



ROBIN, Appaloosa stallion and a "real champion", with owner, Lawrence Hall, up.

ROBIN

. . . An All-Time Great

By Alden See, Jr.

This is a story of one of the all-time Appaloosa greats—Robin F-868. His name is well known to Appaloosa breeders as this horse won the Performance Championship at the 1950 National Show, held at Lewiston, Idaho.

However, while this feat alone is worthy of note, it is actually a small part of the lifetime accomplishments of this great stallion.

Robin, known to his friends as Patches, was foaled in the early spring of 1941 on the Cecil Taylor Ranch at Yakima, Washington. He obtained the age of four with little fan-fare, and little training, and it was at this time that his present owner, Lawrence Hall, found the horse. A local horse dealer drew a negative answer when he first told Hall about the many fine characteristics of the horse.

"I don't even want to see him," was Hall's response, "because if he is as good as you say he is I'll want him, and I just can't afford him now."

However, curiosity prevailed and, after Hall examined the horse, he became the new owner.

Lawrence Hall was a cattle rancher and Robin quickly became a "cow horse." He was purchased to work, and work he did, earning the respect of old-time cattlemen in the Kittitas Valley. Winter and summer the chestnut stud pulled his weight around the ranch, just as did any old grade gelding.

Then, when Robin reached the age of eight, Hall decided he was ready for the Show Ring. And, while his record at the National Appaloosa Show is printed for all to see, many persons do not realize what a show horse he really was. Robin was shown

all over the West, winning Halter and Performance classes in more than ninety percent of all shows entered, both Appaloosa and Open.

I well remember the story of one show in Seattle, Washington, just a few years ago, when he was pitted in Western Pleasure against a field of horses which included two top stallions of another breed. It was a close show, and when the winners were left in the ring, Robin's rider reached out and pulled off his bridle. The Champion went right along as though nothing had happened, action which captured the hearts of the crowd. After the applause died away, it was another first for Robin.

I shall never forget my introduction to Robin. We had just moved into his neighborhood and it wasn't long until I noted that practically everyone knew

and talked about "Lawrence Hall's stud." Finally, I had to take a look at this wonder horse. There he stood. Fifteen hands, perfectly formed, chestnut with a beautiful white blanket and spots, and a head like chiseled marble. Still, even with all these attributes, I think the one thing that impressed me most were his eyes.

His eyes were as clear and as deep as Lake Chelan — a bright, hazel color. And that look. It was then and there I learned the meaning of the adage: "The Look of the Eagle."

Just to watch Lawrence Hall and Robin perform was an experience committed to memory. Hall is known as one of the finest horsemen in the state and he and the "Old Man," as he called Robin, really made a pair. Watching Robin move in perfect grace, obeying the mere touch of a hand, was a sight I'll not soon forget.

This might read like an eulogy to a great horse who has

passed on, but far from it. Although Robin is waiting for his 25th birthday, he is very much alive and breeding. Hall told me he was going to show him again after a few years of retirement, so, if you live in the Washington area, just keep your eye open for a heck of a horseman on a real champion . . . ROBIN.