

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Philosophy on Horses

Just a few ideas

Philosophy on horses:

I ran across an outline I formulated several years ago in pencil. It is difficult to read so I shall put it into a more legible form and permanently typed.

So many people are quick to offer advice. It comes cheap. Many are so authoritative! I once read where there were as many methods of breaking or training horses as there were trainers.

Breaking horses to me means the true connotation of the word coming down from the pioneers and settlers. It meant breaking, taming, synonymous with training. There was little time for play in those frontier days. Life was a serious venture. That isn't to say the folks then didn't have time or take time for fun or have a sense of humor. But eeking out a living in a wild barren country was serious and often hostile conditions confronted them almost daily. They enjoyed the fun times and made the best of many many situations. They had little other choice. But horses were part of their way of life.

Today we may think of the horse and buggy days and wonder.. didn't everyone have horses in those days? Well not really. Hay was often scarce and expensive. During the depression especially it was tough being able to care for animals, even a family milch cow. Have you heard that today the horse population is at an all time high. Most people in cities and towns did not have horses. Livery stables were available and trolley cars pulled by horses in the cities were a common site. Today with multi-car families and so many people driving everywhere all the time it's hard to imagine back to those days when people walked so much to where they wanted to go.

With the impatience shown as drivers and the hurry habits we have today, everone rushing around in the fast lane. I've often thought it would be awfully hard on the horses if people were to return to those former horse and buggy days. Rough on the horses.

My Grnadpa, Alma H. Hale was quoted as saying, Seems like a boy has to ruin (spoil) one good horse before he learns.

There was an interesting case reported in a newspaper in Alberta, Can. of a lady that had to sell her cow. She sold it by consignment and it was shipped by rail to an auction. The price was so low that she was sent a bill instead of a sale receipt for the cow of \$1.00. Her family told her not to pay it. But she did and hung the receipt in a small frame in her home.

My father had many experiences with horses. He has left a few of them with us. I have a few on voice tape. I intend to devote some time and pages to developing them as much as possible when I can get the time to do so. His life was effected by horses in many ways. His life depended on them at times and his life was spared from them on occasion as well. He developed a keen eye for horses and often I've hear him make comments upon seeing an animal. He knew horses. His comments were accurate. He understood them, he was never abusive of them. He didn't allow others to be so to his own animals either. But he commanded respect and got it deservingly. I've often heard him repeat an old expression common in those days. Why I've forgotten more about horses than he'll ever know. I'll end here for now.