



Meet Smokey Joe

Smokey Joe has been my partner since 2:34 am MST April 5, 1998. That was the day his mamma (Rebel Mistress) blessed my world with his Horseyness. (Our buddy, Copper, was born exactly 1 hour later, one stall over, even though he is an AKC registered Beagle -- Smoke and I have never told him he's not a Horse). Smokey Joe and I spent the first three weeks of his life at a small ranch in Water Valley, Alberta, Canada. I had to return to Moose, Wyoming, so RJ (my other Horse) wouldn't get too jealous (and the ramrod wouldn't fire me).

When Smokey Joe was old enough I went back to Canada and brought him and Copper home. He was some more Foal. I swear that little guy could play out an Energizer Bunny. He and Copper would play 27 hours a day! Lordy, that was fun to watch..... Sorry about that, I got to reminiscing. Anyway, when Smokey Joe was old enough to be "strung along" behind RJ and me working cows, he started learning what was going to be expected of him.

By the time he was 3 years old he no longer needed to be strung, he would herd cows by himself. On his 4th birthday I introduced him to an empty saddle. I remember that day well. He didn't see the need to be saddled to work cows, and he let me know he didn't. After we talked and he handed out enough bruises, he accepted the idea that one day he would need a saddle and would need to let me ride in that saddle. So being a true partner he let me put a saddle on him and he accepted it like a champ. (I had NO intention of riding him 'til he was at least 5 years old because Horses don't have all their cushions in their feet 'til then)...*BUT* RJ was attacked and severely injured by a cougar in the winter of '02, and I had to put that GREAT Horse down.

We {Smoke & Copper} light a candle on the 12 of November for the spirit of that awesome Mustang. He was.....what Smoke became: The best Horse ever.....

So understanding this I had to put Smokey Joe into cow service early, and I have to say this was much to his delight. He accepted my added weight to the saddle and the extra work, like the bloodline from whence he came said he would. (His 6th great grand father was Traveler, General Robert E. Lee's famous steed.)



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After we left Wyoming, I brought him to Georgia and he discovered Humidity. He also found himself unemployed. With our new home came new things that changed our outside appearances. All three of us got fat, and I have to say Smoke and Copper found it easier to loose that fat than their human partner has. Nonetheless, Smokey Joe is currently sharing 20 acres with two other geldings and enjoying a semi-retired life. He has found giving kids their first Horsey ride and allowing them to later learn advanced skills is fun and rewarding. If you could see him on Saturday mornings you would really understand his excitement about the kids he is going to get to teach, and he is a great teacher.

Trainers and the kids love him and he loves them! Smokey Joe turned 10 this year, and he may "just be a gelding" but his mind and body are 100% stud (in the best of terms). He welcomes new, and he welcomes all. For me this is the best compliment I could ever offer my Partner....



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