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USG saddle pad in denim, both all purpose and dressage available

Time to Renew!
Membership in the American Connemara Pony Society runs from January 1st to December 31st of each year. You can renew online at www.acps.org (you will be redirected to the USEF website when you click on the “renew” button) or print out the membership form and mail it with a check to the membership chair Suzanne Phelps.

Just for Fun

Editor’s note: A few years ago I acquired some of Anne Moe’s old books, and in one of them I found a handwritten letter from Anne Frey to Pat Lyne! Given the shortage of news for this newsletter, I thought it would be interesting to reproduce it here. Where I could not decipher the handwriting I have made note, and in particular the names of some ponies I may not have been able to record accurately. The letter is not dated, but must have been written in the late eighties or early nineties.

Dear Pat Lyne,

I am writing to tell you what happened to Lystra Lad. I bought him as a three year old, fully intending to geld him, ride and hunt him. But he was just too good, and, instead, I received a letter from a man who offered me a mare, Screebe Bay, at a most agreeable price because she had lost an eye playing polo. Well, then we had Inver Grey, Gill’ Sandy Girl (temporary),

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Ladywell’s Pride (rescued starving at an auction) and we were off. This seemed to mesh pretty well with having five children, and most of our direction was toward Pony Club. The mares had foals, went to Pony Club (they had to be milked a bit at one regional games competition to turn off the spigots,) were agreeable with neighbor children and sometimes hunted. Lad hunted with me and baby-sat when the mums went to Pony Club. I have a very fond memory of him standing under a pear tree with five foals clustered around him and pressed against him for comfort. He was very macho, but as a father, ahead of his time.

Lystra Lad as a yearling

I did not, understand, have the money to buy bloodlines I desired (or I’d have had Creg’s Winter Dame and some of her sisters)---we loved the ponies we had to distraction, and all the foals were steady, sound, sane, and of the most astoundingly amiable disposition. I tacked them up the first time in the field one at a time while the rest (two year olds) pushed around saying, “My turn!” “Put it on me!” And the kids did most of the training and schooling. Neither did I place them for breeding and showing—most were wanted by young people and I usually priced them that way.

Unfortunately the fillies pretty much were lost to the breeding world, but they all did the things they were bred for, and wonderfully. While I curse the lack of granddaughters now, I’m not sure they didn’t serve the world better or as well. We moved rather a lot due to my husband’s job, and I was obviously very busy with the family and I failed to follow up on some I should have—at the moment I’m (unreadable) over a daughter of Lad’s in Pennsylvania who is 24. Whether to try to get a foal out of her! One of his grandsons, Greystone Creggan Winter is in Vancouver but looks very like Lad in a dark coat to me. He’s started eventing, doing well, and perhaps through the miracle of AI I’ll breed to him some day.

Both Screebe Bay and Gil’s Sandy Girl were by Tiger Gil. We had some foals I thought were among our best with that cross. I think Tiger Gil sired some good mares. (Screebe’s dam was Everwise, by Cregann Winter. (here there is a note in the margin I cannot make out. editor) Inver Grey was by Inver Rebel and was our MAIN MARE—the boss of the whole family She was a truly great character and deserves a book of her own. In the excitement of a relay games practice, our friend Patty started her with a swat of her crop. Only she had turned it around, unaware, and so bopped her with the butt end. Inver Grey bucked all the way down through the bending poles, all the way back and three years late if Patty entered her stall she assumed a sour expression, pinned back her ears and turned her rump. The memory of an elephant—never forgave, never forgot! I looked out my window one day when snow was all about and saw her standing outside the field. Annoyed at having to leave the laundry and put on all that winter gear I flung up the window and yelled, “Darn you, Inver Grey! Get back in there!” She gave me a look decided it would be a good joke and suited her mood, turned, and popped back in. She carried tiny beginners with the most exquisite care but bucked off more than one too officious
expert rider—dressage she said should be a matter of cooperation, not domination. The whole family have Inver Grey stories and we laugh over them with a tear or two.

Her daughter Megan, by Tarzan, had some good foals—some of our best although she was not a pretty mare. Honeybee, bought by Jean Doty, won a number of pony hunter championships and is retired now I think in Virginia—our best show pony product! Lad is my favorite Connemara type—what I think of as a real hunter type and I’ve always attributed it to Winter—you make me wonder now if it’s really Laugheera!

He had wonderful bone (as did Inver Grey.) I look at the ponies now and keep thinking, “Where is it?” Am I just getting old? Our own mares were all field bred and early on I gained a real respect for his intelligence and forebearance—we bought a Shetland cross mare in foal and the foal (brown and white spotted) was born on April 1 and promptly named “Noddy.” He loved to walk around with a bucket on his head bumping into things but a less endearing trick was to stand just under Lad’s tail, 4-square against his hocks, and nip unmercifully while Lad wheeled around, wonderful turns on the forehand, one direction, the other, while Noddy maintained his position, still nipping, Lad would, pressed hard, try to reach him with his teeth—proper discipline in the horse family for a foal—but in spite of the unrelenting biting of them, he would not lift a foot to kick or ever push him—kicking is not proper discipline for a foal. I used to mentally urge him to do it just once to teach the little rat, but he wouldn’t. That went on for months—lord, what that poor very decent guy put up with!

That was a time, alas, way before video cameras! We had a neighbor girl who loved to come and ride him. Busy with babies one day I looked out the window and saw them jumping. We had just been given our first jump—two standards and one rail, no wings, nothing else. I was aware that she was riding bareback, but then looked to see that she had not even put on a bridle—just riding with the halter. She had the rail on the top pins, they still sailed over it, she balanced the rail on top of the standards—one rail, no groundline, bare. She reached down to his halter, turned him toward it, and, ears pricked, right at it he went and over they sailed. He was obviously having as much fun as she was! He was a fine jumper, and I had all confidence in him hunting.

We moved to the New York area when he was thirteen and did not have room for visiting mares. I tried leasing him, which was a most unsatisfactory arrangement (he was with XXX and that’s another story if we meet some day) so I brought him home and gelded him. I rode (and hunted a bit) and he became my oldest daughter’s Pony Club horse. When the small Frey all went off to college we did a lot of lazy trail riding.

My husband worked in Paris for four years and it was necessary to sell our house. Lad was in his middle twenties then—I think just 26 that winter. I had left him at a good farm, but he didn’t live through the winter. I think it’s hard on old animals to move them and change their routine—

I’m enclosing a list of Lad’s registered foals. He had also a great many crossbred foals, and again all were well-boned, strong, sound and sensible very much with his stamp on them. To my eye they were all improvements on the mares! Every foal he ever had was absolutely correct in its leg structure. And into his twenties he had legs a clean as a foal’s—not a puff, a blemish or thickening anywhere.

This is a very long and rambling letter, but you’ve prompted a lot of reminiscence and conjured a great many memories! If I were a proper correspondent I’d edit and rewrite this. But that would be tomorrow, or the next day----So I’d better just send it, with apologies. I have now (it’s a recurrent itch!) two mares: Lynfield’s Kylemore.” Yep—too much thoroughbred but she is a darling old lady and was in foal and I couldn’t resist.
Her yearling grey filly by Bob White (Bobby Brown x Abbyleigh’s Bluebird) Truly lovely and wants to be a lap dog.

“Hisega Meadows April Lily,” my mount at the moment and a mommy later. Bred both to Dobh MacDuff but only Kyle “took” (late in season—one cover) April will go back to MacDuff next spring and Kyle to Chiltern Colm. Nancy xxx is importing a young stallion from Ireland who sounds super—I may need more mares!

Enough! Your books are a real labor of love and maybe the most valuable thing I own! Thanks!

Sincerely, Anne

Pony Tales

Don’t Cry Anymore
By Tre Awain Tinker’s Moon

The day started nicely enough. It was cold but the sun felt good on my white fur. There were still a few nibbles of grass to be had and also a huge round bale of hay that I shared with two other ponies. They didn’t get to eat till I had what I wanted, though. I started in on the hay but something wasn’t quite right….Just a funny feeling in my stomach. So I let the other ponies have a turn at the hay. There was a little pain in my gut but it wasn’t too bad. I lay down for a bit to see if it would get better, then tried the hay again. But no, not right – doesn’t taste right. I lay down again and this time I rolled over. And that’s when it happened. A horrible stabbing pain. What was it? I got up but it was still there, so I lay down and rolled again. And again. But it didn’t get better.

Finally someone noticed me. It was mistress. She came out of the house and made me get up and walk, but I really didn’t want to. So I flopped down again. Mistress called out to someone –“call the vet!” For the next hour it was up – walk – flop down – repeat. They finally gave up. And finally – FINALLY – the vet truck rumbled in. It was the nice lady vet…she bent and patted my head. “What have you done now?” I liked it when she talked to me, not like I was some animal or something. She gave me an injection and at last the pain started to go away. She took my temperature, listened to my heart, counted my breaths and took my pulse. Then she looked in my mouth. “She’s very sick,” she said. “See how pale? And see this line here……”

Then she did the thing we all hate, its so embarrassing. She stuck her arm up my butt. They do this to look for babies so I had had it done before, but it had been a long time. But she wasn’t looking for babies this time. And what she found was not good news. “I think she’s got a twist in her intestine.”

“Can you do anything,” said mistress. “Surgery”, said the vet. “But she is too old. I wouldn’t do it.”

Mistress didn’t say anything. Then a tiny voice, “Is there any chance?”

“Well, there’s always a chance. But I’m not very hopeful. We can wait awhile, though, and see if she improves. I have another call so I could go and do that and then come back.” So I was left lying in front of the barn. I didn’t feel too much pain but I was SO tired. I had been lying with my head up but finally I couldn’t hold it up any longer. I lay all the way down.
AK’s Mom was the first to come and hug me. She is such a nice lady. She patted my head and kissed me and told me how much she loved me. Soon AK came over, then Kayla and Rylee. Addie was there too, crying like a waterfall. They were all my little girls, my students that I had taught to ride. They all sat by me; their moms too. Sometimes they would bury their faces in my fur and cry. Then they would look up and say, “Please get better!” Then they would kiss me and start to cry again. I wished I could get better for them but I was just getting tireder and tireder. A few times I tried to get up and even succeeded once or twice and they all would cheer.”Look she’s better!” But then I would have to lie down again. Then I just didn’t try anymore and they would all start to cry again. Finally the vet came back – she tried one last time to make me get up. I tried, but I couldn’t do it. “I think its time” she said. “Okay” was all mistress said. I think she was crying too. The vet gave me another shot and I got very sleepy and finally all the pain stopped. It was such a relief. Mistress patted me one last time and then the vet injected a huge amount of something pink. It was cold and I could feel it running through my veins. Then I felt my heart slow down. I could still feel mistress’s hand on my neck. I could see the stars, too. It was just getting dark. But gradually everything slowed down and then stopped.

I lay there for awhile. I was surprised I still knew what was happening but I didn’t feel anything. After awhile a man with a big machine came and looked at me. I didn’t like him. “Can I bury her right here?” “No, I don’t think so, there are water lines under there somewhere. Can you move her?” They discussed all the possibilities none of which appealed to me very much. At last, they decided. They would drag me to the little graveyard in the back and I would be buried alongside Shilly and a bunch of old dogs. Bad old dogs. I had rather liked Shilly but I wished I didn’t have to be buried with the dogs. They used to run after me and bite my heels. But I didn’t have a say in the matter. So the man attached some chains to my legs and hooked them to his big machine and started off toward the graveyard. It was interesting, bumping down the path I had taken my little girls down so many times. But it didn’t hurt. Just not very dignified. Down at the graveyard, the man started digging – great big scoops of dirt….and were those some...
dog bones? I just lay there and watched. It started to rain and the man used some words I had never heard before, but he kept on digging. Mistress came and put a tarpaulin over me to keep me dry. But I didn’t mind the rain, it was cool and soothing and was washing all of the horrible day away. It was nice of her though. Finally my resting place was ready and the big machine gave me a push and in I went. It was quite a ways down and I landed with a thud. And all the dirt that had been dug up came in on top of me. It was soft and warm and I could say goodbye to the world at last.

Is there another life? I don’t know about people but as I walked across the little rainbow bridge I saw a big beautiful meadow – the grass was knee high and there was a little stream of clear water rushing through the meadow. And there were all my friends! Shilly was there, and April—that old bitch, and Emma and poor little Midget who died before he was even a month old. And here came Emily, trotting over the bridge! It was so good to see them all, even April. They all ran up to me and we all squealed, happy squeals. Then we ran off into the sunrise.

ACPS STALLION SERVICE AUCTION

Starts in February. Proceeds benefit ACPS Susan McConnel Foundation.
Find more information at ACPS.org

Classified ads are FREE in the newsletter, can have pictures and as much text as you wish, just send copy to Kim Harrison: vaharrisons@verizon.net
Send your pony tale news, too!

Next Newsletter March 1st

Classified Ads

BALMULLO FARM OFFERS:

Would you like a foal like this? Bazzle’s sire, Foothills Field Marshall, is available via fresh or frozen semen. $1000 includes $200 booking fee. balmullofarm@gmail.com 804-507-0269
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GLENDALE FARM OFFERS:
Deb Norman debnorman@mindspring.com

We will once again stand Rattle 'n Snap Laddie Boy (Moy Hazy Cove x Castle Strange Sparrow). Stud fee is $800 which includes a $250 booking fee.

Also standing at Glendale Farm is *Fernville Matchmaker* (Fredericksminde Hazy Match x Ross Castle Moya [Abbeyleix Owen]), imported from Ireland. He is a 2006 14.2 grey pony with excellent bone and movement. Stud fee is $600.