

# MR. MAGOO

By Medora Mullins

Mr. Magoo, aged 28 ½, was laid to rest at Mullins Manor on October 1, 2006. He was humanely euthanized due to a detached ligament in his right stifle, which made it impossible for him to stand or walk on his right hind leg. He had injured himself sometime overnight.

He was preceded in death by pasture mates Jitter, Lauren, Princess, Juno, and Duke, and riding buddies Valentine, Dusty, SuFlay, Kelly, and Secret. He is survived by pasture mates Feather and Tahaddi, and riding buddies Goldy, Gidget, Star, Raja, Rhea, Nehemiah, Ezra, and numerous others.

Magoo accomplished many things during his full life. He was a trainer, teacher, illusionist, and could make you laugh. He trained Walter well, to bring him an Oat and Honey granola bar, when Magoo would sneak away from the other horses, and quietly nicker to Walter at the corner of the fence. If Magoo were grazing in the yard, Walter would have to give him the secret password **and** a granola bar, in order to drive through the gate. He also trained Walter to keep him supplied with watermelons and pears in season, and apples all year long.

As a teacher, Magoo taught Princess and Feather how to quietly load and travel in a horse trailer. He was a good travel companion. When Duke was little, he taught Duke how to play tug-of-war with a stick, which Duke remembered when he returned to the herd years later. He taught Tahaddi the same game. He also taught Tahaddi how to jiggle the gate with his foot, and make it unlatch.

Magoo loved to play in water, and lie down and roll in it. As an illusionist, he would make his rider think the mud puddle was getting deeper. Actually, he was folding his legs while still walking forward. On a training ride for a young horse, "BJ", we came to a long, deep mud puddle. Jitter went first, to check the footing and depth (up to his knees), followed by Magoo, and then BJ. When Magoo got to the middle of the puddle, he began to fold his legs. Medora used heels and crop to get him up and moving. Poor BJ thought there was a deep hole in the water, and he took very slow, deliberate steps, tip-toeing the rest of the way across the puddle.

Magoo felt there is an art to eating watermelon. To make it taste good, you have to shove your lips and nose in it, take a big bite, and then let the juice dribble down your chin. To keep people at bay, you must blow, or nudge them with your juice-covered nose. Pears must be eaten the same way. When the pears got ripe on the tree just outside the electric fence, the fence was no problem. It only stung for a split second until it broke, and Mr. Grebe's pears were delicious.

Magoo participated in NATRC Competitive Trail rides, as a competitor and as a Safety Rider mount. As a competitor, he scored 6<sup>th</sup> place in conditioning, and won a trophy for High Point Grade Horse in a class of 25 horses. He rode in numerous fun rides, moonlight rides and a CMO, and was in two John Lyons clinics. Many times during the Pensacola Interstate Fair, he was on display in the FFAHA booth. He rode all the way across Escambia County as part of a Kiwanis fund-raiser. His favorite rides were pleasure rides at Coldwater, and in the woods near home. He knew both areas like the back of his hoof, and always knew the way back to the barn or trailer. He was like a homing pigeon in unfamiliar territory, knowing the way back to the barn at Fort Rucker, though he had never been on those trails before. He would out-stride most horses at a walk, and wanted to be beside the lead horse in a group. Until he twisted his back in a fall, he had a perfectly smooth racking gait. He was a fine bareback-riding horse. His photo appeared in the Pensacola News Journal, and he even has a cake recipe named after him.

His human caretakers did what they could to make his later years comfortable, with special supplements and feed, a designated stall and pasture, trips for acupuncture and chiropractic treatments, and injections of Legend and Adequan. He touched many lives over the years, and will be missed.