

on the set, and she became very interested in both sheepdogs and Fell ponies. Joseph told me later about these talks and I wondered if this enterprising and delightful lady with her knowledge of Thoroughbred horses might like to become involved with the Fell Pony Society. Consequently I wrote her a long letter to which she replied with pleasure, inviting me to lunch at her club in London. We got on famously. She listened with interest to many tales of the North and of the problems with which the Society was faced in the aftermath of war years. She decided that to give a cup for a registered stallion would be the most useful thing that she could do at that moment to help the breed in its hour of need. She also gave a progeny cup to encourage the registration of young stock.

The council was delighted with the news and invited Lady Yule to become our president. Not long afterwards she came north and stayed with us to see Fell ponies in their own country. A third cup was donated and our new president followed the resurgence of the breed with interest to the end of her life.

The years passed; Bryce and I were married and went to live in Ayrshire. I continued being secretary and treasurer until our second baby arrived. We stayed at Dalemain regularly, particularly to attend meetings of the Society, but it was time to hand on to someone else. Peggy Crossland had become a keen member and I persuaded her to take the mantle upon her shoulders. The revival of our breed and the friendship of so many people all working for the same objective, filled a gap in my life for which I shall always be grateful.

SYLVIA MCCOSH

## **Fell Pony Cowboys**

Abbey Fell ponies make themselves useful in many different ways, but the job at which they excel is helping to manage the Shanno herd of Welsh Black cattle.

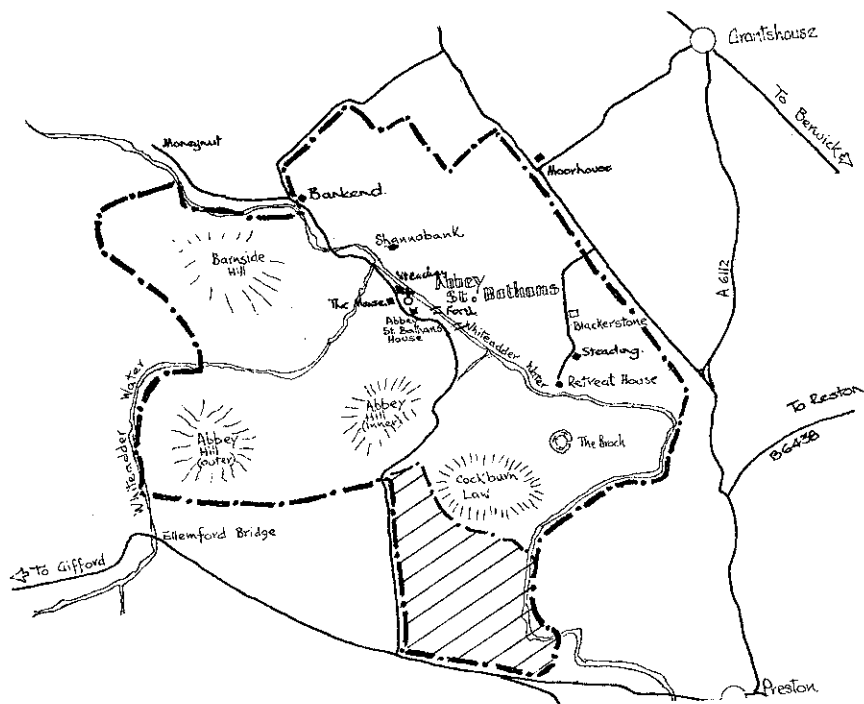
The first Abbey foal was born in 1970 and the same year it was decided to replace the traditional Irish blue-grey cows with a self-contained herd of pedigree Welsh Blacks. There are now 180 suckler cows which, with calves, heifers and bulls, make up a total of about 350 animals. The spring calves are born in March and April. As soon as the calves are fit to walk they are moved onto fresh grass. Very young calves can be completely irrational in their behaviour. They cannot tell the difference between a pony and a mother cow but the ponies are very patient and gentle with them. After calving is over the cows are divided into family groups which run with different bulls. Once the cows have all been served and the calves begin to grow up it is more practical to sort them into two larger groups so that those with heifer calves and those with bull calves are in separate fields.

During the course of the next few months the groups have to come in to the steadings for various reasons. Those not lucky enough to be born polled have to be dehorned. The calves are weighed at regular intervals and once a year every animal on the place has to be tested for brucellosis.

By the time the calves are ready to be weaned they have been in and out several times and so they usually behave quite well. The calves are kept in for a few days and the cows are taken as far away as possible. Then the calves are taken to different fields, or spend their first winter indoors. After that all would be quiet if there were not the Autumn born calves growing up, having to go through the same processes as their older cousins.

The cattle are spread over three farms on the estate, on both sides of the River Whiteadder, and moves can be as long as two miles by road, along tracks or across the open hill. Quite often they have to ford the river which is only possible in a tractor or

on horseback. It is difficult to imagine how we could take cows from the top of the Abbey Hill over the river to Blackerston stading without the help of the Fell ponies.



Our technique of driving cattle has been worked out to a fine art. The minimum number of riders is two, with the cattleman in a landrover to lead the way, but if three or more ponies are available we can manage straight forward moves on our own, enabling the cattleman to get on with other jobs. To move cattle along the road there must always be one person in front and one at the back. Between each sideroad and gateway a third pony must trot past the cows, sometimes zig-zagging between them, to block up every opening before the cows get there. It is essential to have one or two ponies of the on going kind who enjoy overtaking and being at the front, as well as one who is patient enough to plod at the back behind the slowest old cow or the youngest calf.

The ponies really like working with the cattle and very quickly learn what to do. Some are better at certain jobs than others. Pimpernel is very quick and good at dashing off after a runaway calf but he is alarmed if a cow or bull turns around and confronts him. His sister Primula is quite unflappable and will stand firm in any situation. It is very good training for the young ponies to come out with the cattle but some of the steeper fields can be very tiring for an unfit four year old, especially if the cows are reluctant to come down and decide to go back to the top. We always take at least one old stager in case of emergency. The most experienced is Lownthwaite Lucky, and the grey mare, Riggs Toffy, is one of the most versatile.

The regular riders are the farmer's wife (myself) and the girl groom who is then justified in being included on the pay-roll as a farm worker. Others include school children and visitors to the holiday houses. We also have a regular helper who

deserved honorary membership of the Fell Pony Society. He is a very well behaved thoroughbred gelding called Nick whose gentleman owner enjoys nothing more than to drive cattle over the hills with the Fell ponies. All these people do for fun a job that would otherwise have to be done by at least two farm men taken from other jobs.

Fell ponies and Welsh Black cattle have many qualities in common. The black colour may seem the most obvious but in fact we have four brown ponies and a grey among our seventeen Fells, whereas the cattle can only be black. Both breeds are strong and hardy and both thrive living out all the year round on the marginal slopes of the Lammermuir hills.

Herding cattle on ponies may not sound very exciting but at Abbey St. Bathans it is a job of infinite variety and it enables the Abbey Fell ponies to earn their keep by doing something that they and their riders thoroughly enjoy.

HELEN DOBIE



*Herding cattle with Fell ponies at Abbey St. Bathans*

## **How I became Secretary of The Fell Pony Society**

In my teens I became secretary of the Windermere Young Farmers' Club. This had no bearing on my becoming secretary of the F.P.S. except that I acquired the habit of taking notes.

In a previous article I recalled how I acquired my first Fell Pony, Birkett Bank Polly (Rosie) from Mr. Joseph Relph in 1947, and soon after joining the F.P.S. I attended my first meeting. What changes have taken place since then! Meetings were held at the recently demolished Crown Hotel, Penrith. Among those present were Mr. J. Relph, Hon. Secretary; Mr. W. J. Wharton of Eamont Bridge; Mr. R. B. Charlton; Mr. T. Noble; Mr. J. Graham; Mr. T. Pearson; Mrs. G. Newall; Mrs. McCosh; Mr. W. Winder, and myself. Of these, only the last three are alive today. About a year later, on Mr. Relph's recommendation, I was co-opted on to the Council.

Mrs. McCosh was joint secretary and also ran the newly-formed Breeding Enclosures. A few years later, I went to a meeting at which she was unable to be present as she was then living in Ayrshire. She usually took the minutes. After this meeting Mr. Relph said "I did not take any notes for the minutes, but I saw you writing some down". I replied I would let him have a fair copy, but he said he would rather I wrote the minutes and at the following meeting, since I had written them, Mr. Relph thought I ought to read them. I think I was trembling like a leaf when the ordeal was over! I suppose this got me into the "public eye", so when, later, owing to the arrival of a second baby, Mrs. McCosh was unable to attend the Stallion Show, she wrote asking if I would run the show. I have always been thrown in at the deep end!

In 1950 it was decided to run a second Breeding Enclosure, and I offered to help with this one at High Arnside, near Coniston, close to my home. As Mrs. McCosh's young and growing family took more and more of her time, I became her unofficial assistant secretary, and when, in 1955, she decided she would have to resign, she proposed that I should take her place as joint secretary. I had a few months working with Mr. Relph's help and guidance when, tragically, he became ill and died in February 1956. This was a tremendous blow to me and to the Society. The following A.G.M. I was elected secretary. At that time there were 86 members, and in my first year 25 fillies and 19 colts were registered. Twenty five years later, there were 709 members and 61 juniors. 154 fillies and 110 colts were registered – exactly six times the number a quarter of a century earlier. It is nice to know that the Society is still growing.

PEGGY CROSSLAND

## From "The Memoirs of Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester"

Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice has graciously given her consent for the following extract from her recent autobiography. It concerns the years during the First War when as a child she and her family spent August and September at the Lodge, Langholm, and at Bowhill and Drumlanrig which served as hospitals from the outset of the War.

"Andrew Smith, the head keeper, was our guide and master, a well respected figure in the neighbourhood and life-long friend of many of the guests who came to stay . . . There were three Fell ponies at Langholm called the "Black 'un", the "Grey 'un" and the "Brune 'un", which were used to carry the hampers of dead game and sometimes to provide a lift for old or infirm guests, who found the walking too tiring. On non-shooting days Andrew Smith, who was a knowledgeable naturalist, used to lead us out riding on these animals. Often such expeditions would last the day, during which we would probably call on one or other of the tenant farmers scattered around the estate. They and their wives would give us a warm welcome and something good to eat and drink.

One day the "Black 'un", to receive his carrot, suddenly jumped the railing round his paddock with the ease of a roe deer. "How splendid" exclaimed Mary (her sister), "Now we can take him hunting". And in the years following the War when the hunt was again in full swing. I would ride him regularly late in the season up in the hill country he knew so well. He loved it as much as I did, never tiring or refusing a jump

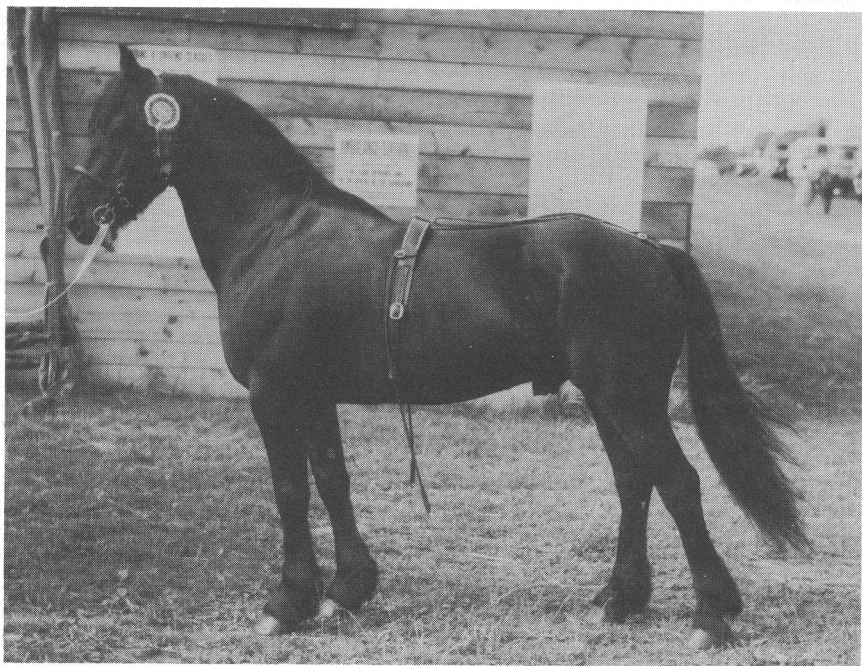
or stumbling over the “sheep-drains” which abounded on that difficult ground. He instinctively recognised bogs, stopping to paw the ground and snort so as to let me know to give him his head and find his own way round. Often we would end up the day deep in the moors, twelve or more miles from home, with me quite lost, but I always knew that with a loose rein he would unerringly find the way back without a moment of hesitation. Out of season he lived at Bowhill – pulling the mowing machine or taking household washing to and from Selkirk – a truly remarkable animal that lived to a good old age of thirty or more.”

We are most grateful to Her Royal Highness for this interesting tale and also for a further paragraph which she wrote specially for inclusion in the News: “Andrew Smith, the keeper, would go off now and again to some sale in Cumberland to pick out a suitable pony; he must have had a good eye for picking out a good one.”

## Roundthwaite Lucky Jim 3258

*Sire: Stormboy 2288*

*Dam: Syble 8319 by Swinburn*



*Roundthwaite Lucky Jim, Fell Champion, Royal Show, 1956*

He was born in May 1951, bred by the late Mr. Tommy Thompson of Roundthwaite, and we bought him in February 1954 rising three years old. We were taken to see him by the late Mr. Joe Baxter on a farm at the foot of Bowscale Fell. That summer he ran out with two mares; the result was two colts, which eventually became champions, one winning at the Coldstream One Day Event, the other competitors being full sized horses! Jim continued to sire over twenty champions of which 75% were fillies. Dene Beauty Model was the winner of over 100 championships, and

Dene Fire Fame won The Queen's Cup at Royal Windsor Show which was presented by Her Majesty. His grandsons and granddaughters are now continuing to win championships.

The following winter we broke Jim to ride. He was lovely and well balanced, and always behaved like a perfect gentleman. Later he was broken to harness. He had such a wonderful nature. When he was four years old he was champion Fell Pony at the Royal Show. He also won the Ponies of Britain Progeny Award twice. I think I am correct in saying that each time he was shown in the riding class at the Fell Pony Stallion Show he was only once beaten into second place by his son Dalemaint Nettle! The last big show I took him to was the Ponies of Britain Stallion Show where he was Champion Fell Pony at the age of 21 years. He was 24 when last shown under saddle.

Jim usually ran out all the year round with his mares except for several winters when he was lent to Mr. Peter Dean who hunted him with the Hayden Hounds, also using him for Riding and Pony Club events. He was very good with his mares, even the difficult ones. I once saw a mare back him into a wire fence, her back feet going hard at him. Jim reared up and over balanced, falling backwards over the wire fence into the cottage cabbage patch! I don't know who was more surprised – me, the mare, or Jim!

On Jim's 30th birthday he had a party with a cake of oats and bran and boiled linseed; it was iced and decorated with sliced carrots and apples and thirty blue candles – each of the ponies was given a slice. The Newcastle Journal took his photograph with all the candles lit on the cake.

The most outstanding thing about Jim was his good nature. He was intelligent, quick to learn and always easy to handle. I doubt if any stallion will ever match him. He died in April 1983.

AILIE NEWALL

## Townend Princess II

After battling for nearly four years with Rushk my former pony, in order to make him quiet to shoe, we finally gave up. Sooner or later someone was going to be hurt; the kindest thing to do was to try and find a home for him where he would not be used on the roads. The only people interested needed a quiet school master, which Rushk certainly was not, so, not wishing him to go through the sales to an uncertain future, we had him put down.

I wanted a Fell Pony to replace him. At Ennerdale Show 1977 Eddie Wilson told us that he had several ponies for sale and we decided to visit Town End. One week later I took the day off school to go with my parents to collect Townend Princess II. On arrival back at the stables which were to be her new home, she made an instant impression on everyone by being so calm and gentle amidst strange surroundings.

We spent a super winter together and my confidence was restored after a bad fall from Rushk. At 4 a.m. on May 19th Princess's first foal was born, a black colt – we named him Warborough Romany. We showed the two at five shows that year, but due to my inexperience and Romany's exuberance and ability to catch anything that was going round, we didn't do too well! The following year we did better; Princess gained her first red rosette at Gosforth Show in the ridden class.

We spent the summer together at Keswick where, with some help, I broke her to harness in the midst of the holiday traffic. We became familiar faces in and around Keswick, giving visitors rides in the area. After a hectic season, grazing was found for Princess at a small village a few miles from Cockermouth where she spent a very peaceful and pampered winter. I was kept busy at home breaking my new pony, High Heath Dainty, to ride.

Summer 1981 got off to a fairly slow start, then I bought a small float and began to drive seriously again. That meant marathons, obstacle driving and dressage. I remember one rally; my father was to drive Romany with my boyfriend, but the vehicle had a weak shaft and he ended up driving Princess alone – all very well you may think – but he had never driven before! However Princess is an expert and she showed him how it was done. She also went into a local Carnival that summer (just as a last minute favour for a friend) and won first prize! She also took part in a 28 mile drive to commemorate the Royal Wedding. Her patience and willingness was shown when I took her to a camp run by our school for children from a deprived area of Manchester. She spent two days tethered behind my tent being “molested” by children who had never been close to a pony before, giving rides on her back and in the float and even coming into the marquee in the evening at supper time!

In our first all Driving Competition, Princess won the Novice Class and the Ride and Drive Class (judged by Clive Richardson and Carl Bevan) and was second in the under 13.2 hh class.

Princess has worked very hard. She has proved to be a brilliant teacher – all our clients love her – we really need another ten Princesses to keep everyone happy. We have continued with our driving and in May we were second in a Novice One Day Event. At the Cumberland Show we tried our hardest to beat Jim Bell and Magic in the obstacle race, but we were not quite quick enough – perhaps next time? Obstacle driving is really our forte I think, as Princess is very fast and responsive.

## **The First Stallion Licence Issued by the Fell Pony Society**

Town End Duke III holds the first stallion licence to be issued by the Fell Pony Society. He was only three weeks old when I first saw him and longed to buy him. Now, three years later, having owned him since he was a yearling, it gives such pleasure to see the first three foals, all black fillies, sired by our proud and handsome “Duke”.

GWEN WILLIAMSON

## **Humorous Reminiscences from our good friend “Dalesman”**

There can be no doubt that the chroniclers of old were correct when they wrote that the first “beasts of burden” in the world were the women of long ago; so great was the patience and determination displayed by this long suffering section of the community that such a state of affairs endured in what harmony it might exist for hundreds, or maybe even thousands of years. It was customary for the ladies to carry the loads homewards whilst their men folk, walking behind them with the hunting dogs, encouraged them to walk more quickly, hurry home, put on the kettle and carry even heavier loads next time in an age when a couple of porcupines, a stag and half a dozen hares were considered to be a light weight for a young lady to carry upon her back.

This state of affairs, however, was soon to be changed, for a sharpish girl with an eye more adverturous for the future, whilst looking at the wild ponies idling fat and contented upon the village green doing nothing but eat, suddenly came to the conclusion that it would be a good idea for posterity if these ponies could be persuaded to carry a multitude of tribal necessities upon **their** stout backs, leaving the ladies to walk along behind with the dogs and the boys.

Unfortunately, neither saddles, buckles nor straps had been invented, so children had to sit upon the ponies to hold steady the loads; this was of course the birth of the Pony Club, and very popular it became. Ponies accepted the idea with enthusiasm, requiring in fact neither training nor instruction, so great was their enjoyment in their work.

Thus the world galloped on upon the back of ponies, frequently Fell Ponies, until a very formidable woman indeed astounded civilisation as it then existed; (but it cannot be argued that it was herself who invented the wheel which changed the whole future of the world!) This lady, who had trained four and more husbands and lost them in the arts of war, now turned her attention to mechanisation, harnessing her ponies into chariots. This Queen of The Dark Ages, leading "whip" of this and every other generation, was Boadicea, Queen of the Brigantes, commanding a squadron of chariots with scythes attached to their axles, drawn by native ponies, and with a troop of native cavalry at her command. It seems that she lacked all nice feelings and good manners, but she defied the Roman Army, compelling invaders, and even Hannibal himself, to sue for peace.

Thus it came about that the Native Pony was promoted from Pack Pony to Cavalry Charger in a decade, but this, of course, in no way changed them. Nothing has ever changed them, nor ever will, although the name "Fell Pony" was not adopted until about 1870 for this extremely hardy breed – probably, in fact, the hardiest and toughest breed of ponies in existence.

Clive Richardson in his most excellent book "The Fell Pony" published in 1981, tells us that ponies were first introduced into England in 1500 B.C. originating from the "Wild European Pony". This being the fore-runner of the Exmoor has changed very little indeed over the centuries. I will not attempt to quote from this excellent book which everyone interested in this our most heroic breed should read, and then read again.

When the Romans left Britain to return to Rome, they left over a thousand Friesian horses behind, and these extremely active and easily handled animals were the foundation of stock of the Fell Breed.

My father, the most honest of men, had I thought a "lie detector" built into his hand, and was determined by buy a NATIVE PONY. Colonel King, then Master of the Harriers, tactfully suggested to my father that I found a safer form of conveyance out hunting, so upon Saturdays I used to change him for a grey pony belonging to the Undertaker and accustomed to delivering coffins after dark. Owing to the nature of his profession, he lacked enthusiasm. Here is a small useful tip for anyone taking up donkey riding in these short-of-money days. It is no avail to beat them nor to prod them with pointed sticks, nor to put a whin bush under the tail. All that is required is to shake a box of matches and off goes Neddy like a jet plane. Not one of them can tolerate being singed more than once. These episodes happened before the first war when motor carts were never seen and Fell Ponies for whom special carts were built and often over loaded were the "Pick-up trucks" of that era. No farm was complete without a pony or two; shepherds rode them and I remember seeing a dozen or more high up on Skiddaw and Saddleback with their owners muffled and top-coated, watching hounds.

It was 1913, and some one in Central Europe had blown a bugle; the happy world as we knew it had gone for ever and motor cars being very scarce and heavy transport non-existent, became the age of the horse and the pony. Army buyers purchased them on the street on market days and left the owners to take the traps home as best they could manage.

The height limit of 15/2 or anything under became a never-ending point of argument. Prices were around £45. The fell farmer would have gone out of existence without their ponies and those great families who had bred them lived far out on the East Fells and on wild areas of Shap and around far flung lakes. When the war ended



and great flood of cars invaded quiet roads. Traps were dragged out and left under hedges and horses sold for a few pounds. Newspapers told us that the day of the horse was over and it seemed that no-one would ride let alone drive any more; with the mechanisation of coal mines, thousands of ponies, so to speak, saw "the light of day". However, some far seeing country people refused to believe that the day of the pony was over and whilst the Fell were only just managing to exist, their larger cousins the "Dales", backed up as they were by great men like Roy Charlton, were still popular over the Pennines in Northumberland. However, matters were becoming desperate in Cumberland with just a few ponies left on Caldbeck Fells. However, there was help at hand for this breed that has survived for so long and could not be allowed to die. Much has been done since the end of hostilities in 1945, and it is a glorious sight in these present years to see H.R.H. driving Her Majesty's team of Fell Ponies, himself as relaxed and happy as when driving the larger Royal Teams, winning as they do the highest honours, finishing the course as fresh as when they started out. This surely is recommendation enough of the breed . . . which grows once again in public esteem, for Fell Ponies are fun to drive.

To conclude on an humorous note, my research tells me that Queen Boadicea of Mercia, who was the first woman to take up pair-horse driving, drove a couple of Fell Ponies in her chariot and routed the whole Roman Army at Agincourt or some such foreign place. The not so "Bonnie Prince Charlie" escaped from the battle of Clifton on a Fell Pony and fled to Dacre, or more likely Dalemmain, where he was hidden until Flora MacDonald picked him up and took him to Skye.

To quote a Cumbrian:-

"They eat nowt; flait (frightened) of nowt; "ga" without shoes, and wad carry half a ton 'a' never tire."

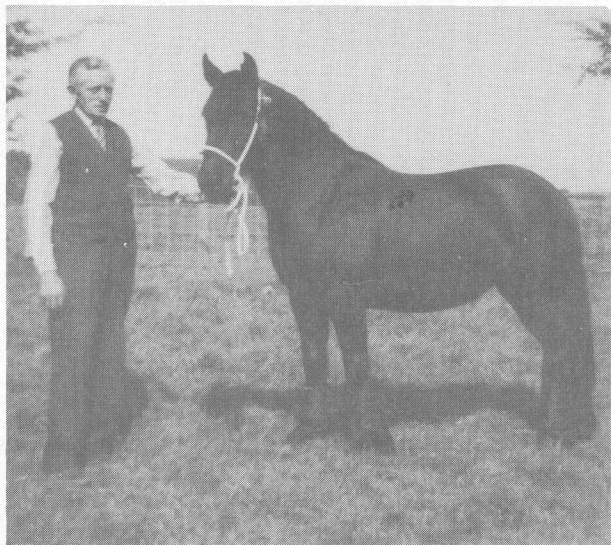
BAY DE COURCY PARRY

## **All things are possible –**

Town End Merlin, a handsome black, six-year-old gelding has had a chequered career, having passed through various hands since he was sold at Wigton horse sales as a yearling. Bought by Mr. Ellerby, a dealer from Hull, he was driven in a flat cart the following year and resold; but once more in the ownership of Mr. Ellerby, he arrived at the 1981 Breed Show with a large notice, "For Sale", tied to the back of the flat cart; he was then four years old.

Just as a deal had been struck between Merlin's owner and a Mr. Ray Cooper, Diana Slack came upon the scene. Ray, "always willing to sell a pony" readily sold him to the lady, who wondered how she could raise the money for such a desirable pony. The purchase settled, Merlin was eventually loaded into a cattle trailer with two other ponies and a baby's carry cot; he was taken to yet another home at Orton.

Mrs. Slack was only able to show Merlin five times, since few shows make provision for geldings, many exhibitors and most judges being of the opinion that a good mare will always beat a good gelding; when she brought him to the 1983 Breed Show, the gelding swept the boards; and with her helpers, Barbara and Joanne Gill, he won his first cup. His delighted owner was doubtful whether it was worthwhile to stay for the overall championship later in the evening, but eventually with exhausted children asleep in the back of their vehicle they carried the valuable Tufton Challenge Cup home to Orton. What a day, and what a wonderful pony. Despite his triumphs Merlin was unperturbed, munching hay contentedly, and surprisingly, looking exactly the same pony that was loaded in the early morning; he had not been transformed into a Pegasus, or into some sort of magic pony by the wizard whose name he bore.



*Hesket New Market Show 1982*  
*"Barbondale Petal, 1st Prize 2 year olds. Owned by Mr. J. Bell*

*Mr. R. Cooper's "Gibside Stroller"*

## Breed Show 1983



*Mrs. D. Slack's gelding Town End Merlin, Breed Show Champion 1983  
Shown and Produced by Barbara and Joanne Gill*

Morning dawned clear and beautiful as trailers and lorries gathered in the park at Brougham Hall Farm for the Society's Annual Show. A wonderful setting below the small chapel of St. Wilfred and above the river Eamont, with a natural grandstand where all could watch the splendid turn-out of ponies; these had come from all corners of Britain.

The most exciting win was the gelding Town End Merlin's championship – so often it has been said, somewhat sadly, that mares and fillies will always beat a gelding, but on this occasion it was refuted, and Mrs. D. Slack from Orton swept the boards, which gave much encouragement to all enthusiasts who rear colt foals to maturity, instead of allowing them to end their short lives in the knacker's yards. This pony which has won many prizes in the North is by Lunesdale Lucky Jim, and was bred by Eddie Wilson out of his mare Town End Dally.

The ridden championship was another exciting triumph for Mrs. M. Dawson and her daughter who had come all the way from Edinburgh with their one Fell pony. Bred by Mrs. Henry Howard, Bushby House, Greystoke by Waverhead Rambler, this gelding Bushby Buchaneer was out of a small brown Heltondale mare,

Bluebell who now gives regular rides, and draws a Rally cart, for the disabled at Calthwaite Hall. Mrs. Howard trained Buchaneer for riding and for harness work herself; after driving him for two years, schooling him most carefully, she sold him; as the new owners departed she said to them "you won't regret it, you know: he'll win for you" – and so he did. Buchaneer also qualified to go to Olympia in December.

The Packway-Bellman Cup for overall points was won jointly by Mrs. Rachel Eaves with Guards Jenny, all the way from Preston, and by Miss C. Pollitt's Castlerigg Darkie. This twenty-three year old mare also won the Veterans' Class, having come from St. Annes-on-Sea to compete.

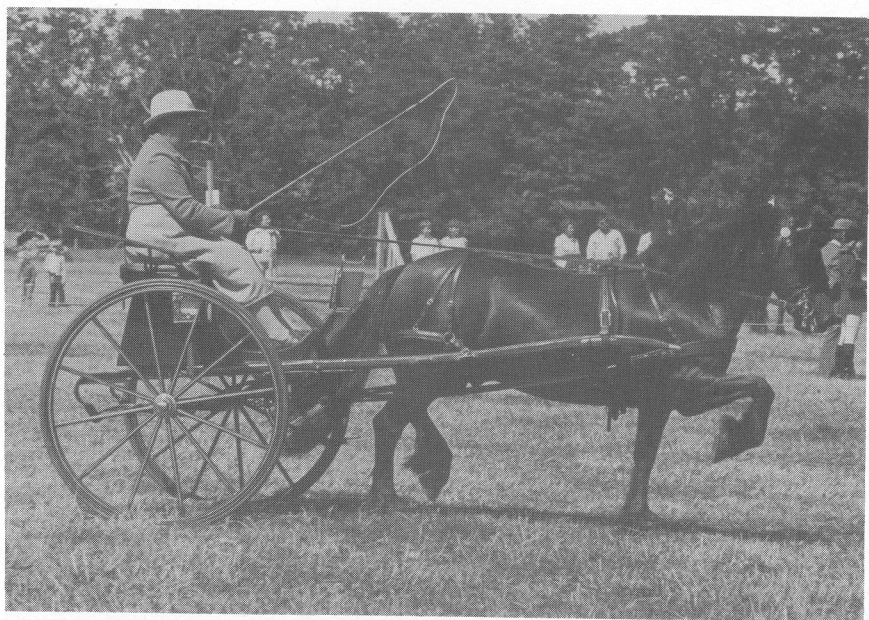
The Lakeland Cup for yearlings and two year olds was won by Jim Bell's Barbondale Pearl who was by Town End Bracken III and out of Waverhead Jewel.

The brood mare championship was won by Sylvia McCosh's Sleddale Ruth a fine, old-fashioned five year old mare by Sleddale King of the Fell. She was bred by Henry Harrison at Wet Sleddale, and bought as a two year old, specially to run with the stallion Nettle, at Dalemain, his earlier companion Heather being retired from breeding and relegated to teach small grandchildren the joy of horsemanship. It was an added joy that the Hasell Cup, first awarded in 1930, should return home.

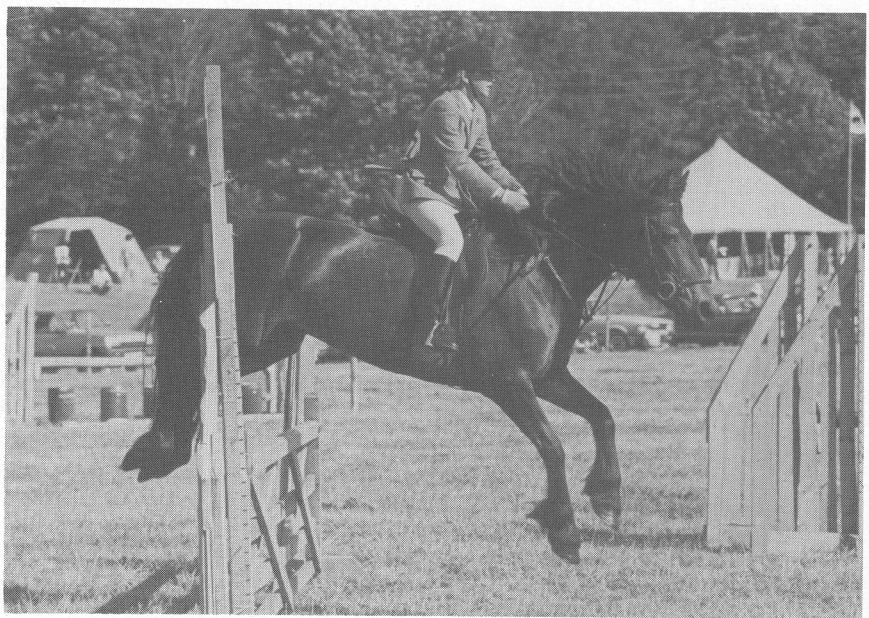
Full results of all winners including other challenge cup winners will appear in the News Letter.



*The stallion Gibside Danny Boy drawing a Bradford cart.  
Mr. Peter Dean, the judge, is seen driving with the owner Mr. John Gibson*

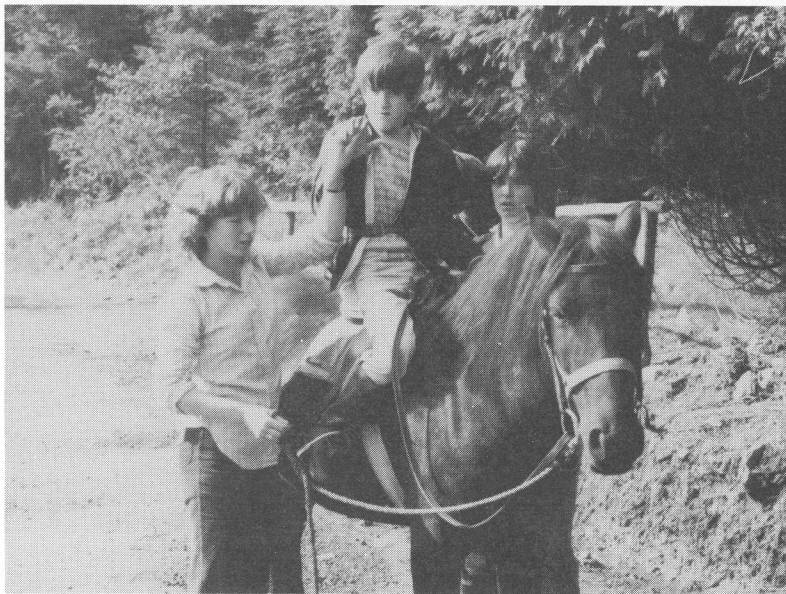


*Mrs. Jennifer Harrison driving her winning "Flash of Tebay" to a competition gig*



*Mrs. Eaves' "Guards Jenny" jumping to victory, ridden by Rachel Eaves*

# Highland Gathering



*Jeanette Hall, assisting young riders, in her Riding for the Disabled Group at Woodside Argyll – The pony is Heltondale Cody*

Jeanette Hall lives at Velvet Path, Innellan, Argyll, and with her husband has a trekking and riding establishment of high standard. Her interest in Fell ponies came out of pity when she purchased a very small Heltondale yearling colt at a sale. Long afterwards, two Dalemain ponies Iris and Maple were purchased. They were very successful, and the following year Tormentil and Traveller's Joy, known as the Highland Gathering ponies, joined the Highland gathering. Jeanette and her helpers show ponies, jumping and trekking in many events in Scotland. Here is an extract from one of her letters:—

“Just a few lines to say how much I enjoyed the F.P.S. Breed Show on Saturday. We drove down from Argyll early Saturday and arrived in time to see the Driving and most of the Riding Classes. They were especially interesting as I had so long considered entering both Maple and Tormentil this year. However, Maple has been training for the P.C. team to go forward to compete in the Inter Branch Trials at the end of the month, and as he had to be at P.C. Camp on Sunday afternoon it all went out of the question. Maple is as wonderful as ever and has done very well recently. At the local P.C. Gymkhana last month he was 1st in the Senior Pairs Jumping Competition, 2nd (by one point only!) in the Senior Handy Pony Competition, and 3rd in the Senior Jumping Competition. He won 4 rosettes that day standing 3rd in the Turn Out Class because his mane and tail were unplaited! The judge was obviously not a member of the F.P.S!

Maple was 2nd again in the same pony by one point in the Senior Handy Pony Competition at the local gymkhana a few weeks ago. I would like to bring both Tormentil and Maple down in September for the F.P.S. Performance trials and always feel he's not at his best at the end of a busy trekking season. Tormentil and Maple work together as leaders' ponies and are needless to say great

Tormentil is very quiet to handle, but with a tremendous turn of speed and limitless courage is not a beginner's ride being very sensitive. She is a wonderful pony easily Maple's equal in everything except ingenuity!

Iris and Tilly are very similar ponies. Very easy going and steady with endless patience. Tilly had a good colt foal who is now an endearing 2 year old looking more like Tormentil than Tilly at the moment.

The Heltondale pony (now a gelding) is also excellent. All four Dalemain ponies are used for disabled riders; Iris is especially kind and always behaves impeccably.

In spite of the recession which has badly affected the Scottish Tourist Industry, our little business is surviving. The stables are approved by Ponies of Britain and Scottish Riding for the Disabled Associations and some of our ponies do very well in P.C. activities. Maple and his rider Christine who works here at the stables won the cup at last year's P.C. Camp for best all-round performance of Pony and Rider (seniors).

We sent four ponies (Maple again) to the B.H.S. Riding and Road Safety Test in May and they all passed with the Heltondale Fell Pony and his little rider at the top of the class of 20 plus entrants . . . . ."

During the hot summer weather our ponies take a daily swim which they much enjoy.

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Mr. Needham from North Wales told a sad tale of a yearling gelding which he bought at a sale to save it going to the meat market. The following May the pony now two years old, began to discharge mucus and grass down its nostrils. Thinking this was grass sickness he called in the Vet who put tubes through the nostrils into its stomach. "Look at this" he said handing the special light to Mr. Needham so that he could look at the cause of the trouble. A horrible pink cancerous growth attached to the wall of the gullet was spreading tentacles which would soon prevent the pony feeding at all. The pony, born of well-bred parents, was put down. How many other cases of cancer in Fell ponies have been recorded, and what form did they take? Let us pray that this was an isolated case.

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## Animal Portraits

Large or small. Not everyone has room for panels as big as those in the Fell Pony Museum.

**Acrylic paintings, tapestry canvasses, embroideries. Paintings on board, canvasses painted for needlework; embroideries in natural threads on linen or canvas.**

If you have no suitable photograph from which to work I can visit you to take one at a minimal charge.

**SUSAN MILLARD,**

**Daw Bank, Greenholme, Tebay, Cumbria.**

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## Tony !

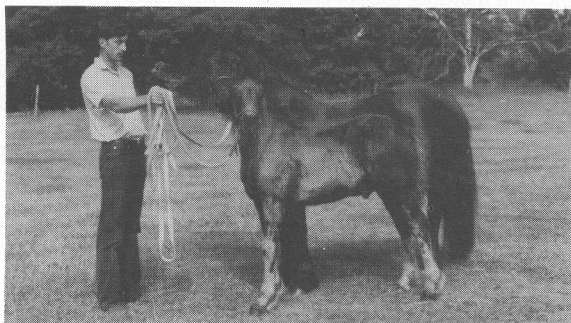
None of us need be too grand to ride a Fell pony. Harvey Smith, one of Britain's top show jumpers rode a small brownish-black gelding called Tony when he was a boy, riding the pony in all the local events near Bingley in West Yorkshire.

Tony belonged to Mr. J. E. Baker, High Eldwick, who had a dairy farm. Each morning his assistant, Josephine Brumley, having milked twenty-eight cows by hand, harnessed Tony into the milk cart, and away they went on their daily rounds. Tony was used for many useful jobs on the farm, mowing thistles in a single-horse mower with Josephine at the helm.

In his grander moments, Tony carried Harvey, winning many rosettes.

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## Grange Stables



*Michael Cotter holding the Champion Mare and her prizewinning foal at the Breed Show*

Horses and Ponies taken to be carefully and professionally broken for riding and driving

**MICHAEL COTTER,**

**Grange Stables, Cliburn, Penrith, Cumbria.  
Tel. Morland (093 14) 398.**



*"Tarnbeck"*

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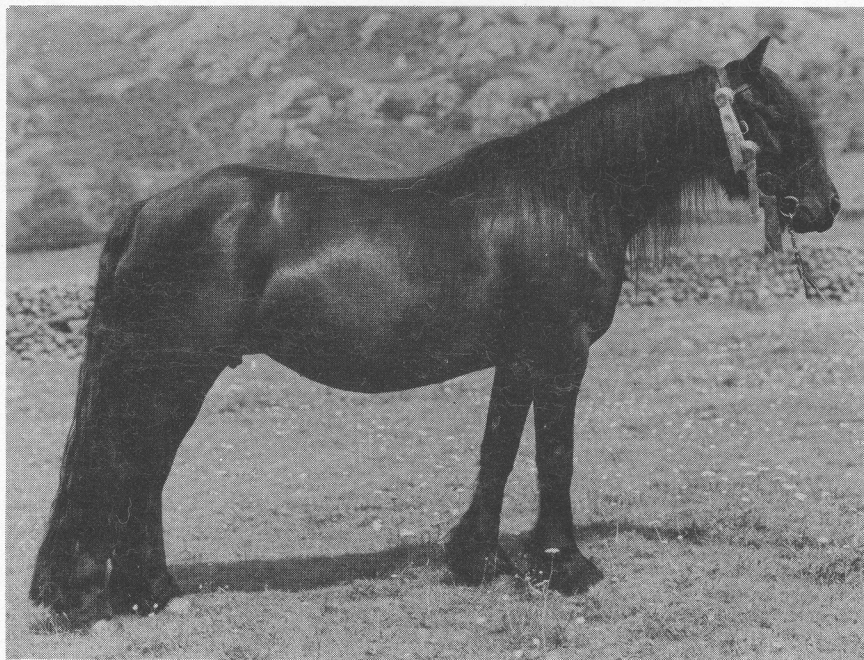
**Mrs. GWEN V**

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# Tarn Beck Ponies



*"Tarnbeck Ebony Queen", Champion Fell, National Pony Society Show*

A small stud at the head of the Duddon valley.

All ponies carefully handled and noted for their good nature

Mares taken by arrangement : Ponies occasionally For Sale

*Stallion At Stud* **TOWNEND DUKE III**, Black, foaled 1980

*Sire:* Lunesdale Lucky Jim

*Dam:* Townend Princess

**Mrs. GWEN WILLIAMSON,**

**Tongue House Farm, Seathwaite, Broughton in  
Furness, Cumbria.**

**Tel. Broughton in Furness 477**

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# **Hesket Fell Pony Stud**

Broken and Unbroken Fell Ponies sometimes For Sale

Mares Taken by Arrangement

Visitors most welcome by appointment

*At Stud* – **TOWNEND FLASH VI**

*Sire:* Waverhead Rambler

*Dam:* Townend Polly VI

**Mrs. JULIE BROWNRIGG,**

**Pasture Lane Farm, Hesket New Market,  
Wigton, Cumbria.**

**Tel. Caldbeck 389**

# Dene Fell Pony Stud



Usually For Sale

PONIES OF ALL AGES

To suit all members of the family

**Mrs. A. NEWALL,**

**Todridge, Great Whittington, Northumberland.**

**Tel. Great Whittington 218**

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# Heltondale Ponies



These roam on the fells above Ullswater and Haweswater and are rounded up in October for the Autumn sale.

*Stallions being used are:* **Heltondale Hero**

*Sire:* Heltondale Heather Lad

**Lunesdale Charles**

*Sire;* Lunesdale Jerry

**Mr. W. S. NOBLE,**

**High House, Butterwick, Penrith, Cumbria.**

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# Linnel Ponies

Ponies of all ages usually For Sale from a stud that has been breeding prize winners for over half a century.

*Standing at stud:* **Linnel Romany Boy.** *Sire:* Linnel Romany II. *Dam:* Linnel Flighty.

**Waverhead Gypsy Rover.** *Sire:* Waverhead Rambler.

*Dam:* Heltondale Gypsy Dee.

**R .B. CHARLTON,**

The Linnels, Hexham, Northumberland.

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# Kerbeck Fell Ponies



*"High Heath Dainty" (Bassenbeck Jasper X Lunesdale Bunty).  
Won and placed in hand, under saddle and in harness*

We offer hacking, trekking and riding lessons on registered Fell ponies.

Ponies broken to ride and drive and schooled on

Liveries sometimes available.

— Facilities for disabled riders

*Approved by the A.B.R.S. and P.O.B.*

**North Fell Dyke, Lamplugh, Workington, Cumbria.**

**Tel. Lamplugh 302**

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## Dunnerdale Ponies

These ponies are reared on high ground in the North Wales country.

Home bred ponies of all ages usually for sale, only sired by the best stallions available in the Society.

**Mr. NEEDHAM,**

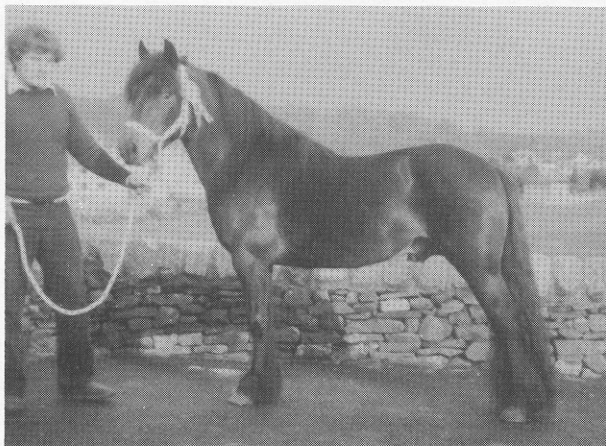
**Waen Farm, Bwlchgwyn, Wrexham, North Wales.**

**Tel. Wrexham 757449**

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# Baronshill Fell Ponies



*"Frizington Duke", winner of the Dalemain Cup.  
Brown, Foaled 1980. Dam: Grey Jean. Sire: Robbwater Royal*

Ponies occasionally For Sale

**Mrs. S. ALLEN,**

**1 Barony Hills, Kendal, Cumbria.  
Tel. Kendal 26273**

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# Sleddale Ponies

This herd of ponies has roamed the Wet Sleddale valley and the adjoining Shap fells since before the turn of the century.

Ponies of all ages usually For Sale

**T. H. HARRISON,**

**Thorney Bank, Wet Sleddale, Shap, Cumbria.  
Tel. Shap 653**

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# Bewcastle Ponies



*Beacon, Bouquet and Bonny, winners of the M. & M. Produce Group at the N.P.S. show*

Well handled young stock sometimes For Sale

**Miss MARY LONGSDON,**

**Orchard Cottage, Cucklington, Wincanton,  
Somerset.**

**Tel. Wincanton 33343**

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## **Ken G. Ettridge**

Specialist in all aspects of equine photography

Will photograph your ponies in action, competition or posed by arrangement.

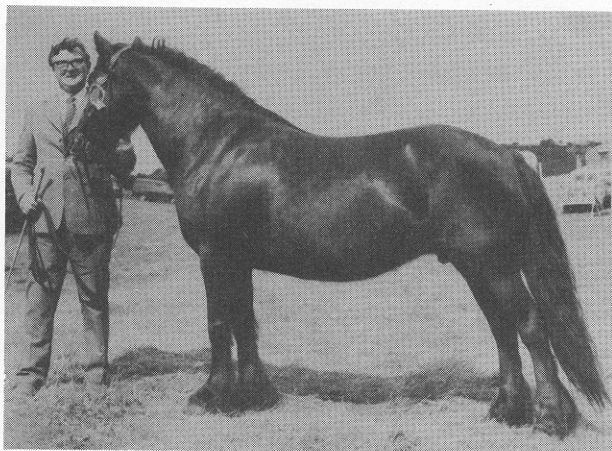
**Eller Howe Farm, Lindale, Grange Over Sands, Cumbria.**

**Tel. Grange 2071**

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## Town End Stud



*"Town End Heather". Winner of the Horse and Hound Cup at the Breed Show, 1973 and winner of many other championships, including the Royal Show.*

Ponies of all ages usually For Sale

**At Stud: TOWN END FLASH 2ND.** 13.3½ hh. Black.

*Sire:* Lunesdale Richard. *Dam:* Town End Polly IV.

9 times Champion at the Fell Stallion Show.

Lady Yule Progeny Cup at Summer Breed Show.

**E. M. WILSON,**

**Town End, Haltcliff, Hesket New Market, Wigton,  
Cumbria,**

**Telephone: Caldbeck 638.**

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## Wolds Stud

Well mannered and carefully broken ponies as well as young stock and part bred  
always For Sale

**At Stud: CHARLIE DRAKE.** Black stallion.

*Sire:* Heltondale Sonny Boy. *Dam:* Sleddale Rose IV.

**Miss JANE GLASS,**

**Cum Cottage, Wymerswold, Loughborough, Leicestershire.**

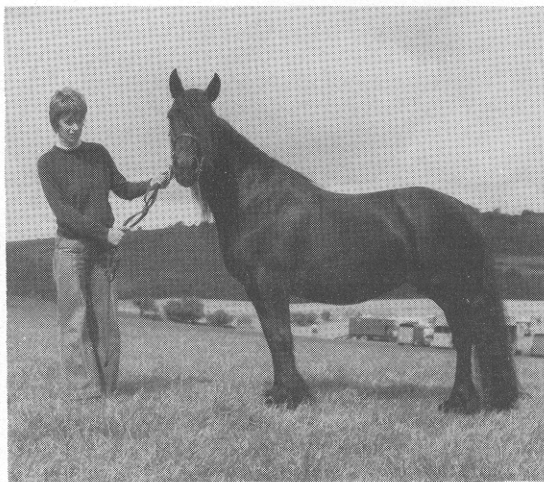
**Tel: Wymerswold 880261.**

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# Lownthwaite Ponies



*"Lownthwaite Star Trek"*

*Twice champion of Penrith Breed Show and holds many other awards*

Broken and unbroken ponies For Sale

Mares taken at Stud by arrangement

**H. F. WALES,**

**Lownthwaite, Milburn, Penrith, Cumbria.**

**Telephone: Kirkby Thore 388**

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# Packway Fell Ponies

Small stud of old fashioned brown ponies with long pedigrees.

Stock sometimes For Sale

**Miss P. CROSSLAND,**

**Packway, Windermere, Cumbria.**

**Tel: Windermere 3152**

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# Waverhead Stud

Reared on the Caldbeck fells

Home-bred ponies of all ages occasionally For Sale

Mares taken at stud by arrangement

**Mr. J. BELL,**

**Waverhead, Brocklebank, Wigton, Cumbria.**

**Tel: Caldbeck 644**

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# Abbey Fell Ponies

Strong active ponies for all the family

**Self Catering Riding Holidays**

Broken and unbroken ponies usually For Sale

**Mr. & Mrs. J. J. DOBIE,**

**Abbey St. Bathans, Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland.**

**Tel; (036 14) 242.**

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# Gibside Ponies

These well handled ponies are used for shepherding as soon as they are broken to ride, and in the shooting season are used to carry the guns up to the grouse butts where they stand amid the noise and clamour unperturbed. Ponies are usually broken for harness.

*At Stud:* **GIBSIDE DANNY BOY**

Ponies sometimes For Sale. — Mares taken by arrangement.

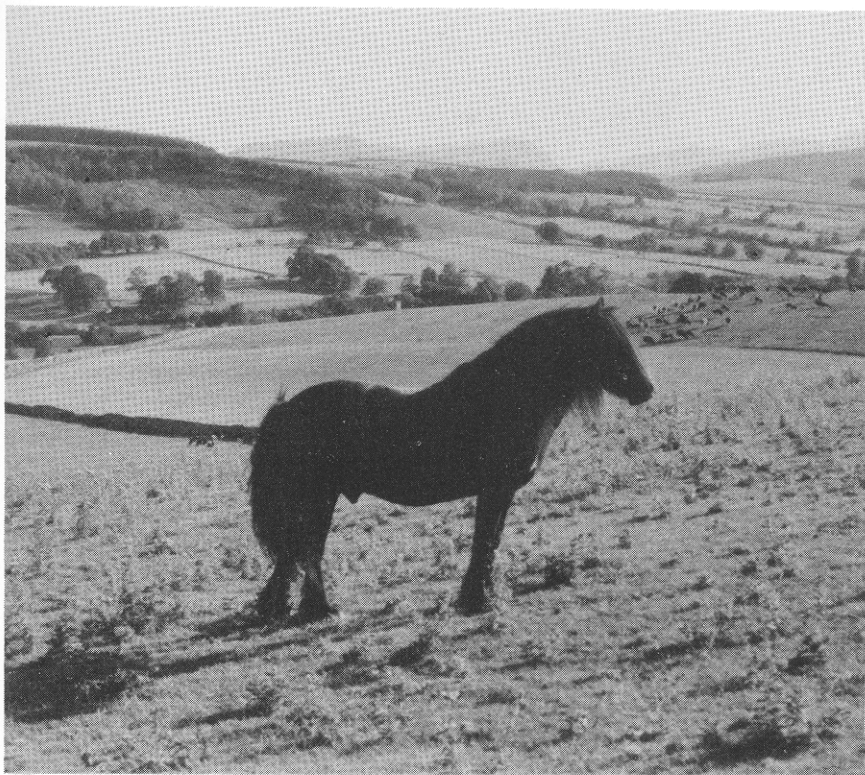
**Mr. J. P. GIBSON,**

**Cut Thorn, Gibside, Burnopfield, Newcastle Upon Tyne.**

**Tel: Burnopfield 70230.**

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# Dalemain Ponies



*"Dalemain Nettle"*

*15 year old black stallion on his home ground above Dalemain, looking towards Hellvelyn*

Ponies usually For Sale, broken to ride and drive

**MRS. McCOSH,**

**Dalemain, Penrith. Telephone 08536 223**

*or*

**Huntfield, Biggar, Lanarkshire. Tel. 0899 20208**

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