care. On every ride there are some top horsemen—anyone with average mentality may observe what they do under varying circumstances and by application develop themselves in the

art of horsemanship. On the trail there is always ample time to cogitate and reason why this or that was/is done. (This opportunity for deduction is not possible at a fast moving game or show). If a reasonable conclusion is not readily reached—it is considered good manners and policy to put the question to a recognized horseman. All good horsemen will gladly take the time to explain the matter in detail. In fact it is suspected they enjoy doing it.

The stops along the trail for refreshments and a smoke are times when the goodfellowship and horse talk really go into their own. Some—however—prefer to use this period for relaxing in the shade and doing a bit of day-dreaming. It is easy to dream yourself a heroic part in the historic frontier days—when you are lying under a bush—out on a far hill top

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—with your horse browsing near by. Must be fun too, because it is a practise indulged in by far more than you know. The psychiatrists report it to be a normal and healthy escape from our present high pressure living—and nothing to be alarmed at or ashamed of. Every man to his own.

One observation that may be of interest—the result of many years participation on trail rides—is the decreasing part hard drinks are playing at the refreshment stops—even beer is giving way to the 'Colas' and 'Pops'. This is a good sign—since hard liquor has no place in horsemanship. In camp when the horses have had their care for the night—a shot or two for the rider may have a medicinal effect, but for use during the day, the effect is generally "gunnysack" riding and occasionally a mishap. The top horsemen just do not do it and regard those who do as "showoff tenderfeet". In other words—no one cares how you abuse yourself but don't let it affect the treatment of a horse.

To those who enjoy the freshness and beauty of the great outdoors—trail rides have much to offer. The quiet peacefulness of the back country—the unhurried pace of the trail—the star blanket overhead at night create a feeling of "It's Good To Be Alive." To those who enjoy the companionship of a good horse—there is no way of getting more out of him than by actually living with him and seeing to his care for a few days. It is amazing—yes—and a bit frightening how easy it is to forget the cares and responsibilities in life—when out on a ride through this beautiful country.

Some of the popularity of trail rides may be caused by the food that is traditionally served. This goes for the horses as well as the riders, neither fare half so well at home. Both generally eat more than is good for them—but the exercise serves to work it off and leave no ill effects. Don't plan on losing any weight on a trail ride—it just isn't done. Breakfast generally consists of your choice of four or five kinds of fruit juices, bacon, ham, eggs (any style), hot cakes, potatoes, coffee cake, toast, fruit and of course quarts of steaming coffee. For those that didn't behave as they should the night before—there is usually a little "Hair of the Dog that Bit them" for an eye opener. Br-r-r-r—Hot black coffee is much better at this early hour.

The snack for lunch is normally far more than the name implies. Although this meal is served from a pickup truck far out along the trail it will as a rule consist of your choice of several kinds of sandwich meats and spreads, a hot dish—spaghetti and meat balls—beans—meat pie—macaroni and cheese en casserole, salad, pie, ice cream and of course coffee and tea. Sounds like ample fare for some one who has been digging ditches or really work-

ing rather than for people that have just been relaxing along a trail letting their horse put out all of the effort.

Dinners—Holy Mackerel—King Henry the Eighth never sat to such spreads. How does this sound? Shrimp Cocktail, Fruit Cocktail, Hearts of Celery, Spanish Olives, Radishes, Green Onions, Mixed Pickles, Sirloin Steak, Roast Prime Ribs, Broiled French Lamb Chops, Charcoal Broiled Capons, Barbecued Turkey, Filet Mignon, Roast Potatoes, Baked Potatoes, Hash Brown Potatoes, Frontier Potatoes, Parsley Potatoes, Carrots and Peas, Asparagus with drawn butter, Butter String Beans, Buttered Peas, Combination Salad, Apple Pie with Ice Cream, Assorted Cakes, Cherry Pie, Peach Pie, Mince Pie and of course several kinds of cheese, hot rolls, coffee, tea, or milk. Yep! It's all true—every item above was copied right from the menu of a well known trail ride group. What is even better is the fact that all this wonderful food is served in high style by men in immaculate white jackets. Why that kind of food and service would have killed the old pioneers at the first sight of it. Oh! These modern trail riders really rough it the hard way.

Night camp is a rugged affair too. With electric lights, radio, record player, announcing system, piano and even hot water—to say nothing of a place to plug in your electric razor. Yes sir! And invariably some form of entertainment is arranged for the evenings. Often it is professional, sometimes only amateur—trust the ride committee to see that there is good talent in the group. However—as you would naturally expect—plenty of horse talk and some horse play go on

around the evening fire. Here—informality and good fellowship reign supreme. Many lasting friendships result from these camp fire sessions. Oh! The memories of these nights—they all are pleasant and unforgettable.

Finally " 'tis the end of a perfect day" and our hardy rider heads for the 'Hay' or the 'Sack' as the more moderns call it. This is the thing that would make such old pioneers as Wild Bill Cody, Daniel Boone and Portola turn in their graves, like a Whirling Dervish—if they could see it. Why—Mr. "1949" has pajamas—he sleeps in a tent or under a poncho, in an eider down sleeping bag, on a cot with an air mattress. (Even white sheets are becoming popular) Holy Cow—what a tough life. All joking aside—trail riding today is not the rough deal of yesteryear. Why should it be? We are all business or professional people, accustomed to all the modern conveniences of our homes—nothing is to be gained by risking the chance of becoming ill or injured. Trail riding is for fun and relaxation. And just that it is—as it is done today.

Plan on having your trail horse in shape early this year. The ride season will start off in late May with the Spring ride of the "Los Hombres of the Circle 'G'" (Gymkhana Club) then it will be the "La Consada Cabrons" (Menlo Circus Club) followed by the "Los Viajeros", the "Fron-

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tier Boys", the "San Mateo Sheriff's Pose" and last but by no means least the "Mounted Patrol of San Mateo County". In all some ten rides are planned—in San Mateo County—for this year (some of the above organizations have more than one). You should be able to arrange for an invitation on at least one. Then you will know for yourself why they are becoming so popular.

RUKHWA, The Stray Mare

The Arab of the desert always fights for what he wants. He prefers to engage in a fray rather than use unfair means for gain. He will not turn into a common thief even if given the opportunity to keep something he has found.

I was Shaykh Khalid Ibn Sha'lan's guest when one of his sons became ill with typhoid.

This disease is rare in the desert, for the roaming life of the Bedouins is very healthful. The farther one travels into the interior, the more sterile air and soil become from the influence of the sun and elements. However, water may become very dangerous when it is found stagnant in rain-pools and waterholes and the carcasses of dead animals have been left in it. The Bedouin, therefore, rarely touches water. He prefers to drink the milk of his herds.

I treated the typhoid-infected boy for more than two weeks before I was assured of his recovery. During this time we continued to migrate daily and carried Khalid's son in a crescent-shaped camel litter in which the women and children of the chiefs are accustomed to ride. When camp was set up each afternoon, I immediately paid a visit to the tent of my friend, Khalid, to take care of his son.

At the entrance there was always a white mare standing between the tent ropes. She was a sorry sight, a poor, emaciated looking animal, apparently so weak and wasted that no one cared to ride her. Many race-camels and war-mares after long, exhaustive raids are left alone for almost a year to recover slowly, but they are taken care of with extra barley, dates and milk.

This worn-out little mare kept on wandering with the tribe and seemed to favor her master's home, as I found her always there.

She became extremely sick and grew worse from day to day, as I watched her whenever I went in and out of Khalid's tent to treat his son. The condition of the mare finally became so bad that her legs trembled continually and perspiration was running from her face. Her head and neck drooped, and one could see that she would collapse very soon. I could hold

back my words no longer, as I noticed that she was about to die.

I asked Khalid what disease his mare was suffering or what terrible strain she had undergone, and what Khalid had done to alleviate her of such a condition. Some Bedouins are superstitious about sick people and animals and one has to be careful not to show any curiosity, as one can easily hurt their feelings. But Khalid knew me and was always very natural and very frank and open-minded toward me. I was, therefore, very much surprised when Khalid answered rather indifferently that he did not care to do a thing about her illness.

I could find only one answer to Khalid's strange behavior: His irrational fear regarding some supernatural influence from the dying mare. Perhaps Khalid felt that his mare had to die so that her waning strength would pass on to his own sick child and bring recovery to him.

Without hesitation I asked Khalid if such a superstitious idea occupied his

mind. My friend smiled and said:

"If the mare was my own I would not sacrifice her to save my child."

His answer had sounded very cruel, but I had learned to take his words with a grain of salt. Relieved, I asked:

"But, whose mare is she?"

Khalid replied that she must have belonged to a raiding party of some enemy. The owner might have been killed, or his mare might have strayed away while he

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spied upon our camp by night. At any rate, Khalid clearly did not know to whom the horse belonged. If her owner still lived, he would most certainly be looking for her. She was not of Khalid's tribe, or someone would have claimed her.

According to the unwritten law of the desert, he who recovers a stray animal is not supposed to feed or otherwise take care of the unfortunate beast. One is not even supposed to touch her nor lead her to water. She has to be left to her fate. When the owner shows up and discovers that his lost animal has been cared for, he assumes that the attention was for selfish and gainful reasons. From years of experience with Bedouins I knew that they never mistreated their animals nor were cruel to them except for reasons which are based on their strange barbaric life and on ancient traditions. In this most unfortunate case of the stray mare it fell on Khalid. Upon him had been imposed, by the unwritten law of the desert, the duty of appearing indifferent. His absence of attention to the dying animal amounted to savage cruelty indeed.

The poor mare was dying of hunger and thirst before our eyes. The Bedouins who knew her to be a stray mare avoided paying her even a casual glance. No one had pity on her.

I remembered that during that great hunger-march, after the last world war, Khalid let his own children go without food for days to spare milk for Ibn Kawakib's famous Habdah-mare. The mare of Khalid's neighbor lived, but two of Khalid's own boys almost died. They were so weakened by the ordeal that they were too sick to walk for many months, and recovered only when they were sent to Jluwi, Nuri's slave in Kaf, an oasis in Wadi Sirhan, where they rested a whole winter in a garden and lived on fruit and milk.

Khalid was a stern man and perhaps a cruel father, but his love for his own children and the "Khiyul Al-'Arab" (the horses of the Arabs) was only equal in respect for those ancient customs which he regarded sacred in regard to his children and horses, too.

Khalid could not be bent, there was no exception to the law of the desert in his mind. The stray mare did not exist for him. But the sight of the innocent mare, dying in such agony, almost broke my heart.

I asked Khalid if I might lead the horse to my tent and care for her. His look was solemn, intent, and he sat in silence for some time. Then he replied that he had no right to object to my wish as I was a foreigner and his guest, but Khalid added the fair warning that I would be despised for my action.

I was always careful not to hurt the feel-

ings of my Bedouin friends, but this time the compassion of my heart overcame all other considerations.

I rose and went back to my tent, picked up a large wooden bowl and milked two of my camels, and took the vessel of fresh milk to the mare. As I approached her, she suddenly lifted her head. She had smelled the sweet milk. The scent of the fragrant beverage had given her new strength already. With a weak neigh she placed her feverish muzzle into the foam and emptied the bowl with one deep draft. Thrice I had to return to my camels, who donated the total of perhaps seven or eight quarts of their sustenance.

From that day on I kept the mare at my tent. She recovered rapidly, and only a week later I began to ride her to new pasture grounds.

Several months passed and the owner of the stray animal had not appeared. My friends were strange and shy towards me. They seemed to despise me, though I had proclaimed that I would return the mare to her master. I had shown Rukhwa to our visitors and guests from other tribes and asked them to help me find the owner. But all I received were fair warnings that I had interfered with the hand of God.

One day a stranger and his slave came, and were reported at ease in the chief's tent. I went over too, and sat in the council of men, listening to their talk. We knew, after they arrived, that our guests were enemies, but the tradition of the Arabs allowed them to live with us, migrate and hunt with us as long as they

pleased, without ever revealing to us their identity.

When the stranger casually mentioned that he had lost his mare and described her to us, Khalid told him that such a horse had been found. He pointed to me and asked his guest to be forgiven that he had allowed me to take care of his mare. The owner might go now to claim his rightful possession.

Silently the guest rose with his slave, and asked to be shown to my tent. I gladly offered to go with them and mentioned how happy I was that they had found their horse. The man looked silently ahead, never addressing me. His mare greeted him with a loud joyful neigh of recognition.

There was no doubt he was the owner.

When he mounted his mare and rode her away, he turned to me and spoke two words of utter scorn:

"Thou thief!"

He had not used the word "Faris" which would have been a flattering term, meaning a "horse thief," or rather a raider who, like a hero, had gone into his enemy's pasture to "take" a mare—and ever after be called a "cavalier", a brave man.

I had been insulted with a most humilia-

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ting word. The man had called me a petty thief.

I resented the rudeness of his manner. I asked him a question, while I laid my hand on the halter of his mare—a question which forced him to reveal his identity. I said:

“Thou art crafty enough to come to our camp to claim this mare. How will I be able to inquire among thy people that they may bear witness that thou art the owner?”

This insult stung. He jumped off his mare and drew his dagger, but his own slave disarmed him, and begged him not to bring disgrace upon his family by shedding blood while they were yet guests in Khalid's camp. The slave then had to speak to me with forced courtesy, because his master thought it beneath his dignity to address me:

“We are 'Amarat of Ibn Hadhdhal's clan, and the mare is rightfully ours.”

Khalid, my host, had joined us with his retinue of relatives and slaves. He warned the 'Amarat that three days hence, after the bread and meat of which they had partaken in our tent had “turned” in their “bellies”, he would be released from all obligations of hospitality and pursue them to take their camels and the mare by the right of the raiders.

The 'Amarat only sneered at us as he remounted Rukhwa. His derisive remarks included his good wishes that we ride faster camels than his own and more enduring horses than his own mare, a Hamdaniyah-Simriyah of Ibn-Khayam of the Mutayr.

We live in a modern world and I have always regretted that automobiles were introduced to Arabia, but for once in my life in the desert I was glad that I had a car with me, and I offered it to Khalid to pursue his enemy.

Khalid, with two men of his bodyguard and I, followed the 'Amarat three days after their departure from our camp. Though we lost their tracks at times, we always picked them up again in the Waudiyan, a network of dry river beds, and overtook our enemies in eight hours, covering a distance that would have taken us on camels, with horses tied to their saddle-cinches, almost as many days.

Without fight the 'Amarat and his slave surrendered, and we captured the stray mare.

When I mounted Rukhwa to ride away, I saw tears in the eyes of her master. I placed the halter rope in the hands of the 'Amarat and asked him:

“Did I acquire thy mare by the standards of thy ancestors, with the strength of my own hands?”

“Indeed,” he answered, and I said: “I

return her to thee before these witnesses, but let her first-borne be mine.”

Without another word the 'Amarat tied her to the cinch of his camel saddle and rode away with his slave. This time I felt a lump in my own throat, but I consoled myself that I had taught a lesson to our enemy who had seemed so haughty and ungrateful to me.

When I expressed my doubts to Khalid that the 'Amarat would keep his ward (though unspoken, by accepting the mare he had agreed to my wish) to let me have a foal of Rukhwa, Khalid held up his hand. He pointed out to me that the individual fingers of the human hand were not of equal length and that four of them stayed together, but one, the thumb, remained apart from the rest.

It is the same with people, Khalid philosophized, all are different, but in general they get along together. Once in awhile there is one who prefers to keep apart, though he may never be entirely away from them, but co-operate when compelled so to do.

I felt that our enemy was not the kind of man that could be compelled by the kindness of his heart. Perhaps there dwelled not even honor in this man's soul. Khalid said that the 'Amarat was a “thumb,” presumptuous, ungrateful and arrogant. Such men do not dwell in the society of desert-people. They are trouble-makers, and their word cannot be easily trusted.

I began to doubt that I ever would receive the first born of Rukhwa, the stray

mare I had become to attached to; Rukhwa, with whom (I felt it now that she had gone from me) had fallen in love.

To wait for a foal that has not even been conceived is an ungrateful job. But a Bedouin will not forget his word, it seems.

Neither to Khalid, nor to me, was the integrity of our enemy revealed until a filly was born to Rukhwa, the stray mare of the 'Amarat. Her master sent word that he had called her “Sakkah” (She-Who-Is-Fettered-With-Iron-Shackles) because she was “fettered” with a sacred promise to me before she was born.

Not before Sakkah was a two-year-old did she come into my possession. I had been travelling back and forth between California and Arabia, and had not been with the 'Amarat for years, though with many other tribes.

Ramal Ibn-Dahamishah was the name of Rukhwa's and Sakkah's master, the man who had called me in scorn, a thief. His slave handed to me the “image” of her mother, when I came to stay with Khalid. The filly was indeed an image of her mother, except for her color. Sakkah was a

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bay and Rukhwa, the dam, was a white mare, and white was—as the Bedouins say—the heart of Ramal Ibn-Dahamishah, her master. He had dispatched one of his slaves with Rukhwa's daughter to Khalid's tent when the filly was a year old, as Khalid expected me that year to be his guest for the winter, and had informed his enemy about it. But at that time I was back in California.

Patiently the slave waited a whole year for me. He had orders from his master to turn the filly over to me with his own hands, or else never return to his tribe. This is the law of the desert and time is not important. Only the word they pledge is of great and grave consequence, because speech, planted on the tongue of man, is from the "beginning," a sacred communication from God to man, an assurance that in the wilderness man lives with man by faith and in solemn assurance of their word.

GYMKHANA CLUB

To the uninitiated, it would appear that there was little if any activity in the horse world during the last few weeks. Any such impression, however, would be quickly changed upon some slight investigation. For example, consideration has had to be given to the horse show dates for all recognized shows and state and county fair shows for the coming year. The American Horse Shows Association has had its annual meeting in New York and approval was given on a tentative basis for all show dates for 1949. The same type of meeting was held by the Western Fairs Association late in December and upon application to the Secretary of that group information could be supplied so that one could decide pretty well about the course of horse show travel for the year to come. It may seem rather silly to engage the problem of deciding the proper dates for a horse show when it is still winter and such things are far from the thoughts of many of us. However, if conflicts are to be avoided and proper preparation is to be made for these shows, someone has to take hold many months ahead and make the proper arrangements. The Gymkhana Club has made application to the American Horse Shows Association for approximately the same dates that were used last year which takes the weekend just before the Stockton show and two weeks before the State Fair in Sacramento. No doubt there will be some conflicts but it is hoped that the Association can avoid any serious difficulty in this regard.

Due to vacations from school for the holiday season and many young people returning home from out-of-town schools, riding and the use of the club facilities

have been at a high pitch. The junior members have participated in a number of functions which have been greatly enjoyed. A dancing party was held at the club house and all those in attendance were pleased with the party and indebted to Beverly Daniels, Bert Shartle and Donald Moulin for their careful attention to the details which made the party a grand success.

The annual skiing trip was made to Cisco for several days following Christmas and was conducted under the chaperonage of Mrs. Paul W. Wood and Mrs. Herman Bierman. Some of the young members returned from the trip wondering if it wouldn't be easier to maneuver a horse and sleigh over the snow packed surfaces rather than a pair of skis which, at least for a beginner, have the peculiar habit of moving at cross purposes. Among those who went on the trek were Helga and Ilse Biermer, Betsy, Nancy, Peggy and Jane Wood, Samuel and Barbara Register, Margaret and Elizabeth Harrison, Donald Moulin, Paul Woolems, Tad Mulligan, Jerry Clulow, Jimmy Sherwood, Anne Holmes, Michele Malter, Tessie Dorn, Daphne Smith, Anne Kammerer, Peggy Scoble, Marianne and Suzanne Murphy, and Donald Nathan.

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JUNIOR HORSEMEN

By PAT PLAHEIN

Golly, it just doesn't seem like a year could go by as fast as the past one has, but I guess it can. January is a pretty important month for all of us, and a busy one for the Junior Horsemen. There are all of those plans which must be made, new officers to be "broken in", and another thing that not many of us have given thought to. That is our second anniversary. It doesn't seem possible, but it has been two whole years that our group has been organized. Just judging from the plans that I've already gotten wind of, I think that we are in for a fast-moving and eventful 1949. With our new leader, Jack Montgomery, and the rest of that fine new set of Junior officers, we just can't help but have a bigger and better third year.

Bet there are still some unfrozen hands, feet, and noses as a result of the Christmas Caroling. (Dec. 21, 22, 23) We couldn't have picked colder nights to go singing on horseback if we had tried. Twenty-three was the top number of riders to show up

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for this affair. A good turnout considering that it was so cold, and at night. One of the highlights was the night that we made a recording of our singing. The people whom we were caroling put a microphone in front of us, and we gave out with a pretty good imitation of what Xmas songs should sound like. Then it happened! There we were with loads of record left, and no more carols to sing. What could we do? We quickly struck up a rather spirited version of "Cigareets, Whiskey, and Wild, Wild Women". Sally Towne rendered a fine solo on the second verse. This was followed by several other tunes of the same type. All was fine until the newly made record was played back to us. Then we just sat there and howled until we almost fell off of our horses. It sure sounded funny to hear the angelically sweet Christmas carols, and then the ones we had to fill in with. What a contrast! Each night's caroling was followed by hot chocolate and doughnuts. That really hit the spot, and gave it a perfect (and warm) ending. Our thanks go out to the Johnsons, and the Harold Zwierleins for the use of their homes in serving our refreshments. Also to the rest of the committee who worked hard to make the last activity of 1948 a success.

No, it's not a bird, plane, or even Super-

man!!! It's "Pee Wee"! Yes, that souped-up little '36 Dodge that you may have seen as it roared by, contained none other than our ex-secretary, Norma Place. Just how people go about making old Santa be so good as to deliver a car to them at Christmas time is something that really has me wondering. How about letting us know how you did it, Pee Wee?

David Reinhardt, our treasurer, and Lou Pratt have each gotten a yearling colt. The boys are now busy figuring out the best ways to train them, and are anxious to get at the task. We wish you both luck. Please let us know how you are progressing.

One of our new members who has already proven herself to be an active one, is a gal by the name of Cordy Jenkins. Cordy owns a Pinto mare, Painted Lady, and a colt (to arrive soon) that is so far called "Junior". According to "his" future owner, Junior is definitely going to take after his daddy and be an Appaloosa. The sire is Navajo, of Petaluma. Welcome to our organization, Cordy.

Vicki Schroth must be going into the horse training business. Besides her own filly, she is training a four year old chestnut colt for Mrs. Shoemaker. They must keep Vicki pretty busy.

Gowan Moore is one of the few people

who can keep up with yours truly when it comes to talking horses. Of course, these aren't just horses. They are Thoroughbreds. Boy, do we love 'em. Many a lunch hour was spent dreaming over the recent Bay Meadows Sale catalogue. The auction itself was certainly worth seeing, too. The only fault that I could find with it was that whenever a good horse sold, it just about broke my heart. Some day you will see Gowan and me with our Thoroughbreds. Believe me, that will be the day!

No one can say that the Juniors are shy about singing, at least not since the December meeting. Maybe the reason for that is that we have gotten quite a bit of practice lately. We can at least make it pretty loud. In other words, we got a big kick out of your community singing, Rosemary. Hope we can do it more often.

You should see the snazzy new horse trailer that Kay Belton has. It is green, and really has lots of class.

We have two girls among us who both answer to the name of Pat Henderson. The only way to keep them straight is that one has red hair and the other is blonde. So, the next time you mention, "Pat Henderson", be sure to state which one you mean. Incidentally, Pat (the red-haired one) has recently come to live with the Staffords in Woodside. She really likes it here, and



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has a grand time riding that black horse. Dixie Lee Jeffrey has purchased a new sorrel mare that goes by the name of "Blaze". This makes two horses for Dixie. Also I believe her other mare is in foal to a good Palomino. P. S. Dixie is one of our newer members.

I got a card from Paul Ernst a while back. Paul is the boy who always does so much winning at the horse shows around here. He is now residing at San Juan Bautista. We would all like to have you drop us a line now and then, just to let us know how things are up there, Paul.

Another of our out of town members is Merna McMillan. She hails from Shandon. I know that Merna would love to hear from some of you, and Shandon, California, is the only address needed.

Again I wish to thank all of you for the perfectly lovely belt buckle set. I was so speechless at receiving that gift that you weren't properly thanked. The buckle, what it stands for, and the many pleasant memories that go with this last year will long be treasured. My thanks to each and every one of you.

Time is running short, so this had better end right here. Remember, it is your doings that make up this column, and that in order to keep it going you must turn in those bits of news. That means you boys as well as the girls. So long for now.

WOODSIDE CHATTER

By ROSEMARY LEHMAN

BRrrrrrrrr!! How do you like our sunny California weather??? I think that the last earthquake in Nevada shifted us over to the Artic circle. It sure felt like it, when your fellow columnist had to crawl out of a warm bed and feed horses, and chop the ice with an ax in the watering troughs and chicken pans. Especially when all the outside pipes froze and I had to drag the water out of the house to take care of the outside chores. Oh me; the life of a rancher. But I'm not complaining. I love it. As long as I keep my health, I'll never complain.

Well, let's see; what's on the agenda for today? I know one thing. One of our bachelors is a bachelor no longer. Boogie Bettencourt done **dood** it!! The best of everything to a swell fellow and his charming bride, Mrs. Boogie, formerly Bernice Thomas. I know that they will be very happy, as Bernice is the right kind of a gal for Boogie. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs.

More news from the top of the mountain. How about our Eddie Castleman?? If it wouldn't of been for him having a hunch that something was wrong with old Dad, (Francis Marion) down in Purissima Can-

yon, poor old Dad would have died; as he had already laid in that cold cabin for five days with a broken hip. Nigger, his faithful donkey, also deserves a lot of credit, because it was the sight of Nigger without Dad that set Eddie to thinking he had better get his jeep and find out what the donkey was doing away from his master. I am taking it for granted that you have all read the story in the front page of the Tribune on Jan. 5th. Anyway, I don't like to put Eddie in the same class with the Jackass, but they are both Hero's. And a great big orchid to you both!!

Now, down the mountain we will go and see what the news is here. Our good members, Creed and Bobbie Haberlin will be Woodside-ites come this spring. They have bought six acres on Canada Rd., bounded on one side by Dan Custer, and on the other side by Rohn's. Creed purchased the property from Kesterson and is going to start building real soon and expects to have his horses down here this summer. I for one am very proud to welcome the Haberlin's to Woodside. Here's hoping your ranch house goes up fast with nary a hitch!

Also newcomers to Woodside this spring,

will be Charley and Sally Johnson of San Carlos. We are very happy to welcome them also. They have purchased the Maloney place on Canada Rd., and intend to build new barns, fences, etc. Their property is 12 acres in all. We will be seeing lots of them and their two boys on the bridle paths this summer. Charlie has already plowed part of his land and sowed a crop of hay.

Our new 2nd vice-president, Bob Ole-

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son, is also holding office as Pres. in the Peninsula chapter of the S. P. E. B. S. Q. S. A., which boils down to the Peninsula Chapter of the Society of the Preservation of Encouragement of the Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America. Whew! Some Handle.

Have you heard the latest in Woodside? We now have what is called a Cat Derby!! It seemed it started as a couple of our good betting members began arguing over the merits of their respective cats ability to catch mice, all this over a couple of beers. The argument waxed hotter and hotter, and a wager was made and the time placed the following day, Sunday, the place being Link Clark's barn. The deadline was 11 A.M., and at two minutes to, Sandy comes driving in with his mouser under his arm. The judge started turning over bales, and yelled "let 'em go!" Then what do you know, not a mouse to be seen. "What a Revolting Circumstance that turned out to be!!" Two of the best mousers in the country (at least Woodside) and no mice!! So the wager is still on, folks, and opened to competition, so save up your mice and bring 'em down to the Clarke Ranch, and we will have a genuine "Cat Derby" some day soon. Who knows that it might be the start of something brand new!!!

Do you remember our good members Roberta Bradley and Decker? I wrote about their marriage some time ago, then wrote about them getting a ranch near Branscomb, now I have some more news from them. Mr. and Mrs. Decker are the proud parents of a baby girl (filly) born Dec. 20th, 1948—7 lb., 9½ oz., name "Star Roberta". They said to say hello, to you all, and that they expect to see you at the next convention at Sacramento!!

You know folks, I hate to lose my temper, (I seldom do) but what I have to write about now makes me **boil!!** In the olden days they hanged horse thieves, and I don't want to seem radical, but in my estimation hanging is too good for these **DOG POISONERS** that are going around Woodside poisoning our pets. I would hate to be in the shoes of the dog killer who poisoned Lee Stafford's dog, the way he feels now!! Lee and Lucille lost their dog, Bing, two days before Christmas. It is a darn shame, as it spoiled their Christmas. I am not sadistically inclined, but I would like to watch a Dog Poisoner writhing in agony with strichnine, like our dogs have. I feel very deeply for the Stafford's as Bing was the family pet for years!! The Ferber Libby's have had the grief likewise, first their pet was shot by some vandal with a .22 rifle, then to get better, only to be poisoned by the Dog Killer Fiend!! There must be some way to stop this ruthlessness!!

Our Dr. Billy Linfoot flew to Chicago last month, played Polo, and flew back

again, all this in four days!! I wonder what our ancestors would of thought of this speed record!! Billy was the guest of Paul Butler. He is the owner of the Oak Brook Country Club, which has nine polo fields on it. Billy also rode to the hounds with thirty more guests, all togged out in Pink hunting coats, etc. The big game was held in the Black Horse Armory, which has one of the biggest indoor polo fields in it, and is larger than a football field. The game was televisioned. Willie Tevis, and Art Tisdale, with Bill, flew to Chicago in a B 26 bomber, and made it in hours. Coming home took a little longer, around 12 hours. They played the Healy Bros., and Peter Perkins. There was a foot of snow in Chicago, and it was still snowing when they left.

Bill said he would rather have the warm climate in **Woodside**. Ha! Ha!! I am laughing.

I was very happy to sign as new members, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Thompson, of Whiskey Hill Road, Woodside. Mr. Thompson is one of the owners of the Sir Francis Drake Hotel, Sonoma Mission Inn, Shaster Springs Resort, and Eureka Inn. The Thompsons also have a ranch on Alpine Creek Rd., namely the Horseshoe Ranch. They have around 15 head of horses, mostly Palominos. I enjoyed a visit at their residence, and was entranced with his pet deer. They have a buck, and doe, with twin fawns. The Thompson's also like dogs, as they have a Scotch Collie, Dal-

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mation, Police Dog, and a Cocker. I gather they like dogs!! We hope the Thompson's become active members, and a hearty welcome to you both!!

After riding with Mrs. Duncan last week, she invited me to see "Sunny Jim", the little Palomino horse colt, out of her Rosaleen mare, (half Arab, half Thoroughbred) by "Sundown". Jim McDonald, superintendent of the Greenwood Farm, is the proud owner of "Sundown". He has a nice blood line, as his Granddaddy is Brigadoon, that famous race horse. His Sire is "Piyaso" (Mrs. Davis' fine Palomino) and his dam is a 3/4 thoroughbred mare, from Donahue's ranch. Jim is standing "Sundown" at the Greenwood Farm, and Mrs. Duncan extends a cordial welcome, to anyone interested in seeing this fine stud, and his get.

How did you enjoy the Fourcaster's at the last meeting?? In case you don't remember the name, that was the fine singing done by the Barber Shop Quartette, under the able leadership of our genial Bob Oleson!! That is what I would call Harmony!! Plus!! I wish to thank Rudy Thuor, Fred Barg, and Maury Prendergast, for being so kind as to come down and favor us with such wonderful singing and selections!! Bob and myself also wish to thank all you grand people for the gracious way you received our little offering. I never knew we had so many good singers!! The raffle was a big success also (I wonder why)?? Mrs. Ditzen was the big winner of the \$5.00, and Sandy Wara, Pat Clarke, Wayne McGinnis and other winners, were some of the fortunates. I don't remember the other names, but I think everyone had fun! I want to say right now that the refreshments, presided over and made by K. L. McDonald, Al Cryer, and Eddie C., were out of this world!! The boys really outdid themselves. The funny thing about the whole deal was that Eddie didn't know that we had planned on Community singing, and we didn't know that they had planned community singing also. Poor Eddie went all the way to Santa Rosa to get the slides. This was the first time that we have ever had this sort of thing, and they would have to hit on it the same time. The next time I think we had better get our heads together!! I tried to talk Eddie into having theirs, but he said he thought the members had given their all, and didn't want to wear them out! Mary Bates did a nice job with her accordion, and ably led the singing! That gal can really play that thing!!

Poor Elaine Harwood, has had one darn thing, right after another. She cannot ride her mare for three months, as she cracked her sacriaiac, coming down a ladder the wrong way! It has followed

up with flu, wrist in a cast, and numerous other things, just when she had her mare coming along so nicely! She says, "she guesses she doesn't live right!"

Who said that it isn't wild in these, thar, hills!! Eva Carnevale and yours truly surprised a large coyote, while riding near Webb and Ormadale Ranch! It was heading towards our way, and then, one look and it tore off into the brush. Man, those things can run!!

A very Happy New Year to you all, and how about a New Year's resolution for all, **to come to all meetings, take all of the rides, and be more active than ever.** I think that would be swell!! So long, Rosemary.

BY THE RAMBLER

How de Folks! It's a little late to say Happy New Year, but never too late to wish you all health, happiness and success in 1949. So—May your sorrows be None, Your troubles all Gone, Plus a wealth of Good Cheer, in this bright New Year! Welcome to our New President, San-

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ford (Sandy) Wara, who follows the footsteps of a truly hard working fellow, Rich Delucchi. He did a grand job and he kept the committees on their toes every minute. He spent many weary minutes on the telephone rounding up groups to go to this parade or that dance or someplace to make a good showing, and it looks to me like he got results if the number of people attending was any evidence. Our hat is off to you Rich; and to you Sandy, good luck and success during your term as President.

The first gala occasion in January was of course the San Mateo County Mounted Patrol Installation dinner held at the Villa Chartier with about 125 members, wives and guests present. All of the ladies were presented with double gardenia corsages. This is certainly a delightful gesture of appreciation for the hours the husbands

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and daddies have to spend away from their families in activities for the Patrol.

Mr. Ed Zwierlein was the master of ceremonies and introduced the installing officer State Secretary Ray Stone, who in turn introduced Furber Libby as lieutenant of mounts; Henry Kohlmoos as secretary-treasurer; Ben Kramer as Top Sergeant; J. M. Ridgeway as Mess Sergeant; George Duffy as Lieutenant and Pete Towne as the new Captain. Mr. Horton Whipple was outgoing captain and did a wonderful job. He was a hard working leader. In a very sincere speech he gave much credit for success to his committees. Mrs. Whipple was presented with an orchid corsage which she richly deserves.

Mr. Pete Towne, the new captain, was also presented with something. Imagine his surprise when upon opening a mysterious cardboard box, given him by Sandy Wara, he espied an Australian shepherd puppy. We'll let you know next month after the San Mateo County Horesman's Installation, what Sandy's surprise was. The puppy acted like a dyed in the wool mascot, just curled up in the cardboard box and went to sleep. Good luck to you, Pete Towne.

I forgot to welcome the new treasurer of the Horseman's Association, Marie Kemm. Welcome to you, Marie. Although a lot of people don't know who you are now, they will when they begin to pay their dues. Being treasurer you get to know just about everybody. A word of appreciation for our past treasurer, Linc Clark who did such a grand job for two years. A word of thanks too to his better half, Pat Clark, who I know gave him a helping hand.

Barbara Rufus, our secretary, needs no introduction. She has taken the job for another year. Stan Schlichting is the new vice-president, with Bob Oleson, our photographer as second vice, and Ed Spillane as Historian. Gertrude Brindle, the editor of this magazine has consented to act as such for another year. Congratulations on the nice job you are doing, Gertrude.

Best wishes for a speedy recovery to Frances "Dad" Marion who broke his hip in Purissima Canyon and lay there for five days until help came to him in the form of Eddie Castleman, who thought there was something wrong when "Dad's" faithful donkey, Nigger, came out of the Canyon alone. Eddie practically had to "inch" his way out of the Canyon in the jeep because the going was too rough and painful for "Dad". Dad's a rugged person and we know he'll be alright.

A BIT OF THIS AND THAT—A new wrinkle in getting warmed up in this freezing weather is to get a bull whip for Xmas, like Johnny Lehman did and then get out in cold hours of the nite and crack it around. This is Johnny's latest

and favorite sport and he is trying hard to convince Rosemary to hold a cigarette in her mouth while he cracks it with the whip, but so far he has not been successful.

Edna Summers, who will be one of our new members this year, received a Paddock Swimming Pool from Santa Claus (Stuart Summers). She is inviting her friends to initiate it, but if this cold spell persists, they'll be able to use it as a skating rink. (I have skates, Edna).

The P. K. Winchell's report a splendid trip by train to Palm Springs, thence to Long Beach and after that to Los Angeles. They missed floods, earthquakes and everything, but found the weather a bit colder than last year, and who hasn't?

People tell me I missed a super duper time by not getting to last months meeting. The food put on by McDonald and Cryer, plus Eddie Castleman was simply scrumptious. The community singing went over with a bang thus ending a year of successful programs put on by Rosemary Lehman and Bob Oleson. These two people have worked hard and deserve a lot of credit.

SEE YOU AT THE NEXT MEETING.

Lovers of horses will be interested to know that, in the statues erected to generals the world over, the position of the feet of the mount always indicates the fate of the rider.

If the horse is rearing with two feet in the air, the rider met death in action. If a single foot is poised in the air, the rider was wounded in action. Four feet planted down indicate that the rider went unscathed throughout his military career.

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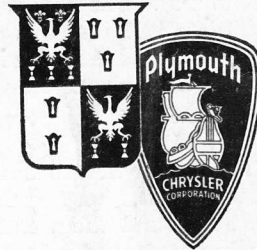
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