

AMERICAN CREAM NEWS

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107th Tournament of Roses

The winter 1995-1996 issue of *American Cream News* mentioned briefly the appearance of a team of American Creams in the Tournament of Roses parade on New Year's Day in Pasadena, California. Because I was secretary-treasurer of the American Cream Draft Horse Association for 47 years, Vincent Tobin and Dorothy Beardsley-Smith invited me to ride in their antique wagon and share this momentous occasion. What can I say? It was truly a once-in-a-lifetime event.

It took some time to decide I could go. My family and friends' urging and the willingness of a daughter and son-in-law to make all the arrangements and accompany me helped me cast aside the hesitation and say, "Yes, I'll come!"

In their efforts to promote the American Cream Draft Horse, Vince and Dorothy put forth a great deal of time and expense to gain entrance to the Rose Parade. I can only begin to imagine the work and all the details involved in carrying out our successful appearance. All I had to do was ride along and enjoy myself, not at all difficult.

My part began at 5:00 A.M., January 1, 1996, on a side street in Pasadena where No. 94, one of 112 entries was assigned to assemble and wait until time to join the parade. It was still dark as my son-in-law and I carefully picked our way among the bodies of those sleeping along the street, waiting for 8:00 A.M. when the parade would begin.

A strong Santa Anna wind in the night



Vince Tobin, Dorothy Smith, and her granddaughter were in the driver's seat, while two friends of theirs, three children, and I rode on the side seats in back of them. (Karene Topp is right behind Dorothy Smith.)

brought down palm fronds and leaves and caused worry about damage to the beautiful floats and the parade itself. Fortunately, the wind died down in the early morning. Dorothy said "It was as if someone turned the wind on and then as suddenly turned it off." I told her it was me, praying it would stop before parade time.

The horses for the 30 equestrian events were kept in a staging area under a highway by-pass a little distance away. It seemed forever before Taffy and Tammy were brought to where the wagon and we were waiting. But, after all, we were the 94th event so the parade wouldn't begin for us until long after 8:00 A.M. By this time, the sun was shining, the wind down, the temperature climbing, and it was a beautiful day.

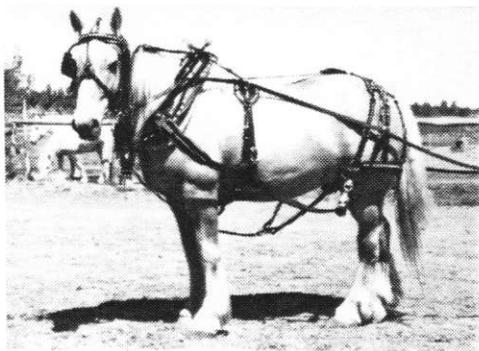
The management for such a huge pa-

rade is excellent. Everyone has a job and knows just what to do. As we were directed into our place, the white-suiters' last words were, "Wave and smile a lot, and have a good time." I certainly obeyed, and everyone else did, too. Vince, Dorothy and her granddaughter were in the driver's seat while two friends of theirs, three children, and I rode on the side seats in back of them.

The response of the crowd was tremendous, considering they had sat through 93 entries already. They waved, clapped, called out "Happy New Year," a few shouting questions about the horses, obviously admiring them. The parade route is 5 miles long, lined the entire way with people, people and

more people. They were on top of buildings, in windows and doors, on top of their RVs, and many rows deep along the sidewalks. Some of the bleachers must have been 40 rows high. Dorothy told me there were one million people, which seemed unbelievable, but when I thought of 5 miles of solid people, perhaps she was right. The media stated the parade would be shown around the world to possibly 350 million viewers. I guess that must make me famous, huh?

Taffy and Tammy very calmly took it all in stride, evidence of many parade experiences. It was quite warm by the end, so they were soaked with sweat and looking shaggy. Their home is 60 miles east of San Bernadino, at a cool 4000 foot altitude so they were wearing their winter coats, which unfortunately, they couldn't shed for the



Captain's Barnabus Gold, Barney, 7 years. Grand Champion Stallion, Oregon State, Summer 1995.

Oregon Cream Update

It has been a banner two years for the American Cream in Oregon. Captain's Barnabus Gold has gone on to be Grand Champion Stallion for a sixth year in Wasco County, over all breeds, and Grand Champion Stallion over all drafts for the whole state of Oregon, so named at the Oregon State Fair.

The showing is added to an already busy farming schedule so the breed gets exposure. It seems to be working. At the Oregon State Fair, the response was remarkable. For the first time a lot of the spectators to the draft horse barn mentioned they had heard of Creams, but this was their first time to actually see some. Many had seen us show before, and even more of them had read articles published over the last five or six years.

We as an association who are actively working to reestablish a breed should be proud of the progress we have made. In 1988, when I got Barney, my stallion, we had, maybe, 20 horses registered and alive. As I read through my articles and fair write-ups in preparation of an article I submitted to Smithsonian Magazine, I was able to see the progression: 1989, 29 horses; 1991, 35 horses; 1993, some 50+ horses; 1995, over 100 horses registered. And I guess the total nationwide to be closer to 300 due to the surveys I sent out when I first got involved. I am guessing from the data I have received we have about 150 to 180 unregistered animals in the United States.

The American Cream is getting exposure through the Oregon Draft Horse breeders Association, a group Dave and I joined in 1995. That in itself has been a feat. The majority of older men who farm with drafts pretty much turned a wry smile to a woman teamster, one with a stallion in her hitch, no less, and she was driving a mutated blonde Belgian. They have finally come to see the error of their ways. The Cream is really its own breed, a genetic anomaly. With this group, the Creams get widespread exposure. We are planning to compete with a six-horse hitch at state fair, and are working towards that goal.

Well, things are happening here in Oregon—Barney's foals are creating new association members in other states, as are your foals. We need to keep up the good work and strive for breed standards to keep that original stamp. I am proud to be a member of a group that is actively making horse history. ■

Carol L. Pshigoda

Tournament, con't

occasion.

The wagon was beautifully refinished and decorated with \$1000 worth of — what else! — roses and many other lovely flowers. The wheels carried a 10-inch rim of solid blossoms, as well as a huge spray on either side of the bed.

I hope I have communicated to you some of the joy and wonder of the day. Those of you who have attended the

parade, know the beauty and fragrance of the flowers and the marvel and wonder of the floats to which TV coverage cannot begin to do justice. I am deeply indebted to Vince and Dorothy for inviting me to Pasadena. I was proud to ride behind the first two American Cream Draft horses to appear in the Tournament of Roses Parade. ■

Karene Topp



June 21, 1996

I am writing for two reasons. The first reason is for Winnice (my wife) and I to express our gratitude to the Jumper families of Booneville, MS. They were so gracious to take time out of their busy day to show us their beautiful and surprisingly gentle Cream horses. It is reassuring to know that there are such nice people within the ACDHA.

The other reason is to relate some information. When I received the Evener edition of *Rural Heritage*, I noticed that in the top photo on the front cover, the middle horse looked remarkably like an American Cream Draft. Since the magazine did not identify the men or horses in the photo, I decided to do a little detective work, and what I learned was that the man running the corn picker was Ken Jacobs of Henning, MN, and that the horse in question was indeed an American Cream. Ken told me over the phone that the mare's name was Lady, and that she was either seven or eight years old when the picture was taken. Ken further stated that he had used her and Dixie (the Percheron mare in the photo) in a few pulling contests around that part of the country, and had won First and Second place trophies. Ken doesn't own Lady any more. He sold her to the other man in the photo, Dick Anderson. According to Ken, he was offered a price that he could not turn down. Later, Dick was also offered a price for Lady that he could not refuse—from a Canadian. It seems that Lady, the Cream mare on the cover of *Rural Heritage*, now lives in Canada.

I contacted Gail Damerow, editor of *Rural Heritage*, to inform her that I had the background information on the cover photo. She indicated that she would be happy to use it to identify the men and horses in a forthcoming issue. ■

Daniel H. Pierce
Athens, Alabama

Classified:

For Sale: We have a wonderful group of Cream mares, so we'll be selling all the following colts in 1996:

J.D.'s Heather Reg. #263. Bred to J.D.'s Dee Jay Reg. #283. Due to foal 3/20/96.

Misty Buttercup Reg. #213. Bred to Ead's Captain Reg. #209. Due to foal 6/5/96.

Barbie Doll Reg. #212. Bred to Ead's Captain Reg. #209. Due to foal 9/17/96.

J.D.'s Daisy Reg. #297. Bred to J.D.'s Billy Reg. #273. Due to foal 3/29/96.

Hockett's Sara Reg. #249. Bred to J.D.'s Billy Reg. #273. Due to foal 7/22/96.

Also a blonde Belgian mare. Bred to J.D.'s Billy Reg. #273. Due to foal 3/17/96.

Don and Linda Johnson Russell, Iowa
(515) 535-4517

For Sale: 5 year old registered stud. Light Cream #265. \$3500. Call Iald Auchter at (218) 243-2299 after 5 PM (CST) or weekends.

At Stud: 16.3 H, medium Cream. Grand Champion Stallion at Oregon State Fair in 1994 & 1995. Please contact Dave & Carol Pshigoda, Bend, Oregon, (503) 382-6201 (PST).

For Sale: 2 year old Cream filly, over 15 H, pink skin, amber eyes, light cream. Please call Tawni Hawthorne, (804) 829-5187.

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