

Poignant horse/human relationship stories shared by a noted horsewoman.

The Horse That Wouldn't Trot: A Life with Tennessee Walking Horses, Lessons Learned, and Memories Shared

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CHAPTER ONE

The Dream Begins

I sat upon my nervous stallion waiting to enter the big oval ring. It was Championship night. My horse was fidgeting and pacing the small warm-up area. Was he nervous because I was nervous? For a week I debated whether to show him at this big show—the biggest in the world for my breed. The Amateur Championship class had five judges positioned around the large show ring. There would be little room for error. And yes, I was nervous. A nervous wreck. No wonder my horse was fretful. He bobbed his head up and down as if he was saying, “Yes, yes, yes.” But what he really meant was, “Let’s get this show on the road or get out of here!”

I’d been showing my horses for ten years, but this was different. Now I had a trainer for my new horse I had owned only a few months, and we were playing in the big league. This event had been a goal since I was a child, but now I faced the realities of failure only an adult can appreciate. It had seemed so simple that day when I was four years old and excitedly sharing my wondrous epiphany with my parents: we should move to a farm and raise horses!

Dad knew I loved horses. On our way home from church each Sunday, we faithfully stopped by the small stable in town to pet the two black horses who lived there, but living on a horse farm was certainly not in his plans. Dad and Mom had just shaken their heads at my imagination back then, but strange things have a way of happening, and when I was eight years old, we moved to a mountaintop farm in north central Pennsylvania. Our animal menagerie consisted of several cows (including the most wonderful pet Jersey cow, Buttercup) chickens, ducks, peacocks, a lamb and eventually two

horses—Smokey and Sugarfoot. We didn't raise any horses, but as far as I was concerned, my childhood with few exceptions was perfect.

When I was nineteen, I married my husband, Hal, and we moved to Elkhart, Indiana, where he began his chiropractic career. Because he'd been raised on a farm in Kansas and loved country life as much as I did, eventually we bought a small farm in the area. We enjoyed a couple of idyllic years living on our little homestead and adding a daughter and son to our family.



On Palm Sunday in 1965, one of the many deadly tornadoes that ripped Indiana and the Midwest apart demolished our little farm. Our lives were spared but our animal family was lost. What wasn't killed in the tornado strike had to be sold. The most devastating occurrence was selling Buttercup, who

Hal and I had brought to Indiana with us. With our little farm in ruins and our lives in disarray, there was no place for a cow. I was more destroyed by this incident than losing all our worldly possessions. Buttercup wasn't just a cow; she had been my best childhood friend and confidant. After this shocking experience, I wanted nothing more to do with animals. Losing them was just too horrible. We moved to a small house, then to a large, beautiful home on the river. Hal heard no more about farms and horses.

It was during our life on the Elkhart River that our ten-year-old daughter, Sharon, decided she had to have a horse. Sharon was only four years old when we lost our little farm to the tornado, and other than the dog, Lady, she didn't have access to other animals. Perhaps that "horse gene" had been passed from mother to daughter. At any rate she was adamant she needed a horse.

Six years had passed since the tornado, and horses and other animals began to pull at my heart strings again. Sharon's fulfilled desire for a horse was the beginning of the second phase of my life with horses. Most fortunate for the implementation of my future venture into the equine world was the support I was given by Hal. Although he was raised on a Kansas homestead, he wasn't imbued with an intense devotion to animal life. His dad farmed for awhile with large draft horses, but Hal didn't become a horse lover. In fact our early relationship nearly came to an abrupt halt the day he threw a clod of dirt at my much loved horse, Smokey. Hal was on vacation and digging a ditch for a water line for my parents on our Pennsylvania farm, and Smokey was in his way. "Shoo, scram you darn horse," Hal shouted as he tossed a big dirt ball in the horse's direction. I was incensed. How dare he! Happily for our future life together and my horse endeavors, Hal loved *me* and became a longsuffering mender of farm fences and horse stalls.

After Sharon's declaration that she needed a horse, we ended up with three of them on a subdivision lot where there really shouldn't have been any. A three-quarter acre lot on a river which flooded easily, in an area of many homes and a school, was not the perfect place for horses. During the hot, humid summer days, the aroma of horse wafted not so gently over the houses and I traipsed door to door apologizing, sometimes bringing home-made chocolate chip cookies to the neighbors closest to the horse smell. After two years of living as horse suburbanites, Hal and I planned a move.

We found the ideal spot in the country, close enough for Hal to commute to work, a good school for the children, nearby shopping areas, and 50

acres that we would use as a horse farm. Almost 30 years from the time I came down the stairs as a young child, proclaiming we needed a horse farm, it was actually going to happen.

While living at the River House, we acquired Apache, Sharon's first horse who was a barely-trained Appaloosa and had some roguish tendencies. One day Apache, in an ornery snit of stubbornness, lay down with Sharon on his back in a potato field and refused to get up. Sharon walked home from the neighbor's field crying, and that was when I realized I didn't know as much about horses as I thought I did. Selling Apache was out of the question because Sharon had fallen in love with him—a very common situation with girls and horses—so we kept Apache and bought Ranger, a quiet, older, very well-trained Quarter Horse.



Sharon and Apache

Ranger did an absolutely superb job teaching Sharon to ride; she became quite accomplished and was fearless. I couldn't give him a higher recommendation. He was a great babysitter horse—except for one significant phobia.

In the 1970s, traffic on our county road was not excessive, and we could ride safely several miles around the farm. As soon as Sharon got home from school, we saddled up and went riding. She rode Ranger and I rode Apache. One day we were having a marvelous late afternoon ride, talking animatedly to each other, not paying complete attention to our horses. Suddenly, Ranger took a leap sideways off the road and into a farmer's field. Sharon stayed on and somehow managed to stop Ranger who was heading for home in double time.

I sat on Apache with my heart in my mouth seeing this unfold, wondering how it would end. It was a helpless feeling to realize there really wasn't anything I could do. For once, Apache was not the troublemaker, and he was watching Ranger and Sharon himself wondering what all the fuss was about. The fuss turned out to be pigs.

The farmer had a pig pen by the road. Apparently, even before we reached it, the smell alerted Ranger that strange "attack animals" lurked ahead. We were lucky there was no fence along that side of the road, or Ranger and Sharon would certainly have become entangled with a disastrous outcome. Ranger was so spooked that he was dangerous, and I ended up leading him some distance away with Sharon riding Apache. I discovered some horses have an extreme and unreasonable fear of pigs.

After getting to our new farm, I began Apache's training in earnest and he turned out pretty darn good. He would never be my favorite horse, but we had been through a lot together and he'd been a good teacher in the school of hard knocks. Because I was planning on embarking upon an Arabian breeding project, I decided to sell Apache.

A pleasant man answered my ad and he seemed very knowledgeable, not a green or first-time buyer, and he wore cowboy boots and a cowboy hat; however, I still told him all about Apache's possible dirty tricks. One of the greatest compliments I ever got in my life as a trainer was from this gentleman after he rode Apache. He dismounted and said in a quiet voice, "I can see this horse has had some good training." I was so pleased I was beaming, but I tried to play it cool. He bought Apache and moved him a few miles away. When I traveled that country road, I would see him in his new

home and pasture. He always looked good and I was content with the outcome.

Ranger also found a good new home with another beginning rider.

Sharon was enthusiastic about the budding horse-raising venture and wasn't too sorry to see Apache and Ranger leave. Soon there would be other more challenging horses for this accomplished young girl to ride.

Roger was our second child and our only son. He thought the farm was great because it had machinery. Forget the horses. Michal Elaine, our third child, also seemed rather disinterested in the horses. She had more fun tormenting her older brother Roger. Chessa, the baby of the family, enjoyed her next-door cousins and Grandma Sara. I think Hal just hoped his family, especially his wife, would live through the exciting and perhaps dangerous days that might loom ahead for us in our novice horse venture.

Horses are wonderful creatures, and although I loved them with a strong passion, I was soon to learn that loving them was not enough. A major education was about to begin...

CHAPTER THREE

The Tennessee Walking Horse

A Tennessee *Walking* Horse? What on earth was that? I had never heard of the breed. I was in love with the gorgeous Arabian horses that I couldn't ride any longer. What a pity. Some research was in order.

The Tennessee Walking Horse (Walking Horse or Walker) is an all-American breed. It was developed in the United States as were the Morgan Horse and the American Quarter Horse. The Walking Horse was genetically engineered by mating several different recognized breeds of trotting and pacing blood together and by a sort of accident, fate, or luck, a new breed of horse evolved—a horse that didn't trot *or* pace, but did a smooth, gliding, comfortable gait.

Many horse lovers are familiar with Figure, foaled in 1789, considered to be the foundation sire of the Morgan Horse. Marguerite Henry made this little Vermont horse well known with her book, *Justin Morgan Had a Horse*. His bloodline is one that contributed much to several breeds, including the Tennessee Walking Horse. Figure was a prepotent sire. His offspring had his characteristics; they were on the small side but had great strength and speed for a small horse and were usually bay in color. As he became known for these attributes, many mares were bred to him over the course of his 32-year life span.

The foundation sire of the Tennessee Walking Horse breed was prepotent too, but his strength was in passing on the smooth running walk that makes the Tennessee Walking Horse famous and desirable. Here is a brief history of the beginning of the Tennessee Walking Horse breed, derived from the book, *The Echoes of Hoofbeats*, by Bob Womack.

A man named George Ely purchased a chestnut stallion with white markings in Lexington, Kentucky, in the early 1880s. This horse, Elyria, was foaled in 1882; his dam was Maggie Marshall who was a Morgan Horse. Elyria was a great trotter with a record of 2:25 ¼, very fast for racing down the one-mile track with the high-wheeled sulkies of those days. Mr. Ely was so pleased with Elyria that in 1886 or 1887, he returned to Lexington and purchased Maggie Marshall and her new little black stallion colt. When the colt matured, Mr. Ely began training him, but Allan, as he was named, refused to trot—very much disappointing Mr. Ely.

Allan was put to stud, but many said he was too small for a breeding stallion, and the mares brought to him were not of the quality to produce good colts, so about seven years later the horse was started on a series of downward sales. Over the years Allan was traded many, many times always depreciating in value. Eventually, however, something would happen that changed horse history.

When the first Tennessee settlers came over the mountains from Virginia and the Carolinas, some were riding on horses with easy gaits. These horses undoubtedly contained the blood of the Narragansett Pacers from which the early gaited stock in the colonies was produced. Late in the eighteenth and early in the nineteenth centuries, the area nurtured a specific breed known as the Thoroughbred racing horse which was one of the first to add refinement to this new easy-gaited breed that was developing.

This combination would produce some top-notch gaited riding horses, but it was noted that horses from these unions that had as much as fifty percent running and consequently trotting blood, were difficult to “gait.” This was the problem that the new breeders of gaited horses in Tennessee were having. It wasn't always possible to get a foal that would do the smooth gait they desired. It would be old black Allan who one day would make the difference.

In 1903 Allan, the little black stallion, was offered to Mr. James R. Brantley along with a fine jack (a male donkey). Mr. Brantley wanted the jack, but didn't know about Allan. Having heard about Allan's exceptional pedigree, he checked it out, riding almost a hundred miles to investigate. He discovered the original registration in the *American Trotting Registry* and saw for himself that the claims were true. In addition there was a notation stating that Onward, Allan's grandsire, was the greatest stallion living or dead. He hitched his favorite mare Gertrude to the buggy, and went to make the purchase.

Allan was a gentle, dependable horse. Brantley's son rode the little stallion to school and left him tied to a tree during school hours. Allan's chief gait under saddle was a running walk which he performed comfortably and smoothly. Mr. Brantley liked old Allan and the saddle horses he produced so he bred his much-loved buggy mare, Gertrude, to him.

In 1909, Mr. Albert Dement bought Allan from Mr. Brantley with the guarantee that the little stallion would live through the breeding season. The 1910 breeding season was to be the last for Allan. On September 16, 1910, at the age of 24, the little horse that had started out as a failure, died. It is to the credit of the horsemen in the Middle Tennessee area that the blood of Allan was allowed to mix with the good, gaited stock of that area to perpetuate the "Allan" strain of horses.

Albert Dement was more than a horse breeder. He had a vision of what a good smooth riding saddle horse should look like and how it should move. One of his main goals was to establish a breed of horse that would *consistently* produce gaited offspring. It would be old Allan who provided the genetics to produce this consistency. (Actually many other notable stallions of that day produced gaited stock, but following his death, Allan was renamed Allen F-1 and was accepted as the Foundation Sire of the Tennessee Walking Horse.)

Throughout more than a century of meticulous breeding, the Walking Horse had come to possess some of the endurance of the Thoroughbred, the substance and weight of the Standardbred, the smooth lines and docility of the Morgan, the style and quality of the American Saddle Horse, all the while giving the rider the smooth gait for which they have become famous.

On April 27, 1935, the Tennessee Walking Horse Breeders' Association of America (TWHBEA) was formed, and the Tennessee Walking Horse became an official breed, a real American!

The gait of the Tennessee Walking Horse is a true walk, just like every horse does, but it is done faster for the "flat walk" and even faster for the "running walk." In performing these walks, at no time do the horse's feet all leave the ground at one time as happens when a horse trots. For this reason, there is no jarring motion. Because this gait is a speedy walk, the horse's head bobs or nods as he goes along. "If he isn't nodding, he isn't walking," is a true fact, often spoken by experienced Walking Horse folk. A rider seen on a good Walker seems not to move, the rider's head moves along in a steady line, while the horse's head nods up and down.

Umm...a horse that didn't trot, but had a smooth gait instead, sounded like the ticket for me and my cranky back. There was a Walking Horse breeder who also trained horses in my area; in fact he was a patient of Hal's—the one who told him about the “horse that didn't trot.” I made a visit to the breeder's barn and rode one of these phenomenal horses. The motto for the breed is, “*Ride one today, buy one tomorrow,*” and that is just what we did. This trainer knew of an older, gentle mare, and Hal and I made arrangements to purchase her. Her name was Missy.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

The Breeding Shed

The 1994 International had been a bust, but we did extremely well otherwise in show ring competition. Hallelujah had an indisputable reputation and in 1993, had bred eight mares. Again, I must mention that I was breeding a specific horse, the Tennessee Walking Horse, that was not as popular as the Thoroughbred, Arabian, Quarter Horse or Standardbred race horses. My farm was not in middle Tennessee; it was in northern Indiana. Eight mares successfully in foal might not seem earth-shattering to anyone else in the business, but it was impressive enough to me.

I decided that in order to better use my stallion, I needed to get some breeding equipment that allowed me to collect his semen and either ship it in special containers to faraway mare owners or use artificial insemination to breed several at one time here on the farm. It was interesting about mares coming to the farm to be bred. No matter when they had been in heat the last time at home, once at my farm, they all synchronized their cycles in a short period so all the mares needed to be bred during the same week. If only they would plan it better and space their times over a longer period! This can be accomplished by using hormone injections as done at larger farms, but I hated to meddle with Mother Nature too much.

Hallelujah could not go on indefinitely breeding mares every day or even every other day. In the big Tennessee Walking Horse breeding barns, the stallions are collected three times per week, and you must accommodate that schedule by having your mare in estrus at the proper time. I didn't have that many mares to breed, but when they were all ready at the same time, it was too many. I could solve the problem if I could collect from him and

breed more at one time. Most important was the breeding mount for the stallion to get on as he would a mare.

I studied stallion collection for some weeks before I decided what I wanted. I watched a local Arabian horse farm collect off a “dummy” mount, but someone had to hold the container called the artificial vagina or AV. Those stallions hit the AV with force, and I knew there was no way I could do that; I'd be knocked down for sure. Plus, a real mare held by another person on the other side of the dummy to encourage the stallion to jump on it was also present.

I wanted to be able to do this all by myself and still live to tell about it, so that was not for me. Another way collection was done was to use a real mare in heat and when the stallion mounted her, his parts were deflected into the AV which was held by a second person. This was the most dangerous way for all involved. It was the way my veterinarian had collected Hallelujah the first time to check his semen and be sure it was suitable for shipping—most definitely not a method for me.

Eventually I found a breeding mount that had the AV within it, and one obstacle was overcome. After the semen was collected, it had to be diluted with an extender made out of milk products and an antibiotic and kept at body temperature, so the sperm had nourishment as they were shipped. That meant I also needed an incubator to keep the extenders and all my mixing equipment at body temperature. A sperm counter, which would tell me how much extender I needed to add, a microscope to look at the sperm, and special shipping containers which kept the sperm at necessary temperature rounded out my needs.

Hal set the mount in concrete at the back end of the breeding wing of the new barn addition. I desired a place out of the way, yet inside, where I could use it in any weather. Many times I'd had to breed a mare outside the little barn with snow or rain falling. This time I wanted the best possible circumstances for my breeding enterprise.

After I had all my equipment set up and the mount was ready, the next hurdle was how do you teach a horse to breed a big black barrel with a hole in the end of it? I talked to lots of people; no one had a definitive answer, but everyone agreed a mare in heat should be involved. I had Hal build a narrow stall almost at a right angle to the mount. He put a back gate on it so my stallion couldn't get to the mare. The idea was for the mare to get the stallion excited enough so when he wanted to mount her, he wouldn't notice

he was making love to a barrel instead of a live mare. Hallelujah could sniff her and even get his nose through the stall spaces, but he couldn't get his head in nor could he go over the top of the stall.

Believe it or not, it almost worked. Hallelujah nuzzled and nickered to the mare, and when he was ready, I pulled him over to the mount. Up he went, put the correct part in the hole, and then—nothing. The look he gave me was priceless. “What the heck was *that*?” he seemed to say. I held my breath and willed him to stay on the dummy and perform, but once it was clear nothing else would transpire and he slid back onto the ground, I gave him an apple and put him away. That was good enough for a first try.

We kept working on the procedure and after several weeks, he did what he was supposed to do. It took some time to figure out what temperature he wanted the AV to be and how much hot water to put in to control the tightness. His first success was cause for great cheering and many apples. Pretty soon he didn't need to have the mare be in heat just a warm body was good enough. This was a good thing because there wasn't always a mare in estrus when I needed to collect him. All was not roses, however.

The plan was for mare owners to call the day before they need to breed their mare telling me they want semen the next day. Then the pressure was on. It has to be collected, processed and shipped overnight by the last Fed Ex or UPS pickup time. Sometimes I had just live covered a mare or collected him for my farm's needs; either way, it would be a challenge to collect more semen that day. Every now and then Hallelujah would decide he just was not in the mood. If he didn't want to do it, he pretty much had control of the ball game.

I had several tricks I'd try. I started collecting in the mornings to give me more time if he wouldn't cooperate. I'd change mares in his tease stall. Sometimes another mare of a different color would perk him up. I tried herbal products with some success and lots of different vitamin supplements. There was only one time that we failed totally, and I had to call and apologize. I felt quite chagrined. Twice the shipments got lost in transit which was disappointing for all involved. It was too late to try again for the mare's heat cycle.

At a horse show during a lunch break, I saw a fellow show exhibitor who was a veterinarian and horse breeder. Dr. Charlene Cook had given me great support in getting started with stallion collection. She was in charge of several top-name Tennessee Walking Horse stallions at her clinic in

Georgia. At lunch I was complaining about how hard it was at times to get the job done. Charlene laughed and said, "I know, I hear the gals who collect our stallions talking and sometimes they get so mad at the studs." Well, that was an eye opener for me. Here I thought I was the only one who had that problem!

I carried on the apple-cigarette tradition in teaching and rewarding my horse for doing his job. And believe it or not during peak breeding season, it did seem like a job. Sometimes without much imagination I thought I heard him say, "Oh, darn, not that again!" or, "Don't bother me, I'm eating." Apples helped. Even if he tried to collect and didn't quite make it, he'd look at me for his apple which he always got. After all, he was frustrated and at times angry, getting off the mount with an irate squeal and sometimes a kick.

Breeding live mares was a different sort of challenge. I spent a lot of money and saw my veterinarian frequently for mare palpations. By rectally examining a mare, he could tell me the size of the ovarian follicle and how ripe or ready it was. This was important because I tried to utilize my stallion for only two live covers per mare. If the stallion isn't busy with numerous mares, the breeder can simply breed the mare every other day until she goes out of heat which is usually five to seven days and says, "No!"

Hallelujah learned to be cagey with his consorts as some of them worried both him and me. They were teasers, leading both of us to think they were really ready to mate, but when Hallelujah started to mount them, they could move back and forth or worse, kick. Sometimes he pushed his chest into their sides to test them out, nuzzling their necks and nickering stallion noises.

If he thought they were receptive, he danced around to the rear and did his job. My job was to be sure they were ready for his advances; but sometimes we both were fooled, and I put the mare away to try again the next day. Many large farms have a teaser stallion who checks out the mares but never breeds them. Hallelujah had to test his own, a job he really relished. This action according to documented facts, kept his testosterone at its highest level. Teasing, talking to and seeing the mares was better for his libido than actually servicing them.

Many breeders restrain the mares in one way or another while they are being bred. Perhaps because I am a woman, that went against my grain. If she wasn't in the mood, I tried to find out why and what could be done in place of forcing the mare to accept my stud's advances.

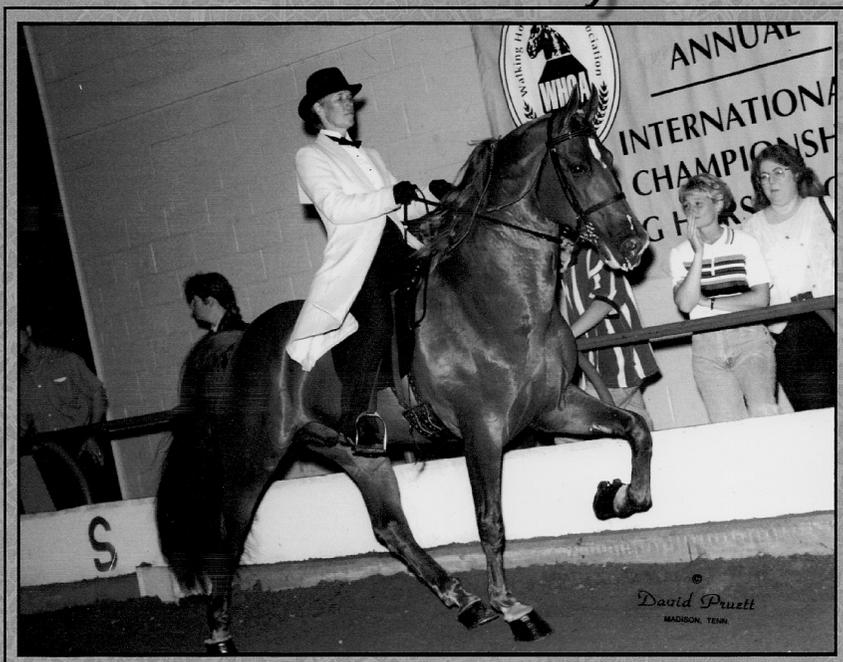
In the beginning, I used hobbles on the mares. They prevented the mares from kicking the stallion in his sensitive parts, but accidents still could occur. Occasionally when the stud came off the mare— more slowly and relaxed than he mounted them, his dangling front foot slipped into the rope of the hobble strap. Having the foresight to imagine a great catastrophe, I added panic snaps to the rings that I could pull quickly and release the hobble. Still it was a danger I decided I would live without. If the mare wasn't ready, I wouldn't tie her down. More teasing with stallion nuzzling and nickering usually did the trick. Some mares wanted to know their mates and they relaxed when he was stalled next to them for a day. Maiden or virgin mares were the worst. They could be quite prudish and want nothing to do with a rearing stallion at their hindquarters. Breeding mares with foals by their sides was another big challenge. How to take the mare from her foal and convince her to mate again was a dilemma. Some wanted to see the foal; others were convinced that the stallion would harm their babies.

Pasture breeding as Xanadu had done in his youth was certainly the best for the mare as the stud had to take his time and whisper lots of sweet nothings. It had a high conception rate too, but it was not possible when breeding diverse and numerous mares. Stud managers who use this method gather the all the mares to be serviced and turn in the stallion. No more mares can be added safely after that point as fighting would occur within the mare ranks. It was a closed sorority. Occasionally I wished I could turn Hallelujah in the pasture with a hard to settle mare, but that was impossible. He was used to his mares being tied up and ready to breed and I didn't want him injured.

I'm not sure that Delight's Headman, whom I'd owned in the 80s, would ever have been disinterested in breeding no matter how many mares were offered. He probably would have loved the phantom mare too, but he was somewhat of a danger to breed. Hallelujah was wonderfully gentle with both the mares and the handler. Perhaps his libido was somewhat less at times, but it worked great for breeding and showing at the same time. I didn't want a breeding machine; I wanted an all-around great horse, and he was that.

While standing Hallelujah at stud, I bought another stallion. This one was a different bloodline and would cross well with Hallelujah's daughters and mares of different breeding. Unfortunately, he was a terror to breed. He was gentle to handle and ride, so it took me completely by surprise that he

Praise Hallelujah



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went bonkers when he saw a mare in the breeding area. The first time I tried breeding him he dragged me the last twenty feet, but I managed to keep holding his rope. He jumped sideways upon the poor mare who fortunately was one of mine not a customer's, and I could hardly pull him off. When I did get him back on the ground, he wheeled around and kicked her. He was *mad!* Somehow I managed to get him back to his stall and realized I needed reinforcements.

I called Eli, a young man with Amish background who is a natural horse whisperer. He'd worked with another young horse sired by Hallelujah I had rescued who was near crazed from mistreatment. He'd done wonders for that one; I hoped with all my heart he could fix this problem for me, too. Eli came, assessed the problem, and after some work was able to get the stallion to walk more quietly to the mare area, but the stud still went crazy when he got close to the mare, rearing and pulling Eli along with him. We didn't breed a mare that day; we were just trying to get the stallion more under control.

When my mare came back into season, Eli came to the barn and handled the stud. The horse was still nuts, but this time he managed to get on the right end of the mare and did his job. When he came down, he wheeled around and tried to kick her again, but Eli was too fast for him and got him off target. Next he reared and pawed the air above our heads. Darn, this wasn't good at all.

Amazingly, over time, this stallion finally got more controllable, and I bred him myself to several mares. The apple trick worked again but only after the fact. Even if offered an apple on the way to the breeding stall, he wouldn't stop his headlong rush to the mare, but as soon as he was done with his job, I pulled his head to me and offered him the apple. At that point it distracted—and interested him—enough that he stopped trying to kick the mare and paw the air, but he was never enjoyable to breed and eventually I gelded him. He made a wonderful riding horse. His libido had been too strong. I wouldn't trade Hallelujah's sometimes fed-up-to-here attitude about mares for one that would breed more mares but be less agreeable to manage. Hallelujah suited me just fine.

But I had more to learn regarding my stallion and his ideas about being the master of New Acre Farm.

Poignant horse/human relationship stories shared by a noted horsewoman.

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