

# SPANISH BARB BREEDERS ASSOCIATION

Newsletter - Spring 2009

www.spanishbarb.com

## FIRST FOAL OF 2009



This little guy foaled on 3/21/09. He is the son of Kay's Spanish Smoke and Nina. He resides at the Dragoon Mt. Ranch near Benson, AZ.

## COMING SOON ...

### ANNUAL MEETING – MAY 8-10

Can you believe spring is already here, and our SBBA Annual Meeting, this year to be held in May, is NEARLY HERE? Once again, the location will be near Silver City, New Mexico at the Burro Mountain Homestead.

For those members that have not been able to attend a meeting at this location, it is a WONDERFUL place. BMH is located on a mountain side 18 miles from Silver City. Most of us camp and bring our horses to enjoy the wonderful trails and scenery.

Further details are on a flyer enclosed with this newsletter.

***WE HOPE TO SEE YOU AT THE MEETING!***

## DIRECTOR ELECTIONS

As usual, at this year's meeting, we will be holding an election for the SBBA Board of Directors. Three of the seven positions will be available this year. Terms are expiring for Steve Dobrott, Mike Bruce and Peg Freitag. Enclosed with the newsletter is a Nomination form. Please give this matter some serious thought and if you wish to nominate one or more current SBBA members for one of the open board positions, complete the form and send it to Secretary, Silke Schneider, or email your nominations to SSchne1068@aol.com. The mailing address is on the form.

If you cannot make it to the meeting to cast your vote, you may give a proxy to any member you wish to vote for you. Additionally, if you have any topics to be included on the agenda, please also mail or email those to Silke.

## EVA CRUZ AND HER FIRST BABY - PRIMERO

By Carol Roberts and David Robinson

It was a cold morning on May 2, 2008. The wind was blowing a sharp gale from the north. I went out at dawn to check on the horses as usual. We were really concerned about Eva, since she was really looking big, and starting to look a little swollen in her teats, and acting miserable and really grouchy. That morning Eva was nowhere to be seen, so I trucked on out to the barn and found her lying on her side. It was still a few weeks early to her due date. But when I examined her, the water had already broken. I ran in to telephone Carol, and ran back out to the barn. Eva was fine, just laying quietly, not really acting like she really knew what was going to happen next. She had decided the corral was hers, and all the other horses were just standing on the outside looking in and waiting quietly.

As Carol got there, little legs were coming out and as we both kneeled behind Eva a little silver colt popped out into our arms. I ran to grab some blankets while Carol held him still so he could get all the blood from the placenta that was possible.

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He was one of the most beautiful little creatures. He was not a pretty paint like his mom, but a fairly large male who would be black and look like his dad, Santiago, his sister Luna, and big bro Onate.

Soon, both mom and little wobbly baby were on their feet. We soon noticed that Primero was having trouble finding his first lunch. Primero just did not seem to be able to suck. It was then that we put two and two together. Primero was really Premmie, foaled a few weeks early at a minimum.

Eva and all of us did our best for the next 10 hours to get this little colt to suck on his mother. We all knew that if we couldn't get some milk down him in the next hour or so we would probably lose him. He was in big trouble! Eva had plenty of milk, so we got a cup and started milking her. Anyone that knows Eva knows she has a bad case of mare-attitude most of the time. But our hats are off to this first time Mama and how she acted so kind to her colt and us! She would stand totally still while we milked her from both sides. We would move Primero into place and try to get him to suck to no avail. Even Eva would nudge, push, lick on him, move into place where he could nurse her. Nothing!

We were putting the colostrum in a syringe. We got some into his mouth, but he was not sucking, nor swallowing easily. We knew it was really important for the baby to get 10-12 ml into him by the end of hour two. We took our fingers and would try to get him to suck them, and it seemed to help when we would rub the very back/top of his mouth. We were trying anything at this point in time. We did much better than that having 15 cc down him by the time we received

a baby bottle from Douglas. We called Barb, (Carol's mother-in-law) that was in Douglas, 45 miles away, and had her try to find a lamb nipple, and she came home with 8 different kinds of baby bottles. We took turns milking Eva, and would put that into a Playtex baby bottle (the kind with the little bent nipple seemed to work best). He sure got his nose wet and sticky, but no direct milk from mom by hour 4 or 5. We used the bottle along with the finger and he started to suck on Playtex. We put the bottle only next to a dripping teat, but he preferred the bottle.

Did we mention that after he would suck about half of a bottle then he was tired and needed naps quiet frequently? That would be our catch up time with milking and collapsing against the barn wall. By hour ten, Eva was still cooperating, but our old knees were giving out. We started to hang lights in the barn, expecting to have to keep this going into the night. Just as the beautiful sun set, Primero found teat, supper! We were all so happy.... including a very tired Eva and baby. You could even see the relief on Eva's big ol' face! Eva then took the time to proudly prance around the corral with Primero at her side showing off. We were just watching the beautiful sunset, smiling, knowing how lucky we were, and saying "Thank You" in a prayer. Primero is now a large 6 month-old, much larger than another little 7 month-old filly that we have. Only two hands shy of his mom, Eva Cruce, who is no small barb herself. This is one day that we will never forget, and hopefully it won't happen again!

*Today, Primero is a healthy & happy yearling.*

**DRAGOON MOUNTAIN SPANISH BARBS  
CONGRATULATES THE FOUR MOUNTED SHOOTERS  
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FOR MORE INFO call Rick Levin 520-508-8482 or email [marjoriedixonaz@gmail.com](mailto:marjoriedixonaz@gmail.com)



Calvin Knox on Galan, Rick Levin on Hidalgo, Shirley Visnoski on Ghost Dancer, Ken Amorosano on Chato

## An Interesting Thing Happened On The Way To Work This Morning

By Jerry Collings



I saddled Poquita, my Zebra Dun quarter horse mare, to go bring in some cattle that I had knocked into a holding pasture a few days before. To save a little time, I decided to cut through the mare pasture and head directly to the gate that I hoped to push the cattle back through. Six of our Spanish Barb mares and older fillies had come in for water and were standing quietly in the shady part of the corral when Poquita and I passed. As I headed up the canyon, I heard movement behind me and looked back to find that all the “girls” had decided to follow. The yearling was right behind me with the others lined out in single file behind her.

They followed quietly in this manner until we came to the wide wire gate which I had to dismount to open. Their body language told me that they were determined to get through that gate so I twirled my rope and drove them back until they reluctantly stayed at a respectful distance and allowed Poquita and I to pass safely through.

When I returned to the gate with the cattle, the “girls” were there not so patiently waiting. They had apparently heard us approaching and made it apparent that they thought they should be in the middle of the action. I managed to drive them back from the gate far enough to get the cattle through, but before I could get the gate completely closed, they were back and stood blocking the trail that I had intended for the cattle to go down. Before I could get mounted, the cattle had decided to make a run up a side canyon and attempt to rim out, followed closely by the mares & fillies. There was no way to get around any of them, so all I could do was follow along on my horse until the black jack and juniper got so thick that I had to get off and lead. The mares had taken the cattle and were now moving them on their own. I had no idea where they were taking them but the corrals were to the North and the group was headed East.

By now we were halfway up a very steep slope and I was afoot, leading, and struggling to keep the whole mess in sight. When I finally managed to get to the top, the mares were quietly holding the cattle and appeared to be waiting for instruction.

I mounted up and began moving the cattle toward a fence line that I intended to take them down. Lozan, a two year old, and in her home pasture, apparently thought there was no sport in this as any fool could push cows down a fence line. She jumped between my horse and the cattle, pinned her ears, grabbed a mouth full of bovine hair and took the cattle away from me. Lozan, with her lieutenant (a yearling we call Tara) flanking for her, herded the cattle back down the slope on a trail that they were quite obviously much more familiar with than I. Mariposa, Lozan’s older sister, took the drag position and would very aggressively jump out any cow critter that would dare to hang up. The other three mares stayed with the action, and one or more, would occasionally take the lead, flank on the off-side, or hang back with me.

At the base of the ridge we came to the main trail. At this point all of the mares managed to get in front of the cattle and line out single file in the direction of the corrals. They very quietly walked on with the cattle following along right behind them and me finally catching up and riding drag. Lozan was waiting alone on a ledge to the right of the last gate. I had no idea what she had in mind. As the cattle warily approached the gate, Lozan very quietly stepped off the ledge and through the gate as if to say, “See there is nothing to be afraid of!” The other mares were in a serpentine pattern descending the switchbacks below. The cattle trailed the mares down the switchbacks that descended the rim rock and on into the corrals that lay below while I watched in awe from the rim.

*Note: This article was written a few years ago, but we just now got around to publishing it.*

**From Carol Roberts:**

Adam & Threasa Maples  
Welcome to the Spanish Barb family.



May and baby Hashi, WC horses from Oklahoma “rescue”.

**SPRING IS HERE !!! Right???**



March 23, 2009 – Kay & T.R. Hughes barn near Crawford, NE. Notice the poor foundation stallion, Cruce Control trying to stay warm. Kays said, “We can’t even get out our front door.”

Spanish Barb Breeders Assoc.  
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To:

## **CONGRATULATIONS !!!**

**Silke and Richard got married at their home in Silver City on March 18th, 2009.**



## **NOTICES:**

- Add October 16-18, 2009 to your calendar to attend our "Fall Event" at the Dragoon Mountain Ranch in Benson, AZ. This will be held in conjunction with Hellderaodo Days in Tombstone. Details to be announced soon.
- Please send us pictures of your new foals to display on the SBBA website. Send to CSHORSES@STARBAND.net.
- We need your articles, advertisements and photos for future newsletters. Our publications are only as good as our contributions! Submit to Marjorie Dixon, marjoriedixonaz@gmail.com or phone: 520-212-1872.