

*Home

*Sitemap

*SEARCH THE SITE

*Horse History

*Horseman Tips

*Horsemanship

*Amazing Horse Hoof

*Horse Anatomy Pictures

*Rope Halters

My Random Horse

Thoughts

*Tying A Horse

*Bosal/Hackamores

*Bad Horsemanship

*Misc Horse Info

*Trailer Loading

*Training Videos

*Hobbles

*Horse Articles

*Health and Medical Info

Horse & Rider Fear

Opposition Reflex

*Answers to Questions

*Cowboy Wisdom

*Cookie Recipe for Horses

*Horse Jokes

*Cowboy Weather

*Sites and Links

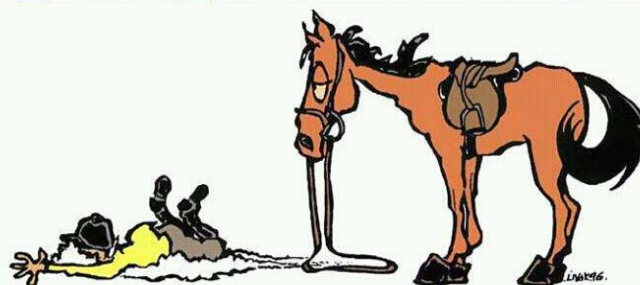
A Horse's Prayer



Horse's love it when their owner's understand them.

Horsemanship is about the horse teaching you about yourself.

THANK YOU FOR FLYING **AIR AMATEUR**



Exits are located at the front, rear and sides • You may experience some turbulence during your descent • Please remain on the ground until your body comes to a full stop • In the unlikely event of a water landing, your saddlepad may be used as a floatation device • Thank you for flying Air Amateur, and we hope you enjoy your trip.

The Lone Ranger's Last Request?

-- The Lone Ranger was ambushed and captured by an enemy Indian War Party. The Indian Chief proclaims, So, YOU are the great Lone Ranger. In honor of the Harvest Festival, YOU will be executed in three days. Before I kill you, I grant you three requests, what is your **FIRST** request?

The Lone Ranger responds, I'd like to speak to my horse. The Chief nods and Silver is brought before the Lone Ranger who whispers in Silver's ear, and the horse gallops away. Later that evening, Silver returns with a beautiful blonde woman on his back. As the Indian Chief watches, the blonde enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night. The next morning the Indian Chief admits he's impressed. You have a very fine and loyal horse, But, I will still kill you in two days. What is your **SECOND** request?

The Lone Ranger again asks to speak to his horse. Silver is brought to him, and he again whispers in the horse's ear. As before, Silver takes off and disappears over the horizon. Later that evening, to the Chief's surprise, Silver again returns, this time with a voluptuous brunette, more attractive than the blonde. She enters the Lone Ranger's tent and spends the night.

*Photos Rick and Horses

Clinics on Request

*Contact Rick



Think Like A Horse
By: Rick Gore

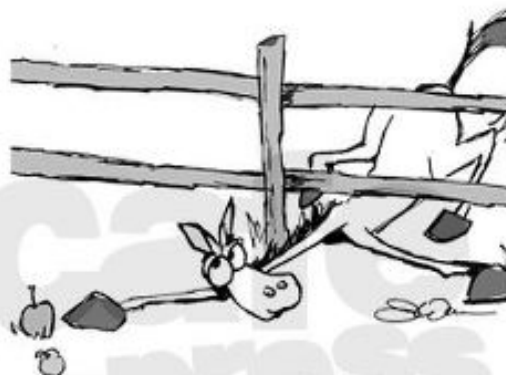
[Move to top of page](#)

The following morning the Indian Chief is again impressed. You are indeed a man of many talents, but I will still kill you tomorrow. What is your LAST request?

The Lone Ranger responds, I'd like to speak to my horse, alone. The Chief is curious, but he agrees, and Silver is brought to the Lone Ranger's tent. Once they're alone, the Lone Ranger grabs Silver by both ears, Looks him square in the eye and says, Listen Very Carefully! FOR THE LAST TIME, I SAID "BRING POSSE"



A Department of Water Resources representative stops a Montana ranch and talks with an old rancher. He tells the rancher, "I need to inspect your ranch for your water allocation." The old rancher says, "Okay, but don't go in that field over there." The Water representative says, "Mister, I have the authority of the Federal Government with me. See this card? This card means I can go WHEREVER I WISH on any agricultural land. No questions asked or answered. Have I made myself clear?" The old rancher nods politely and goes about his chores. Later, the old rancher hears loud screams and spies the Water Rep running for his life and close behind is the rancher's bull. The bull is gaining with every step. The Rep is clearly terrified, so the old rancher immediately throws down his tools, runs to the fence and yells "Your card! Show him your card!"



WHILE HE HADN'T YET
MASTERED BENDING TO THE
LEFT, ALL THE SUPPLING
EXERCISES WERE PROVING TO
HAVE OTHER BENEFITS.

copyright J.Werner 2010 • www.stedhead.com

An old prospector shuffled into the town of El Indio, Texas leading a tired old mule. The old man headed straight for the only saloon in town, to clear his parched throat. He walked up to the saloon and tied his old mule to the hitch rail.

As he stood there, brushing some of the dust from his face and clothes, a young gunslinger stepped out of the saloon with a gun in one hand and a bottle of whiskey in the other. The young gunslinger looked at the old man and laughed, saying, "Hey old man, can you dance?"

The old man looked up at the gunslinger and said, "No son, I don't dance -- Never really wanted to"

A crowd had gathered as the gunslinger grinned and said, "Well, you old fool, you're gonna dance now!" and started shooting at the old man's feet.

The old prospector, not wanting to get a toe blown off, started hopping around like a flea on a hot skillet. Everybody standing around was laughing.

When his last bullet had been fired, the young gunslinger, still laughing, holstered his gun and turned around to go back into the saloon.

The old man turned to his pack mule, pulled out a double-barreled 12 gauge shotgun and cocked both hammers. The loud clicks carried clearly through the desert air. The crowd stopped laughing immediately.

The young gunslinger heard the sounds too, and he turned around very slowly. The silence was deafening. The crowd watched as the young gunman stared at the old timer and the large gaping holes of those twin 12 gauge shotgun barrels.

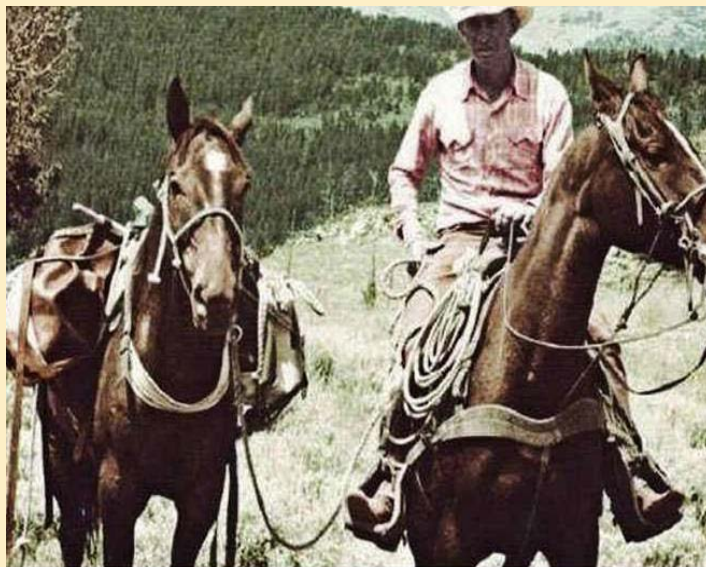
The barrels of the shotgun never wavered in the old man's hands, as he quietly said; "Son, have you ever kissed a mule's ass?"

The gunslinger swallowed hard and said, "No sir -- But I've always wanted to."

There are a few lessons for all of us here:

- *Don't be arrogant.
- *Don't waste ammunition.
- *Whiskey makes you think you're smarter than you are.
- *Always make sure you know who is in control.

*And finally, Don't screw around with old folks -- They didn't get old by being stupid!

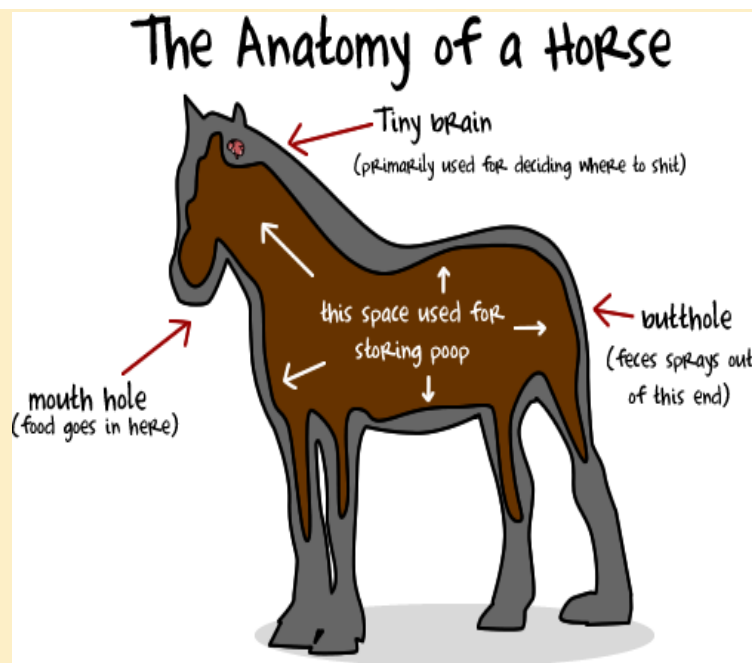


Bob suddenly realized his wife had fallen off her horse, which was quite a relief to him as just an hour earlier he thought he'd gone deaf.

This is not a horse joke, but demonstrates when people get mad at a horse for doing wrong, they don't realize they are the one do not know how to get the right answer:

The Lion and the Elephant:

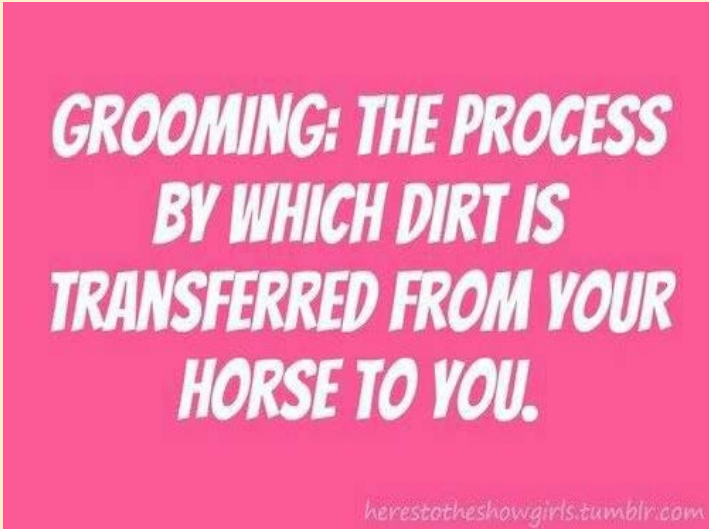
A lion walks up to a rabbit, roars and says, "Who is the King of the land", the rabbit said you are Mr. Lion, you are. The Lion says that's right and walks off. The Lion then walks up to a mighty python snake and says, "Who is the King of the land", the python replies you are Mr. Lion, you are. The Lion walks off and said that's right. Then the Lion then walks up to an Elephant who is eating. The Lion says, "Who is the King of the land", the Elephant ignores him and keeps eating. The Lion lets out a mighty roar and asks again, "Who is the King of the land", the Elephant ignores him and keeps eating. The Lion rears up on his hind legs, extends his claws, roars and says, "I said Who is the King of the Land". The Elephant reaches over with his trunk, grabs the Lion, picks him up, pounds him on the ground a few times and then throws him against a tree. The Lion gets up, shakes his head and says, "There is no reason to get mad, just because you don't know the answer to the question".



Curtis and Leroy saw an ad in the daily newspaper and bought a mule for \$100. The farmer agreed to deliver the mule the next day. But when the scheduled time arrived, the farmer drove up and said, "Sorry, fellows, I have some bad news. The mule died last night." Curtis & Leroy replied, "Well, then just give us our money back." "Can't do that," the farmer replied. "I went and spent it already." They said, "OK then, just bring us the dead mule." The farmer asked, "What in the world ya'll gonna do with a dead mule?" Curtis said, "We gonna raffle him off." The farmer said, "You can't raffle off a dead mule!" Leroy said, "We sure can! Heck, we don't hafta tell nobody he's dead!" A couple of weeks later, the farmer ran into Curtis & Leroy at the Piggly Wiggly grocery store and asked, "What'd you fellers ever do with that dead mule?" They said, "We raffled him off like we said we wuz gonna do." Leroy said, "Shucks, we sold 500 tickets fer two dollars apiece and made a profit of \$898." The farmer said, "My Lord, didn't anyone complain?" Curtis said, "Well, the feller who won got upset. So we gave him his two dollars back."

Two show stallions are arguing over who should take best of breed. The first says, "I'll grant you are the closest I have ever seen to my equal, but my legs are just a bit straighter than yours, and you know, the legs are of prime importance: no foot, no horse!" The second horse says, "I'll admit your legs are just a bit better than mine, but mine are the legs I was born with, and I know for a fact that you had thousands of dollars of corrective work. Your foals will inherit your natural legs, not your genius farrier! The first horse mulls this for a moment, then says, "You're right. I stand corrected

An out-of-towner accidentally drives his car into a deep ditch on the side of a country road. Luckily a farmer happened by with his big old horse named Benny. The man asked for help. The farmer said Benny could pull his car out. So he backed Benny up and hitched Benny to the man's car bumper. Then he yelled, "Pull, Nellie, pull." Benny didn't move. Then he yelled, "Come on, pull Ranger." Still, Benny didn't move. Then he yelled really loud, "Now pull, Fred, pull hard." Benny just stood. Then the farmer nonchalantly said, "Okay, Benny, pull." Benny pulled the car out of the ditch. The man was very appreciative but curious. He asked the farmer why he called his horse by the wrong name three times. The farmer said, "Oh, Benny is blind, and if he thought he was the only one pulling he wouldn't even try."



**GROOMING: THE PROCESS
BY WHICH DIRT IS
TRANSFERRED FROM YOUR
HORSE TO YOU.**

herestotheshowgirls.tumblr.com

An Easterner had always dreamed of owning his own horse ranch, and finally made enough money to buy himself the spread of his dreams out west. "So what did you name the ranch?" asked his best friend when he came to visit. "We had a heck of a time," admitted the new cowboy, "I couldn't agree on anything. We finally settled on the Double R Lazy L Triple Horseshoe Bar-7 Lucky Diamond ABC XYZ Ranch. "Wow!" his friend was impressed. "So where are all the horses?" "None of 'em survived the branding."

An old country farmer had a wife who nagged him unmercifully. From morning till night she was always complaining about something.

The only time he got any relief was when he was out plowing with his old mule. He tried to plow a lot. One day, when he was out plowing, his wife brought him lunch in the field. He drove the old mule into the shade, sat down on a stump, and began to eat his lunch. Immediately, his wife began nagging him again.

Complain, nag, complain, nag--it just went on and on. All of a sudden, the old mule lashed out with both hind feet, caught her smack in the back of the head. The kick killed her dead on the spot.

At the funeral several days later, the minister noticed something rather odd. When a woman mourner would approach the old farmer, he would listen for a minute, then nod his head in agreement; but when a man mourner approached him, he would listen for a minute, then shake his head in disagreement.

This was so consistent, the minister decided to ask the old farmer about it. So after the funeral, the minister spoke to the old farmer, and asked him why he nodded his head and agreed with the women, but always shook his head and disagreed with all the men.

The old farmer said, "Well, the women would come up and say something about how nice my wife looked, or how pretty her dress was, so I'd nod my head in agreement."

"And what about the men?" the minister asked.

"They wanted to know if the mule was for sale."



A cowboy rode into town on Thursday, Stayed 3 days and rode out on Thursday. How is this possible?

Answer: His horse's name was **Thursday!!!!**

SON: Daddy, there's a man at the circus who jumps on a horse's back, slips underneath his belly, catches hold of its tail and finishes on the horse's neck!

FATHER: That's nothing. I did all that the first time I rode a horse!

A horse walks up to the bar and orders a drink from the bartender. The bartender sets the drink in front of him and tells the horse, "it's o.k. buddy, you can talk to me. Why the long face?"

The Lone Ranger and Tonto walked into a bar and sat down to drink a beer. After a few minutes, a big tall cowboy walked in and said, "Who owns the big white horse outside?"

The Lone Ranger stood up, hitched his gun belt, and said, "I do...Why?"

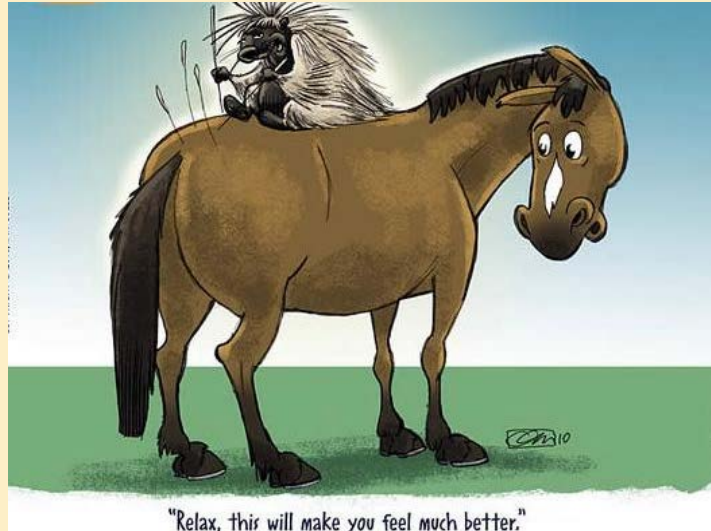
The cowboy looked at the Lone Ranger and said, "I just thought you would like to know that your horse is about dead outside!"

The Lone Ranger and Tonto rushed outside, and sure enough, Silver was ready to die from heat exhaustion. The Lone Ranger got the horse water, and soon, Silver was starting to feel a little better. The Lone Ranger turned to Tonto and said, "Tonto, I want you to run around Silver and see if you can create enough of a breeze to make him start to feel better."

Tonto said, "Sure, Kemosabe," and took off running circles around Silver. Not able to do anything else but wait, the Lone Ranger returned to the bar to finish his drink. A few minutes later, another cowboy struts into the bar and asks, "Who owns that big white horse outside?"

The Lone Ranger stands again, and claims, "I do, what's wrong with him this time?"

The cowboy looks him in the eye and says, "Nothing, but you left your Injun runnin'."



A cowboy named Bud was overseeing his herd in a remote mountainous pasture in Montana when suddenly a brand-new BMW advanced toward him out of a cloud of dust.

The driver, a young man in a Brioni suit, Gucci shoes, RayBan sunglasses and YSL tie, he leaned out the window and asked the cowboy, "If I tell you exactly how many cows and calves you have in your herd, will you give me a calf?"

Bud looks at the man, who obviously is a yuppie, then looks at his peacefully grazing herd and calmly answers, "Sure, why not?"

The yuppie parks his car, whips out his Dell notebook computer, connects it to his Cingular RAZR V3 cell phone, and surfs to a NASA page on the Internet, where he calls up a GPS satellite to get an exact fix on his location which he then feeds to another NASA satellite that scans the area in an ultra-high-resolution photo.

The young man then opens the digital photo in Adobe Photoshop and exports it to an image processing facility in Hamburg, Germany ...Within seconds, he receives an email on his Palm Pilot that the image has been processed and the data stored. He then accesses an MS-SQL database through an ODBC connected Excel spreadsheet with email on his Blackberry and, after a few minutes, receives a response. Finally, he prints out a full-color, 150-page report on his hi-tech, miniaturized HP LaserJet printer, turns to the cowboy and says, "You have exactly 1,586 cows and calves."

"That's right. Well, I guess you can take one of my calves," says Bud.

He watches the man select one of the animals and looks on with amusement as the man stuffs it into the trunk of his car.

Then Bud says to the man, "Hey, if I can tell you exactly what your business is, will you give me back my calf?"

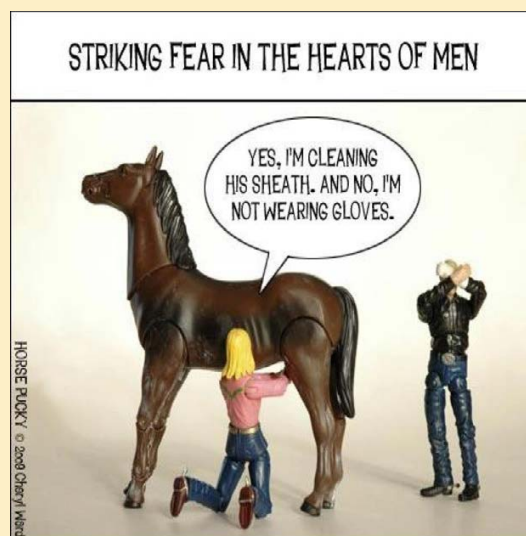
The man thinks about it for a second and then says, "Okay, why not?"

"You're a Congressman for the U.S. Government", says Bud.

"Wow! That's correct," says the yuppie, "but how did you guess that?"

"No guessing required." answered the cowboy. "You showed up here even though nobody called you; you want to get paid for an answer I already knew, to a question I never asked. You used millions of dollars worth of equipment trying to show me how much smarter than me you are; and you don't know a thing about how working people make a living - or about cows, for that matter. Because this is a herd of sheep!"

Now give me back my dog.



A cowboy from Texas attends a social function where Barack Obama is trying to gather support for his Health Plan. Once he discovers the cowboy is from President Bush's home area, he starts to belittle him by talking in a southern drawl and single syllable words.



As he was doing that, he kept swatting at some flies that were buzzing around his head. The cowboy says, "Y'all havin' some problem with them circle flies?" Obama stopped talking and said, "Well, yes, if that's what they're called, but I've never heard of circle flies." "Well, sir," the cowboy replies, "Circle flies hang around ranches. They're called circle flies because they're almost always found circling around the back end of a horse." "Oh," Obama replies as he goes back to rambling. But, a moment later he stops and bluntly asks, "Are you calling me a horse's ass?" "No, sir," the cowboy replies, "I have too much respect for the citizens of this country to call their president a horse's ass." "That's a good thing," Obama responds. After a long pause, the cowboy, in his best Texas drawl says, "Hard to fool them flies, though."

A champion jockey is about to enter an important race on a new horse. The horse's trainer meets him before the race and says, "All you have to remember with this horse is that every time you approach a jump, you have to shout, 'ALLLEEE OOOP!' really loudly in the horse's ear. Providing you do that, you'll be fine."

The jockey thinks the trainer is mad but promises to shout the command. The race begins and they approach the first hurdle. The jockey ignores the trainer's ridiculous advice and the horse crashes straight through the center of the jump.

They carry on and approach the second hurdle. The jockey, somewhat embarrassed, whispers "Aleeee ooop" in the horse's ear. The same thing happens--the horse crashes straight through the center of the jump.

At the third hurdle, the jockey thinks, "It's no good, I'll have to do it," and yells, "ALLLEEE OOOP!" really loudly. Sure enough, the horse sails over the jump with no problems. This continues for the rest of the race, but due to the earlier problems the horse only finishes third.

The trainer is fuming and asks the jockey what went wrong. The jockey replies, "Nothing is wrong with me--it's this bloody horse. What is he--deaf or something?"

The trainer replies, "Deaf? DEAF? He's not deaf--he's BLIND!"

This man was sitting quietly reading his paper one morning, peacefully enjoying himself, when his wife sneaks up behind him and whacks him on the back of his head with a huge frying pan.

MAN: "What was that for?"

WIFE: "What was that piece of paper in your pants pocket with the name Marylou written on it?"

MAN: "Oh honey, remember two weeks ago when I went to the horse races? Marylou was the name of one of the horses I bet on." The wife looked all satisfied, apologizes, and goes off to work around the house. Three days later he is once again sitting in his chair reading and she repeats the frying pan swatting.

MAN: "What in the world was that for this time?"

WIFE: "Your horse called."

The eastern lady who was all ready to take a horseback ride said to the cowboy, "Can you get me a nice gentle pony?" "Shore," said the cowboy. "What kind of saddle do you want, English or Western?" "What's the difference?" asked the lady. "The western saddle has a horn on it," said the cowboy. "If the traffic is so thick here in the mountains that I need a horn on my saddle, I don't believe I want to ride."

Q: What did the horse say when it fell?

A: I've fallen and I can't giddyup!

Q: What do you call a horse that lives next door?

A: A neigh-bor!

Q: Why can't horses dance?

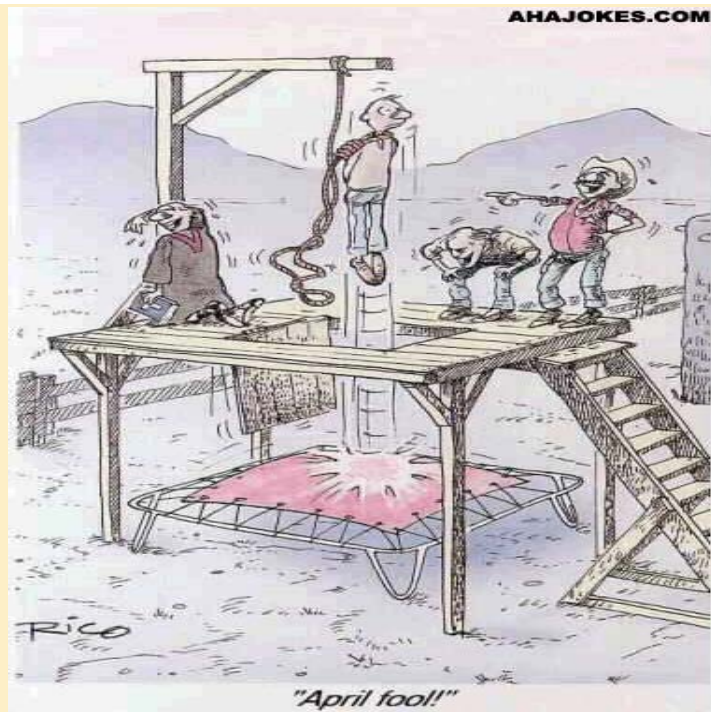
A: Because they have 2 left feet

Q: What is the best type of story to tell a runaway horse?

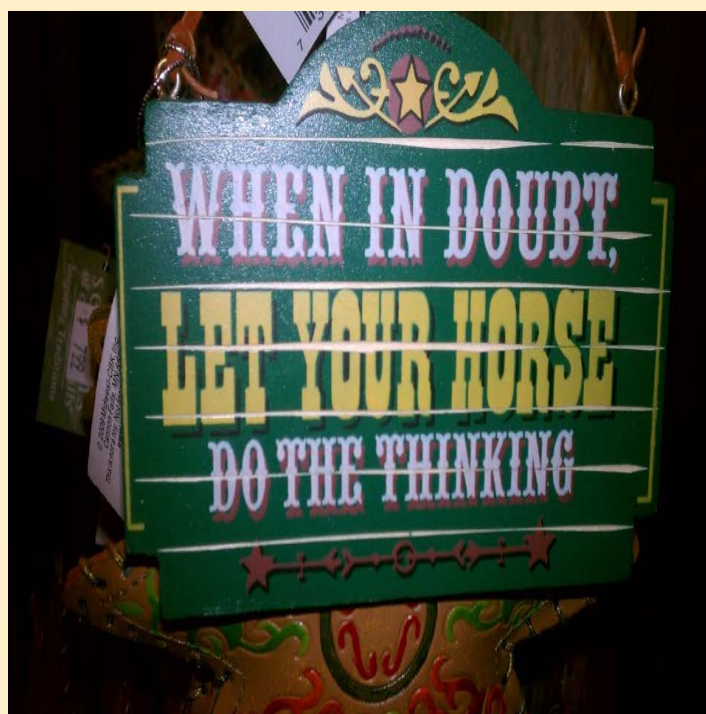
A: A tale of WHOA

Q: What did one horse say to the other horse?

A: The pace is familiar but I can't remember the mane.



Gibbletoons By Dan Gibson



Look what happened when
my horse tried to tap out
your age . . .

HAPPY BIRTHDAY



"The boss has been riding me all day."



© Original Artist

Reproduction rights obtainable from
www.CartoonStock.com



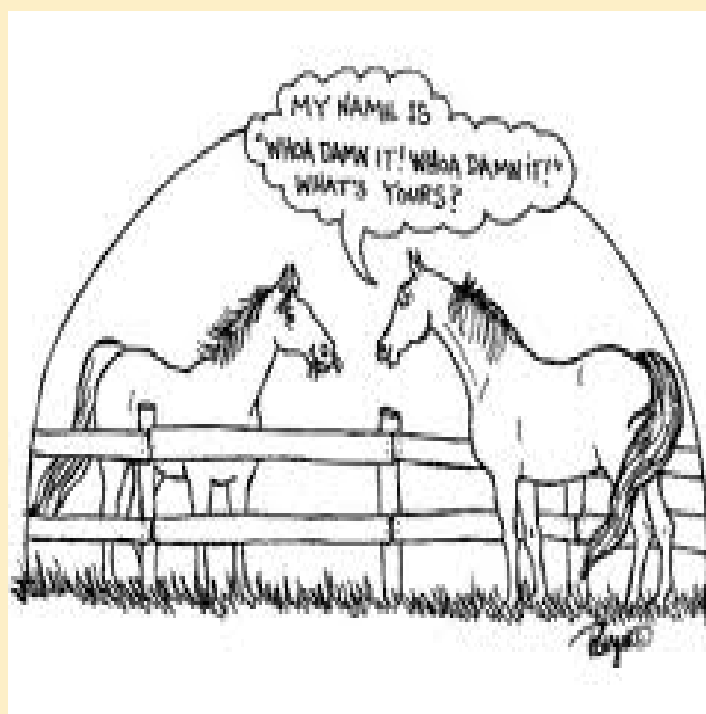
search ID: strand11

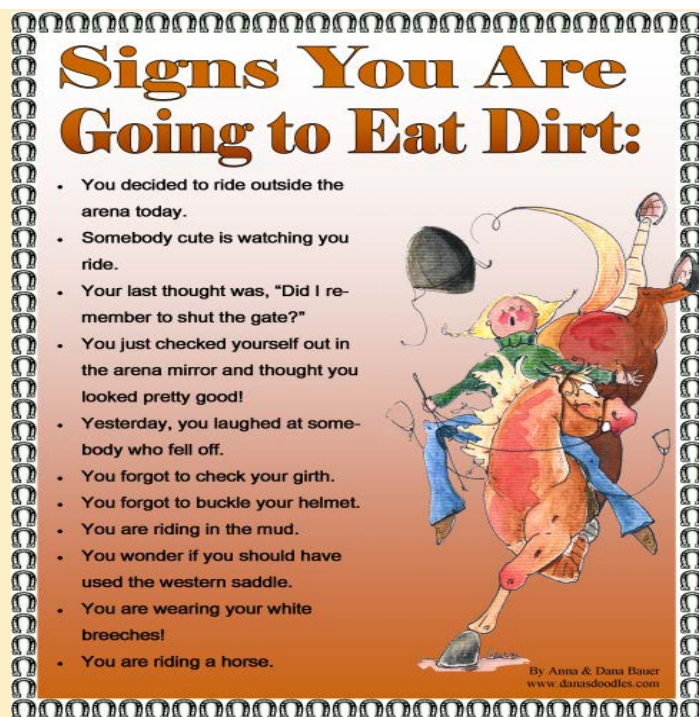
**"I have no trouble getting on high horses.
Getting off has always been my problem."**



It keeps 'em from gettin lost
in the tall grass. . .







The Horth Whithperer

A guy calls his buddy, the horse rancher, and says he's sending a friend over to look at a horse.

His buddy asks, 'How will I recognize him?

'That's easy; he's a dwarf with a speech impediment.

So, the dwarf shows up, and the guy asks him if he's looking for a male or female horse.

'A female horth.

So he shows him a prized filly.

'Nith lookin horth. Can I thee her eyeth?

So the guy picks up the dwarf and he gives the horse's eyes the once over.

'Nith eyeth, can I thee her earzth?

So he picks the little fella up again, and shows him the horse's ears.

'Nith earzth, can I thee her mouf?

The rancher is getting pretty ticked off by this point, but he picks him up again and shows him the horse's mouth.

'Nice mouf, can I see her twat?

Totally mad at this point, the rancher grabs him under his arms and rams the dwarf's head up the horse's fanny, pulls him out and slams him on the ground.

The midget gets up, sputtering and coughing.

'Perhaph I should rephrase that. Can I thee her wun around a widdlebit?

How true is this?

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Horses have been found to be expensive and addictive and have been shown to impair the use of common sense in humans. Buyer Beware.

This is my Motto for Email and YouTube



NEWS FLASH!!

Urgent Notice: Potential Danger of Horse Hair

This is a public service announcement...

In a press release today, the National Institute of Health has announced the discovery of a potentially dangerous substance in the hair of horses. This substance, called "amobacter equuii" has been linked with the following symptoms in females:

Reluctance to cook, clean or do housework.

Reluctance to wear make-up, good clothes or heels.

Reluctance to spend money on home or car repairs until after "baby has new boots, pad, blanket, tack, grain, hay & supplements".

"Amobacter equuii" usually results in long hours away from home and exhaustion which may lead to a loss of physical contact with other humans (especially husbands).

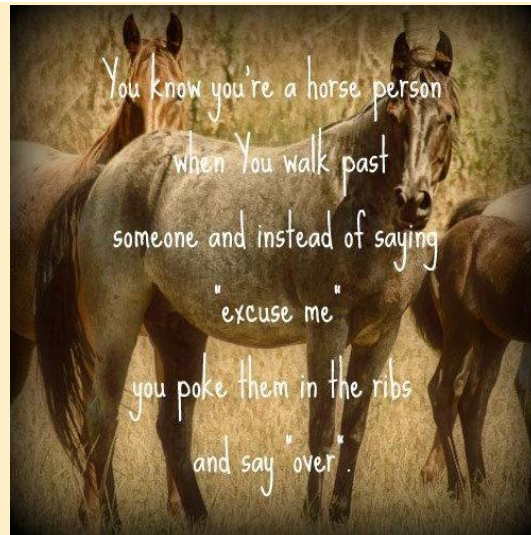
"Amobacter equuii" is thought to be addictive, driving the need for additional sources - this may lead to a "herd mentality" or like the potato chip commercial, "you can't have just one".

Beware! If you come in contact with a female human infected by this substance, be prepared to talk about horses for hours.

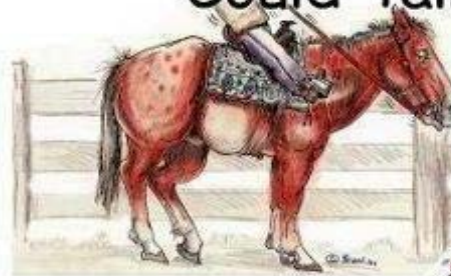
Surgeon General's Warning: Horses are expensive, addictive, and may impair the ability to use common sense.

NEWS FLASH!!





If Lesson Horses Could Talk...

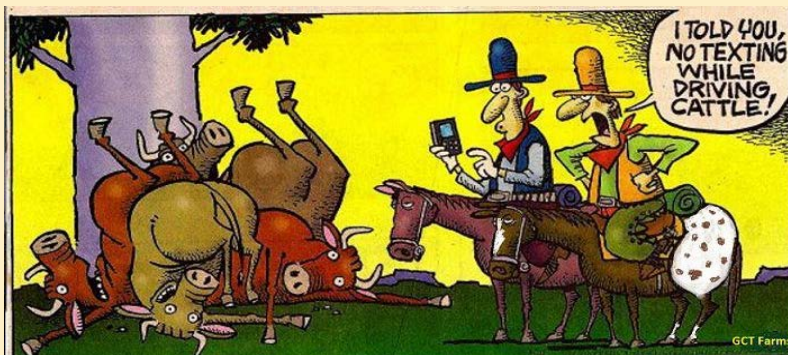
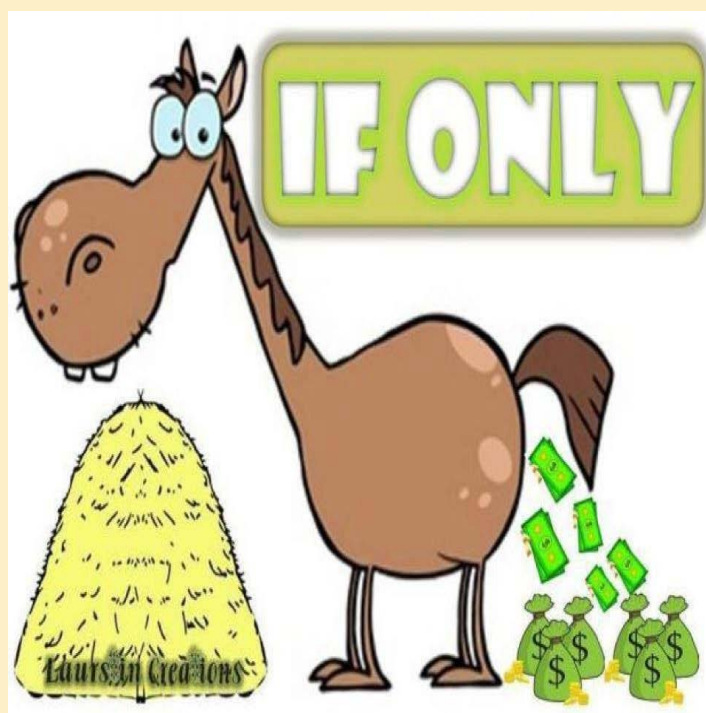
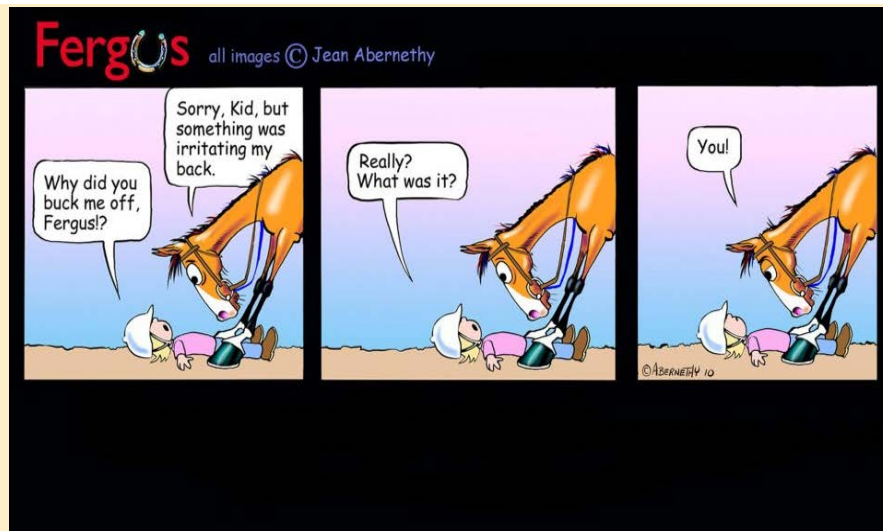


Go Ahead, Kid,
knock yourself out.
You'll never pull me
outta this corner.
Next time, ride in
the round pen!

Listen, Kid, if you
wanna trot, use your
imagination. I have
one speed and it's
'walk', got it?



Heeelllloo, people!
How long do I have to
'stand here faking a
hoof injury before
somebody puts me back
in my stall?

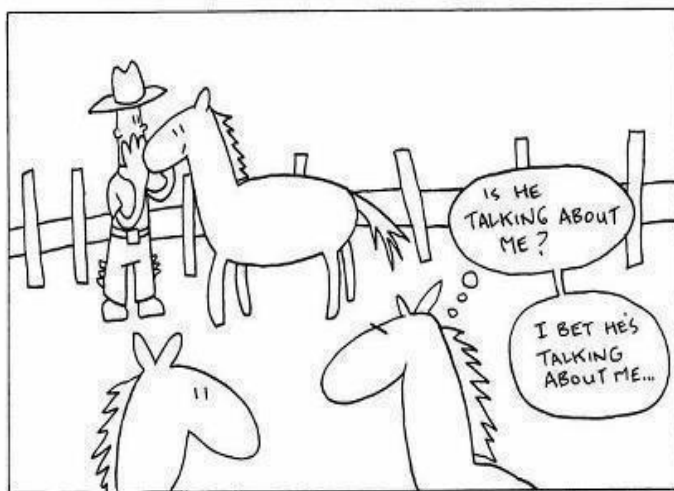




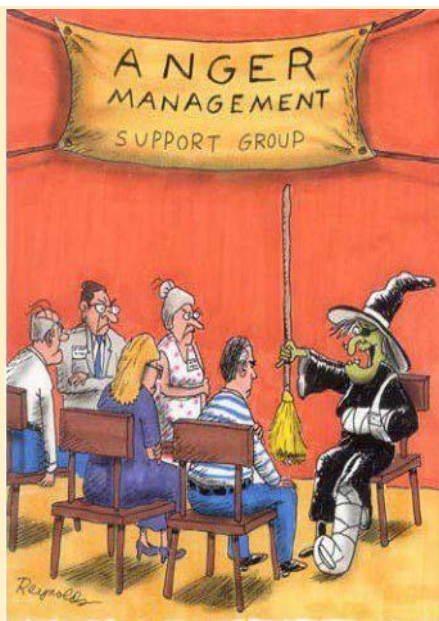


HORSING AROUND

A man was in the emergency room with four plastic horses in his anus. His condition was described by doctors as "stable" ...



Eventually the horse whisperer was trampled to death by the more paranoid horses.



"My name is Helda, and I have a tendency to fly off the handle."

[Move to top of page ↑](#)

The worm doesn't see anything pretty in Robin's song. -- Sometime memory is worse than the actual event. -- Those who do not learn from history are doomed to repeat it -

Rick Gore Horsemanship -- It is Never the Horse's Fault -- Horsyguy@yahoo.com