

# Fell Pony News



*H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh driving H.M. The Queen's Fell Pony Team  
at Lowther*

**Volume VI**

**Issued by the Fell Pony Society**

# The Fell Pony Society

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*Hon. Editors, "Fell Pony News":* Mrs. B. K. McCOSH and Mr. C. RICHARDSON

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## Editorial

The first thought springing to mind, and the pleasure and joy it has given us all, is the honour which we feel that H.M. The Queen has consented to become Patron of our Society. The Queen has a vast knowledge of horses and ponies, and we are proud that this time-honoured breed should be so privileged.

It has always given us satisfaction to bring out yet another edition of the News: we are glad to welcome many new members to the Society and hope that they will come to understand something of the long history of our breed through these pages (and of the Council of early years, who laid foundation stones upon which the breed was built).

Since driving has become popular and carriages of all varieties are eagerly sought in out-of-the-way sheds, Fell Ponies are coming into their own again, being tough and useful, handy and quick in tackling cones and hazards that waylay courses in driving events. Many people have never seen really fit Fell Ponies in hard working condition and have no idea of what a Fell Pony is capable: they usually see fat grass-fed animals in their natural state and can hardly believe that a purely bred Fell Pony can look so lithe and smart. One interesting comment has been made that some of those jet black ponies take on a browner black colouring when fit.

For some years we have campaigned to save colt foals from the meat market in autumn sales. In the old days there was plenty of work on farms, in mines and as harness ponies: in the last years so many would-be purchasers only considered fillies with the idea that at some future date they would breed foals; frequently these fillies were not the right type from which to breed. Breeding must be a very carefully considered undertaking and only the best used to carry on true and sound characteristics. Geldings can be just as good rides as fillies, sometimes better: now that driving has become a national sport, geldings are wanted since they are more reliable than mares to drive at all seasons.

As a breed Society we are honoured and grateful to Her Majesty The Queen, and to H.R.H. Prince Philip that they should choose ponies from our ancient breed to compete in important events. This is surely sufficient to put Fell Ponies in the forefront of the pony world. I was told by Welsh Cob enthusiasts the other day that they were considering a Fell team as replacement because they are so much quicker and neater, (when fit), in negotiating hazards.

One most important point, which as Editor of the News I would like to stress is that every member who breeds a foal should see that it is correctly registered, with accurate and detailed markings; its parentage must be meticulously correct in every detail. Some ponies have been registered inexactly in the past. Not only is this an antithesis of what our Society represents, but it gives an unrealistic pedigree and is unfair on other breeders who may use too close a blood line with dire results. Inbreeding frequently brings out the worst characteristics and weakest points.

Until Volume V was produced, the News was my responsibility, having been my idea originally. With so many commitments in these present days, I am most grateful to our Secretary, Clive Richardson, who became Joint Editor: It is fortunate to have such a sympathetic and interested partner; and as is well known, two heads are better than one. We apologise for any errors which may occur.

Whenever the opportunity arises, keep the flag flying: let the world know that Fell Ponies are the best and most versatile.

SYLVIA McCOSH, Editor

## Message from the President

Thank you for making me President. I am proud of the honour, and hope I may carry out my duties to the good of the Society.

I hope that members will feel that they can come to me with their queries or problems. I cannot promise to solve them all, but think this is one way in which a President may be useful.

Good luck and happy days with your Fell Ponies.

PEGGY CROSSLAND

## Secretary's Notes

It is encouraging to be able to look back on the three years since the last News was published and see the many ways in which the Fell Pony Society has prospered in spite of a general recession which has hit hard at many sections of the horse world. Although fewer ponies were registered in 1982 than in the previous year, the quality of stock being shown seems to improve each season, and the large number of new members, many from the south and midlands, keen to support the breed, is undeniable proof of an increasing awareness of the values of the Fell in relation to the demands of a discriminating market.

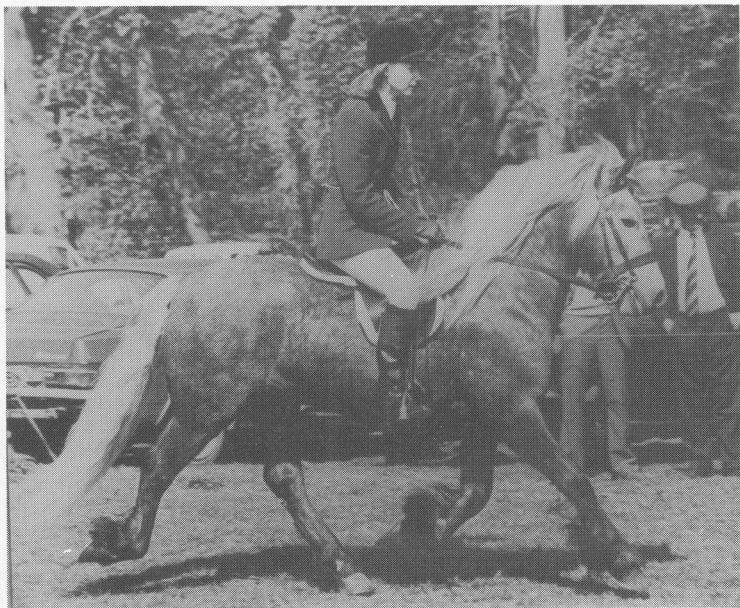
The Society was very honoured earlier this year when H.M. The Queen graciously accepted an invitation from the council to become our patron. The Royal family have shown an interest in the Fell Pony for many years, and this year the Society received another generous donation from Her Majesty for which we are very grateful. The four in hand of Fells owned by H.M. The Queen and driven by H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh have continued competing successfully in Combined Driving Events, delighting spectators wherever they are driven and showing what Fells can really do in these testing and prestigious driving events.

Since January 1981, the Fell Pony Society has published its own studbooks and we are indebted to Miss Crossland who as a stud book editor wades through the mounds of registration forms, sorts them, types the printer's copy, checks the proofs and even helps to sell the finished books. The cost of printing our own stud books is high and in order to recoup our capital outlay we need as many members as possible to buy a copy. Another major step the Society has taken is to start issuing its own stallion licences and to date this is proving very successful.

In recent years the competitive opportunities for native ponies have opened up enormously and Fell Ponies have always put up good performances against other breeds at such important gatherings as the Interbreeds Driving Competition at Windsor and the Ridden Native Pony of the Year Final at Olympia. Each year standards get higher and each year we are obliged to push ourselves that little bit further if we are to meet the precedents set by other breeds. Our very successful performance trials at Packway and Rydal Park provide an excellent schooling ground with the Native Working Pony of the Year Championship at Malvern in mind, and the news that we are very likely to get a qualifier for this important final at our Breed Show will ensure that we are always represented. Plans are also afoot for some form of National Pony Society driving competition and this could provide the Fell with another showcase for its versatility.

The success of any organisation depends upon the enthusiasm of its members and I should like to thank those who put in so much hard work and give so freely of their precious time for the benefit of the Society. Lack of space prevents me from mentioning by name those who serve on our council and sub-committees, our show and event organisers, representatives, judges, stewards and, not least, those members who support our meetings and shows by their presence. May I take this opportunity to put on record my sincere thanks to you all.

CLIVE RICHARDSON, Honorary Secretary/Treasurer



*Mr. P. Lawson's "Mountain Dew of Cleveland", four times winner of Ridden Class at The Fell Pony Stallion Show*



*Ailsa Bickersteth, Peggy Crossland (Hon. Sec.), Amy Edge with "Packway Royal" at the Fell Pony Society Stallion Show, 1956*

## Notes from Here and There

Mrs. S. Allen from Kendal writes to tell us an intriguing story: "At the 1982 Annual Fell Pony Sale at Wigton, Murthwaite Brown Annie stood in a pen suckling her own foal. Her foal was sold separately and the foal's new owner removed it from the pen. Annie then proceeded to suckle another foal that was left in the pen. We took Brown Annie home for her new owner, Mrs. Stubbs of Nottingham, together with a newly acquired foal of our own. On arriving home we let down the back of the box to discover Annie suckling our new foal. It was her third foal of the day."

Mrs. Dorothy Billings from Kidderminster recently bought a mare, Barncross Rue, from Mrs. R. H. Ball, who is our representative to the National Pony Society. Already Rue has notched up some notable showing successes for her new owner who has found Rue "to be all and more than I had hoped for in a pony. She has such a kind, gentle nature and is so sensible." Mrs. Billings hopes to break Rue to harness in the future.

Mrs. Phillippa Tuck from Ulverston, co-organiser of the Rydal Spring Performance Trials writes to tell us how the trials came into being:

"The idea of the Rydal Performance Trials came to my very good friend Judy Johnson and myself after having an enjoyable day at Miss Crossland's Packway trials. It was such a pleasant change from showing Fell Ponies, and I know how much my pony and I enjoyed the natural element of such a competition. So it was a matter of putting our heads together and thinking of a place to run a secondary trial. My mother, who is so interested in Fell Ponies, promised a trophy which was very personal to her being her late husband's present to the trials. She was the one who thought of Rydal where we lived for some years. Then we remembered Mr. Hodgson, a farmer friend, on whose land the B.H.S. cross country event had been held for many years. Judy and I looked around and found to our delight a ready built course although much of it would have been too hard for our sturdy Fells. We compromised and tried to make an interesting ride with a few novelty ideas added.

The response was so good and the fact that everybody obviously enjoyed themselves so much the first year encouraged us to make it an annual event. We both realise that the chance of a pony knocking its legs jumping and spoiling itself for showing is a risk which some people may not be prepared to take. Nevertheless, it is a great day out and a challenge to ponies and riders; Judy and I are prepared to carry on organising the trials as long as the interest continues."

Mrs. Simpson from Darlington tells us of a visit to John Gibson's Gibside Stud near Newcastle-upon-Tyne:

"Recently one of our mares was broken in at John Gibson's at Burnopfield where we spent an enjoyable afternoon. John took us out riding and very kindly let me ride his three year old mare, Gibside Dolly, his daughter Gwen rode another three year old, Gibside Rose, my husband Michael rode our mare, and John his stallion, Gibside Danny Boy. The mares and the stallion went very well together showing the truly sensible nature of Fell Ponies. We rode across some very testing countryside. Sometimes our path went practically vertically down the hillsides, although the ponies were unconcerned, and to their credit did whatever was asked of them without once faltering. Our own pony had only been broken in three weeks. On the way back Michael rode Danny Boy and later said that he had never enjoyed a ride so much."

Mr. Jim Wyke, Monks Kirkby, Rugby, was delighted with his success at the Royal Show, winning the Fell Championship with his four year old gelding "Dalemain Good King Henry", who has already had championships to his credit.

Jim now drives Henry in harness and also his two mares Calgarth Harry's Girl and Heltondale Beauty, who are seen regularly as a pair at Windsor and other driving events.

### **Warning to all Members:**

Sad news for Mr. William Henderson, Whitburn, near South Shields. His two year old colt by Nettle, of which he thought highly and was keeping entire, was struck by a golf ball and died almost instantly. William's land borders the Golf Course, and he allows a stile onto his land so that players can seek their golf balls. He saw his ponies on a busy Sunday morning: half an hour later he was told one of his ponies was not well. By the time he reached the colt it was dead.

The Golf Club nor any player would own responsibility nor come and see the dead pony.

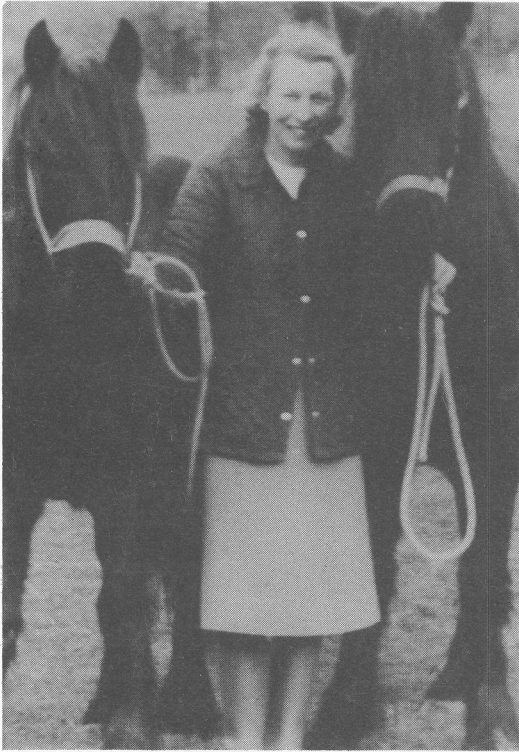
Surely there must be an insurance policy to cover such fatalities?

## **Fell Pony Museum**

There must have been Fell ponies at Dalemain since time immemorial. Whether they were carrying out light jobs on the estate and on the farms, snigging timber out of the woodlands, carrying red deer shot in Martindale forest, or sledging them down the lower slopes, these tough ponies were always at hand. It seemed essential to preserve something of the history and antiquity of our north country breed so that generations to come may become conversant with something of the past.

The huge and ancient barn in the cobbled courtyard at Dalemain with its loft and splendid timbered roof seemed an ideal place to stage a permanent museum. With the blessing and encouragement of the Fell Pony Society, we began this inexhaustible project which can only grow over the years. Willie Mason, our estate joiner, gave valuable time to build glass fronted show cases. Reuben McCormack from Penruddock, our retired blacksmith and farrier, sadly unwell, gave or lent me most of his tools, his anvil, and even his precious apron made of pigskin. Magnificent bellows came from Bampton Smithy. Over the years I collected items with the idea of creating a museum so we started with a good nucleus. The assemblage of stud cards is of particular interest, the earliest dating back to 1901. A number of these were given to me by the late James Graham of Upton, Caldbeck. These elderly pony men had a vast store of knowledge and unless it is written down and items brought together as a collection, much fascinating history will be lost forever.

The history of the breed is illustrated with murals hung on the walls of the barn and painted by Susan Millard of Shap who creates designs for embroideries. Mrs. Millard painted lovely scenes on hardboard, the first and most impressive being a group of strong black ponies on open fell where Hadrian's Wall and its mile castles are to be seen as background. King Arthur and his knights are also pictured, silhouetted against the sunrise, for legend has it that Fell Ponies were used in his cavalry. My favourite mural is of Shap Abbey where Cistercian monks are working their ponies. Everything possible is authentic — drawings in the fourteenth century Lutterall psalter have been consulted. Several later scenes decorate the barn, pack ponies, a travelling stallion and more. Being particularly interested in wild flowers, we were anxious to portray flowers of special local interest such as Easter mon giant from which Easter herb puddings were made.



*Sylvia McCosh, founder of the Fell Pony Museum, holding two year old Jack-by-the-Hedge and the yearling Wake Robin*

The museum includes driving harness, pit pony harness, pony boots for wearing when pulling the lawn mower, photographs, some extremely interesting early rosettes and a fascinating pit pony saddle discovered in a peat bog by Mr. Douglas Kent. Mr. Kent was taking some boys camping near Middleton in Teesdale, and as they dug into peat to sink their 'loo' they came upon a perfectly preserved saddle only a few inches below the surface — only the horsehair had gone. A brass disc with the maker's name responded to cleaning but the Middleton in Teesdale saddler has long since gone and his shop is not even remembered today so the saddle must be of great antiquity. His name was J. W. Walton.

The museum will be grateful to receive any items of interest including old photographs (which can be copied), newscuttings and so forth. They can be given or lent and the donor's name will remain with the item. The gales of this spring accounted for much damage to the roof of the barn but repairs have been carried out and, together with the collection of agricultural implements, the beginnings of the Fell Pony museum are once more on show.

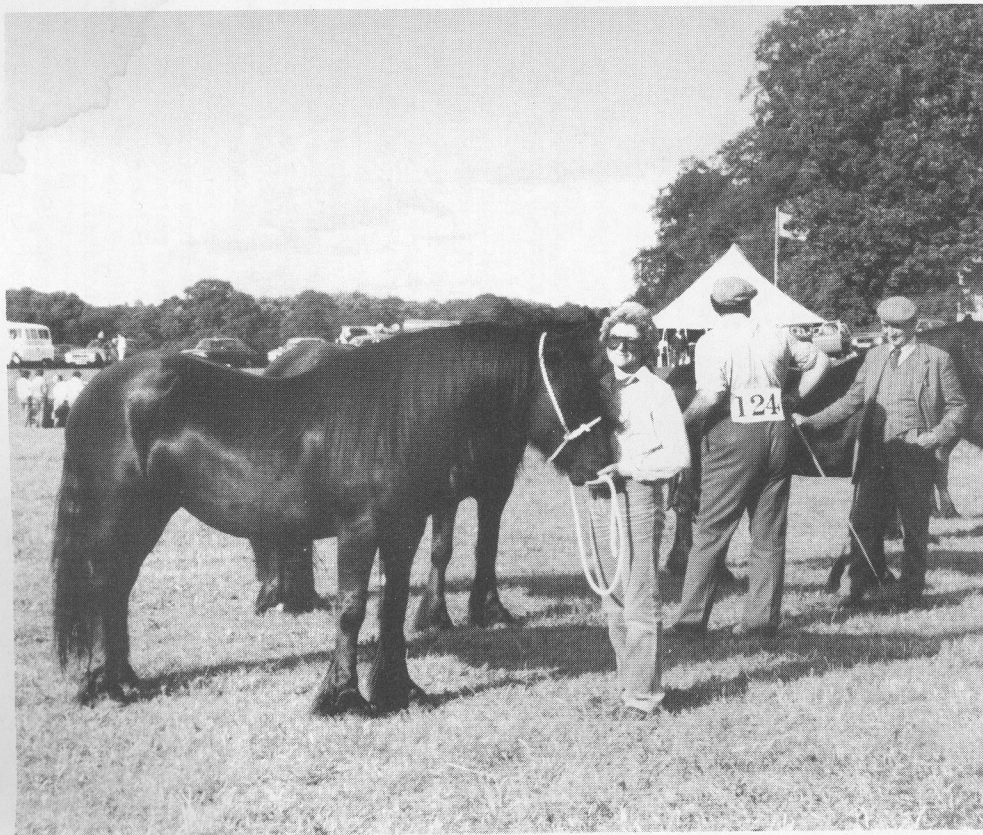
Assistance in maintaining the collection will be very welcome, particularly from energetic, keen young members of the Society at any time of year.

SYLVIA McCOSH

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Volunteers needed, young or old (!) to assist in maintaining Fell Pony Museum. Cleaning harness, polishing glass cases, etc.





*Fell Pony Society Breed Show, 1982*

## Colour and Markings in Fell Ponies

If asked most people would describe a Fell Pony as "Black with no markings." This is undoubtedly a true description of many Fells, but how true is it of the breed? Should a mismarked pony be registered? How common is Bay and Grey?

To answer these questions I set out to study the subject. The new Stud Book F.P.S. Vol. 1, 1981, revealed few bay and grey, more ponies with white markings than I had expected, and only five mismarked ponies. More material was needed so Mrs. Laing kindly lent me N.P.S. Vols. 28—49, and Geurts' book 'Hair Colour in the Horse' gave me a starting point to the literature continued via the County Library.

Examination of the Stud Books soon revealed that markings are only included in Vols. 38—43 of the available volumes. This study is therefore mainly based on material from these volumes. Additional material was obtained from Miss Crossland's personal records and a quick assessment of sample volumes given in Tables 1 and 2, figure A shows the same material, but I have converted to yearly registrations by dividing the figures from each sample by the number of years covered in the Volume, eg 1912—22 is divided by four.

Bay and Brown are combined in this study because I find that it is difficult to distinguish dark bay from brown, and that even true bay is often wrongly registered since some browns are bay as foals, eg Miss Crossland's ponies Packway Trixie and Packway Bellman. Both were bay foals. Trixie is now brown, Bellman way bay in summer coat and brown in winter!

Another factor to bear in mind is Stud Book error. This is generally considered to be about 5%. However, I think one must consider all figures concerning markings as minimum figures since it is much easier to overlook a marking than to record one in error. Markings in native ponies can easily be overlooked by the breeder especially when the ponies are semi wild and the yard is muddy.

The great increase in the number of ponies registered is clear from tables 1 and 2 and figures A and B, but it is interesting to note the high proportion of Bay in the early years and also the high percentage of ponies with white markings. Mismarked ponies have also always been present in small numbers, and were registered.

Tables 3, 4 and 5 show comparisons with other breeds. White markings are clearly much more common and extensive in some breeds than in others, but the pattern of markings is roughly similar, i.e. 'Star' is commoner than most other head markings in all breeds as is two white feet behind. In Highland ponies, white markings are now very rare, the commonest marking, and the only one found in the volumes studied, being a star. White on the hind feet used to be quite common among Western Island ponies, but is now extremely rare, and such ponies are not always registered although they would not be refused registration.

Most authors think that there is a strong correlation between head and leg markings, and that the genetic factors are the same for all breeds and even similar for many species of mammals.

Dreux found that markings were much commoner in chestnut horses than in bay, brown or black; that white hind feet were commoner than front; and that there were more white markings on the near side than the off.

I cannot confirm his findings with chestnut as this colour is virtually absent from Fells, however I did look at the Dartmoor and sure enough markings were more common in this colour! Markings are much commoner on hind feet — statistically very significant. The tendency to more markings on the near side I found to be absent in colts, but present in fillies to some extent but not statistically significant.

In Fells mismarked ponies are those with a white front foot, or any white markings on the head other than 'star'. In the Stud Book volumes studied I found fifty seven ponies which could be described as mismarked on the face, and twenty with white front feet. Head and foot markings were taken separately, most of these are set out in tables 6A and B along with the markings of sire and dam. (Inspected ponies omitted).

The way in which white markings are inherited is not clear. Blunn and Howell consider all head markings other than 'Chin Spot' to be dominant, i.e., if the factor is present it can be seen. Dreux also considers markings to be dominant but he suggests two origins for head markings, one originating in a 'star' and the other in 'star and snip', both are thought to extend to form a blaze. Castle considers markings to be recessive, and Salisbury suggests that there are at least two genes giving the same effect, one dominant and one recessive. Geurts suggests 'Dominance with partial penetration' and the presence of modifying factors. The situation is undoubtedly complex and involves two or more factors which interact.

I found that almost all of the mismarked ponies — tables 6A and B traced back to four stallions on both sides of their pedigrees and few had mismarked parents. This is consistent with recessive inheritance as is the fact that 'snip x snip' mating appears to give offspring with a 'snip', however the number of such matings is too small to draw firm conclusions. If a 'star' is recessive then 'star x star' should always give rise to 'star'. This is not so, Table 8. But since unmarked parents — 'plain x plain' can produce 'star' Table 6 and 7. 'Star' cannot be considered as a true dominant. The pattern of inheritance is not clear but usually appears to be recessive in Fells. It is possible that further study may be useful.

The constitution of the Fell Pony Society states 'the Society exists to foster and help to keep pure the old breed of pony' and that the colours are 'Black Brown, Bay or Grey.' Modern preference seems to be for the Black pony and, since this colour is recessive to Bay or Grey there is a danger that these old colours may be lost from the breed if we are not careful to see that they are always present.

White markings are widespread in the breed and will, I think, always appear in a number of ponies. Mismarking is rare, but will undoubtedly occur from time to time. Such ponies, if bred from will not necessarily pass on these markings to their offspring although they are more likely to do so than unmarked ponies. Not to register mismarked animals would be a mistake since such markings could be 'overlooked' by some breeders unless all ponies were inspected and, in any case, such markings are only a minor defect and should not be taken out of proportion. Conformation, soundness, type and temperament are more important.

TABLE 1. WHITE MARKINGS 1911 - 1981

Key: + = Marking Present 0 = No Marking

Source Year	MARKINGS	N.P.S. Stud Book 1911-12		N.P.S. 1919-22		N.P.S. 1931-33		N.P.S. 1948-53		N.P.S. (Miss Crossland's Records) 1961		N.P.S. 1971		F.P.S. Vol. 1 1981	
		Head	LEGS	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%	%		
0	0	24	53.3	31	43.1	20	53.7	191	57.0	59	55.7	65	55.6	191	72.1
+	0	10		22		7		44		15		18		35	
0	+	6		6		9		59		16		16		30	
+	+	4		13		20		41		16		18		9	
Total		45		72		56		335		106		117		265	
Number of Mismarked Included		4	8.9	8	11.1	3	5.4	18	5.4	9	8.5	10	8.5	5	1.9

TABLE 2. COLOUR 1911 - 1981

Colour	Source Year		N.P.S. Stud Book 1911-12		N.P.S. 1919-22		N.P.S. 1931-33		N.P.S. 1948-53		N.P.S. (Miss Crossland's Records) 1961		N.P.S. 1971		F.P.S. Vol. 1 1981	
			%		%		%		%		%		%		%	
Black	13	28.9	25	34.7	41	73.2	225	67.2	71	66.9	82	70.1	210	79.2		
Bay/Brown	29	64.4	41	56.9	14	25.0	106	31.6	33	31.1	35	29.9	47	17.7		
Grey/Roan	3	6.7	6	8.3	1	1.8	4	1.2	2	1.9	0	—	8	3.0		
<b>Total</b>	<b>45</b>		<b>72</b>		<b>56</b>		<b>335</b>		<b>106</b>		<b>117</b>		<b>265</b>			

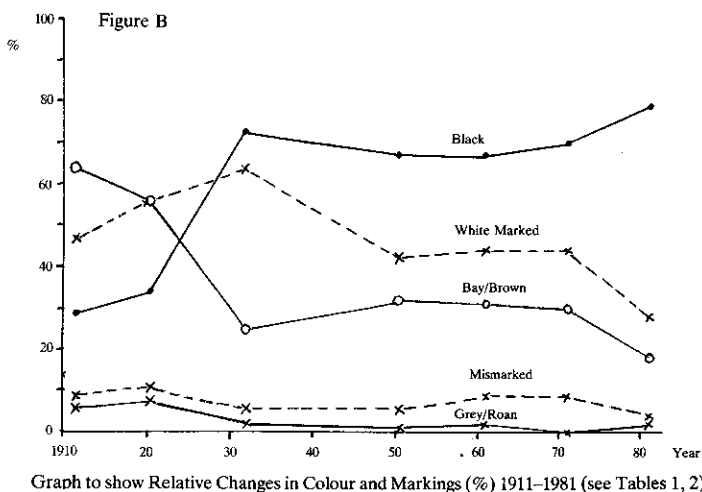
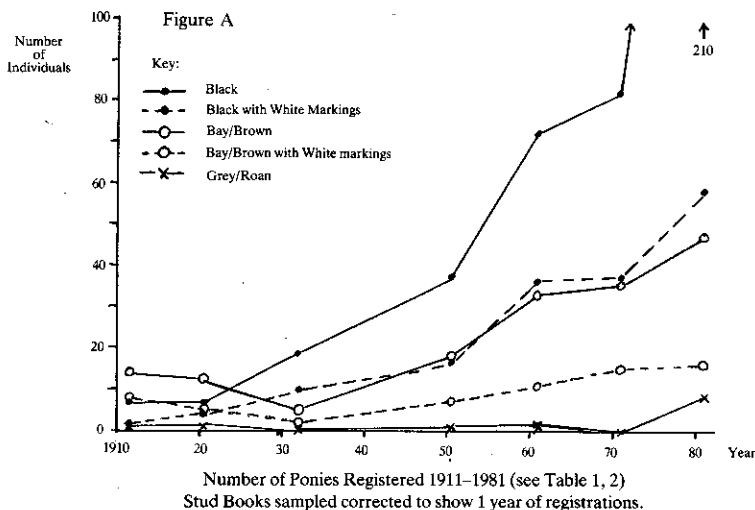


TABLE 3. BREED COMPARISONS

Key: + = White Markings present

0 = No Marking

Breed Author Source	Fr. Trotters Ph. Dreux Stud Book Data Paper Pub: 1966		Shetland (USA) Salisbury Stud Book Data Paper Pub: 1941		Finish Salisbury 1941		T.B. English Salisbury 1941		Fell Walker Stud Book 1983		Dales Walker Stud Book 1983		Dartmoor Walker Stud Book 1983		Highland Walker Stud Book 1983				
	Head	Legs		%		%		%		%		%		%		%			
0	0	427	10.4	6,249	87.5	1,571	37.7	50	21.0	701	60.2	51	15.0	981	55.1	586	92.3		
+	0	529		} 893		} 2,591		} 188		177		93		387		49			
0	+	654										171		37		155		0	
+	+	2,485										116		157		256		0	
Total		4,095		7,142		4,163		238		1,165		338		1,779		635			

TABLE 4. BREED COMPARISONS. HEAD MARKINGS

Breed Author	Arab Blunn & Howell 1936		Fr. Trotters Dreux 1966		Fell Walker 1983		Dales Walker 1983		
	Head	Legs	Head	Legs	Head	Legs	Head	Legs	
0	0	10	3.0	962	23.5	871	74.8	88	25.9
S	0	41		1,620	39.6	240		174	51.6
S	Str	13		284		4		9	
S	Str	110	33.2	728		3		20	
S	Str	65		200		—		1	
S	0	40		206		23		31	
S	Str	5		13		—		—	
0	0	5		29		13		4	
0	Str	25		12		8		10	
S	0	2		14		1		—	
0	Str	10		16		—		—	
S	0	1		8		1		—	
0	0	1		2		—		1	
0	Str	1		1		1		—	
0	0	1		—		—		—	
0	Str	1		—		—		—	
Total		331		4,095		1,165		338	

Key: S = Star  
 Str = Stripe  
 Sn = Snip  
 Ch = Chin Spot or Lip Mark  
 0 = No Marking

TABLE 5. BREED COMPARISONS. LEG MARKINGS

Breed Author Markings		French Trotters Pl. Dreux 1966				Fell Walker 1983				Dales Walker 1983			
NF	OF	♂	♀	Total	%	♂	♀	Total	%	♂	♀	Total	%
NH	OH												
0	0												
0	0	480	600	1,080	26.4	362	516	878	75.4	40	104	144	42.6
0	0												
0	+	206	240	446		37	42	79		7	29	36	
0	0												
+	0	289	299	588	14.4	38	66	104	8.9	10	38	48	14.2
0	+												
0	0	15	7	22		3	1	4		—	1	1	
+	0												
0	0	15	25	40	.9	2	3	5	.4	1	1	2	.6
0	0												
+	+	443	459	902	22.0	35	48	83	7.1	18	56	74	21.9
0	+												
+	+	18	12	30		—	1	1		2	1	3	
+	0												
+	0	45	32	77		—	1	1		—	2	2	
0	0												
+	0	6	5	11		—	—	—		—	—	—	
0	+												
0	+	43	33	76		—	1	1		1	2	3	
+	0												
0	+	33	21	54		—	—	—		1	2	3	
0	+												
+	+	100	85	185		—	1	1		2	3	5	
+	+												
+	+	151	132	283	6.9	2	3	5	.4	3	10	13	3.8
0	+												
+	+	17	16	33		1	—	1		—	—	—	
+	0												
+	+	22	18	40		—	—	—		1	—	1	
+	+												
+	+	136	92	228	5.6	—	2	2	.2	1	2	3	.9
Total		2,019	2,076	4,095		480	684	1,165		87	251	338	

Key: 0 = No Markings + = White on Leg ♀ = Male ♂ = Female NF = Near Fore OF = Off Fore NH = Near Hind OH = Off Hind

TABLES 6A and B MISMARKED PONIES INHERITANCE

TABLE 6A HEAD MARKINGS - White markings other than 'Star'

PARENTS	OFFSPRING						TOTAL
	Stripe	Snip	Star, Stripe	Star, Snip	Star, Stripe, Snip	Star, Stripe, Snip, Chin Spot	
Nil × Nil	3	5		7			17
Nil × Star	2	2	1	8	2		14
Nil × Stripe	1	1	1	1	1		5
Nil × Snip		2				1	2
Nil × Star, Snip	2	1	1	2			6
Star × Star		1	1				2
Star × Stripe				1			1
Star × Snip				2			2
Snip × Star, Snip		1			1		2
Star, Snip × Star, Snip				1			1
Total	8	13	4	22	4	1	52

TABLE 6B LEG MARKINGS - White on fore leg

PARENTS	OFFSPRING								Total
	1 Foot		2 Feet		3 Feet		4 Feet		
	NF	OF	NF.OH.	OF.OH	NF.BH	OF.BH	BF.OH	BF.BH	
Nil x Nil	2	1	1		3			1	8
Nil x OH	1				1				2
Nil x BH	1								2
Nil x NF.NH					1			1	1
NH x NH							1		1
NH x OH				1					1
BH x OF		2*							2
BH x BF.BH						1			1
Total	4	3	1	1	5	1	1	2	18

\* Full Brother and Sister

TABLE 7. INHERITANCE

PARENTS				SOURCE: N.P.S. Vol. 38-43 and E.P.S. Vol. 1 for all ponies OFFSPRING WHITE MARKINGS				
Sire		Dam		Nil	Head	Legs	Head & Legs	Total
Head	Legs	Head	Legs					
Nil	x	Nil		50	8	10	3	71
Nil	x	+	0	4	1	4	2	11
Nil	x	0	+	7	1	1		9
Nil	x	+	+	2	2	1		6
0	+	x	Nil	5	2	3		10
+	+	x	Nil	3				3
0	+	x	+	2		1	1	4
0	+	x	0	1		1	1	3
0	+	x	+	1		1	1	3
+	+	x	+		1		2	3
Total				75	15	22	11	123

TABLE 8 'STAR x STAR' MATINGS Test of Genetic Theory

PARENTS	OFFSPRING					Total
	Nil	Star	Snip	Star, Snip	Star, Stripe, Snip	
Star x Star	10	12	1			23
Star x 'Blaze'	1					1
Star x Star, Stripe	1					1
Star x Snip		1		1		2
Snip x Star, Snip			1		1	2
Total	12	13	2	1	1	29

BETTY WALKER



*Mrs. Phillipa Tuck riding "Tarnbeck Jubilee Queen" at the 1982 Breed Show*



## “Do tell me – what made you buy a Fell pony?”

“Once upon a time” —

As all good fairy stories begin, it was a long time ago: a **very** long time ago, in fact – way back in the Summer of 1938, before the War. My father, who enjoyed grouse-shooting, took the beautiful lodge and shoot of Otterburn Dene, in Northumberland. As we were to be there for six weeks, and being a kindly father appreciative of the fact that he had a pony-mad daughter (and a not so pony-mad son), he arranged with a local lady, Miss Mitford, who had a riding stable at Rothbury, to hire two ponies for us to ride while the grown-ups were shooting. There duly arrived a placid dun Norwegian mare and a little grey gelding anything but placid, who repeatedly bucked my poor brother off within a few minutes of being mounted. When a small “rough-rider” brought by Miss Mitford to sort out the problem, had also been bolted with and scraped off on the doorpost of a nearby shed, my father and Miss Mitford decided enough was enough and the grey pony departed forthwith. Faced with the problem of finding another pony, since sharing one between the two of us was pointed out as “not much fun”, my father had recourse to the keeper, who was a splendid person who knew everybody and was a local general “Jim’ll fix it”. He knew of just the thing – a friend’s old mare was doing nothing and was as quiet as a sheep.

So Tibby came into our lives; an old black Fell pony who was the kindest thing on four legs – unshod, and so fat we had to ride her bareback! She would do anything for us, and never minded being scrambled on and off, taking part in all sorts of imaginative dramas and actions, and generally “minding” us with perfect equanimity. We loved her dearly, and I wept bitterly when the time came for our ways to part. But the impression she made on me was lasting; and I never forgot her, although she receded for a long time into the depths of my memory.

The years went by; I grew up, rode horses and hunted, and had a job; then marriage and in due course three children of my own. More ponies appeared on the scene, and the regular round of a Pony Club mum was succeeded by horses as the family grew up. At last, when the youngest went off to college and the only horse left was a retired racehorse amiably providing a hack when anyone came home, the memory of Tibby came to my mind one day, invoked by some old photographs, and I thought, “Now there’s the sort of pony for a middle-aged mum to enjoy: a sensible, live-out native pony (not too expensive to look after, like those thoroughbreds) – now how do I go about finding a Fell pony?” Find out more about them was the answer, so I booked myself in with Miss Chadwick at Murton and spent a blissful weekend riding her ponies and talking Fell ponies till we were both hoarse. The logical step to follow that seemed to be to look in the biggest livestock shop window there is: the Royal Show. So in 1979 I persuaded my long-suffering husband to manage a second day at the Royal, and gazed avidly at the Fells in the indoor arena, finally plucking up courage to accost Miss Crossland, who was showing two ponies. The next move came out of the blue: a Mr. Ousby rang up to say would I be interested in his mare, as he understood I was looking for a Fell pony? So I went up to Keswick to investigate; there I met Bushby Briar – and Tibby’s work was done.

So Briar came home, and life has never been the same again. The pleasure she gives me, the odd panic she has caused, the euphoria and the profanity, are so immeasurably worthwhile. She is a member of the family both versatile and endearing – a never dull companion, whose forthright character complements her generosity. She is a source of interest and admiration around here wherever she goes, for she is the first Fell pony that many of my friends have met. The spark that was kindled all those years ago by kind old Tibby has burned again with the coming of Briar into my life, and the realisation of a very old dream.

Briar returned to Nettle to run on the high ground above Dalemain, and if all goes well another generation of Fell ponies will carry their flag further south.

ELIZABETH MARSHALL

## La Semaine du Cheval – Maisons Laffitte

Where do you take the pony who has done nearly every driving trial there is and has travelled the length and breadth of Great Britain successfully attending County Shows, Driving Shows, Parades, Rallies, Festivals . . . in fact, nearly everything?

This was the problem Eden View Moonstroller's owner had for the 1982 season. So, in an effort to broaden horizons, letters went to secretaries of European driving societies to find out if any events could be attended by a British Native Pony. The French replied with a complete list of equestrian events throughout their country and, almost like picking the winner of a race with a pin, a 'Fete Hippique' was chosen, held at Maisons Laffitte Racecourse. Nothing more was known than that, in November 1981.

By May 1982 all the regulations for exporting a pony and more importantly re-importing him to England were sorted through. Thus, on Saturday, 12th June 1982, we set off for Folkestone, Kent after a vet inspection and valuation. At a Ministry approved stable, Stroller had to rest for 24 hours prior to sailing to comply with regulations, be inspected again by a vet and at 5 a.m. on Monday morning we left for Dover Harbour, the Customs and the 7-30 a.m. boat. Stroller travelled very well in his trailer on the cargo deck with all the container lorries.

Calais was reached in 1½ hours and after the Customs, yet another vet inspection. This completed, we were able to drive to Paris on the autoroute and despite being stopped by French Customs Officers who checked through trailer and landrover at the roadside, by 5 p.m. we were approaching the Periferique, the infamous ringroad around Paris. Armed with detailed instructions in French given to us by our French organiser we wrestled with school French of years gone by and amazing rush-hour traffic. Even so we managed, with no errors, to reach Versailles and Maisons Laffitte with its racecourse and the stables where Stroller was to stay.

By the day of the display Stroller had become well known to the Riding Club where we were staying. They had not seen a pony before with such length of mane and tail. Throughout that day the Riding Club practised their own display and Stroller was hosed down surrounded by horses of the French mounted police who stabled there too. We found out that in France no horse of any kind is allowed to be shown without having its mane plaited. So as not to offend the French Equestrian Society, having explained with hopelessly inadequate 'O' level French about Native Ponies in Britain, Jane made three running plaits with layers of mane and looped them together in a style reminiscent of the English State Harness mane decorations worn by the Windsor Greys. This allowed Stroller's mane to flow naturally but neatly.

All the roads to the racecourse were treelined and had riding tracks for the race horses. We trotted along with three other turnouts and at the appointed time assembled at the Racecourse car park. We were introduced to the secretary of the Versailles Driving Club who explained all the different types of carriages in the display. There were groups of hounds from local hunts with green-jacketed huntsmen carrying their horns wrapped round them; the fore-runner, obviously, of the modern orchestral French Horn. Their hounds were black and white only and much taller than our foxhounds. The State Guard mounted band gave a display while the State Trumpeters were on top of the Grandstand. As dusk fell, we assembled with our carriage lamps lit.

Over the racecourse loudspeakers came a commentary linking the different displays together as the floodlights swept the enclosures in front of the Grandstand. Next it was the Driving Society's turn and each turnout had to trot separately across the forecourt and salute the Tribune; the cheers and applause were tremendous from the three-tier grandstand (just like the one at Ascot racecourse) and Stroller showed off magnificently with his chin tucked right into his chest and strode out while the commentator announced him and some facts about his breed. Still the State

Trumpeters played their fanfares and the applause thundered out. We crossed onto the racecourse and trotted round while the hunts paraded the hounds. The sound was deafening and unforgettable and could not have been greater if we had won the French Derby! As we left, the commentary and music continued and a firework display began, telling the history of Maisons Laffitte. Then rosettes were given to everyone and we packed up ready for the journey home the next day.

At 5 a.m. on 19th June we left to drive back to Calais. On our way down we had passed through the Battlefields of the Somme and close to Vimy Ridge. So we decided to pause a while here. It was a staggering experience – we drove past many war cemeteries on the side of the main road and then took the trailer up to the Canadian Memorial at Vimy Ridge itself. We walked through the trenches which had been left as a memorial to the Canadians and saw German trenches only 100 yards away: the whole area covered with shell craters. From the top of the Ridge, where the seemingly endless names of those who have no grave are carved in the stone of the memorial, we surveyed industrial France, the prize of this awful battle. We turned to return to our trailer in shocked silence and hoped that Stroller too might somehow understand our feelings. Eight million of his kind had died hereabouts too – perhaps he was their first visitor.

Finally we arrived in Calais to find strong winds for the crossing and we had to wait for the Captain of the ship to decide whether to take us on board. He did, although the seas were very rough. Stroller travelled well, bracing himself firmly with a leg at each corner. We docked and then had the most infuriating and tiring wait – for some inexplicable reason the Customs Officers would not clear Stroller's vet papers and for six hours we fought to get clearance. No-one seemed to care at all that the horse was in his trailer and had been on the road since 5 a.m. No vet inspections either in Calais or Dover – a very different story from taking the horse out of the country – the officials do not seem to be concerned about a horse's possible tiredness if he is entering Britain, only if he is going out!

We left Dover after midnight and finally got to Harlow in Essex where we were doing a small show to break the journey on the way home. He won a third prize to two Welsh cobs, in-hand, and then did a drive out. We finally returned to Hunsonby at 6-30 a.m. on Monday morning. Stroller went to sleep flat out on the floor of his stable all day while we went to work at 8-30 a.m. So ended our 'Semaine du Cheval' and as for Moonstroller, perhaps he is the only Fell Pont ever to have been in the Champs Elysees!?

JANE BRINDLEY

## **The Suburban Fell by Eric Haynes**

Your readers may be interested in hearing what it is like to keep a pony in the suburbs of a big city. My two ponies, Polly and her foal Coriander, live on a farm just outside Birmingham, situated between two trunk roads. Our only "bridle-path" is used by lorries working a gravel pit. We were riding along it one day in company with another horse when a lorry turned off the road, pulled in to the side when the driver saw us, and stopped. Polly was approaching the big monster suspiciously when he let off his air brakes. That convinced her that she was being attacked and she fled for her life. I pulled her round onto the field alongside, and we careered round for a few minutes until she headed back to the track. At that point, however – as I knew but she didn't – the field was bordered by a fence made of a single strand of wire. She spotted it as she reached it and stopped dead, as Fells seem wont to do, before setting off again in a different direction. I managed eventually to point the front end in roughly the direction of the lorry (still waiting patiently) and started cantering up. She came up to it, took to her heels and went charging past, giving me barely time to shout "thank you" to the patient lorry-driver as we disappeared into the sunset.

On another occasion we were riding into the local village when we became aware of a commotion ahead. As we turned into the main street past the church, we found hundreds of boy-scouts lined up in procession, headed (horror of horrors!) by a brass band. It turned out later that this was a meeting of all the scouts in the area and was a big occasion for them and the local council. We were the last road-users allowed through before the police closed the road for the procession. So we rode through the village street at the head of the procession, like outriders to the Queen. We came up to a saluting-base full of local dignitaries: I noticed a chain of office. I bowed and gave what I hoped was a gracious wave. The chain of office waved back, evidently a little puzzled as to our place in the scheme of things, and thus we processed the length of the village street, past the crowds lining the pavement, behind us the massed boy-scouts. And all the time we were treading on hot coals for fear the band just behind us would start playing with an almighty crash. If they had, we would have broken all records for royal outriders. We turned thankfully off the road at the end of the village; I made what I thought was a cheerful remark to a police inspector to the effect that "you can let them start now", but received only a stony stare in response: he was evidently not at all amused at spending his Sunday afternoon controlling masses of boy-scouts headed by a joker on horseback. We had gone only a few yards down the side road when the tremendous "oompah" started. Our horses twitched, but the danger had passed and we were able to return home another way.

## First Efforts with a Pair

Even from my first introduction to driving, many years ago, I thought a pair would be fun and more enjoyable for the ponies. On these points I was right, but on most other things I was wrong. The idea that you collect together ponies, harness and vehicle and away you go, is not the simple thing it first appears. However we decided to make a start and set off leading Bouquet and Becky round the lanes in full harness and then long reining them until they were used to touching and bouncing off each other. Meanwhile I was getting exhausted running behind so we brought out the



wagonette. Now the trouble started, not from the ponies, but everything else. The pole was too short and the ponies were in danger of being run over; a new pole. The reins were too short, so were lengthened; the traces were too stiff to remove quickly so we changed to nylon quick release ones. On our first drive away from the village a wooden swingle bar broke and an apparently empty road was suddenly full of cars, milk tankers and school bus!

In spite of this the ponies were improving and obviously enjoyed working together and we began to think of entering an event before the end of the season. With this in mind we went to the Windsor Park Club event where we could do the cross country and the easy bits of the hazards which kept us all happily relaxed. Now we had to get everything together, clean and shining for presentation at Wylve where it poured with rain, throughout the dressage. But the next day was sunny for the marathon over the downs, the ponies were fit and romped round with time to spare, the penalties being picked up in the hazards when I firmly hooked a hub round a barrel, and later left the handbrake on and wondered why the ponies ground to a halt! We were pleased to end up fourth, still in one piece and with plenty of ideas for improvement, also with the conviction that although a pair is definitely double the work, double the worry, it is also double the fun!

MARY LONGSDEN

## Museum Murals

I heard about the Fell Pony Museum and its proposed murals sometime before becoming actively interested. Having read in the Cumberland and Westmorland Herald that Mrs. McCosh of Dalemain was seeking an artist to carry out an idea that would bring colour and life to the museum. Bearing in mind that I was used to painting stage scenery (at College) and had undertaken one or two murals on other occasions, I offered my services. After studying some of my old sketches and a great deal of enthusiastic chat, I was accepted and started work.

The main difficulty was deciding what not to include! There were so many ideas that could be included: shepherds trotting races, the use of Fells in pits, Brough and Appleby fairs and decorative items simply showing yearlings having fun. In the end these were discarded in favour of a "straight history". This can now be seen at Dalemain.

The easy subjects were carried out first, pony trekking, two typical foals, the Dark Ages when the Friesian/Roman stock interbred with the Celtic Pony, murals which seemed too complicated for research such as King Arthur and his Knights, were simplified. King Arthur who with his retinue became striking black silhouettes against a sunset sky.

The Victorian age was based on a local view and of photos depicting a Dalemain pony in a gig. After this the final panels required to be researched – the painting of the pack ponies and the agricultural monks working their Monastery land.

Peggy Crossland was most helpful with the first, partly by sharing her own knowledge, and partly by sending me to Kendal Museum where a painting of a pack horse complete with woolpack, muzzle and bell collar may be seen as well as an actual bell collar. Clive Richardson also shared his knowledge of monastic uses for the ponies, as well as John Fairer, our Shap historian, who provided details of canonical dress at Shap Abbey and plans of the Abbey's development. In a book given long ago by a friend (and largely disregarded as at the time I had no use for harness) I found a beautiful drawing of a 13th century team pulling a cart, with distinctive details. The last two panels gave us both the greatest pleasure, because we took pains to "get it right" in as many details as possible. Peter and Edith Robinson generously loaned me photographs of and allowed me to take photographs of their stock.

When I finished at Dalemain I put my brushes away and said "never again". Then Mrs. Dobie rang up . . . and I said "Yes . . .".

We're moving to a bigger house in case mural painting becomes a habit.

SUSAN MILLARD

## Recollections by R. B. Charlton

It is a strange thought that when my generation has departed this world there will be no-one left who lived in the age of pony transport. It was for this reason that the Fell Pony Society held five stallion shows in the Spring, and local breeders walked their ponies to the shows. They were held at Middleton in Teesdale, Appleby, Kirkby Stephen, Keswick and Shap.

My father judged at Shap on the fourth of May 1920 and his co-judge that day was Mr. Joseph Hind of Caldbeck. There were seven ponies exhibited with the following result: The premium went to Heltondale Victor owned by John Metcalfe, Bampton. First reserve to Bampton Pride owned by M. Mawson, Askham; second reserve to Glengarry owned by J. Relph, Turnbank. The other premiums were as follows: Middleton - Sporting Times; Appleby - Dalesman; Kirkby Stephen - Pendragon Comet; Keswick - Mountain Ranger.

To get to Shap in 1920 (I was twelve years old) was quite a journey. We took the train from Hexham having walked to the station, a distance of two miles, arriving at Penrith in the afternoon. We walked down the Castlegate bank from Penrith station and hired bicycles from Bowerbanks, the ironmongers shop. I think it cost one shilling for the hire for one day. We cycled to Shap but called at Thrimby en route to have tea with Mr. & Mrs. Henry Holme. He was a great breeder of Fell ponies and my father bought many good ponies from him including Flirt, Fancy and Nellie. The Holme family were direct descendents of the Kings of Mardale. The thing which sticks most in my memory of Thrimby was the cobbled yard, kept most beautifully tidy, not a weed to be seen between the cobbles.

We stayed the night at the Greyhound Inn, Shap, and all I remember was the intense cold, no central heating in those days.

The show took place the following day and the 'show ground' was the main road through the village opposite Mr. E. de V. Irving's house. These local stallion shows were a meeting place for Fell pony breeders and although it is too long ago for me to remember I am sure that William Hully, Joe Baxter, J. Relph, J. Dargue, Dr. R. W. Metcalf-Gibson, J. W. Dent and many others were there including Frank W. Garnett of Windermere who was honorary secretary for many years.

Shap was a well known centre for trotting races. Comet, owned by W. Hully of Orton could trot ten miles on the road in thirty three minutes. The Mikado could trot a mile under three minutes carrying his owner L. T. Pickering who weighed twelve stone. The extended pedigree of The Mikado is to be found in Volume VI of the Polo Pony Stud Book. It goes back to Old Grey Shales foaled in 1755 on the top line, and Marshland Shales by Flying Childers on the bottom line.

I will end my memories of Fell pony events of sixty years ago with an incident that happened when my father was judging the stallions at Middleton in Teesdale on the fifteenth April 1920. His co-judge that day was Tom Bainbridge, Brough. They disagreed about the pony that should have the premium. Tom Bainbridge went for Sporting Times - a skewbald pony. My father never acknowledged that a piebald or skewbald pony was of pure Fell pony blood. He went for Hilton Fashion, a very nice 13.3 hh pony, grey, by Mountain Ranger. A third man was called into the ring to adjudicate between the two ponies. He had obviously been enjoying himself in the

local pub and staggered into the ring very much the worse for drink without examining the ponies in any way and swaying visibly. He pointed with his stick and in a loud drunken voice said "Gee it to Baldie!" and that was that. My father lost on that occasion. He later bought Hilton Fashion from Lord Lonsdale.

The mention of a pub reminds me that Fell pony meetings were always held in the Crown Hotel, Penrith, the proprietor being Mr. Siddle, a very keen horseman. I think it is correct to say that he ran the four in hand coach between Penrith and Patterdale. In the fly leaf of the visitor's book some wag wrote the following ditty:

The hotel of the Crown, though the best in the town,  
Has a fault and in friendship I warn you,  
The top sheet, though clean, the bottom has been,  
The top for the person before you.

## Packway Performance Trials

I have been asked to write a few lines about how the Packway Performance Trials started.

Some of you will remember the late Mr. Jock Stott who used to ride Rufus at the shows at the time when I was showing Bellman. We used to ride these ponies round the lanes and moors, into the most extraordinary places. I remember once scrambling our ponies onto a rock to see the view on the other side, and he said it was a good thing they had been taught to do good turns on the centre, or we would never have got them down again!

I mentioned to him that I would like to organise some sort of competition for the likes of him and me who had never done competitive jumping but who had good, well-trained ponies for riding round the country-side.

I thought that our twenty-four acre allotment behind the house, with its rocks and steep hillside would make an ideal course. However, at that time the idea didn't get off the ground – or more correctly, onto the ground! Some years later, I mooted the idea at one of our meetings. It was favourably received, but some members thought riders wouldn't want to compete unless there were jumps; I pointed out that on an ordinary ride one didn't jump anything unless it was the odd ditch, and one certainly didn't jump the farmer's fences. It was for the ordinary rider that I wanted to cater. It was then said that in that case most riders would get round without incurring any penalties. "Oho!" I thought to myself, "I'll see about that" and proceeded mentally to make it a lot siffer than at first intended. As it turns out, no one has had a clear round.

After the first trials in 1980, competitors were saying "Next year we could do this and that" so willy-nilly it became an annual event, which the competitors and ponies seem thoroughly to enjoy, even though one rider at the finish said "Hickstead's nothing to this!"

PEGGY CROSSLAND

## A Trek by Fell Pony

In September, 1979, my husband and I journeyed with our two Fell ponies, Guards Honour and High Fawes Harvey, the 122 miles from Ilkley in West Yorkshire to Keswick in the Lake District, staying by night at farmhouses or country inns, where our ponies could be accommodated in a small paddock. My husband had made saddle bags out of canvas in which to carry our gear. We had two small bags at the front for

our waterproofs and two larger ones at the back for everything else. These proved to be very satisfactory, and as we used plastic bag liners everything remained dry even in the wettest weather.

The expedition took nine days, with a day of rest halfway, and we travelled mainly by bridleways, drove tracks and old green roads. Most of these old roads were called High Ways, and traversed the high ground along the ridges of the fells, as in the case of High Street, the old Roman road above Ullswater. The views, therefore, were very spectacular – when not blotted out by rain or mist!

The ponies went well all the way, negotiating the rough tracks and boggy ground with the sureness and confidence that is so essential a part of the Fell pony's make-up. They were extremely fit by the end of the trip and seem to thoroughly enjoy the whole adventure.

We have many happy memories of this holiday. Some days we would be struggling to read a map in torrential rain on a pony that did not want to stand still; on others we had to battle against gales on the heights, or grope our way through thick mist, as on Cam Fell at a height of 2,000 ft. However there were days when we sat dozing with the ponies in the warm sunshine after a picnic lunch. On one such idyllic day the majestic golden eagle soared above us as we rested watching a band of Fell ponies grazing peacefully with their foals, whilst the whole panorama of the Lake District stretched out before us.

We were very impressed with the kindness we received wherever we stayed, and the interest shown in our journey by all the people we met on the way. We enjoyed our holiday so much that in June, 1980, we did the reverse journey with some variations; and in the future we hope to plan more "pony treks" and discover fresh bridleways.

RUTH NAYLOR

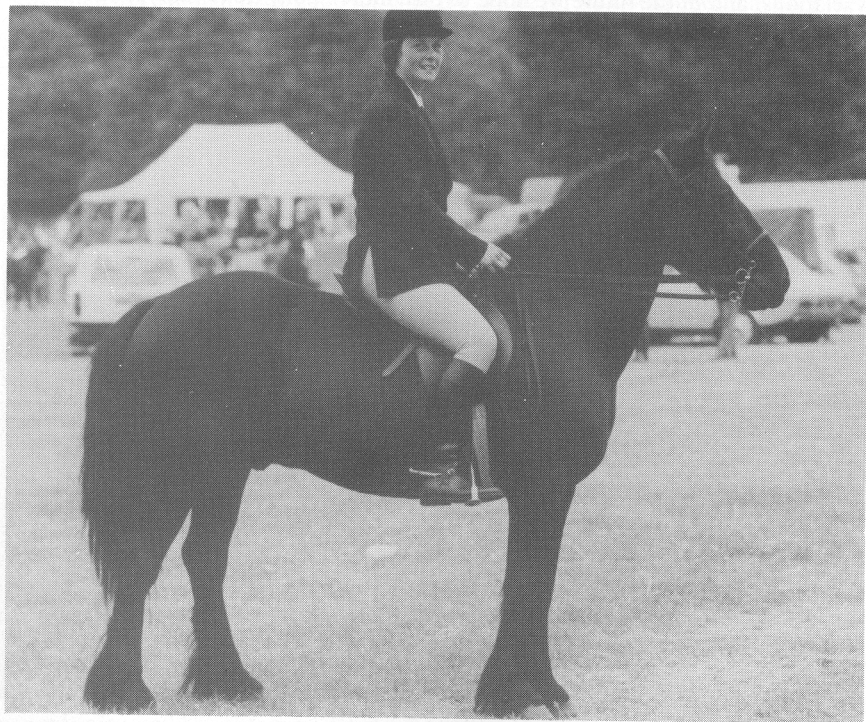


*Mr. & Mrs. Naylor during their 122 mile trek from Ilkley to Keswick*





*Mr. Paul Metcalfe's "Greenholme Prizet" in the snow at Orton*



*Miss E. Chadwick's "Summit Falcon" ridden by Elizabeth Walton*

## Out of the Ashes of War

When war ended in 1945 there were very few pure bred Fell ponies in the country. So many mares had been crossed with heavy horses to produce useful animals which could carry out farm and other essential work more easily. Clydesdale colts were turned out on open fell where they could be out of the way. Many young ponies resulting from those years had large white markings. When peace came at long last and the nation's energies could be thoughtful of other matters, it was imperative that something was done immediately if the breed was to be recovered.

The following spring I was asked to go across the Pennines to Hexham to instruct at a rally of the South Northumberland Pony Club. I had recently started the Cumberland Farmers Branch, there being no Pony Club in our county, and I was its first District Commissioner. My visit had an ulterior motive of which I was quite unaware whilst travelling over Hartside by bus; petrol was rationed and cars were still not for pleasure drives. I was invited to stay at The Linnels where the late Roy Charlton lived in the most charming house beside a mill stream. Electricity was made from water power and the light flickered and fluttered in an intriguing manner, shining on beautiful Victorian paintings of the Northumbrian countryside. I had known Roy since I was a child. He was the kindest of hosts, his rosy face and friendly eyes lighting up in delight when in the company of a ready listener. For me the end of the world had come, for I was twenty-two and a war widow.

We looked round the herd; a nucleus of purely bred ponies had been kept together in this out of the way valley during those long war years. We looked at photographs of ponies long since dead which enter into many pedigrees of today's ponies. There were fascinating rosettes and trophies connected with foundation ponies of the breed. "It would be such an obligation if you could possibly break one of these nice three year olds for me" my old friend said. The idea of something young and alive to work with was most appealing. "I'll send this good filly over to Dalemain, and you can keep her for as long as you want."

I had every intention of breeding and breaking children's ponies but old Roy in his persuasive way suggested that I could do so much for the Fell breed at Dalemain as there was great need for another stud in the heart of the Lake District. Everything began to point in that direction, and not least important was the fact that they were hardy and economical to keep. Old Roy cheerfully waved me off as the bus took me back to Penrith. Together we had quite decided that Fells, and not thin skinned ponies, would form my herd. A wagon arrived soon after, and it was not long before I was riding Roma at Dalemain.

The council of the Fell Pony Society met in Penrith's Crown Hotel, a coaching inn of longstanding, with comfortable alpaca covered Victorian chairs, heavy oak tables and stained glass pictures in the windows. Our Society had met there for many years. There were still stables in Crown yard and an ostler who had many times assisted in stabling my ponies during war time when I drove the Digby in to do the shopping. The council consisted of eminent men in the Society. At each meeting a chairman was proposed and a show of hands gave him the honour of the chair. Arthur Kidd, a director of Penrith Farmers' and Kidd's Auction Company, was a first class and knowledgeable chairman, as was Bruce Thompson, courteous and charming, who represented the National Trust in Cumbria, or Roy Charlton who had done so much to promote the breed in pre-war days. He had also been secretary for many years. Joseph Relph of Birkett Bank, world famous for his sheep dogs, Spy and Fleet and many others, followed as secretary for many years up until his death. Major Hugh Mackenzie from Barbon, a Highlander from Mull but living at that time in Lancashire, was an able member of our council. His sister, Lady Fairfax-Lucy supported our breed on many occasions, particularly on the council of the N.P.S. James Graham of Upton, was a long standing member; Willie Winder of Low Fellside

who travelled such good stallions as Mountain Jester, James Ewbank from Ravenstonedale, Sam Wood of Shap and many other well known names.

Into this well-known, somewhat elderly, company I was ushered. Roy had long since been on the council of the N.P.S. and at the time in question the Racecourse Betting Levy Board decided to allocate what seemed a large sum of money to the N.P.S. in order that Breed Societies could run breeding schemes to put our native ponies back on the map. Roy announced this wonderful help to the meeting, the breed being at a very low ebb, and he suggested that someone young and energetic should organise and look after the Breeding Scheme and proposed myself, and the council welcomed me as one of their number.

It was a great opportunity. A large tract of enclosed marginal land at Berrier called "The Nettles" was found beneath mighty Blencathra and Carrock Fell. It was ideal ground and well watered. The scheme was free to members with registered ponies and soon over twenty mares were happily running on The Nettles with the stallion, Linnel Raven, whose grandsire was the well known Linnel Lingcropper. He was lent by Roy to inaugurate the scheme. Every applicant was inspected and entry permits issued. I rode quite long distances regularly to "look" the ponies, stabling my own in the farm yard at Berrier.

Our chief problem was covering great distances, with petrol rationing still operational, in order to inspect mares for registration, the war years having left a wide gap. Joseph Relph and I planned some lengthy expeditions and I was eager to learn all I could from this wise, kindly man. We hired Mr. Aldersea's taxi from Blencowe, and my father and mother came too, both being extremely interested in all that was going on, particularly because we were trying to preserve the local breed. We drove across Shap Fells, our first call being at Roundthwaite Bridge near Tebay where Tommy Thompson, always to be seen wearing leather leggings and a pork pie hat, met us with two lovely black mares, one being Sybil, the mother of Roundthwaite Lucky Jim. He and other breeders walked some distances to meet us at this particular point, all eager to have their ponies registered. I had previously written to all possible breeders to arrange these meetings and save petrol. We saw James Ewbank's ponies in Ravenstonedale - one of his Beauty's foals born as a result of the first enclosure scheme in 1946 figures in my brood mare, Gala Bryony's pedigree today. On we travelled to see Norman Handley's ponies at Haygarth in the wild Sedbergh country - some of these had become very part bred because of the necessities of wartime.

Other expeditions followed. Roy Charlton and I toured the Grasmere and Rydal area. We went to Shap and to Orton and I was introduced to innumerable pony men of great knowledge. Dr. Anthony Metcalfe-Gibson who lived in a charming house in Orton owned one of the most beautiful mares I have ever seen, dark brown and full of quality and substance.

We sought out Willie Winder whom we found ploughing the high ground on Low Fellside. Climbing out of the Caldbeck Valley we went on to Wigton to visit old Mr. Bell at Bank House, and back to Guardhouse at Threlkeld where Joe Baxter was in fine form and about to start another season travelling his stallion, Storm Boy.

Joseph Relph was a busy man and glad to have help with the secretarial work of the Society and it was not long before I was elected to be his assistant and then joint secretary and treasurer. Roy assisted me in every way, always encouraging, and so generous to us all. His chief delight was in breeding good stock and it gave him enormous pleasure to see a small herd established at Dalemain. He loved young people and his local branch of the Pony Club camped annually at Crook-a-Beck, his fascinating Fell farm beyond Patterdale. Through Roy's enthusiasm I became a somewhat shy member of the council of the N.P.S., meeting so many horsemen and women of the old school including Daisy Brodrick of Welsh fame and Fred Unwin, a great horseman, Lady Daresbury was the President.

At this time Joseph Relph was making films with his sheepdogs at Elstree studios which were owned by Gladys. Lady Yule who met and talked with Joe whilst working