



Van Dahn Staff & Riders--1990 CDS Award Winners!

Congratulations to our Van Dahn staff and riders who completed the show year with much success! The following Van Dahn riders will receive their year end awards at the California Dressage Society (CDS) L.A. Chapter Awards Banquet on January 11, 1991:

Renee Spurge/Mr. Bento -- Juniors Award (15 and under)
 Cindy Julian/Lear's Music Man -- Young Rider Award (16-21 years)
 Eileen Whalen/Full Cry -- Ad/Am Training Level Award
 Leslie Morse/Reiss -- Open Second Level Award
 Deborah Knopfler/Seiglinde -- Ad/Am Second Level Award
 Aileen Morse/Sourenir -- Ad/Am Second Level Award
 Leslie Morse/Nelson -- Open Third Level Award
 Leslie Morse/Juvel -- Prix St. Georges Award
 Julie LaTouf/Miss Piaff -- Grand Prix/ Grand Prix Special Award

Van Dahn Scholarship

Traditional Equitation School and Van Dahn International would like to establish a scholarship fund. The Lilian Van Dahn Memorial Scholarship would be awarded each year to one adult and one junior rider with exceptional talent, who lack the resources to pursue their riding careers. Specific criteria will be established at a later date, but the scholarship would essentially enable the recipients to acquire the use of a suitable horse, take lessons and compete at shows.

If you are interested in being a donor for this scholarship, please see Patricia Kinnaman.

Van Dahn Memorial Library

The following new video and books are now available in the library:

Magic of Classical Dressage (video)

Encyclopedia of the Horse (Elwyn Hartley Edwards, ed.)
 Horse and Rider: From Basics to Show Competition (Judy Richter)
 Horses and Horsemanship (M.E. Ensminger)
 Hunter Seat Equitation (revised edition) (George Morris)
 Know About Horses: A Ready Reference Guide to Horses, Horse People and Horse Sports (Harry Disston)
 The Lamé Horse: Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment (James R. Rooney)
 The Horse in Anatomical Transparencies with Additional Detailed Color Illustrations (Ernest Beck)

Helmet Deadline Postponed

The deadline requiring the use of ASTM- and SEI-approved helmets by junior and combined training riders at American Horse Show Association events has been pushed forward to April 1, 1991. The previous deadline was December 1990. This postponement is the third since the new standards' original effective date in December 1989 and will allow opponents of the new rules to make their case at the AHSA Convention this month.



Learn to Ride in T.E.S. Dressage Schooling Shows

The Dressage Show Prep Clinic is designed for students who want to learn how to ride in the T.E.S. Dressage and Combined Training Schooling Shows. It is especially geared for Dressage and Eventing students with little or no show experience. The clinic will cover:

- Introduction to Dressage Shows
- Show Etiquette, Dress and Rules
- Choosing, Analyzing, and Memorizing the Tests
- How to Ride the Tests
- How to Interpret Your Scores
- What to do at the Show

The clinic will be held on Saturday, January 12, from 2:00-3:30 p.m. The Dressage Schooling Show is on Sunday, January 20, 1991. The cost is \$40.00. An additional riding clinic may be arranged for those who wish to practice riding the tests.



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Ten Things Not to Do in the Barn

by Savannah Brenthal

1. Duck under your horse's head while grooming. Aside from the obvious danger of leaving your back exposed to nibbly equine teeth, the smell of a hot, sweaty little human directly beneath your horse's nostrils may cause him to react with understandable alarm.

2. Offer an item of food held between your fingers. Your horse cannot easily tell the difference between a carrot and a finger. There is a danger that he may enjoy the unusual taste of your fingers, and remove them, thus making future feedings more difficult.

3. Groom or tack without haltering. Your horse knows that grooming and tacking usually lead to work. Unless tied, he may decide to walk away from you. Most instructors will not accept "dizziness caused by following my horse around his stall" as a good excuse for lateness to class.

4. Run, scream, or make loud noises. Horses are extremely empathic creatures. Nearby horses may try to immitate your joy/terror with some runs and screams of their own--an occurrence that is sure to make you unpopular with the riders trying to groom, walk or ride them.

5. Clip crossties to the bit. This action exerts pressure on your horse's mouth every time he moves his head. Should anything scare him and cause him to move suddenly, it may also severely damage his mouth, making him sore, unrideable, and very, very mad.

6. Attach crossties to a halter that's around your horse's neck. Tying a halter around your horse's neck and attaching crossties to it effectively fastens his neck to two steel posts. Should he move ever so slightly, the halter will quickly tighten around his neck and begin to strangle him. Killing your horse while tacking is something all good riders should avoid--it makes you very unpopular with your fellow riders, the management, and animal rights organizations.

7. Leave grooming tools where your horse can reach them. Your horse is an inquisitive animal. To him, a bucket of tools is quite intriguing, especially since students tend to leave carrot bags in the buckets. The vet's bill for surgical removal of a hoof pick can be fairly high.

8. Mount without double-checking the fit of your tack. This one speaks for itself. Maybe the reason your horse won't go on the bit is that the bit is situated firmly between his nostrils.

9. Put your hands on the ground while grooming or applying leg wraps. Horses are big and heavy. Your hands are small and fragile. Should your horse step on your hands, you might have difficulty fitting them into your gloves.

10. Smoke in or near the stable areas. Aside from the obvious danger of fire, there is a possibility that your horse may be a non-smoker who might be offended by the smell of smoke. As Miss Winnie would say, "An offended horse is an unhappy horse. Good manners always make for better riding."

Winner's Circle

T.E.S. Dressage Schooling Show

December 2, 1990

School Horse Division

Pre-Training, Test A: 1. Iowa (54.0%), Ally Stewart.

Pre-Training, Test B: 1. Kansas (64.7%), Marcia Mosko; 2. New York (60.0%), Jan Hedrick; and 3. Kansas (60.0%), Michel Michelsen.

Training Level, Test 1: 1. Aaron (63.8%), Laurie Crow; 2. New York (61.4%), Jan Hedrick; and 3. Kansas (57.6%), Michel Michelsen.

Combined Training--Training Level, Test 1: 1. Illinois, Liv Eisaman; and 2. Georgia, Karen Oh.

Open Division

Pre-Training, Test A: 1. Sheza Secret (62.6%), Debra Todd; 2. Amo Tien (61.3%); and 3. Timberland (59.3%), Victoria Takamatsu.

Pre-Training, Test B: 1. Phantom (68.8%), Davida Johnson; and Sheza Secret (64.1%), Debra Todd.

Training Level, Test 1: 1. Phantom (66.1%), Davida Johnson; 2. Kris (61.9%), Jamie Kinser; and 3. Who Stole My D (60.4%), Courtney Hobson.

Training Level, Test 2: 1. Flash Dancer (61.3%), Suzanne Kahan; 2. Justin (60.8%), Mary Bassel; and 3. Casanova (60.4%), Anne-Marie Lindell.

Training Level, Test 3: 1. Majestic Bay (65.0%), Casey Canon; 2. Flash Dancer (63.0%), Suzanne Kahan; and 3. Gibson (61.1%), Susan Snipes.

Training Level, Test 4: 1. Sir Walter (66.6%), Shauna Birney; and 2. Flash Dancer (61.3%), Suzanne Kahan.

First Level, Test 1: 1. Sir Walter (67.0%), Shauna Birney; 2. Indiana (63.7%), Charles Kishaba; and 3. Zamfyr (61.8%), Emily Gunnell.

First Level, Test 2: 1. Valentino (63.2%), Chris Eberhardt.

First Level, Test 3: 1. Zamfyr (61.6%), Emily Gunnell; 2. Regitoff (59.6%), Arlene Sands; and 3. Finch (54.3%), Britt Petrotta.

Second Level, Test 1 or 2: 1. Seiglinde (66.7%), Deborah Knopfer (Test 2); and 2. Regitoff (60.3%), Arlene Sands (Test 1).

Third Level, Test of Choice: 1. Beau (55.3%), Stefani Horton (Test 1); and 2. Beau (53.5%), Stefani Horton (Test 3).

Fourth Level, Test of Choice: 1. Souvenir (61.7%), Aileen Morse (Test 1).

Combined Training--Training Level, Test 1: 1. Justin, Mary Bassel; and 2. Calvin, Lee Kessner.

Combined Training--Training Level, Test 2: 1. Kris, Jamie Kinser; and 2. Conejo, Carol Johnson.

Dressage Hack: 1. Fire Fox, Davida Johnson.

Dressage Equitation: 1. Fire Fox, Davida Johnson.

T.E.S. Point to Point

November 4, 1990

Beginning Walk-Trot - Adult Division: 1. Parker (17:52), Thao Chu; 2. Oklahoma (18:13), Monica Kanner; and 3. Whiskie (18:30), Kim Flum.

Beginning Walk-Trot - Junior Division: 1. Blue Cheese (18:05), April Dolan; 2. Dakota (18:30), Valentina Mozarati; and 3. Kansas (18:52), Jennie Press.

Intermediate - Adult Division: 1. Kentucky (20:18), Michael Michaelson; 2. Kansas (21:25), Barry Press; and 3. Oklahoma (22:30), Wendy Roebuck.

Intermediate - Junior Division: 1. Duke (20:50), Hillary Smotherman; 2. Nathan (21:30), Katie Alpert; and 3. Alaska (22:03), Jessica Rivera.

Advanced - Adult Division: 1. Nebraska (17:59), Pat Waldich; 2. Alabama (18:35), Lisa Amon; and 3. Dakota (18:43), Debbie Snider.

Advanced - Junior Division: 1. Alaska (19:05), Emily Warren; and 2. Vermont (20:40), Nogol Azad.

Dear Miss Winnie

Dear Miss Winnie,

I'm a new horse in the school, and I'm hoping you can help me with a problem. My new digs are great, the carrots come pretty regularly, and the students are really cool, except for a notable few.

Some students forget to clean my feet after a lesson! It's like because my hooves are in the shavings they don't exist! Let me tell you, that arena sand packed in my hooves turns into concrete in about an hour--which not only feels terrible, but makes it next to impossible for the next student to clean. I've even had beginners who GIVE UP on cleaning it out! Oh, those were the longest lessons to endure. How can I make sure my hooves get picked clean?

Anxiously,
Wyoming

Dearest Wyoming,

First, a hearty welcome to TES, and second, let me sympathize with your plight. Miss Winnie is appalled that basic hoof care is so often neglected by otherwise well-meaning students.

Alas, humans are silly creatures, and fall prey to the "out of sight out of mind" philosophy. Should you happen to have a new student who has completely forgotten (or is nervous about getting under a horse's hoof), might I suggest a discrete whinny to one of those wonderful working students as she or he walks by. Those sharp-eyed students have come to my rescue on many occasions.

Fortunately, humans can be trained in good habits and, as they settle into the routine, the hoof pick will become a constant part of their grooming habits. Best of luck, and welcome to the T.E.S. family!

Miss Winnie:

What am I going to do about my beginning jump riders? I love 'em (ya just gotta, they bring such great goodies!) but they get so worked up about jumping! Their flat work is getting better, but when we start to jump--poof! It's like they forget they have legs and arms!

Now, don't get me wrong, I could just carry them over the silly fence--but I believe this riding thing is a partnership. Am I right to stop if my rider wimps out? Alaska and I have a bet (pardon the expression) riding on this.

Nickers,
Washington

Dearest Washington,

Miss Winnie will overlook for the moment that a gelding such as yourself would stoop to such practices as betting, and instead respond to the equally unsavory habit of refusing fences.

True, we are here to help educate and transform these humans into riders. To that end, a gentle "whoops, you meant THAT fence?" refusal might provide a valuable learning experience when the student is truly at fault. However, you know how easy it is to fall prey to base instincts such as laziness. We all hope that our riders will give us the benefit of the doubt, so we certainly ought to do the same for them. And so, Miss Winnie urges you to maintain your gallant demeanor and do the right thing--that is, that the safety of your student must come first. And please tell Alaska to redeem himself by giving his winnings to charity!



Dear Miss Winnie,

I am writing to you out of desperation. I have this dressage student who I'm training very nicely. The student is fairly new to dressage, but I have high hopes for her because she's so willing to learn.

It's the dressage shows that seem to be the problem. I warm her up very well, but as soon as we enter at "A", her legs turn to jelly, her hands turn to stone, and her seat bounces all over creation. I do the test as correctly as I can with her hanging on my left rein, but it isn't easy! I thought I'd broken her of that tendency, but it reappears at every show! I know she's getting frustrated and, frankly, so am I. Miss Winnie, can you give me some sound advice? We're trying again in the next show!

Hopefully,
Michigan

Gentle Michigan,

Miss Winnie asks you to recall the first time you went down the centerline. Remember how nervous you were? All the other horses were gone, that huge umbrella was flapping about, and some stranger was staring you down at "C"?

Now that you're a veteran of many tests, you need to have patience with your fledgling dressager. She's out there all alone, her friends are hanging over the fence, her hat is sliding down over her eyes, she's lost a stirrup, and can't remember which way she should turn at "C"! Each centerline you take her down will add another page to her book of experience.

Have perseverance, the test will come together when she remembers to half-halt before the transitions, think ahead for the next movement, and look the judge right in the eye and salute smartly.

Western Roundup

The Horse Drive

by Carol Skinner

This is a story about the Mammoth Lakes Fall Horse Drive from Mammoth Mountain to Independence, approximately 100 miles. There were 65 riders: novice to experienced riders in all disciplines--Western pleasure, hunt seat, dressage, and professional trainers. We drove about 125 head of horses.

The first morning our trip coordinator, Larry, gathered us around for a few words. "These horses know their way to winter-pasture and can get there without us. They would do it in one day at a dead run and 75% would be dead. So this is a horse hold back, not a horse drive. You will be in control 60% of the time and out of control 40%, and at those times you must go with the flow."

The drive was a combination of two herds (2 pack stations). One herd was predominantly Morgans. These horses were selected for their endurance, surefootedness and temperament. They were small and quick, but hardy. If we made a mistake and mixed them up, they recovered quickly. As a result, after the second day, everyone trusted his or her horse, which resulted in good functional equitation.

My assigned mare, Seabreeze, was a Morgan. Seabreeze would get frantic if you held her back from keeping up with the herd. So when holding a swing position, she would piaffe when she saw her buddies going by without her. Also, she could graze at a gallop. She simply lowered her neck and head, missed a stride, snatched a mouthful, and continued galloping.

Traveling cross country over uneven terrain is exhilarating because everything happens so quickly. Experienced riders adopt a low, two-point position. We traveled up-down-around, over small ditches and picked our way through sage brush, always looking out for barbed wire, rattlesnakes and trees. Larry ad-

vised us not to look at the ground, but to look up and ahead and anticipate.

All of us developed an appreciation for how quickly a horse can adjust his body. Under duress, his head can be in one direction, his body bent into an S shape, and his hindquarters propelling him somewhere else. It drove home the point of keeping your horse straight and controlling the haunches.

Everything I learned at T.E.S. I used. It all came together--the whys and hows made sense. A simple turn on the forehand was used often to hold off a horse and even novice jumping lessons were used. Seabreeze preferred to jump a log or ditch; it was not practical to go around them.

Loose horses heading home are ceaselessly, endlessly moving, always looking for loopholes and jockeying for position within the herd. Stock is always breaking away from the herd, usually taking along a half a dozen others. Riders were also constantly shifting position, which had a rippling effect. It was very easy to end up in the middle of the herd--the place we were told *not* to be.

The trail boss and the wranglers were superb horsemen. They knew how to *anticipate*. They softly accelerated, turned or stopped their horses on a dime. And they were the first to walk and rest their horses whenever possible. It was a surprise to see how often they used the roll back to round up runaways and head off potential trouble when the herd was out of control. They knew the terrain and accurately read the herd.

On the third day's lunch break, while unbridling my horse, I saw that the corner of her mouth was bleeding. I was ashamed of having been an abusive rider. I went to a wrangler and asked him to salve her mouth that evening. He said that the lip strap was too loose and it and the bit were pinching the corner of her mouth. He adjusted the lip strap, and my horse never had a problem again.

You also have to know what you want to do and how to do it when riding for real. A loose horse broke through the frontline, and I only half-heartedly went after it. It went faster and faster as I tried to catch it, and it soon became a horse race. My horse's shoulders and haunches were rolling and her nose was up in the direction of the loose herd. I was out of control. We soon lost sight of the group and five additional loose horses joined us, forming our own mini-herd. The leader made a sharp turn into the woods, and we all darted through trees at a gallop. A few minutes later the calm, knowledgeable trail boss showed up and got things under control. I got "the dirty look." I didn't mind. I was grateful.

Tough things: the last hour of an 8 hour day at the jog-trot when you are tired and thirsty and want to get off. Half-halting and holding your horse back all day long. Going through alkaline dust and not being able to see. Dirt, dirt, and more dirt. Going to bed early because the wind is blowing so hard that it will blow your tent away if you don't get in it.

Good things: generous people, great food and the snacks waiting for us as soon as we rode into camp.

Serious things: downed barbed wire on the range. Rattlesnakes--the stock sensed them before we saw them and shied clear.

Fun things: waking up to the William Tell Overture with the Lone Ranger shouting "Hi O Silver" and listening to the taped story that followed.

Mental fatigue set in the last afternoon. Also, the horses were tired, beginning to stumble and their attention span was limited. I was not sorry the trip was over. We had done a good job with our horses, and they had done a good job of getting us safely to the winter pasture.

Memory Lane

The Birthday Party

by Kimberly Mack

It is Sunday, and we have a group of children this afternoon who are celebrating a birthday. The children are excited, curious, and a little in awe of the horses. After all, they sure don't look as big when you see them on TV! They laugh together and chatter away, their faces eager for adventure, their eyes as round as saucers.

Shirley, their riding instructor, has a captive audience as she takes them on a tour through the barn, while our resident pigeons look on. The horses poke their soft, velvet noses between the steel bars of their stalls to greet the children, hoping for a tasty carrot or two. Each child picks his or her favorite horse to ride.

"I want to ride Alabama!" announces one little girl in braids as she jumps up and down.

"Blue Cheese! Blue Cheese!" another shouts.

"And I'm going to ride Florida and go real fast!" a little, red-haired boy with freckles declares to the others.

"Can I ride Missouri?" a small girl asks, pulling on Shirley's hand. "Sure," says Shirley as she smiles down at the bespeckled girl with a pony tail.

Some of the other working students and I saddle the horses and help the children to the arena. The children are all chattering excitedly, ready to mount and ride their chosen horses.

"Are you coming with us?" a small, wisp of a girl asks me. She is about 10 years old and has a little, brown pony tail and glasses.

"Yes, I am," I reply, "would you like that?"

"Oh yes," she answers, skipping along beside me, her pony tail swishing back and forth.

"I've never ridden a real horse before," she whispers.

"No?"

She shakes her head. "But in make believe I have. Lots of times. And I've won lots of ribbons, too."

"You must be very good then!" I replied.

"I pretend I am."

"Well, today will be a lot more fun than pretending, and I'll be close by to cheer you on."

"Okay," she says as she catches hold of my hand.

I smile at my little friend and give her hand a reassuring squeeze. We continue to talk on our way to the arena. I soon discover that her name is Kelly, and she's very excited about her first ride, but a little nervous, too. She loves horses and has always wanted to ride. She has a stick horse named Star that she gallops down the sidewalk. The horse's mane is made of red yarn, and they make a lot of noise as they gallop past the neighbors.

"Do your friends like horses, too?" I ask.

"Oh, yes," she answers matter-of-factly.

She runs with a very horse-oriented crowd. They set up jumps in their back yards or in open fields with whatever is handy: buckets, brooms, sticks and branches--they have their own horse shows. I enjoy listening to Kelly's light, pleasant voice and like the feel of her hand in mine. I, too, did the same things when I was little. I was in love with horses at her age and have never outgrown it.

"Do you have your own horse?" she asks.

"No, I don't, but I feel like all the school horses are mine."

"How many are there?"

"At least forty."

"Golly," she sighs "forty horses!" We laugh.

Kelly and I momentarily stop as we approach the arena and then join the other horses lined up waiting for their riders. Parents and on-lookers are standing by with encouraging smiles and ready cameras. Shirley calls out the children's names and assigns them to their requested horses. Kelly is given a little gray Arabian named Vermont.

"Oh," exclaims Kelly as she strokes Vermont's soft nose, "he's so pretty."

Kelly watches closely as I check her cinch and stirrups. Then I help her mount up.

"Now, don't worry," I reassure her when I notice her pale little face. "You'll have a wonderful time, and I'll be right with you, okay?"

"I'm not scared," she bravely replies. "But you'll be right here with me?" she asks, clutching my hand.

"Yes, I promise. And if you want to stop, you just tell me, okay?"

"Okay," she sighs.

We give a little wave to Kelly's mom, who is standing outside the arena, and start our walk around the arena. Kelly, like many of the other children, clutches the horn of the western saddle. I speak encouragingly to her as I walk along side of Vermont, and she soon begins to relax and smile. Vermont seems to like Kelly and behaves wonderfully. We pause while Shirley explains how to trot the horses, and then off we go. Kelly is grinning from ear-to-ear, bouncing every which way in her saddle and loving it.

Soon the lesson is over, and Shirley calls for everyone to line up their horses in the center of the arena.

I help Kelly dismount. Her face is flushed and perspiring. Kelly

(Continued on page 8)

Vet's Notebook

Strangles

David W. Ramey, DVM

It seems like once or twice every year there's a frenzy about horses getting a disease unfortunately named "strangles." This horrifying sounding (and ugly looking) disease rarely causes severe problems for the affected horses, but it does generate a lot of concern and panic. I think it's the name "strangles." If I knew I had the "Martian Death Flu," I'd probably feel a lot more sick than if I simply had the "flu."

Strangles is caused by a *Streptococcus* bacteria which attaches itself to the lymph glands in the horse's pharynx and sets up an infection characterized by: 1) Fever (often 105 degrees or more); 2) Snotty nose; 3) Lack of desire to eat; 4) Mucous in the air passages; and 5) Swelling of the lymph nodes under the jaw. This swelling of the lymph nodes gives the disease its name. Presumably some horse person in the 18th century was afraid that this disease would "strangle" his horse by cutting off his air. This does not really happen, but the name stuck.

Here's what happens to most horses: they get sick; they stop eating for a few days; their lymph nodes swell up; the lymph nodes abscess and drain a lot of pus; and then they get better. It usually takes about two weeks for everything to get back to normal. Complications can occur, but they are unusual, and I'll talk about them later.

The bad news about this disease is that it is contagious. The good news is that it's not super contagious. Unlike most respiratory diseases of the horse, strangles is not spread through the air. It is spread by horse-to-horse contact, or by horse-to-person-to-horse, or

by horse-to-halter-to-horse contact--well, you get the idea. The point is that it is fairly easily contained with good sanitary measures and isolation of affected horses.

Penicillin is the antibiotic of choice for treatment of this disease. Penicillin is useful for: 1) treatment after the abscesses have ruptured; 2) treatment of sick horses before swelling has started; or 3) prevention of the disease in exposed horses that are not showing clinical signs of the disease. This last idea is fairly new, and Dr. Cho learned about it at the Veterinary Internal Medicine Conference in Washington, D.C. in May 1990. We think it works great.

Now those of you who are somewhat informed (or misinformed) about this disease are probably thinking that it's not that easy. Well, it usually is that easy. But there are many misconceptions about this disease, so let's take time to talk about some of them.

1. Do you have to vaccinate? No, you don't. Vaccination against this disease does not protect against the disease. Vaccinated horses still get sick, and the vaccines often cause reactions at the injection sites. The vaccines don't work because they do not provide protection at the site of attachment of the bacteria in the pharynx. Furthermore, the feeling now is that vaccination at the time of a disease outbreak may increase the risk of a particular complication called purpura hemorrhagica (explained later).

2. Don't give penicillin to these horses. It causes internal abscesses (bastard strangles). No, it doesn't. This myth has been in vogue since the early seventies when a couple of veterinarians at a human conference on streptococcal diseases reported that they thought penicillin might cause

the abscesses to internalize. Well, there's no evidence to support that conclusion and lots to refute it. Besides, if they do get internal abscesses, guess what they get treated with. That's right--penicillin.

3. Once a horse gets strangles, he can never get it again. Nope. Natural immunity from this disease lasts from six to twelve months. Then they can get it again.

4. Horses carry the disease for life. Sorry, not for life, but they can carry the bacteria for four to six weeks after the infection has resolved. So don't expose a recently recovered horse to other horses for a few weeks.

What about complications? The two complications that occur most frequently aren't very frequent. The first one is internal abscesses. For some reason, the bacteria gets into lymph nodes inside the body. This can cause some real problems because the pus that forms in the abscesses can't get out of the body and frequently ends up inside the abdomen or chest. These are bad diseases and the horse has to go on penicillin for four to six weeks. The second complication is purpura. This is an immune reaction against the bacteria, and it causes the horse to get very swollen in the face, legs and belly. This, too, can be resolved with proper medication.

Strangles, like any other contagious disease, needs to be handled properly to keep other horses from becoming sick needlessly. Isolation of the sick animals, good hygiene, and proper and timely administration of penicillin usually keeps the occasional outbreak under control. So don't worry too much about it, okay?

Ramey Equine Group is an equine exclusive practice serving the Los Angeles area since 1987. Dr. David Ramey and Dr. Patricia Cho provide full service care to horses of all breeds and occupations, including medicine, surgery, ultrasound, endoscopy, and X-ray. Call (818) 953-8528 to schedule an appointment, or if you have any questions.

January

Calendar of Events

1991

Traditional Equitation School

- 2-4 Junior Camp
- 12 Dressage Show Prep Clinic
- 20 Dressage and Combined Training Schooling Show

L.A. Equestrian Center

- 26-27 L.A. Winter Dressage

Sorry. The new 1991 LAEC calendar of events was not available at the time of printing.

So. California Area

- 11-13 '91 Opener Hunter/Jumper Show, City of Industry
- 18-20 San Diego Season Starter Hunter/Jumper Show
- 19-20 Camelot Riding Club Hunter Show, Newhall
- 24-27 Indio Winter Hunter Show
- 26-27 Hunter/Jumpers at the Paddock Riding Club

(Continued from page 8)

"Well, what do you think, Kelly?"

"It's the best time I ever had!" she cries, "and I want to come and do it again! Can I?"

I remove her helmet for her and smooth back her damp hair.

"You'll have to talk to your mom about that," I answer.

"Maybe I can come and visit you and watch you work sometime?" she asks quietly, looking up at me.

"Sure," I say, kneeling down. "I'd love it. You can come by and see me any time you want."

Kelly suddenly throws her arms around my neck and gives me a quick peck on the cheek.

"Bye," she mumbles. Before I can hug her back, she's off and running to her mother. So I wave goodbye to my new little friend from across the arena.

I help the rest of the children

dismount, and we lead their horses back to the barn. The children talk about their favorite parts of their ride, looking forward to the birthday cake and punch waiting for them. Up ahead, I can see that the tables under the umbrellas have been set, and the paper cloth is gently blowing in the breeze. It has been a nice group of children, and I hoped Kelly would come back to visit. Somehow, after today, I didn't think she would be satisfied riding her stick horse.

The other working students and I untack the horses, check their feet for stones, and put them in their stalls. I feel a sense of accomplishment after the lesson and a renewed sense of excitement about riding. Having shared something I love with the children, my love for the animals and the sport is much greater. I smile to myself as I make my way into the tack room.

"What are you all dreamy-eyed

about?" asks Melody as she struggles with a heavy Western saddle.

"Nice day," I answer as I help her with the saddle.

"Well, snap out of it," she barks, "and let's get cracking."

"What's up? I ask, puzzled.

"We've got 18 girl scouts coming," she pants as she hauls the saddle on to her hip, "and one of them is having a birthday party!"

Trivia: The standing martingale evolved in colonial India from the practice of fastening a turban cloth between girth and noseband on polo ponies to prevent them from raising their heads too high. The length was adjusted by tying knots in the cloth.