

out of the quicksand to solid footing.

He got his wind, then Dad, Ol' Rodeo and "Revolution Again" finished the trip home.

Black Marshall 11th—351907

Black Marshall 11th won his International grand championship as a 2-year-old in 1924. He then went to work in the Harrison Stock Farm herd of Woodland, Calif. It was there that Black Marshall 11th fell off a mountain and was badly crippled. For this reason, there are very few descendants of Black Marshall 11th.

Earl Marshall

Earl Marshall 183780 died at the age of 14 during the year Dad worked for Harrison & Ryan. This was before the days of artificial insemination; the old bull serviced the cows,

either by pen-breeding or by pasture breeding, through age 13. He sired five International grand champion bulls (Prince Marshall, 1921; Bar Marshall, 1922; Blackcap Revolution, 1923; Black Marshall 11th, 1924; and Quality Marshall, 1926) and one International grand champion cow, Pride Protest 6th, 1922.

According to Charles Ryan, son of Earl Ryan, the photograph that is commonly used to depict Earl Marshall is not of Earl Marshall. If a photograph of Earl Marshall does exist, it is the one taken from the 1919 Long Branch & Pleasant View Aberdeen-Angus sale catalog, shown previously on page 376. Both Charles and Dad say this looks like Earl Marshall.

Eisa's Marshall

Harrison & Ryan raised a son of Earl Mar-

shall named Eisa's Marshall 371496. He was sold, then later repurchased by a member of the Harrison & Ryan organization. This buyer told Earl Ryan, "I've bought you a show bull!"

Replied Ryan, "You may have bought a bull to be shown, but he'll never be a show bull."

Eisa's Marshall was not shown, but he was used in the Harrison & Ryan breeding program.

Summer Show Circuit

It took three railroad cars to transport the Harrison & Ryan cattle and equipment to the summer shows. Two cars carried the show cattle, half of a car held the nurse cows, and the other half of the car was for the herdsmen, feed and equipment.

the story that hasn't been told

Second Prize Angus Made Grand Champion Over All at Denver

by George Crenshaw, Anthony, Iowa

Like many other of today's Angus breeders I started by showing 4-H steers.

Dad got tired of going out each fall looking for show steer prospects, so he decided the simple thing to do would be to start a registered Angus herd and raise our own show steers. With that in mind he sold our small herd of registered Red Polled milk cows and started looking for registered Angus females. (It must have been in the winter of 1935-36 that he went to Sunbeam Farms at Miami, Okla., and purchased 20 head of registered Angus heifers. Judge Fullerton was actively involved in the management of his farm at that time.)

One of the stories Dad liked to tell was that as he was picking out heifers at Fuller-

tons, Judge Fullerton told him when Dad was ready to pick the last heifer to let him know. There was one heifer Judge Fullerton wanted to pick for Dad if Dad had not already picked her. When Dad was ready to select the last heifer, he still had not chosen the heifer that Judge Fullerton had in mind and so the judge made, as the last selection, Ida the 13th of Sunbeam. He remarked to Dad that although this heifer was one of the least attractive heifers in the lot, she would be one of the best producers.

In November of 1941 I took a steer from this Ida 13th of Sunbeam cow to the Kansas National 4-H Stock Show at the Forum in Wichita. We had been showing at this show since the mid-thirties (it started in



George Crenshaw, Anthony, Iowa

1932) and I had shown the reserve grand champion steer in 1939 and 1940. The 1941 steer from the Lady Ida cow I called Lazy Lad, and I knew he was the best steer I had ever had. It was the same old story, reserve grand champion steer. It really didn't hurt until he went through the sale ring and sold for a bid of 19 cents per pound. (A thousand pound reserve grand champion steer for less than \$190.) Now it wasn't easy for a 19-year-old farm boy to resist ConLee Smith and the establishment, but I did. I refused to sell the steer and after a period of intense and heated debate, they finally agreed to let me keep the steer. The last thing ConLee Smith said to me was "would I please let him know what I would eventually do with the steer."

After arriving home, I wrote Jim Hollinger and asked him if I could ride in the boxcar with his cattle and take my steer to the International at Chicago. He called and told me I could go to the International with him, but that he would recommend I go to Denver with the steer, which I did.

Lazy Lad stood second in class in the junior show and went on to be the reserve champion Angus steer of the junior show. Sam Fullerton Jr. judged the Angus steers in class. In selecting the grand and reserve grand champion steers of the junior show, Dean Blizzard paid no attention to my steer. The boy from Nebraska that beat me in

class, and had the champion Angus steer of the junior show, had the grand champion steer of the junior show. The champion Hereford steer was reserve grand champion of the junior show.

All first and second place steers in the junior show on Saturday got to go in the open show on Monday. With Sam Fullerton judging open class Angus steers, the same two steers from the junior show were champion and reserve champion Angus steers in the open show; my steer naturally being the reserve champion Angus.

At this point the National Western brought in a different judge, John Burns, to

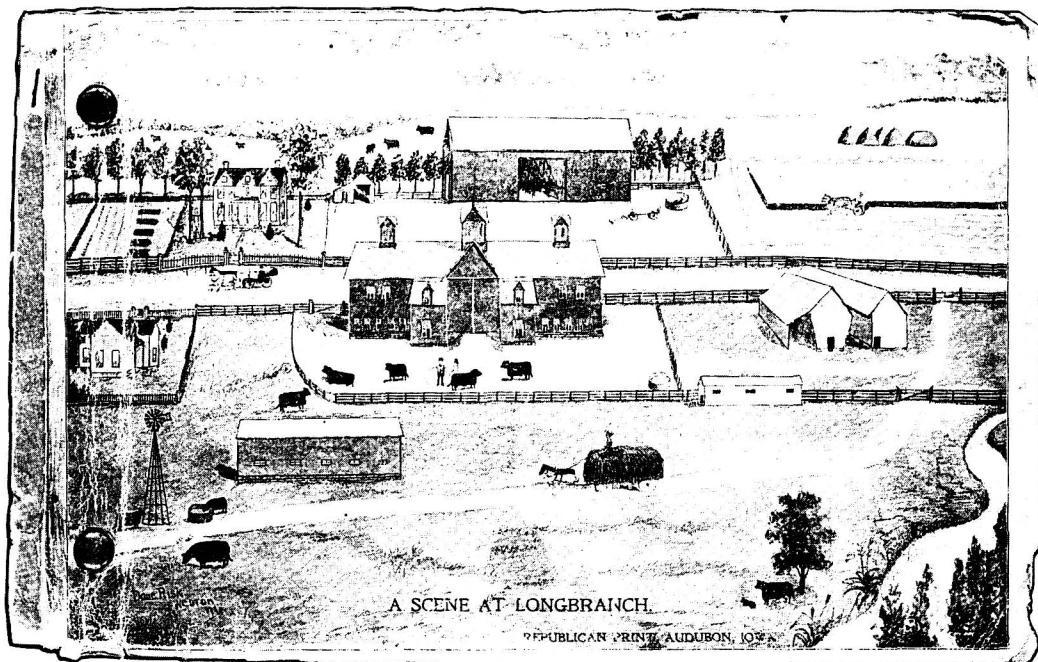
select the overall grand champion steer. Needless to say, I (along with several hundred other people) couldn't believe my eyes when Judge Burns pulled my second place reserve champion Angus steer out for grand champion steer. This contradiction caused a ruling change that stands yet today.

My brother Howard showed the champion Angus steer at the 1947 Fort Worth Livestock Exposition. Howard showed the steer at the Kansas National Livestock Show at Wichita in October 1946. He decided not to sell the steer, but to finish him out and show him again. The decision to take the steer to Ft. Worth turned out to be a wise one.

The champion Angus steer sold for \$1.50 per pound. Howard invested most of the money, and income from that investment eventually helped pay for a master's degree in sacred theology which he received from Wesley School of Theology, Washington, D.C., in 1960.

Howard now serves as pastor of the United Methodist Church in Anthony, Kan. Anthony is the place of Howard's birth and is just a few miles from his hometown of Attica where he lived at the time he showed the championship steer at Ft. Worth.

—Howard Crenshaw, Anthony, Kansas



This is a reproduction of the catalog cover for the Longbranch Angus Sale owned by Charles Escher and Son, Botna, Iowa. The sale was held in the Omaha Stock Yards on March 29, 1899. Line drawings were used to illustrate the reference sires.

the story that hasn't been told

Credit Produced the High Sales

by Dale Runnion as told by Charles T. Ryan, Hat Creek, Calif.

I recently wrote Charles T. Ryan, Hat Creek, Calif., for some stories "that haven't been told." He said, "I'll see you in Reno."

At breakfast I came to the happy conclusion that Charley wasn't going to write that story . . . he was telling it to me, and without him saying so, I got the message that if any of these words ever found their way into print and between the covers of the *ANGUS JOURNAL*, Dale or someone else was going to write it.

It would take reams to trace the Ryan family through these years . . . more reams to tell of the important cattle they bred and their influence on the breed.

It started with Charles Escher, Longbranch, Botna, Iowa whose first purebred

Angus auction was held in 1898. His son, Charles Escher Jr., made his first importation of Angus in 1900.

Thomas G. Ryan owned Pleasant View, Manning, Iowa, and was in the Shorthorn business as early as 1878. A daughter, Myrtle, became Mrs. Charles Escher Jr. A son, Earl, and Charles Jr. became Escher and Ryan. After a time the herd became Harrison and Ryan (Charles T., son of Earl).

This herd enjoyed some of the breed's greatest successes in the show and sale ring. Charles T. has ridden the boxcar into 36 of the 48 states on the show circuit. At one time there were 13 different farm units in Guthrie and Shelby Counties in Iowa, with the Longbranch and Pleasant View Farms

serving as the Escher and Ryan headquarters. A picture in one of the old catalogs shows a train of 36 carloads of Escher and Ryan cattle and hogs on the way to the Chicago Market.

With all these successes came the tragedies too—hard times, bank failures, droughts, the bank panic and eventually the great depression, which all but wiped out the continuity of the herd.

The subject of selling on credit was brought up. Charles likened credit as a forerunner to catastrophe with bank failures and droughts. He reached into a suitcase of old catalogs he had brought along.

It was an Association mailing piece dated June 24, 1919 (the same year the *ANGUS JOURNAL* was founded by Fred Hahne). The headline read "Escher and Ryan Sell 174 Aberdeen-Angus for \$375,650; Average



Charles T. Ryan, Hat Creek, Calif.

\$2,147.44." A 6½ x 9½ inch picture of Enlate "the \$36,000, World's Record-Selling Bull" stands in the center of the newspaper-size page.

The headlines read fine, but there wasn't enough cash after the sale to pay the sale expenses. All the cattle were bought with notes. Enlate was purchased by the auctioneer with no money down except his fee for that day.

The article relates "Colonel Cooper in five minutes sold more than a third the bull's

price in service fees at \$500 per cow, booking 25 select Ericas to be shipped to his farm to mate with Enlate. Experts on sale and sale conditions predict that the Colonel may pay for his bull in a single year by putting into his sale 25 head of Trojan-Erica cows with calves at foot by Enlate and rebred to him." Before the \$36,000 Enlate

deal went completely sour, Colonel Cooper was able to pay a little over \$5,000 from sales of semen and his auction business.

Three other sales were reported in this same 1919 bulletin. They listed averages of \$171, \$212 and \$384. Charles didn't think they offered credit at these sales.



Ray Roth, Marblehead, Ohio

the story that hasn't been told

Ray Roth Dunks His Mark IV — This is History?

Most farms are scattered on back roads of America and nothing too exciting happens to break the tranquility, except maybe your entire herd of cattle bed down in the neighbor's corn field at night or the bull jumps a fence and services (complimentary) a cow in the next pasture. That's the way busy farmers like it—a well-ordered life.

Spring Valley Farms, nestled in the hilly extreme northeastern part of Wayne County just outside Marshallville, Ohio, is just such a place. We, the owners, the Jeff Etling family, like it that way.

Once in a while something happens to disrupt the peaceful scene—let me tell you

about it.

It happened on a Saturday night in June, the night before Father's Day some years ago. We had gone to bed around 11:30 p.m., but hadn't fallen asleep yet when we saw the reflections of headlights in our drive. Jeff looked out the window and saw it was Ray Roth. Dressing, we went to answer the door. No one was there, nor was there a car to be seen. We decided we had maybe dreamed it and were about to close the door, thinking Ray had thought us in bed and decided to leave (Ray being the thoughtful person he is).

Then we heard this sloshing sound com-

ing up the drive and Ray calling, "Jeff, Jeff"! He reached us at the door saying his car was in our lake, but just the front wheels. He had parked it on a slight incline by the house and thought he'd left it in park—the headlights were still on and the window on the driver's side was down. When he'd reached our door the first time, he turned around and saw his Mark IV moving down the drive toward the lawn and the lake. He ran and caught up with the car, but couldn't open the door, so he held onto the steering wheel. He ran alongside the car steering it through the open window . . . right into the water. He followed the car into the water belly deep.

We all walked down to see how far the car was into the water. When we reached the lake, there was nothing—no car. Ray said, "Well, that's about where it was and only the front end was in the water". He didn't know what could have happened to it.

By that time Karen and John Airulla, our daughter and son-in-law, came running. They lived across the lake and had heard the car go into the water and had seen us standing under the security light. We told them what had happened, but couldn't tell them where the car was. Before going on up to the house we all turned for one last look, and there it was in about nine feet of water about thirty feet from shore. The headlights and taillights were still shining, looking like a spaceship under water.

We took Ray to the house, dried him off, gave him some dry clothes and made coffee. Jeff started calling around for a tow truck with a winch. They came about 2:00 a.m. and John volunteered his diving ability to hook the line to the car. Slowly they were able to get the car to the water's edge, but couldn't bring it out any farther because the car was full of water, and the weight was too much for the tow truck to handle. They opened all the doors—fish and water came pouring out. What a sight! The car was finally brought up on dry ground. The lights were still operational, as was the horn. Ray's car, like Ray, apparently had a good battery system.

To make a long story short, Ray spent the night after calling home. His son came and picked him up the next morning so he could spend Father's Day with his family in Marblehead.

We chuckled about this incident so many times. It was funny, but might not have been—at least Ray was alright and no one else was in the car.

Time passes and takes its toll. Many changes have taken place here at Spring

Valley since that night in June. Jeff passed away last June, but the lake that was a dream of his still exists as a living memorial to him. It is the same as it was that night showing no evidence that a beautiful Mark IV had invaded its depths for a while—with

lights on.

As I look back on that night, I can smile because it was funny; I also pause and thank God it had a happy ending. All that was lost was Ray's pride and one Mark IV.

—Mrs. Jefferson C. (Pauline) Etling

the story that hasn't been told

Increase Your Herd by 50%, the Easy Way

I was raised on a strictly commercial cattle ranch where enough Hereford cattle were raised or purchased each year to consume the roughage and grain produced on the ranch.

In one of the depression years of the thirties, about a half-century ago, we had planned to buy a truckload of commercial females to use some extra available pasture.

I went to the Kansas City Producers Commission Co. to borrow the money and place the order for the cows. In talking over our plans with Les Ryan, manager, who had been raised on a registered cattle farm in Iowa, he suggested that instead of buying commercial Hereford females, we buy

registered Angus for the reason that Angus were selling higher on the commercial market than either of the other two breeds.

His reason for wanting them registered was because there was a ceiling price on the commercials that was largely set by the butcher market, while there was no ceiling on the registered animals.

His "rule of thumb" was that registered animals, over a period of years, would average twice as high as commercial animals of similar quality. However, due to the severe depression and liquidation of the cattle industry brought on by economic and drought conditions existing at that time, registered cows could be bought for butcher prices, plus \$10 per head.

He suggested instead of filling the order on the central market, that we buy at a farm or ranch sale. He said Sam Tweedy at Norborne, Mo., was selling a large number of good registered and commercial females at auction. He thought the commercial springer cows would bring about \$30 per head and the registered springer cows would cost about \$10 per head premium.

I was not fully convinced, but with the above guidelines and recommendations, I

"gassed" up the old Diamond T truck and on sale day started for the Tweedy Ranch about 100 miles away. I was hoping to buy a truckload of Angus females, about 10 head.

When the sale was over just about dusk I loaded my purchases consisting of:

4 commercial cows @ \$30	=	\$120
4 commercial heifers @ \$20	=	80
2 registered cows @ \$40	=	80
		<hr/>
10 head total		\$280

and headed for home with the first registered cows we had ever owned.

When I arrived home, backed up to the loading chute, removed the end gate and counted the females as they came off the truck, I counted only nine head.

Further investigation showed the missing registered cow still in the truck. She was not wanting to leave as she had a baby heifer born on the way home in the crowded truck. The calf was up on all fours, sound, rugged, unharmed and able, but in no hurry to leave the truck under her own power.

The above bonus baby heifer, the first day, first dividend, gave us a decade of dedicated performance. She raised several babies of her own, and met our ideal of an individual female with no individual problems that required extra feed, labor or expense. She then went to St. Joseph to a consignment sale at the age of 10 years, and returned \$425 to replace the original investment of the entire truckload. She delivered, along with all of her descendants, an extra cash dividend of over 50 percent.

—David R. Miller, Smithville, Mo.

Iowa Yellow Pages

We have all had many pleasant experiences which came as a result of serving on the board for a state or district Angus association.

I was president of the Iowa Angus Assn. in 1959 and asked Dale Runnion, who was general manager and in charge of advertising sales, to meet with the Iowa Board and talk to us about the promotion of Iowa Angus. We were thinking about publishing an Iowa directory.

Dale proposed grouping all of the Iowa breeder ads in one section of the Herd Reference issue of the JOURNAL that August. He suggested that they would print it on yellow paper, telling us he would print our membership list along with the ads. We bought extra copies of the section to hand out at shows and other events.

Dale and Sam Oberkrom went to work



Dwight Garner, Rosendale, Mo.

and we had a 36-page section that August. It was so successful that it was continued for 10 or more years.

—Dwight Garner, Rosendale, Mo.

Continued on Page 390

82 Years With Delmer LaVoi in Angus

My interest in Angus began back in 1918 when as a 17-year-old freshman at the University of Minnesota, Dr. C.W. Gay, head of the animal husbandry department, gave excellent instruction in my classes on Angus cattle and "baby beef." During my junior year he became head of that department at Ohio State, and while there some of the nation's well-known Angus men were his students. Among them were Herman Purdy, Lee and Les Leachman, J.B. McCorkle, Paul Good, Byron Good and Don Good.

Between my junior and senior years at Minnesota, I was required, for university credit, to spend a summer fitting and showing a herd of cattle on the state fair circuit. Professor W.H. Peters, the new head of the animal husbandry department, and I chose the small Angus herd of Marshall Wilford of Canton, Minn., for my project.

I had complete charge and management of this herd, the owner making an appearance only on show days. Long will I remember sleeping on a bunk above the cattle in the boxcar of a freight train, riding from one state fair to another. Often "hobos" would try to crawl in the car but when I warned them of the presence of a big bull, they would make a hasty exit.

Getting acquainted with the Angus breeders, herdsman and other personnel of the show herds made a great contribution

to my education. Billy Edwards, one of the nation's leading herdsman of all time at the Hartley Stock Farm, Page, N.D., spent hours sitting on a bale of straw with me, telling me many instances of his background in Scotland and the old-time breeders there. He gave me many hints on the health and care of my show cattle and corrected me on the things I was doing wrong. I was in awe of his knowledge and never did I have a better teacher.

That summer I became acquainted with some of the famous real "old timers" in Angus breeding. Among them were:

Otto Battles, the most genetic minded breeder of that day, who a number of years

Long will I remember sleeping on a bunk above the cattle in the boxcar of a freight train, riding from one state fair to another.

later helped me select from his Rosemere Farms herd in Iowa one of the best sires I ever purchased.

Kenneth McGregor, manager of the Hart-



Delmer LaVoi, Brooklyn, Mich.

ley Stock Farm at Page, N.D., later one of the owners of Lofton and McGregor at Ada, Minn., and finally full owner of this set-up, was one of the greatest men of my time on pedigrees, in the auction box. He was also very helpful to me.

Garrett Tolan, who put over the Eileenmere strain, starting with Eileenmere 4 purchased from Otto Battles, was a great example to me in his ability to fit champion cattle. Tex Spitzer later became his protege, following college, then his son-in-law. He was one of the greatest showmen of the Angus breed. They emphasized smooth, straight lined, thick cattle. Later I bought the highest priced heifer I ever purchased from the Tolan herd. He later showed the 10 best head of Angus at the Chicago International 10 different years.

Charles Esher, noted breeder in Iowa, was later connected with the breeding of the great Earl Marshall who sired four Chicago International grand champion bulls and was one of the great foundation sires of the breed. I saw all of these sons exhibited at later shows in the '20s. Blackcap Revolution made the greatest record of any of his sons, and his breeding was incorporated in my foundation herd.

At times I ran into the Edward Brothers of Ontario, Canada, breeders of the noted Bandolier cattle from which the Bardolier strain originated.

I would often see J.D. Fullerton of Miami, Okla., early president of the American Angus Assn. and establisher of the famous Sunbeam cattle, at these shows.

After graduation, my first job was with the Northwest School of Agriculture, branch of the University at Crookston, Minn., as a teacher of animal husbandry and athletic coach. There I was in continuous contact with Angus through extension work and judging of fairs throughout Minnesota and North Dakota.

In 1924, while at Crookston, I bought my first Angus bull at the contribution sale to establish the Red River Valley Winter Shows. He was the top bull in the show, donated by the Schermerhorn Farms at Mahnommen,

Minn., and Tulsa, Okla. Through their encouragement, in 1926 I bought my first four Angus heifers from their herds.

From this nucleus, I carefully selected the offspring to breed up my Angus herd. Increasingly better cattle were added as time went on, from Hartley Stock Farms, a top Bandolier bull from Otto Nobis in Iowa and my first Bardolier cattle from Grand River Stock Farms at Webberville, Mich., in the Hendron Brothers Dissolution Sale. Jess Hendron encouraged me to buy his top pair of show calves, a heifer and a bull, still nursing their mothers. Edwards Brothers Farm was the contending bidder on the heifer calf. The pair went on to win second for me at the American Royal at Kansas City and the bull was second prize bull calf there.

I became extension specialist in animal husbandry at Michigan State in 1929, specializing in beef cattle and sheep. This kept me in constant contact with Angus herds and noted breeders, one of which was Sydney Smith, manager of the Wildwood Farms at Lake Orion, Mich. This man was the best promoter of Angus cattle that I ever met in my lifetime, always interested in the development of the breed.

In 1938, I took the position of director of public relations for the National Live Stock and Meat Board in Chicago. This gave me an opportunity to observe Angus herds throughout the United States and to make sire selections from famous breeders, some mentioned previously. My Angus herd was still being maintained at my parent's home at Fosston, Minn., where I was continuously culling, saving the best heifers.

**...my first Angus show herd,
which won the best beef herd
award at the Red River
Valley Winter Show for three
consecutive years.**

In 1942, while speaking at the Kansas State Stockgrowers Convention at Manhattan, Kan., I had a blackout, which proved to be a heart attack. After six months in bed, it was necessary for me to take an extended leave of absence from the Meat Board, which eventually lasted three years. I spent it recuperating on my home farm in Minnesota, working with my Angus herd.

During this period I developed my first Angus show herd, which won the best beef herd award at the Red River Valley Winter Shows for three consecutive years. At the end of the third year, a permanent plaque was given to me.

I went back with the Meat Board in 1945 in fine health, but after a year, traveling throughout the country became too strenuous and I moved my herd from Minnesota to a stripmine farm at Fiatt, Ill., and went into partnership with Harold Truax, president of Truax-Traer Coal Co., and we were

known as Deep Valley Farms. The herd developed well on the lush alfalfa and brome grass pastures, full of trace minerals, seeded on the waste piles by airplane.

In 1949, a disastrous fire destroyed our new show barn and our year's supply of hay and grain, and six silos went up in smoke. Frank Richards, then secretary of the American Angus Assn., learning of our misfortune, was influential in helping me establish a new partnership known as Lancaster and LaVoi and the herd was moved intact to LaGrange, Mo., under my management.

While I was president of the Mark Twain Angus Assn., in Missouri, the members set up a program, where at our annual sale the best bred-heifer was donated to a worthy boy or girl chosen by a committee of 4-H

Club and FFA leaders and members of the association, with the stipulation that her first calf be returned to the association in order to award a similar heifer the next year. Much to our consternation, the first heifer awarded dropped a red Angus calf! The breeder of this calf gladly replaced it with a more valuable heifer with a calf at side.

Incidentally, the boy who was recipient of this award was such a popular choice that, having no place to house his heifer, the people of his community and town built him a small barn for this purpose. This heifer project of the Mark Twain Angus Assn. is still in existence.

In 1955, I dispersed the Lancaster and LaVoi herd and went into full time management of Angus herds, the first of which was

the millionaire ranch of Frank Murchison at Burnet, Texas. His herd included Prince Sunbeam 249, the 1948 International grand champion, a \$200,000 bull (an exceptional price at that time) and some of the most valuable females in the country, two of which were International champions. One of his females sold in their annual sale for \$38,500 which was the record price at that time.

Mr. Murchison gave me permission to bring along a bull and 20 females of my own breeding purchased in my dispersion sale in Missouri, when I went to Texas.

The first year I was there, Mr. Murchison died, and his herd of over 1,000 of some of the finest Angus ever assembled was dispersed in a three-day sale in the seventh year of a record Texas drought. About the sale, Joe Hooten, sale manager, made the remark that the offering read like a "Who's Who" of International champions, both male and female.

When I left this ranch, part of the cattle I owned were placed in partnerships with 4-H Club members in various locations.

Ralph Fair of San Antonio purchased about 50 head of females in the Murchison sale for his Fair View Ranch at Melville, Mont. He was interested in my going there as manager. After a brief interlude at the Haystack Ranch at Longmont, Colo., Mr. Fair employed me to manage his herd, which developed in size while I was there to the extent of our registering the fourth and fifth largest Angus calf crops in the United States.

One of my first purchases at Fair View Ranch was four Marshall of Faulkton sons from Tom Slick, owner of the Essar Ranch at San Antonio, Texas. This ranch was one of the first to do performance-testing in the country. One of the bulls I purchased was the top performance-tested bull that year.

The calf crop out of these bulls attracted national attention. Frank Slezina, of Coaldale, Alta., visited the ranch in search of a herd bull. He was interested in a son of the top-performance Essar bull. To me, from a genetic standpoint, the son of Homeplace Missouri Barbara, a cow purchased in the Murchison dispersal, sired by the famous Penney and James Eileenmere 487 bull, out of Essar Marshall L47 seemed a better choice for his program. I encouraged him to buy this bull now known internationally as FV Marshall A 11th, one of the top breeding bulls ever developed in Canada. The calves of this bull were tops in performance tests and created international attention.

One of his sons, Southolm Marshall 023V ("Blackcoat") did a great breeding job in Canada and topped a Southolm sale, going to Omega Farms in Michigan. Later, he was purchased by Pickett Fence Farms in Illinois.

While the Fair View Ranch herd was at its height, I suffered a double skull fracture in a farm accident, making it necessary to move to a warmer climate. Thus, I accepted a position as manager of Ramsey's 777 Ranch, at Driftwood, Texas. The fact he had

just purchased an interest in Homeplace Eileenmere 999-35th from Ankony Farms was an added incentive to my going there. This bull was twice reserve grand champion at the Chicago International and sired two International grand champion bulls. An interest in the imported Ballot of Belladrum, one of the nations' most popular sires of females was also purchased from Ankony a year later. The offspring of these two bulls brought nationwide attention to the Ramsey herd.

When Dave Ramsey sold the Driftwood, Texas ranch, I retired and moved to my wife's parental home at Brooklyn, Mich. I brought along about 15 head of my Angus cattle from my shares in the divisions of my 4-H Club partnerships. These represented many generations of my breeding. They had been upbred by semen from the famous bulls with which I worked, that, as manager, it was my privilege to use.

Steve Simmons of Omega volunteered to take these cattle on a partnership basis because he liked their breeding. In 1974 they were sold in his fall sale. One of these cows, classified 91.5 with a "Blackcoat" heifer calf at side, topped the sale of over 300 lots.

She was purchased by Sen. Walter Yarbrough of Grand View, Idaho, along with four other head of my Bardolier breeding. His herd was started with my Bardolier bloodlines back in Missouri, and more purchases were made through the years, giving him a large concentration of my breeding.

I continued to maintain a few 4-H Club partnerships through my retirement years and in 1981, at the Michigan State University Production Sale, I bought a young cow, sired by MSU Freestate 343, grand champion at the National Western in Denver in 1976. She was bred to Ken Caryl Mr. Angus 8017, a grand champion at Denver three times and produced a bull calf that at seven months of age was reserve champion bull at the 1982 Michigan State Fair. Recently,

she dropped a promising heifer calf, a full sister to the above bull.

These are in partnership with the Doug Young Family at Tipton, Mich. In September of 1982, I purchased 10 good heifer calves at the Bill and Don Strickler Angus Dispersion Sale in Euclid, Minn., which were added to this new herd.

So at 82 years of age, in spite of three heart attacks, I am still actively involved in breeding Angus cattle, an interest that began 65 years ago. During this time I was president of five different Angus associations in five states. Many people connected with these associations and the American Angus Assn., have made significant contributions to my Angus history, to whom I offer my thanks.

— Delmer H. LaVoi, Brooklyn, Mich.

The Origin of the Wide Scotch Comb

I was herdsman for Northwood Shorthorns at Cary, Ill. Mr. Grosse raised mink and imported Scotch Shorthorns. He brought over Scotsmen to work with the mink and the cattle. When I went there I was the first American to work there among the twenty-two Scotsmen. They had brought with them wide scotch combs which they used in a similar fashion to a black dressing comb. While working with the comb I thought we could drill holes in the combs and attach a Stoney handle to them. We made several for use at Northwood and I took them with me when I went to work at Ankony Farm in New York. My first job at Ankony was in the show barn helping to fit the show cattle. I had left the scotch comb on the desk in the office and it was there when Myron Fuerst stopped by the farm. He saw the importing the combs. I have my original comb, asked questions about it and began

scotch comb with my collection of Angus memorabilia.

—Joseph R. Smith, Upperville, Va.

The Outstanding Qualities of the Angus Breed

Editor's Note: Below is an excerpt from a speech given by Dr. J.R. Mohler, Chief Bureau of Animal Industry, USDA at the Golden Jubilee banquet in 1934.

The Aberdeen-Angus breed of cattle has been outstanding for many qualities, as shown by a remarkable record of grand championships in keen interbreed competition. Early maturity, uniformity, high dressing percentage, and an interior fulfillment of outward quality—all these characteristics the Angus breed has demonstrated in high degree. The polled characteristic also is in accord with present-day market preference that probably will become even stronger in the future.

The fountainhead of desirable beef is, of course, the purebred breeding herd. Though some producers may utilize purebred stock for crossbreeding and grading-up purposes, the basis of quality found in the offspring almost invariably harks back to some animal in the purebred herd or to one or more earlier progenitors.

The ideal type of beef animal probably will become more closely associated, in the future, with ideal characteristics of beef and veal as judged by trade and consumer preferences. I anticipate that genetics, one of the newer biological sciences, will assume increasing importance in this work since animals already have been shown to be groups of hereditary characters rather than individual units.

It is quite conceivable also that high-quality beef will be sold under its breed

name. This has already come to pass in the case of other food products marketed under variety or breed names; for example, Jonathan apples, Golden Bantam corn, Leghorn eggs, and Guernsey milk. In the case of meat, the breed identity would need to be

maintained by suitable package labeling or by the reputation of the dealer as is now true in the case of gasoline, oils and other goods similar in external appearance but different in quality.

the story that hasn't been told

"Doc" Keesee Made His Place in Angus History

by Jim Orton

Back in 1945, Dr. Paul Keesee, fresh out of Veterinary School at Kansas State College, went to Tom Slick's Essar Ranch, San Antonio, Texas. He was hired to help with fertility problems. A friend, Arthur McArthur, was manager of Essar. The Essar Ranch, a Hereford establishment at the time, was using T Royal Rupert 60th, a son of Hazford Rupert 81st, that had been named a national champion at Jackson, Miss. He was a great breeding bull and McArthur wanted to get more cows bred to him. This was about the same time that Dr. Easley, a classmate of Dr. Keesee, was breeding Turner Ranch cows to Hazford Rupert 81st, their main herd sire that was stifled. "We collected semen regularly from T Royal Rupert 60th and bred a number of cows to him. When the first A.I. calf hit the ground, Dr. Keesee and McArthur asked the Mexican cowman what the calf was like. The calf had red hairs or color around the eyes. "He looks just like Doc," the Mexican said, "He is little and has glasses on."

Later, McArthur went to Chino Farms in Maryland as manager. Tom Slick and Dr. Keesee dispersed the registered Herefords and started herds of registered Angus and Brangus. Even though Dr. Keesee was already gaining a reputation as animal reproduction expert, Tom Slick talked him into staying on as manager of Essar Ranch. "All of the show cattle at that time were on nurse cows and pushed from the day they were born. They would come off the show circuit fatter than town dogs. Often, they were also sterile," Keesee said.

In the late 1940s Sam Fullerton, owner of Sunbeam Farms, Miami, Okla., sold a full sister to Prince Eric of Sunbeam, the \$40,000 high-selling senior calf at the International sale in Chicago to Ralph L. Smith in Missouri for \$21,000. They had referred her problems to Dr. Farquerson, Colorado State University, and Dr. Fincher, Cornell University, both experts in beef cattle reproduction. They couldn't get her bred. At the time, Bill Barton, brother of Raymond Barton, Edmond, Okla., who retired from the American Angus Assn., and John Barton, present Missouri representative, was also working for the American Angus Assn. He



Dr. Paul Keesee, Edmond, Okla.

was a friend of Dr. Keesee, and suggested that they take the heifer to Essar Ranch and let "Doc" try to get her settled. Willing to try anything because he wanted to keep the \$21,000 instead of the heifer, Fullerton sent her to San Antonio.

After trimming her down and shooting her with ovarian extract (made from ground up ovaries collected daily on the killing floor of a local packer) Dr. Keesee was able to get her safe in calf to Master 4th of Essar, a big bull used at the Essar Ranch. "I had her bred naturally to Master 4th of Essar one night and then bred her artificially to the same bull the next morning," he recalls. Sam Fullerton was delighted to deliver her safe in calf to Ralph L. Smith.

A short time later, Prince Sunbeam 249, another grand champion bull, owned by Bobby Schlisenger, Charlottesville, Va., came off the show road sterile. After trying experts in the East without success, Bill Barton again suggested Schlisenger contact Keesee. "I had them let him down slowly, feed a then new hormone, and give him plenty of exercise. It wasn't too long until his semen was strong," Keesee reports.

Labeled an expert

With his success with these two high-

priced animals, the word spread throughout the Angus industry that Dr. Keesee was indeed an expert on fertility and breeding problems. "I'll admit that some of my success was just pure luck. We really didn't have the tools to work with that we have today so you had to use a lot of common sense," he said. "Fortunately for me, most of the people had problems that could be handled by good management practices. Many of the owners kept the animals too fat. They wanted them to look good when they showed them to their friends," he recalls.

One of Keesee's long suits over the years has been his ability to get along with people. He could charm the ladies from 18 to 80, whether in the bars in downtown Kansas City or at an Angus cocktail party in Texas. (We could pursue this subject further but will decline for fear of self-incrimination. We will mention that "Doc" has the same philosophy as Ben Franklin about older women.) And he could charm the wealthy owners of the ranches where he worked.

When the late Sen. Robert S. Kerr and Dean A. McGee bought the Essar Ranch herd and moved them to Poteau, Okla., the new owners let "Doc" write his own ticket to move and manage the herd. "This turned out to be a good move on my part. Both were great men. I had about \$60,000 when we made the move and they advised me to buy Kerr-McGee stock. About a year later, I was driving Sen. Kerr around the ranch and he asked me if I had any more money to

invest. I told him that I didn't. He directed me to pull over to a little store out in the country. The only paper the store owner could find was a brown paper sack. Senator Kerr wrote the date on the sack and penciled, "I owe Sen. Robert S. Kerr for \$60,000 worth of Kerr-McGee stock. Of course the stock has split four times since then. The Senator and McGee wanted the people around them to do well," Doc said.

There was a lot more to managing the 50,000-acre Ker-Mac ranch than breeding

"Keep that sorry little rascal away from my heifer. I'd rather she would be bred to a snake."

top Angus cattle. The land had to be cleared. It had to be fenced and drained. It had to be seeded to Bermuda grass, fescue, ladino clover and other grasses. Today most of the ranch is operated by the Kerr Foundation.

When Sen. Kerr died in 1965, Dean McGee and Doc Keesee moved their share of

the herd to Edmond, Okla. They operated the registered Angus herd as the McGee-Keesee ranch until the entire herd was sold to James Cushman, Woodbury, Ga., in 1970.

Still fine on McGee Ranch

Although "Doc" and his wife Louise, still live on the McGee Ranch north of Oklahoma City on the Edmond Road, they are in partners with their son Pablo, in a steer operation at Holdenville, Okla. "I was never able to get a hold of the place where I was born and raised at Holdenville but I can see it from our present ranch," Keesee declares. "We usually run about 1,000 steers but have only 300 head at present," he said, "and that is too many."

It was kind of a fast track to keep up with the top Angus breeders in the late 1940s and 1950s says Dr. Keesee.

One of the first trips Dr. Keesee recalls making with Sen. Kerr was to the Beecher Briefogle ranch north of Garden City, Kan. It was along in the fall and hadn't rained all summer. The dry lake cows, bred by Briefogle, were all descendants of Oakleaf Lad 3rd and were great brood cows.

Benton Thompson, the agriculture teacher at Garber, Okla., had first found the Beecher Briefogle calves a few years before. He would go buy the steer and heifer calves for his youngsters. They would win every show in the state of Oklahoma. Then too, the Briefogel cattle were free of the dwarf gene and some of the top breeders moved in to buy some of the herd.

The cattle were thin as rails and didn't impress the Senator too much. They are all right, Doc told him. All they need is a little feed. "If that's true, let's buy them all," the Senator advised. "No, we don't have room for all of them. Let's buy a carload," Doc advised. The Senator finally agreed. Later, when a bull calf out of one of the cows sold for \$10,000, Sen. Kerr told Doc, "See, I told you that we should buy them all."

"Doc" and "Doc"

One person always hard to get ahead of was Dorman "Doc" Huggins, French Broad Farms, Bowling Green, Ky. He had the Etter and Petunia families that were popular 35 years ago. Once we were leading the "gets" out for a show and Keesee had a heifer in heat. "Doc" Huggins was leading a little bull right behind her. "I whacked the bull across the nose a couple of times with my show stick. Keep that sorry little rascal away from my heifer. I'd rather she would be bred to a snake," Keesee hollered at Huggins. "It would be the greatest thing that ever happened to the heifer," Huggins exploded. "He would put some rear end on her calves. You are lucky indeed that she has never won a show." Everyone at the show could hear. All eyes were on "Doc" and "Doc"—not the show.

"Doc" Keesee's first attempt to interest a well known rancher in breeding his good Hereford cows A.I. failed. While still in school at Kansas State in Manhattan, he

asked the late Dan Casement to let him breed a hundred cows to an outstanding breeding bull owned by Dan's son, Jack, in Colorado. Casement had won the champion carload of feeder calves at the American

Royal several times and was intrigued by the proposition. After considering the program a couple of days, Casement declined. "I guess I don't believe in artificial sex. It's not the will of the maker," Casement told "Doc."

the story that hasn't been told

The One and Only Jim Hollinger

by Jim Orton

We first became aware of the late James B. Hollinger and Wheatland Farms when he paid the same advertising bill about five times in a row to the Kansas Stockman. He always ran a little one-inch ad but would only pay about once a year. Later we learned from his wife that he would let his mail and bills stack up until he could hardly get the roll-top desk to close. Then he would set down for several hours each day taking care of the mail—one letter at a time.

In the case of the Kansas Stockman advertising, he would come across the bill sent

a month earlier about once a week. Each time he would pay it. After being paid about five times for the same advertising, we decided to stop by and get acquainted with Mr. Hollinger. "Don't send the money back. Just pay the advertising in advance. It may be a while before I get in a bill paying mood again," he declared.

A pioneer breeder of Aberdeen Angus, in the Chapman and Junction City area of Kansas, Hollinger was one of the men that created a foothold for the breed in the United States. His Chrimeria of Wheatlands



The late James B. Hollinger, Chapman, Kan.

were famous throughout the country. For years he hit the Tanbark trail and was competitive with the top breeders in the nation.

Yet, when his son, Max, a journalist, came home to work with the cows, Hollinger made him do everything on his own. Max Hollinger put together a show string and headed out on the fall circuit. "You will have to make it on your own. The show winnings will have to pay the bill," his father declared. This caused Max and his wife to have to do all the work. They had to live in the truck and the barns to make ends meet. After a

couple of years, Max went back to reporting.

But James B. Hollinger was ornery by nature. If he didn't like you, he might not sell you a bull or a cow even if you offered a fair or above average price. Sometimes he would get mad and send a set of well-bred quality cows and heifers to market instead of putting them in a consignment sale.

Every year Hollinger would have a mountain oyster fry for his friends and drinking buddies. We were invited one year. We had just been given a new Zippo lighter with a Hereford head mounted on it by the American Hereford Assn. We pulled it out to light a cigar. "Let me see that," Hollinger said. He looked at the Hereford on the lighter and flung it out into the woods as far as he could throw. "I should tromp you into the ground," I shouted at him. But he just laughed and walked away. About a month later a new lighter with an Angus head arrived in the mail.

Even though he was ornery, Hollinger could be good-hearted. When Veryl Jones was working for the Drovers Journal, he stopped by Wheatland Farms to see Jim Hollinger. It was about 100 degrees in the shade and Jones had to walk about a mile across a wheat field where Hollinger was combining. "I had made up my mind not to run an advertisement in the Drovers summer issue. But I just didn't have the heart to turn him down after he walked across the field. Jones had earned the advertising," Hollinger said. **AJ**