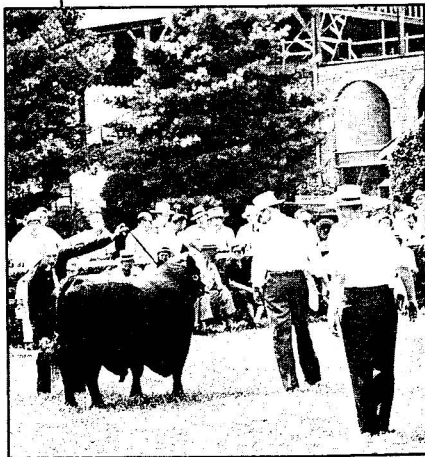


The Story That Hasn't Been Told



The American Angus Assn.'s centennial mark has encouraged much reflection on our breed's history. We asked our readers to contribute by relating "The Story That Hasn't Been Told".

In the following section compiled by General Manager Dale Runnion, an interesting mix of authors tell of happenings that made Angus history as they know it. Some take a serious look at important events, while many remember the lighter side of their experiences. The resulting tales are of famous breeders, renowned champions, associations, big prices, not-so-big prices, and much more. Most importantly, they are of people, Angus people.

The various stories take you from state to state, through show rings, sale barns and pastures. We hope a little reminiscing will jog your memory and bring a smile or two.





Dean Kildee, Iowa State; Al Darlow, Oklahoma State, and Ken Litton were the judges at the first two American Angus Futurities in Lexington, Ky.



In 1952 the Virginia Angus breeders built their permanent home in Charlottesville, Va. This is a picture of the dedication ceremonies held on April 20 that year.

the story that hasn't been told

The First 50 Years in Virginia

by Ken Litton, Delaplane, Va.

In the year of 1919 or 20, "Uncle Sandy" Buchanan of Glade Spring, Va., was writing a news column for the *ANGUS JOURNAL*. Mixed in with the thoughts of his early journalistic ideas was the need for a Virginia Angus Assn. It did eventually come into being, but must have perished for lack of interest. Anyway it ceased to be. In those years the cow herds of Virginia were largely Shorthorn with Hereford bulls being used to enhance the value of the bluegrass-fattened export steers. At four to five years of age they were weighing 1,300 to 1,600 lb. This mature beef was famous in steamship dining rooms.

So far as I can ascertain, V.P.I. at Blacksburg, Va., registered two Angus calves in 1899 and two more in 1900 to be perhaps the first Angus to have been calved in Virginia.

The years from 1920 to the early thirties took the writer through V.P.I. as a 1926 Animal Husbandry graduate in meat animal production in a class of four. Jobs? (None to be had). With much help, I secured a job as Livestock Extension Specialist with headquarters at Georgia University in Athens. I shall always be grateful for those early years of activity with a salary of \$150 per month. A return to V.P.I. as a Livestock Specialist in 1931 brought an opportunity to know and help the livestock people of Virginia. I became acquainted with many of the limited

number of Angus breeders in Virginia, among them, J.C. Coiner, H. McKay Smith and T. Dayton Hodges of Augusta County, Va.; C.T. Neale of Orange, F.H.T. Walton of Forest, Va.; C.B. Teagons from near Lynchburg; A.B. Hagner of Warrenton, (Dave Sutherland's boss); Julia Sheaver and others who were interested in Angus, as well as a program that would help them survive the Depression.

In the fall of 1933 at a joint sale of Angus females, consigned by breeders of Virginia and Maryland at the Walter P. Chrysler Jr. farm, North Wales, Warrenton, Va., it was decided to haul out a few bales of straw behind the barn and sit down to discuss what could be done about forming a state Angus association. Alan McGregor, Dan Wight and the Hackney's of Maryland were present and gave their views. The result—a Virginia Angus Assn. was born and properly toasted behind Walter P. Chrysler's cattle barn. The first president was H. McKay Smith of Staunton and Kenneth Litton of Blacksburg, Va. was secretary. I am not sure about directors, but I believe all other Virginia breeders present agreed to serve. Little did we know how important it was to become to Angus breeders of our state and the total cattle industry of Virginia. I think that day's sale averaged \$109 per head.

One of our early projects was to organize and develop three breed-bull sales in strategic sections of Virginia, sponsored by county agents and livestock specialists. One of our big concerns was using purebred bulls, rams and boars on breeding herds and flocks throughout the state. It is interesting to note that Angus bulls were a dime a dozen.

These early bull sales averaged \$100 to \$120 per head. The prices helped our pure-

bred sires program and future bull sales.

Due in part to my limited work in Georgia, my knowledge of the need for purebred bulls in the cut over lands of the South, and the desire of Virginia Angus breeders to develop a bull market, we were invited to have an Angus bull sale in Sylvania, Ga. The sale facility was a tobacco sales barn worked over by the town fathers who were interested in the prosperity of their farm people.

It had rained for a solid week before we arrived with the bulls, 32 yearlings and two year olds. The whole countryside was under water, swamp roads impassable—no way to hold a sale. I believe Milt Miller, C.T. Neale, Feogous, F.H.T. Walton, Colen Campbell and I were the Virginia breeders of the group. Col. Fred Reppert of Decatur, Ind., was the auctioneer. (That Dutchman was one of the very best.) We had two choices—sell them as advertised or load them and head for home. The decision was to try for the sale.

At sale time seven people were on the chairs. Col. Reppert said, "If they buy one each, we still have 25 bulls to eat." A sizable undertaking for our Virginia group. When the sale was over, Piney Woods Cattle Company had purchased 27 of the bulls. Another buyer had taken three; one went to north-east Georgia; and one was bought by the tobacco company that owned the warehouse (for a barbecue). We were speechless, but happy. Our next idea was to get out of Sylvania quickly: the 27 head buyers might come to life and back out. Col. Fred allowed he would never again doubt that God was still alive and looking after his creatures. The sale averaged \$127.50 on the 32 bulls. Two years later, we went back with 37 bulls, had a larger crowd and averaged \$132.

Editor's Note: Ken Litton is the very epitome of what it takes to make an association work. He has been a willing worker and a cheerful cooperator who faced difficulties with Litton humor that made big problems of the instant dissolve into solutions. The spirit with which he gave so freely of his time and counsel in association work has had much to do with the Virginia Angus Assn. success these 50 years. Other successful associations had "Littons" of their own.



Virginia also boasts one of the first junior associations. This group of officers are unique in that they are all active in the Angus business today. Charles Perry Jr. at New Market, Sue Rucker at Delaplane, Chuck Grove at Forest, Mike Beahm, Virginia Cattleman, Glen Ogle in South Carolina and David Ogle, still at Austinville.



The Virginia Angus Assn., under the sponsorship of Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Turner, Old Elkton Farm, Forest, Va., is considered by many as the forerunner of our present junior Angus association. Pictured are Linda Rucker and Beryl Jean Robinson with their champions of the Third Annual Virginia Purebred Heifer Show. Judge Lee Leachman and Mr. and Mrs. D. Butler of Kinloch Farms, who sponsored this year's event, are pictured in back of the champions.

One Angus female sale that I will never forget was at Rockland, C.T. Neale's Farm at Gordonsville, in the mid 1930's. That one consisted of 40 odd heifers and cows from Hartley and Glencarnock stock farms of Fargo, N.D., and Manitoba, Can., respectively. The females were mostly daughters of Blackcap Revolution 6th-9th—and maybe a few by other well-known bulls at Hartley and Glencarnock. Col. Fred again did the chatter. After a tiresome afternoon, the average was a whopping \$94 per head. It proved to be a far-sighted piece of Angus promotion; many good Virginians travelled to attend.

The young Angus association went to work; as cattle became available, district sales were held at Staunton, Orange and Amherst. When more cattle were available, a new community was added. The late Hamilton James of Newton, Ill., did some of his early work as auctioneer of Angus at these Virginia sales. He has to be labeled one of the best. His honesty, love of people, and great enthusiasm for Angus cattle is rarely attained.

Paul Good of Van Wert, Ohio, switched over from selling DAILY DROVER'S JOURNAL ads to selling Angus cattle and spent a lot of his early years helping us. His good humor, hard earnest work, along with his occasional outburst of money matters and bloodlines endeared him to all of us. He auctioned our Spotlight Sale for many years. (Paul, you are an A +)

Roy Johnston of Belton, Mo., sold a lot of cattle for our Virginia Assn. and always did it for all the money to be had in the gathering. That mule judge, cattle feeder, Angus breeder and ladies man has already gained a seat in Angus heaven.

Many other men, in climbing their ladder to Angus and business fame, did some of

their ground work in Virginia. The Leachman brothers, Milt Miller, Dave Leonard, Sy Aylor, Bill King, Jim Stork, the late George Fry, Sam Spangler and others . . . we are grateful for their contribution.

Dave Canning was our first paid fieldman-secretary, coming to Virginia from the Red River Valley of Minnesota. He and his wife, Alpha, ate their first meal in Virginia at our house at Highlands, Round Hill, Va. They were on their honeymoon going to a \$47-per-month manager's job at Clark Ranch, Richmond, Va. Dave soon promoted the idea that we needed a fieldman, a secretary on a paid basis. When it came to salary, the amount Dave mentioned sounded pretty fantastic. The clincher came when he told us, "Hell! I can earn all that on commissions selling cattle for the membership." He did and more. Dave's feet and

Fred allowed he would never again doubt that God was still alive and looking after his creatures.

other parts were too big for a car-office. Where were we going to call headquarters? Charlottesville, Va., seemed to be a central spot. So it was and still is. "No use paying office rent; buy a piece of dirt, build your own office." Lots of talk, good idea, who pays and how? "No problem, each breeder donate at least one heifer, more if you like, have a sale, buy the land, build an office and

you're off and running." I agreed to be the sale manager. We wound up with about 40 animals of top quality for a sale in Staunton. It went over big with some \$40,000 in the till. Sounds easy, but did entail a good deal of work. Angus cattle were on their way to being the dominant breed in Virginia.

In the very early years of our Association's history, we combined available cattle from Virginia and Maryland to hold a fall sale of fitted, halter broken cattle which was to be the showcase of what we were producing. The cattle at the fall and later spring district sales were fitted, halter broken and shown—the sale placing being the sale order with the champion or supreme champion selling first.

I believe our first all-Virginia sale was in 1936 and has continued to be an annual event until this time. Mr. and Mrs. C.T. Neale, Rocklands, made available the "Galloway Cup" for the supreme champion, male and female competing. The cup had to be won three years in succession. Highlands at Round Hill, Va., finally got the job done. Mr. & Mrs. Walter S. Fox replaced the Galloway Cup with a trophy. This sale was a leader in quality and sale averages and still is. I can remember one average of \$211. I can also remember one group of five heifers from Highlands that completed the third year winning which awarded them the Galloway Cup. The five heifers sold for \$35,000, the top heifer selling for \$10,100, an Anoka Barbara Rose.

Some other deserving merchandising projects came to life, such as FFV, female sale held in Richmond, Va., the great Atlantic Bull Sale, having over 100 bulls each year for several years. For a time they were tops in volume bull marketing. While we were going through the family craze, the

only bull turned down for the sale was a son of an imported Cherry Blossom cow that cost over \$13,000—not much to go on if selecting on family alone. Members of the Virginia Angus Assn. were always looking for superior bloodlines and individuals. For example, I have today two Hartley Missie females descending from the international junior champion female, Miss Hartley 5th. I believe it was in the late twenties or early thirties that Brandy Rock Farm fetched Bandolier of Anoka 6th, an international champion, to Virginia.

R.E.B. Blanton of Richmond brought a full sister of Blackbird Bandolier of Page to Virginia, (I believe Blackbird of Page 53rd) and many of her descendants roamed the hills of Virginia pasture. Glencarnock Eric of Cremona, international grand champion, was used heavily in Virginia herds. Prince Sunbeam 249th was developed in Virginia by B.A. Rucker Jr. and my good friend, Billy Edwards to an international grand championship. Tolan's Bandolier came to Virginia costing \$55,000, leaving his mark as a fore-runner of increased size in our cattle. He went with the Highland's herd to E.P. Taylor, Ontario, Can., and sired many winning cattle for them in the big Canadian shows.

I was thrilled that I could fly with the late Col. J.B. Dillard to Anoka Farms in Canada to have a part in selecting Enfileen's Bandolier 2nd to head the Winton herd. This bull sired Wintonier 4th, selling in a Spotlight Sale to Cremora Farm, Maryland, and

shown to the international grand championship by B.A. and Billy Edwards. Enfileen Bandolier 2 sired a winning get at Chicago for Col. Dillard. The late Jim Stock was the master fitter in charge.

General Blackcap of Lonjac by General 6th of Page left a lasting mark on Angus cows fed in Virginia.

It is not always necessary to start at the top. For example, the Highlands cow herd

The Highlands cow herd was started with a carload of heifer calves from Wayland Hopley's Farm, Atlantic City, Iowa, freight prepaid to Brunswick, Md., at \$47.40 per head.

was started with a carload of heifer calves from Wayland Hopley's Farm, Atlantic City, Iowa, freight prepaid to Brunswick, Md., at \$47.40 per head. A line of good bulls headed by General Blackcap of Lonjac helped them to a top Virginia herd over a ten year span.

A.B. Hagner and his manager, Dave Sutherland, put the spotlight on the Virginia Angus Assn. when they purchased the international grand champion bull, Epponian 8th of Rosemere and several choice females out of the Congdon and Battles dispersion.

Paul Grindie, by the purchase of the Perth supreme champion, Elevate of Eastfield, enriched the Virginia Angus history. Edward Jenkins (Red Gate Farm) fetched over two excellent breeding bulls from Scotland. Other members of the Virginia Assn. added new blood to Angus herds by bringing cows over from famous herds in Scotland.

One of the highlights of our history took place in 1942 when the Beef Breeds Assn. in Virginia did a War Bond fund-raising project. The Virginia Angus group sold an Angus heifer for \$100,000, first heat; she was put back on the auction block and re-sold for \$35,000. This owner sold her the third time for \$22,000 to the Angus Assn., who in turn offered her for sale the fourth time going to Bill Mennen (shaving lotion owner) for \$1,000. He took her home to Hideaway Farms, Trenton, N.J., to make her a highly advertised female at \$157,000 in war bonds to help our cause in World War II.

The Virginia Angus Assn., through the efforts of Admiral Strauss, Brandy Rock Farm, selected and presented six excellent heifers to President Dwight David Eisenhower to start his herd which became a nationally famous Angus herd at Gettysburg, Pa.

The Association has largely financed itself by commissions collected from Association-managed auction sales and private treaty sales. Always on the alert for other means of adding to the till, one project of merit comes to mind. During the term of office as President of Virginia Angus, John C. Gall,

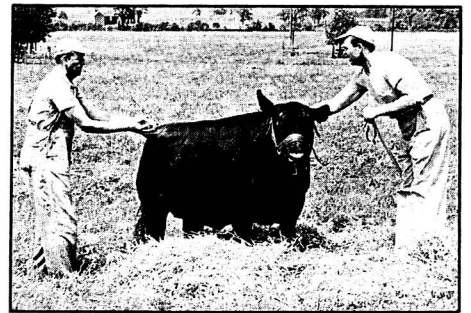
Amandale Farm, Upperville, Va., started a program of selling advertising to Association members on a monthly basis. He named the pamphlet of advertisements "Angus Topics." It naturally had growing pains, needing someone to sell the ads and be responsible for the project. Who should show up but Charles Martin Peery ("Chilly" to everybody). In 1958 or 59, the Association owed Chilly \$2,200 or thereabout. It was decided to sell the pamphlet. Chilly wound up with the pamphlet plus \$2,000 from Dave Canning, secretary, telling Chilly we would collect it in advertising. TOPICS was moved to Warrenton, published under Chilly's direction by Livestock Breeders Press. Later Chilly moved TOPICS, his family and earthly belongings to New Market, Va. You know the rest. Thanks, Chilly, you have served and are serving us well.

During most of these years growing up, J. Preston Swecker of Rolling Hill, Hillsboro, Va., served as legal advisor, without compensation. He is retiring this April from Angus breeding to growing roses at Hillsboro. How many of you know he is a nationally known rose judge and authority on their propagation? Thanks from all of us to Mr. and Mrs. J. Preston Swecker.

Harvey Cornwell, Zueswyn Farm, Culpeper, Va., Angus breeder, bird hunter, and southern gentleman has also covered these fifty years of activity with the knowledge that it has all been worthwhile and rewarding.

I hope we can look forward as well as backward.

The National Angus Association-sponsored Angus beef retail store sales is growing by leaps and bounds and is a money



Ken Litton and George Frye work setting "down" a heifer for pictures for the Virginia Spotlight Sale. The action took place on beautiful Highlands, Round Hill, Va.

maker. We need some purebred Angus steer shows on county, state and national levels (not crossbreds!) well-financed at the shows and vigorously promoted sales at shows end, especially home freezer buyers' contacts.

Our program cannot be content with riding up and down the road on a hand-shaking basis. Surely, we have the talent, the energy, and the desire to match the product that we have to market.

I am reminded of a football story coming out of Notre Dame University concerning a game with one of coach Earl Blaik's great Army teams. The Four Horsemen and

Continued on Page 340

Seven Mules were down 12 to 0 at half-time. The Notre Dame team dreaded that half time fifteen minutes with one of the great football coaches of all time, Knute Rockne. For sure, he was going to rip them apart. He came into the locker room, hands clasped behind his back, just walked up and back before them, never saying a word. The

tension was getting unbearable. The referee stuck his head in the door announcing two minutes left. "Rock" left the room, not a word. Promptly at the end of two minutes, the door opened, he stuck his head in and yelled, "Come on, Girls!"

I can only say, "come on, Angus breeders."

the story that hasn't been told

Milo Wolrab Relates a Visit From Mr. Penney... He Sells A Bull

An interview with Milo by Lyle Haring, American Angus Assn.

Lyle: Milo, when did you start in the Angus business?

Milo: I started in 1937 with two young heifers. One was Pinehurst Blackbird 7 that came from the veteran breeder Henry Schmuecker of Blairstown, Iowa, and one was Brookdale Queen Bandolier and she came from the old John Allman herd of Marion, Iowa. Both had Blackcap Bandolier 2 time and again in their pedigrees.

Both of those cows cost me \$100 apiece and that was a lot of money in those days. It come rather hard because a dollar a day was top wages in those depression years and it took a long time to save that money up. I remember distinctly the kind of scare that I got when I picked up the cow at the Allman farm. I saved that \$100 bill and took a dollar bill along with me to buy the gas for the Model A Ford pickup. After I got up there and had the heifer loaded, I reached in the pocket to pay Mr. Allman and all I could feel was one bill and you could imagine the scare that I had wondering if I was going to have to unload that cow or not or which bill I really lost and which one was still in the pocket. Fortunately I still had the \$100 bill.

Lyle: Well, Milo, you bought these cows, you started and you decided to breed Pinehurst Blackbird 7. I'm sure you were very happy with the mating you decided to make. What bull did you breed her to?

Milo: We bred her to Bellboy A, a bull that was owned jointly with Irwin Kemp, Marion, Iowa, and Burt Althaus, LaMoille, Ill. It was down at Bert's that we took her to be bred to Bellboy A. Bellboy A was a fabulous bull. I remember distinctly a big bull, a long bull, real clean and upheaded and flashy and he was just the most impressive bull that you would ever want to look at. He was a bull we decided we'd sure like to have a calf out of the ole Pinehurst Blackbird 7 cow.

Lyle: I guess Irwin Kemp liked this bull calf out of the Pinehurst Blackbird cow by Bellboy A.

Milo: Irwin liked him and I liked him real well. In fact, I didn't want to sell any of him but Irwin kept after me and after me constantly to put a price on the calf to sell him, and I decided finally in desperation that I'd price an interest in the calf at \$500 and maybe Irwin would just say, well, that's more than I want to pay and that would be the end of that. But I priced the calf at \$500 which was a tremendous amount of money at that time for a young calf and Irwin just simply said, "I'll take that interest."

Lyle: Well, I guess to you, if you bought a cow for \$100 and could sell a calf out of her for \$500, that wasn't too bad. Okay, then this bull grew older and how did J.C. Penney and Orin James come to hear about this bull?

Milo: Well, Tom Sherlock, who was then a fieldman for the Chicago Daily Drovers Journal, had seen the bull on a number of occasions and he was always impressed. He did a lot of talking about him. When he talked with Mr. Penney and Mr. James on one occasion, he indicated that there was a great bull in the state of Iowa by the name of Bellboy W28 that they should come up and look at. He told them there was a possibility they might be able to buy him. So that's the way that came about.

Lyle: Well, I suppose you and Mary felt quite flattered to have J.C. Penney and Orin James come to look at the bull. What did they have to say?

Milo: Well, we certainly were quite flattered. We let him out and paraded him around a little bit and tied him back in the barn. After we priced him at \$10,000. Mr. Penney stood back of the bull, looked at me and said, "Young man, \$10,000 is a lot of money. Do you know that would buy the best 80 acres that lays outdoors?" At that



Milo Wolrab, Mt. Vernon, Iowa

time it certainly would. I answered him simply that I realized that, but I really felt like we had a tremendous individual here. To that Mr. Penney replied, "I'll certainly go along with you son, and I'm going to buy him." Those were moments, Lyle, that I'll never forget. In those days that money would buy a heck of a lot for a struggling couple just getting a good start. Shortly after that other people heard about the sale; we had a lot of people try their doggonedest to buy what small herd of cattle we had at that time. We had some of them bred to "W28" and, gosh, things were looking tremendous for us.

Lyle: Milo, has that been your biggest thrill in the Angus business, or have you had others?

Milo: Well, I would say it would have to be considered one of the biggest ones because \$10,000 in those days, Lyle, was like more than a hundred thousand today. However, every year you anticipate particular matings and the minute they're born a lot of those calves are thrills that you just never lose sight of. I'm sure that's part of any good livestock breeder's outlook—to anticipate what he's going to get from a particular mating. So really, there are not only just once in a while great moments, but there are a lot of great moments and a number of them come ever year.

Lyle: Well, I'm sure that's very true. How did you get the bull down to Penney and James?

Milo: We hauled him in a 1934 Ford V8 pickup. I remember distinctly because Irwin always kept his pickup and his cars in immaculate condition and that morning it really shined when he drove it in the yard. We could hardly get the bull in the pickup. The back end of that old Ford pickup nearly drug the paving going down there. Of course, after we got him down there and

Continued on Page 344

unloaded Mr. Penney was most pleased.

Lyle: The thing I can remember about going to the Penney and James sales is that the good calves by Eileenmere 487 always came out of daughters of Bellboy W28. Back in those days, what would you say that Bellboy W28 weighed?

Milo: Bellboy W28 in his prime form weighed about 2,150. He was a bull that had a lot of length, he was tremendously long and that's where he got quite a good bit of his weight.

Lyle: Milo, I have heard a lot of people say a guy that's small in the Angus business doesn't have a chance. I think there are opportunities today, yet, like there were back then. At the time that you sold this bull, how many cows did you own?

Milo: At the time we sold the bull for \$10,000 we only had 10 cows.

Marie Said Sell the Bulls

by Dale Runnion, as told by Ed Fowler, Bedford, Indiana.

Ed Fowler, Bedford, Ind., recalls an interesting story which took place in December 1950, right after Eileenmere 1050 was International grand champion bull.

Sam Henderson, Heatherbrook, Lacombe, Alta., and Bill Frasier, manager of Old Hermitage Farm, St. Albert, Alta., came to J. Garrett Tolan's, Pleasant Plains, Ill.,



Ed Fowler, Bedford, Ind., a master in the purebred livestock business.

looking for a herd bull. They spotted two bulls they liked in the bull lot. One was Eileenmere 1522, a son of Eileenmere 500, and the other was Bandoliermere 54, by Evas Bandolier Lad. Neither bull had ever been fitted and Ed says he had always thought Garrett intended to use these bulls in the Tolan herd.

Garrett told Sam the bulls were not for sale and negotiations proceeded. Garrett stood fast; Sam and Bill said they were not leaving the farm until they got the bulls.

For the first couple of days with everything in a stalemate, the old friends had a lot of fun as they talked bloodlines, swapped old stories and made predictions about the future. Both Sam and Bill were fun for Garrett. Both had successfully bred, fitted and

showed Angus and were the kind of people Garrett liked the most. He spent untold hours on show boxes talking to the "boys in the barn" at shows.

After two days, Marie (Mrs. Garrett Tolan) told Garrett to sell the bulls—the exact dictate from Marie was not recorded, but it had something to do with, "... so they will and go home," as Garrett told Ed. These two bulls still appear in some of the leading cattle in Canada today.

Heatherbrook was founded in 1910 by Thomas Henderson three miles east of Lacombe. The founder worked with his son Sam. The third generation, Don and family, took over the operation in 1965. Today, three sons are active in the Angus business. Doug has his own operation and is in the sale management business. Bruce is on the old home farm and the youngest, Jim, works with both brothers.

"Freight Train" Still Chugging Along

One day this spring after church, my wife and I went to our usual place for Sunday dinner. Since the parking lot was full we traveled on west to Yogis, a little sandwich shop north of Bill Weirs on Rt. 34. When we went in, there was only one other customer—a hitchhiking stranger dressed in a winter

cap and clean, neat coveralls. As I was sitting at a table nearby, I started a conversation with him.

The stranger saw Weir's Angus sign near the road and made the remark that he had worked with Angus cattle. He said several years ago he had worked most of the major Angus shows, American Royal, International, Iowa and Illinois State Fairs, and shows in Texas. I asked his name and he said he went by a nickname—"Freight Train." Then I remembered him from years back. He would take care of show cattle herds at night and the next day would clean and bed the tie outs.

He gave us one of his freight train calls and then talked about several Angus breeders he had known: Garrett and John Tolan, Gretta Heckett, Sam Barr, Ed Fowler,

Bob Weaver and several others.

Our lunch was over and I asked him where he was going. He said he was on his way to a Veterans Home in Kansas. Having no plans for the afternoon I told "Freight Train" we would take him to Burlington, as he wanted to catch a west-bound train. As we crossed the Mississippi River I was thinking of him riding a freight to Kansas, but he talked of the unfortunate people in the South that had lost their homes in the recent flood.

We pulled up to the train yards in the southeast part of Burlington and "Freight Train" thanked us several times for the ride and gave us one of his freight train whistles. He waved as we pulled away. A most unusual man with a very interesting past.

—Gene Fassett, Biggsville, Ill.

Partial Trace Becomes New Angus Cow Family at Grand River Dispersal

As a ringman working for the Chicago DROVERS JOURNAL many years ago, one of my favorite characters who attended most of the bigger sales was John G.

John was a hearty sipper of the spirits and his escapades livened many a sale.

One such occasion was at a night sale sponsored by the Illinois Angus Assn. in Springfield after a day sale at Tolan Farms. One of the bulls consigned acted up in his stall and it was decided that it would be safer not to bring the bull into the ring though the consignor still wanted to sell him. The auctioneer, who, if memory serves me right, was either Roy Johnston or Ham James, explained that the bull would sell, but in absentia.

his eyes, he said in a booming voice, "Roy, I'm drunk; I know I'm drunk, but I'm not that drunk. Where the hell's the bull?"

It was during this era that the Angus breed was caught up in the family name craze. Females of questionable conformation or breeding value topped many sales because they traced to a highly promoted and rather rare family through the bottom

line of females in the tabulation. There were the Maid of Bummers, the Gammers, the Blackcap Bessies, Cherryblossoms, Georginas, etc. They all became collector's items.

At the Grand River Stock Farm Dispersal many of the cattle carried a Bang's titer (probably from adult vaccination) and were sold with the announcement from the auction block that the female showed a partial trace 1 to 25, 1 to 50 or 1 to 100. Because the sale was large, after a few sold the announcement on affected lots was abbreviated to PT 1 to 25 or PT 1 to 50, whatever the case may have been.

John G. came in late from the bar to fill an empty seat in the front row of the section of the ring I was working. After watching several sell, John motioned me over and said, "Bill, I've got Blackcap Bessies, and Georginas, and Gammers, but I haven't got one of those PTs. I guess I better have one." And he proceeded to bid until he added a "PT" to his herd.

I never did find out how his PT turned out.

—Bill Roche, Galt, Calif.

Angus Were A New Thing On Long Island Golf Course

Angus sales come in all kinds, sizes and places. Some of the places are unique. In



Bill Roche, Galt, Calif.

The bidding was well underway before John G. appeared from a local pub and, as he walked along outside the ring, he looked into the ring and listened to the auctioneer chant his asking bids on the bull. Rubbing

the 37 years I have been attending these events, one of the more unusual ones I remember was held in a shipping bay on the docks along Puget Sound in the state of Washington. A couple of others were held in hotel lobbies and I recently attended a sale in Arizona which was held outdoors; it never rains in Arizona, but Skinner Hardy, the auctioneer, and I stood under a hand-held umbrella looking like Mary Poppins and friend because the unexpected had happened.

I believe the most unusual sale I attended, though, was one held about 1947 or 1948 on Long Island, N.Y. To begin with, the farm, or at least a large part of it, had been a golf course turned into a farm. That in itself is unusual. This led to the setting for

the auction. The auctioneer's block was a round gazebo-type open building placed in front of the former clubhouse. The latter was a long, white, one-story wood frame building with a full-length veranda. Several chairs scattered along the veranda accommodated buyers.

A rather precarious auction ring was constructed of a 3½ foot tall woven wire fence held in the corners by lightweight steel posts. This was the scene for the sale that was to start with four or five 2-year-old bulls that had had limited opportunity to become accustomed to a halter. Ham James was the auctioneer, and at the time I was a fieldman for the Chicago Drovers Journal so I was one of the two or three ringmen who had tried with little success to find an opportune

and safe place to work that day.

Ham did a masterful job opening the sale with some well-chosen remarks (not all of which went over the loudspeaker) and the sale was underway with the first bull. Things went well; the first bull sold and was turned into a pen adjacent to the ring on the opposite side of the crowd. The second bull was led, prodded and persuaded into the ring. As the bidding started, old "Lot No. 2" knocked down his handler and proceeded to straddle him and bunt the poor fellow with a series of one-two punches.

Luckily, before any of us near the ring could attempt a rescue, the bull that had sold first came charging up alongside the ring issuing trumpeting challenges. Upon seeing the first bull, the one inside the ring decided he would rather fight with the outside challenger than with the man he had pinned and did a first-rate demolition act on the woven wire, the fence posts and the whole ring. In so doing, he converted the Angus sale into one of the few, if not the only, public bull fights ever held on Long Island, N.Y.

Ham James appropriately commented, "I can't say sold; maybe I should say Ole!"

HI Stock Farm was never quite the same.

— Bill Roche, Galt, Calif.



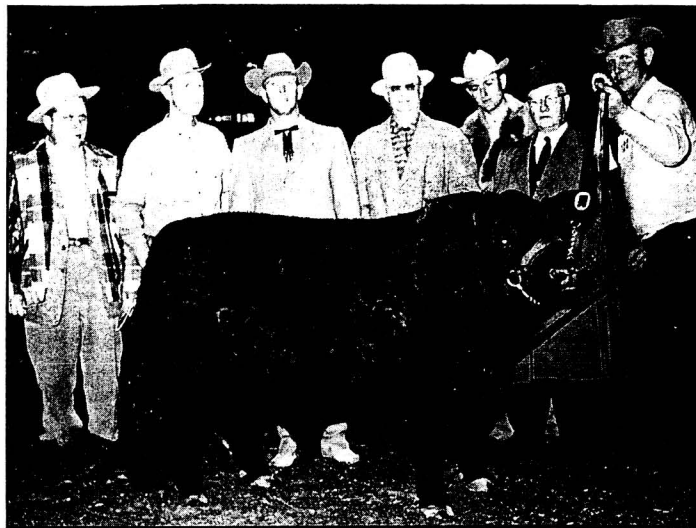
Keith Swartz, Everest, Kan.

Money Bought A Lot When We Started

My brother Robert Swartz and I were showing steers in 4-H club work. We had seen some Angus steers, and decided we wanted to feed some. They were hard to find in our area, so we went to Guilford, Mo., and bought a few from Mr. J. Medsker. We had good luck and bought from him for several years. Then we had a chance to buy ten registered Angus cows with calves in 1927, from Mr. E.T. Denton at Denton, Kan. We kept the heifers and showed the bull calves as steers and did real well with them. Because we were lucky in the steer business and our cow herd was growing, we decided

Continued on Page 356

Keith Swartz is pictured at the halter of this Kansas State Futurity grand champion bull. To his left is Secretary Frank Richards, Andy Schuler and Morris McCrae. Robert Swartz is pictured second from the left.



we wanted to show breeding cattle. Bob and I went to work for James Hollinger of Wheatland Farms, Chapman, Kan., at different times. I went with the Wheatland show herd in 1934. The hours were long and the work was hard, but the experience was great. We bought some good bulls from Mr. Hollinger. He was using a son of Irenmere 6 that he purchased from Condon-Battles. He also had Revolution 41 which was a full brother to Revolution 81.

The year I worked for Mr. Hollinger he was showing three great Chimera heifers and a Chimera senior bull calf. He sold those four head of cattle for \$1,000 each to Henry Marshall, Lafayette, Ind. That was a lot of money and a big sale then.

We later purchased a bull from Fred Hahne at one of his sales. His cattle were Revolution-bred and our bull was a son of Revolution 7 and out of Elga Elliott 29, the dam of Revolution 100. We paid \$460 for this bull whose name was Revolution 139. We sold Mr. L.R. Kershaw of Muskogee, Okla., a truckload of ten cows to pay for Revolution 139. This was one of the best purchases we ever made, as he was a great breeding bull.

In the late 1930s we bought two bulls from Sunbeam Farms at Miami, Okla. One of these was Black Prince 2 of Sunbeam; we gave \$800 for him. He was second top bull in the sale.

I will never forget the time my wife Hazel and I left home at 4 a.m. to go to the Elgan sale in Iowa. They had a great set of cattle and we wanted to buy a son of the International grand champion bull. He was Envious Blackcap B6. We ate breakfast at Maryville where I filled the car up with gas and accidentally left my billfold at the service station. We traveled on into Iowa where we needed gas again, and had a flat tire. The fellow running the gas station didn't want to take a check so we called back to the station in Maryville. They had my billfold so the man in Iowa took the check. We went on to the sale where I told Col. Roy Johnston about our situation. He was kind enough to give us money to get home on.

Although we wanted a bull calf out of

their Edwina cow, sired by "the 6th" our troubles in getting to the sale had put us out of the notion of buying anything once the sale had started. That was certainly a mistake we made.

J. Garrett Tolan loved a good spoofer. The night and morning after Mr. Marshall gave Jim Hollinger the \$4,000 check (I heard the story as \$3,000 for three full Chimera sisters, each winning their class that day at the Ohio State Fair.) set the stage for one of his best. Jim had the check haphazardly stuck in his shirt pocket that night as a poker game on the show box was going on. During the course of the evening Garrett slipped the check out of the pocket and tucked it away in his own wallet.

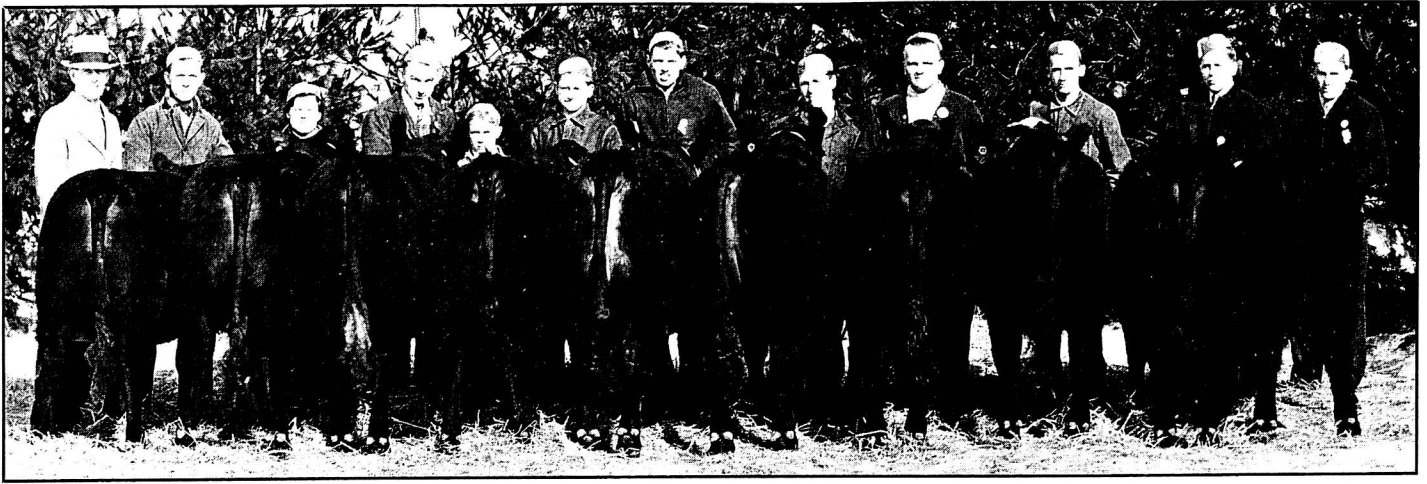
Next morning, Garrett sat across the aisle from the Wheatland string and calmly watched the boys moving the show boxes out into the aisle and sifting the straw through their fingers as they crawled around on their hands and knees. After watching for some time, Garrett asked them what they were looking for.

He gave the check back to them and left town soon after.

I remember one time we were shipping by rail and were coming home from Denver. Phil Ljungdahl was also with the train. We all got off the boxcars and were going to a restaurant when a "Railroad Bull" (guard) came up to Phil and asked Phil for a pass. Phil was cold and as he reached into his big overcoat for his contract, the guard thought he was going after a gun. The guy knocked him down. After Phil managed to get his contract out, the railroad bull picked him up and brushed him off. He stated how terribly sorry he was.

I could write on and on about the experiences we have had throughout the 50 years we had our Angus cattle, but the best part of it all was the good friends we made.

— Keith and Hazel Swartz
Sunflower Farm
Everest, Kan.



A group of Northampton County, Pa., club calves in 1935. The reserve champion of the show is pictured on the left with exhibitor Wes Ehlers, Easton, Pa. Milt says, "We had some pretty good Angus steers in those days."

the story that hasn't been told

Blacks Move to Texas with Milt Miller

by Milt Miller, Brady, Texas

My introduction to the Angus breed was from the rear end; cleaning gutters behind them in the beef barn at Penn State! This introduction led to a lifelong association with the "Blacks" which, I hope, was mutually beneficial.

In the early '40s Angus were moving east from their stronghold in the Corn Belt and W.H. Tomhave asked me to cover many Angus events for the association on a part-time basis. On Jan. 1, 1943, he put me on the full-time staff to cover the East, from Maine to the Carolinas.

Wartime gasoline rationing presented a problem in covering the territory by automobile and induced me to purchase a light airplane to help cover the increasing number of Angus events and provide better service to the breeders.

Angus continued to graze more and more eastern pastures after the war ended, and more Blacks were exhibited at eastern shows each year.

A severe arthritic condition caused Mrs. Miller's physician to require a warm, dry climate. Frank Richards offered me the territory of Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and Arizona and we accepted. The Texas climate proved most beneficial to Eva's health.

Interest in the Angus breed was increasing rapidly in the Southwest in 1948, but, surprisingly, almost every county agent and chamber of commerce person I contacted on our survey trip to Texas took one look at my eastern style shoes and small hat and said, "Texas is Hereford country, boy. You don't want to come down here to promote Angus."

Undeterred by their remarks, we loaded our three older boys, the family dog, three Angus heifers and all our belongings into a boxcar and headed for Texas in May 1949.

Eva followed with our three daughters and youngest son by airplane.

I returned to Virginia for the Schlissenger Farms Dispersion and flew the 85-mile-per-hour plane to Texas. However, it soon proved too slow for covering the vast territory and a Beech Bonanza with a speed of 165 m.p.h. was acquired. At the time of my retirement the light plane and three Bonanzas had logged over 7,000 hours and landed in many Angus pastures from Texas to Panama.

Popularity of the "Blacks" increased rapidly in the Southwest. In 1949, the Texas Angus Assn. had approximately 60 members. Three years later they boasted over 1,000.

Commercial "Blacks" were being imported to Texas and the Southwest from Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Oklahoma by the carload. The breed's expansion was phenomenal during those years. It was aided by a rather severe dwarfism problem in our nearest competitor. The rapid expansion of the "Blacks" soon called for expanded market outlets for their production.

A trip through every state of Mexico with a group promoting the State Fair of Texas in Dallas convinced me that a market for the "Blacks" could be cultivated there.

As a result, Texas and Arizona breeders began exhibiting at state and local shows south of the border, and sales of breeding stock followed. Angus range bull trade to Mexican ranchers increased and many registered Angus were sold below the Rio Grande.

The next logical step was to seek and promote a market in Central America and that market was opened to U.S. Angus by our southwestern breeders.

I will always remember one incident on

an Angus ranch in an isolated part of Mexico. A breeder from Texas flew with me and we landed on a ranch "strip." After touring the dry pastures, this breeder was hot, tired and dusty and asked, "Where is the bathroom?" The ranch foreman promptly said, "El Bano is por la rio." Translated, he meant the bathroom was down by the river.

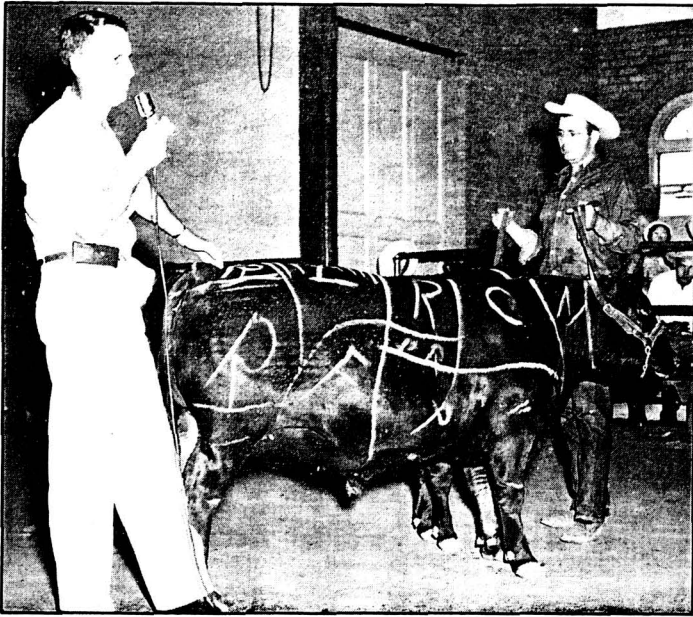
The Bonanza was great for ranch visits in Mexico. Instead of driving for 3 to 5 hours over rough dusty roads in a jeep, one could fly the owner and guests to the ranch strip in comfort and arrive without having collected several pounds of Mexico down one's neck.

Foreign interest in U.S. Angus continued to increase. Cattlemen from Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil increased their inquiries and importations. More of my time was needed to promote and service exportations of Angus to Latin American countries. Europeans also became interested in importing U.S. Angus and for several years we attended expositions in Spain, Italy and other countries at the request of the U.S. Foreign Agricultural Service. Some exportations followed but E.E.C. ties among many European nations limited our efforts and favored purchases from Britain.

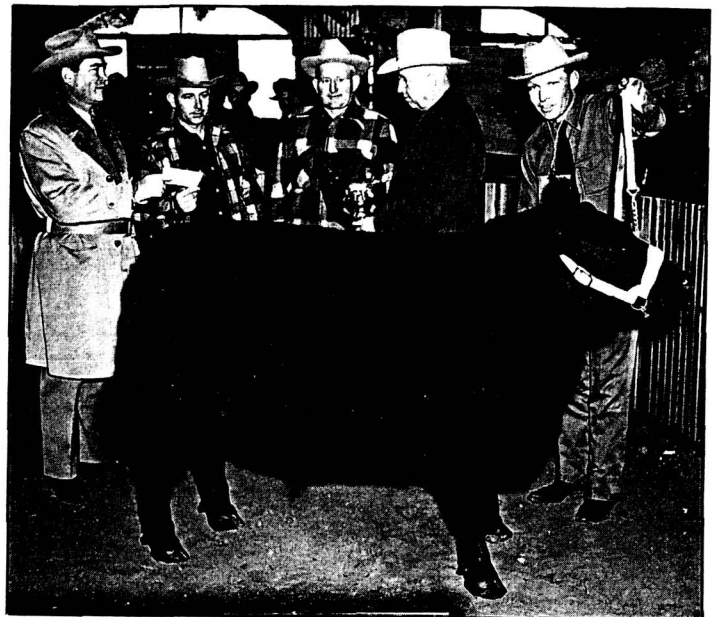
Which reminds me that a prominent Scottish Angus breeder and judge of South American shows chided me at the Palermo Exposition in Buenos Aires for "poaching" in his territory. I very promptly informed him that he was the one "poaching" in our territory and trying to keep U.S. breeders from marketing their Angus in Europe.

The alert and progressive Angus breeders of South America quickly realized that the larger growthier Angus from the U.S. would make them more profit than those from the U.K.

Continued on Page 362



Angus Association representative Mill Miller giving a demonstration at a Texas Angus Assn. field day in 1950 at Texas Tech.



The Texas association was promoting Angus at every turn. Here, President Luther McClung is shown presenting a \$1,000 check to Cleo and C.E. Yoder, Muscatine, Iowa, for the champion steer at Fort Worth. Tex Spitzer is at the halter.

My work in foreign promotion for the American Angus Assn. was both interesting and rewarding. The most reassured recognitions of my lifetime are: being awarded an honorary membership in the Corporation Argentine de Aberdeen Angus in appreciation of my work and assistance to the Argentine Angus breeders, and a beautiful parchment scroll signed by practically every

cattleman in Guatemala regardless of breed preference, complimenting my assistance to their beef cattle industry.

The success of any promotion is: have a good product, introduce it at a fair and equitable price where there is a need for it and then stand behind it.

Angus are definitely a top-notch product

and easily promoted. Today's extensive performance records on the breed will make Angus even more easily promoted and truly live up to the slogan, "They're Worth More If They're Black".

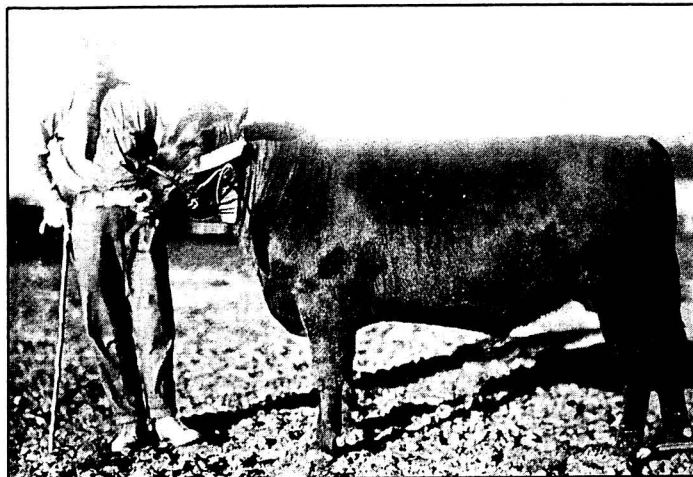
I shall continue to follow with keen interest the progress of this great breed of beef cattle.

show, H.O. Harrison came up to Mr. Rosenfeld and asked what he would take for his champion female. Mr. Rosenfeld responded that the price would have to be four figures. Mr. Harrison sat down on a bale of hay by the show cattle and wrote out a check for \$10,000. When Mr. Rosenfeld looked at the check he couldn't believe it because he was thinking of a selling price of \$1,000 rather than the \$10,000 that he received. That phenomenal price was well received because at that time \$100 would buy most any cow in the breed, and prize-winning steers were bringing about 25 cents a pound, comments Catlin.

After receiving a degree in livestock production, Catlin accepted in 1925 a challenge to take on the herdsman duties for a herd that had never shown before. That being Henry Schmuecker and Sons herd of Blairs-town, Iowa. Catlin started with a string of 12 head, which included a bull called Blackcap Bandolier 2nd. He showed at Kansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Illinois and North and South Dakota state fairs.

Before the International that year, Catlin had won with the Schmuecker show herd \$2,500 in premium money and 225 ribbons, with 169 of those being first place and champions. The following year Catlin again showed Blackcap Bandolier 2nd and 12 of his offspring with much success. In fact, at the 1926 Illinois State Fair, Catlin had Blackcap Bandolier 2nd looking so great that he defeated the 1925 Chicago Interna-

Wellard Catlin with his 1921 International entry. They both made the trip to Chicago with the El Jon show cattle.



tional grand champion bull, Playman of Sunbeam.

At the Chicago International in December 1926, Otto Battles asked Catlin to come to work for him as the herdsman for the largest herd of registered Angus cattle at that time, the 700 head of Condon and Battles in Yakima, Wash.

In April of 1927, Catlin headed West with new horizons to be conquered. While as herdsman for Condon and Battles he showed extensively in 43 states and seven provinces of Canada, sometimes leaving Yakima in June on a boxcar and not returning with the show string until the following February.

Catlin can recall many stories from the show road that can be exciting, funny and even tragic. He commented on one of the worst scares he had. It was in 1931 on the Missouri Pacific Railroad enroute to the Chicago International. The train was loaded with show cattle and show horses, when at high speed a derailment occurred killing seven persons and injuring 15. Thirteen valuable show horses were killed. Catlin said, "I was just four boxcars away from perishing in that wreck!"

Catlin, a modest man, attributes a lot of his success as a herdsman and winnings at the Chicago International to the people working with him over the years.

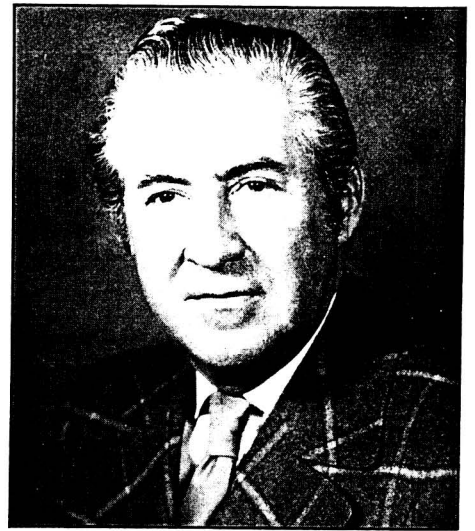
As a cattleman whose experiences are vibrant with the history of the early days, he is recognized today as a breeder and owner of a nationally accepted herd called Appleland Angus.

Catlin feels Angus cattle have been very good to him. The veteran producer comments, "It was Angus cattle that brought me West. It was Angus cattle that resulted in me meeting my wife Ida and through it all, I have derived an infinite amount of pleasure from my travels, my family and my friends. I am especially proud that my grandchildren are continuing to breed Angus cattle under the Appleland Angus name."

The "35th", Homeplace Eileenmere 999-35th

A great experience and a most interesting venture developed from a trip to the American Royal in Kansas City in the fall of 1950. The Royal, well established as one of the greatest livestock shows in the country, always was a preview show to the daddy of all shows—the International in Chicago. In viewing and studying the show with a lot of interest, suddenly a bull appeared in the show ring that immediately caught my eye.

I could hardly believe what I was seeing. A bull with a lot of strength and masculinity, bone and muscle, and the look of a herd sire. I immediately looked at my show catalog, and it was Homeplace Eileenmere



Lee Leachman, Afton, Okla.

999-35th, exhibited by Homeplace Farms.

Very quickly I went to J.B. McCorkle and asked him to go and get a price on the "35th" from Orin James. He tried, but Orin would not price him. I even asked Frank Richards, secretary of the American Angus Assn., to see if there was a price on the bull. Still, the answer was no.

As usual at this show, there were a lot of prominent breeders observing the show. One was none other than my good friend and neighbor, Myron Fuerst.

It so happened that on the way back to New York, Myron and I were on the same flight. After we were airborne and settled down for our flight, we started to discuss the Angus show. We both commented about the quality of the show and the impressive group of cattle shown by the Homeplace Farms, Cameron, Mo. A bull at that show that impressed both of us was Homeplace Eileenmere 52. But after a lot of discussion, and a bit of standing off in our comments, it came out that the favored bull was the "35th." At this time I told Myron I had tried to get a price on him with no success.

In 1950 a breeder had to be the owner of a bull or the cow must be served naturally to record the resulting offspring. In this era A.I. was not widely used. When it was, fresh semen was the medium. Frozen semen was in the wings.

This three owner situation with 999-35 attracted widespread attention and prompted what was later known as the "three owner bull rule" for sire ownership in the early '50s.

Now, what should we do? We knew this was the bull we needed for our breeding programs. When we arrived in New York, I went to see Allan Ryan at his apartment.

Continued on Page 376

I told him I saw a bull at the Royal I thought Ankony should buy. After a lengthy discussion, it was emphasized we had just had the 1949 International grand champion bull, Eileenmere 1032. Why did we now need another bull? But there was a lesson in livestock breeding to remember: A livestock breeder wanting to upgrade and make continual improvements in the herd and the breed should not hesitate to add the blood or animal needed to achieve this goal.

Money was not plentiful at that time for

us, so we put our thoughts together to see how we could perhaps acquire this bull.

Myron was going to make the trip to the Cow Palace in San Francisco, Calif., so we thought this might be a good time to arrange a deal. Myron and Orin James met in Kansas City and made the trip to the show together. During the show, the "35th" was priced to Myron for \$30,000. The contract was made to purchase him in a three-way venture which was Ankony, Fuerst and Moles Hill Farm.

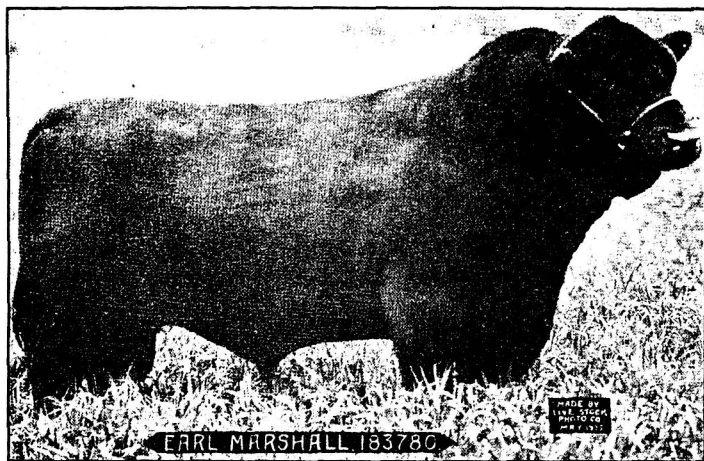
He was exhibited at the International in 1950 and was the reserve grand champion bull.

He was also the reserve grand champion bull in 1951. This was the first time a bull was owned and shown by three owners.

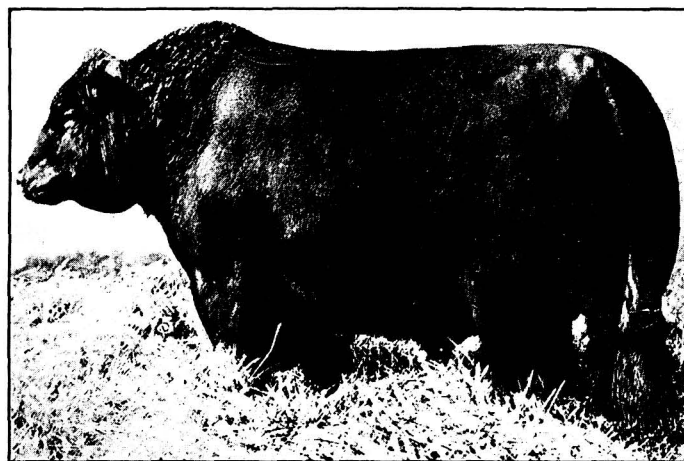
Raul Firpo from Argentina was one of the three judges, and it was the first time live semen was ever shipped out of the country. The semen was used in the Firpo herd.

The record stands that the "35th" was one of the great sires in his time.

— Lee Leachman, *Afton, Oklahoma*



This photo, taken from the 1928 Harrison and Ryan sale catalog is the real Earl Marshall, according to two men who know—Wayne Lacock and Charles Ryan.



This is the picture of Earl Marshall that is commonly used as the official photograph of this king of Angus sires.

the story that hasn't been told

Which is the Real Earl Marshall?

by Ann Werner

Ol' Rodeo had been a rodeo bronc before he lost most of his bucking spirit and became a ranch horse. He was a mighty good horse, too. There was no ground too rough, or ditch too steep for him to cross. This narrative isn't about Ol' Rodeo, exactly, but he's in it. So are my dad, Wayne Lacock of Farnhamville, Iowa, and Blackcap Revolution Again, son of Earl Marshall and full brother to Blackcap Revolution, the International grand champion bull in 1923.

Dad was 22 years old when he went to work for Harrison & Ryan of Harlan, Iowa (Harrison & Ryan owned Earl Marshall and several of his International champion sons and grandsons), back in 1928. As you might guess, things were done differently 55 years ago. Four-wheel-drive pickups and stock trailers didn't exist back then. Every herd bull had a ring in his nose, and when it came time to move a bull from pasture to barn, a ranch hand would run a rope through the ring (I forgot to ask Dad how this was done) and lead the bull away.

Now, calamities don't usually befall my dad, but on this particular day in late summer, he got a double dose of trouble. Dad was riding Ol' Rodeo and leading Blackcap Revolution Again to the homeplace. He led the bull along the pasture fence to the spot where the steep Nishna-Botna River dredge cut close to the fence. Ol' Rodeo plowed right across this questionable footing. "Revolution Again" started to cross, then suddenly crashed over the 15-foot drop. Up came the rope and nose ring.

"Good God! I've torn the nose out of the bull!" Then, "He could be crippled... or dead!"

As I've said, Ol' Rodeo would go anywhere. Even though this drop was nearly plumb, he slid and scrambled his way down. There was "Revolution Again," stunned, but with his nose intact. The bull ring had broken with the jerk.

Dad drove "Revolution Again" on down the dredge toward the barn. This is when the second calamity struck. Ol' Rodeo got



Wayne Lacock, Farnhamville, Iowa. Photo taken April 24, 1983.

mired in quicksand in a mighty bad way. This quicksand was hidden below the flow of the river. Dad managed to jump from the horse and swim to safety downstream, but Ol' Rodeo floundered and struggled pitifully.

To digress a little, Dad doesn't as a rule, use a tie-down or breast collar or back cinch when he rides. He doesn't like roping reins, and he never ties a knot in the reins. This is what saved Ol' Rodeo. A tie-down would have pulled his nose down and he'd have drowned for sure. The looped reins could have caught around his leg and pulled his head down as he thrashed in that quicksand.

As it was, the horse struggled and fought without making much headway. Dad thought Ol' Rodeo was a goner for sure. He didn't quit, though. He finally battled his way

Continued on Page 380