

Special Note

Kay Williams, our founding editor, has decided to retire and turn the reins over to Karen Smith. Kay has many new projects which she has had to put on hold due to the time involved in getting the Animal News out. Kay's devoted attention and style has made the Animal News one of the most popular interoffice newsletters. Thank you Kay and job well done! (Due to the time involved in getting the Animal News out each month, it has been decided that it will be published bi-monthly).

NEW SHEEP UPDATE

Russ Dow, our agent, has selected 12 ewes and 1 ram. The ewes are being bred right now. It is undecided how many of the 12 ewes we will receive. This will depend on the cost of shipping. The sheep will depart from Tasmania, Australia, some time between May 5 through 25 for Canada. We are not sure where they will arrive in Canada to start their quarantine just yet.

RUN FOR THE ROSES

Saturday, May 6

By Madge Hall

Crushed ice?

Check.

Fresh mint?

Check.

Kentucky bourbon?

Double Check.

Looks like we are all set for another run for the roses, the 113th Kentucky Bunbury.

Wait a minute, the Kentucky what? Yes, you read correctly, this is not a typo. If fate had not intervened when it did in 1780 we would all be running and wearing bunburies instead of derbies.

In the spring of 1780, Edward Smith Stanley, the 12th Earl of Derby and his friend, Sir Charles Bunbury, had organized a contest for the best three year old Thoroughbred colts and fillies in England. It was to be a short race by 18th-century standards, a mile long. However, there was one problem. What was the race to be called? A quick toss of a coin soon decided that question, and the course of horse racing history was changed forever.

So, relax before the race begins, sip on your mint julep, study the horses, jockeys, and trainers before you make your wager (remember it's legal now in Virginia) and enjoy the 113th running of the Kentucky Derby. Incidentally, Sir Bunbury's horse won the first derby.

Thank you goes to the Smithsonian Magazine for providing some background information.

RETIREMENTS AND SALES

by Richard Nicoll

This month we said goodbye to the chestnut mare, Susie. Susie came to C.W. with partner Rusty and spent her time here as a wagon and carriage horse. For the last few years she had been showing her age and it was becoming more difficult for her to keep up the work required. In March the decision was made to retire her from her duties at C.W. She will be spending her retirement years in the Charlottesville area being used occasionally to ride and drive.

We have also sold the horses Jim and Jake. The two black geldings had been working together as a pair to the wagon through much of last year. They had adapted to most things in the village but were still having problems accepting certain types of motorized vehicles, mainly trucks. They had been given several scares through the year which did not help their progress. During their ongoing training this winter, Coach and Livestock staff had focused on this problem. On one occasion they became nervous due to a sound. One thing led to another and the animals were no longer contained. The end result, the carriage met a tree, which brought all to a halt. Fortunately the only consequences were bumps and bruises, broken and bent carriage parts, and two shaken horses and staff members.

My decision was to pull these horses from our program. They had been given every opportunity to work within our organizational structure. This last incident made it clear they were no longer worth the time and safety risk to continue in their role as Colonial Williamsburg carriage horses.

When you see staff members on the street with a pair of horses to the vehicle it is for a specific reason, be they new or old horses. The first stage of introduction in the training vehicle to the historic area is the most critical. This is when we need the most help and understanding from those around us. Be aware that these animals can be badly frightened by something happening due to the carelessness or unthinking behavior of others, such as trucks not slowing down when going past a team. It may appear to those on the ground that not much is happening during this process, but for us time and patience is the main teacher of horses. Quiet repetition will bring familiarity and acceptance to the job required.

If you ever have the misfortune to witness a runaway, be sure that you get well out of the way and warn others to get out of the way as well. If you arrive on the scene of an accident, ask the driver if you can do anything to help. Do not just rush in; he or she will let you know if and where you can be of help. Try to inform Security and the Coach and Livestock

department. A runaway or carriage accident can be a very frightening thing to see, however as all at the Coach and Livestock department know, it is something that can happen and has been a reality since horses were first hooked to vehicles.

MAY 19 1765—went with another set of Company from portsmouth to see a ship launched on the western Branche. as we were going along I in asingle Chaire, my horse took fright at something and galloped of the road into a field where there was a quantity of stumps of trees one of which overturned my Chair. the horse going as fast as his heels Could carry him, I was pitched head foremost on another stump, which Cut my head and bruised my left shoulder very much. the horse Continued until he Brok the Chair to pieces. one of the Company took me in a chair and put me down at my lodgings. was blooded twice that Evening, notwithstanding the fevor took me and held me three days, but by Doctor Pursse's help I was soon well.

A FRENCH TRAVELLER IN THE COLONIES 1765.

THE LAST WHINNEY

Call 229-1000, ext. 2491

WHO'S NO. 1

"This is in response to the article concerning Topsy and Prince on T.L.O. and being without a doubt the best pair of horses. Well my partner Diamond and I do more work pound for pound than those two Mac trucks! We make over 14 rides a day, do special rides and who did the filming at night behind Bassett Hall woods for the Christmas special! Well, enough said. Thank you."

IT'S THEIR BEST

"As a mother of a new born calf I would like to thank our security department for keeping an eye out for all us livestock. You never know what is out there. Thank you for the sleepful night!"

PHASED OUT?

"My name is Topsy. I want to know what ever happened to the follow-up survey feedback meetings? We have to keep the carriages rolling if we are going to come up with the right solutions!"

MOST CONCERNED

"There is a rumor going around that someone is taking my eggs and hatching them in a box—of all things! Is there anything I can do about this?"

BIG DEAL

"During recent months everyone has been giving a lot of attention to those American Creams. I don't understand. Why they aren't even trained yet! Bruce and I are purebred Percherons and in the eighteenth century we had Arab blood introduced. We are one of the few draft horses who have Arabs in the family tree."

WATCH THOSE DOGS!

"It has been one year since my terrible accident and I would like to thank everyone for not mentioning my handicap. Please remember to keep those dogs on their leashes!"

NEW-WAVE RABBIT

By Richard Powell

Shortly after one of the snows of late February had come, and as quickly gone, it came to our attention that a rabbit was meditating among the brush at the center of a little island, in the midst of the small Everard pond, itself firmly upon the hub of the universe. At first we wondered if he might have swum to that reflective retreat, but soon decided it more likely that the rabbit had crossed a bridge of snow in search of food and shelter, then lingered while his snow crossing melted away. The zen bunny was thus stranded, left to contemplate his impending starvation.

We were uncertain whether we ought to intervene, upsetting the balance of nature by holding high the value of a single anonymous rabbit. But here our ambivalence was countered by the enthusiastic, deeply sympathetic sentiments of the wheelwrights, who have taken the kinder, gentler nation to heart and attempt to secure its benefits for local wildlife. Though heretofore spoken of as knaves by ungenerous fellows, these craftsmen have effected a revolution of character and now tirelessly seek out good deeds to do.

The predicament of their neighboring rabbit-in-need did not escape the wheelwrights' notice. After completion of their daily work these worthies approached the island of enforced meditation with the sundry timbers necessary to bridge the waters and rescue that timid exile. But Rabbit was more frightened by his rescuers than by death. Turning abruptly, leaping high and long, he hurled himself toward the depths, yet was saved by a precarious landing upon a raft of ice. He did not pause, but threw himself forward, over the ice's edge and into the water. A momentary flurry of rabbits feet seemed to signal a dismal death in the swampy cold. Wheelwrights and observers were shocked by the turn of events, which plummeted them into remorse when, to the surprise of all, Rabbit bobbed to the surface swimming with power, speed, and athletic grace toward shore, then sprung up, out of the frigid expanse and into the safety of enshrouding brush.

Thus, in a single act of philanthropy, the wheelwrights taught a timorous creature to overcome death through a Nietzschean effort of self-actualization, established for Natural Science that rabbits are as fleet afloat as afoot, and confirmed even more 'tis the tenet of intra-species benevolence that bonds our community.

QUESTIONS? COMMENTS? Please write to:
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