



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

MAY 2025

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

CREATED & EDITED BY HEATHER CARDER

DEMON EYE

By Susan M. Watkins
The Sun Magazine, January 1988

Nate's father had a saying, one of his many farmer's sayings: "If you have death on the farm, just keep it out of the house." Like most of these wisdoms, something was left out that I could never quite define. The truth was that while the horses might die in their pastures, death was not kept out of the house — it entered, and whispered inside the little rooms, and hid in the closets at night, and brushed against my face in dreams and in my waking moments. Sometimes, it floated into the edges of my vision as I worked in the kitchen, or as I watched the spring's newborn foals, or as I led the stallion himself out to the show ring on scorching days when such visions floated like waves of heat from the hoof-packed ground. Death was in our house, and because our weaknesses were so much alike that they meshed, one on one, like a huge invisible net, there was

nothing we could do to ward off his evil eye.

Evil eye. Demon eye.

I needed to see the stallion's body once I knew that he was dead. Nate had found him down by the creek while I was away. When he greeted me at the door with the news, its inevitability was suddenly obvious to me, like a desert sun emerging from behind weeks of secret knowing.

The weekend rain made walking through the pasture grass a sodden pilgrimage. Bad Man lay on his right side by the creek bank, tucked in a cool green bed of catnip and touch-me-nots, his left eye staring opaque and still across the distant fields. He seemed diminished now, a mere deflated sack, his gleaming black spots on white gaudy and pretentious. Had they shamed him in life? Had we assumed he knew nothing of himself, was incapable of subjective assessment?

"We'll have to drag him out to the road with the tractor," Nate said. "The rendering works can't drive in

here — they'll sink right down in." He waited, looking at me. "You don't mind if I get it done now, do you?"

"No, of course not," I said. Nate turned away, heading back to the barn for the tractor, and I sat in the grass by Bad Man. His ear was cold and stiff and his eye would not be closed. I was afraid to push against the lid. Flies droned lustfully around his mouth and anus. He'd almost gotten well, sun and fresh air working their magic. Then I'd gone and left him for a while and a summer rain turned things damp and cold, maybe sapped his strength for the last time, maybe gave him a case of the flu, maybe. . .

It didn't matter now; it never would. We sat together for a long time before the thrum-thrum of the tractor brought Nate into view, and someone with him, standing on the drawbar — the veterinarian, it turned out. He was a bit after the fact, but dedicated.

Nate and doc dismounted from the
Continued on page 11.

WHAT'S TRENDING NOW

I.C.E UltraLite Horse ID Tags

By Takethelead

These tags are ideal for riding, camping, turnout, horse shows and natural disasters.

I.C.E. UltraLite weighs less than three-quarters of an ounce (thanks to its aluminum carabiner), yet it provides the horse owner with a ton of peace of mind. Ideal for riding, camping, turnout or transport, it has become a very popular tool for natural disaster preparation because it can be left in place for the season.

Available in five bright colors, I.C.E. UltraLite is highly visible, yet your emergency contact details are kept private behind Velcro® closures until needed by a first responder (emergency professional, evacuation volunteer, neighbor or riding buddy).

Write your info using an ultra-fine point Sharpie® and it will be permanent and



waterproof. The sewn-on emergency form is Calfire rated, too.

First responders have told us repeatedly that a horse wearing visible identification will be among the first to be processed and returned to his family once all danger has passed. As an extra benefit, precious time is saved by making the presence of a microchip immediately known by circling Yes or No on the outside of the I.C.E. form.

Inspired by endurance riders who keep their ID on themselves as well as on their horses while away from home for the weekend, I.C.E. UltraLite has become one of the preferred products for horse ID tags.

www.taketheleadstore.etsy.com

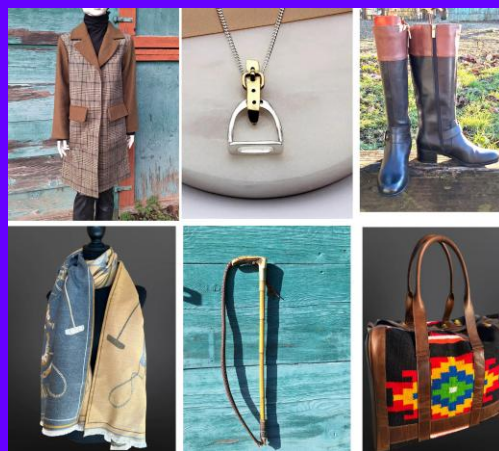


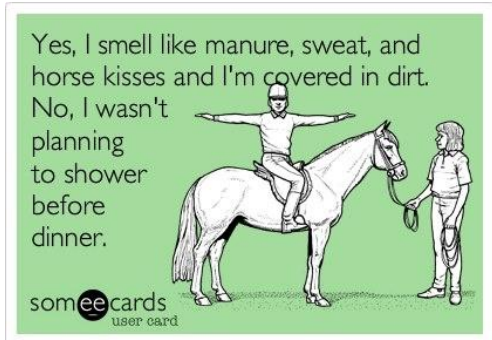
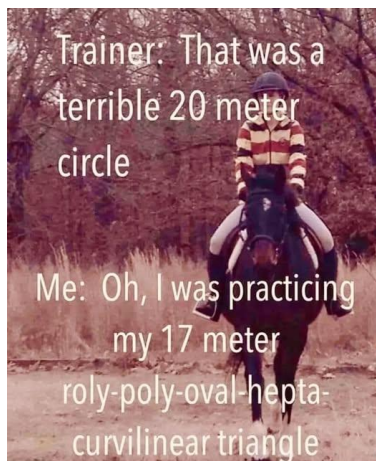
Our Store is currently open by Appointment.



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New Items for May





My horse when I come with carrots



WILDWOOD FARM B&B



This is your moment.

Today at Wildwood Farm B&B

An Animator realized...

The two most important days in your life are the day you are born and the day you find out why.

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

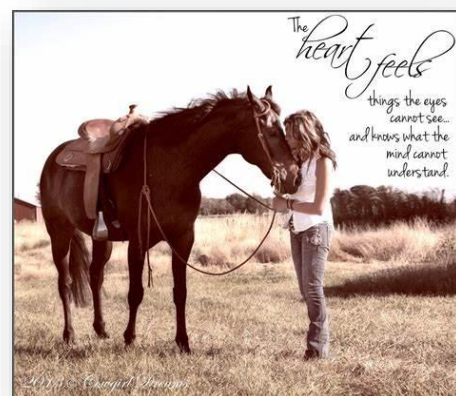
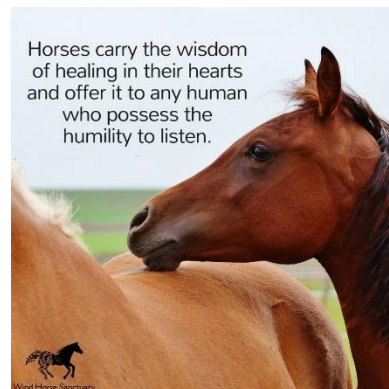
Our ranch has a long history of igniting the spark between horses and humans, whether you want a small introduction or total immersion.

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

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EHV Case Confirmed in Utah

Edited Press Release April 15, 2025

One case of equine-herpesvirus-associated abortion was recently confirmed in Weber County, Utah. The affected horse is under official quarantine. No other details are currently available.

2 Washington Horses Positive for Equine Influenza

Edited Press Release April 15, 2025

Two horses in King County, Washington, recently tested positive for equine influenza. The horses are under veterinary care.

Florida Mare Tests Positive for Strangles

Edited Press Release April 15, 2025

On April 12, a 4-year-old Quarter Horse mare in Clay County, Florida, tested positive for strangles. The mare developed clinical signs on April 11, including fever, abscess, and nasal discharge. She is under official quarantine, and three additional horses are exposed.

Ontario Horse Tests Positive for Neurologic EHV

Edited Press Release April 14, 2025

A 24-year-old Thoroughbred gelding at a boarding facility in Wellington County, Ontario, recently tested positive for equine herpesvirus-1 (EHV-1) after becoming acutely neurologic on April 10. The gelding was euthanized. The facility owner has instituted voluntary animal movement restrictions and biosecurity procedures.

Strangles Confirmed on 2 Ontario Horse Properties

Edited Press Release April 11, 2025

On April 10, OMAFA confirmed a 7-year-old Quarter Horse mare in the Regional Municipality of Halton had tested positive for strangles by PCR and culture. She developed clinical signs after being stalled next to a horse from a training facility that had a respiratory illness. Five other horses have been exposed, and the farm owner has instituted a voluntary quarantine of the property.

OMAFa also confirmed an 11-year-old Quarter Horse gelding at a boarding facility in Wellington County tested positive for strangles. The horse began showing signs of nasal discharge 10 days after two new horses arrived at the property. Seven other horses at the facility have been exposed, and the farm is under voluntary quarantine.

3 Horses Now Positive for EHV at California Farm

Edited Press Release April 10, 2025

On April 9, a third mare from an Alameda County, California, farm developed a fever and tested positive for equine herpesvirus-1 (EHV-1). The 13-year-old Quarter Horse is one of 75 horses on the property that have been potentially exposed to the index case—a 22-year-old mare confirmed positive on April 2. She is receiving supportive care on-site.

Michigan Foal Euthanized After Contracting Strangles

Edited Press Release April 4, 2025

On April 1, a suckling Quarter Horse colt in Macomb County, Michigan, tested positive for strangles. The colt developed clinical signs on March 15, including enlarged lymph nodes and fever, which progressed to lethargy, hindlimb weakness, and recumbency. The colt was euthanized.

Nutrition Corner

Food Allergies, Intolerances, and Sensitivities in Horses

Q: Can a nutritional imbalance or food allergy cause hives? My gelding broke out into hives after I started feeding him pure alfalfa hay, but when I switched him to Timothy grass hay the hives disappeared.

A: Owners often attribute itchy skin, hives, loose manure, and even behavioral changes as potentially being the result of food allergies, and they commonly presume alfalfa is the culprit. Whether these reactions are truly allergies—specifically food allergies—is often a point of debate. A food allergy is defined as an immune-mediated adverse reaction to food, where the body is reacting to a protein within that food or other substance, such as pollen. Allergies are reactions to substances that would not normally be problematic for most individuals.

Food allergies in horses do exist; however, most researcher and veterinarians consider them rare. Owners and veterinarians often reach for blood tests to diagnose allergies. These panels often include

foods such as hays and common feed ingredients; however, research has shown that these tests are frequently inaccurate. The only true way to diagnose a food allergy is to do a withdrawal diet and then reintroduce the specific ingredients you believe the horse is allergic to. This takes time (often eight to 12 weeks) and dedication.

Horses can also have food intolerances or sensitivities, which are not immune-mediated reactions. They tend to present as loose manure and changes in behavior rather than hives, but hives could be present. Sensitivities might have a threshold such that the horse can handle the feed until consumed at a certain level. It is possible that your horse is not truly allergic to alfalfa and could handle alfalfa fed in smaller amounts, but a solely alfalfa hay diet causes issues for him.

The only way to know whether that's the case would be to add some amount of alfalfa back into the ration with the Timothy hay and see whether the hives return.

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 to 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 Jazmin

Back in 2004 when we had only owned Wildwood Farm for a couple of years, we came across a cute little chestnut pony named Jazmin at a local auction. She was pretty small, around 12 hands, but seemed to have good training; and in definite need of a better life.

We had a young friend named Lauren that came up to the farm periodically and she volunteered to ride her to see what she knew, and the pair did really well together. Jazmin was a cute mover, and she could jump the low bars with nice form and style. We decided she was a keeper.

We didn't know how old Jazmin was for sure, but we knew she had been used in a lesson program for many years until the owner passed and all the horses were ultimately sent to auction to sell, although not after some very poor care for a year or two. She was a little stiff moving at times and though she was gaining weight her topline was not developing the way we wanted; we called in our local vet to do a general exam.

A little arthritic for sure, but to our surprise we found her sight was minimal – she was not completely blind

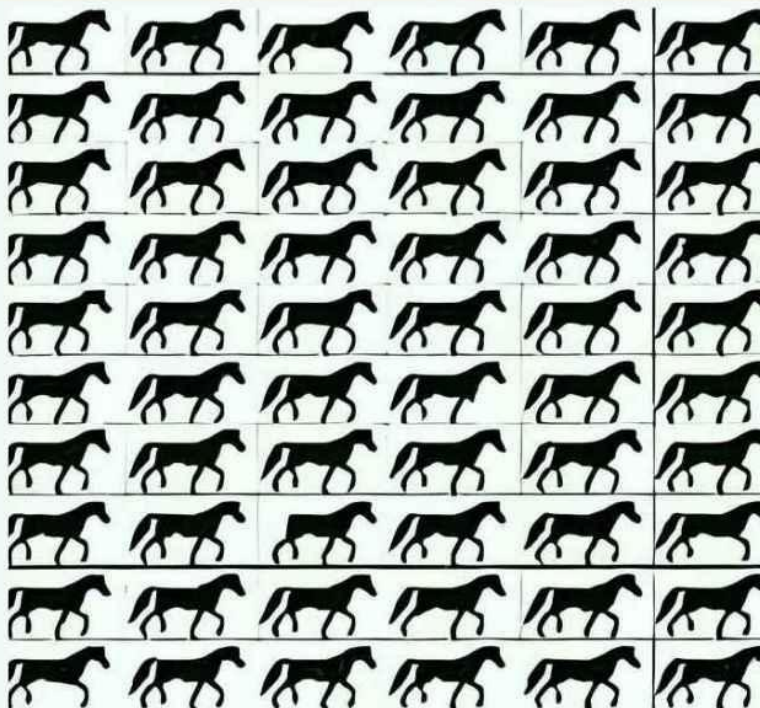


But very close. The fact that she could move around an arena and jump a course was a testament to her training, as the vet thought this condition was fairly new – probably occurred when her nutrition was compromised. The vet placed her age at approx. 20.

With this diagnosis we had to be careful who we allowed to ride her, definitely not beginners who could not guide her correctly, which was sad as her size was ideal for children. We decided we needed to find a different situation for Jazmin.

It did not take long to find her a new home, a private farm up in Blaine had a small herd of older ponies that were tended to by a retired horse couple. When she came to see Jazmin they had an immediate connection, and when we went to see Pat's farm it sealed the deal, a lovely place that was well-kept and all the horses were content and happy. A great place for Jazmin to retire at!

Find 4 Three Legged Horses



We celebrate these Birthdays in May!

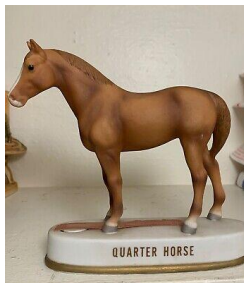
PEOPLE

Gary Smithers May 23rd, Terri Skelton May 25th

HORSES

Sitka May 1, Pharoah May 1, Reno May 4, Sterling May 15,
Mini Max May 25th, Maggie May 29th!

STUNNING HORSE WHISKEY DECANTERS



Igrali Se Konji Vrani (Black Horses at Play)

Belgrade, Serbia

The unusual sculptures are believed to be powerful political symbols.



Sculptures featuring some combination of horses and human figures are a common sight in many European cities. But the pair situated in front of the stairs of National Assembly of the Republic of Serbia is quite unique.

The sculpture ensemble, known as *Igrali se Konji Vrani*, (Black Horses at Play), depicts two muscular male characters being crushed under the hooves of two rampant stallions. They are the work of well-known local sculptor Toma Rosandić and are considered his masterpiece.

The artist never gave an official interpretation of his work's symbolism beyond a simple statement that it represents an artistic exploration of the sculptural forms of human and animal bodies at interplay. Not surprisingly, this academic of explanation didn't stop the general public from speculating.

Public consensus about the meaning of the sculptures seems to be that they represent common men, naked in front of power and being ridden and crushed by overbearing authority. Even further, some people tend to interpret that the position of one of the human figures who bears the horse on his hunched back is an allegory of oppression and that the position of the other figure who faces the horse is a symbol of resistance.

The artwork's timing is key to people's theories. The sculptures were erected in 1938. They were commissioned by the government of former Kingdom of Yugoslavia to decorate the square in front of the newly completed parliament building.

The Kingdom of Yugoslavia, created out of turmoil from World War I, was at that time only 20 years old. It was the first incarnation of a common state that would comprise a set of neighboring countries, now known as Serbia, Croatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Slovenia, Macedonia, and Montenegro.

The Noriker Horse



The Noriker horse, also called the Norico-Pinzgauer and historically known as the Pinzgauer horse, is a moderately heavy Austrian draught horse breed. The Noriker is considered indigenous to the central Alpine region of Europe, and is believed to have originated around the highest mountain of Austria, the Grossglockner.

Up to the end of the 19th century, Noriker horses were an important link in the trade between central Europe and the Adriatic. Very early in the breeding history of the Noriker horse, baroque horses also played an important role. With the establishment of the stud farm Rif, near Salzburg in 1565, the phase of the refinement by Neapolitan and Iberian stallions began, which exerted their influence on the Noriker horse until 1806. Down to the present day this influence is visible in the conformation of these horses: Roman heads with a powerful and compact topline, long manes and tails. Baroque influence is also visible in coat colors, with a large number of black horses as well as blue roans; and leopard spotted coat color, named *tiger*, is still an active breeding objective of the breed as well, which is unusual for nearly all other European horse breeds.

In 1903, the studbook was closed, and since then Noriker horses are strictly purebred.^[1] The Italian stud book was established in 2011, but because Noriker is a cross-border breed and Austria holds the original stud book, the AIA defers to the Austrian rules of selection.

The Noriker is a moderately heavy mountain draught horse that is sure-footed with a good sense of balance. The height at the withers is between 15.2 and 16.0 hands. The head is dry, typey and expresses draught horse characteristics. The neck is strong with visible musculature and the shoulder is long and well positioned. The width of chest is broad and deep, the croup is very muscular. Short legs have strong clean joints and little feathering, with thick and strong cannon bones.

Norikers are seen in several colors: Bay, black, chestnut, roan, leopard and, rarely, tobiano. Their disposition is somewhat stoic as they have been used primarily for work, but they are honest and gentle and easy to handle.

Cont'd from page 1

tractor a few yards from Bad Man and me. Nate had a thick coil of rope. The two men were smiling and chatting. I placed my hand on Bad Man's bloated stomach as they walked up to us.

"Didn't you give him his medicine Saturday morning?" I asked Doc.

"What difference does it make now?" Nate snapped.

Doc pointed to Bad Man's swollen belly. "See? Must have perforated. Probably did that a while ago and it was just a matter of time."

"Did you give it to him or not?" I asked again, but Nate was looping a noose around Bad Man's legs, now heavy as cut logs.

"I could do a post at the rendering works for you," Doc offered.

"What's the point?" Nate said, without looking up.

"Well, I don't know about you, but I'd sure like to find out exactly what happened," Doc said. "It was completely atypical, whatever it was — no obvious symptoms, no pinpoint complaint, no reason to cash out." He smiled. "No reason to the eye, anyway."

Nate grunted at his work. "Maybe there's no reason at all, then."

"All the more reason I should take a look," Doc said. "Give me some education for the next time."

"Wouldn't a day's lack of antibiotics have done him in?" I asked. Nate glared at me, dropping Bad Man's legs. For a moment, I imagined that it was breath trembling through the stallion's body, and I stared back at him, thinking that I alone would see the secret rise and fall.

"I don't think antibiotics ever did anything but make him a bit more comfortable," Doc said. "Maybe they took the fever off him some and gave —"

"Then do you think he suffered?"

Doc inspected the weeds tucked up undisturbed around Bad Man. "It doesn't look that way, does it?" he said with a grand sweep and a grin. "I'd say unofficially that whatever it was just caught up with him and he died in his —"

"But wouldn't medicine on Saturday have helped him through the cold weather?"

Doc put his hands on his hips. "No," he said kindly.

"Why not?"

"Because it just wouldn't," he said. "It looks as though this was plain and simple what the good Lord wanted."

WILDWOOD FARM Clips & Clops Newsletter

“No!” I shouted. Nate, his face red, began tying the rope to the tractor drawbar.

“Well,” Doc said, “call it whatever you like.” He smiled again, easily. The tractor thrummed. Bad Man stretched out, elastic as bread, his lips opening, his tongue falling out against the ground. Tansy and mint and wild carrot exploded their raw, dark odors as he passed over them, a trail of gentle pink blood winding across their mangled leaves. There was a moment when the tractor nearly bogged down, Bad Man holding Nate back, weighing him down, pulling him see-saw in the thick rut, until Nate’s expert driving got him out and up the little hillock, away from the creek trees and on toward the road, Bad Man a thing of the past now, dragging along behind through the grass.

“What will they do with him at the rendering works?” I asked Doc as we followed the tractor’s path.

“Oh, I should think they’ll make good use of his hide,” Doc answered.

“Horsehide? What for?”

Doc gestured. “Well, they’ll make gloves with it — horsehide makes excellent gloves.”

“Spotted gloves?”

Doc laughed. “No, no, no,” he said, “they’ll tan it and make it all the same. No color. No spots.”

“Oh.” Nate was now at the roadside, unleashing Bad Man’s legs. Already two cars had pulled up and the people were staring out at the stallion’s unusual, flashy body.

“I don’t see why the rendering truck couldn’t have gone back in there,” I mumbled as Doc and I caught up with Nate.

“You saw the mud. We can’t have a mess of tracks in the pasture,” Nate answered, although I hadn’t needed his answer to know the reasons. The reasons were logical, as always. Now they were looking at Bad Man, and at me, and his death was obvious to all of them. The body drew onlookers all that afternoon, mostly old men in coveralls who stood over him for long moments, work hats in hand, staring, staring. By the time the rendering works came I was relieved to be rid of him, to get out from under the burden of his existence. The truck’s winch gave off a high uncoiled squeal, like a wail of angry demons screaming for Bad Man’s dissolving flesh. Long after the truck left, I could hear that terrible wail. It seemed at times to be emanating from the depths of my own body, my own throat; from my own forbidden, corrupting hunger for those things that were, and were, and were again, and every time drew out my love, and every time died of their own free will in the pungent tang of lost and unrelenting time.