



THE *Commemara*
STORY

THE CONNEMARA STORY

This booklet is especially prepared for you because of your interest in the Connemara Pony. Perhaps you saw them perform in horse shows, grazing in a pasture, following the hounds in a foxhunt, or heard about them through friends, books, and magazines. We hope this booklet and others offered by the American Connemara Pony Society will familiarize you with the breed and that you, too, will become a proud owner of a Connemara. Grateful acknowledgement is given to the various publications and authors who gave permission for the use of the articles found in this booklet. For further information about the Connemara Pony, write the American Connemara Pony Society, R.F.D 1, East Pepperell, Massachusetts.

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Top Notch (by Marconi)
Ridden by Kim Chapman,
1964

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THE INCOMPARABLE CONNEMARA PONY

by Stanislaus Lynch

by Permission of Horse Illustrated

Most parents nowadays experience considerable difficulty in finding a pony which is suitable for their children during the transition period from the very small 10 or 12 hands pony to the full-size riding horse of 16 or 17 hands which may be in the parents' stable. The Connemara Pony which is bred on Ireland's rugged and mountainous western seaboard seems the answer to the parents' dilemma, and is the ideal pony for 'teenagers.

The Connemara Pony, bred on the wild and windswept hillsides, lives out all the year round from foalhood. Only the hardiest specimens can survive, but they develop into animals with cast-iron constitutions and with incredible stamina. They are a gentle, lovable breed, and although I have handled countless numbers of them, I cannot recall having ever met what might be described as a mean pony. If they become mean, vicious or nappy afterwards, the fault can truly be blamed on their owner who probably abused them at some time or another. Although they are high-spirited, with the courage of a lion, their placid temperament makes them ideal even for very small children from seven to nine years old. When corn-fed and prepared for more strenuous work they become brilliant riding ponies, outstanding cross-country conveyances, and superb show-jumpers.

Many people who may have heard of this famous Irish breed probably have a wrong impression about it and imagine it produces something in the nature of an equine toy. This is wrong. Connemara Ponies may average from 12.2 to 14.2 hands high. They have remarkably clean hard and flat bone below the knee, measuring approximately from six and a half to eight inches. They are good straight movers and an unsound one is a rarity. They come in beautiful colours which cover practically the whole range of equine colourings, except broken colours such as piebald, skewbald, or pinto. Their colours range from black, brown, and several shades of grey, with occasional roans and chestnuts. One colour very much in demand in recent years is an old traditional colour of the breed, namely "Dun." In America, and some Continental countries, this would be called buckskin as it is a rich cream with black legs, manes and tails. The breed frequently produces an impeccable Palomino!

As the rugged mountains on Ireland's Atlantic Seaboard are criss-crossed with a latticework of stone walls, these Connemara Ponies are almost born jumpers, since they have to take all such obstacles in their stride. Their life on these wild mountains makes them as sure-footed as cats. Having to balance on ledges of rock and having to avoid boggy quagmires and all such versions of Mother Nature's booby-traps, gives them a wonderful sense of balance, makes them intelligent and inculcates an instinctive ability to get out of trouble. All such inherent traits are priceless when these ponies are introduced to cross-country work, such as fox-hunting, or when they are prepared for show jumpers. Furthermore, they seem to have tremendous propelling power in their hindquarters. Big sloping shoulders are essential for horses destined for cross-country work, but it is an established fact that Connemara Ponies of almost any conceivable shape often become outstanding jumpers. Discriminating people however, insist on good shoulders and length of rein, and a well-chosen Connemara has plenty of both.

Probably, one of the greatest performers in show jumping history was an over-grown Connemara named "The Nugget." This animal was only about fifteen hands high (1.52 metres) but at the International Horse Show at Olympia, London in 1935, he cleared seven feet two inches! He won over three hundred first prizes, one hundred cups, and innumerable other prizes. In the years when prize money was comparatively insignificant by present-day standards he earned over £4,500 (or \$13,000) in prize money!

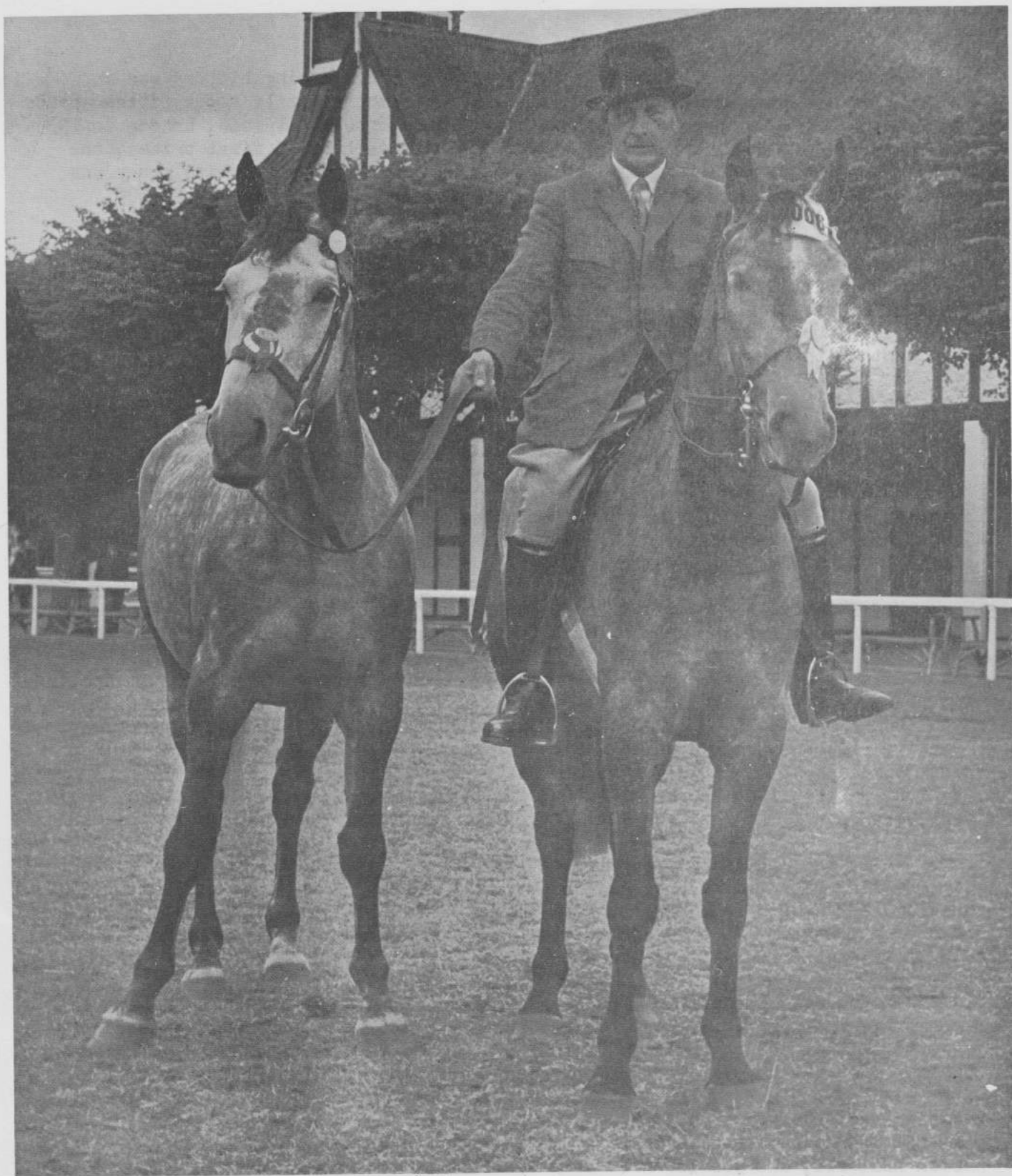
Perhaps the most amazing jumper in American history was an Irish-bred Connemara "Little Squire." Although only 13.2 hands he cleared fences seven feet high beating all the best full-grown horses to win the Open Championship in Madison Square Garden in 1939. The American Press affectionately described him as the "littlest horse with the biggest heart."

To come to more recent times, a Connemara Pony named "Mustard," one of a shipment of fifty-four which I sent to America three years ago, beat a large class to win the Pony Hunter Hacks Class at the Quota Club Show in Columbia, Georgia, in April 1961. Incidentally, this was the biggest shipment of pedigree Connemara Ponies ever to be exported from Ireland to any country. Among them was Mr. R. H. Wright's "Tarzan" who was senior championship stallion, reserve grand champion in performance, and first in the three-year-olds and over at the 78th Maryland State Fair.

Undoubtedly, the most brilliant show jumper in Ireland today is "Dundrum," a Connemara bay gelding with a white near-hind sock, and a white off-fore heel. He stands about fifteen hands and although he has the courage of a lion, he is as gentle as a lamb. He has won practically every prize worth winning in Ireland in recent years, and this year (1961) he has already won the championship at Dublin Spring Show, at Cork Show, and at Belfast Show, and created a record by winning the Championship and 5 major awards at Dublin Horse Show. He also won the Puissance at Dublin, over fences six feet six inches high. In 1959 he jumped 7'2" at Wembley, London and won the 1961 Championship there last October. He is probably one of the best and most courageous horses of his size in the world.

While the Connemara's jumping ability is unquestionable, it is particularly interesting to record a success, in a totally different sphere, which exemplifies his ideally placid temperament. The Irish-bred "Little Model" (by Little Heaven out of a Connemara Mare) was third in the European Dressage Championship at the International Horse Show at Aachen, Germany, in June 1961.

Another example of the Connemara's placid temperament is an almost incredible personal experience. I was approached about a suitable pony which was to be presented to that unique genius of film-land, Mr. Walt Disney of America, on the occasion of the premiere of his film based on Irish Folklore, "Darby O'Gill and the Little People." I had a big stock of mares at the time, but a colt or gelding was essential since it was to be named "Darby O'Gill." This meant that I had to search Connemara for a suitable animal, which I eventually found. It had never been haltered, and was as "wild as a March hare."



Mr. Stanislaus Lynch riding his (overgrown, 15.1 Hands) pedigree Connemara gelding, Good Heaven, placed 3rd in the Heavyweight Polo Pony Class at the 1961 Dublin Horse Show. He is leading his mare "First Flight" (not a Connemara) which was Reserve Champion Hunter Brood Mare of the Show.

"Good Heaven" is a grandson of Little Heaven (sire of Ireland's Champion Show-jumper and Wembley (London) Champion, Dundrum).

When buying him I presumed the presentation would be a simple affair, but it turned out otherwise. I learned to my consternation that the presentation was to be made at one of the most sumptuous banquets ever held at the official residence of the Lord Mayor of Dublin, the Mansion House. Over three hundred guests were present in the Rotunda Room. A sixty foot ramp, rising to twenty feet high, but only about four feet wide and without side rails, was erected outside the building to reach from the ground level to the top of an outside stairs on the second floor. A wild pony was expected to walk up this ramp!

The whole brilliant performance took place in the glare of film-land's bizarre publicity, with television cameras, press cameras, flash bulbs, and spot lights. The silver-grey, two-year-old colt absolutely stole the show! He munched the little truss of fresh grass, which I held before him to keep him interested, and he took the friendly pats and caresses of famous film stars as though they were everyday occurrences. He behaved like a thorough gentleman and when the presentation was over he returned along that terrifying ramp to his waiting horse-box.

This may well have been one of the most spectacular social events in Dublin's history, but to my mind it was even a more spectacular event in the history of the breed of the Connemara Ponies: for it seems absolutely incredible that that pony, who had behaved in such an exemplary fashion throughout and had responded so courteously to human kindness and understanding, had been running wild on his native hills exactly one week previous!!.

So far as general conformation is concerned, it is also interesting to record that at Honley 32nd Annual Horse Show in Yorkshire, England, on June 10, 1961, a Connemara, "Golden Treasure," beat all other native breeds in Britain and Ireland in the biggest entry ever seen at this show.

The breed has been on the mountains of Connemara almost since the dawn of history. Spanish barbs are supposed to have made their appearance about 1760 when considerable commerce took place between the West of Ireland and the Barbary coasts. Andalusian horses are supposed to have swum ashore as survivors of the Spanish Armada, but history does not record the presence of horses on those mighty Galleons. The landing of the French at Killallua Bay in 1798, when they came to help Ireland in one of her many epic struggles for freedom from British rule, is supposed to be responsible for the introduction of stocky, black horses with great bone. In later times, Arab blood was introduced about the middle of the last century.

In 1923 the Connemara Pony Breeders' Society was formed, to standardize the breed. A number of mares and stallions was selected as foundation stock for the Connemara Stud Book. From this small and select beginning the number of registered mares and sires under the direct control of the Connemara Pony Breeders' Society has increased enormously. At present the Society has about twelve stallions located at strategic points throughout Connemara. Each year the Society buys a number of promising colts which are turned out on the mountains and the best of them are later chosen as potential sires. The Society also periodically inspects mares and young fillies. Young stock will not be registered until it has reached two years of age, does not exceed the height limit of 14.2 hands (1.47 metres) and is otherwise typical of the breed. The Society then issues an official registration certificate, so that owners of ponies have authentic proof of the animals' breeding. A buyer should always get this registration certificate and check the details it gives of

the pony's pedigree, age, colour, height, markings, etc., before he pays for the pony. This will save him an untold amount of trouble and research later on.

Connemaras seem to thrive in almost any climate and ponies which I have sent to places as far apart as India and California seemed to have remained as healthy and unperturbed as when they roamed their native storm-swept hills in Ireland.

Their popularity has increased enormously, especially in the United States, where a few years ago an American Connemara Pony Society was formed and in 1959 published its first Stud Book. It works in close co-operation with the parent body in Ireland.

It seems apparent that once an owner or trainer becomes familiar with the sterling qualities of these courageous and lovable Irish exiles, he almost invariably becomes a life-long admirer of the "Incomparable Connemara."

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ANOTHER ONE FOR DUNDRUM

By Permission of The Chronicle
of the Horse

Europe's richest show jumping prize, the Vaux Gold Tankard, worth 500 gns. to the winner, was the major event in the equestrian section of the annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society of England held at Newcastle upon Tyne from July 3 to 6.

Competitors included two previous winners in Ted Edgar's Jane Summers and Fred Welch's Topper IV, both horses with International reputations, and although the 1961 winner, Sunsolve, is now dead, the rider, David Broome, was represented with other mounts. Each of these three riders qualified a horse for the final stages, although neither Jane Summers nor Topper were among them.

A big, long course had been set which proved too much for all but three--David Barker on Mister Softee, which has recently represented Britain in Spain, Harvey Smith on Warpaint, new to him this year but in great form, and the Irish entry, Tom Wade on Dundrum. In the first decider Mister Softee and Dundrum hit the water and Warpaint, which is half-brother to Pegasus, had eight faults.

Fences were raised and against the clock Mister Softee went well until the water when he became unbalanced but quickly recovered to clear the remaining fences. Tom Wade on Dundrum made no attempt to win on time and painstakingly cleared each fence quietly and accurately, a calculated gamble which came off for a fence down would have left him with no chance of equalling Barber's time.

This was the first time the Vaux Gold Tankard had been won by a horse from outside Great Britain.

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IN PRAISE OF PONIES

by Peggy Pittenger

by Permission of The Chronicle
of the Horse

In selecting a child's mount the relative size of horse and rider is an important and frequently overlooked factor.

"You can't trust a pony." "It's far better to start off with a quiet old horse," are common words of advice to the parent in search of a first horse for his youngster.

On the most perfectly mannered horse, however, there are bound to be falls, due to the new rider's lack of skill or errors in judgment. Even the most dependable horse may shy or stumble on occasion. A fall from a full size horse is far more likely to be frightening or to cause actual injury than is a fall from a pony.

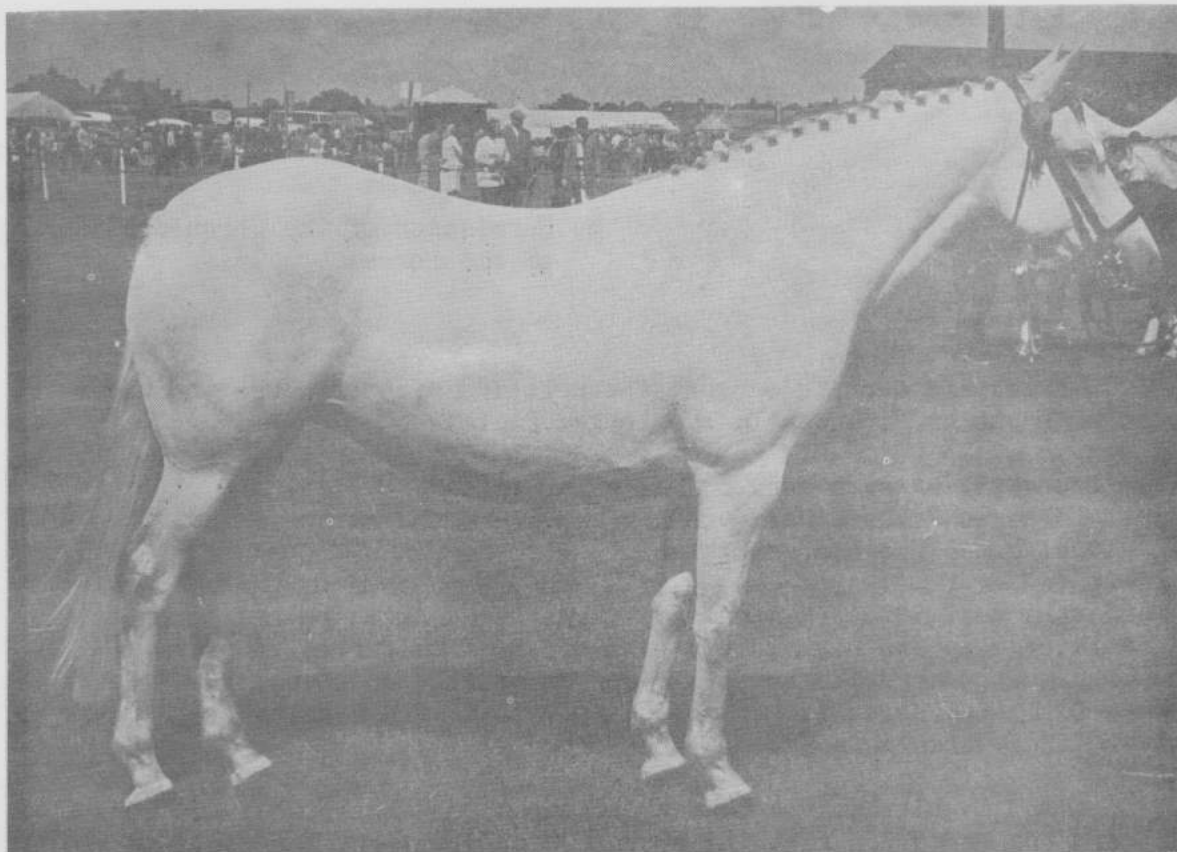
A child is little more than a passenger on a horse which is too tall and too broad for him. He is unable to apply any leg aid more subtle than a kick - at the same time, in all probability his hands fly up, jabbing the horse's mouth - and he must rely on his hands entirely for control. Hardly very desirable horsemanship!

There is not always someone around to give a leg up, nor are all horses cooperative about standing in a ditch or parallel to a fence to be mounted. Often there is a long walk home if a child dismounts for any reason.

A child should be able to groom and tack up his own mount. This is an obvious impossibility when there is too much discrepancy in size.

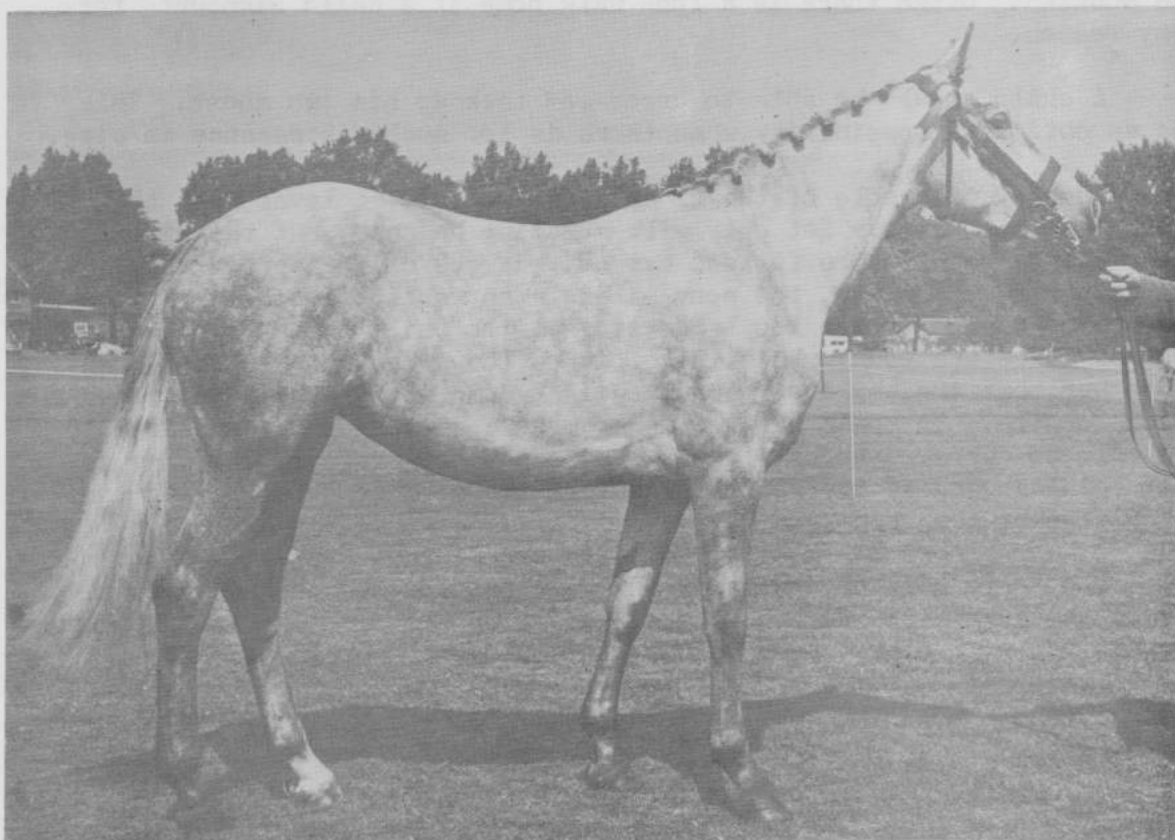
Ideally, the sole of the rider's foot should be level with the horse's bottom line. Not only will mounting be easy, but the rider's legs may be used to the fullest extent. If the child is at a very rapid period of growth, the pony - like a snowsuit or jacket - may be purchased a size or two too large so that the child may grow into it, unless there are younger siblings to whom the pony may be handed down. Remember that the ability to carry weight does not increase in proportion to size. In their native lands, mature Shetlands are expected to be able to carry up to half their own weight. Therefore, the pony is not being abused if the youngster's feet are more at a level with the pony's knees than his barrel.

The large pony or cob makes an ideal pet for the one horse family. He is the right size for the middle and older children; he is also large enough so that only a very tall adult would feel awkward on him.



POINTS OF THE CONNEMARA PONY

HEIGHT: 13 to 14.2 hands. **COLOR:** Grey, Black, Bay, Brown, Dun, Cream, with occasional roans and chestnuts. Piebalds and skewbalds are not acceptable for registration. **TYPE:** Body compact, deep, standing on short legs and covering a lot of ground. **SHOULDERS:** Riding. **HEAD:** Well balanced neck and head. **BONE:** Clean, hard, flat, measuring approximately 7 to 8 inches below the knee. **CHARACTERISTICS:** Hardiness of constitution, staying power, docility, intelligence and soundness.



Opinion is divided as to whether it is advisable to buy an old or a young pony. In the former case, although the animal will have outgrown his youthful exuberance, he may have acquired a lot of tricks; you may inherit someone else's problem. A young pony, on the other hand, while foolish on occasion, will be to a large extent what you make him.

Ponies have the advantage of being easy keeping. They are hardy, and thrive under conditions which would be the undoing of a highly bred horse. Their flinty hooves seldom require shoeing. While their intelligence on occasion makes some ponies take advantage of children, it also brings both rider and mount safely home from many an adventurous expedition.

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KING'S CUP

By Permission of Horse and Hound,
August 3, 1963

The King George V Cup was brilliantly won by the smallest horse in the show, Dundrum, by Little Heaven out of a Connemara mare, fractionally over 15 hands in height. In previous years he has won the Dublin international championship from all the cracks including the Americans, and he has cleared over 7 ft. in puissance competitions.

The course was worthy of the occasion and there were only five clear rounds among 20 starters. O'Malley had a pole off the double, Firecrest and Posillipo were in the water, and Mister Softee also failed to survive.

In the first barrage, Brule Tout was careless at the first fence and Sunsherpa made two mistakes, leaving three to fight out the final.

Once again it was George Hobbs who was left to keep Britain's flag flying in the last stages of this great competition. For three years he has been the top British rider - second on Royal Lord, third and fourth on Royal Lord and Attila and second on Attila - and this time he was only beaten by the clock. Had he pulled it off, the King's and the Queen's trophies would have spent the next year at opposite ends of a Sussex lane.

Brandy Soda, once Mrs. Ulrica Murray-Smith's hunter in Leicestershire, opened the last round with a clear in 34.9 sec, and then the European Championship combination of Mancinelli on Rockette went all to pieces with an erratic round for three mistakes, though 1.7 sec faster.

But there was no holding the valiant Irish pony, who sailed intrepidly over each fence, unwound like a spring with a foot to spare, and sped home to victory in 32.1 sec, to a tremendous paean from the packed stands.

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THE CONNEMARA PONY

The Connemara Pony is a comparatively recent importation to this country. Coming first to Virginia, then to Massachusetts and New York, they have spread to other parts of the country. In 1958 a large shipment of fifty-four ponies was imported into Georgia.

They came from Connemara on the West Coast of Ireland in County Galway. It is a rugged, rocky country where the ponies must forage for a living. Being accustomed to their mountainous terrain, they are very sure footed and take naturally to jumping. For this reason, and because they are by nature a spirited animal, they make excellent children's hunters. They are said to be very gentle and unusually safe for children. These ponies are also very well suited for driving, as they are used to it in Ireland where they are driven in carts, and there they race them on the sands.

The conformation of the better type of Connemaras is typically that of a hunter and they should do well in the show ring. In fact, several horse shows now have classes for Connemara ponies - notably the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield Massachusetts, the Eastern Pony Congress, Rising Sun, Maryland, and the Maryland State Fair at Timonium.

Their height averages about 14 hands. The Connemara Pony Breeders Society, which keeps a stud book, does not register them until the ponies are two years old. They figure, I presume, that if they haven't grown above 14:2 hands by that time, they are sure to remain ponies.

The colors are dun with black points (mane and tail), greys which turn to white, creams, strawberry roans, and some bays and chestnuts.

Being one of the tallest of the pony breeds, they are best suited to children from ten to seventeen, although the fact that they are of docile temperament should make them safe for younger children. As I said before, there is an advantage in having one pony for a child, which he can use from a tender age until he or she graduates from a pony to a horse.

Due to the limited supply in this country, the Connemara Pony is naturally high priced, but he is well worth it.

--PONIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Ehrman B. Mitchell, M.F.H.

D. Van Nostrand Co., Publisher

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"AN TOSTAL"
THREE DAY EVENT PONY
by Charlotte Read

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of the Horse

It had not been our intention to campaign a Connemara stallion as a riding pony, although from the start "TOASTIE" was one of the most agreeable ponies we had ever trained. His career in the show ring, pony club, and lately the most exciting of all sports, the One & Three Day Event, started out quite by accident. It was the year that "AN TOSTAL" got all his Connemara mares in foal, and there was nothing else to ride.

His debut was at a small Pony Club Show, where he won the Jumping Class, never having been shown or having ever jumped in a ring before. From there he went on to Hunt Shows, where he competed on the open courses with horses, not ponies, and proceeded to win the Junior Hunter title and Show Champion for several years.



AN TOSTAL - GIADSTONE 1965

He is probably the first and only stallion to be allowed to compete at Regional Pony Club Rallies. In his first year of competition he was on the winning D team with the highest individual score, and the following year was on the second-place C team.

From Pony Club work, the logical step was to Combined Training Events. In the Olympic Games, the Complete Test, or Three Day Event, is considered the acme of equestrian sports. Dressage is held on the first day and is a modified version of the Grand Prix de Dressage. It is not the collected highly stylized dressage of the Grand Prix, but rather a test of the suppleness, obedience, cadence, and impulsion necessary for a horse whose greatest test will be his ability to travel cross-country. On the second and most important day is the Endurance Test, which consists of five parts:

Phase A. Roads and Tracks, negotiated at a brisk trot and canter, usually over hilly terrain. (AN TOSTAL, being a $14.1\frac{1}{2}$ hand pony, has to do at least one-half the Roads and Tracks at a canter in order to make the time required.)

Phase B. Steeplechase, very fast speed ranging from 600 yards a minute to 656 yards a minute over typical steeplechase obstacles.

Phase C. Roads and Tracks (this section is always longer than the first).

Phase D. Cross-country, most important phase, consisting of hilly terrain, approximately 22 to 30 jumps, including banks, ditches, slides, water splashes, log piles, combination of rails, etc.

Phase E. Run-In or let down canter.

The whole event is based on time, and the horse goes immediately from one phase to the next, with the exception of a ten minute rest period before the start of the Cross-Country.

On the third and final day is held the Stadium Jumping Test. This is somewhat similar to the Prix de Nations Jumping, except that the course is modified in that the obstacles are not as high nor as wide. This event is also scored on time as well as penalties.

This is the Complete Test - first, to show a horse's obedience and suppleness; second, to show his courage and stamina; and last, to show that having completed the other phases, he is still capable of obedience and strength to perform a course on the last day. Indeed it is the most rewarding of all sports.

"AN TOSTAL" began in the Jenny Camp Division, which is an introduction to Horse Trails or Combined Training Events. He placed sixth out of thirty in his first test at Salisbury, Conn. The following year, he placed first in the Preliminary Division of the same trails. This was the first officially

(Continued on Page 16)

CONNEMARA SHOW JUMPER

by Stanislaus Lynch

By Permission of The Chronicle
of the Horse

This is the story of an amazing Connemara pony who created a world record as a show-jumper. He was appropriately called The Nugget.

When prizemoney was comparatively insignificant by present-day standards, he earned over 4,500 Pounds. He won over 300 first prizes, more than 100 cups, and innumerable second, third and fourth prizes! Not only did newspapers give him banner headlines that would have been the envy of an international statesman, but they devoted Newspaper Posters entirely to him, with his feats blazoned forth in six-inch capitals! Perhaps his proudest achievement was at Olympia when, at the age of 22, he jumped 7 feet 2 inches clear, and jumped 7 feet 4 inches, but kicked back when already over the fence and knocked the light lath that was then used on top of all high fences. Both were remarkable feats, for he was scarcely 15 hands high!

By modern show-jumping rules a pony may not exceed 14.2 hands, but The Nugget was of the Connemara breed and in spite of the extra inch or so in height was always referred to as a Connemara pony.

The known part of his long life-span of 30 years really began in 1915 when, as an unknown two-year-old, he was one of a mob of wild Connemara ponies that had come straight from the mountains of the West, and were being driven into a yard at Newcastle, County Wicklow, by Mr. Paddy Hickey, who used to buy a good many Connemaras. Mr. James Edwards was asked 10 Pounds apiece for five, bid 5 Pounds, and eventually bought them for 8 Pounds each. Mr. Edwards' daughter, Nettie, asked her father for the chestnut, and that was the beginning of one of the most successful show-jumping partnerships in the whole history of the sport.



THE NUGGET

Beyond the fact that the chestnut was a Connemara, his breeding was unknown, though some believe he may have been by a Thoroughbred sire whose name was either Watch Spring or Main Spring, that had been sent to the West of Ireland to run loose on the mountains under a Government pony improvement

scheme. The Nugget was turned out on grass before being gelded, and was later sent to be broken-in by Mr. Jimmy Magee, whose family still run a successful riding school in Delgany, Co. Wicklow. Mr. Magee did the job well, and charged only 5 Pounds for doing it; that was the only professional training the pony ever got.

Miss Nettie Edwards was always called "The Nugget" by her brother Arthur. He was killed in the 1st World War, at Messines, in June 1917, and the Connemara chestnut was called The Nugget in memory of him.

The Nugget had begun hunting as a four-year-old with the Bray Harriers in 1917, ridden by young Michael O'Brien, the present Master of that hunt, and continued to hunt two-days-a-week regularly with that pack until 1927. His first public outing in a jumping competition was on 14th May 1919, in Sir Harold Nutting's demesne at Booterstown, County Dublin. The Nugget won Lady Ardilaun's Cup that day, ridden by Mr. Charlie Doyle of Shankhill, one of the best riders with the Bray Harriers. Miss Edwards was asked to sell the pony on the spot, but she said she wouldn't take 1,000 Pounds for him. That was a lot of money in those days, and the buyer handed her an open cheque. It was hard to refuse, but she turned it down, and never regretted it. It was the first cup she ever won under her maiden name of Edwards, for she married Mr. James M. Magee a few months later and from then on, the name of Mrs. Magee and The Nugget made show-jumping history.

The following spring, 1920, The Nugget made his first appearance at Ballsbridge and won the Champion Stone Wall at the Dublin Spring Show. From then on he went from success to success, and for sixteen years never left either the Spring Show or the Horse Show at Dublin without prize-winning rosettes! Of the two shows per year for those sixteen years, only at four of them did he fail to win a first prize.

He was the first pony or horse to win the first 100 Pound prize offered at the Dublin Horse Show. Ridden by Mr. Frank Byrne, who later became Huntsman to the Bray Harriers, he carried 190 lbs. and won even though the competition went to six rounds! That weight was 25 lbs. more than the current regulation weight of 165 lbs. carried by riders at Olympic Games and under Federation Equestre Internationale rules. That was in 1921. In the succeeding years he competed at nearly every show in Ireland and practically won all before him.

At Mount Bellew, County Galway, he created a record by winning the Open Jumping Championship, was one of the team which won the Inter-Hunt Jumping Competition, and rounded off his afternoon by winning the Champion Stonewall!

In 1931, '32 and '34 he won outright the Gallagher Champion Cup for the Champion Stonewall at Dublin Show.

In his early days he was ridden by his owner, Mrs. Magee, but later he was ridden in many spectacular events by Miss Eileen Buckley, who later became Mrs. F. J. Wright, and was master of the black-and-tan Naas Harriers for many seasons. Later, Lieut. Colonel Dan Corry, a former leader of the

Irish Army Jumping Team, was his pilot, and among his many victories won the Champion Wall at Dublin Show four times.

His only appearance at Olympia was in 1935 when ridden by Captain Cyril Harty, of the Irish Army Jumping Team and now Managing Director of the Irish Overseas Bloodstock Agency when he cleared 7 feet 2 inches.

He was believed to be the only show-jumper who had newspaper posters devoted to his triumphs; the big daily advertisements that measure about three feet by two feet, seen outside newsagents shops. When looking through his souvenirs I came across several of these, including one issued by a London newspaper with the words: - "Daily Express. 8 Irish Horse Wins 2,500". (\$7,500) Aintree conquerors or Derby winners may have had special posters in their honour, but I have never seen any in Ireland for show-jumpers other than for The Nugget.

When the late Colonel Michael Hogan, who was then Director of the Irish Army Jumping Team and was its founder, returned from abroad in 1935, he called on Mrs. Magee and said that, after exhaustive research in various countries, he was glad to tell her that The Nugget holds the world's unbeaten record as a jumper! On hearing this, Mrs. Magee, decided that the pony would end his days in peaceful retirement. He lived for eight years more, and at the age of thirty, died quietly in his paddock, on 9th October, 1934 on the 24th anniversary of his owner's wedding!

He is one of the best advertisements in history for the Connemara breed. His youth on the mountains, where the survival of the fittest is the law, gave him a castiron constitution, the courage of a lion, and the nimbleness of a goat. Mrs. Magee thought him the gentlest, most intelligent and the greatest character-pony in the world. Captain Harty and all his other riders agreed that "you had only to sit still in the saddle, and he'd jump all day for the fun of the thing!" He set his own pace, judged each jump carefully and, with ears cocked, measured his take-off to an inch. He jumped quietly and with the best of manners, but loathed a whip; and the only fall he ever got was when a rider unwittingly used a whip at the single-bank in Dublin Show, and upset him completely.

Nowadays when we hear so much about intensive show-schooling and special diet it is interesting to know that The Nugget was always kept on pasture and apart from a few pops in his paddock a day or so before competing, got no other schooling whatever! More important still, in view of the disgusting extremes to which some would-be sportsmen stoop nowadays, rapping a horse's legs as he clears a fence to make his jump higher next time, HE WAS NEVER RAPPED!

An interesting natural phenomenon about this amazing horse was that he seemed to sense the approach of a strenuous competition and emptied his kidneys straight away. This became so noticeable to those who knew him, that it was accepted that if he stalled before a competition he invariably won it.

It is known that in his young days when he ran wild on the Wicklow Hills before being gelded and broken-in, he sired a foal. The sire had not yet

written his name indelibly in the history of show-jumping so no one knows what became of the foal. Did he spend his days pulling a cart or a plough? Or did he win the Aga Khan Cup at Dublin, The King George V Cup at White City, or a Prix des Nations at Nice, Rome, New York or Toronto? Another great Irish-bred with a "pedigree unknown"?

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THE HORSE EXPLOSION

by Dr. M. E. Ensminger

By Permission of The
Chronicle of The Horse

Light horses are the fastest growing segment of the livestock business in America today. Based on a state-wide survey conducted by Cornell University in the fall of 1964, it was estimated that there were over 6 million horses in the U.S. at that time; or nearly double the 3,089,000 head of horses and mules on farms and ranches reported in the last federal census of January 1, 1960. (The Cornell survey reflected growth in numbers, but it is also recognized that it included suburban horses, whereas the U.S. census figures included those on farms and ranches only.)

Obviously, we're in a horse boom. Here are the reasons back of it:

1. Horses have become a status symbol. In the middle ages, the rich man rode a horse and the poor man walked. When I was a boy, the rich man rode in a horse-less carriage and the poor man had a horse. Today, the rich man has a horse and the poor man has a car.

2. More leisure time and more emphasis on physical fitness and the outdoors have accentuated interest in horses.

3. More parents and others are coming to recognize that horses are wonderful companions for boys and girls; they shower their love and affection on horses, the animals occupy their time, and the youngsters don't get into trouble. Few horse owners are juvenile delinquents.

4. Good times.

But horse numbers alone do not tell the whole story. Further yardsticks of the magnitude and importance of the light horse industry are: racing outdraws professional baseball and automobile racing--the number two and three sports, respectively - by about 30 million people annually. The 1964 horse racing spectator attendance figures were: Thoroughbred racing, 37,838,210; trotting, 20,434,604; Quarter Horse, 2,322,243; for a total of 60,595,057 people. As further evidence of the magnitude of horse racing, the following figures for 1964 are noteworthy: (1) \$4,401,569,357 was wagered through the mutual windows, (2) \$153,574,175 in purses was collected by horsemen, and (3) \$350,095,928 in revenue was turned into the treasuries of the 27 states conducting racing and used to build and operate schools, hospitals, fairs and other things of benefit to old and young alike.

(Continued on page 12)

PONIES AND SMALL HORSES

by permission of The Chronicle
of the Horse

Your frequently absent-minded Editor, who is wont to write this column on the Sabbath, last week-end, while in the heat of competition at the Vicmead Horse Trials, so far forgot the impending Pony Issue as to write about steeplechasing! Here, belatedly, are some remarks about ponies.

According to the Rules of the American Horse Shows Association, a pony is an equine standing 14 hands 2 inches when measured from the ground to the top of the withers. The animals meeting these specifications divide themselves into two groups, the true ponies originating in the mountains and moorlands of the British Isles standing 12 hands 2 inches or less, and the large ponies standing from 12.2 to 14.2. In the first group are Shetland, Welsh, Dartmoor and Exmoor. In the second are Connemara, New Forest, Highland, Fell and Dale.

Actually many breeds of horses, according to Stud Book and Horse Show specifications, stand 14.2 and under, such as Arabians, Morgans, Quarter Horses and others. In many portions of the world are breeds referred to as ponies, but which, because of harsh climate and limited feed, are actually small horses - Iceland, Norwegian, Mongolian, Haflinger (Austria), Carmargue (France), Basuto (Africa), Marsh Tacky (U.S.A.). The larger British breeds have many aspects which tend to place them in this same category.

Which type of pony should I buy for my three children, aged 4, 8 and 12 - the small type or the large? The 4 year old should be on a lead line anyway, so either type will do. The 12 year old is too big to ride the small type. Will a large type pony do for the 8 year old?

Ideally speaking, the answer is no. We want to teach our youngsters three things - confidence, enthusiasm and how to ride. A pony too big for a child is not calculated to teach confidence and enthusiasm, since it is too high off the ground and too strong to be controlled. By the same token a child too small for the pony has difficulty in applying the leg aids properly which in turn makes for rough hands, further accentuated by the animal's surplus size and strength.

There is no question but what small ponies, well broken and well schooled, are ideal mounts for small children. The problem is to produce such ponies. They are too small for grown-ups to ride; only a limited amount of teaching can be given on long reins; and only a very few small children ride well enough to school a small pony properly. These inescapable facts have led many experienced

horsemen and horsewomen to mount their children on quiet horses - only to find that the youngsters, being just passengers and eventually coming to realize this, have gained neither the safety, confidence, enthusiasm, or riding skills which a mount of more appropriate size would have made possible.

Rather than a badly behaved small pony, a large pony seems a more acceptable compromise - one that can be schooled by grown-ups and that is still reasonable in size for the 8 year old. That this has been the conclusion of many of our subscribers is evident from the amount of space devoted in the Pony Issue to the Connemara - the large pony breed which has gained wide acceptance in this country since the first major importation of breeding stock was made, a decade ago, by the late George L. Ohrstrom, former publisher of The Chronicle of the Horse. In Holland the New Forest Pony has had a similar recent history. It seems quite likely that other large pony breeds will experience similar growth in the U. S. and Canada during the next decade.

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THE HORSE EXPLOSION -

(Continued from page 10)

Additionally, in 1965, 120,000 4-H Club boys and girls had horses; up from 37,531 in 1959. There are over 500 major (plus many small) horse shows throughout the land, the game of polo is expanding, riding to hounds is sharing its glamour with greater numbers, saddle clubs are springing up everywhere, and more people are riding than ever before.

In total, U.S. horses made for an industry, ranging from vitamins to saddlery, of about 4 billion dollars annually. In California alone, there are 310,000 horses - or about one for every 55 to 60 persons.

To many folks, there's a certain nostalgia about the town hitching post. Now it's on the way back. Reston, Virginia - an ultra-modern housing development for 75,000 people, located 18 miles from Washington, D.C. - boasts a horse stable, hitching posts in front of stores, and fine homes featuring views of horses munching grass.

A bigger horse boom - We haven't seen anything yet! A really big horse boom is ahead. Get ready for it. We shall have 19 million more people by 1970, and 35 million more by 1975. In the meantime, shorter work weeks, increased automation, more suburban and rural living, and the continued recreation surges, with emphasis on physical fitness and the out-of-doors, will require more horses, and support more race tracks, shows, and other horse events.

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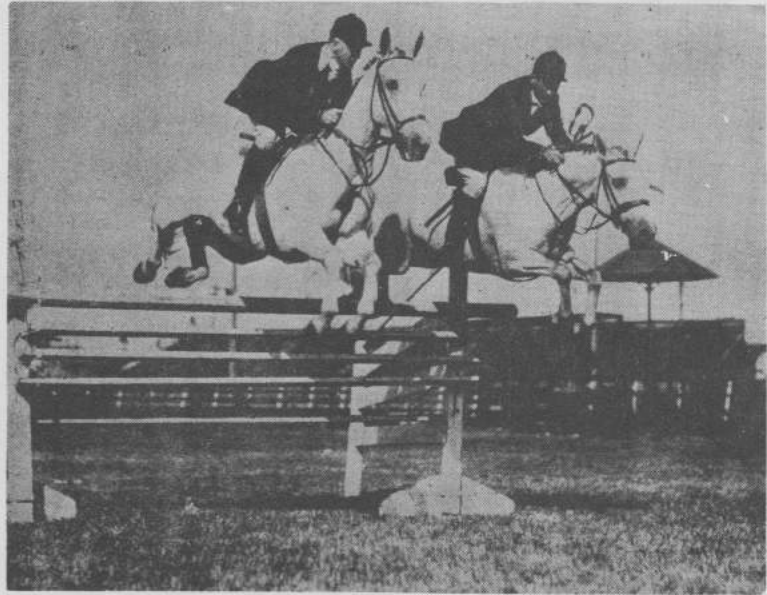
LITTLE SQUIRE

Most people in the United States have heard of the extraordinary little pony named "Little Squire." In the words of his owner, Danny Shea, who rode him to many of his victories, "All I can tell you is that he was not only the greatest jumping pony in this country, but he could jump any kind of a fence that any of the top horses could jump. He didn't care if it were the widest or the highest, his heart was up to it, and he would try anything he was asked."

"Little Squire" was brought to this country by Danny Corry of the Irish Free State Olympic Team. It is interesting to note that Mr. Corry also rode another famous Connemara jumper, "The Nugget." He sold "Little Squire" to Mr. Taulman of Cohasset, Massachusetts, for a child's pony and then Mr. Shea bought him and changed his name from "First Attempt."

While Mr. Shea had "Little Squire," they toured all the large shows. He carried him at 160 lbs. plus equipment, and they were seldom out of the ribbons. While Mr. Shea had him, he jumped out of a 7' 3" corral. He sold him to Colonel Guggenheim's stable and later, when this was dispersed, he owned him again and showed him with unfailing success. In 1939, Mickey Walsh bought him and won the jumping championship at Madison Square Garden, beating all the horses. Mr. Shea describes him as "really freak in his ability to accomplish what the best horses twice his size often could not." "Little Squire" was retired to Vermont and died about two years ago.

The picture is of "Little Squire" and "Squire" in a pair class jumping 4' 6".



LITTLE SQUIRE



Nickering Horses, Shouting Sellers, and Disputatious Buyers Announce the Opening of Galway's September Fair
Every fall the stock show takes over quiet Eyre Square. On this rainy day, Big Aran Islands horses, tough Connemara ponies, and pigs go on sale. Sheep and cattle come later. "Luck money," a percentage returned to the purchaser, seals the average deal

ANNUAL CONNEMARA PONY SHOW

Jack Deedy

Friday, February 6, 1953, The Chronicle

The road out of Galway City into Connemara is a wild one. It winds crazily through a strange mixture of rock and crag, bog, pasture and tillage land. Before long it brings one deep into the region known as Western Gaeltacht, the region where the ancient language and customs of Ireland are preserved still.

We have traveled along this road headed for Clifden and the annual Connemara Pony Show, one of the most unique shows in all Ireland.

But before we go into the story of the show, let us tell you something of the nature of the Connemara pony. It is a peculiar animal, generally cream colored, with long mane and tail. It has a narrow head that darkens toward the snout. Its legs are dark as well and it stands between 13.2 and 14 hands.

The breed is strictly regulated by the Connemara Pony Breeder's Association with the cooperation of Ireland's Department of Agriculture. Only registered Connemara stallions can be employed for stud and the register is kept as carefully as any racing blood stock breeder's.

Once a pony is foaled, it is turned out into the wild hills and mountains that distinguished the district, where it matures as free and unbounded as the winds that whip in from the nearby Atlantic Ocean.

Once a year--immediately prior to the annual Connemara Pony Show--the animals are rounded up. This is no easy matter, for they are by their very nature, lovers of rugged, free existence, and will resist all the ordinary types of herding.

Years of patient experimenting has taught Connemara's "cowboys" to catch the pony by driving it toward the bog country and let nature do the rest. The pony soon sinks into quagmire and is completely helpless. A rope is slipped about the pony's neck and it is captive.

The amazing paradox to this is that once the pony is caught, it is as tame and gentle as the most domestic of animals. It is thus sought after for children and carnival shows. In its field, the Connemara pony has no equal.

On either of the show days, hundreds of these ponies can be seen along the roads leading to Clifden. They come in driven by men on bicycles, and trot along without halters. Halters are not slipped on them till they arrive at the show grounds, and then only so that the ponies can be paraded and judged. They are completely docile and evidence a gentleness that can be appreciated if one has seen them taken captive a day or two before.

About the show grounds, the majority of the people are native Connemara folk, speaking the aged Gaelic tongue. Both the men and the women wear homespuns. The women's clothes are dyed brilliant colors, but the men's are white, or what used to be white before the elements turned them grey. Their clothes are woven from natural, coarse wool, which accounts for the lack of color.

All have an intense interest in the show, for practically all have a pony or more for sale. Sales are conducted after the judging and awarding of prizes for the best yearling, mare, foal, stallion, etc. There are also class prizes.

The principal buyers are dealers, who will ship the ponies cross channel to England, where they will be sold to riding schools for youngsters and to English gentry who have young family members. The buying and selling is done by private treaty, not auction, and there is the usual dickering and arguing that accompanies the sale of any type animal in Ireland.

Clifden is the theoretical capital of Connemara and is known as the next parish to America. "Step into the water," say the natives, "and the next bit of land is the United States." They look upon the pony show as a time when "East meets West." The East is Dublin, England and even the United States. The West is their own Gaeltacht district.

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"AN TOSTAL" - THREE DAY EVENT PONY (Continued from page 6)

rated division of the United States Combined Training Association. He later went on to the more advanced Intermediate Division and placed First at the Woodstock Three Day Event, and First in the Hollis One Day Event. He also completed at the Myopia Horse Trials in the Open Division over a course which was identical to the 1961 Wafford Cup Course, with one or two modifications. He received a special award as the best Intermediate Horse to complete the course. He was competing with Olympic team horses in this event.

In 1965 he competed at Gladstone, New Jersey Training Center for the U.S. Equestrian Team. He competed over a course which consisted of many jumps of maximum size. It is said by our team that the open course at Gladstone is harder than that at Tokyo. "TOASTIE" negotiated a steeple-chase jump which was 9' wide with solid guard rails on both sides and 4' brush in the middle. He got over half-way around the cross-country when he was at the point of near collapse. Only a handful finished, all but one were U.S. Equestrian team horses. Of the numerous eliminations, the U.S. team horse, a stallion named Brado, and "AN TOSTAL" had gone the furthest on the course. It was the hottest day of the summer, and had taken a tremendous toll of the horses, one being so exhausted that it was not even allowed to start the cross-country phase.

It is indeed the most dangerous, the most exciting of all sports. Ribbons and trophies are very few; there is apt to be more mud, sweat, and blood than glory. The Event rider would have it no other way, for having asked the utmost in courage and endurance from his horse, and having received, there is no need for any other reward.

CONNEMARA PONY PRESENTED TO WALT DISNEY

From The Mountains To The Mansion In A Week

by Stanislaus Lynch

By Permission of The Chronicle
of the Horse

The nearest thing to a miracle in horse training is the story of Walt Disney's Connemara Pony. It seems absolutely incredible that a pony, taken straight off the mountains without ever being handled from the day he was born, could have been made within one week so tame, quiet and dependable, as to enter the Mansion House, Dublin, where a banquet for 500 guests was in progress, and be presented to Mr. Walt Disney in the glare of arc lights, and flash bulbs of television, movie and press cameras.

When I was approached about a Connemara Pony for Mr. Walt Disney, I brought the parties concerned out to see a number of ponies which I had available. These were all mares, as they were intended for breeding studs in America, where the Connemara has leaped into prominence due to his outstanding qualities of docility for children; all round good health and soundness; amazing stamina, courage and sure footedness; and an inherent ability as a show jumper and hunter.

Then I was told it was a male pony, either a colt or gelding, that was required for the presentation, since it was to be called Darby O'Gill, the title of Mr. Disney's latest film, "Darby O'Gill and the Little People."

As I wanted a pony that would be a credit to the breed, I set off for Connemara, where I could have a greater choice than I would in the Dublin area. After three days ceaseless searching I found a two-year-old colt that would be a worthy representative to send to America or any part of the world.



This was the pony I had been looking for, and although he had never had a human hand or a solitary strap of harness on him from foalhood, and might prove unmanageable for a presentation ceremony which was to take place the following week, I was more concerned about the right type of pony, be he ever so wild and unmanageable.

WALT DISNEY PRESENTED WITH CONNEMARA PONY - (L. to r.): R. Thompson; Stanislaus Lynch; Walt Disney; and the Right Honorable Lord Mayor of Dublin, Councillor Mrs. Catherine Byrne. Mr. Thompson, chairman and managing director of Williams & Woods, Ltd, made the presentation.

He was a two-year-old silver-grey colt, by one of the best sires in Connemara, Cill Ciarain. His dam was Knockranny Beauty, a lovely mare exported last year to the U.S.A.

My confidence in buying such a pony might not have been so unperturbed had I realized at the time, the form which the presentation would eventually take.

I thought that the pony would be driven to the Mansion House in a horse box, the ramp of the box would then be lowered, the occupant would be formally presented to Mr. Disney, cameras would click and the whole procedure would end quietly.

I did not in my wildest dreams anticipate that the pony would be expected to climb a 60 ft. long and 20 ft. high ramp to the stage door of the Lord Mayor of Dublin's Mansion House and be expected to actually enter the Round Room where 500 guests were at one of Dublin's most sumptuous banquets.

All this was unknown to me as I tramped the mountains and bogs trying to capture the little pony which is undoubtedly destined to be one of the most photographed ponies in the world. Luckily he was running with some other ponies which had been trained, and the owner, Mr. Jim Lee, one of the decentest men in Galway, haltered one of these.

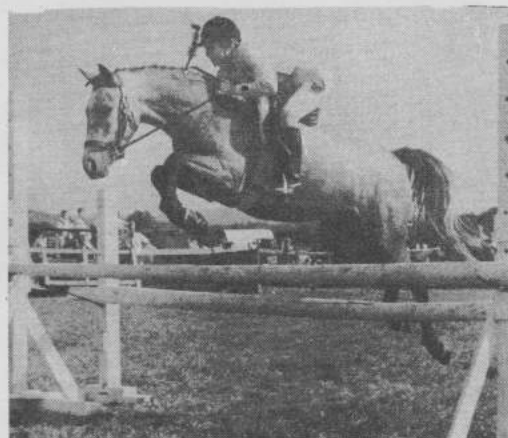
He led his troupe of ponies to the strangest loosebox or stable I have ever seen. It was formerly a tunnel of the now disused Galway and Clifden Railway and an enterprising neighbour had very sensibly turned the neglected archway of beautiful cut-stone into a shelter for his livestock.

After a long period of sorting out and coaxing, we got an aged pony and Darby O'Gill alone in this impromptu loosebox.

Although every pony which I send to America, must be examined by a Veterinary Surgeon and must carry a veterinary certificate of soundness and freedom from infectious disease, I had additional reason for having



Mr. & Mrs. C. C. Carpenter's Good Heavens, Zone 5, green hunter champion.



Susie Dent on Mrs. M. Crane's Crepe Suzette, half-bred Connemara and a good example of the cross-bred program carried on by Mrs. Crane.

this pony examined by a vet. When he had been galloping in the heather and bracken I noticed a partly healed cut on the back of his near hind fetlock. It was slightly swollen and I was afraid that a small sinew might have been severed, or that the coronet might have been so injured as to irritate the seat of a sidebone.

It took four hefty men the best part of an hour before we could halter the pony securely enough in order to allow the vet to examine the injured hind leg. He is the only horse I have ever seen who could hit the roof of a stable with his forelegs without hitting his head on it. Our firey little captive fought like a wild-cat, and when the vet eventually pronounced him as sound as a bell, I thought the worst of my troubles were over. They had not in fact really begun!

A few days later, when the pony was to be sent to me in Dublin he followed the quieter pony all the way to Galway Railway Station and straight into a wagon and the little exile started his long journey alone.

At the North Wall, Dublin, it took seven men the best part of an hour to get him haltered and into a waiting motor horsebox, which conveyed him to my home. From then on he was my sole responsibility.

It is the understatement of the century to say that he was as wild as the proverbial March Hare, but incredible though it may seem, by kindness and gentle handling he became the docile creature which eventually made his appearance in all the glare and publicity of the banquet which celebrated the world premiere of the film, whose name he was henceforth to bear, Darby O'Gill.

Although I have spent my life with horses this was undoubtedly the most hectic week I have ever experienced, but had I known the form which the presentation would take, I doubt if I would have had the courage to undertake such an almost impossible task. I did not realize how almost impossible it would be until I saw the narrow ramp without any side rails which reached from ground level up to the top of the high flight of stairs leading to the stage door of the Mansion House.

It looked almost as precarious as ramps of a similar nature, which are sometimes used by hod-carriers, which are often seen reaching to the upper story of new houses on building sites. A pile of apparently dis-used bread trays were hastily nailed into position and acted as sides or hand rails to the ramp. Although they were as flimsy as newspapers and would have afforded about as much protection had any accident happened, they did at least serve the purpose of keeping the pony walking in a straight line and kept him from straying sideways to destruction. A well-known Dublin Bakery will never know the debt of gratitude which I owe them for the discarded bread trays!

I carried a small handful of newly cut grass tied like a sheaf of oats and Darby O'Gill kept nibbling this unconcernedly throughout the whole presentation, which lasted fifteen or twenty minutes.

The pony was presented to Mr. Walt Disney by the firm of Messrs. Williams and Woods, the well-known manufacturers of chocolates and sweets, which were launching a new line named Darby O'Gill and King Brian chocolates and sweets.

When the battery of flash bulbs from cameramen had ceased, and the television and movie cameras had taken their required footage, a galaxy of film stars surrounded the pony and he accepted pats of encouragement as though he realized that he was in fact the star of the night and had stolen the show.

When all was over, he walked off-stage like the little gentleman he was and seemed to appreciate the thunderous applause which marked his colourful exit.

He walked down the ramp without the slightest bother and reentered his waiting horsebox, where he immediately returned to his contented munching of his bundle of succulent grass.

It was hard to believe that this mannerly lovable little Connemara Pony had been running wild on his native hills exactly a week previous!

The whole affair was probably one of the finest tributes imaginable to the docility and kindly temperament of this wonderful breed of Irish Ponies.

The little fellow is now in Disneyland, and when the countless thousands of visitors flock to that remarkable place, some of them may like to recall this brief description of a hectic week in the life of Mr. Walt Disneys Connemara Pony.

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DUNDRUM - IRELAND'S MOST BRILLIANT CONNEMARA SHOW JUMPER

by Stanislaus Lynch

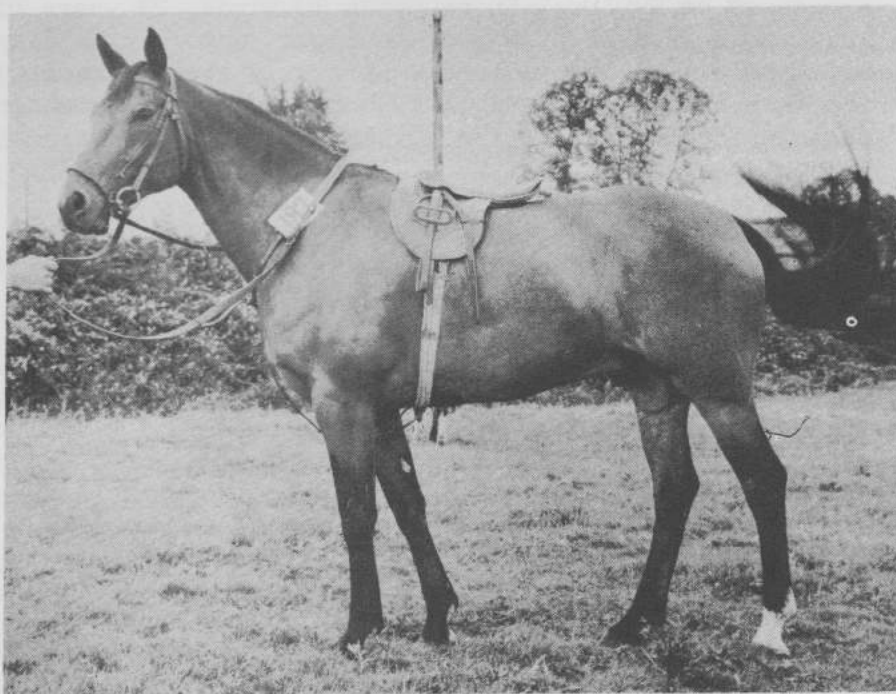
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of the Horse

Dundrum, an overgrown Connemara Pony, seems destined to become one of the most brilliant stars in the equine firmament. His outstanding achievements to date seem to indicate that he will better the remarkable record of another member of this famous Irish breed, The Nugget.

The Nugget won over 300 first prizes, more than 100 cups, innumerable minor placings, and when prizemoney was comparatively insignificant by present-day standards, he earned over 4,500 pounds sterling (over 13,000 USA dollars)! In 1935 he was considered to have held the world's unbeaten record as a show-jumper. He was an overgrown Connemara, about 15 hands high (60 inches, about 1.52 metres). He was a chestnut.

Dundrum is a bay. He has black points, mane and tail (which flows down to the ground!), a white pastern and fetlock on the near hind, and a white heel on the off fore. He tops the 15 hands mark, and is a pleasing eyeful for any connoisseur. He has the best of legs, with clean, flat bone; a good shoulder and a well-set-on intelligent head; but what impresses one most about him is the obvious tremendous power and strength across his well-coupled loins. Here is propulsion sufficiently dynamic to rocket him almost over a house-top!

Although he has the courage of a lion, he is as gentle as a lamb. This inestimable blessing of a kindly temperament never forsakes him, even in the most strenuous competitions. Indeed, when he is contesting the final of some championship, or in some Puissance where the fences keep going up and up as if to keep pace with the spectators' blood pressure, and when his dainty huff-beats are the only sounds in a hushed arena, Dundrum is



DUNDRUM

probably the calmest and most unruffled creature in the whole assembly!

Dundrum is not a high-jump specialist. Some Connemaras are. The Nugget jumped 7 feet 2 inches (over 2 metres) at the International Horse Show in Olympia, London, in 1935. Even a more spectacular achievement was that of another, but much smaller, Connemara, Little Squire who won the Open Championship of America in Madison Square Garden in 1939. When the American press affectionately described him as "The Littlest horse with the Biggest heart," they only did him well-earned justice, for Little Squire was only 13.2 hands high (54 inches, about 1.27 metres)!

Dundrum has not cleared such heights. So far as I know his best to date was 6 feet 4 inches at Aachen (Germany) and 6 feet 5 inches (an inch short of 2 metres) in the Puissance at the 1961 Spring Show in Dublin.

Generally speaking, we are not high-jump specialists in Ireland. We seem more satisfied with producing good all-rounders capable of tackling an almost endless variety of reasonably big fences. Dundrum is in the latter category, and his versatility is remarkable. No matter what new concoction a Show Committee may erect. . . and some of them are capable of evolving some positively fantastic creations! . . . Dundrum will have a go! I imagine the total number of refusals in his whole show-jumping career could be counted on the fingers of one hand.

Dundrum was bought by Mr. James Wade in Dundrum Village, County Tipperary, and was trained by his sons, Tommy, Jimmy and Eddie. Tommy has become one of the leading riders in Ireland. He is now 21, but in his younger days he literally jumped into prominence by his spectacular successes on My Love, an enormous 18 hands, 23 years old cart-horse which possessed an even more enormous jump. On Ballingaddy, which he still rides, he had victories in nearly every show in Ireland. Then the Wade stable produced in 1956 the dainty Dundrum and opened a new page in Irish show-jumping history. His successes so far this (1961) season include the Championships of Dublin Spring Show, of Belfast Show and of Cork Show.

Tommy's father says that Dundrum's dam was a pure-bred 14.2 hands gray. He believes she was registered in the Connemara Pony Stud Book, but does not know her number or name. She was one of ten Connemara mares bought in 1951 by Miss Saddlier who lived in Ballydoyle, the present home of Mr. M. V. O'Brien who trained three winners of the Aintree Grand National. Miss Saddlier bought the ponies in Connemara with Mr. Paddy Crowe, of Monroe, Cashel, County Tipperary, and Dundrum's dam was then in foal to Little Heaven, a small Thoroughbred sire which the Connemara Pony Society had bought in order to introduce new blood into the native breed. Mr. Ryan, of Borrisoleigh bought the then unknown Dundrum from Miss Saddlier and later sold him to Mr. Wade. Mr. Wade subsequently bought the dam and bred two foals off her and sold her to Mr. Frank Kieran, who is at present a successful show rider and owner in Ireland.

What happened to the dam of such a dazzlingly brilliant show-jumper? Is she dead or alive? What was her name or her number if she was registered in the Stud Book? Some day I may find out, but it is difficult to

trace such things back over a period of ten years, especially when she was then an unknown entity in a group of ten Connemaras.

Such occurrences make one regret that buyers do not take the trouble to get Registration Certificates from the Connemara Pony Society when making purchases. People, realising that Connemaras are nearly all "born leppers," buy ponies, somewhere in the West, but rarely bother about breeding details. Years later, when these ponies become almost international figures with prices in the four-figure bracket, owners clamour for breeding details, but, alas, early indifference is almost impossible to rectify.

Probably 75% of the ponies jumping in Ireland today are Connemaras, but it would be safe to say that probably not more than 5% of their owners have ever bothered to get Registration Certificates for them. Such widespread indifference seems very unfair to the Connemara Pony Society, which has done such Trojan work. It saved the breed from practical extinction nearly half a century ago, and performs near-miracles on an insignificant budget. Had owners of show-jumpers cooperated in the past, there seems not the slightest doubt that this hard-working Society could justifiably and authentically claim for the Connemara Pony a record of successes unrivalled by any other breed of ponies in the world!

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DUNDRUM DOES IT - 1963 PONY OF THE YEAR

Dundrum captured the hearts of English audiences at White City this year when he won the King George V Cup, ridden of course by his owner, Tommy Wade. His next big win was the biggest individual prize at Dublin in August, and he was of course one of the Irish Team which won the Aga Khan cup there. Recently at the Horse of the Year Show, Wembley he won the White Horse and Distillers Cup for the puissance jumping, clearing 6 ft. 10 ins. This was not his highest jump; Tommy Wade tells us that he has jumped 7 ft. 2 ins., and he is sure that he could have jumped 7 ft. 6 ins. that night at Wembley.

As many people have asked us for details about Dundrum here is some information. He is a rich bay, just over 15 hands, 11 years old, and he is by the Thoroughbred sire, Little Heaven, out of a Connemara mare. So he is technically a "first-cross" and a very good one too! He was bought from Miss Tierney in the village of Dundrum, near Dublin - hence his name - on June 1, 1955, when he was a 3-year-old. He has a natural aptitude for jumping and a wonderful calm temperament, which never seems to be put out no matter what happens, and Tommy Wade who has been the only person to ride him, thinks that he is undoubtedly the best horse he has ever mounted.

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OORID BELLE, CONNEMARA

Seven or eight years ago Mr. John Walsh of Oorid Farm, County Galway, Ireland, and several of his friends and neighbors were riding over the hills and bogs of Connemara looking at their ponies and the others grazing there. They spied a little white mare that took their fancy, and Mr. Walsh, recognizing it as an Oorid pony, decided it was time to bring her in for training. When they tried to come up to her she took off at a gallop with several of the other ponies. They ran like gazelles up hill and down dale, through briars and bushes. Finally they drove her into a serac, or bog, as that was the only way to catch her.

She fought like a wildcat. After struggling and plunging in the mud, she was finally subdued. With the aid of lead lines, they extricated her from the bog and forced her into a vanning cart which had been brought up.

She still struggled and kicked in the van and broke into a feverish sweat. When they unloaded the pony, her mane and tail all matted with thorns, she looked like a disheveled little witch.

After a few weeks of stabling, gentle handling and care, the little bombshell quieted down and it wasn't long before she was being ridden.

Before the end of the year (that was 1951) Maureen Cassidy was riding her, following the South County Dublin Harriers of which her father, James Cassidy was Honorary Whip, and who now owned the pony. In 1952 Maureen was jumping her in the shows. The next year she won three rosettes. In 1955 she won ten first prizes and made a record by jumping two hundred consecutive fences perfectly clear. In that year and in 1956 Oorid Belle, as she was called, was champion 13:2 Jumper of Ireland, winning the Pixie Cup. This cup was presented by the late Mrs. Nichols O'Dwyer to the Show Jumping Association of Ireland, for the pony not exceeding 13:2 hands, ridden by a child under fourteen years of age, which scored the highest number of wins and placings during a jumping season. She also was awarded champion of the Irish Indoor Show. Quite a record for one little outlaw pony. Imagine the work and patience that went into making this possible! But our story does not end there.

Mr. Cassidy sold Oorid Belle to a lady from American who offered a price no Irishman or anyone else could afford to turn down. She was shipped to Mrs. Francis P. Sears of Hamilton, Massachusetts, at that time Commissioner for the United States Pony Clubs.

She is now being stabled by the well known veterinarian, Dr. Frank Powers of Dover, Massachusetts, who children are riding and schooling her. Diana Powers, his twelve year old daughter, hunted Oorid Belle and was whipper-in with the Norfolk Hunt at least twenty times last season. The good doctor says she is "the perfect pony". His nine year old twin boys ride her across country with a halter. They don't bother to put on a bridle.

From County Galway to Norfolk County, Massachusetts, it's quite a story, isn't it? And appropriately Dr. Powers' family came from Tipperary.

--PONIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, Ehrman B. Mitchell,
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LITTLE MODEL

by Marilyn Krause

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of the Horse

Many things can and have been said for the extraordinary Connemara Pony. When people talk about them, they immediately make reference to their brilliant jumping ability. Certainly no one questions the fact that they are show jumpers par excellence. However, Mrs. V.D.S. Williams of England will tell you that the two qualities which impress her most about the breed are their constitution and intelligence. And so, it is interesting to find one of the greatest Dressage horses today is indeed a 13 year old grey Connemara gelding, Little Model. His owner, Mrs. Williams, who has contributed most to his amazing record, bought him in England, although he was foaled in Ireland and sired by Little Heaven. Little Model had had some show jumping and circus performing prior to the purchase. She chose him because she "liked his gay nature and intelligent head." Equally impressive were his correct conformation, good hocks and feet, freedom of movement, and good paces.



LITTLE MODEL

For both Little Model and Mrs. Williams it was the beginning of a new and different experience. Little Model was heretofore primed for the show jumping arena, and Mrs. Williams' experience in horsemanship up to 1946 was strictly in the hunting field to the exclusion of all else. She admits her husband, the well-known Col. V.D.S. Williams, was the one who inspired her to take up Dressage. And how lucky the British are that this gallant lady chose this field!

Since 1960, Mrs. Williams has not been beaten in dressage by any other English rider except once when she broke her leg. It was in 1960 that Mrs. Williams and Little Model won three Prix

St. Georges, one Intermediate and one Grand Prix, and subsequently set off for Rome to the Olympic games. Asked what was her greatest thrill with Little Model, Mrs. Williams says, "It was a wonderful feeling of exhilaration just entering that marvelous arena (The Piazza da Siena) in Rome."

After brilliant performances in 1960, the following year found them winning six Prix St. Georges, one Intermediate and one Grand Prix. Little Model's biggest success was placing third in the 1961 European Dressage Championship at Aachen and defeating many of the horses that beat him the previous year at Rome. This was also the first time a British horse and rider had ever achieved such notable success in this form of riding, in which nothing less than perfection is satisfactory.

Last year the Grand Prix team prize at the European Dressage Championship in Copenhagen went to the British, with Mrs. Williams riding her Little Model. He had the distinction of placing well in all three International Events, defeating the German Woldietrich in the Intermediate test. It was here Mrs. Williams was awarded the Carven Cup for the highest lady rider. With the exception of one year in which Little Model went lame, he has always won the National Championship in Great Britain. This has given them the Senior Championship title nine times in eleven years.

What is a typical schooling day for Little Model? His exercises include changes of leg, passage and piaffe one day, and pirouettes and lateral work another day. All this was interspersed with straight forward trot, walk, and collected and extended canter. After a period of collection there was always extended work in order to keep the forward movement. For a change of pace, Mrs. Williams takes him out for a walk or with another horse for a canter. She feels one should never allow a horse to get bored with school work.

Little Model enjoys executing a remarkable capriole entirely learned by himself in his paddock!

Together, Mrs. Williams and Little Model have competed in four foreign countries. They usually perform on an average of twelve shows per season. There are very few competitions Little Model is eligible for anymore, and consequently, Mrs. Williams does a great deal of demonstration and lecturing. She and her husband were instrumental in helping disabled children in Orthopedic Hospitals through remedial exercises on horseback. They were the first to support the idea of pony riding for orthopedically handicapped children, and Mrs. Williams has instructed physio-therapists and riding instructresses in basic exercises which can be applied to the child.

Her advice to young aspirants of horsemanship is this -

"Learn from a master of the art - be it dressage, show jumping or cross country riding. All are different and all need studying.

"Take every opportunity to watch and study top class riders. You can learn a lot by looking and understanding what you see.

"Always ask yourself, what have I done wrong? You can be sure you have not made your aids clear enough. So be patient and calm at all times. Be strict with yourself and be sure your horse does what you want him to, not what he wants to do.

"Horses are creatures of habits, so give them good habits, and eliminate the bad ones.

"Plan out your school work, and do not go on to the second phase until your horse is proficient at the first. Make everything easy for the horse and do not ask too much. Make haste slowly."

With such wise reflections from his owner, rider, trainer, and benefactress, is it no wonder then that Little Model, who began his days roaming the hills of Connemara and later was schooled in circus movements, has distinguished himself the world over for his triumphs in the field of Dressage?

* * * * *

PRONUNCIATION AND MEANING OF THE
NAMES OF CONNEMARA PONIES

by Stanislaus Lynch

By Permission of The Chronicle
of the Horse

When the Editor of "The Chronicle of the Horse," Mr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, kindly invited me to write a short article on the pronunciation and meaning of the names of Connemara ponies, to answer the many inquiries from his readers, I thought it would be a comparatively simple matter. However, when I glanced through the almost limitless number of names which are all purely of Irish origin in the various volumes of the Connemara Pony Breeders' Society Stud Book, I realised that the task was much more formidable than it at first appeared.

Since it would be quite impossible to cover the entire subject in a short article, I thought the wisest approach, and the most practical from the American view-point, is to deal first with the purely Irish names which appear in volume I of the American Connemara Pony Stud Book.

At the outset it might be well to deal with the word Connemara, which is pronounced, Konnemara, with the accent on the next to last syllable, and which means in the Irish language, the sea-side lands of the family of Cormac, son of Maeve, who was Queen of Connaught, about the first century A.D. It is that wild and beautiful region of County Galway which lies well to the west of Galway City, and is bounded on the south and west by the Atlantic; its northern boundary would be Co. Mayo, although it does not reach that far.

The first name in the studbook is Farravane Boy (1). It is pronounced as it is spelt and is derived from the word Farrach, a meeting place. Vane may be an Anglicised version of the word bawn, which means among other things a fortress, so the translation may mean Fortress of the Clans.

The next pony Tooreen Laddie (2), the 1961 Champion of Maryland State Fair, derives from the word tour or toor, meaning a bleaching field or a drying field, for woolens, fish, sea-weed, etc. The affix "een" in Irish is a diminutive and means small bleaching field. The word is pronounced to rhyme with tour as distinct from the word tower. His sire Inchagoill Laddie (21) is pronounced Incha-geel, which means the Island of the gall or foreigner and refers to an Island in Lough Corrib, (Co. Galway), with ancient ecclesiastical associations.

The sire of Texas Pride (3), Carna Bobby (79), is pronounced with a hard C as if spelt Karna, with the accent on the first syllable. Carn or Carna means a mound of stones, usually of a monumental nature placed over the grave of some famous personage. Carna can also mean heights or hill peaks. His dam, Maharee (265), derives from the Plain of the Fort.

The dam of Texas Hope (4), Knock Molly (1289), derives from Knock, a hill.

All the ponies bearing the name Tully, such as Tullylad (48) etc., derive from the Irish Tulach, a little hill.

Lavally Pride (6), means Half a Townland. His dam, Reaney Grey (876), may be an Anglicised version of Rinn, meaning a promontory or headland. His sire, Derry Boy (30) derives from Doire, an oakwood.

Cregana Winter (63), grand-sire of numbers 7 and 8 in the American Stud Book, derives from Rocky Land. Gil (43) pronounced with a hard G, as in gilt, grand-sire of Happy Boy (11) and Clever Boy (12), means the stranger or foreigner, as in Inchagoill Laddie. However, where ponies are concerned the word Gile might refer to the colour of the ponies, since the word also means silver-bright or whiteness. An almost similar word Gillin, pronounced gill-een, means a gelding.

Ponies bearing the name Lor or variations of it as Palm Lor's First Boy (13), are descendants of that very good sire, Dun Lorenzo (55), a pony which happened to be given a convenient continental christian name which had no particular connection with the Irish language, but was I believe, the name of a fairly recently erected residence of a member of the Connemara Pony Society.

The grandsire of Camus John (15), Airgead (45), bears a very well-to-do name, for airgead (pronounced, ar-a-guid) means money, or silver. The latter meaning would be more appropriate to ponies' colour. Since the word also means gold, it might also refer to local Palominos, which frequently occur in the Connemara breed.

The dam of Peanut Curley (16), Lissoughter Lass (1568), pronounced Lisoochter, means the Upper Fort.

An Tostal (17), pronounced as it is spelt means a Festival. The dam of Tarzan (18), Glentrasna Grey (1154), derives from a glen with a pass running east to west. This is distinct from another place-name frequently associated with Connemara, namely Maam, the centre of the biggest pony fair in the west. A maam means a pass or a gap in the mountains, running north to south. Maam Trasna, just like glentrasna, means running east to west.

The dam of Jiminy Cricket (20), Ballinahinch Grey (1087), derives from Ballinahinch meaning the Town of the Island.

In the pure-bred mares' section, Cora Gill (6), pronounced Kora-Gill, derives her name from Cor, which in common use describes a round hill, but is also applied to a cup-like hollow.

Callowfeenish Lady (7) may mean the landing place by the wooded island, or it may also mean a marshy meadow liable to winter floods near the wooded island.

Rosmuck Surprise (8): Ros is a promontory jutting into the sea and muck means a pig or pigs, so Rosmuck would be the pigs' promontory.

The sire of Wicklow Mountain Rose Bay (1), Mac Dara (91), means son of Dara. Macdara Island, off Roundstone, is an island with very ancient ecclesiastical associations. This Dara is possibly the Saint which gives Kildare (Cill-dara) its name.

The dam of Orphan Grey (9), Derry Grey (207), derives from Doire, an oak wood. The dam of Clever Girl (11), Rusheen's Pride (613), derives from a small wood or an area of undergrowth. The dam of Shan Lor (17), Shana-ceala Pride (725), may be an Anglicised version of what is literally "an old story."

The dam of Tiger's Daughter (18), Derradda Nancy (1130), obviously derives from Doire-Fhada, the long oak wood.

The dam of Carnabelle (34), Aille Belle (1058), pronounced al-yah, means Cliff Lady. Moyrus Black (15), means the plain of the promontory.

Carnmore Pet (37): Carn could be a mound of stones, sometimes monumental, and more means big. The Big Monument, or it also may mean the high mountain.

Glencara Hope (38) means the Glen of the Pillar Stone. Her dam, Hope Gill (43), derives from Gil or Gall meaning a foreigner. Darina (39) may derive from one of the most prolific roots in the Irish language: Doire, an oak wood.

The dam of Keane's Selection (40), Nellie Ruadh (1471), pronounced Ru-ah, must have been an Irish red-head, for Ruadh means red.

Screebe Roan (42) is pronounced as if it has no final E, screeb, and is derived from the Irish description of a wild scrub-covered rocky place, or a pathway or barren clearance through same. Her sire, Calla Rebel (38), means a landing place or a pier, pronounced Kalla. While her dam, Bun-reacht (735), bears a name inherent in the Constitution of Ireland, "Bun-reacht na Eireann," meaning the Foundation or bedrock for the laws of the land.

An Cailin Fanach (48), pronounced Kolyeen Fawn-ock, means the Wandering Girl. Killeaney Roan (50) derives from the Irish for Little Church. Her sire Cill Ciarian (78), pronounced Kill-keer-awn, derives from the Church of St. Ciarian.

Knockranny Beauty (53) means the Ferny Hill. Rose of Rosahill (54), pronounced Ross-a-vill, may be an Anglicised version of Rosnakill, meaning Peninsula of the Church.

Cappagh Queen (55), pronounced Kappa, means a plot of land laid down for tillage. Clynagh Rose (56) pronounced Clyna, derives from the Irish Cluain, a meadow. Leam Rose (60) is probably associated with some famous

Leim or Leap achieved by some noted rider or warrior of ancient legends.

Loughconneera Linnet (62), pronounced Lick-kon-eera, means Lake of the Harbour of the West. Inver Twin (71) means the mouth of a river, or long narrow neck of the sea resembling a river. Glenoughan Grey (72), pronounced Glen-o-han, is probably an Anglicised version of Glen Abainn, glen of the river.

Cullahara (76), may mean the wood by the sea. An Ceann Beag means the Little Head, and is appropriate, as Mr. Wright's mare has a very attractive head. It is pronounced as if spelt An Keown (to rhyme with town) An Keown Bee-ug.

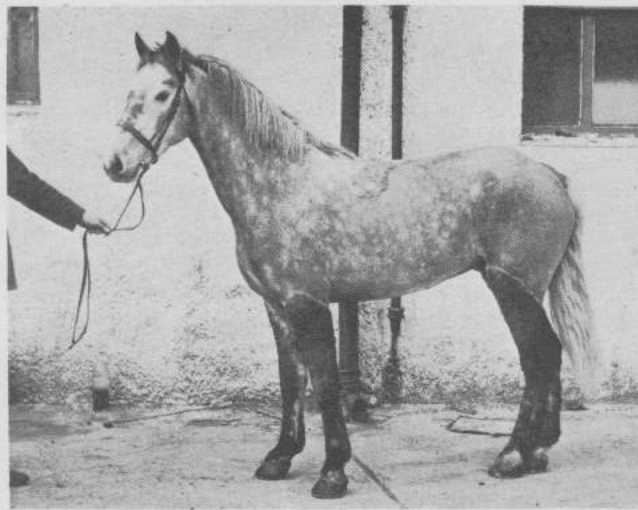
In the 86 names in the Pure-Bred Mare's section of the American Connemara Pony Stud Book, the last pony which bears two notably Irish names is Clifden's Leprechaun, number 79. Clifden's Irish name is An Clochan, a name applied to pre-historic beehive stone huts, but in this instance is supposed to refer to the stepping-stones over the local Oweglin river. The second part of this pony's name, Oeprechaun, pronounced lep-ray-kon, means a Fairy Man, one of Ireland's mythical "little people."

The almost limitless vocabulary of the Irish language, the almost endless variety of shades of meaning to so many words, the variations in dialects of different localities and the centuries of Anglicisation which has altered or corrupted original words, makes derivation extremely difficult; so I am far from claiming infallibility!

However, in a further article, I hope to deal with the pronunciation and meaning of the Irish names of some of the ponies in the Stud Books of the parent Connemara Pony Breeders' Society.

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Friday, April 20, 1962



FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE HUNTING FIELD

The above photograph was taken a few days after the purchase of this pony on the mountains in Connemara. His main pasture had been the disused Galway to Clifden railway line. The sharp flints had worn his hooves to the sole and the farrier had difficulty in putting on light plates. But they were sound hooves! And he was the makings of a great weight-carrying, 13.2 hands, riding pony.

This is the same pony a few weeks later, when he was being got into shape for hunting. Although stronger than the average Connemara, since his grandsire had Irish Draft blood, he has a delightful, elastic-like step, and with his good shoulder and rein-length gave his rider the feel of being on a 16.2 hands hunter! This 7-year-old Registered Connemara gelding, "Billy (G. 16)" is now making a name for himself in England.

WILLIAM ROCKE MEETS TOMMY WADE

by William Rocke

One of the first things you notice about Tommy Wade - apart from his famous mount Dundrum - is that although success has come to him at an early age, it has had no effect whatsoever on his youthful yet mature outlook on life.

At 24, he and the bright-bay gelding Dundrum stand astride the world of show-jumping. Their names have become household words wherever horse lovers meet. To many, the combination of the lanky young man and his diminutive mount is a symbol of success achieved not only against the high fences, but against high society.



Last year, at the Dublin Horse Show, Tommy Wade and Dundrum finished on top of the civilian and international honours list, taking five major trophies in the process.

"I hope to do the same again this year," he told me when I spoke to him a few days ago. "Even though the list of competitions has been restricted."

Whether they have or not it will matter little to the lad from Cashel and the ex-cart horse which is now reckoned one of the best - if not THE best - show jumper in Europe.

Ever since he began to make a name for himself Tommy Wade has had to battle against annoying restrictions, but a high degree of skill plus forceful determination has helped him surmount the many obstacles placed in his path.

Reluctant as he is to elaborate on his struggle for recognition, Tommy - as he is known to even the youngest enthusiast - is perhaps less inclined to talk of his past successes.

The fact that last year at Wembley he rode Dundrum to victory in the Horse of the Year Show in the face of stiff opposition is shrugged off with indifference. Apart from his trophy winning performances at the R.D.S., he has competed with distinction in England, Belgium and Holland.

On several occasions Tommy Wade has ridden against and defeated Olympic and European gold medal riders. Only last month he went to Newcastle as a member of the Irish Civilian jumping team and won the Vaux Trophy which carried £525 prize money, the highest ever awarded at such a show in England.

"In all, I reckon Dundrum has won nearly £9,000 in cash prizes during the past six years," he told me. And what does he think of his favourite mount? "The best horse I've ever ridden - or am ever likely to ride."

This is praise indeed for a horse which most show jumpers would consider at 15.1 hands in height, to be too small to hold his own against the sturdier horses of the arena.

Dundrum however, half Connemara pony and half thoroughbred, has proved them all wrong. "He'll never have a really bad round," was how Tommy put it. "Without doubt he is one of the most consistent show jumpers around today."

The partnership of the six-foot rider and the little horse with the big heart started down in Tipperary slightly over six years ago when Dundrum was bought from a local owner.

Tommy took him in hand and in their first attempt at the local gymkhana they finished third in the Novice event. Since then their impact on show jumping circles has been little short of spectacular.

They have even developed a special way of jumping together. Watch Dundrum go into action and for a split second as he soars over the jump his 11½ stone rider will be suspended in mid-air, completely clear of the saddle.

To the onlooker, it appears as though there is no weight on the horse at this crucial stage. "It's something I do automatically nowadays" Tommy explained.

Despite an impressive list of firsts at shows and gymkhanas throughout the country, success in the form of recognition was slow in coming. Tommy Wade refused to be ignored however. He devoted himself to show-jumping, matched courage with skill, and is now rightly acclaimed as Ireland's No. 1 civilian rider.

He neither drinks nor smokes and avoids the round of smart parties during Horse Show week.

Apart from show-jumping he has few other interests. "I did play hurling but gave it up when I was about eighteen." When he is jumping at shows around the country his brother Eddie acts as groom to Dundrum.

Tommy rides for other owners at these shows and often handles six different horses a day. Listen to him telling of the endless round of duties attached to show jumping and you'll realise that life is not easy at the top.

Does he have an ambition? "Yes, to ride for Ireland in the Aga Khan Cup at Ballsbridge. I'm confident that with a mixed army-civilian team we would beat the best in the world."

The public will have a chance to see for themselves how true this is when both civilian and Army riders compete at the Horse Show this week.

Can Ireland afford to leave riders of the calibre of Tommy Wade on the sidelines and still hope for success in big competitions? Time will tell - and time is something Tommy Wade and Dundrum have in abundance.

* * * * *

OUR PONY FOUNDATION

Don Henderson

by Permission of The Chronicle
of the Horse.

A few years ago our national proclivity toward promoting anything with a quick buck in it came near to spoiling the pony business, which is the solid foundation upon which our most valuable crop learns its horse sense.

With bird dog instinct smart traders anticipated the demand. Christmas time would be the time to reap a harvest. Ponies of all sorts were gathered and put on display in lots close to highways. "Daddy, please stop," kids in the back seat pressed noses to the windows, and wailed their eagerly innocent sales pitch. And, Daddys being Daddys the world over, ponies sold like hot cakes. Back yards filled, and for a while things were as active as on the back stretch of the track on race day.

But the novelty wore off, for any of many reasons. "Daddy, I can't catch my pony," "Daddy, my pony kicked me," "Daddy, my pony won't mind me." So, the back yard became a dump for discarded pets. The strike of the stable hands was caused really, mostly, by Daddy or Mummy, who didn't understand about pony care, and wouldn't get out and learn. And, frankly, the ponies may have been sorry to begin with. Had Daddy and Mummy known it, they were losing the best educator and preventative against juvenile waste, for want of encouraging initial enthusiasm.

The roots go back hundreds of years, when ponies helped country folks in Britain to make a living off the countryside. Ponies were prized possessions, four legs carrying two, or hauling a pair of wheels, or a sled. Folks bred UP their ponies for quality and usability under the eye of the whole family. Breeding the mare was as serious a contract as marrying off the daughter of the house. So, by the process of elimination, bad dispositions, mean habits, unsoundness, and outstanding poor conformation gradually vanished. The blast of "He isn't up to my weight," would have sounded silly in those days. Ponies were, and still are, up to anything over there.

So, the country folks over there, together with their Pony Clubbers, have extended the benefits of centuries of trial and error, plus tender care of their prized ponies to us. Be they Connemaras, so ably championed by their amazing ability in open competition, or Welshmen, Highlanders, Dartmoors, Exmoors, or New Foresters, they all come qualified by careful selection to do any job they are put to.

Proudly, they send us these little fellows. Let us cherish our good fortune.