

Spring & Summer 2024

# American Indian Horse Registry



*In This Issue:* Welcome to our online format: President Nanci Falley

The Most Amazing Horse in the Whole Entire World: Teresa Pickard

Horse of the Americas & Center for America's First Horse

AIHR Associates: BEHS; NATRC; NETASA; TLC

The Spanish Horse Timeline, Part I: Beverley Davis & Gretchen Patterson

Thank You Acknowledgements

Contact AIHR





## WELCOME!

To the American Indian Horse News Online  
We are celebrating AIHR's 45<sup>th</sup> year in Texas at  
Rancho San Francisco, near Lockhart, Texas with a new look.

The AIHR was formed in 1961 by a  
Native American in California who  
Realized that the tribal horses of

His day were being taken off  
Their reservations and  
Losing their identity.

AIHR moved to Arizona and then  
To Texas in 1979 where it  
Resides today along

With a small museum honoring the horse  
Who helped make America.

The museum has been closed since Covid interrupted  
Life as we know it, but I am hopeful that we can  
Open it later this year (Appointment only).

Our website is <https://www.indianhorse.com>

Or you may contact me direct by

[Email—aihrnanci@gmail.com](mailto:aihrnanci@gmail.com)

Or phone at 512-738-0211

Again, we are delighted with this step into the  
Future.

Happy Trails

Wolakota

Nanci



## **The Most Amazing Horse in the Whole Entire World Teresa Pickard; Big Bear Lake, California**

AIHR AA-4737 was born under the stars of the Little Owyhee River Valley in May of 2004. “Morning Star” is a deep blood red the color of dawn with the sun bursting and a bright white star like Venus twinkling above. (It’s the only white on her body). She spent her first ten months of life on the Columbia Plateau/Great basin area of Nevada. Her first food consisted of sagebrush, brome, rice grass, and rabbitbrush. To this day, twenty years later, she always stops and buries her head in the rice grass and savors a mouthful!

Morning Star was rounded up by the BLM as a filly and shipped down to the BLM corrals in Ridgecrest, California. I was passing through there on Mother’s Day weekend to track mountain lions and a horse friend of mine had said to stop and see the roundup. It just so happened that I first in line to view the massive round-up pens. As I dashed through the maze of corrals, I encountered her. She was standing alone directly in the middle as about 40 other colts milling in circles around her and going in both directions. Morning gazed forward and both locked eyes. Immediately she swung her butt squarely in the opposite direction. I was awed by her hindquarters and her blood red coat and flaxen mane. She resisted all interaction with me, and I knew she was DIFFERENT. As I gazed at her physique, I saw her conformation was a head above all others. I returned towards the entrance, family in tow and proceeded to the BLM office. A huge line of ranchers had already formed there. Since I had the first-place choice, I proceeded up front. I made my mark and said, “I’m taking her home.” As I turned to leave, a BLM officer proceeded to a large blackboard and chalked my name and her tag number #8831. Boy did that line of men start hollering. “That’s the horse I wanted!” Unbeknownst to me, out of the over 650 horses up for adoption that day, everyone wanted THAT horse. As I walked away, a few men really snarled and grumbled at me. I had the pick of the litter, and man was she a fine horse! That’s how AIHR AA-4737 came to be mine at eleven months old. At that time until now, twenty years later, Morning Star is truly my pride and joy! She is magnificent in both mind and body.

The “Little Horse Who Came in from the Wild” was trailered to my home in Big Bear Lake, California—7,000’ high in the San Bernardino Mountains. Our home was heavily forested with Ponderosa pines, cedars, and firs standing over two hundred feet high. They dominate our landscape and creeks abound. In Big Bear, there are more months of snow than dry weather.

I began working with her immediately. However, she was firmly against any human interaction. Morning was angry and frustrated. I believe she was completely bewildered from being separated from her mother herd. I did not give up. That truly became my mantra for the next six years. “Never give up.” Daily I tried to approach her Yet every time she angled into the corner of her stall with her butt towards me. She had no desire or curiosity to interact, instead, Morning was indeed dangerous. After approaching her everyday for about a month and a half, I was able to halter her with a five-foot lead rope attached which dragged alongside her. In a few days, I was able to touch her if ever so briefly. I proceeded to lift her hind legs with a three-foot rope and began slapping her hooves. I began stroking her whenever I could; she did not like it

though. She was “extremely sensitive to touch.” She literally took eighteen years before it felt good to her. After a time, I was able to lead her out to a sixty-foot round pen. I’ll never forget how a very small plane flew right overhead and she bucked straight up into the air indignantly. (I realized later that she was remembering her own BLM roundup). I continued to work with her hypersensitive self until she was two. By then she had been getting her shots and being trimmed regularly. Then I started throwing a saddle on her back. By two and a half, I jumped up and got on her. I broke that buckaroo! I started riding her ever so briefly, and by three years old, she was green broke to ride. She was squirrely as hell and didn’t want anything to do with being tame.

As the days under saddle passed, I decided to introduce her to more places and horses to get her exposed. I thought being with other horses would be a good way to make her more comfortable. Lo and behold, at her very first Western Pleasure show, she won first in the Halter Class Mare competition. Boy, had I picked out a dandy. I was so happy! The judge was a German lady, and she had no idea that Morning was a mustang. (I had trained her mane to cover her freeze brand). To this day, I have the blue ribbon she won. Back then, everybody and their brother was afraid of mustangs. Twenty years ago, there was no such thing as a “Mustang Makeover.” They were a very small market of the horse industry; mainly used by ranchers for their strength and endurance qualities. I decided that spring when she turned three, to also start her barrel racing. So, I gave it a try. She was an easy mover, with great cadence. That filly definitely liked running away from me! In just three months of training, she qualified for the California State Championships of 2008.

In August, we traveled up to Hollister, California for the event. The likes of which I had never seen—so many people and horses! She had trouble concentrating with so many folks around her, but I put her through her rounds. She took home two titles that very year...A California State Champion with silver buckles and checks to boot! I trained her to jump as she was a natural mover and she excelled that also. We continued barrel racing for a few years and then I introduced her to cows. She was a natural at that too! Man was she fearless of those horns. She stared those steers right down. Both of us really enjoyed the sorting competitions. We put on the miles in those years up and down that 7,000 foot mountain. Eventually, we settled down to trail riding. Our trail riding consisted of miles into the high country amidst the forest, animals, and bubbling creeks. Many times, the snow was down and falling hard on us. She was not scared of anything—bobcats and bears were nothing to her. She once let a black bear trail us back to our ranch, whereupon he jumped right over our fence line. She barely even looked! Her instinct was sound and she saved my booty more than a few times. We were on a training ride once when, after three-quarters of a mile, she stopped moving forward...absolutely quit. Boy, was I frustrated, seating under that hot sun trying to motivate her. After about forty minutes of her standing and trying to turn back, a green forest service truck passed us on the dirt road. Since I was training, I wouldn’t give in to her. Then after more time passed, the forest service truck came ambling towards u and to my surprise, there was a mountain lion caged in the back! Come to find out, the mountain lion had posted up in the sun on someone’s ranch driveway up the road a bit. I’ll NEVER FORGET that day. I learned an important lesson. “Always trust my Mustang’s instinct!” She definitely saved me from an unpleasant encounter that day.

One other time, I decided to take her out on another ride and I was getting on my boots in the mud room. I heard a voice that told me to grab my gloves! It was a warm day, so instead I turned to leave and my hand went to open the door. Again, the voice said, "Get your gloves!" So this time I did. As I was saddling up about ready to mount, I heard the Angel again say, "Get your rope." Now I always tie a git down rope from my trail halter to my horn, but this voice meant to get my real rope. I went and got my sixty-foot rawhide roping lariat and tied it to my saddle. There we were riding without a trail about two miles up the ridgeline when I came across a seventy-year-old elderly woman propped up against a pine. We rode up closer and stopped. Her hair was disheveled, and bits and pieces of pine needles and twigs stuck to everywhere. She kept wailing at me, "Find my Horse! Please find my horse." I seriously thought she was an out of her mind homeless woman who had somehow managed to wander up the mountain...yet she earnestly kept begging me to find her horse. (I thought she had been saying that because she had seen me riding my horse. She was old with white gray hair, and I believed too old to be riding by herself). I asked her if she had any broken bones, and she thought not. I could clearly see now that she was experiencing a concussion, and I got concerned. I told her to stay put and I would go for help.

Morning and I rode straight down the mountain to the closest road and waited anxiously for someone to drive by. There is no cell phone service where I used to ride. A car finally approached and we rode out and signaled them down. I asked them to call the Fire Department as soon as they got to town. We waited about fifty minutes and a hook and ladder (truck) and an emergency vehicle showed up. I explained the situation and told them they would have to hike back in to get her. They were incredulous—yet they packed up their gear, including a basket stretcher, and started straight up behind Morning Star and I. We reached the woman and they immediately began the examination and rescue. As they turned to lift her, she looked at me pleading with eyes to "Please find my horse!" I knew then that the day was not over...but where to begin? It was truly finding a needle in a haystack. The forest was miles and miles around. We just started trotting, trying to cover as much ground as possible. (Morning Star is interesting: she has what is known as a double-trot. It's a furiously fast trot covering as much ground almost as fast as a gallop. I've actually thought of racing her with that extraordinary gait!) After about four hours, the sun began to go down. I decided to turn back as I had never been out at night with her and my family would worry. About a mile down on an extremely steep slope, I spotted a horse. It was truly a miracle. The horse was standing at an angle upward with his saddle lipped around his side. I then ground-tied Morning and proceeded slowly towards him. He was too scared to let me get anywhere near him. I was afraid with his anxiety that he would fall down the hillside. I then knew why I was told to bring my rope that day!! You have to remember that Morning Star was a green broke mustang on one of her first solo rides. I untied the lariat. I fixed my loop and threw it at the horse's neck. I missed. I recoiled and threw again. That was the money shot! It slipped down around the horse's neck as he just stood there. I know for a fact he knew I was trying to help him. I slowly walked towards him eyes averted and really stretched my arm toward the cinch and loosened it until the saddle fell, (Myson and I returned the next day to retrieve it). Then I crept back, rope in hand to my young horse. I slowly got on my saddle, and sat down quietly, rope held by an outstretched arm. Ho! I survived!! That young horse sure could have gone off. It was then that I realized why I had the leather gloves. I put them on

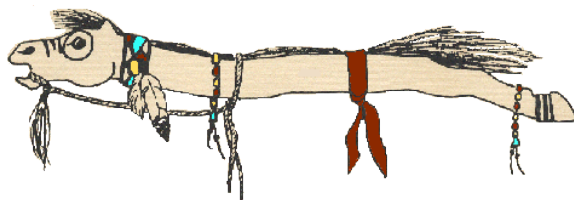
quickly with the rescue horse about twenty-five feet away, and we slowly walked down the mountain. I tried making as little eye contact with the horse as possible for I did not want to make him nervous as I was a stranger. At that time, my mustang, that scared volatile creature could have gone wild with weight of resistance of that rope pulling on her. But, as God would have it, Morning Star was actually good with ponying that other adult horse behind her. I was shocked! Another miracle. She had never done anything like that before. As we journeyed down, boy you can be sure, I thanked my Angel for telling me to grab my gloves and my rope. We reached our ranch which bordered the forest service land and dismounted to open the double gates and walked both horses to the tie down area. I turned the horse out in our sixty-foot round pen and he stayed with us for three days. At which time, the lady called me from the hospital. She was wholeheartedly grateful for me finding her horse. She tried to pay me for my help and I said no. "I was happy to help." She then said that her friend would be by that afternoon to pick up the horse. That completed Morning Star's first rescue mission.

As I sit here seventeen years later and it all seems like yesterday. Man, I was proud of my wee girl! I still am today and I know that horse will take care of me no matter what. There were countless solo rides with her and I. The snow would be deep falling on us, and I would say "Ho Girl." Then I would lean over her side profusely heaving...(I was on chemo back then). Morning Star always stopped on dime no matter how sick I was and then I'd say gently, "Take me home." She would guide us through the snow down to the ranch when I could barely ride. She is truly my everything! AA-4737 is truly a phenomenal horse that I have been gifted to care for and will do so for as long as she lives. Morning Star is even in my will. My kids have agreed to take care of her forever.

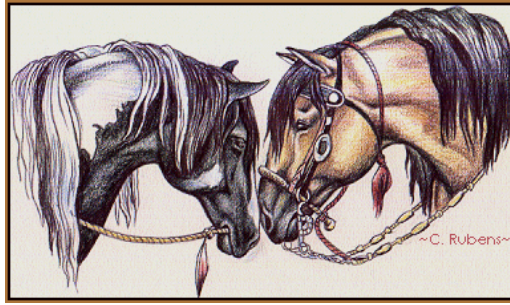
Her list of achievements are many!

- 2,375 AIHR Horse Miles
- Over 1,000's of AIHR horse hours
- AIHR Hall of Fame
- AIHR Supreme Hall of Fame
- 240 Points Counting Coup (I stopped counting)
- CA State Champion in Barrel Racing (One sterling silver buckle with genuine emerald)
- A qualified short-goer in sorting cows
- Awarded jumper
- Two rescues (Me from a Mountain Lion; the lady and horse on the mountain)
- Assistant horse for breaking and training other horses
- Assisted at cow roundups for doctoring

Now Morning Star is twenty and I am sixty-five. Our days of breaking horses are now gone. We have settled into trail riding the hills and arroyos that surround us. Crossing swift creeks are our only challenge and overlooking the ocean delights us.



# Horse of the Americas



The REAL Horse of the Old West is still here. From the Banker Islands to the desert Southwest, less than 3,000 are left today including all the Colonial Spanish Horse strains. The Horse of the America Registry records horses from every strain recognized by The Livestock Conservancy (formerly ALBC). HOA registration papers include photographs of the recorded horse, a five-generation pedigree with accomplishments in red type, and a strain analysis of the percentage of each strain in the horse's pedigree. HOA recognizes and records all "O" (Original American Indian Horses. Contact: President Vickie Ives; 903-407-0298 or Registrar Gretchen Patterson; 903-407-3260.

<https://horseoftheamericas.com>

Help us preserve them—Join HOA!

Buy from HOA and/or AIHR "O" breeders.



## The Center for America's First Horse

Founded in 2010, the Center opened near Johnson, Vermont. The stated mission of the Center is to enrich the lives of people through the spirit of the Colonial Spanish Horse. The Center is home to the most diverse group of Colonial Spanish Horses in the eastern United States. The Center depends upon private donations, sponsorship grants, fundraising and revenue from its programs to meet operating expenses. 100% of all revenue goes directly to our programs and expenses. There are no government programs to save these horses, only individual organizations.

**For information on how you can help go to:**

**<https://www.centerforamericasfirsthorse.org>**



# AMERICAN INDIAN HORSE ASSOCIATES



## SPIRIT HORSE

Long ago, a man or woman painted their horse with colors and designs that would help them physically or spiritually. A person could paint their horse many different colors. A spirit horse could protect its rider from bad spirits in travel and from enemy warriors in battle. Many warriors had medicine songs for their spirit horse.

My horse is swift in flight  
Even like a bird;  
My horse be swift in flight;  
Bear me now in safety  
And you shall be rewarded  
With streamers and ribbons red.  
~Lakota Warrior's Song~





## Timeline for the Spanish Horse in the Americas, Part I

This will be an ongoing educational piece provided by Beverley Davis, Irving, Texas. Mrs. Davis is an equine history researcher and Gretchen Patterson is an independent historical scholar.

**1492:** Complete liberation of Spain from the Moors and the European discovery of the Caribbean Islands and consequently the Americas by Christopher Columbus.

**1494:** Columbus brings 24 stallions and 10 mares to Hispaniola (present day Dominican Republic and Haiti).

**1495:** Fourteen mares arrive on Hispaniola. 106 more arrive from Seville, Spain and other places. Columbus notified the Spanish Crown that they ought to send mare with every ship to the New World.

**1498:** 40 horses and horsemen arrive on Columbus's third voyage.

**1500:** The Spanish Crown has at least one brood ranch with 60 mares on it in the New World. Pedro Alvares Cabral discovers Brazil for Portugal.

**1501:** Don Nicholas de Ovando arrives with 18 of his best horses.

**1505:** The Portuguese build garrisons on the Moroccan coast to take it from the Muslims.

**1509:** Catherine of Aragon, daughter of Isabella and Ferdinand, marries Henry VIII and becomes Queen of England. Andalusian horses were part of her dowery. Henry also imported 6 Spanish racehorses for her personal stud. The Spanish captured the Algerian port of Oran. Future Spanish conquistador, Hernan Cortez was part of this raid to rid the Mediterranean of Muslim pirates.



Nicholas Ovando



Charles V of Spain

**1511:** Diego Velasquez conquered Cuba and became the first governor of the island.

**1516:** Holy Roman Emperor Charles V becomes Carlos I of Spain.

**1519-1530:** Hernando de Soto explores much of Central America.

**1520:** On March 20, Charles V (King Carlos I) declared an embargo on the exportation of Spanish horses to the Americas; the embargo was lifted later that year.

**1521:** Hernán Cortéz arrived in Mexico with 19 horses. Among them was his black stallion, *El Morzillo*. He conquered the Aztec Empire. Ponce de León arrived in southern Florida with 200 men and 50 Puerto Rican bred horses.

**1526:** Spanish explorer, de Ayllon tried to settle a colony at Cape Lookout (Old name of Cape Feare) in the Carolinas. Many of the 89 horses with him were left behind when the colony was abandoned.

**1527:** Phillip II is born to Charles V and Isabella of Portugal. As an adult, Phillip became obsessed with breeding the perfect Spanish horse.

**1528:** Álvaro Núñez Cabeza de Vaca arrives with 42 horses in southern Florida. He lost almost as many during a storm (probably a hurricane).

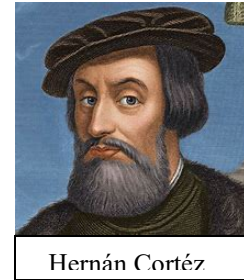
**1529:** First livestock auction association formed in Mexico City for horses, cattle, and sheep. Mexico City was built on top of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlan.

**1530:** Francisco Pizzaro conquered Peru and destroyed the Incan Empire. Hernando de Soto was with him.

**1534-1535:** Hernán Cortéz explored Lower (Baja) California.

**1535:** Pedro de Mendoza established Argentina. The Criollo Horse was descended from the horses brought to Argentina as this time.

**1537:** Charles V named Hernando de Soto as the governor of Cuba and Florida.



**1539:** Hernando de Soto arrived in Florida with 600 men plus cattle, hogs, mules, and 350 Spanish horses near Tampa Bay.

**1540:** Francisco Coronado arrived in New Mexico looking for the seven cities of gold. 1,500 horses and mules were included in the expedition.



Hernando de Soto

**1541:** Hernando de Soto is the first European to see the Mississippi River. During the winter of 1541-1542, de Soto and his men camp at the junction of the Canadian and Arkansas Rivers in Oklahoma. De Soto died on May 24, 1542. First Spanish horses arrive in Chile. Pedro de Valdivia brought them up from Peru; they were descended from Pizzaro's horses.

**1544:** Father Rodrigo González Marmolejo is the first breeder of horses in Chile. Mapuche Indian aggressively defend their lands and eventually acquire Spanish horses.

**1547:** Hernán Cortéz died in Seville, Spain.

**1550:** Portuguese royalty finally gained control over Brazil.

**Part II of the Timeline will continue in the Fall/Winter Issue of the American Indian Horse News.**



## Horses According to Murphy's Law:

To induce labor in a mare?  
Take a nap

To cure equine constipation?  
Load your horse in a clean trailer

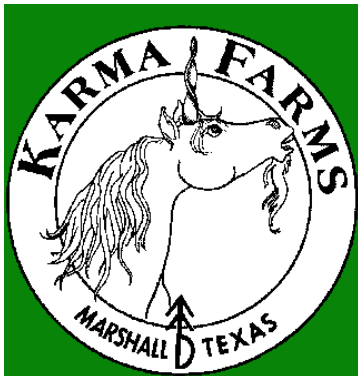
To cure equine insomnia?  
Take them to a halter class

To induce a cold snap in the weather?  
Do a full body clip

To make it rain?  
Mow a field of hay

To make a small fortune in the horse  
business?  
Start with a large one

~Author Unknown~



## KARMA FARMS

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Trailriding—Riding Lessons—Horses for Sale



## THANK YOU ALL

As AIHR enters a new phase in its life, I would like to thank the following People for helping us get so Far. As a dinosaur who never dreamed Of having a computer, much less be Able to use one, I want to go back to the beginning of AIHR'S life in Texas in 1979.

To: **Leana Rideout Westergaard,**

Who started the whole thing when she told

Me about AIHR being available.

**Kelly and Chris Hurd,** Thank you both for the gift of my first computer, Setting up the AIHR website,

And answering my endless questions.

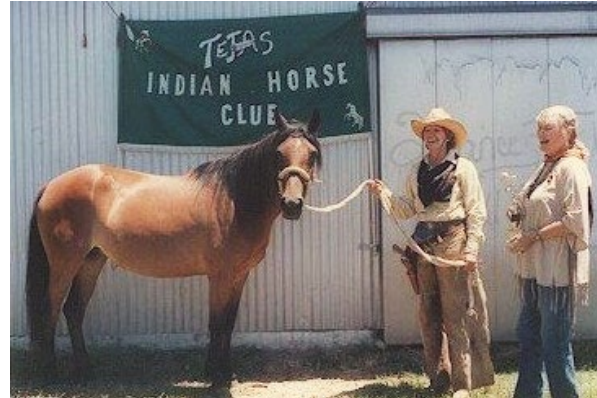
**Vickie Ives, Tomlyn Grey, and Gretchen Patterson** who were strong

Supporters since the very beginning, and now to Gretchen who is working on the putting The AIHR NEWS online.

THANK YOU ALL SO VERY MUCH,  
LOVE, NANCI!



Chris Hurd



Choctaw Star, Leana & Nanci



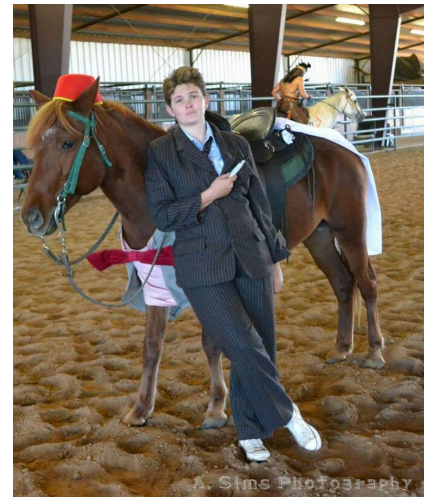
Kelly & Lucy In The Sky



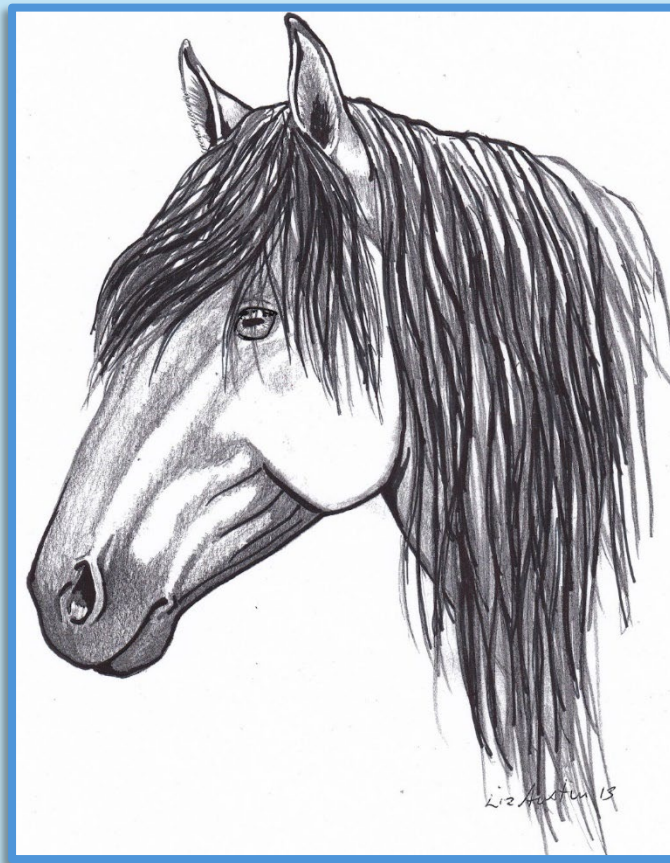
Gretchen & One Dance Left



Vickie & Timber Ghost



Tommi & CWH The Sea King



### **Join AIHR and Enjoy These Benefits:**

#### **Registration & Membership**

Membership is open to any owner of an American Indian Horse or to any person interested in the American Indian Horse. You do not have to own a horse to be a member. Members receive the American Indian Horse News which is issued bi-annually.

Members qualify for lower registration rates.

Members are eligible for the various awards programs sponsored by AIHR.

Membership fees consist of \$20.00 a year in the U.S. & \$30.00 a year outside the U.S.

Please do not hesitate to write, call, or email with questions

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