

SOUVENIR BROCHURE

HANOVER SHOE FARMS

World's Largest Standardbred Nursery

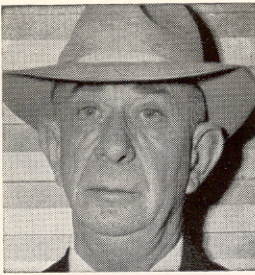


Crawford Wagaman leads the brood mare Allie Hanover and her Tar Heel foal of 1956, the colt Abbot

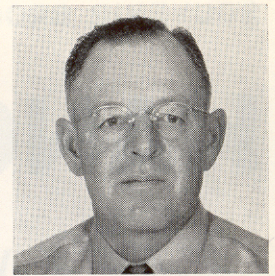
Hanover, down the tree-shaded entrance way to Hanover Shoe Farms in clear spring sunshine.

Visitors are always welcome to Hanover Shoe Farms

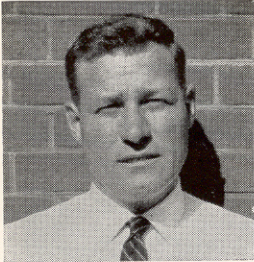
Located on the Hanover-Littlestown Pike (Route 194) R.D.2, Hanover, Pa.



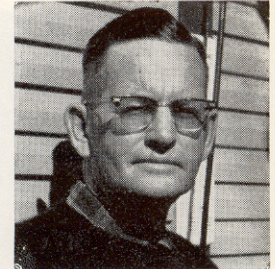
LAWRENCE B. SHEPPARD



JOHN F. SIMPSON



PAUL E. SPEARS



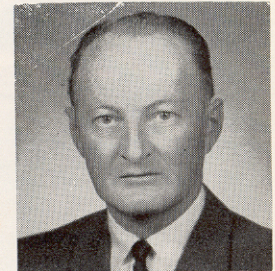
L. W. MONCRIEF

WELCOME TO HANOVER SHOE FARMS



CLARENCE MUMMERT

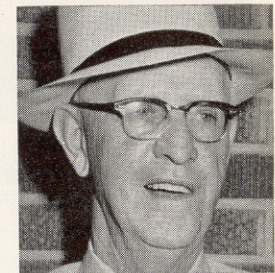
A horse farm is only as successful as the stallions and mares which populate it and the men who make it go. Hanover Shoe Farms is blessed not only with great stallions and mares but also with veteran personnel skilled in the intricacies of horse farming. Master of Hanover is Lawrence B. Sheppard whose life and times are reviewed in detail elsewhere in this brochure. The Executive Vice President and General Manager is John F. Simpson, a leading trainer-driver who is famed for his development of colts. Simpson is one of the top drivers in the sport and has won nearly every major stake, including the Hambletonian and the Little Brown Jug. He is a Trotting Triple Crown winner and also the sport's leading driver of 2:00 miles. Superintendent is L. W. (Monty) Moncrief, a well-known trainer and former stock farm manager. Serving with Moncrief are three veteran foremen, Clarence Mummert, on the job at Hanover for the past 28 years; Harry Hahn, with 24 years of service; and Bob Williams with seven. The farm maintenance foreman is Clyde Sterner, a 22-year employee. The Farms' resident veterinarian is Dr. G. R. Greenhoff whose 28 years of veterinary experience are on call night and day. Hanover's separate yearling division is on a 700-acre tract of land located at Bonneauville, Pa., about 10 miles from the main farm. It was acquired and established since publication of the Sports Illustrated article. Former Superintendent Marvin Childs, now in semi-retirement, specializes in preparing the Hanover yearlings for the annual Harrisburg auction sale. Vice President Paul E. Spears handles the corporation's business affairs, and William H. Melhorn is Secretary of the corporation and also handles some of the voluminous business affairs. The book work is handled by a staff headed by the Farms' Corresponding Officer, Burnell Hesson. In addition to the supervisory personnel, there are more than 50 other employees, each an important cog in the machine which annually turns out the yearlings which develop into the Hanover champions of tomorrow.



DR. G. R. GREENHOFF



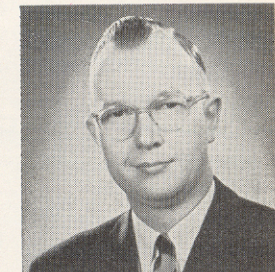
CLYDE STERNER



MARVIN CHILDS



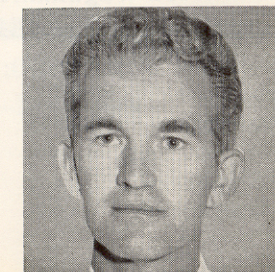
HARRY HAHN



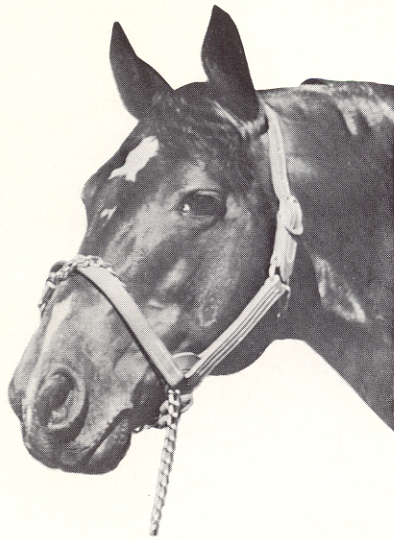
WILLIAM H. MELHORN



BOB WILLIAMS



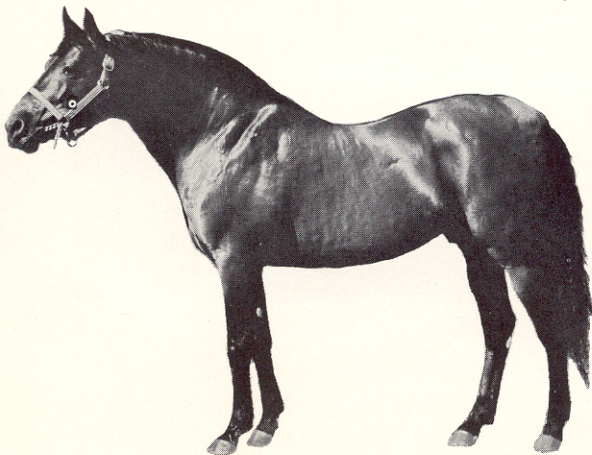
BURNELL HESSON



DEAN HANOVER

TWO FAMOUS HANOVER SIREs

The two stallions most traditionally linked with the growth and success of Hanover Shoe Farms are the patriarchs pictured on this page. Dean Hanover, 3, 1:58¹/₂, above, is a foal of 1934 and entered service at Hanover Shoe Farms in 1939. Nibble Hanover, 1:58³/₄, is a foal of 1936 and joined the stallion roster in 1945. Both stallions were bred by Hanover Shoe Farms, were world champions themselves and then returned to their original home to sire world champions of their own. Dean Hanover's greatest performer was the 1948 Hambletonian winner, Demon Hanover. Nibble Hanover is the only horse ever to have sired winners of both The Hambletonian (Miss Tilly) and The Little Brown Jug (Knight Dream), the 3-year-old classics for trotters and pacers respectively.



NIBBLE HANOVER



JEREMIAH TAX

This souvenir brochure of Hanover Shoe Farms is built around a four-page story in the June 9, 1958 issue of *Sports Illustrated*, which is reprinted on pages four through seven. The text was prepared by Jeremiah Tax, SI's harness racing editor, and the pictures were taken by John Zimmerman.

In the comparatively short period of time that has elapsed since SI appeared on the national sports scene in 1954, the magazine has come to be accepted as the unchallenged "bible" of the sports world. It has achieved this distinction through the quality of its vivid weekly chronicle of the victories and defeats and its authoritative portrayal of the men, animals and machines on its international beat.

Hanover Shoe Farms is indebted to SI for its outstanding coverage not only of the farms but of the trotting and pacing sport in general. As no other national magazine ever has before, SI has recognized and treated in superbly professional fashion this traditionally American sport.

Much of the credit for this coverage accrues to Mr. Tax who has developed in the space of but a few years into a nationally recognized authority on harness racing. To him, to Mr. Zimmerman, whose photographs have won national awards, and to the editors of *Sports Illustrated*, Hanover Shoe Farms offers a heart-felt "Well Done."



JOHN ZIMMERMAN

Born to Trot

Breeding tells in a baby foal who will one day be hitched to a sulky and test his graceful gait against other trotters

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

THE LITTLE FELLOW on the opposite page is only a month old. Already, however, in the careless innocence of infancy, he is rehearsing his role in life and, in a sense, demonstrating one of man's triumphs over nature. Clearly, he is on the trot, a gait innate to him through generations of careful breeding of his ancestors for the purpose of pitting him against other trotters in races.

This breeding has now made it a commonplace for youngsters like him to be seen trotting or pacing (another racing gait) alongside their dams in open pasture. And nowhere is this phenomenon more evident than at the locale of these pictures—the verdant, rolling 2,000 acres of Hanover Shoe Farm, largest horse-breeding establishment in the nation and one devoted solely to the trotting and pacing standard-bred horse.

Eleven miles north of the Mason-Dixon line, in the heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country of shnits an' nep and shoofly pie and a long stone's throw from President Eisenhower's acreage, Hanover is remarkable for its clean, fresh beauty even in this area of traditionally well-kept farms. Twenty-five miles of fence,

continued



FRESH BEAUTY of Hanover's pastures and paddocks shows in this partial aerial view.

YOUTHFUL TROTTER exhibits the gait that may bring him fame when he is full-grown.





HANOVER'S MASTER, lean, leathery Lawrence Sheppard perches on one of paddock fences that crisscross farm.

requiring 20,000 gallons of whitewash for a single annual coat, surround and crisscross the farm into 40 paddocks to accommodate a horse population that runs as high as 900 in May, as low as 500 in December and averaged 745 all last year. Indoors, these sucklings, yearlings, mares and stallions are bedded down in 700 stalls in 40 barns and on 1,000 tons of straw—where last year they ate 50,000 bushels of oats and 1,200 tons of hay. Each year, too, it takes 300 tons of lime and 140 tons of fertilizer to keep their lush, bluegrass pastures green and growing.

All in all, obviously a huge operation. Yet Hanover's glory is not the quantity of horseflesh produced, but its quality. The records of the sport of harness racing would be empty ledgers if the speed and money-won marks set by Hanover sires and their progeny were erased. A look at the results of last season's Hambletonian and Little Brown Jug—the two top harness classics—is enough to demonstrate this dominance. Horses sired by Hanover stallions won \$91,479 of the Hambletonian's net purse of \$108,903. And practically all of the remainder was won by trotting sons of Hanover-bred stallions. Hanover-sired pacers won more than \$68,000 of the \$73,000 Little Brown Jug purse; the first seven horses in the final summary were by Hanover sires. All heat winners in both races (Hickory Smoke and Hoot Song in the Hambletonian, Torpid and Meadowlands in the Jug) were by Hanover sires: respectively, Titan Hanover, Hoot Mon, Knight Dream and Adios.

At this stage of the current season there are three logical favorites in the 1958 Jug, to be raced September 18: Painter, Thorpe Hanover and Raider Frost. All three are by Hanover sires, the first two by Tar Heel, the last by Adios.

There are three favorites in the 1958 Hambletonian, to be raced August 27: Mix Hanover, Gang Awa and Sharpshooter. The first two are by Hanover's Hoot Mon, who won the Hambletonian in 1947 in 2:00 (still the record for this event) and who has already sired two Hambletonian winners. Sharpshooter is by Castleton's Worthy Boy out of—no surprise—Muriel Hanover.

This kind of thing has been going on ever since the farm was founded in 1926. A typical year, 1955, saw

Hanover-bred colts and fillies win 2,700 races and \$3,900,000 for their owners. It is little wonder that the owners and trainers of all the large trotting stables, and many of the smaller ones, too, make it their business to be in Harrisburg, Pa. in mid-November, when Hanover sells its annual crop of yearlings. Since 1926 the farm has sold 1,910 yearling trotters and pacers—for \$5,367,290.

The man responsible for all these impressive statistics is a smallish, Crosby-eared 60-year-old named Lawrence Baker Sheppard. His portrait on the opposite page is a true one in the sense that it shows him with cigaret in hand, coatless and open-collared and with horses near by. These are details—especially the last—which are essential to Sheppard's comfort and well-being, and which are not always available to him through the daily demands of a busy schedule. In addition to owning the farm and directing its myriad activities, Sheppard is president of the \$12-million-asset Hanover Shoe manufacturing and retailing company, was for eight years (until just a few months ago) president of the U.S. Trotting Association and is still one of its directors, and participates in a host of other business and philanthropic affairs including a bank, a newspaper and a hospital. But horses, and trotting horses in particular, have been the abiding interest in his life since childhood.

At 16, already a veteran of the saddle and the sulky, he went out to Wyoming where he got a job caring for a string of 10 animals used to carry tourists through the Yellowstone wilderness. For two happy years the young Sheppard enjoyed the life of a \$3-a-day horse wrangler and guide, and he left it for a reason wholly typical of the man and his love for the outdoors. One day in 1915 he sat his horse on a peak overlooking the meeting of the north and south forks of the Shoshone River and looked down on the first automobiles driving up the road toward Yellowstone. They had never been allowed there before. As he recalls it now: "It made me sick to see cars being driven into that wonderful virgin land. I turned away and never went back. I'll always remember Yellowstone as it was on horseback."

The Sheppards had always owned and raced trotters, and starting the farm was a natural extension of this interest. Lawrence was an original

participant in the venture, with his father and C. N. Myers, longtime friend and business associate of the family. With the passing of both his partners, he became sole owner, and is chiefly responsible for assembling the farm's present vast acreage and the 11 premier stallions and 200 brood mares which have made it so successful. For years, too, he was an active amateur driver; in 1937, he drove Dean Hanover to victory in a three-heat trotting race in 2:00 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:00 $\frac{3}{4}$ and 2:00 $\frac{3}{4}$, a world record that still stands. In the same year Sheppard's 11-year-old daughter Alma drove Dean to his 3-year-old mile mark of 1:58 $\frac{1}{2}$, a feat that may never be duplicated, or even attempted, again.

Sheppard's stewardship of the USTA covered the recent years of trotting's explosive growth and saw him and the sport itself often the subject of violent public controversy. This was nearly always the result of that growth: conflict between the new and the traditional in trotting as it was swiftly transformed from a rural pastime into a vehicle for public parimutuel betting. Sheppard is a patient, generous man, apparently ideal for bringing together and conciliating opposing viewpoints, and he seldom replied to the critics who accused him of ruling the sport like a czar—behavior impossibly alien to his character. But he is also a stubborn man, unyielding in determination to preserve the long-established conduct of harness racing. He stuck to his guns and would still be manning them if the demands on his time and health hadn't forced him to quit this year. But it is also true that he had already won most of the crucial battles; the rules he fought to preserve still govern the sport today. And it may well be that their perpetuation will be a more valued memorial to the man than all of Hanover's bloodlines.

Still an inveterate race fan, Sheppard rarely misses a big event—never a classic like the Hambletonian. You won't find him, however, in the box seat reserved for him. Look for a slight, shirtsleeved figure in the group of grooms and horse trainers on the edge of the track near the paddock drawgate. There, covered with dust or mud depending on the weather, and in the company of the men whose language he talks and whose love of a sport he deeply shares, he'll be watching the big race. Chances are he'll be watching another Hanover colt come home first.

HANOVER SHOE FARMS

STALLIONS IN SERVICE, SEASON OF 1966

STAR'S PRIDE

3, 2:02, 4, 2:00 $\frac{3}{8}$ h, 1:57 $\frac{1}{2}$

Worthy Boy—Stardrift—Mr. McElwyn

Fee \$5,000

TAR HEEL

p, 3, T1:57 $\frac{2}{5}$ (2:00h), 4, T1:57

Billy Direct—Leta Long—Volomite

Fee \$3,500

BULLET HANOVER

p, 2, 1:57; 3, T1:55 $\frac{2}{5}$, 1:56 $\frac{1}{2}$

Adios—Barbara Direct—Billy Direct

Fee \$5,000

KNIGHT DREAM

p, 2, 2:00 $\frac{2}{5}$, 3, T1:59

Nibble Hanover—Lydia Knight—Peter the Brewer

Fee \$2,500

CALEB

2, 2:04 $\frac{2}{5}$, 3, 1:58 $\frac{1}{2}$, T2:00 $\frac{3}{8}$ h

Hoot Mon—Columbia Hanover—His Excellency

Fee \$1,000

TORPID

p, 2, 1:58, 3, 1:58 (2:00h)

Knight Dream—Torresdale—Abbedale

Fee \$2,000

HICKORY SMOKE

2, 2:03 $\frac{1}{5}$, 3, 2:00 $\frac{1}{5}$ (2:01 $\frac{3}{8}$ h), 4, T1:58 $\frac{2}{5}$

Titan Hanover—Misty Hanover—Dean Hanover

Fee \$2,000

SAMPSON HANOVER

p, 4, 1:59 $\frac{3}{8}$ h, T1:56 $\frac{4}{5}$

Volomite—Irene Hanover—Dillon Axworthy

Fee \$750

AYRES

2, 2:00 $\frac{1}{5}$ h, 3, 1:56 $\frac{4}{5}$

Star's Pride—Arpege—Hoot Mon

Fee \$2,000

DANCER HANOVER

p, 3, T1:57 $\frac{1}{5}$, 4, T1:56 $\frac{4}{5}$, 1:57 $\frac{4}{5}$

Adios—The Old Maid—Guy Abbey

Fee \$750

LEHIGH HANOVER

p, 2, 1:59 $\frac{1}{5}$, 3, 1:58 $\frac{4}{5}$ h

Adios—Lucine Hanover—Dean Hanover

Fee \$1,000

GAMECOCK

p, 3, T1:57 $\frac{2}{5}$, 4, 1:57 $\frac{4}{5}$

Tar Heel—Terka Hanover—Nibble Hanover

Fee \$500

NEWPORT DREAM

2, 2:01 $\frac{3}{5}$, 5, 2:01h

Axomite—Miss Key—Long Key

Fee \$500