

Horse Of The Golden West Wins Place In Sun

Palomino Is Only Breed Of Horses Developed In Western Section Of United States

By Alan Case

THE famous golden Palomino, the one breed of horse that the West can claim as her own, has at last been given its rightful place among the other aristocrats of the equine world. An association of breeders of this spectacular animal have just started a stud book in which the names and pedigrees of all full-blood Palominos are registered. Of course you know that a stud book is to the animal kingdom what Burke's Peerage, the Almanach de Gotha, and the Social Register are to humans. If your name, number and heritage is duly published therein you're an aristocrat. If not, you just don't belong.

Up until this year the Palomino hasn't officially "belonged", chiefly because it is a breed that originated and developed right here on the Pacific coast where we are notoriously careless about ancestry. If it had been an Eastern or English animal it would have been duly recorded 100 years ago.

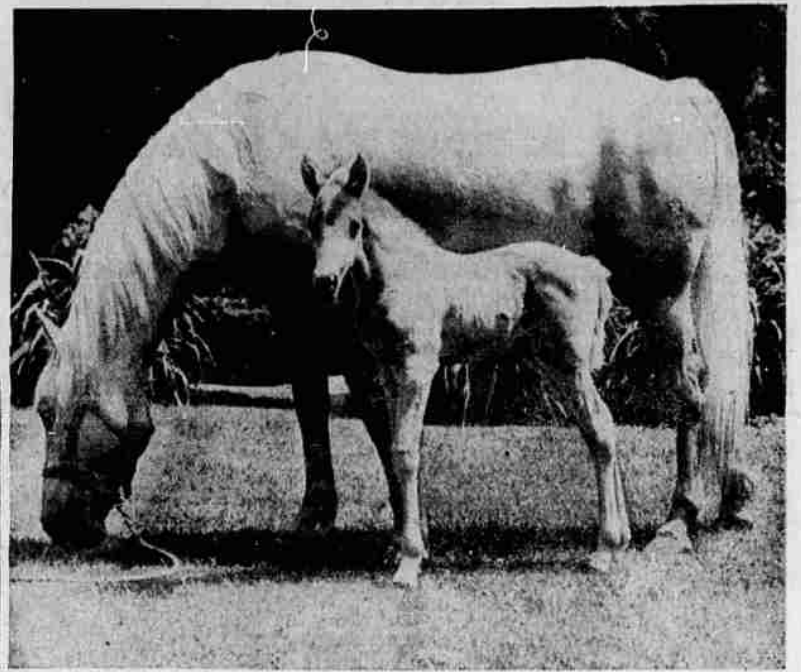
No one knows exactly where the Palomino originated but there are two legends, one gives the honor to California and the other to Arizona and Mexico. According to the story current among the Spanish speaking paisanos of California there was, about 1800, a cattle foreman at the Mission Santa Barbara who longed for the distinction of riding the most beautiful horse in the country. Of course, he had the pick of the great herds belonging to the Mission but there wasn't a horse among them that satisfied his ambition. He was always on the lookout and he told the Indians, who herded the brood mares far back in the hills, that there would be a big reward in brandy and hard money for the man who would bring him the most likely colt.

FINALLY one summer, when the mares were brought down to the Mission to tread out the grain on the huge earthen threshing floors, an old one-eyed Indian came into the compound leading a gangling, long-legged colt such as had never before been seen in those parts. The little fellow was all covered with chaff and dust from the threshing floor and at first Don Estaban, the cattle foreman, looked at him with disgust. "Que Palomino!" Palomino is a word in barnyard Spanish that isn't at all complimentary.

But when the Indian rubbed his hand over the colt's soft coat, each hair shone like a thread of gold and when the chaff was brushed from its mane and tail, they were the color of rich milk. Furthermore, the youngster was gentle, graceful and swift, and showed in its small head,



Tarzan, Palomino who stars with Ken Maynard in western pictures. A remarkably intelligent animal, he obeys direction either by voice or signal and is as camera-wise as any veteran actor.



"La Reina", with her colt, one of two beautiful Palominos owned by the Wrigley Estate. Eight Palominos are pampered pets of the Sultan of Johore. "Anywhere west of the Rockies, a pretty girl on a Palomino horse is usually the leader of any parade."

fine neck, slender legs and deep chest that it was descended from the famous Spanish Barbs, which are closely akin to the Arabian horses. This wasn't surprising because many Barbs had been brought to California from Spain by the way of Mexico, for gentlemen and land owners disdained to ride any other breed.

However, the colt's color was as new as it was startlingly beautiful and Don Estaban knew he had found the horse of his dreams!

In California all true Palominos are descended from that colt. In Arizona the story goes that some raiding redskins from Gila county rode down into Sonora, Mexico, and stole a famous

white stallion from a rich hacienda. The next year they raided the same ranch and took a buckskin mare and the year following that the mare returned to her home leading a golden colt with a milk-white mane and tail. This occurred before the Spanish made their first settlements in California according to the story, and California can only claim the breed by adoption.

At any rate, the Palomino became a very much prized horse in California when the Spanish and Mexican flags flew over the Golden State. Palominos were always rather scarce and expensive and for that reason all the more sought after by wealthy ranchers. A caballero bound for a

wedding or a fiesta, all garbed in plush and satin, didn't consider himself really dressed for the occasion unless he had a Palomino horse under his silver-plated saddle. And, quite naturally, as the native Californians were among the world's best horsemen, they bred the Palomino with an eye to speed and endurance as well as beauty.

IN Spanish times the Palomino horses were not known by that name except among vaqueros and stable hands. Designations such as "Los Dorados", "the Golden Ones", or "Cremolos" and "Canelos" meaning cream-colored and cinnamon colored were used in more polite conversation for this favorite mount of the dons, and "Los dos Canelos" were the names of the two young Palominos ridden by an American army officer who in 1846 made the seven hundred mile round trip from Monterey to Los Angeles in seven days. That is a record that has yet to be duplicated.

After the American conquest of California, the Palomino breed spread east through Arizona and New Mexico into Texas and from California up into Washington and Oregon, but in most localities the breed deteriorated rapidly

through crossing with wild mustangs that were common throughout the West at this period. It is claimed that most of the buckskin ponies in Oregon and Idaho have proud Palomino blood.

About 30 or 40 years ago the Palomino breed began to be revived from a few horses of the pure strain that were discovered in the back country of California and today they are bred on a dozen ranches in California, Oregon, Arizona and Nevada. While they make excellent cow horses and good polo ponies, their spectacular beauty makes them very popular for parades and fiestas throughout the West. From British Columbia to Mexico, anywhere west of the Rockies, a pretty girl on a Palomino horse is usually the leader of any parade.

Today we have many nationally and internationally known Palominos, such as "Tarzan" who stars with Ken Maynard in western pictures, "El Rey" and "La Reina," two superb animals belonging to the Wrigley estate, not to mention eight Palominos that are the pampered pets of the Sultan of Johore. And since the breed is duly recognized and registered it will undoubtedly experience an increasing popularity among horse lovers.

IN THE ARCTIC'S ICY CLUTCH!

BY SIR HUBERT WILKINS—FAMOUS ARCTIC EXPLORER

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

FOR HIS FEARLESS EXPLOITS IN ADVANCING SCIENCE, WILKINS WAS KNIGHTED BY HIS KING

I FIX OUR POSITION AT 72°30' N. LAT. AND 155° E. LONG.

THE RADIO'S NOT GETTING THROUGH

SUNRISE THE NEXT DAY WE FOUND OURSELVES STRANDED ON AN ICE FLOE—97 MILES AWAY FROM THE NEAREST LAND

WE WERE FLYING IN THE MOST DANGEROUS SECTOR IN THE ARCTIC, IN A WILDERNESS OF JAGGED ICE! FOR TWO HOURS, WE'D BEEN CLAWING STRAIGHT INTO THE TEETH OF A HOWLING BLIZZARD

SUDDENLY THE MOTOR CUT OUT—THE GAS TANKS ARE BONE-DRY

GLIDE AS FAR AS YOU CAN—THEN BRACE FOR THE CRASH!

THE PLANE DROPPED THROUGH THE INKY INFERNO OF THE STORM—TOWARD THE PINNACLES OF PACK ICE, WE STRUCK! MIRACULOUSLY A FINGER OF ICE CAUGHT THE WING FABRIC. WE WERE SAFE, BUT THE PLANE WAS A TOTAL WRECK

WE DRIFTED HELPLESSLY FOR 5 DAYS, WAITING FOR THE OPEN WATER LEADS TO FREEZE FOR OUR LONG TREK OVER THE ICE. WE COULD CARRY ONLY BARELY ENOUGH FOOD TO SUPPORT LIFE. AT LAST THE TEMPERATURE FELL TO 30° BELOW ZERO

TUCK IN YOUR BELT, FROM NOW ON WE LIVE ON 12 OUNCES OF FOOD A DAY!

ANOTHER LEAD... JUST FROZEN TOO! WAIT HERE WHILE I SEE IF IT'S SOLID ENOUGH TO HOLD US

WE HAD HOPED TO WALK... ACTUALLY WE HAD TO CRAWL PAINFULLY OVER THE UP-ENDED ICE BLOCKS—WADE WAIST DEEP THROUGH DRIFT SNOW

FOOT BY FOOT I EASED OVER THE SPONGY ICE, WITHIN 3 YARDS OF SAFETY, I TURNED TO WAVE TO MY COMPANION—THEN THE ICE GAVE WAY!

I SANK UNDER THE ICE SHELF, BUT SOMEHOW MANAGED TO HOOK THE EDGE WITH MY ICE PICK. I PULLED MYSELF OUT—AND ROLLED TO SAFETY

ONLY PEMMICAN AND DRY BISCUIT... BUT A FEW CAMELS MAKE IT TASTE GOOD AND FEEL GOOD INSIDE!

LOOK—THERE'S SMOKE!

YES! AND SOLID EARTH—WARMTH... REST... AND GOOD FOOD ONCE MORE!

YOU BET! THE TOUGHER THE GOING, THE MORE I APPRECIATE THEIR CHEERY 'LIFT'

SIR HUBERT WILKINS

AN EXPLORER NEEDS GOOD DIGESTION. I FIND THAT CAMELS ADD GUSTO TO MY MEALS AND BRING ME A GREAT FEELING OF WELL-BEING. AND CAMELS NEVER GET ON MY NERVES

THEY ALL SAY: "CAMELS SET YOU RIGHT!" LIKE SIR HUBERT WILKINS, FRANK BUCK, GENE SARAZEN, COL. ROSCOE TURNER, BILL TILDEN, AND MILLIONS OF OTHERS—YOU, TOO, WILL FIND THAT CAMELS SET YOU RIGHT! ENJOY THEM OFTEN... AT MEALTIMES FOR THEIR AID TO DIGESTION—INCREASE IN ALKALINITY... AT ALL TIMES FOR THEIR CHEERY "LIFT" THEIR MATCHLESS FLAVOR AND MILDNESS

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

For Digestion's Sake—Smoke **CAMELS**