

Running Free

Volume 5, No. 6 - 1999

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE INTERNATIONAL GENERIC HORSE ASSOCIATION



Inside...

Horses and Dogs - prey and predators

The Story of "Burnie" - left to die in a fire

The Beauty of Generic Horses

Fiction: Supernatural Western

& much more!



Straight From The Editor's Mouth...

Here we are on the cusp of the new millennium. What will we accomplish in this all-important year of 1999? It's up to us to close this century with hope for the future -- for the future of horses.

In 1899, horses were being replaced by "iron horses" (trains) and "horseless carriages" (automobiles) were on the move. In 1999 horses are no longer our major mode of transportation, no longer a weapon of war. In short, we have no more practical use for them. But they are still here.

Where will horses be 100 years from now? In 2099, will people still be riding horses? Breeding them? Showing them? ...Eating them? Will we have any practical use for them? What if we come full circle, having depleted our natural resources, and need the help of our noble friend, the horse, once again? Some of the speculation can read like science fiction.

But right now, in 1999, our focus is on preserving the equestrian life-style as best we can. That includes registering all horses, regardless of lineage, and making sure that they are counted as an important part of our animal population. More and more, horses are becoming, and officially recognized as, companion animals. It's important that our voices, as horse lovers and consumers, are heard. Speak up by becoming an active horse person!



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Contributing Editor - Enzo Giobbe

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Inside...

Horses and Dogs - Prey and Predator
HorseAid Extra: Horse-stabbings still unsolved
The Cost of Horse-Keeping Goes Up?
The Beauty of Generic Horses
Training Tips
Thundering Hooves (fiction)
Burning Love - the Story of Burnie
Annual Questionnaire

On the Cover...

Gotanattitude (IGHA # 30G907803), Pinto-Arabian mare, foaled 1995, owned by Julie Ouellette of Gilford, NH.

(Do you have a photo of your horse "running free" to submit for our cover? Please send clear, sharp colour prints and a SASE, if you wish your photo to be returned)

MEN BEFRIEND HORSES, THEN STAB THEM TO DEATH



(Barling, Ark. - Two horses stabbed to death) Two horses were stabbed to death and eight others wounded after being befriended in pastures and lured to the front of their stalls with food, police said.

“It’s very impersonal to drive by and shoot a horse,” police spokeswoman Victoria Harris said. “But it’s another thing to be nice, befriend the horse, and then stab it to death. Anyone who can look into the soft, brown eyes of a horse and then stab it has the profile of a serial killer,” Harris said.

The attacks took place early in the morning at three farms in rural Barling in western Arkansas. “We are all very angry, upset, confused. I just don’t understand,” horse owner Ramona Bailey said.

HORSE AID KANSAS PONY RESCUE UPDATE

All of the 231 Hackney ponies found starving on Neuman Stern’s farm in Miami County, Kansas, have been placed in HorseAid SafeHouses or adopted out through the HorseAid adoption programme (9 of the 240 animals originally found were euthanized because of severe malnourishment and/or injuries beyond the point of saving). Stern was charged with multiple counts of animal abuse, and plead guilty to all charges. He was sentenced to three years in jail (as far as HorseAid can determine, the longest jail term ever administered in an equine abuse case), but was let out after serving only 30 days (to care for his aged mother). The rescued herd had been free-ranging on Stern’s land without much care for over ten years.

Since most of the mares were in foal at the time they were rescued, HorseAid expects at least 90 to 100 foals to be born this Spring (making the rescued herd number well over 300 ponies). There is a very good possibility that (given the life expectancy of most pony breeds), we will still be taking care of most of these Spring “babies” in the year 2030!

This was a rescue effort of the H.S.H. (collected/kept funds), and IGHA / HorseAid (SafeHouses & Adoptions), with some assistance also provided by the K.H.C. and the U of K Veterinarian School, and many, many volunteers. This was, and is, the largest single recorded equine abuse case in U.S. history.

HORSES & DOGS - PREY AND PREDATOR

text by Staci Layne Wilson - art by Michelle Williams



A lot of riders would agree that untrained dogs and horses don't mix. Most of us have been chased by a dog while going through a neighborhood or down the trail – and some of those dogs have even been with groups of other riders. Just because you see a horse, rider and dog together, don't assume that the dog is "horse savvy."

The number of dog-bite incidents is growing. More than four million bites are reported annually, according to the Humane Society of the United States (HSUS). Currently, an estimated 800,000 bites require medical treatment, up from 600,000 in 1986. Dog bites have become the second most costly public-health problem in America, and children are especially at risk; about 60% of all dog bites and 80% of fatal ones involve minors.

Most experts blame irresponsible owners for the trend. Some dogs – for instance, those bred for fighting or guarding – are genetically predisposed to be aggressive. But the amount of training and human interaction dogs receive also contributes to their likelihood to bite. Also, dogs that are kept tied up, dogs that are abused, and un-neutered dogs are more likely to bite.

Forty-five states have passed laws regarding dangerous dogs, according to the American Society for Prevention to Cruelty for Animals (ASPCA). In Mississippi, owners of dogs that kill can be charged with manslaughter. In Indiana, dogs may be considered deadly weapons.

Here is a smattering of stories that have recently appeared in newspapers across the country:

Two Million Dollars Awarded for Dogs Attack on Horses

Kentucky – The Louisville Courier-Journal reported that a Fayette Circuit Court jury awarded two million dollars in damages to the owner of 17 weanling thoroughbreds that had been lost to attacks by dogs. The horse owner sued the owner of a neighboring auto salvage yard because he believed the culprits were guard dogs at the yard. Although the defendant disputed the question of who owned the dogs, the jury found in favor of the horse owner.

Dog Sentenced to Death for Chasing Horse

Oregon – The Oregonian carried a series of stories about a case in which a dog was discovered chasing a neighbor horse in its pasture. The dog was made the subject of a seizure hearing, and sentenced to be euthanized. These legal steps occurred under the provisions of an Oregon law that requires the humane

destruction of a pet that kills, harms or harasses livestock. Although the horse was not injured, Jackson County commissioners concluded the dog was chasing livestock. They said state law obligated them to order the malamute-collie mix killed.

Refusing to agree to have the animal destroyed, the dog's owner spent over \$3,000 for the dog's keep in the shelter while he fought the matter in court.

Tempers rose on both sides of the issue. The shelter's personnel received death threats, and County commissioners received impassioned letters from ranchers with photos of livestock mutilated by dogs. That evidence persuaded the commissioners not to modify the state law that mandates the humane destruction of pets that kill, harm or harass livestock.

Dog Kills Miniature Horse

California – The Los Angeles Times carried a story about a 2 foot-tall miniature horse worth \$10,000 to \$15,000 which was attacked by a neighbor's Rottweiler and had to be destroyed. The dog was put to death.

Vicki Katreeb, who with her sister owned the horse named Drifter, said she went to the horse's stall Sunday morning to find his coat plastered with dried blood. "I started looking at him and lifting his coat, and he had wounds all over – from head to toe and two gaping wounds in his rear end," Katreeb said. "He wasn't just bit and torn; [the dog] had basically started to eat him."

The white stallion, who was trapped in his stall when he was attacked, was not just worth a substantial sum, she said, but also was valued as a pet. Drifter used to pull Katreeb's disabled sister around the property in a small cart.

A neighbor, Donald Stout, kept three Rottweilers in a fenced area on his property. One or maybe two jumped a 3-foot fence and entered the stable. Only one attacked the horse. Suspecting that dogs had mauled Drifter, Katreeb checked the animals next door. "One was clean, and the other was covered with blood and sweat and white hair," she said.


It is believed that no one witnessed the attack, but Stout nonetheless turned over the dog, J.R., to Orange County Animal Control officials. "I'm not 100% sure he did it, but under the circumstances the finger was pointed at the dog, and because the neighbors are in close proximity to us, if the dog did kill the horse the right thing was to get rid of it," he said. Stout said the dog was not trained to attack and was friendly to people once they were admitted to the property. Stout has agreed to remove the other Rottweilers from his property.

(continued...)

HORSES & DOGS, (CONT'D)...

Stories like these are becoming all too common. To avoid problems, dog owners should always keep their pets on leashes in public (even on bridle trails) and make sure their yards are safely enclosed by fences higher than their dogs can jump. Precautions should also be taken so that the dog cannot dig its way out from the bottom of a fence. Owners should be alert for potential signs of viciousness: incessant barking, fierce possessiveness toward food or toys, and lunging, snapping, snarling or growling at family members or strangers. A dog that is acting aggressively should be seen by a veterinarian or animal behaviorist right away.

Horse owners cannot rely on dog owners to train their pets – start getting your horse used to dogs right away by asking friends and neighbors if you can join them when they walk their dogs. Be careful when introducing these two very different species: when a horse lowers its muzzle to sniff the dog, hold the dog steady so that it can't nip. Bring your horse to kennels/pens where dogs are likely to bark, then ask him to stand still and relax. Carrots will help him to associate dogs with good things. Sacking out exercises, teaching your horse to resist his flight instinct, are also helpful. Never run from a dog; even a just-curious dog can turn to biting once his predator instinct is spurred by the action of running prey.

Remember, animals just follow their natural urges. We are ultimately responsible for our animals and it is they who have to suffer for our errors – so please, take the time train your dogs and your horses. It could save their lives. 

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT...

Another great reason to register your horse with the IGHA.

“I am requesting an application to register my 18 month old gelding. Recently someone left the gates to my fields open and he was lost for six days. Fortunately, he was found in good condition. This event really brought it my attention that he should be registered.”

– Anthony Romero, Velarde, NM

Police officials and search parties will be much easier to mobilize if you have official proof of ownership and a written description of your horse.

THE BEAUTY OF GENERIC HORSES



Clockwise from top:

Curiosity at Large (IGHA# 30G907801) with owner, Jessica Heierling
Bedrock Blizzard (IGHA# 50G910802), owned by Traci Fuller
Sir Michael (IGHA# 50G912803) with owner, Joan Steffey
Skippa Waddy Jo (IGHA #60G910801), owned by Colleen Newton

TELL US YOUR STORY!

Do you have a story to share about your IGHA-registered horse? We'd love to read your personal tales about your special horses, or anything else you think might be of interest to our readers. Tell us!

TRAINING TIP - BRIDLING

by Staci Layne Wilson

When I was very little, just five years old, I got my first pony. Cinnamon Cinder was a lilliputian Shetland, but when he stuck his nose up in the air, he was like a the Empire State Pony to me. And he knew it. He didn't much care for being ridden and he had learned that step one was getting the bridle on. If he foiled me there, he was home free. He was a tough cookie, though: when my mom came to the rescue, he'd shake his head from side to side and do just about everything else he could to evade the bridle. I can hardly blame him, though. Not knowing any better, we used a cheap, pressed pony bit with long shanks and once we got it anywhere near his mouth, we'd desperately try to force it between his clenched teeth.

The first thing you need to do is check your tack. Does the bridle leather have any twisted parts or exposed rivets? (If you're using a bit with Chicago screws, make sure they're tight and flush against the leather, and check them frequently!) Is the browband too tight? Is your bit adjusted too tightly? (The corners of the horse's mouth should have no more than two wrinkles, and the bit should set nicely in the gap between the incisors and the molars. If your horse has wolf teeth, have your veterinarian remove them.) Does the bit have any rusty bumps or sharp, peeling portions? Does it pinch? (If you're using a snaffle, change your loose ring snaffle to an eggbutt: there is no chance of any muzzle skin getting pinched using the latter.)


Next see how your horse responds to having you touch his mouth when there is no bridle involved. Does he have a sensitive muzzle? Will he let you insert your thumb in the corner of his mouth? How about his ears? Are they ticklish? You might be annoying him as you bring the crownpiece over his ears.

How do you bridle your horse? Do you bump his teeth with the bit to get him to open? Do you routinely put an ice-cold bit in his mouth? If you are inconsiderate, your horse will begin to resent it, and who can blame him for trying to get out of being bridled?

If you can rule out all of these possible causes, then you'll just have to figure that someone else has created the problem and it's fallen to you to repair the damage. The first thing I do when retraining a problem horse like this is to teach him to lower his head on cue. Standing beside him as he is in a halter and lead, lay one hand on the bridge of his nose and the other flat against his poll (the bony bump between the ears, which is very sensitive). Exert gentle downward pressure. If he moves his head down even a fraction of an inch, let go. Remember: the release of pressure is a reward for a the horse. Some resistant horses will require a more insistent, side-to-side pushing to lower the head, and some respond better to a downward pull on the leadrope. Whatever works for you and your horse is fine, as long as you never *force* his head down. That will defeat the purpose.

To begin bridling, tie him up with a halter and leadrope. I am only 5'2" so if the horse is tall I might stand on something. Even though I may have taught my horse to lower his head on cue, the bit-evasion is a very strongly ingrained habit and I will still be at a disadvantage if I am not perceived as taller. First I will insert my thumb into the bar of his mouth (that empty spot on the lower jaw between the teeth) and will have the bit at the ready against his teeth. As he opens, I will gently slide the bit in-between and bridle carefully, but not too slowly. Be careful with the ears — guide the far ear under first, then the near ear. Once the bridle is on, give the horse a reward. Sugar is the least messy, easiest to eat treat — you won't get any green, grassy drool or orange slobber with a sugar cube! Also, since it dissolves quickly, your horse won't be struggling against the bit trying to nosh a cumbersome tidbit.

If the horse raises his head during the bridling process, stop where you are and give the head lowering cue again. Keep on asking for the lowered head until you can comfortably bridle — do not fight with the tossing head, ever. Calmly ask the horse to bring his head down, and bridle only in the position that is easy for *you*.

Repeat the procedure several times in one day, until the horse begins to accept the inevitable. You may not get him completely desensitized in one day, but you'll be off to a good start. 

THUNDERING HOOVES

text by Staci Layne Wilson, ®WGAw - art from the Museum of Western Art

Would the sound of those thundering hooves never stop? They followed him everywhere now, it seemed.

When his sputtering morning coffee percolated: thump, thump, thump. When the water from his shower beat against the porcelain: clop, clop, clop. When he started his old truck and it struggled to turn over: pit, pit, pit.

Crease Hanks sat up in bed, his world grey with shadow, silver with moonlight. He heard nothing now. The damnable thundering hooves had chased him right out his restless sleep, it seemed. The room went stark white suddenly, spreading out from the naked window as lightning cut the sky.

He sighed. It really was just thunder this time. Crease swung his bony, stocking-clad legs over the edge of his bed and stood. The wooden floor felt like an ice-skating rink, even through his woolen socks. His shoulders shot up in a quick shiver – it was beyond cold.

Crease walked quickly to the window, covering the ground in just two long steps, hugging his old bones to himself. He shook his head and sighed again, chiding his frailty. In his younger days, he used to sleep outside on the icy, hard ground.

The sound of thundering hooves didn't bother him back then. In fact, he'd welcomed them. He'd been a darn good mustanger and made a pretty decent living at it, too. Most of what he made slipped through his fingers – into shot glasses, onto green felt tabletops, and into the hands of saloon girls. But, he'd saved enough to buy himself a small spread in the Kiger Valley. That's all that

really mattered when all was said and done. What would Crease do with extra money, anyway?

He'd bought the Oregon spread back in the winter of '24. Though Crease had grey in his beard even then, and the horse herds were thinning out, he was still doing a little mustanging.

The Kiger Valley had some of the



best horses he'd ever had the privilege to put a rope on. Crease had been a vagabond most of his adult life – he'd tracked the wild ones across Mexico, California, Arizona, Vancouver. But none had been so fine as the Kiger horses.

Crease had seen a book once that showed paintings the Renaissance period, made in Spain. The horses he saw on those pages were like the ones he'd later see in his Valley: small, short-coupled, with stocky yet supremely elegant bodies. They had strong jaws beneath almost wedge-shaped heads, wide between their large eyes and tapering into very fine muzzles. Some had elk noses – a slight bump swelling just above the nostrils which was one of the prized characteristics of the Spanish horse. Their small ears were like scythes, tips curving inward. The colours on many of the horses in the paintings were those which denote the primitive: buckskins, duns, claybanks. Most of the mustangs Crease had caught in his life were sold by the pound; but the Oregon horses, like works of art, were bought to be kept.

The Kiger horses were elusive, hard to catch. They seemed to have an instinctive intelligence, and a general shyness of man accentuated by an extremely well-honed herd instinct. This aloofness, Crease guessed, was probably what kept the select group of horses out of the common gene pool as settlers converged into the West in the 1800's. And that's why Crease seemed to have the corner on the market: he was the best at what he did.

They called it winging, or creasing. Not many people alive in the 20th century had the talent anymore, but Crease... well, that was his namesake. Most cowboys chased the horses, ran them, risking broken backs, broken legs. Crease had the patience for his craft, the sharp eye and the steady hand. He'd pick the best of the bunch and track that horse, keeping it in his sights. He'd wait until he got just the right angle, raise his rifle and squeeze.

He'd crease the horse right along its withers, disabling it. One inch wrong, and the horse would be ruined, maybe even killed. That's why creasing was only done sparingly, and even then only by the best.

It was a lost art, Crease often said. "Nowadays, so-called cowboys ride trucks to round up their horses, and they work in teams," he scoffed to anyone who'd listen. "In my day it was just me and my Winchester."

His day. Crease snorted at the words as they flashed through his mind. Made him sound like the miserable old coot he was.

His day had come and gone. Crease knew it years ago, when he'd killed that fine stud. The stud was sixteen hands of solid muscle and blazing fire, and the prettiest damn horse Crease had ever seen. He wanted that animal for himself – the horse must have sensed the man's desire, his determination. The golden horse went against nature and separated himself from his herd, leaving them to fend for themselves in the valley while he tried to save himself, leading the man far up into the mountains.

The wild stallion blended with the trees, the rocks, the earth. His coat was a deep, tawny bronze and he had the primitive equine camouflage: herringbone stripes on his legs, and not a speck of white on him.

The horse stayed just a step ahead of Crease for two whole days and nights, wending his way deeper into the foliage, higher and higher he climbed. On the third morning, just at the crack of dawn, the horse stopped. Crease had a perfect shot.

Crease was tired and cold. It wasn't the first time he'd felt the cold, and it wasn't the first time his joints had ached. But it was the first time he thought twice about pulling the trigger. It was the first time he'd felt old.

He crouched down, lining the magnificent stallion up with his sight. He squeezed.

The mustang turned and looked at Crease – stared, almost – then fell down dead.

Crease had been aiming for the withers, but somehow he had shot the horse right through the heart. How could he have been so wrong?

Crease, standing by his frosty window years later, could still see that stud's dead eyes. It was something he'd never forget till the day he died: the horse's eyes were a dark, sapphire blue. Freak of nature.

Right then and there, Crease laid his rifle down forever. He left it by the prone body of the stallion and

walked back down the mountain alone, an old man.

Lightning seared the sky again as Crease gazed out from behind the glass. A horse! He saw a horse streak by. He heard the thundering hooves.

His heart beat against his ribs. This was the first glimpse he'd caught of the damnable creature. Crease had heard his gallop many times in the past few nights, even found the hoof prints left in the soil by the light of day – but never before had he *seen* the mustang.

Crease's nose was practically touching the frigid glass as he strained for another look. The full moon was bright, but somehow Crease had lost sight of the creature. He sighed, turning away. He shivered.

Clip, clop, clip. The horse was back! Crease saw him in all his glory this time: he was an elegant, muscular stallion, a Kiger with a wedge-shaped head and tiger stripes on his legs. "I'll be damned." It was the spitting image of the mountain stallion. It could easily be that horse's grandson, Crease thought.

Crease caught sight of the empty corral outside. Long empty, since Crease had sold his last saddle horse. He had a sudden, overwhelming desire to see that stallion in his corral. One thought led to another: he turned and spied his old lasso coiled in the corner.

Maybe he wasn't that old and cold after all.

Crease checked to see if the horse was still outside – he was, trotting back and forth in the driveway near the old pickup – and hurried to dress.

The bronze stud snorted when Crease stepped outside. He let go of a long, drawn out rattle, his nostrils quivering. Crease had heard that rattlesnake sound many times... the classic warning of a herd stallion. But there were no mares to caution. Who was he warning, then?

Crease's pulse quickened and his heart raced with excitement. How he had missed this!

The horse watched, his face in shadow, as the man approached.

Crease was amazed as he advanced slowly, cautiously. There seemed no need for caution, as the horse stood his ground. Crease stopped three yards from the stallion. He raised his rope with animal stealth, brought it up above his head and started the swinging circle.

Thunder rumbled a few miles away. The storm was passing.


Crease stepped forward and cast the rope. It sailed over the horse's head and came down with stunning accuracy – and passed right through the silky, tangled mane and through the arched neck, thudding to the ground.

Crease had not missed. He had roped a ghost horse. Crease's eyes had just sent the incomprehensible information to his brain when the horse charged.

He fell backwards, landing hard, and just as he shielded his eyes from the stiletto onslaught, a flash of lightning illuminated the stallion's dark blue eyes.

The last thing Crease heard were the thundering hooves coming for him.

"It's a shame," said the embalmer to his assistant as he prepared Crease Hanks' body for a meager burial, "an old cowboy like this dying in bed.

"They say that last storm got him. The heater busted, poor old codger froze to death. Died in his sleep." 

BURNING LOVE

text by Staci Layne Wilson - photo by Margie Rickards

The buckskin gelding was locked in his corral between two burning sheds. Once the pen had been a safe haven, now it was a deathtrap. There had been a chemical explosion, and the people who owned the horse had fled the scene, leaving him there to burn. Someone either from the police or fire department called a local veterinarian, Dr. Nancy Voytosh, of Apple Valley, CA.

When Nancy arrived at the ranch, it had been burning for quite some time. The HAZMAT crew worked feverishly to identify the chemicals involved, in an effort to protect civilians and fire fighters. No one could begin to work until they had that information. Minutes ticked by, the horse still suffering horribly.



The buckskin was finally freed and Nancy had him transported to the large animal hospital. She would have notified the horse's owners of his whereabouts, but they fled so quickly they left keys in the gate, food on the stove and an assortment of dogs, chickens, and critters. It turned out the explosion was due to be a methamphetamine drug lab accident, so it was unlikely the culprits would ever return.


The local Animal Control was assigned custody of the gelding, and Nancy began intensive treatment on him at her facility. IV antibiotics, burn dressings, eye ointments (his corneas were burned to a milky blue-white) and massive doses of pain medication were the first order of business. According to Nancy, "Burnie" went straight to the feeder. Blindman's bluff-style, nose bumping along the rail, he went to the food. That simple act alone kept her from putting him

down right then. The next 48 hours would tell her a lot more, and she decided to give him the chance to fight for his life.

About a week later, Burnie was introduced to Liz Broussard, a vet technician who worked with Nancy in Apple Valley. "To say that I was unprepared would be a gross understatement," she says. "I was paralyzed. What stood before me was a rail-thin, burned, blind, swollen, oozing horse with a melted mane and tail. My eyes filled with tears and I just couldn't believe that humans could do something so deeply wrong, so evil. They just left him there to die." Liz walked into the stall and Burnie backed up a step, then stopped. "I did too. I put my hand out and Nancy reminded me that he couldn't see me, but he could hear and smell me. I just talked softly and he came forward, once he was assured I wouldn't pet him. How could I? He was burned over most of his body, and things were looking like they were going to come off. His hide had burned, bubbled up and hardened. He looked corrugated."

Liz asked Nancy who would take care of Burnie after he was released, and she said, "There's no one. The animal shelter will make me give him back after I clear him, since he has no owners now." And by law, the horse was considered evidence in a narcotics investigation. Liz, who had dreamed of having a horse of her own ever since she was a little girl, was determined to adopt Burnie.

But it wasn't so simple. The horse still required an enormous amount of medical care, and the facility at the Animal Shelter was not adequate for all of Burnie's special needs; HorseAid volunteer Margie Rickards stepped in, got the horse donated to HorseAid, and Burnie was brought to her home where he was cared for by Margie, Nancy and Liz. It wasn't easy. Burnie needed hydro therapy, misters in the stall, antibiotics, constant pain medication, no sun whatsoever, ointment for his eyes, and lots of time. Finally, he was officially adopted by Liz and taken to her home.

Today Burnie is happy, healthy, feisty, fat and sassy. He regained vision in his right eye and maybe a little in his left. "His skin is almost all healed," Liz says. "He got all the hide and hair back on the rest of his body, he has his feet trimmed every 6 weeks, and he gets massive amounts of carrots and kisses from me... his mom." 

ANNUAL QUESTIONNAIRE 1999

Were you satisfied with the quality of your IGHA registration certificate?

Yes No

If no, please check one of the following negatives

Paper quality

Color scheme

General layout

Other Explain: _____

Do you feel that the fees for registration and our various services are fair? (Please note the benefits of registration on the opposite page before answering.)

Yes No

Have you visited our website?

Yes No

If yes, please rate the following

1 - poor, 2 - fair, 3 - good (circle one for each, please)

• Easy to navigate — 1 / 2 / 3

• Loading time — 1 / 2 / 3

• Layout and design — 1 / 2 / 3

• Quality of information — 1 / 2 / 3

• Easy to contact us — 1 / 2 / 3

Would you be more likely to buy products from a company that gives a portion of its proceeds to horse welfare groups?

Yes

No Explain: _____

What areas would you like to see the IGHA focus more attention on?

Horse property / land issues / trail preservation

Recognition of Generic horses in shows and special events (parades, expos, etc.)

Equine Welfare and Rescue (our HorseAid branch)

Media (expand website, write articles for magazines, television appearances)

Merchandise (release videos for purchase, logo tee-shirts, etc.)

Other: _____

What ways are you, as a horse-lover, willing to help us bring attention to the importance of registering Generic horses?

Recommend to others that they register their horses

Volunteer time occasionally as picketer, letter-writer to Congress, etc.

Purchase items with the IGHA logo

Financial

Other: _____

For this publication, how would you rate the following?

1 - not interested, 2 - fairly interested, 3 - very interested (circle one for each, please)

• Training tips — 1 / 2 / 3

• Equine health and care — 1 / 2 / 3

• HorseAid "Success Stories" — 1 / 2 / 3

• Equine welfare issues — 1 / 2 / 3

• Updates on legislation that relates to horses — 1 / 2 / 3

• Profiles on IGHA-registered horses — 1 / 2 / 3

• General (i.e., breed profiles, saddle selection, dogs and horses) — 1 / 2 / 3

• On the lighter side (i.e., fiction, jokes, anecdotes, book/movie reviews) — 1 / 2 / 3

Anything else you'd like to tell us? Write it on a separate sheet, and we'd love to hear from you! "Thank you" tokens of appreciation will be sent to the first 10 people who mail their completed questionnaires in. (Don't forget to give us your mailing address!)

Please date and initial here: _____

Q: WHAT IS A GENERIC HORSE?

Is It This PET PONY?
Or Is It This PEDIGREED PASO FINO?

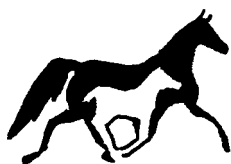


A: BOTH!

Any horse from a racing Thoroughbred (First Finance, California Stakes winner, registered with JC, CTBA, and IGHA #6E000050), to a non-pedigreed pleasure pony (Smokey Jett Jr., IGHA #5A000001) can be registered with the IGHA, but generally a “generic” horse or pony is a previously unregistrable mixed or cross breed of unknown lineage, mixed parentage, unregistered sire/dam, or the get or produce of non-approved out crosses. We, however, use the term “generic” within our registration rules to denote all breeds and types.

Remember, when you register your horse or pony with the IGHA, you do several important and positive things:

- You have proof that the animal belongs to you (the IGHA registration certificate). Helpful if your horse is ever stolen.
- You leave a permanent record that your horse or pony was here (a recorded marker that it existed).
- There are many shows that allow only registered horses and ponies to compete. From halter class to endurance, Generic Horses can excel — but without their papers they may never get a chance.
- You make your horse or pony eligible for HorseAid's exclusive No Kill Covenant, and copyrighted No Kill Brand (part of the covenant is IGHA registration, otherwise we would have no means or authority to track the animal).
- You help add your animal to the U.S. equine census. The more horses and ponies the USDA (and Congress) knows about, the bigger the political clout we horsepeople have.
- And finally, you help the IGHA to not only speak for all the horses and ponies that up until the time we were founded had no voice (because they were not usually counted), you also help horses less privileged than your own through the IGHA funded HorseAid programme (a portion of each IGHA registration fee goes toward funding our equine beneficence programmes like HorseAid). So why delay? Register with the IGHA today!



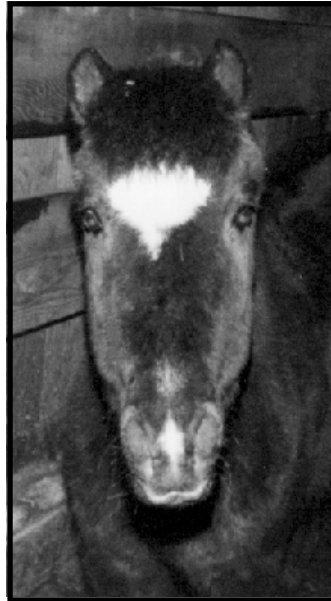
I.G.H.A.
world's largest all-breeds registry

Download a Registration Application from
www.igha.org

International Generic Horse Association
Post Office Box 6778
Eastview Station
Palos Verdes, CA 90734-6778

If you would like to learn more about how you can help HorseAid help horses or wish to register a horse or pony with the IGHA, please visit our Web site at: <http://www.igha.org>

- "When is it Horse Abuse?" Info
- "HA Brand & Microchip" Info
- HorseAid informational Web pages
- IGHA registry information



In the 20's and 30's, it was the "little girls" of those generations that saved most of the current horse breeds from certain extinction. Today it is up to us, the children, grand-children and great grand-children of those "little girls" of decades past to ensure that their legacy is not lost.



Smokey Jett Jr. (1960-1988)
First Registered IGHA Equine
and Official IGHA Mascot



"...Registration Without Discrimination"

I.G.H.A. / HorseAid™
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