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One of the Boss's best friends is still widely acclaimed as a champion polo player. Having been a great competitor and a superb horseman, his name is synonymous, with the high goal history of the sport.

A few weeks back, we met him and his wife down at my sister's ranch. We sat around the dining room table after lunch, telling and retelling stories of the Boss's escapades and the days horses reigned supreme over the old ranch. My sister dug out her collection of photographs of long ago polo matches; an aura of nostalgia swept across the room.

Of the Boss's children, she was the one who inherited her father's love of horses and his handling and training genes. Also, she received an early schooling in the art of stable and tack room story telling. Before the floor was open, she took over by asking, and not waiting for an answer, if we'd ever known a bronc tuner who was able to calm down a horse by breathing up his nostrils.

Not only did she claim she'd seen the trick work, she said that she'd settled down several hot blooded polo mounts when they were fresh by using that same tactic.

No one except she had seen it work on a horse. But one time way back, a bachelor over at Mertzson had an ill tempered bird dog that was so sensitive to his master's breath that he could be brought under control by sprinkling a little Mr. Boston's vodka on the dog's side of the pickup seat. Like about everything else around a little country town, no formal analysis was ever made of the man's breath. However, on many an evening as he was driving home from town, if he'd had a muzzle to slip on Spot, he could have floored that big, mean setter by merely exhaling in his face.

What glamorous and glorious days those must have been. Seems unfair the Boss didn't get to stay around and finish the fun.