



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

July 2023

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

CREATED & EDITED BY HEATHER CARDER

The Odds of Injury

By Rose Whitmore

Bay Meadows is an old racetrack with art-deco facades, tawny rafters, and palm trees. A row of low-lying azaleas and a chain-link fence separate my father and me from the track. From where I stand, I can see the lips of the briny blue San Francisco Bay. Even though I'm only ten, my father, a high-school biology teacher, often brings me with him to Bay Meadows. In a few years, when the stables are closed for the winter, we will play golf on the nine-hole course in the middle of the track. When I am sixteen and prom is held in the Turf Club, he and my mother will surprise me: they'll show up in their formal wear and dance all night on the parquet floor to his students' delight — and to my chagrin.

Deep down my father is drawn to the track. So am I. On more than one occasion he will tell me with great reverence that I could have been a

jockey, due to my size and athletic ability. He's partial to the female riders, often betting on them even if the odds are bad.

There are many things I love about the track: the horses lining up in the starting stalls, the ringing of the bell, the eruption from the gate, the thought that my bet could be lucky. But mostly I love the way the horses run, that long-evolved economy of movement, the low thrum of hooves, the rush of the last hundred yards.

And today is no different: I am white-knuckled with excitement when the horses round the last corner of the track, the pack all mud and brawny bodies pushing toward the finish line. Fevered cries rise from the crowd. In the home stretch the jockeys whack the horses' haunches with their crops. And then a horse goes down. And a second horse and a third. The jockeys who've been flung to the ground leap to the side, trying to save their lives. My father cups his hand around my head and presses me to his chest, but I've

already seen enough. There is a chestnut filly on her side, screaming as she tries to right herself, a mess of mane and muscle. But she cannot stand. One hoof hangs from her leg by only a sliver of skin, blood dark against the red dirt. I've seen dead animals, roadkill, but I have never witnessed anything this gruesome. A gasp issues from the crowd, and then we are silent. We watch this horse struggle, flailing in the dirt, trying, it seems, to finish the race.

An ambulance arrives within seconds, and a green canvas barrier is quickly erected where the horse went down. "What's going on?" I ask, but I know the answer. I imagine the injection, then the death, swift and painless. I am reminded that these horses are alive and breakable. Today we are not watching a sport. We are watching a life end.

On Christmas Day when I am a senior in high school, my family and I sit down to our traditional holiday breakfast of mimosas and eggs Benedict. After we've opened

Continued on page 11

WHAT'S TRENDING NOW

Equestrian Harrow Bot

Although still in Beta production, this could be the answer to the best-groomed arenas.

For a greener and more efficient lifestyle, the Equestrian Harrow Bot offers indoor and outdoor autonomous harrowing. Equestrian Technology, Inc, based in Belgium, has a team of experienced engineers busy finetuning a unique and patented solution which has given birth to the very first autonomous harrowing machine for your facility.

Requiring no human intervention, this machine is similar to the Roomba Bots that clean and vacuum human homes, but in a much more robust and engineered fashion with incredible intelligence and weather-resistant fabrication.

The Harrow Bot has adaptable parts for different sand-based arenas (geo-textile, jumping, dressage) and maneuverability to allow access to harrowing in arena corners and under/around obstacles such as cones or jumps.



With several AI-based real-time adjustments, the bot offers several harrowing programs for a custom, tailored experience as well as a manual mode with remote control for a truly professional option.

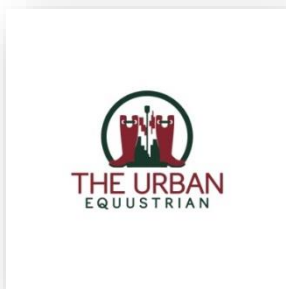
The smart geo-location system is compatible with indoor and outdoor arenas and it 100% electric powered, consuming much less energy than tractors and other large equipment. The "return to home" programming with wireless charging station makes this a seamless experience.

100% safe with fixed and mobile object automatic avoidance, and contactless sensors as well as fall back solutions avoid any collisions.

www.equestrian.technology.com



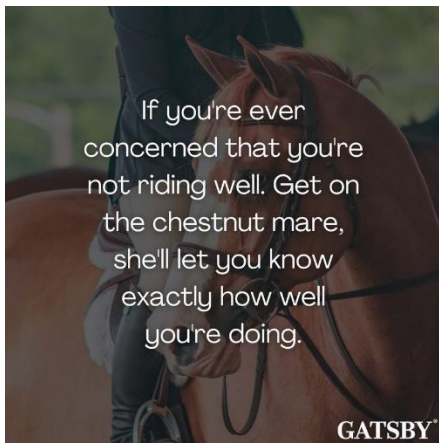
Our Store is currently open by Appointment



Shop Online!
www.thenoblehorsevintage.com

New Items for July

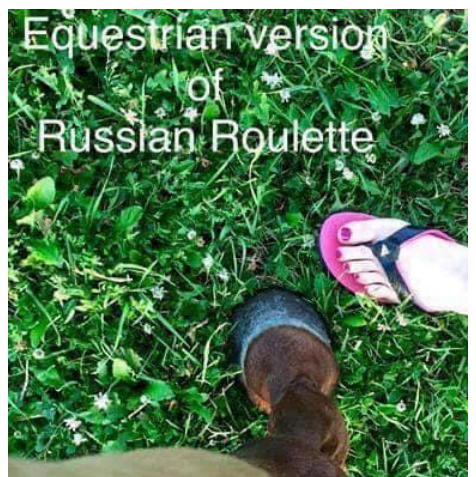
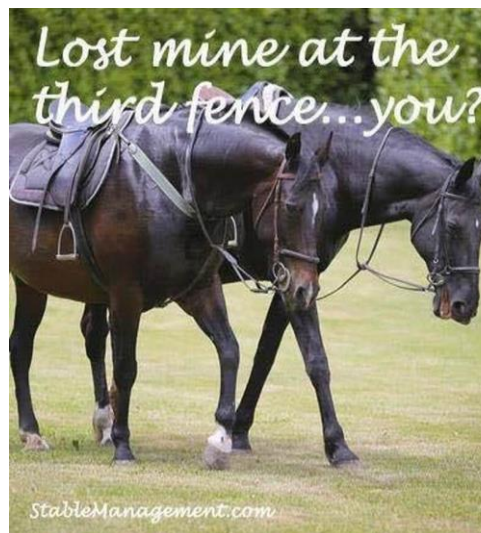
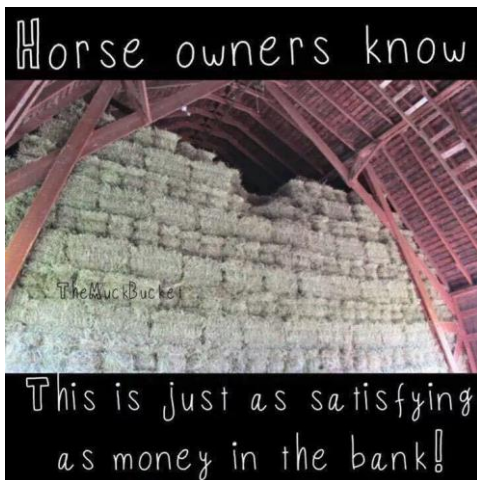
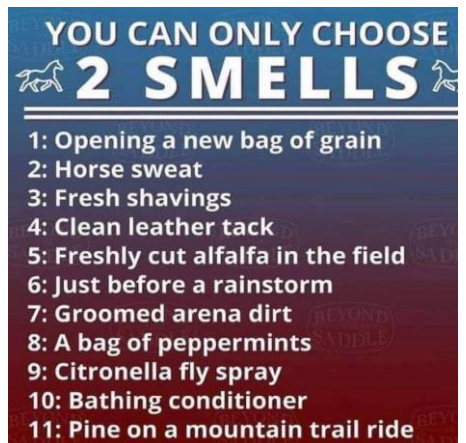




When you get home from the horse show



I need water, a hairbrush, 24 chicken nuggets and a bible.



WILDWOOD FARM B&B



This is your moment.

Today at Wildwood Farm B&B

A Lifestyle coach learned

Great things never came from your comfort zone

Immerse yourself in the equestrian world at Wildwood Farm B&B located on beautiful Whidbey Island.

Our ranch has a long history of igniting the spark between horses and humans, whether you want a small introduction or total immersion.

Come experience the power of possibility with these magnificent creatures and explore the abundance of silent repose.

www.wildwoodfarmbandb.com

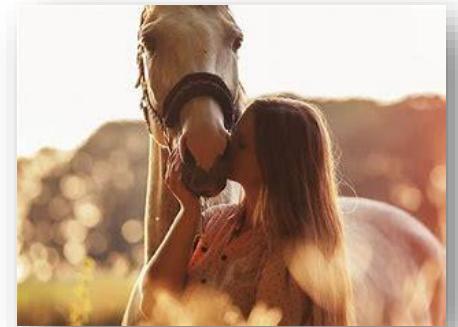
WILDWOOD FARM HAS IT ALL!

PACIFIC NORTHWEST
PNWA
Riding Academy



“Your horse is a mirror to your soul. Sometimes you might not like what you see. Sometimes you will.”

-Buck Brannaman



“I smile when I catch God watching me through the eyes of a horse.”

-Kevin Weatherby



WWW.PNWRiding.com

PACIFIC NORTHWEST
RIDING ACADEMY

A BLESSING

By James Wright

Just off the highway to Rochester, Minnesota,
Twilight bounds softly forth on the grass.
And the eyes of those two Indian ponies
Darken with kindness.

They have come gladly out of the willows
To welcome my friend and me.
We step over the barbed wire into the pasture
Where they have been grazing all day, alone.
They ripple tensely, they can hardly contain their happiness
That we have come.

They bow shyly as wet swans. They love each other.
There is no loneliness like theirs.
At home once more,
They begin munching the young tufts of spring in the darkness.

I would like to hold the slenderer one in my arms,
For she has walked over to me
And nuzzled my left hand.
She is black and white,
Her mane falls wild on her forehead,
And the light breeze moves me to caress her long ear
That is delicate as the skin over a girl's wrist.

Suddenly I realize
That if I stepped out of my body I would break
Into blossom.

Nutrition Corner

Sarcoids in Horses

Sarcoids are a health condition unique to equids — horses, donkeys and even zebras. It is the most common tumor diagnosed in horses, accounting for approximately 90% of equine skin tumors, 40% of all equine cancers and affecting 2% of horses worldwide. These tumors can affect all breeds, ages and sexes. Although sarcoids, also called fibrosarcoma, are locally invasive and recurrent, they do not spread to other organs. They frequently can increase in size, multiply and spread becoming potentially destructive to the animal.

These persistent and progressive lesions can develop anywhere on the skin, but some cutaneous sites are more prone including: the head (especially around the ears, eyes and mouth); chest; underneath the abdomen, sheath and groin; and inside the hind legs.

There is strong evidence that sarcoids are caused by the bovine papilloma virus (BPV), primarily types 1 and 2. viruses and, although research is continuing, there is currently not a vaccine for equine sarcoids. Another complication is that they do not self-cure and if aggravated or subjected to trauma, such as a surgical biopsy, incomplete or failed treatment attempts, or even accidental tack abrasions, sarcoids can become “angry” or more aggressive. Once disturbed, benign

tumors can transform into actively growing, ulcerated and damaging lesions.

While the mode of transmission is not conclusive, it is widely thought that insects — flies specifically — play a central role in the spread of sarcoids with BPV detected in several common fly species. Ulcerated, bleeding lesions attract flies that may act as intermediates moving between wound sites on different horses.

There are six identifiable types of sarcoids: Occult, Verrucous, Nodular, Fibroblastic, mixed and malevolent.

The nine options for treatment are: Surgical removal; Laser surgery; Cryosurgery (freezing); BCG injection (immune therapy); Autologous implantation; Chemotherapy; Electrochemotherapy; Radiation; Topical treatments. Other new treatments include Vitamin D and Medicinal mushrooms, as well as vitamin C.

In conclusion, Sarcoids are a progressive and consistent form of cancer that can develop anywhere on the skin of the horse but commonly appear on the head, chest and groin areas.

WILDWOOD FARM AND TRIPLE CROWN FEEDS.

Our partnership with Triple Crown began in 2014 through a promotion with the USEF encouraging farm members to compare their current feeding programs with Triple Crown products. We have found the TC products to be superior over other products primarily because of the EquiMix technology and the research support of a leading edge team including independent representatives of Equine Universities, Medical clinics and top level riders and trainers

Meet NIGHTHAWK RENEGADE

In early summer 2022 we answered a Craigslist ad for a Quarter Horse for sale in Arlington, Washington. 2022 was a hard year for our riding academy as we lost quite a few of our older horses and were trying to fill the void they had left.

In talking with “Wren’s” owner we found out that he was a very good citizen with nice training, and he was not being utilized with kids grown and no time to ride him. His owner thought it was a waste to have such a nice horse doing nothing so she decided to try and find a new home for him.

It was decided that she would bring Wren to Wildwood Farm for us to try him, a good option for us as when horses are in a new environment away from their home we can evaluate their demeanor much better and see how they handle new situations.



When Wren arrived at Wildwood Farm he seemed to fit in perfectly, like he had been here his whole life. He was a handsome horse, about 16 hands tall, lovely dark bay gelding who really looked more like and Appendix Quarter Horse than a traditional, more stocky type.

His training was fantastic and he had a canter to die for, smooth and ground-covering without being out of control. We decided that Wren would make a fantastic addition to our program so he came to live with us in July of 2022. Today Wren is 22 years old.

Today Wren is a beloved member of our line up and does beautifully both Western and English, and is a good trail mount as well. We are so pleased to have found Wren and look forward to giving him his forever home here at Wildwood Farm.

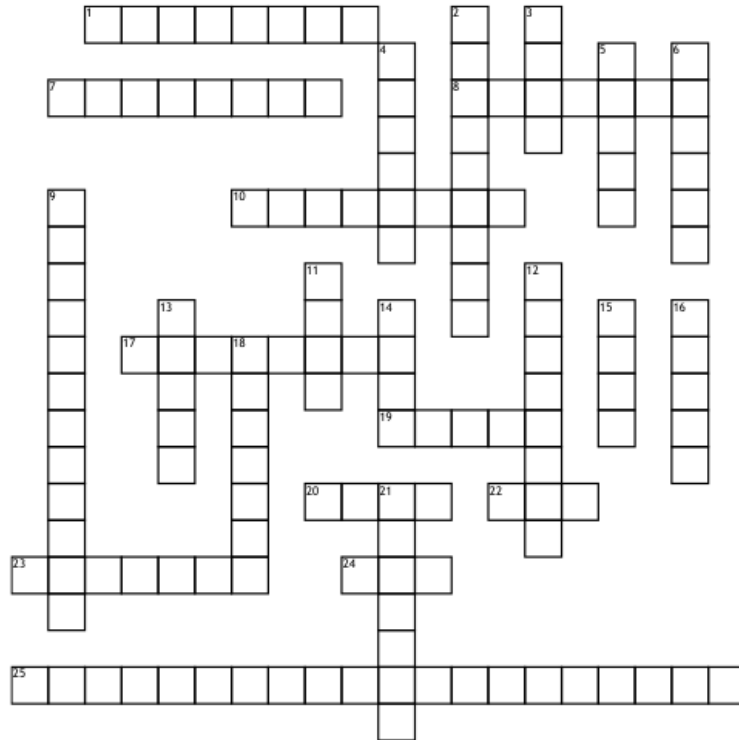
Horse Project

Across

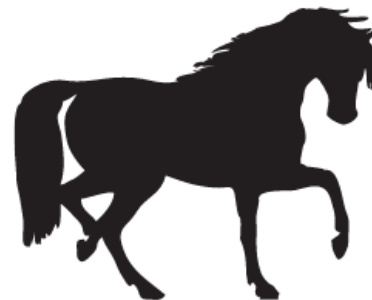
- 1. golden colored coat with a white or light cream colored mane and tail.
- 7. light-to-dark sandy yellow or tan color. Has all black points.
- 8. also almost have a white coat. Mane and tail are a bit darker with light copper orange color.
- 10. a male horse
- 17. almost white coat. Mane and tail are the same color as the body.
- 19. Apaloosa, Arabian, Mustang, Thoroughbred horses
- 20. have black skin with white or gray hair.
- 22. have sandy yellow coat. Always have a "dorsal" stripe.
- 23. a male horse that is unable to breed
- 24. has a reddish brown coat and always has black points.
- 25. Bay, Brown, Sorrel, Chestnut, Gray, Grullo, Dun, Buckskin, Cremello, Perlino, Palomino, Black horses

Down

- 2. has a pattern that is applied on top of a base coat
- 3. a female horse
- 4. black skin, gray/smoky coat
- 5. a female horse that is less than four years old
- 6. has a lighter reddish brown (coppery) color. Points are the same color as their body.
- 9. most commonly brown or bay, chestnut, or gray. Black is not as common.



- 11. a male horse under the age of four years old
- 12. is a darker reddish brown color. Points are the same color as their body.
- 13. has a mixed brown and black coat with black points
- 14. a horse up to one year old
- 15. a horse is measured using a _____.
- 16. has a pure black coat with no signs of any color.
- 18. black skin, can have a variety of patches, colors, spots, and stripes.
- 21. black skin, have white markings but only come in solid colors.



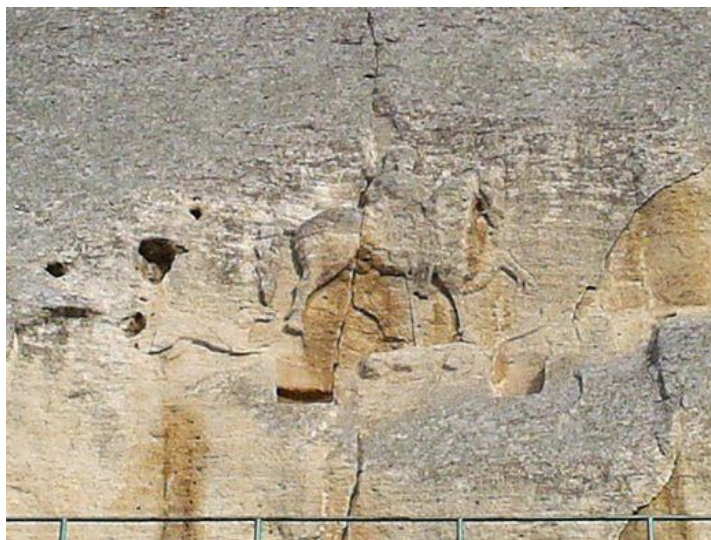
AMAZING HORSE BENCHES



Madara Rider

Kaspichan, Bulgaria

Rock carving created 1,300 years ago 75 feet off the ground.



IN THE 8TH CENTURY, CLIMBING something meant scrambling up it with your hands and feet. There were no climbing harnesses, and the first climbing carabiner was a thousand years away. It is important to keep these facts in mind when thinking about the Madara Rider, a stone relief in Bulgaria from around 710 CE.

The Madara Rider is a stone carving, not unlike many found around the world on the sides of cliffs or inside of caves. The Rider depicts a horse-backed warrior victorious over a lion, celebrating his kill with an eagle, and a dog at the horse's hooves. In itself, the Rider is not a spectacular artistic effort.

However, the Rider was created 1,300 years ago, seventy five feet off of the ground on a nearly vertical rock cliff, which reaches more than two hundred and fifty feet above the relief. Inscriptions on the rock around the work mark events between 700-800 CE, and show a period of Bulgarian history before their conversion to Christianity. In a sense, this adds to the mystery of the relief, as it was a sacred pagan site prior to conversion.

You can still make out the greyhound-like dog behind the horse and the lion pierced by a spear in front, but a large vertical crack and centuries of moisture and wind have effaced much of the detail the carving must have originally offered. The inscriptions too have significant portions that are unintelligible. Both sculpture and inscriptions, carved in triumphant recognition of a Bulgarian state ascendant, were forgotten during the five centuries of Ottoman rule.

Aside from its date and the inscriptions in the area, little else is known of the Madara Rider, making the means of its creation all the more mysterious. The Rider has been granted UNESCO World Heritage status based on the wonder of its creation. Along with global recognition, it gives a great deal of pleasure to Bulgarians. The Rider was minted on a number of Bulgarian coins around the year 2,000 and it has become a symbol of national pride. The Madara archeological preserve contains far more than the Madara Horseman itself. It has beautiful walkways, large and small caves, and evidence of settlement from ancient times.

Know Before You Go

The Madara Rider is about a one-hour drive due west from the Black Sea city of Varna

The Turkoman Horse



The Turkoman or Turksman Horse was among the first horse breeds in history. It developed on the steppes of the Turkoman desert and was the go-to mount for various nomadic tribes in Eurasia and the Middle East.

While many horse breeds survived into the present day, some weren't so fortunate. Most extinct horse breeds either died out because of crossbreeding, habitat destruction or loss of use. Several modern horse breeds are descendants of long-forgotten strains that aren't with us today. It's always interesting to learn about these historical horses and how they shaped the world we live in today.

The Turkoman was a tall, athletic horse breed with a height ranging from 15 to 16 hands. Its coat had a metallic sheen resembling the modern Akhal-Teke and could be of any color. Turkoman horses were favored for racing as they were fast and muscular with good endurance.

Traditionally, Turkoman mares lived in semi-wild herds and foals began training at the age of six months. These noble horses were highly sought after at the time, and were often gifted to royalty or taken as plunder. The breed also played a role in the creation of the Thoroughbred, as one founding stallion called the Byerley Turk had considerable Turkoman ancestry.

It is not known when exactly the Turkoman Horse went extinct. Over the course of history, its bloodlines merged into the Akhal-Teke and Thoroughbred breeds. In certain regions of Turkmenistan and Iran, a breed still exists with the same name and similar characteristics as the ancient Turkoman Horse.

Cont'd from page 1)

presents, my father leaves with my brother and my uncle for a remote duck-hunting cabin. As he is unloading his truck, the heart murmur he had his whole life suddenly becomes fatal. His death is instant.

At home my mother and brother and I move in quiet orbits around one another in the heavy silence that filled the house after the flowers and family were gone. People have told us we need to move on. To get back to work. To go back to school. I'm told I should go to the next soccer game. Behind these words is the well-meaning but useless idea that routine breeds normalcy, that recovery is just around the corner. But this encouragement strikes me as being born of selfishness: these people cannot bear to see how grief has cleaved our lives.

My freshman year at Berkeley is consumed with rugby. I have no energy for school. Outside of rugby I question the meaning of everything. I flounder in the crowd of eager, driven students who sit beside me in class. In the hallways and on the campus lawns I see people hungry for their future. Without rugby my future is hollow.

Things people will say to me throughout my rugby career: You'll get hurt. You'll never get your knees back. You only get one body.

What no one besides my teammates understands is the rush. I can do this without thinking, and I lose myself to the sensation of accomplishment. It is the same high as watching a line of thoroughbreds slip around the last hundred yards of the track. What no one understands is that I am in a place where there is nothing to save. What rules has life taught me other than that it can change and end in an instant? What is the use in hedging our bets if we don't know the odds? There were no signs that my father would die. There was nothing we could do, and I am still stunned by that, living in a world of numbness.

But in rugby I feel. I feel my pulse: I am living. I am alive.

My father did not live to see my debut for the U.S. National Team, nor to watch me run onto Murrayfield in Scotland. He does not see my strength and drive, the athlete I have become, the accolades I amass in his absence with an all-consuming fervor. But through bruises and plane flights, long practices and late nights, I feel tiny sparks of awareness, glimmers of the person I used to be. I hear the echoes of a life I have suppressed to be a rugby player.

On tour in Canada I read about the Camino de Santiago, an ancient Christian pilgrimage to the tomb of the apostle James in the rainy fields of northern Spain. The pilgrims walk the Camino for health, or spiritual reasons, or simply to walk a very long way. Some walk for their dead brothers or sisters, for a saint, for their neighbor, for grief. I read about the pilgrimage in bed late into the night. I hold the book to my chest and think, What if I left? What if I got on a plane and began to walk all this pain away? What if I slowed down? But I know I cannot go to Spain. My fidelity is to the next tour, making it to the next game. I do not have the strength to quit. Not yet. One day.

Over the years I return to Bay Meadows. Sometimes I come alone, sometimes with a friend. I sit in the Turf Club, the grandstand, or hang on the fence like a kid. I come for stakes races and Free-Sweatshirt Day. I run my hands along the railing of the saddling paddock and eat hot dogs. I am ten again. I come because, like rugby, the track assuages my loss. In those short seconds as the horses round the last corner, driving toward the finish, I am without grief.

From the grandstand I can see the divots in the infield where my father and I played golf, and the spot where he held my head to his chest the day that chestnut filly died. There is something familiar in the faces of the men and women around me, betting, hoping. At Bay Meadows I do not need to worry about how to navigate the terrifying expanse of life in front of me, because I am not alone. My father is here in the stands, in the paddock, on the parquet floor of the Turf Club in his formal wear. He lives in the hallways, in the fever pitch of the last race, and in that secret optimism that comes with gambling.

Then they announce plans to demolish Bay Meadows and build Spanish-style commuter condos. There will be a Whole Foods, ample parking, bay views. They are going to tear down the rafters and uproot the palm trees and pave over the turf and silence the heartbeat of hooves. And I will have to let go of these things, too, and move forward, even if I cannot see where I am going.

WILDWOOD FARM Clips & Clops Newsletter

2326 Happy Valley Rd
Oak Harbor WA 98277

Origins of well-known horse Idioms

“A Horse of a Different Color”

The phrase “a horse of a different color” is an idiom that means something that is completely different from something else. It’s typically used to compare two things that are totally different, especially if it is different in a new or unexpected way. This phrase originated in the year 1602 when Shakespeare wrote the play Twelfth Night. In the play, the character Maria states, “My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour,” confirming that her plan is as someone else has stated. From that phrase, the idiom “a horse of a different color” developed to show when someone’s purpose would not be a horse of “that colour.”



“HOLD YOUR HORSES!”

When someone says **hold your horses**, it’s a way of telling a person to wait, hold on, or stop. This phrase’s origin might actually be from the Erie Canal located in New York. This canal was completed in 1825 and was used to transport heavy goods from Albany to Buffalo. Cargo ready for transportation were loaded onto barges and then, using a towline, teams of horses would pull these barges through the canal. The horses walked down a towpath that was on the side the canal. With multiple teams walking down a single towpath, there was potential for complications to arise. For example, if one team of horses got too close to another team, something problematic might happen with the towlines. Thus, to avoid issues like this, drivers might have called out “hold your horses” to the other drivers/teams whenever it was necessary.

