

Judith Forbis' Galbreath Lecture

Judith Forbis
Mena, Arkansas
2004 Galbreath Award

(Transcript of Lecture)

The John W. Galbreath Award for Outstanding Entrepreneurship in the Equine Industry has been presented each year since 1990 to one individual whose success within the industry has been due to the utilization of uncommon abilities or innovative approaches to business management. Each recipient has had a positive impact on the equine industry because of his entrepreneurship, and has gained widespread respect for it.

John W. Galbreath, in whose name the award is presented, distinguished himself internationally as both a horseman and a businessman. No one else has ever bred and raced winners of the Kentucky Derby (Chateaugay and Proud Clarion) and also the Epsom Derby (Roberto). He was the owner of Darby Dan Farm (producer of over 90 stakes winners) and the Pittsburgh Pirates baseball team, as well as chairman of the board of Churchill Downs. His business interests included large-scale development projects around the world.

Winners of the Galbreath Award have been: John A. Bell, 1990; James E. Bassett, 1991; Cothran Campbell, 1992; John R. Gaines, 1993; Ami Shinitzki, 1994; Robert Clay, 1995; B. Thomas Joy, 1996; John Lyons, 1997; D. Wayne Lukas, 1998; Thomas H. Meeker, 1999; Denny Gentry, 2000; David S. Willmot, 2001; William S. "Billy" Morris III, 2002; Frank "Scoop" Vessels III, 2003; and Judith Forbis, 2004. Recipients are invited to the UofL campus in the fall of their award year to deliver the annual Galbreath Lecture to students, faculty, and guests, usually dealing with their own experiences and their personal philosophies.

Judith Forbis, the first woman recipient of the Galbreath Award, was surely not the first American to appreciate the classic beauty of the Egyptian Arabian. However, she is undeniably the visionary breeder responsible for the success of the modern Egyptian Arabian market in North America. Her single-minded obsession led to the importation of foundation stock, to research of historic writings on the early breeding of desert horses, to the breeding of superior horses, and to the promotion of Egyptian Arabians globally. Judi met and married her husband, Don, in Turkey, where he trained and she jockeyed their Arabian racehorses. In 1958, they founded their Ansata Arabian Stud of Mena, Arkansas, home of many champion Egyptian Arabians. A respected author and judge, she continues to lecture and judge major shows around the world. Judi is founder, past-president and longtime trustee of The Pyramid Society, the Kentucky-based organization dedicated to promotion of the Egyptian Arabian.

The John W. Galbreath Award is a project of the Equine Industry Program (EIP), an academic unit of the University of Louisville's AACSB-accredited College of Business and Public Administration. Created by an act of the Kentucky State Legislature, the EIP is the only equine program in North America that offers a BS degree in business administration. Through 2001, more than 520 undergraduate students have taken EIP courses. Other EIP functions, in addition to teaching, are industry research and professional service.

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Bob Lawrence

Welcome to our annual Galbreath Lecture.

The horse industry, as you know, is not short of awards. This industry presents awards for every kind of horse, no matter the breed, the color, the age, or the use. And awards are also given to people who use, breed, race, and show horses. But what the horse industry has never done much of, at least until we established the Galbreath Award, is recognize those people who make things happen, who determine the type and quality of our horses, and who show the way to making a living in this most exciting of industries.

So we developed an award to recognize outstanding entrepreneurs in this industry. Why does the racing calendar now consider the Breeders' Cup in November to be such an important event? How did it happen that team roping became the fastest growing equestrian sport in North America during the decade of the 1990s? Why does the horse industry ever change in fashion, or breed, or discipline, or type of operation? These changes are due to individuals with vision and a willingness to take risks to develop something new. They are entrepreneurs who change the industry, and that is who we wanted to recognize.

We named our award, which was first given in 1990, in honor of John W. Galbreath of Ohio, a true horseman, entrepreneur and sportsman, longtime owner of the Pittsburgh Pirates. Mr. Galbreath built a small local company into a worldwide contracting business. He established Darby Dan Farm, which produced 90 Thoroughbred stakes winners, and he was the first person ever to breed winners of both the English Derby and the Kentucky Derby, which he won twice. But equally as important is the type of man that John Galbreath was. He was honest, humble, gracious, and courteous to everyone, hence, highly respected.

John Galbreath died before we made our first presentation, but I think he would be very proud of the winners that we've had over the years. They've come from all facets of the industry and they have all had the same level of achievement and character. That includes this year's winner, and to introduce her, let me give way to Rich Wilcke.

Rich Wilcke

I'm not going to go into detail about all of the reasons why Judith Forbis was named the winner of the 2004 John W. Galbreath Award because she can tell you better in her own words about the things that she has done. Let us suffice to say that the Galbreath Award, as Bob said, is given to people who have changed the industry in some positive way. Judi – along with her husband (and number-one supporter), Don Forbis – wasn't the first to have an appreciation for the classic beauty of Egyptian Arabians but rather the first to take action.

They were the first to act on their appreciation of these horses, among the first to import these horses, the first to understand the importance of their pedigree, and the first to significantly promote them in North America. And because of having done that for so many years now, they have created an entirely new segment of the horse industry. The Egyptian Arabian is a classic animal known the world round. There's no question that Mrs. Forbis fits squarely in the mold of Galbreath winners. We are delighted to have you here, Judi, and thank you for coming.

Judith Forbis

Thank you, and thank you all for coming. It is a distinct pleasure, and quite a surprise for me to be here. I want to thank Dr. Lawrence and Rich Wilcke for inviting me and for making this award possible. A famous quote states that, "We stand on the shoulders of those who have gone before us." And there have been some very broad shoulders on those who have preceded me in receiving this Galbreath Award. As I say, I was surprised, and I am honored to have been added to this formidable list of equine-industry entrepreneurs.

Now, I don't want you to be intimidated by this turban I am wearing today. It has scared a lot of people but it does have a reason for being there. I want you to know that. I am not bald and I haven't had

cancer. When we lived in Egypt, I liked to ride in the desert. The Arab *kufiyah*, which is a square white head scarf, seemed a little bit short so I decided to see if winding a long piece of fabric, in the shape of a turban, would hold better. Well, it kept my head cool in the summer and warm in the winter. Eventually, it became a trademark, an entrepreneurial symbol that I wore to horse events. I don't wear it as much as I used to but I do still wear it on special occasions.

J. P. Marquand wrote that, "You have to write about what you have lived to get at some worthwhile truth." I think this is true of all creative endeavors. Therefore, before we get into my lecture, I want to show you a video that I scripted and helped produce about our Arabian horse farm and the entrepreneurial business that brings us here today. Entitled "The Key of Life," it was filmed in 1980 and won the US Industrial Film Festival's Silver Screen Award over 800 entries.

The video tells the philosophy behind Ansata Arabian Stud, whose horses have set a standard of beauty and excellence throughout the world over the past 46 years. The meaning of the word Ansata, by the way, is *the key of life*, depicted by the *ankh*, a looped cross that was held in the hands of the gods and goddesses of ancient Egypt. You may have seen pictures of Nefertiti or any other Egyptian queen or king holding a looped cross. This key of life, represented reproduction of the species...and thus Ansata was an appropriate name for our farm.

(VIDEO)

I hope you enjoyed that inspirational film. It expresses a great deal of how we feel about the Arabian horse and especially the Egyptian Arabian horse. I have written a number of books about the Arabian horse, and in my newest, called *Authentic Arabian Bloodstock II*, I have told the story of Ansata Arabian Stud, even arranging the chapters according to our life's work.

In a way, it could be anyone's success story. Believing in the Magic of Your Dreams – Conceptualizing the Dream – Dreams of the Past, Realities for the Future – Realizing the Dream – Perfecting the Dream – and most important, Sharing the Dream. Without those who not only dream great dreams, but who believe in the magic of their dreams, there would not be any entrepreneurs.

Entrepreneurs start out as dreamers.

What is the definition of an entrepreneur? "One who organizes, manages, and assumes the risk of a business or enterprise." We tend to think of an entrepreneur as someone who has succeeded in making a fortune in a business venture, yet life itself is a business. It has rules and regulations, and it has winners and losers. It is made up of dualities that force us to deal with choices and change.

"You will be what you will to be," James Allen reminds us in his wonderful book titled, *As a Man Thinketh*. So what are the ingredients that an entrepreneur uses consciously or unconsciously? There are many. But for simplicity's sake, I am going to mention just a few that seem irrefutable, and that worked for me.

LOVE – *The object of enthusiasm or devotion*. We know that God is Love and that we are the reflection or object of His enthusiasm and devotion. Henry Drummond, a Scottish theologian, wrote a small book called *The Greatest Thing in the World*, which is a discourse on St. Paul's address to the Corinthians, 1-13. In it, Drummond quotes, "That without Love I am nothing." Love indeed is the fulfilling of the Word and any endeavor which we undertake first of all we should love it.

THE WORD – *The expressed or manifested mind and the will of Our Creator*. We know in the beginning was the Word. In his best-selling book, *The Four Agreements*, Don Miguel Ruiz reminds us that, to him, the number one agreement is, "Be impeccable with your word." Then he goes on to mention the other three agreements, and I think these are really wonderful. Number two: "Never take things personally. Number three: "Never make assumptions," and number four: "Always do your best." All four relate in various aspects to how words influence our lives.

INSPIRE – *meaning to exert, animate, enliven, or exalt influence*. We hear a lot about motivational speakers these days. An entrepreneur and former winner of this Galbreath Award, John Lyons, made the following comment to me just a few weeks ago at an Arabian horse exhibit. He said,

“You must inspire to motivate. Motivation implies continual re-motivation. But if a person is *inspired*, they will continue to motivate themselves. Someone who is inspired already sees themselves there.” I thought it was a profound statement and one I will never forget.

DREAM – *start with imagination or a visionary idea*. A dreamer is a visionary who has ideas or conceives projects that others may regard as impractical. Remember that song that many of us sang as children, “Row, row, row your boat gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily, life is but a dream.” I think there is lot more truth to that than fiction.

Another important word is VISION – *something seen in a dream. A manifestation to the senses of something unmaterial*. George H. W. Bush derided Clinton for that “vision thing” in their debate for the presidency. But that “vision thing” was what Clinton held in his mind from his youth. He met John F. Kennedy when he was president, envisioned himself as president, patterned himself after Kennedy, and that “vision thing” and persistence won the presidency for him years later.

Last but not least—and there are many after this—is the POWER OF INTENTION - *believe in the magic of your dreams*. Dr. Wayne Dyer in his new book, *The Power of Intention*, sums up the wisdom of many ancient teachers. In the preface he states, “Anything we can conceive of in our minds, while staying in harmony with the universal all creating source, can and must come to pass.” He goes on to say, “You and everyone else as well as all of life emanated from the universal, all creating field of intention. Live from that perspective and you will come to know and apply the power of intention.”

Earl Nightingale, the famous speaker and radio personality, quoting Rudyard Kipling, said—and this has influenced me to this day – “If you don’t get what you want, it is a sign that either you seriously didn’t want it or that you tried to bargain over the price.”

In the first place, we might as well get used to the idea that we get out of life just about what we really put into it and really want way down deep inside. Frequently, we kid ourselves into believing we *want* something when we mean we *would accept* it if it just came floating along. But we’re really not ready to go out of our way in order to achieve it. Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt. It usually happens that just when we are ready to give up, that which we seek is almost within our grasp, if we only knew it. Therefore, have faith and stay with it long enough to earn it. Life is a stickler for form and until you pass life’s test with a good enough score, you are just not going to graduate. So be willing to pay the price life asks for the realization of your dreams.

Carlisle wrote, “Have a purpose in life and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you and be careful what it is you set your heart upon for you will surely get it.”

Rather than incorporate these elements that I have mentioned into the body of my story, I would like simply to relate to you how they were valuable in my becoming an entrepreneur in the business of life. Again, as mentioned earlier, I refer to same chapters in my book.

Number one is this idea of “**believing in the magic of your dreams.**”

Many of you probably had something that influenced your life dramatically. Well, mine happened when I was about three years old. My parents took me on an outing and as we were driving along the highway I saw a pony ring with a little white pony and a small black pony going around and around with little girls on their backs. When I saw that white pony, although I didn’t know anything about horses, I cried out, “Stop! Stop! I want to see. I want to see.” So my parents stopped, took me to the ring, and I fell absolutely in love with Silver, the white pony. The black pony, Minnie, I liked too, but it was something about that white pony that just took my breath away. A great love affair had begun. My parents later divorced, but they were still supportive of my love for horses, and they let me go to the pony ring every weekend and ride Silver. My parents wouldn’t buy me a horse at that time so my girlfriend and I raked leaves and mowed lawns to earn enough money to hire ponies to ride. Later on I taught riding lessons to earn money and pay rental fees to ride. I couldn’t afford a horse, so I learned to draw as a substitute for owning one. I didn’t realize at the time that by not having something I wanted so desperately, I was

training myself to be ready for it when it happened. As a result of drawing, it trained my eye, and that stood me in such good stead later on when I had to learn the different qualities that go into making up a correctly conformed horse.

Looking back over the years, it was either a white or a black horse that was significant in my experience. When you are young, the importance of having someone in your life to inspire you is very, very important. Not everyone has this opportunity. When I was a little girl I dearly loved and respected my Uncle Whit who had been struck down with polio at five years of age. He was permanently crippled, couldn't walk very well, and in those days cripples were looked down upon. But he compensated by using his mind studying and educating himself on countless subjects. He was always teaching me about ancient Egypt, mythology, history, the occult, and the mystic side of life. He traveled with his mind since he could not travel on his feet. He inspired me to some day want to visit Egypt and see the great pyramids, and I vowed I would do it. He understood my love of horses, as did his wife, my Aunt Evelyn. They even helped pay for some of my riding lessons. As a birthday gift on October 29, 1946, they gave me the book, *The Black Stallion*. I ran upstairs and read that book cover to cover – and I began to dream that I was racing across the Arabian sands, that some day I was going to have a horse like The Black, or some other very special horse. So that book became my inspiration, like it did for so many of thousands upon thousands upon thousands of other kids around the world.

It just so happened at the riding stable, where I was going to take lessons, there was a beautiful black gelding with a perfect white star on his forehead named Black Watch. To that point, I had not ridden horses, only ponies. Observing my immediate love for Black Watch, the riding instructor said, "I'll see if I can't get the owner to let you ride him." The owner was Zsa Zsa Gabor, who was married at that time to Conrad Hilton. "She doesn't ride much anymore; maybe she will let you ride her horse," he said, and she agreed. Black Watch became my first horse and I proudly won my first blue ribbon on him.

Next, another young, black horse came to the stable. He looked like an Arabian; he was pretty and he was sweet and I began training him to complete as a hunter. When we went to his first horse show - and I'll never forget it - there was an old groom who made fun of this little horse because he didn't look like those big, strapping, beautiful hunters that all the rich kids and socialites rode in those days at the North Shore Country Club. His belittling remark was uncalled for and it annoyed me because I believed in this little black gelding. And I was not alone in appreciation of him because not long after I had been training him, Eddie Arcaro, who was the greatest jockey of his time, bought him for his daughter to ride.

Some meetings are like divine appointments. I love that term, "divine appointments," because we don't always know when a divine appointment is going to run into us. Arcaro was also to influence my life not many years later.

When I graduated from high school, I loved history, English, and art, and so I thought I would become a commercial artist. I attended Syracuse University to study art but I didn't fit too well in college because I had too many other things I wanted to do - like travel and see the world. One day I saw an ad in the *New York Times*: "Secretaries wanted for the International Cooperation Administration (formerly known as the Marshall Plan and later The Point Four Program)." I applied, was chosen and went to Washington where they gave me a choice of three countries: Baghdad, Iraq; some place in the Far East, where they said that if you ate the lettuce, worms would come out of your stomach; and Ankara, Turkey. I chose Ankara because the *Post Report* noted there was a riding club where you could ride the Turkish cavalry horses. Turkey was considered the Near or Middle East, but it wasn't it Arab. And at that point in time, it had become somewhat backward and was suffering economically.

In 1957 at age 23, I arrived in Turkey, which at that time was known as the "Land of Yok," meaning "nothing" because the country was so poor. At that time the ICA Mission Headquarters was one of the largest in that part of the world. I remember going to my government-assigned apartment that was quite barren, cold and freezing inside. When it rained, my roommate and I had to slog through the mud roads to get to the Mission; however, at that age, one can withstand hardships if one is inspired. I had my own money now and I was going to find a horse! First I went to the riding school where I met some of the Turkish cavalry officers. A Turkish captain befriended me, and so I told him I really wanted to buy my own horse. "Well," he said, "I happen to have a white mare that is a little bit lame, but if you work carefully with

her she will probably be okay.” So we went to where she was stabled and he brought her out. That was it! Her name was Ceylan (the gazelle). I completely fell for her. Later, I dedicated my book, *Hoofbeats Along the Tigris*, to her with this poem:

Beneath bruised purple skies
They brought her forth
Stamping, snorting,
Grey she was like the day.
Proud, alert, black eyes searching,
Ears pricked to zephyrs chasing over the hills.

Impatience crowned her silver brow,
Grace shod her dainty feet.
Like a bow, arching
She sprang through the valley,
The earth amuck,
Her hooves disdained to touch
As on she sped,
Slowing nor until her lust to run
Had been fulfilled.
Only then
Would she allow
These human hands to guide her path.

Time wears on,
And o'er the years
Other horses
Will cross my bridle paths;
More beautiful and better bred,
Perhaps.
But foremost in my fond recall,
Ceylan remains,
The first of all.

She was my inspiration, my first love. She was lame. I didn't know whether I would ever be able to ride her or to jump with her or not. But very carefully we worked and trained her and she eventually became sound and won the Civilian Jumping Championship of Turkey for me. I'll never forget riding the Orient Express to Istanbul where our team competed against the Istanbul team, and we won. Afterwards, a black Ceylan that belonged one of the Turkish Calvary officers came into my life. She had come from the United States when the Turks purchased the disbanding US Cavalry mounts. The officer let me ride her in jumping competitions, and we won the Governor's Cup of Turkey.

Things were going along quite nicely. I had a good job. I enjoyed my horses, and then along came a young man named Don Forbis. We met at a government PX restaurant and it was love at first sight. He was on assignment for the Halliburton Company. I am sure you have heard of Halliburton Company by now. At that time it had a respected name as an oil-well servicing company, and wherever an oil company was drilling, Halliburton was on call. Don and I began dating, and I learned that he loved horses and had jockeyed Quarter Horses as a boy. Talk about life's coincidences! The first horse he rode was named Silver, just like my first pony.

Don and I were married on March 10, 1958. Soon after he was transferred to southeast Turkey to the old Roman fortress town of Diyarbakir, and I mean a real fort with solid basalt walls erected in A.D. 394 by Emperor Constantius. We really didn't have much to do there; there weren't any foreigners, it was in the middle of nowhere, and women were still somewhat behind the veil, although the late president Ataturk had outlawed wearing it.

When we heard that there was horse racing in the provinces, we thought maybe we could buy a racehorse or two and I would jockey them and Don would train them. This would give us a challenge and something to do. There were no women jockeys in that part of the world, and I had no idea if the powers that be would even allow me to ride. But fools rush in, and so we searched and found two Arabian race horses. I had no technical training as a jockey and although I had exercised horses on the Ankara track for the fun of it, it just so happened that *Sports Illustrated* had recently published a series on how to be a jockey, and guess who wrote it? Eddie Arcaro! It was concisely illustrated and gave a complete picture of what one should do. I studied it very carefully, and I couldn't help but remember the day when Arcaro purchased the black Arabian gelding I had trained for his daughter to ride.

Then we met an old gentleman named Tahir Polat. He was the most famous jockey in that part of the country and quite a character. Already in his late sixties and the "King of Racing" he made us an offer. "I have a two-year-old colt I will sell you." So, we looked at the colt, and Don said, "I think this colt can run." We bought him. Of course, the old man didn't tell us that as a two-year-old we probably couldn't run him that year. We were to find that out later. And thus we began training on the dirt track just outside the fortress. Let me tell you, this was not a modern track. This was a track cut out of a field with rocks and stones, many of which remained on the track. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the old man befriended me. We would go out to the track together early in the morning. I would ride beside him and Don would time us. After we finished training, he would go back to our house and drink tea with us. He was always reading the tealeaves and telling me: "They say I am going to win and you are to lose." That was one of my early racing lessons in "never make assumptions." And also not to "take things personally."

By the time the first race came around, we had had overcome – or come over – some pretty severe challenges. I had even survived some Turkish soldiers pulling a downed telephone wire up in front of my mare to trip her as I was riding past them on the track. My mare nearly fell down. I was really angry, and charged after them with my riding whip. Don saw what happened and came racing over. "Don't do anything," he yelled at me. The Turkish captains, who were in charge of the repair crew, came up, horrified at what had happened, and said they were going to kill these two soldiers. We had no desire to see anyone killed on our account and told them, "Don't do anything, it is okay." They agreed to pardon the men, but they assigned them to look after me to make sure nothing happened to me, ever, at the track.

The first race was to be held some time after that. The women from all over that part of the country came to watch. I guess you could call my jockeying a kind of entrepreneurship because in a sense it did elevate and emancipate women to a little different status. Previously they never went to horse races. Their husbands would never let them do such a thing. But they insisted they were going to watch the American woman ride. So they came. The track was completely surrounded with people who arrived in horse and carriages, taxis, cars, wagons, trucks and on donkeys; some sat on tractors, some on the ground. Is she going to make it around the track the first time, was the question on everyone's mind. Yet, I was never afraid.

The officials weighed all the jockeys in on an old bathroom scale. The start was done by dropping a flag. I knew if I wasn't careful I was going to get off to a bad start because they would wait until I was turned the wrong way and start the race. I watched carefully and started okay but as we took off, all the male jockeys converged and hit my mare right on her side, right on the saddle girth. Sad to say we hadn't taken into consideration that the skin of an Arab is very soft and silky. We didn't have the girth tight enough so when they hit me, the new saddle went under her belly and off I went. Luckily, I didn't go off underneath galloping hooves. Undaunted, the following week we were up and at it again, and from then on never finished out of the money. In fact, after awhile the Turks and Arabs brought their horses to us. They wanted me to ride and Don to train their horses. If their horses got sick, they would come to us, not to the government veterinary center. We would take care of their horses for them as best we could. Eventually we raced our horses in Kiziltepe, part of the Turkish-Syrian desert, and then further north in Malatya and Elazig.

When it came time for us to leave Diyarbakir, we were in a horse and carriage taxi driving inside the primitive old city. We were surprised when the taxi driver turned and said to us, "We really like you. You know why we like you? Because you weren't yellow!" And that was because, in the eyes of these Turks, who are some of the toughest fighters on earth, we were courageous and never gave up.

That reminds me of an old tale about fear. Meeting the plague one day, a pilgrim asked, "Where are you going?" "I am going to Baghdad to kill 5,000 people," replied the plague. A few days later the same pilgrim met the plague returning. "You told me you were going to go to Baghdad and kill 5,000 people but instead you killed 50,000." "No," said the plague. "I killed only 5,000, as I told you I would. The others died of fright."

Fear and lack of faith go hand in hand. Fear is a very expensive guest to entertain. We invite in what we fear, just as by a different attitude of mind we invite in and attract the influence and convictions we desire. One of my counselors in life once spelled out the meaning of fear as follows: False Evidence Appearing Real.

So, my dream number one—owning a horse and racing in the desert – was realized.

The second phase was "**conceptualizing the dream**" – purchasing the first horses for our farm. By now, we had become very interested in Arabian horses and we began buying books about them, and traveling throughout the deserts to study them. A friend of ours told us to go to Egypt – that the finest class of Arabian horses was there. So we went to the Egyptian Agricultural Organization's stud farm in Egypt when we left Turkey, and there we found the horses we had envisioned in our dreams. The farm's director we were to meet, General Tibor von Szandtner, had just retired to Germany and so these horses were now under the care of a new director, Dr. Mohammed Marsafi, an Egyptian. He showed us all the horses and we fell in love with three yearlings. That was probably not the best thing to do because we could have bought older horses and started a breeding program. However, these three yearlings appealed to us as the best and touched our hearts. We decided to have patience and take the youngsters instead. So we asked Dr. Marsafi if he would sell these yearlings to us. He said the director general of the EAO, Dr. Ahmed Afifi, would have to be consulted. So he took us to the EAO's executive building overlooking the Nile River in downtown Cairo. Dr. Afifi then advised us that, "We will consider selling them to you but you will have to pay \$15,000." Don and I only had been married a year and had little savings. We told him we could offer \$10,000, and that's all we could do. He told us to come back the next day and discuss it further. There is a fine line of bargaining in the Arab world. Either you look stupid by paying too much, or you insult them by offering too little. We went back the next day and they took our offer, which was fair. But rather than have it appear that they had given in they said, "The two fillies that you want you can buy. But the colt is our gift to you."

Actually, what they did is meet our price but make it sound like it was a special gift, and in fact it was. This colt, Ansata Ibn Halima, changed the face of breeding in the Arabian horse world. He became one of the greatest breeding stallions in the past century and was indeed a gift to the world. We were delighted with the horses but wondered how we were going to be able to afford them. We decided to make that financial sacrifice because in those days banks didn't loan any money on horses.

Remember my reference to "divine appointments"? It turned out that General von Szandtner, whom we had just missed in Egypt, later wrote to a friend of ours and said that if he had still been there, he would never have let us have those three yearlings.

So we went home on vacation, shipped the yearlings by boat, and they arrived in North Carolina safe and sound. We met them at the dock in a rented trailer, drove back in a snowstorm to Chickasha, Oklahoma, where Don's parents lived, and leased a fine stable nearby. During the first few days there the colt jumped in a well and tore open his leg. There is an old saying, "The good ones are usually the first ones to get hurt." The vet sewed him up and he was fine.

Vacation time over, we had to go back overseas and leave our three precious horses. We had about \$900 left in the bank and were assigned to Libya. Let me tell you, Libya in 1969-70 was truly the armpit of the world. It was very backward. People were uneducated and the kids spit at you when you were on the street. Nevertheless, we made the best of it. We lived in Tripoli first and then moved to Benghazi. We studied the Arabian horses in that country, and we also revisited Egypt, which is right next door. We decided that some day we would live in Egypt.

Soon we were transferred again. The **“dreams of the past were becoming the realities of the future.”** We studied the Arabian horses in Iran, and then later we moved to Greece where we visited racetracks and spent time with Egyptian trainers who had brought many Arabian horses there to race. I went to the National Museum in Athens and studied many of the fine representations of Arabian horses on various artifacts. Later, we went to South America, and then back to Turkey, and then again to Greece. But eventually, after the six-day war in 1967, we were transferred by Halliburton to Egypt.

In the meantime, our horses were growing up at home where there was increasing interest in them. Doug Marshall of the Quintana Petroleum Company visited our farm and decided that he would like import some Egyptian horses. Later, we leased our young stallion, Ansata Ibn Halima, to him, and he promoted and showed him along with several of the horses that he imported from Egypt for his Gleannloch Farms in Texas. This had a far-reaching effect, more than we could have done ourselves, and the Egyptian horse began to come into focus worldwide. They were rare, given that less than one percent of the Arabian horses in the world were of Egyptian lineage.

The popularity of our stallion required that I come home and take care of the breeding business, which we had not expected or planned for at all. **“Realizing the dream”** became an unexpected business.

After living in Egypt, we began to realize the true significance of the horses that we had purchased. We studied them on the representations of ancient monuments in Egypt and the Islamic museums. We came to appreciate these horses as an art form, and that breeding them was indeed an art. Many great artists of the past had used the Arabian as their model horse for refinement and beauty. We therefore decided to devote our life to raising and perpetuating this particular line of “straight Egyptian” Arabian horse because it was the foundation on which all other modern Arabian bloodlines had been built. Thus the power of intention and the power of visualization were brought into play.

One of the important historical documents that would teach us more, and teach others more about the breed, was a manuscript written in the 1800s by the scribes of Abbas Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt from 1848-1854. I knew that somewhere in Egypt this manuscript existed because I had read about it in books by a famed Victorian traveler, Lady Anne Blunt. It happened that when we were living in Egypt, I had an opportunity to meet the Sherif family whose ancestors had been important in breeding Egyptian horses in the mid-1800s. I knew that the Sherifs’ grandfather, Ali Pasha Sherif, at one time had this manuscript. So I kept asking Mr. Sherif, “Are you sure you don’t have an old manuscript?” And he repeatedly said no. For six months I persevered and pestered him. “Ahmed, you must have the manuscript about these horses.” Finally he said, “I do have an old book written in Arabic down in the basement, but I can’t understand what it’s about.” I said, “Go get it and read it to me.” He went and got it, sat down and started to read it.

Of course, he couldn’t understand it because he didn’t understand Bedouin tribal history and was translating it incorrectly. But here indeed was the long lost manuscript that was written 1849 by the scribes of Abbas Pasha. His daughter, Gulsun, and I decided that we would try and translate it. She spoke excellent English and was an Arabic scholar. After a full year of transcribing, translating, and talking to knowledgeable horse people who understood the dialects of those days, we were able to complete it. The book titled, *The Abbas Pasha Manuscript*, took over 20 years to compile and finish, with the addition of artistic illustrations to enhance the histories. It was a great joy to be able to finally realize that dream.

By then, the popularity of Egyptian horses had begun to grow, not only in our country but also in Europe and the Middle East. And because we realized that this group of bloodlines would be dissipated if something wasn’t done to preserve it, the Marshalls and we and a group of other dedicated breeders got together in 1969, established the definition for this nucleus of Egyptian bloodlines and founded an organization we named the Pyramid Society. It was devoted to the preservation and perpetuation of these straight Egyptian horses, descendants of those in the Abbas book. I was secretary, Doug Marshall was

president, and from Ansata's little portable office building at our farm Chickasha, Oklahoma, and from many places we lived overseas, I was able to stay in touch and help build this organization into a worldwide entity. Eventually an executive director, Lee Cholak, was hired and we moved the Pyramid Society offices to the Kentucky Horse Park. Everything the Society did was funded by personal donations. We developed learning tools such as reference handbooks and we also held breeding seminars. Then Cholak conceived the Egyptian Event as a means to attract breeders to exhibit and show their horses annually at the Park. In 2005, the Egyptian Event will celebrate its 25th anniversary with prize money over \$130,000 awarded annually and growing. The Event is visited by breeders from all around the world and continues to maintain its image as a leader internationally in marketing, showing, sales, education, and also with a focus on ending abuse of horses in the show ring. Recently a group of Pyramid Society members undertook a new project by establishing the first Egyptian Arabian Horse Fair in Fort Worth, Texas, to further educate the public about this breed of horse.

In speaking about entrepreneurship – because this organization was an entrepreneurial adventure – it is significant that it was founded at a time when there was a lot of money in this industry, both for Thoroughbreds and Arabians. The Pyramid Society was founded on right motives. It was founded on a love of the horse because it was something we believed in, not something merely to create financial rewards. Others who copied us fell away when the tax laws changed. Their motives were to imitate what we were doing, but strictly for their financial gain. I think, whatever you do, a right motive is an important reason for lasting success.

Next came “**perfecting the dream.**” Our first young horses were now of age. They had been bred. We had been successful with them in the show ring when we came home. Don even took Ansata Ibn Halima into the show ring and won. Later on when the Marshalls showed him, he was US National Top Ten Stallion three times. Then his son, Ansata Ibn Sudan, came along. He won US Top Ten Stallion, together with his father in the same class, at a time when there were 70-90 horses competing in US National halter classes. Sometime later we leased Ansata Ibn Sudan to a breeder in Michigan and it turned out that this breeder, who had his own horse eligible to be in the 1972 US Nationals that year, was unscrupulous. We had a terrible time trying to get the money he owed us or even getting our horse back. We were living overseas. We had to try and find a way out of this dilemma because time was so short before Sudan was to be shown. I remember talking to one of my counselors during this difficult period who reminded me: “That which rightfully belongs to you can never be taken from you.”

I went home—we were living in England at the time—and I was able to finally negotiate with these people to release Sudan to us. Our manager drove to Michigan and trailered him back to Oklahoma. He was fat and totally out of condition. I thought, how in the world are we ever going to come over this obstacle? Luck was with us. That happened to be the year there was a terrible outbreak of VEE, (Venezuelan Equine Encephalitis) and the 1971 Nationals were postponed for another month. Day in and day out we worked Sudan until we had him in absolutely superb shape. When the time came, he was ready. When he pranced into the ring of the US National Stallion Championship class in Oklahoma City, everyone who saw him will never forget that spirited white stallion with his neck arched proudly and tail flying high over his back. He knew it was his day! When the judges' cards were turned in, I looked at a friend who was assisting in center ring. She winked at me, and I knew that we had won over the 83 other champion stallions. To this day, Ansata Ibn Sudan is the only straight Egyptian horse bred in America that has ever won the US National Champion Stallion honor.

Again, back to divine appointments. We had to leave Egypt and move to England. I just hated to go. I loved the country and had many wonderful friends there. We'd been helping people export horses to Europe and America. There were so many activities and such an appreciation of the Egyptian horse. Believe me, I cried. But as someone had told me once before, “Let go and let God.”

On arrival at Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, England, we went looking for an apartment and found one overlooking the North Sea. When we stepped inside there was a huge mural on the dining room wall depicting two gods and goddesses of ancient Egypt. I thought to myself, this is a fortuitous sign. I learned soon after that Anna Sewell, author of *Black Beauty*, one of my childhood favorite books, had lived in the town of Great Yarmouth. While we were there, I had an opportunity to visit the British Museum to study

the diaries of Lady Anne Blunt, the Victorian traveler who had originally mentioned the *Abbas Pasha Manuscript* in her writings. In addition to reading her diaries and meeting her surviving family, I had the time to write and begin two of my books, *Hoofbeats Along the Tigris*, and *The Classic Arabian Horse* as well as to begin refining the Abbas manuscript. Thus my time in England turned out to be fortuitous.

Eventually, we decided to move from Oklahoma to Texas. We bought a farm there, and in 1973, Don retired from Halliburton. The horses by now had become a major business. We didn't intend for it to be, but because so many people wanted to share and enjoy the horses, and appreciated them for their beauty, our business began to boom. While we were still in Texas, we produced a stallion named Ansata Halim Shah. This horse went on to influence and revolutionize Egyptian Arabian horse breeding around the world.

Then in 1981 we decided to move from Texas to Arkansas, the natural state. By that time, international recognition of the Pyramid Society and the Egyptian horses was in place. There were Egyptian Events being held in Germany, and in other countries. There were private breeders in Egypt where before only the EAO government stud farm was accepted. Our farm had grown and was recognized worldwide. We supplied foundation breeding and show horses to royal, private, and government studs, including the famed Marbach Stud in Germany and Babolna Stud in Hungary. We held breeding seminars at the farm; and I became an international judge to encourage the appreciation of classic type and art of breeding.

Over time, we had many famous people visit the farm – Mike Nichols, Bill Clinton, Paolo Gucci, counts from Europe, Patrick Swayze, sheikhs from Qatar, princes from the Al Saud of Arabia, and breeders from all over the world. It had become a Mecca for people who believed in and wanted to see the classic Egyptian Arabian horse.

And last but not least, we come to “**sharing the dream.**”

Bruce Wilkinson, in his book, *The Dream Giver*, states, “So many dreamers once they've accomplished a dream, settle in and try to own it.” But dreams don't work that way. They can eventually turn in on themselves and become just another little empire of self. To me, it's always been important to share my dream so that others can fulfill dreams of their own. The opportunity came in an unexpected way.

The Arab world that we had taken from was now beginning to renew its appreciation of its Arabian horse culture and heritage. One day in 1989, I got a telephone call from a young Arab. He wanted to come visit. He arrived with an entourage of six other young Arab men – without luggage – their first time to the United States. Not a complaint! We went to Wal-Mart and got them some clothes, and two days later their things showed up.

This young man was a sheik of the royal Al Thani family of Qatar where his uncle was the current ruler. He loved our horses and had studied them from afar. He wanted to purchase two young mares that we really didn't want to sell, but we saw an opportunity to give something back to the Arab world and agreed to sell them. Perhaps we could see in him what Dr. Marsafi and Dr. Afifi saw in us when we first went to Egypt. He took these two young horses and invited us to come to the first show in Qatar. The choice mare was a beautiful white mare, and she became the first Junior Champion of their new Qatar International Arabian Show. From then on, importations from Ansata to Qatar grew. This young sheik based his program primarily on Egyptian bloodstock. His cousin is currently the Emir of Qatar, an Arabian state well known now, and from where we launched our American forces in the second Gulf War.

In 1994, the current Emir of Qatar asked if he could purchase Ansata Halim Shah, who was then probably the greatest breeding horse of Egyptian bloodlines in the world, and we agreed. This horse did become a “light on the hill” for the Arab world. Eventually there were exports to Saudi Arabia to the House of Al Saud; to Jordan to the daughter of King Hussain; and even back to Egypt, because the line we had developed now exceeded what we'd taken them from, and which they had somehow lost.

We also exported horses to Kuwait because during the first Gulf War their Arabian Horse Center's bloodstock was destroyed by Saddam Hussein. He took many horses, turned some of them loose to die in the desert, while the rest he took back to Baghdad. There were only about 12 horses left so they asked us if we would help re-establish the breeding programs in Kuwait. This resulted in many other young breeders developing breeding programs of their own, and a new market has now expanded throughout the entire Gulf.

As a matter of fact, we were in the Gulf during the start of the second Gulf War. People asked, "Are you crazy? Why are you going over there with a war starting?" We happened to be there during the first few days when the war got underway. There were reporters all over the hotels. Because we always traveled to Kuwait and then Egypt after Qatar, our friends in Qatar advised us, "Don't worry. You can go to Kuwait, but don't go to Egypt. There's rioting in the streets." We went on to Kuwait. We could see tanks and soldiers everywhere. Our Kuwaiti friends said, "Oh, don't worry." So we went out to dinner one night with them were eating at a restaurant on the wharf at about 11:30 p.m. The restaurant was beside a huge new shopping mall – Kuwait is very modern today – and we had a wonderful dinner, enjoyed our friends and went back to our hotel. We woke up the next morning and found out that right where we had been sitting, the only missile to hit Kuwait City hit right there just two hours later. I don't know what the moral of that is, but I guess it wasn't a divine appointment for us to be blown apart at that time. It reminded me to "live in the moment" because you don't know when you won't be here to enjoy it. We went on to Egypt and nothing else happened!

To achieve most of our dreams, we have choices to make. One of those choices is attitude. This reminds me of the story of two little boys who were put into two rooms filled with horse manure. One of the little boys went in and soon came out screaming, so unhappy that he'd been put in a room with horse manure. The other little boy went in but did not come out at all. When they went in to find him, he was just as happy as he could be, digging and digging away. The teacher who was doing the experiment asked why he was so happy. He said, "With all this manure, there's got to be a pony in here somewhere."

Like the little kid with the dream of finding that pony, with a positive attitude our dream came true.

In closing, I'd like to share just a few final thoughts of a lifetime in the horse world that may be useful in realizing your dreams and becoming an entrepreneur. Understand that love is the divine inspirational and motivating force in the universe. As a man thinketh, so is he. As you sow, so shall you reap. Like attracts like, and progress is born of experience. Remember that our Creator gave us dominion, not domination, over animals. If you're in the horse business, no matter what aspect of it, understand that breeding horses is an art and all arts are interrelated. All have truth, beauty, harmony, rhythm, balance, dimension, substance, and form. Cultivate an appreciation and understanding of the different breeds. Always give back to the industry from which you have taken. The world loves a cheerful giver. Never give up. Try to overcome, or, rather, I should say, come over the obstacle rather overcoming it. Overcoming something implies a struggle; like running through a hurdle instead of jumping over it. Be a light on the hill. Go the extra mile. Stay in touch with the roots of your beginnings. Muck a stall. Pet a horse. Sweep the barn. Smell the hay. Be impeccable with your word. Don't take things personally. Never make assumptions. Always do your best. Believe in the magic of your dreams and they will come true. They did for me and they can for you.

One last word for those of you who are married or who may get married, marry someone who believes and supports whatever you do. I have to thank my husband so much for all of the support that he has given me for so many years. God bless you, and God bless America.

Thank you.

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