



Schantor The Very 'Special' Horse.

As the war progressed the German army on the eastern front needed to be re-supplied, the order was given that the Molidorf farmers who owned good sturdy farm horses would be required to trade some of their stock for army horses who needed a respite from war service. There was a lot of grumbling on the part of the locals about being 'obliged' to trade good solid farm horses on which the Molidorf farmers depended to make their living, but seeing no other choice the trade in went ahead.

So this is how the special horse named Schantor ended up on Dad's farm. Schantor was quite temperamental & considered it an insult to be harnessed to a wagon. He was a bit shy about actually having to earn his keep but with a lot of coaxing eventually gave in quite reluctantly.

My dad who was just a young buck at the time, had learned that Schantor had a weakness for sugar so dad always carried a pocketful of candy to placate Schantor & make him more co-operative. This little trick earned dad a lot of compliments from his grandfather who was the real serious horse lover in the family & had earned a good reputation for his talent of working with horses.

Then came the fateful Sunday when Schantor was harnessed to the wagon for a trip. As was the custom in those days on Sunday afternoon in Molidorf the town band would play music in the square where everyone could enjoy it. Well as soon as Schantor came close enough to hear the music he proceeded to prance & high-step.



Much to my family's embarrassment Schantor was showing off all his special steps & moves, prancing & dancing to the delight of the Molidorf residents who had gathered and were laughing and enjoying the show. Schantor just loved the music & the attention ...he didn't seem to mind the laughter. It was later discovered that Schantor was actually the parade horse of a German officer and in the past Schantor was of course pampered by his previous owner then brought out for parades on special occasions only. Small wonder then that poor Schantor had a bit of difficulty adjusting to life on a Molidorf farm where hard work was a daily requirement.

Dad came to love this difficult & proud horse in spite of the fact that each time that Schantor heard music he would begin his antics much to the dismay of my dad who as a youngster didn't enjoy being the laughing stock in town.

Dad never forgot Schantor and often told us the story of Schantor the special horse.