



E-NEWS AND E-NOTES FOR MONDAY, MARCH 16th, 2026

It's in there

It began in 1953 in southern California as a water-repellent lubricant for a rocket. Some say its name stood for Whoa Dude - 40 but 40 was the actual formula number from the inventor's notes that was his "Eureka" moment. He had finally found it. "It" would grow from being sold out of salesmen's car trunks to a \$3.3 billion dollar world-wide corporation. That #40 formula is kept such a secret that only one person in the world today knows the exact ingredients. There have many speculative guesses as to what's in there ranging from silicon to beeswax to fish oil. Some say the key to the whole formula is actually just one drop of whale oil. Whether it was whale oil or not it was just a drop to perfect the formula.



And as the breeding season is well underway in Ohio we had to check the 21 trotting stallions to see if they each had that "drop" that completed their formula. While there are many different lineages in them there is a stallion that occurs in 18 of the pedigrees. He was not a dominant racehorse, he didn't win the Hambletonian, made just over \$178,000 mostly for Clint Galbraith as a two and three-year-old yet his gene pool is firmly represented in today's champions. His name was **ABC Freight**.

The son of Noble Victory- ACs Princess by ACs Viking was four years old when he arrived at Stanley Dancer's farm in New Egypt, NJ during the late spring of 1978. I have no idea what the plan was other than to maybe put a race mark on him at the Meadowlands instead of his time trial and then standing him as a stallion through Stanley's network of connections.

As most of the Circuit grooms were on the road he was assigned to "Morty" (his name changed to deflect any embarrassment) as he had the most experience of the Farm help in Stanley's routine. As Mikey Burke would say: "just do what we tell you to do," It's that simple: why change... what works for them really works for them as their success has placed them in the Hall of Fame.

So "Morty" began to jog him daily and Stanley would turn Freight with solid foundation miles as everyone in Barn #2 waited anxiously for the results. His first start of the Season he raced okay but didn't win and Morty wasn't too happy with his co-workers' criticism. They never took into consideration that the horse had to race in a tough class at the Big M. It was only that he didn't win and they'd ask "what happened?" As he had only a few starts under his belt I'd console Morty by saying "he'll get there."

The strain was evident on his face.

And his chums would bust him for it too.

His eyes would bug out of his head while his nostrils flared, and he'd grit his teeth but kept silent. Then one week Freight dropped in class, drew the two-hole, and was ready to rumble.

I even went to the paddock as a helper (and to make a small wager... there was no simulcast back then)

Stanley put him on the front end and as the quarter poles ticked off Morty's eyes kept growing larger and larger. He started to hyperventilate.

"You're the best," I reassured him but he was wound up as tight as a cheap rubber band and he never relaxed even in the Winners Circle.

I was pleased that Freight paid \$5.40 to win as I'd bet my paddock money on him (all \$20 of it) but Morty was still in a major funk.

As Stanley walked behind Freight from the grandstand paddock I looked at Morty cautiously as we went past the large crowd on the railing.



I'm not sure but I think the impetus was when some "fan" leaned over and said to Morty "About time."

And Morty responded with the classic "Forget you!" and looked at a few others. He repeated the catch phrase with a digitally enhanced gesture of his statement too.

"Forget you," he emphasized as the months' long-frustration was released.

Stanley looked at me with his eyebrows raised.

"He's snapped," I grinned as I enjoyed the moment as I'd been through it too.

"Forget you," said Morty louder to the crowd.

"Take it easy, Morty," was all that Stanley said as I smiled widely while leading the procession past the crowd.

ABC Freight was sold off after that mile, where I do not know, but in any event he went on to have a very successful career as a sire.

He was definitely slick... definitely had that magical drop... and was definitely worth a "Whoa, Dude" 40 times over.

A special thanx to Hollywood Bob Heyden who summed him up best in his article for *Harness Racing Update*:

The late 1970s precocious Clint Galbraith trainee, ABC Freight, sired the 1984 Hambletonian winner Historic Freight. But, it was ABC Freight's son Garland Lobell that changed everything. Though not a Hambletonian starter himself, Garland Lobell sired Andover Hall, who was the Hambletonian favorite in 2002. Andover Hall then sired a pair who won it: Perfect Spirit in 2017 a decade after Donato Hanover from his first offering in 2007. Garland Lobell sired the undefeated Broadway Hall who in 2011 sired Hambletonian winner Broad Bahn. Garland Lobell also sired Conway Hall who then sired the sport's first Triple Crown winner in 32 years Windsong's Legacy (2004). Windsong's Legacy only made it to age 7, and although his time was cut short, it was enough to gift us Chapter Seven and is a two-time Hambletonian winning sire with Atlanta and Cool Papa Bell.

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