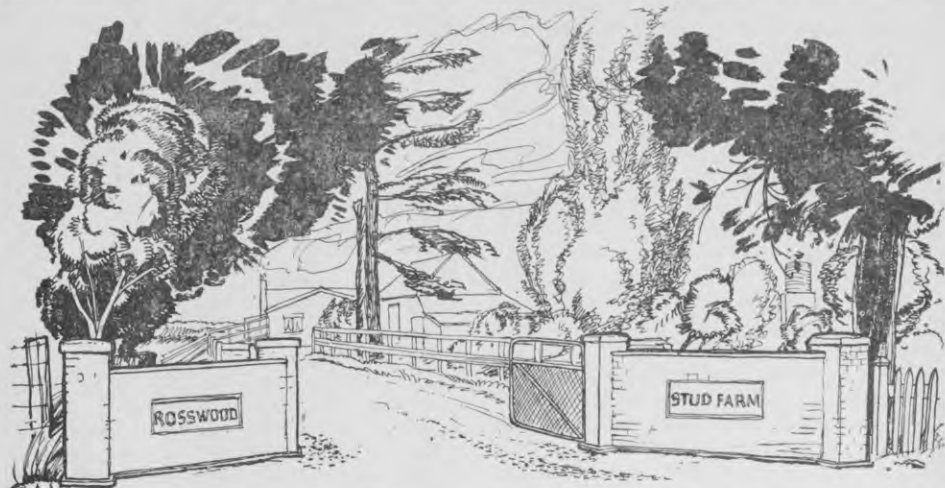


After the foaling and breeding is finished, the main work, apart, of course, from caring for the new babies, is preparing the yearlings for the main sales in January—highlight of the breeder's year. It is hard, exacting work: on the day a yearling enters the ring there must not be a hair out of place. After the yearling sales comes the breeder's

Night Eruption, Doria, Toque, Corinilla, and Wee Bun. Altogether there are fifty mares.

One of the results of careful selective breeding over many years is an increase in speed and stamina; another is that the animals have become more highly strung. Some horses have habits and ideas of living peculiar to themselves:



slack time, with a chance to catch up on property maintenance and other work that has to be neglected through the later months of the year.

For a month or two there's time to talk, and to argue, too. As one authority says: "The opinions of horsemen vary on breeding, feeding, breaking, training, riding, shipping, racing, and betting." The breeder's job is chancy. He knows no more about the foal he hopes to get than the racing record, the conformation and physique, and the pedigrees of the dam and sire. Those factors may be perfect, but they are no guarantee of what the foal will do later on the race-course. Not all horses with high-class breeding are race successes, but few reach top flight who have not blood credentials.

The foals at this stud are bred to be good. The two sires were undisputed champions; and among the brood mares are such well-known horses as Cuddle (she must be first), Serenata, Haughty Toti, Fido, Sailor's Love, Arctic Queen, Anita Foe, Madame Rachel, Sleeveless,

one won't eat bran, another won't look at his meals at the proper time; this young fellow runs round all day and will never grow fat the way he's going; that baby likes to blow bubbles in her drinking water

We walked through one of the paddocks of this 110-acre property; lush green feed tickled our knees: a mixture of white clover, English and Italian ryes, and Timothy grasses. And it has to be good; horses are careful, fastidious feeders, and if the grass isn't the sweetest they would rather grow thin looking over fences than chew a mouthful. Everywhere were mares with foals at foot—a dozen or more mothers with their November babies. In the middle of the paddock we sat down in the afternoon sunshine to talk. Within two minutes there was a warm snuffling at my neck. It was a curious mother; and her foal had a snuffle, too. I stroked his nose and tickled his eyelashes; he didn't move away, his mother took no notice of my attentions. In ten minutes every