



Wildwood Farm CLIPS & CLOPS Oak Harbor

AUGUST 2025

YOUR NEIGH-BORHOOD HULLABALOO

CREATED & EDITED BY HEATHER CARDER

The Man-Eater of Lucknow

A Story from *The Private Life of an Eastern King* by William Knighton (1834-1900)

I was driving in a buggy one morning through one of the finest streets of Lucknow. A friend accompanied me; and we were proceeding from the vicinity of the Goomty to one of the King's palaces. The deserted condition of the streets as we advanced surprised us. There was no inhabitant to be seen for a considerable distance, and where one was visible, he or she was hurriedly departing from the broad line of road on which I drove. So many strange things occur in a city exposed to the capricious tyranny of a man without any restraining principle, that we felt by no means that astonishment which anyone fresh from England would have felt under the circumstances. Some execution, we whispered to each

other, some fresh example - nothing more.

At length, in the middle of the road, we came upon a trampled bloody mass, bearing still some resemblance to a human figure. We stopped the buggy to inspect it. It was the corpse of a poor native female; but terribly disfigured. The body was bruised and lacerated in all directions, the scanty drapery torn from the form; the face had been crushed as if by teeth into a shapeless mass; the long, matted hair, which fell in bundles over the road, was all clotted with blood. It was altogether as disgusting a sight as one could well see anywhere. Apparently, she was quite dead; and we did not delay.

On we went; still no sign of inhabitants - the houses everywhere closed - breathless terror reigning on all sides. It was not long before we came upon the figure of a youth, similarly mangled and destroyed, lying in the road, more towards the side, however. On the top of an adjoining house,

we saw one of the king's troopers standing, looking intently up the road along which we were advancing.

'What is the matter?' I asked.

'The man-eater is loose,' was the reply; 'wallah, but he has turned again. Look out for your safety, sahibs; he is wild today.'

I had heard of a savage horse belonging to one of the king's troopers that went by this name - *admee-kanawallah*, the man-eater, because he had been the destruction of many men.

'He is coming, sahibs,' shouted the trooper from the house-top; 'take care, take care.'

Far along the road in front of us we could see the wild brute - a large bay stallion - shaking a child whom he had seized as he held it in his mouth, shaking it savagely, but evidently coming towards us.

In another moment he had seen the vehicle, threw the child upon the road, dead no doubt, and

Continued on page 11.

WHAT'S TRENDING NOW

GALLAGHER'S WATER

Gallagher's Water is the patented, original, all-natural equine hydration beverage. In a nutshell, it is a natural flavor enhancement powder mix – with electrolytes and trace minerals – designed to encourage horses to drink water. There are times when you need to quickly get fluids into your horse, and Gallagher's Water helps make that task easier. With its alfalfa flavor, most horses are eager to try it. Once accustomed to it (or immediately, depending on the pickiness of your horse!), they eagerly drink up the contents of the bucket. Easily transported in single-serving packets, you can offer your horses a drink they enjoy virtually anywhere. And yes, it's competition safe! And vet recommended!

What's in it?

All natural ingredients you can pronounce! Cane Sugar, Alfalfa, Sodium Chloride, Potassium Chloride, Maltodextrin, Calcium Citrate, Magnesium Citrate, Zinc Gluconate, Copper Gluconate, Manganese Citrate.

Do you have a sugar-intolerant horse?

The sugar content of one serving of the Original Formula is equal to 2% of your horse's daily sugar intake (about what they would get from an apple). This product was formulated around Gallagher, who is a sugar-intolerant horse, and no ill effects were



ever noted.

Have a horse with metabolic issues?

We have you covered with No Added Sugar Gallagher's Water: same high-quality ingredients, minus the cane sugar. No added sugar substitutes or artificial sweeteners.

Gallagher's Water is made in the U.S. from premium human-grade ingredients. Each ingredient is micro-tested before being accepted into our inventory and then spot-tested at random in our warehouse. It is packaged in a commercially sterile environment that is frequently audited by the USDA. Great care goes into producing the best product for your horses and livestock because we know they are important to you!

Horses, like people, have their own preferences and reactions to something new. While many horses don't think twice about drinking Gallagher's Water the first time, others take a bit longer to get used to the idea.

www.gallagherswater.com

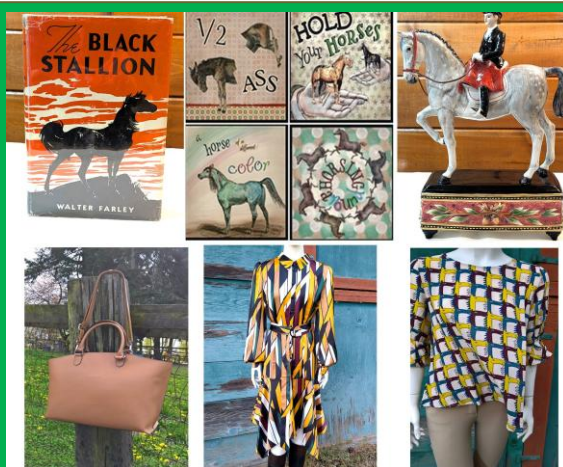


Our Store is currently open by Appointment.



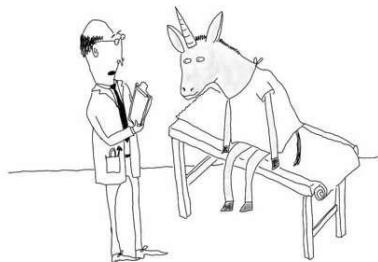
Shop Online:
www.thenoblehorsevintage.etsy.com

New Items for August

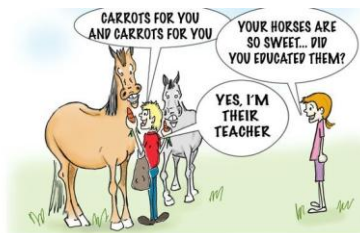




"I'm sorry, but you've known I was a buckin' bronco since the day we met."

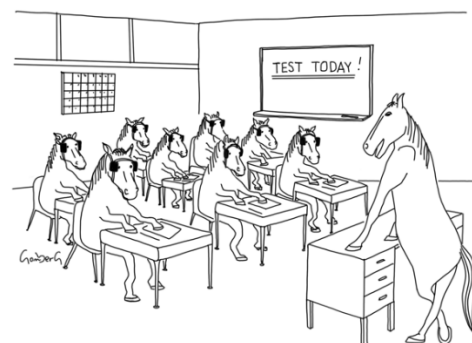


"I'm afraid 'unicorn' only refers to horses. You would be called donkey with severe cranial deformation."

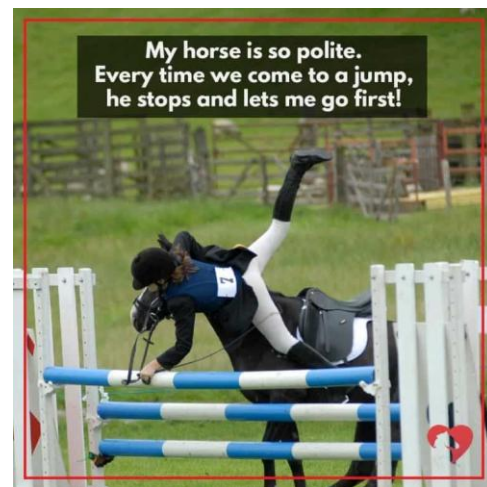


IF YOU STARE AT A HORSE LONG ENOUGH, YOU CAN MAKE IT LAME IN ANY LEG YOU WANT.

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"...and begin."



WILDWOOD FARM B&B



This is your moment.

Today at Wildwood Farm B&B

An Urban Planner realized...

*For Every Minute that you are angry,
you lose 60 seconds of happiness.*

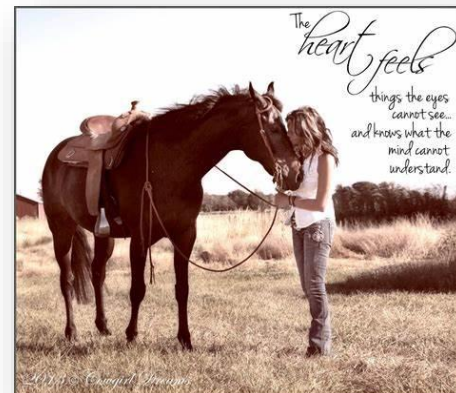
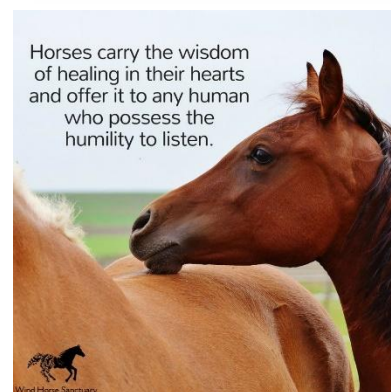
Immerse yourself in the equestrian world at
Wildwood Farm B&B located on beautiful Whidbey
Island.

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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WILDWOOD FARM HAS IT ALL!



WWW.PNWRiding.com

**PACIFIC NORTHWEST
RIDING ACADEMY**



July 2, 2025

Summary for 06/01/2025 - 06/30/2025

23 alerts posted reporting on 25 confirmed cases

Ordered by State:

Disease	State	Confirmed
Eastern Equine Encephalitis	Florida	2
	Georgia	1
Equine Herpesvirus- Neurologic	California	1
	Ontario	1
	Wyoming	2
Equine Herpesvirus- Respiratory	Quebec	3
Equine Infectious Anemia	Alberta	1
Equine Influenza	Wyoming	2
Pigeon Fever	Massachusetts	1
	Pennsylvania	1
	Washington	1
Rotavirus	Quebec	1
Strangles	Florida	1
	Michigan	3
	New York	2
	Pennsylvania	1
	Rhode Island	1

For the current status on CEM, please see:

<https://www.aphis.usda.gov/livestock-poultry-disease/equine/contagious-equine-metritis>

Nutrition Corner

ARE FATS SAFE FOR METABOLIC HORSES?

When a metabolically normal horse eats a meal high in nonstructural carbohydrates (NSCs), his body sends glucose into the bloodstream, referred to as the glycemic response. This triggers the pancreas to release insulin, which signals certain body cells to take up glucose and store it as glycogen the horse can use for energy.

Metabolic horses' cells do not respond properly to the insulin—termed insulin resistance—and the pancreas continues secreting it. Insulin resistance results in hyperinsulinemia (elevated insulin levels).

When managing metabolic horses' diets, the goal is to reduce their glycemic response to ensure blood insulin levels do not become too high. Owners usually accomplish this by reducing NSCs in the diet. When a metabolic horse is not overweight, equine nutritionists often recommend adding a fat source to increase calories without elevating NSC content.

Fats, or lipids, are great energy sources for horses. In fact, fats provide more than double the energy

carbohydrates do, pound for pound, but they do not cause a spike in blood insulin levels.

Horses do not have a gallbladder but can still digest and utilize fat effectively. The liver produces and releases bile into the small intestine, where it emulsifies the lipids to start digestion. Once the small intestine finishes digesting the fat, it enters the bloodstream, where it can be transported to the liver, muscles, adipose tissue (body fat), or other parts of the body as needed.

When adding fat to your horse's diet, be cautious and always add it slowly to give him time to adapt to the change. Common fat sources include camelina oil, flax oil, ground flax, ahiflower oil, and fish oil. Work with a qualified equine nutritionist to determine which is best for your horse.

Take-Home Message

Ensure your metabolic horse consumes a diet low in NSCs, and if he needs additional energy, consider adding a fat source, but do it gradually. Continue to work closely with your equine nutritionist.

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 QCS Hikota Mocha

Fondly known as Cali, this beautiful mare came to Wildwood Farm in February 2025 as a prospective lesson horse.

An old Facebook post from last summer prompted us to call Cali's owner, who was looking for a care lease for this beautiful black Quarter Horse mare, but they were looking for the right situation that would allow Cali to be useful, with understanding about her limitations. To our surprise Cali WAS still available, the lease home she originally went to did not work out and she was back her owner's parent's home ranch in Quilcene.

We took a drive over to the Peninsula to meet Cali in person, and her owner flew up from Arizona – where she moved to - to meet us. Cali was a sweetheart, with a long winter coat and a chill disposition. She had not been ridden much at all in the past couple of years, but her owner put her through her paces with ease, and we could see that she had very good training and knew a lot of things that would be useful in our program. She had a good work ethic but was not too forward – a



Great combination.

It was decided that we would try Cali with a go-day lease; the owner made a site visit to make sure she approved of the facility; we passed, and Cali came to us in early February 2025.

Cali was really out of shape, had some digestive issues and a weak stifle that we needed to take into consideration when conditioning her for work. We took it slow, and it really paid off – Cali really settled into her work here, and after the go-day trial period we were ready to commit to her for our program. Today she is used by all of our instructors who teach beginners to intermediate students. We adore our lovely black mare!

Cali came with a lot of experience in her past, from 4-H and arena shows, to gaming and barrel racing venues. Cali is 20 years old this year, and we look forward to many more happy years with her.

Horse Word Search

r r m e s s t l w f e b
s e j a s d a a s y s x
r g t u n o i s e l r h
k y u n f e l f z b o q
t r o t a a l s w c h l
m p e l z c r o x a o g

foal
horse
trot
mane
canter
tail



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY

We celebrate these Birthdays in August!

PEOPLE

Jack VanKempen August 27th

HORSES

Chief August 27th, Billy August 27th, Teddy August 27th

FABULOUS EQUESTRIAN FURNITURE!



Two small wooden chairs with horse head carvings on the backrests. They have a simple design and stand on four legs.



Oristano, Italy

Sa Sartiglia

This mysterious Sardinian festival sees a horde of blank-faced equestrians compete for tin stars.



In the historic city of Oristano on the Italian island of Sardinia, the sight of a group of horsemen in terrifying doll masks galloping down the crowded streets doesn't signal some occult apocalypse, instead it means that the Sa Sartiglia has begun.

This yearly festival, which takes place on the Tuesday and last Sunday of Carnival on the island, is an ancient medieval celebration, the origins of which are unclear. The festival dates back to at least the 1500s, having been mentioned in a medieval manuscript, but others have speculated that it dates back much further. Regardless of its age, the festival is a strange and fascinating sight (not to mention a little creepy).

Traditionally, a tournament takes place on both days, with the Sunday match performed by local farmers, and the Tuesday match being undertaken by local carpenters. Regardless of the day, the spectacle is the same: equestrian performers don blank-faced masks and ride elaborately decked-out horses through the streets of Oristano. Watched by crowds of onlookers, the performers speed toward the chapel, in front of which hangs a tin star with a hole in the middle. The idea is for the rider to skewer and collect the star with a sword. Sometimes this requires standing atop the moving horse. Then at the end of the festivities, the amount of stars gathered indicate how successful the farming and carpentry will be in the coming year.

The leader of the festival is known as the Su Componidori, who is cheered on by the raving crowd. Visitors would be excused for missing the importance of the figure however, as they try to avoid the dead gazes of the masked riders.

The Alberta Mountain Horse



In terms of the population of free-roaming horses in historic times, and today, the Alberta Mountain horse population is estimated to be less than 2,000 horses. Herds are found mainly on the Chilcotin Plateau of British Columbia, the Eastern Slopes of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta, and in Saskatchewan's Bronson Forest. There are approximately 800-1000 free-roaming horses in British Columbia. In 2014, the Alberta Government provided an official count of 880 for the horses of the Eastern Slopes of the Rockies and there are thought to be less than 100 horses in the Bronson Forest of Saskatchewan.

The free-roaming horses of Western Canada have been subjected to repeated attempts to reduce or eradicate the population. As early as 1896 the Government of British Columbia passed the *Wild Horse Extermination Act* that made it lawful for anyone licensed by the Government to shoot or otherwise destroy an unbranded stallion over the age of twenty months east of the Cascade Mountains. In the 40 years following implementation of the bounty system in B.C. in 1924, it is estimated that about 15,000 horses were killed. In a 1925 roundup in British Columbia, horses were driven into corrals and offered for sale at \$5 a head; the thousands that were left over were shot. At the same time the Government offered a bounty of \$2.50 for a pair of horse ears and a scalp.

Free-roaming horses on the Eastern Slopes of the Rocky Mountains in Alberta are known locally as the Alberta Mountain Horse or "Wildie". On November 1, 2014, the non-profit advocacy group Wild Horses of Alberta Society (WHOAS) entered into a five-year agreement with the Alberta provincial government's Alberta Environment and Sustainable Resource Development (ESRD) that has now come to an end. This agreement authorized WHOAS to effectively and humanely manage the feral horse population in a 490-square-kilometre (190 sq mi) portion of the Sundre Equine Zone on the Eastern Slopes. By November 2017 WHOAS had completed the first three years of a selective contraception program using Zona Stat-H, a form of Porcine Zona Pellucida vaccine, or PZP. WHOAS has vaccinated approximately 82 mares by free-range field darting, some of these mares have received booster shots. With one shot a mare is 70-80% less likely to conceive for the 1st year, depending on the time of year in which she is vaccinated. This increases to 90% with the administration of a booster shot. The contraceptive effects wear off with the chance of conception increasing every year post-vaccination. WHOAS also runs a 20-acre horse rescue facility west of the Town of Sundre for those horses that run into trouble and have to be removed from the wild. The rescue facility will also take in orphaned foals to be raised, gentled and adopted out. In early 2018 the Alberta Government agreed to consider proposals from other not-for-profit groups to conduct PZP contraceptive programs in other areas of concern to maintain the population at manageable levels. If successful, these programs will replace Government captures and culls.

Cont'd from page 1

rushed forward with savage fury to attack us. There was still a considerable space to be passed by him, but not a moment was to be lost. We turned rapidly round, our horse almost unmanageable from terror, flying over the ground; and away we went in a mad gallop down towards an enclosure with iron gates that we had passed a short time before. The man-eater pursued with hearty goodwill. We could hear his iron hooves clattering over the road as he advanced.

We gained the enclosure – turned into it – my companion leaped from the buggy and shut the gate. The whole was the action of a moment. It fortunately shut with a heavy bolt which fell into a socket; and just as the fall of the bolt secured our safety, the man-eater came tramping up. His head was covered with blood, his jaws steaming with recent slaughter, his cheeks horrid with coagulated guts that had most probably spurted from his victims. There he stood, looking savagely after us through the iron railings, with cocked ears, distended nostrils and glaring eyeballs, a ferocious-looking monster! Our horse trembled at the sound of his impatient snorting – trembled as if shivering with cold! The man-eater glared at us through the iron bars and walked round to the side; but all was hard iron railings, substantial too. There was no entrance to be got. Satisfied that he was baffled, at length he turned round, rattled his iron heels against the bars, and then scampered with head and tail erect and cocked ears, down the road, towards an archway which was built over it. Here several troopers were waiting for him. A noose was thrown skilfully over the uplifted head. He was upset, muzzled, and conducted to his stable. The poor woman and youth and child? you ask. I heard nothing more of them. Doubtless their friends bore them off and buried them.

At dinner that day I took the liberty of mentioning the circumstances to his majesty.

‘I have often heard of that man-eater,’ said he; ‘he must be a furious beast.’

‘He is more savage than a tiger, your majesty.’

‘A tiger – good – he shall fight a tiger. We shall see what impression Burrhea will make on him.’

Burrhea was the name of a favourite tiger of the king, so called from a village at the foot of the Himalayas, near which he had been taken. The king would never allow him to fight with other tigers or with elephants; he was a pet and was only allowed to enter into contests with such animals as he could easily vanquish.

It was on the following day, in the morning, before lunch, we were all assembled at Chaun-gunge in the gallery of a courtyard, about sixty yards square in extent. Thick bamboo railings had been put up to encircle the courtyard, and to form a sort of enlarged cage. The man-eater had been enticed into the enclosure by means of a little mare – a tattoo, as the country horses are called – of trifling value.

The order was given, and Burrhea’s cage was brought into the courtyard. A door in the bamboo railings, prepared for the purpose, was drawn up, the cage-door was opened, and Burrhea bounded into the enclosure, lashing his sides with his long tail, and glaring furiously upon the man-eater and his little female friend.

The tiger had been kept without food or drink from the previous day to prepare him for the assault. He glared savagely at the horses as he entered and commenced slowly stealing along towards them. The man-eater kept his eyes fixed on the eyeballs of his enemy. Not for an instant did he take them off; his head lowered, standing in an uneasy attitude with one foot slightly advanced, he awaited the attack, moving as Burrhea moved, but always with the eyes intently fixed. As for the poor little mare, she was transfixed with fear – she stood cowering in a corner, awaiting her fate. With a slight bound Burrhea was upon the mare in an instant. A blow of his paw threw her over on the ground; his teeth were fastened in her neck, and he drank her blood greedily. It was simple butchery; for there was no resistance.

‘It will make Burrhea only the more savage,’ said the king, rubbing his hands gleefully.

At length, Burrhea was satisfied, or else no more blood was forthcoming; and taking his claws out of the dead animal, and shaking himself as he did so, he began to go stealthily round the courtyard, like a cat stealing a march on a rat.

At length the tiger bounded with the rapidity of lightning upon his enemy; the horse was fully prepared. It had evidently been Burrhea’s intention to seize the head and forequarters; but the man-eater was too adroit for that; and, by a quick diving motion of his head and shoulders, had received his antagonist upon his muscular haunches behind. The claws sank deeply into the flesh, whilst the hind feet of the tiger made a grasp or two at the forelegs of the horse; but there was no time to secure his position. The man-eater lashed up with his iron heels into the air with tremendous vigour, and in a moment Burrhea was sprawling on the ground, not at all the better for his attack.

‘Burrhea will kill him yet!’ exclaimed the king.

Cat-like did Burrhea pace round and round again, his broad round head ever turned towards his wary antagonist. With distended

nostrils and flashing eyes, the man-eater watched again as intently as ever, exactly in the same position as formerly – the head and neck lowered and protruded; the ears cocked rigidly; the eyes fixed in a glazed stare at the stealthily-gliding tiger; and one fore-foot ever slightly advanced to admit, doubtless, of that rapid diving and thrusting forward of the shoulder and head, by which he had formerly succeeded in getting his antagonist upon his hind-quarters.

At length the decisive moment arrived again. Burrhea sprang once more; Man-eater was not taken by surprise, however. His head was ducked still lower than before; his forequarters seemed to slide under the springing assailant; and again were Burrhea's claws dug deeply into his haunches; again did the ferocious stallion lash up with his hind feet, almost as if he would throw himself over on his back. His iron heels came with crushing force against the jaw of Burrhea, and in a moment the tiger was sprawling helplessly upon the ground, once more stretched upon his back.

When he resumed his feet, and began running round the bamboo enclosure, it was quite apparent that it was no longer to attack again, but to escape. His jaw was broken; and, with his tail between his legs, he cried out loudly with pain as he ran round, not unlike a whipped spaniel.

The signal was given – the door of the cage was opened, the bamboos opposite to it raised – and Burrhea rushed in to bury himself in the furthest corner.

'Let another tiger be set at him,' shouted the king to the natives, after he had watched him for a moment or two. 'Damn him; I will have my revenge for his destroying Burrhea;' The tiger's cage was brought and placed in the veranda opposite the portion of the bamboo railing, which could be raised at pleasure. A passage was made, and a tiger came leisurely forth and surveyed the courtyard.

The man-eater stood upon the defensive, at the side of the courtyard, opposite to that at which the tiger seemed to not understand what was expected of him. He scampered once or twice round the enclosure, the man-eater eyeing him intently all the while, and facing him still as he turned in every direction. All the efforts of the attendants were unsuccessful, however, in getting him to assail the horse. He was burnt, and speared, and enraged; but vented his rage on the bamboos and showed his glittering teeth to the men; nothing could induce him, apparently, to attack the man-eater, whilst, on his part, man-eater seemed to have no disposition at all to attack him.

It was an evident palpable failure, the king shouted out that man-eater was a brave fellow, that they should remove the tiger, and see what the horse could do with three wild buffaloes. In a few moments three uncouth-looking unwieldy buffaloes were driven into the enclosure, one by one.

The man-eater retreated as they advanced. Their huge forms disconcerted him not a little. Even the appearance of the second tiger, after his deadly encounter with the first, had moved him less than the apparition of these uncouth monsters, with their broad flat foreheads, their wide branching horns, and the ample black rotundities of their figures. He retreated step by step, snorting as he did so, but more with apprehension than with anger.

Huddled confusedly together, the three black brutes thrust their heads to one side and the other in idiotic gaze; now snuffing vainly at the ground, now watching the attendants in the veranda, now contemplating the pillars of the gallery; As to attacking the horse, the idea evidently never entered their heads. He, however, took courage as he saw them irresolute and uncertain. Pawing the ground first, then snuffing at them with distended nostrils, then advancing a step, then snorting with doubt, he slowly came nearer, step by step, almost inch by inch. At length his head almost touched the protruding side of the nearest buffalo. He snorted and sniffed and smelt vigorously as he stretched out his long neck towards the unwieldy brute; the buffalo, for his part, heeding him but a little, or not at all. After snorting and sniffing, and smelling at his ease, man-eater wheeled suddenly round, lashed out furiously behind, and rattled his iron hoofs in gallant style against the ribs of the meditating buffalo. The attack was so sudden, so utterly unlooked for, and so violent withal, that the buffalo was stunned for a moment; his companions shaking their heads in chorus, as if opining that there was something in that.

The king laughed outrageously as he gazed at their confusion. 'The man-eater deserves his life,' he shouted out; 'let him escape.' The order was obeyed forthwith, he was adroitly muzzled and led forth to his stable, a victor and a conqueror, to end his days in peaceful glory.

'I shall have an iron cage made for him,' exclaimed the king; 'and he shall be taken care of. By my father's head but he is a brave fellow.'

He had an iron cage made for him, one twice the size of many modern London dining-rooms; and there, roaming round the walls of his iron house, man-eater exhibited his teeth to admiring visitors, snapped at them valorously, and often showed how he assaulted the ribs of the buffalo, by playing the same tune on the bars of his cage.

When I left Lucknow, the man-eater was still one of its sights.