

fierce trade rivalry between Spokane House and Fort Spokane, owned by the Northwest Company.

Early one morning both companies got an urgent message from their respective trading parties in Flathead country, about 70 miles to the East that a large party of Indians with much fur to trade was camped between the two trading parties, but would do no trading until they had been given the customary treat of smoking tobacco. Spokane House mounted a small man named Ross Cox on Le Blue, an Appaloosa. Both parties got away about noon and raced for their respective camps. Le Bleu made the trip in about 8 hours, the last two in total darkness, about 2 hours ahead of his competitors. Needless to say, he got the fur.(6)

The other is about a fellow who got caught red handed stealing cattle. He managed to break away from his captors and by riding his Appaloosa all night, over very rough country, was able to establish himself with reliable witnesses in a town far removed from the scene of the crime. When his trial came up he was found innocent because no one would believe he could have travelled that far in just one night.

This says a lot for the speed and endurance heritage of the Appaloosa. Some of these feats are made more readily understandable when you realize that the average distance the Indians raced was 15 miles. It is no wonder that the Nez Perce or Palouse horses were so prized by all who owned them.

The Snake River of the American Northwest flows through some of the most rugged, inhospitable terrain on the continent. It must be seen to be believed. After leaving the famous Hell's Canyon and turning toward the sea, the topography loses enough of its steepness for the slopes to sustain a grass cover suitable for grazing. However, these are still, in the main, more steep than gabled rooves of the past, and



Guy Lamb, owner of Knobby

many have become as terraced as the hills of ancient China through action of the cutting hooves of the grazing horse herds of the Indians, followed by the white man's cattle instinctively moving on the contour.

The land has an awesome, but ominous beauty, and many a cattleman has witnessed, in helpless frustration, the loss of some of his herd falling to their deaths from a newly thawed, recently shaded, frozen spot, if he made the mistake of turning them out on the range too early in the season. Such surface permits few errors in judgement if man or beast is to survive. The careless and the inattentive simply don't grow up.

It is easy to understand how a process of natural selection in such an environment produced, in approximately a century, a sure-footed, intelligent, smooth-moving horse whose movements protect the rider from the shocks from which he shields himself, and whose body structure has

been shaped by that environment to this most desirable end.

Trixie, the Appaloosa dam of Toby I, was a race mare often loaned out by her owner to friends who traveled the fair circuit. She could win even while doing double duty as a broodmare, which is somewhat unusual. Floyd Hickman, her owner, said "I suppose the best thing you could say about her speed and getaway was that during prohibition a bootlegger used her to deliver bottled whiskey."

The most famous Palouse country stallion and foremost reference sire, antedating the studbook, was old Knobby, owned by Guy Lamb. He was a blanketed blue roan with black hip spots - hard as nails, just like the man who rode him. He never heard of a performance class or a horse show, but it was his performance that brought the best mares of the area to him for services.

Knobby was foaled of Appaloosa sire and dam in 1918 - the