

Hambletonian 10 and His Monument

By VOLUNTEER

IN EVERY horseman's life there come solemn moments. A "turf career" is not ordinarily associated with anything but ideas of exhilaration; "sport"—and the turf is the greatest of all sports!—being in itself synonymous with the pursuit of a good time, of pleasure for its own sake—red-blooded pleasure, which thrills the whole human animal, and causes him to forget dull care driving, for at least the moment, all grave thoughts away. But it is an old, old story that beneath all the gayety in this world there is a foundation of sobriety to which, when our enthusiasm has subsided, there is an inevitable return. We always must "come down to earth again" after our airy flights into the empyrean—or as near there as we can get, whether by aeroplane or otherwise—and to a sense of those realities upon which everything is based. And in our deeper moments we pay tribute to these great underlying principles or elements, which, as the poet well has said, provoke within our breasts "thoughts that do lie too deep for speech."

Something of this kind passed through my mind, nebulously, but pervasively, one morning last August as I stood for the first time, with bared head, before the monument to Rysdyk's Hambletonian which towers above his grave in the little village of Chester, Orange county, New York. How many times in imagination I had visited this spot! And now, at last, I stood there, in the flesh. From my earliest recollection the names of Hambletonian, Chester and Orange county had been "familiar on my lips as household words." Yet fate had willed that I should pass the half-century milestone, with the gray hairs getting ever thicker in my thatch, before I should be permitted to visit this hallowed spot.

It is impossible—quite impossible—for me to put into words the feeling of reverence which possesses me for the name and fame, the memory and the greatness, of Hambletonian. The ancient Greeks, searching for the symbol which should most fitly characterize man's highest aspirations, chose that of Pegasus, the winged horse, typical of the spirit of poetry, in which those aspirations take their highest form. Plato, greatest of the Greek philosophers, allegorized the human soul under the figure of two horses hitched to a chariot, one representing the spiritual, the other the animal nature of man, which, under the guidance of his reason, must work harmoniously together, each keeping pace with the other in their onward, upward course. In the Iliad of Homer, the horses of Achilles foretold the hero's death, being suddenly gifted with speech for that purpose—and if the reader happens to visit Boston next summer, for the Readville Grand Circuit meeting, he will, if he seeks it out, find there, in the Athenaeum, one of the most magnificent of all horse pictures, the great painting of "Automedon With the Horses of Achilles," by Henri Regnault.

In the mind of the antique world, the horse was always clothed with godlike attributes. His form was sculptured by Phidias on the frieze of the Parthenon, it ornamented the temples of the Egyptians at Karnak and Luxor, and those of the Assyrians and Babylonians in the valley of the Euphrates. These were the cradles of modern civilization, from which its most enduring forces took their rise. Yet again, as the frozen north gradually awoke from the lethargy of the glaciers which enveloped it, and the currents of life flowed through and took possession of it, its earliest inhabitants capable of rising to religious conceptions which they could body forth, seized upon the horse as something more than earthly, which they associated with their gods and placed in their heavens. To the redskins of primeval America he was unknown until the Spanish "conquistadores" brought him to their shores, when at once he took his place in their mythologies and was endowed with supernatural powers.

Beauty and nobility were, from time immemorial, the sovereign qualities or characters of the horse—and we must remember that it is from these same breeds which so fired the imaginations of the Greeks, the Egyptians and the Assyrians that our best modern ones descend. If the poets and artists of the antique world were transported by the equine race as they knew it, what would be their sentiments today, if confronted by the best modern specimens? The horses they knew were mere ponies, which, it is believed, seldom exceeded thirteen hands in height. Certainly their emotions would have been still more enthusiastic had they known, or even conceived of the magnificent creatures of the twentieth century, giants in comparison with their ancestors of over two thousand years ago.

I have ransacked the literatures of all lands and times for passages descriptive of the horse, and

"handsome much." His head was heavy and unrefined, his neck short and "out of drawing," his entire ensemble lacking in classic grace of proportion. But he did impress any one who studied him or staid about him with an overpowering sense of nobility. Probably a more perfectly tempered horse never lived. As is well known, when he died the box stall in which he had spent so many years was without mark of heel or tooth at any spot or place, its woodwork being as perfectly preserved as if never exposed to possibility of blemish. He had an indwelling dignity and majesty that were, to many men, almost supernatural in their quiet grandeur. A great brain, a great heart, a great nature—these things pre-eminently were his. He had come into the world endowed with them, he revealed them from the beginning, so much so that while still young and unknown he had already imbued a circle of devotees with the feeling that he was a super-

horse life he effortlessly and without ostentation "played the part"—or, rather, lived it, for there was no slightest taint of the factitious about him, everything being intrinsic and unalloyed.

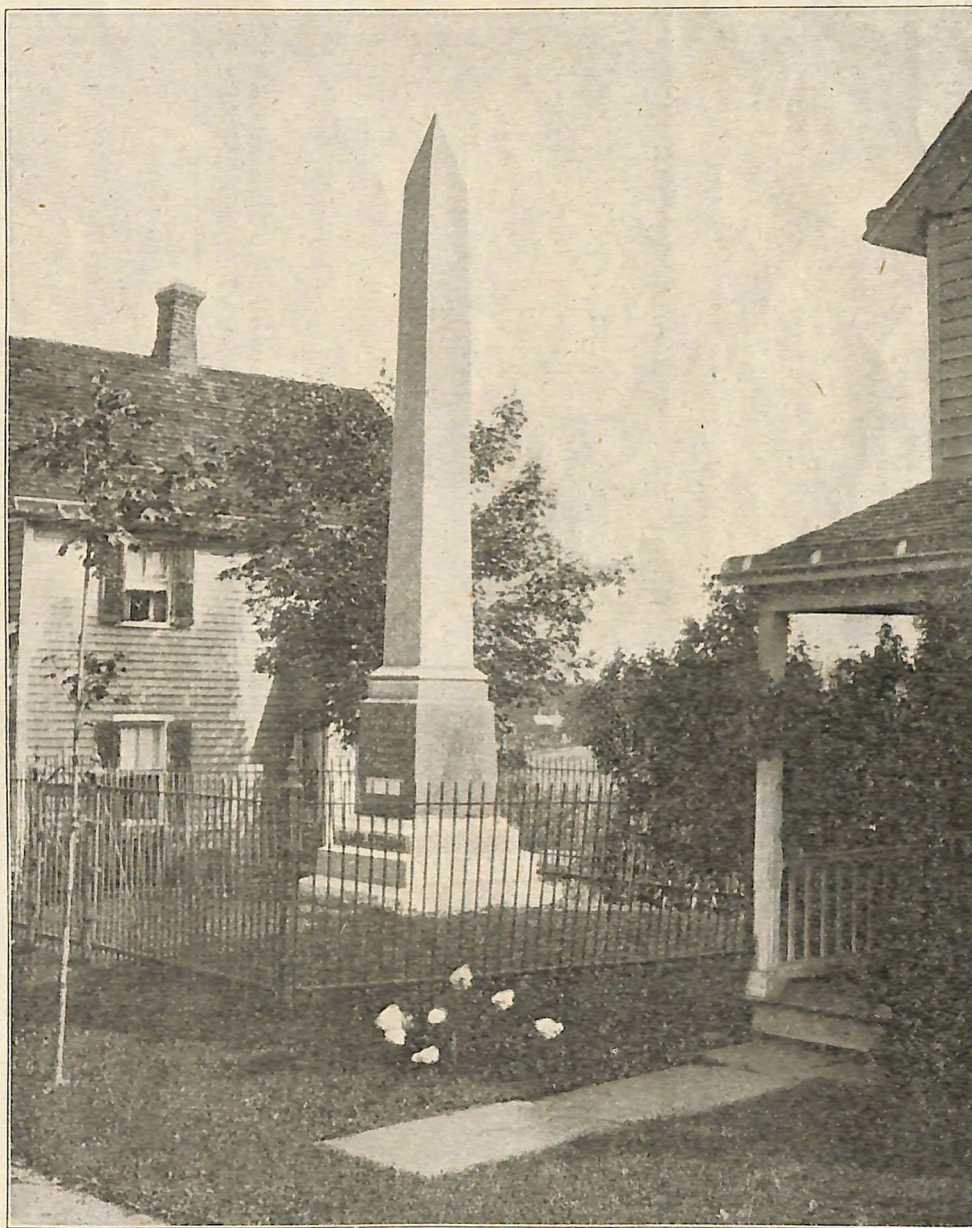
When his monument was being erected, and the question of an inscription came up, Mr. Hamilton Busbey came forward with one which, owing to the criticism that it evoked, was not cut in the granite. I remember that I was myself one of those who united in its rejection on the ground that it was high-flown, grandiloquent and entirely unsuitable. As I recall it, Mr. Busbey's epitaph ran as follows:

"HIS NOBLENES WAS THE ACT OF INHERENT POWER"

Time changes our point of view in many things. I still think this epitaph inadequate and the shaft more dignified without it. But I do recognize that in formulating it Mr. Busbey was moved by a sincere and altogether worthy impulse prompting him to the endeavor to express, in as few words as possible, the pre-eminent attribute of the dead progenitor—the nobility of his greatness. It would have taken a Shakespeare to do this, and one was not at hand. Even had there been, he might have failed.

* * *

As I say, I stood long before the monument to Hambletonian that August morning, with some such thoughts as those I have tried to express above thronging through my mind. As I gazed around at my environment, too, I ruminated upon the inexplicable forms and channels through which greatness exerts its power. Here was a little village, nestling in the hills and vales of Orange county, of, I imagine, less than two thousand souls—just a little country town, of that leisurely, secluded atmosphere which wraps so many in the older part of "the East"—the only at all old part of our country. To any one casually riding or driving through it, there was absolutely nothing about it to suggest for a moment anything at all out of the ordinary. Peculiarly was this so because the monument to Hambletonian, which otherwise might attract general attention, is tucked away in a spot that, unless sought for, is not seen. It is upon a hill and back upon a short side street, and stands directly between two unpretentious frame houses, as the accompanying engraving shows. This engraving is from a photo taken five years ago by "Marque," expressly for the REVIEW, and since that time the iron railing which surrounded the shaft has been removed—for what reason I am not aware—and it stands, as it were, in the clear. Even the two so-near houses cannot spoil its dignity, yet it is a pity that they are there, for they do not belong in such an ensemble as this monument demands. There has lately been an agitation in Chester, I am told, for the removal of the shaft to a conspicuous and commanding site, where it would be seen by everybody entering or leaving the village. But this, to my mind, would be a mistake. In the earth beneath it, the remains of the great progenitor were interred and



The Monument to Hambletonian 10 at Chester, N. Y.

read all the poets and romancers who have introduced him into their works, and in the course of these prolonged literary wanderings I have encountered, and tried to figure to myself, all the famous horses of song and story, of history and record, as they were or might have been. Glorious and wonderful figures they are, haloed by the bright hues of fancy and glamour of great achievement. But all of them shrink into insignificance when, in my mind's eye, I place them beside Hambletonian. About him there is truly, to me, something godlike, as the ancients thought of their worshipped steeds. My feeling for him approaches that of religious veneration, and my thought of him is tinged with a reverence instinctive and profound.

* * *

Hambletonian, I do not suppose, was under any circumstances to be considered beautiful. He possessed certain beautiful physical characters—notably his rich, lustrous, deep bay coat, his fine eye, his sweeping tail, his massive muscular structure, his cordy, sinewy limbs. Moreover, in action he displayed a singular ease and buoyancy of movement, his tread being quick and catlike, and his stroke, they say, at speed, superb. But merely as one looked at him, he did not, in the old phrase,

above those remains is its proper site.

What should be done is this—the two encroaching houses should be removed, the ground upon which they stand be purchased and parked, and the entire space dedicated perpetually to the memory of the mighty dead which it enshrines. The cost of carrying out this plan would not be great—a few thousands of dollars at most—and could be easily raised if anybody of initiative and energy set about it. All that would be necessary would be to ask, say, each member of the Orange County, Grand and other circuits, to give a certain percentage of their gate receipts upon a certain day; or to hold a series of benefit matinees at various tracks during the racing season. And there are many other sources which might be utilized as contributory to the purpose. Its realization would prove that sentiment is not dead in the trotting world, and the tribute would be one it were a platitude to denominate richly deserved—for, if the descendants of Hambletonian were to be blotted out, the sport of harness racing in America would perish, as there are probably not a hundred horses among the thousands of trotters and pacers raced the past year which do not carry his blood.

The mention of this subject brings me to another one, germane to it, that was really the germ from which the present article sprang. In examining the contents of one of the pigeon-holes in my desk not long ago, I came upon a folder, somewhat creased and yellowed, but still intact, which bore the title: "Report of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders on the Hambletonian Monument Fund." This report consisted of the final accounting, made public after the formal erection and unveiling of the shaft, giving the complete list of donors to the fund, the amounts subscribed by each and all, and the manner of disbursement. It bears the date of May 1, 1893, and owing to its historic interest, has been reproduced in facimile, by the engraver, and is herewith presented.

According to this report, which is official and authentic, the grand total of persons and organizations which contributed to the Monument Fund was eighty-one, of which all but two were either individual horsemen or firms composed of two or three members. The National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, which had charge of the raising of the fund, itself contributed \$250, being, with one exception, the largest contributor. The exception referred to was Senator Leland Stanford, of California, proprietor of Palo Alto Farm, then at the height of its glory, who sent a check for \$500—a characteristic example of his unflinching liberality and public spirit in every enterprise in which his interest was enlisted. It is to be recorded that his original check was for \$100, but when it became necessary to swell the sum total to a larger amount than had been raised after subscriptions seemed to be all in, he raised it to \$500.

Only one other subscriber gave a three-figure sum, that one having been John H. Wallace, who is credited with \$100. When one stops to consider that while the "Great Compiler," the creator of the Trotting Register and Year Book, of the Trotting Standard, and of "Wallace's Monthly," while he had amassed a handsome competence from them, was not, in worldly wealth, in any way the equal of many of the other subscribers, one must admit that beneath the brusque personality of this singular man there beat a heart responsive to what he recognized as supreme greatness in the sphere to which his life's labors had been dedicated.

Five different men and one organization gave \$50 each, these being, as they appear on the roster:—Edwin Thorne, proprietor of Thornedale, in Dutchess county, N. Y., at that era, as it had been for twenty years, one of the leading breeding establishments of the Empire State; W. J. Gordon, of Cleveland, O., then prominent as the owner of Clingstone 2:14, Guy 2:09 3/4, and other stars of the high-wheel days, one of the leading members of the Cleveland Driving Club, which held its meetings at the famous old Glenville track, and a breeder, on a small scale, at his Gordon Glen farm; William Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil Co., who maintained a large stable of matinee horses at Cleveland; A. J. Alexander, proprietor of Woodburn Farm, the most famous of Kentucky's speed nurseries; Charles Backman, proprietor of historic Stony Ford Farm, in Orange county; and the New Jersey Association of Trotting Horse Breeders. The list of donors of \$25 each is too long for each of its members to be particularized about.

The roster of contributors is composed chiefly of breeders; of Orange county horsemen, who, through local pride and honor of the horse that had brought, in the aggregate, millions of dollars into their locality, "came across"; a few Kentuckians, and scattering representatives of other parts of the country. It may be said in passing that the list would have been more country-wide in character but for the fact that the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders was conducting the collection and disbursement of the fund. This organization was localized in New York City, was composed almost exclusively of members identified with that part of the country, and was dominated by a group of officials who had managed to stir up a good deal of antagonism outside their own baili-

REPORT
OF THE
National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders
ON THE
HAMBLETONIAN MONUMENT FUND.

To subscriptions received from following, viz.:	By Postage.....	\$10 00
Edwin Thorne.....	Printing Circulars	19 00
W. J. Gordon.....	Cash book.....	1 10
B. J. Treacy.....	Syenite Grante Co. for monu-	
W. Rockefeller.....	ment.....	1,500 00
A. J. Alexander.....	E. B. Kotch Granite Co. for	
J. H. Fenton.....	for setting monument, etc.	220 00
R. P. Pepper.....	Sand Stone, etc., for foun-	
G. B. Goodell.....	dation.....	24 00
H. C. McDowell.....	Plot of Ground.....	50 00
Charles Backman.....	E. B. Kotch Granite Co. for	
J. Carpenter.....	fence and setting.....	255 00
G. A. Chambers.....		
John H. Wallace.....		
A. B. Hankins.....		
Robert Steel.....		
W. F. Redmond.....		
A. H. Gilbert.....		
B. K. Johnson.....		
Guy Miller.....		
Z. E. Simmons.....		
E. H. Brodhead.....		
D. J. Campau.....		
Geo. B. James.....		
Carl S. Burr.....		
Rev. T. A. Hendricks, "Aurelius"		
G. Conklin.....		
W. B. Dorwin.....		
J. C. Howland.....		
Harrison Mills.....		
John E. Wood.....		
H. A. Pooler.....		
H. P. Clauson.....		
J. Blackburn Miller.....		
T. S. Durland.....		
S. B. Hill.....		
Masterson Bros.....		
J. C. Hoyt.....		
W. S. Jayne.....		
Elbert Kipp.....		
Cyrus Travis.....		
Geo. T. Wisner.....		
L. M. Fair.....		
C. R. Bull.....		
C. P. Smith.....		
H. Tuthill.....		
J. T. Thompson.....		
E. G. Masten & Bros.....		
C. W. Kerner.....		
Wilson & Osborne.....		
S. Wilkin.....		
J. M. Knapp.....		
S. Hadden.....		
Geo. M. Roe & Co.....		
B. H. Henderson.....		
N. R. Feagler.....		
Joseph Board.....		
Aymar Van Buren.....		
W. L. Ogden.....		
F. L. Millsbaugh.....		
Dudley Miller.....		
New Jersey Association of Trotting Horse Breeders.....		
J. H. Coster.....		
W. H. Tailer.....		
F. K. Sturgis.....		
C. D. Moss.....		
Lawrence Kip.....		
J. L. Barclay.....		
F. W. Vanderbilt.....		
John Alexandre.....		
A. N. Morris.....		
David Bonner.....		
A. A. Bonner.....		
A. C. Hall.....		
H. W. T. Mali.....		
C. H. Kerner.....		
P. A. Leman.....		
W. B. Dickerman.....		
Jonathan Hawkins.....		
Frederick P. Olcott.....		
National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders.....		
Leland Stanford.....		
Interest collected from deposits.....		
	By Balance (used in partially paying for printing this report).....	4 62
		\$2,083 72

The Monument is erected on a commanding site on the farm formerly owned by William M. Rysdyk at Chester, Orange Co., New York; is of Red Granite, 26 feet 10 inches in height and 6 feet square at the base.

NEW YORK,

May 1, 1893.

W. F. REDMOND,
Treasurer.

wick. Jealousy—which, regrettably enough, is always a factor in turf affairs—without doubt prevented many people from subscribing.

Very few western names appear. J. H. Fenton, who gave \$10, was the head of a then-leading firm of manufacturers of turf goods in Chicago; E. H. Brodhead, of Milwaukee, who gave \$25, was one of the leading breeders of Wisconsin; D. J. Campau, of Detroit, was the publisher of the defunct Chicago "Horseman"; Rev. T. A. Hendricks

was one of the most brilliant of the non-professional turf writers, using the pen name of "Aurelius"—he died a year or two ago as Roman Catholic Bishop of Manila, in the Philippines; Dudley Miller was then the manager of the "Horse World," of Buffalo, N. Y.—he met a tragic death soon after.

At this distance of time it is impossible for me to identify all the names upon the list, some of them being completely strange to me. Among those which I recognize as belonging to Orange county,

however, I may enumerate Charles Backman, Guy Miller, J. C. Howland, Harrison Mills, John E. Wood, T. S. Durland, J. C. Hoyt, Geo. T. Wisner, C. R. Bull, H. Tuthill, S. Wilkin, J. M. Knapp, Geo. M. Roe & Co., N. R. Feagles (Feagler is a palpable misprint), F. L. Millsbaugh, and Jonathan Hawkins. Most of these men had either bred or owned noted sons of Hambletonian. At Stony Ford Mr. Backman had a whole galaxy of sons of the "hero of Chester," but his enduring title to fame was won as the breeder of Electioneer, whom he used but slightly before selling him to Leland Stanford. Jonathan Hawkins was the breeder of both Dexter 2:17½ and Dictator—and may I be pardoned for pausing to say that he was the first breeder of a trotting champion that I ever personally met? That is to say, of a world's champion, as Dexter was. Only a few days after I joined the staff of the HORSE REVIEW, in the spring of 1892, about a year before the publication of this list of donors, Mr. Hawkins visited Chicago and called at the REVIEW office, and from a talk with which he favored several members of the editorial force, I wrote a resume of his personal reminiscences of Clara, the daughter of American Star, from whose unions with Hambletonian sprang so renowned a family.

It seems somewhat peculiar to note that while the names of David and Alley Bonner figure on the list, that of Robert Bonner is missing. As a matter of fact, there are many names missing that one would have thought must appear. Why they do not is one of those interesting questions capable of many different answers—in each individual case different factors entering. One would suppose that few horsemen would fail to contribute at least his "mite" to so worthy a cause—yet it is characteristic of human nature that many worthy causes go unsupported by those most logically to be expected to come to their support. As a matter of fact, the welfare of a cause itself is very often dependent upon the effectiveness of the appeal made for it. If this appeal lacks force or persuasiveness, the results are apt to disappoint. One has only to bear in mind the case of the Grant Tomb, on Riverside Drive, New York City. For years the collection of the fund for its erection, by popular subscription, dragged dismally along. Despite the fact that the structure was to be imposingly beautiful, both monumentally and historically, and a national shrine, also that New York was to possess it in perpetuity, the citizens of the Metropolis proved entirely unworthy of such an honor, and it was finally necessary for a group of patriotic Chicago men to take the matter in hand and raise the remainder of the amount needed to insure the erection of the mausoleum. Moved by indignation at New York's indifference, and by the fact that Grant himself had been, at a momentous period of his life, a citizen of Illinois, the Chicagoans "got together" and speedily "put over" the necessary subscriptions—but for which the project bade fair never to have been realized.

Had the canvass for the fund for Hambletonian's monument been differently conducted, it is probable that a much larger sum would have been raised than was the case; also that Leland Stanford would never have felt obligated to increase his original contribution from \$100 to \$500, to have assured the guarantee.

There yet remains to be noted one important personal detail. Upon the list does not appear the name of the late William Russell Allen, of Allen Farm, Pittsfield, Mass., who, upon his own initiative, donated the granite from which the towering shaft was cut. It was quarried from his own quarries, in the heart of the Ozarks, in Missouri, and not far from the noted Iron Mountain Farm, of present Secretary W. H. Smollinger, of the American Trotting Association. As will be noted, there is among the items of disbursement one of \$1,500 to the Syenite Granite Co., which covered the expense of the shaping and polishing of the granite blocks which Mr. Allen at his own expense provided. After delivery at Goshen—which costs, we believe, Mr. Allen also defrayed—the setting of the shaft cost \$220 more, and the sandstone foundation \$24, while the iron railing (now removed) and its foundation, cost \$255. The ground upon which the monument stands cost but \$50; from which it may be surmised that, despite recent appreciation in value, it would not cost inordinately to carry out the idea advanced above—i. e., purchase the houses and lots on each side of the monument, remove the houses and park the entire plot of ground in an appropriate manner.

After carefully scrutinizing the list of donors, and endeavoring to obtain all procurable information, there seem to be living today but five of the gentlemen whose names are included. In the order in which they appear, these are as follows:

W. F. REDMOND, of Madison, N. J. As treasurer of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, Mr. Redmond issued the report reproduced. He is still breeding trotters, and among the noted ones of recent years which he has bred may be mentioned Al Mack 2:05½, Guy Nella 2:06¾ and The American Girl 2:09½.

GUY MILLER, of Chester, still living on the farm in the outskirts of the village which for so

many years has been his home. Mr. Miller is the dean of the surviving Orange county breeders, and I had the pleasure of a visit with him last August when I attended the Goshen meeting. In his youth Mr. Miller cared for Hambletonian for a number of years, and the great progenitor stood at public service for an extended period at the present Miller farm.

D. J. CAMPAU, of Detroit, Mich. Mr. Campau, who, as above-stated, was proprietor of the Chicago "Horseman" at the time the monument was erected, also the "power behind the throne" in harness racing affairs at Detroit, has for some years past been an absentee from the light harness world.

ALBERT C. HALL, of New York City. Mr. Hall, still hale and hearty, respected and esteemed by a host of friends in the trotting world, is just as much of an enthusiast over the light harness horse as ever. He has bred and owned many good trotters, and now has a number of very high-class ones by Lee Axworthy 1:58¼ and other sires, in the stable of Thomas W. Murphy and others. Mr. Hall, whom I have known for many years, I also met at Goshen last summer. As is well known, he is one of the "old guard" of "regulars" at Lexington every fall, not having missed a meeting there in years. In many ways, a chat with Mr. Hall is one of the greatest pleasures which a horseman of a later generation can enjoy.

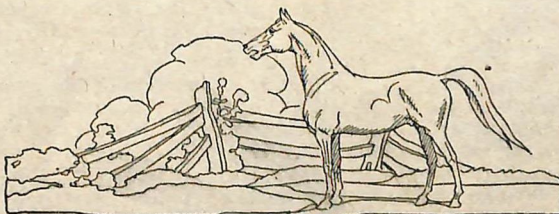
W. B. DICKERMAN, of New York City and Hillandale Farm, Mamaroneck, N. Y. As it is almost needless to state, Mr. Dickerman is the senior breeder of America who still maintains a complete breeding establishment of his own; and from it he has not failed to send out, every season for many past, a galaxy of stars. During 1919 his stable, in charge of Harry Fleming, was one of the most formidable on the Grand Circuit, though not a large one, and was headed by Nedda 2:03¾, the champion trotting mare of the year.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have endeavored in a not-too-prolix way, to give some account of the monument to Hambletonian and how and why it was erected. In closing I would say, however, what has probably occurred involuntarily to every reader—namely, that Hambletonian's truest, most imposing and permanent memorial is constituted by the American standard-bred trotter of today and his relatives in blood, all descended from the same source, which flourish in all lands overseas where trotting is an organized sport.

While many basic elements went to its creation, the standard breed is dominantly Hambletonian. Generations ago all other streams were gathered as tributary rills into the mighty current which originated in the little town of Chester, Orange county, New York, when, on May 5, 1849, in a pasture lot belonging to Jonas Seely, the Charles Kent mare, daughter of imported Bellfounder, there foaled a bay colt to the cover of Abdallah, son of Mambrino, by imported Messenger. That date and that event are by so much the most memorable in the history of the breed, and of the evolution of speed at both harness gaits, universally speaking, that all others sink into insignificance in comparison. God—and nature, his chief expression—"works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." Why nature had decreed that Hambletonian should come into the world when and how he did, and thereafter accomplish what he did, is a mystery inscrutable. All human attempts to explain such mysteries in the end add only to their inexplicability. Let us be content merely to revere the greatness and preserve the memory of this incomparable horse, whose like the world has never seen, and never will again.

BINGENWOOD FARM STALLIONS

H. L. Flauss, manager of Bingenwood Farm, Christopher, Ill., writes that he is more than pleased with the manner in which the superb son of Bingen 2:06¾ and Miss Nutonia (dam of the greatest trotting race mare of all time, Mabel Trask 2:01¼, and seven others), by Nutwood 2:18¼, is showing as a sire. Bingenwood is one of the greatest bred horses in his renowned family, and from limited service has an even dozen young trotters and pacers in the list. He had three new performers in 1920, and two with reduced records. A grand horse himself, gaited to order, and with 2:00 speed. He can't help but sire real race horses, and that's what he is doing. Watch his boom come! Peter Cecil 2:15½, an own brother of Peter McCormick 2:05½, and son of Peter the Great 2:07¼, is owned by the farm, but in 1921 will serve at Anna, Ill., in charge of George Morris. He has the qualifications to make a classy sire—speed, gait, breeding and beauty. Service fee \$50.—Adv.



Henry Hawkins

The old saw says, "Good wine needs no bush"; likewise it follows that a good trainer needs no flattery, as his work is the best criterion of his ability. To train and race a public stable for twenty-three years, successfully, is an enviable record for any trainer, and this record Henry Hawkins, of Springfield, Ill., lays claim to. To enumerate his past successes with harness horses would be to fill a book. Let it suffice to say therefore that his ability to get along with any kind of a horse, but especially a high strung one, is equaled by few present-day trainers.

Among his patrons is the firm of E. D. Pendleton & Sons, of East St. Louis, Ill., for whom Hawkins has campaigned a stable for the past eleven years. His success with the erratic mare Denali 2:09 last year is still fresh in the memory, and as indicative of his ability along this line, he won seven races out of ten starts with her, giving her her present record. Another of Hawkins' stars in 1919 was the four-year-old Hedgewood Boy filly, Lena Louise, p. 2:07¼, with whom he won all of her seven starts, giving her her record against time.

This past season Hawkins had out his usual good stable, marking no less than seven horses in 2:10 or better, five of them in one afternoon, which is a record of its kind; also, three other members of his stable worked in 2:10 or better. Every horse trained, in fact, trotted or paced in 2:10 or better—a pretty fair record, eh, for a small stable? The best trotter he had in 1920 was the three-year-old bay filly Miss Ellen Todd 2:10½, by Todd Mac 2:07¾, owned by the Pendletons, she starting ten times, was four times first, four times second, once third and once fourth, never out of the money. At Louisville, Ky., she trotted to the world's race record for her age of 2:10½ over a half-mile track. Starting in the HORSE REVIEW futurity at Columbus, O., she was a close second to Arion Guy the second heat in 2:05¾, and surprised the talent by her wonderful showing.

Alma Todd, 3, 2:13¾, by Kentucky Todd, 3, 2:08¾, started five times and was never out of the money, showing a trial in 2:08¾, and was sold after the Urbana, Ill., meeting. The black gelding Trimmer 2:10, showed well early in the season, but took sick, and did not live up to his spring promise. He won a second and a fourth money in four starts, but had to be shipped home. Big George, p. 2:06¾, the big chestnut gelding, was also unfortunate in being afflicted with the prevailing sickness, and was unable to demonstrate his real class. He started six times, getting two first moneys, two thirds and two fourths. The game little Constenaro mare, Myrtle Garner 2:07¾, was another stand-by of the stable. She started six times, annexing three firsts, two seconds and one third, was never out of the money, and was separately timed at Nashville, Tenn., in 2:06½. Prince McKinney 2:07¾ was not added to the stable until after the second Aurora, Ill., meeting, but started his winning campaign immediately after landing with Hawkins. He raced nine times, getting three firsts, three seconds, one third and two fourths, and was separately timed at Lexington in 2:06½. The Exponent mare, Lady X. 2:11¼, was another late addition to the stable, but started four times and was out of the money only once. She was second at Nashville in 2:07¾, and separately timed in 2:07¾. At Lexington, Ky., when she got a little off, she was shipped home.

The list of horses marked in 2:10 or better this season by Hawkins is as follows:

Big George, p, ch g, by Artie W., p. 2:08½. 2:06¾
Sweet Virginia, p, bl m, by Slick Goods... 2:07¾
Myrtle Garner, b m, by Constenaro 2:16¼. 2:07¾
Prince McKinney, ch g, by Roy McKinney 47615 2:07¾
Axie H., p, b m, by Dale Axworthy 37502... 2:08¼
Trimmer, bl g, by Battler M. 50003..... 2:10
Hedgewood Star, p, ch h, by Hedgewood Boy, p, 2:01 2:10

The following trialed in 2:10 or better:

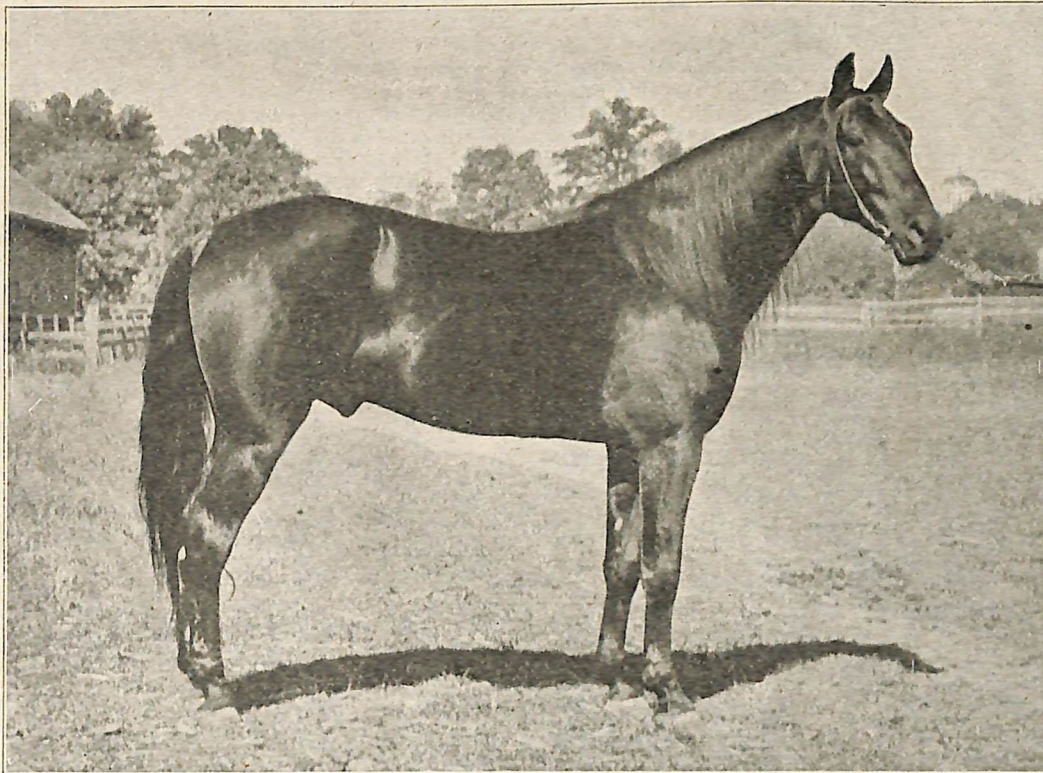
Miss Ellen Todd, 3, b f, by Todd Mac 2:07¾. 2:05¾
Alma Todd, b f, 4, by Kentucky Todd, 3, 2:08¾ 2:08¾
Constapon, p, b g, by Constenaro 2:16¼. 2:10

This is indeed a remarkable showing for the size of the stable, and reflects added credit to the already long list of 2:10 performers marked by this Springfield, Ill., trainer.

Among the horses sold by Hawkins from his last season's stable were Lightfoot, p, 2:07¾, Axie H., p, 2:08¼, Hedgewood Star, p, 2:10, Bonnie Girl, p, 2:09½, Billy Bond, p, 3, 2:15, and Alma Todd, 4, 2:13¾. Ralph Cobb was also separately timed this season in 2:08¾.

Hawkins, as usual, has his quota of winter boarders at Springfield, at the Illinois state fair grounds, and will train a public stable again in 1921. Inquiries relative to any of his horses may be addressed to him at 2608 Peoria Road, Springfield, Ill.—Adv.

J. MALCOLM FORBES, 4, 2:08



J. MALCOLM FORBES, 4, 2:08

WITH little doubt the first name to be added to the list of "century sires" in the coming season of 1921 will be that of J. Malcolm Forbes. Turning to our Table of Standard Performers for 1920, arranged under sires, which will be found elsewhere in this issue, the reader will discover that up to the close of 1919 the son of Bingen 2:06½ and Santos was credited with a total of 86 in the standard list, 81 trotters and 5 pacers; and that during 1920 he added 9 more to this roster, making his grand total to date just 95. He, therefore, has but "five to go" to attain the coveted honors—and that these five will have been forthcoming ere the campaign is many weeks old may be set down as a certainty.

He is today but thirteen years of age and ranks as the world's leading sire of standard speed at five, six, seven, eight, nine, eleven, twelve and thirteen years—and the only reason he does not also hold the ten-year-old honors is that he was withdrawn from stud service for one season and the lack of foals by him the following year is responsible for his failing to hold an unbroken series of honors for every age from five to thirteen years.

Wonderful indeed is this record—one which becomes still more remarkable because of the fact that J. Malcolm Forbes, unlike many of our leading progenitors, has never been at the head of a large stud or enjoyed the patronage of large numbers of outside mares. His service has been, on the whole, limited in scope, and the number of foals got by him is only a fraction of the number sired by many other famous progenitors at the same age.

The reason he leads them all in the percentage of speed sired is because he is, strictly speaking, phenomenal in his capacity to transmit extreme, early, natural speed to his offspring. Of his 95 standard performers to date, no less than 52, or considerably over 50 per cent, are yearlings, and all these yearlings are trotters. All other sires

combined have not begotten as many with standard records as stand to the credit of Forbes alone. When it is remembered that the first yearling trotter, Freedom 2:29¾, took his mark as far back as 1889—31 years ago—and that ever since then performers of that age have been coming along, the fact that J. Malcolm Forbes has sired more of them than all other sires put together, is, we think, sufficient evidence of what we have said—that he is a truly phenomenal progenitor.

* * *

The facts of the history of Forbes—as he is familiarly known among horsemen—have been so often printed in the REVIEW that we will spare our readers their repetition at this time. Suffice to say that when the late D. D. Streeter, of Kalamazoo, Mich., his breeder, sold Peter the Great to the late J. Malcolm Forbes, of Forbes Farm, Ponkapog, Mass., a number of services to that horse figured in the transaction, but in lieu of one of these, Mr. Streeter obtained from Mr. Forbes the privilege of breeding Santos, Peter's dam, to Bingen. J. Malcolm Forbes was the result of this fortunate mating. Mr. Streeter died when the colt was but a two-year-old, and he was then purchased by Mr. James R. Magowan, of Mt. Sterling, Ky., whose property he has ever since been, and who has made him what he is today by his skilful methods of breeding (Mr. Magowan is himself the breeder of almost all Forbes' performers, of all ages), developing and marketing his foals.

It is natural that such a tribe should occupy a distinguished position in the public estimation, and the "verdict of the sales" has, in the case of the Forbeses, confirmed that of the race track. The consignments of Forbes yearlings that Mr. Magowan sends to the Old Glory sale in New York have again and again broken all auction records for consignments of trotters of their age.

In November, 1916, he took 13 to Madison Square Garden and received an average price of \$860 for them, although the Forbes boom was then but getting started.

In 1917 he did not send any there, but in 1918 sent 15, for which he received an average price of \$1,312.

This created a sensation, but it was entirely overshadowed by the showing for 1919, when his lot of 11 averaged no less than \$1,754.

When it is recalled that yearling consignments by every other prominent sire in America have been sent to the Old Glory and offered for the "high dollar," and that none of them have equaled or approached the results attained for the Forbeses, the moral is too obvious to need comment. At this year's Old Glory Mr. Magowan offered but a fragmentary consignment, as sickness invaded his stable and he was obliged to withdraw from the sale a large portion of his original consignment, including those for which he expected to realize the largest prices. Despite this, however, the yearling filly Alleen C. 2:25, by Forbes, brought \$3,100, the top price of the sale for a trotter of the age.

When we realize that J. Malcolm Forbes is today but thirteen years of age, and that he has ten or a dozen years more of usefulness before him, we can estimate what his ultimate position is bound to be. Every season sees his fame grow and grow, and now we may fairly say that there will be no stopping him. No other stallion, living or dead, has ever shown the ability to sire so much early speed, with such uniformity and of such superlative degree. It seems as easy for a Forbes yearling to trot in 2:30 as for two or three-year-olds by other sires. With their speed the Forbeses have fine individuality, purity of gait, and an ability to race, which has been demonstrated everywhere in the trotting world, from the Grand Circuit to the "tall grass."