



Presidents Letter

Hello All,

When you have to put a jacket on to feed it the mornings you know that autumn is on its way. That and the increased hairiness of the horses. Whilst I hate to see the summer go, a little rain would be welcome to get the grass growing again. I trust all of you made use of the extra hours of sunlight to spend more hours with your equine friends.

I understand the Adult Dressage camp was a success and Kathy is already thinking about next year's camp. She would love some help with the planning and organisation. It's huge amount of work for one person. She would also welcome input on ideas for instructors and activities.

I saw many of you at the ODS Championships either competing or, in the great tradition of NWV, volunteering. Once again Donna was there for the entire show with her trusty assistants Marilyn and Jeanne handling the awards for the show. I believe some of you scribed (scrobe?), worked as gate stewards and runners.

THANK-YOU. Imagine a show without volunteers...

At the August ODS board meeting the question of awards came up yet again. Basically the system is not paying for itself. All those dollars per ride don't quite add up to the cost of the plate and its mailing. Personally, I would hate to see them disappear. Quite apart from my nowhere near filling a whole plaque, I feel they are a reminder at the end of the season that although there weren't many blue ribbons there were a lot of good rides. Please contact the awards committee (Sally Temple, Ed Millar and Marsha Williams) with your ideas. Contact info on the ODS website or in the omnibus).

You may have noticed also that the ODS Awards banquet was missing from championship show weekend. The banquet will now take place in conjunction with the Region 6 Mini Convention and ODS general members meeting in November. Watch your e-mails for information about both. I hope to see many of you there.

Our next meeting will be to elect officers for 2010. Please try to attend if possible and to consider offering your services to the chapter.

Happy trails

Siobhan



Queenie and I in the back garden 1974.

**NWV Elected
Officers:**

- **President /
Membership:**
Siobhan Barker
- **Vice-President/
Activities:** Kathy
Darneille
- **Treasurer:**
Helen Ferguson
- **Secretary:**
Donna Edwards
- **Newsletter/
Webmaster:**
Marla Santino
- **Awards:** Nancy
Barnes

Hold the Date:

Next Meeting:

**October 13
Denny's
6:30 pm
Just off I-5
Woodburn Exit**

Chapter Member and Friend Horse Camp and Trail Ride Event

Silver Creek Falls, OR
Horse Camp: October 3 & 4
Day Ride and Picnic Lunch Only October 4

JOIN US and bring a friend to the NWV Chapter Horse Camp and Trail Ride Event. Silver Creek Falls has awesome trails and this time of year promises for wonderful fall colors. Take advantage of one of the last opportunities to get some trail time with your friends and horse. **For more information contact or to sign up Kathy Darneille at crosbycreek@canby.com or call 503 982-1044**

You are invited to come camping and go trail riding at Silver Creek Falls State Park. Arrive Friday Oct.2 for a weekend of camping leaving on Sunday Oct 4th or haul in on Saturday Oct 3rd for a Trail Ride and afterward have a picnic. There is a \$3.00 day fee per vehicle.

At this time all horse camp sites are open. There is a large group area that will accommodate 12 horses, 24 people and 6 RVs / pickup + horse trailer parking spaces. It takes 3 vehicles and 6 horses to book this space. Cost is \$36.00 a night plus \$6.00 Reservation Fee. The individual sites accommodate 4 horses, 8 people and 2 vehicles. Cost is \$12.00 a night plus a \$6.00 Reservation Fee. It is all dry camping and out houses. There are showers in the other camping area. There is parking for additional vehicles available.

The horse corrals are pipe. No roof, bring water proof blankets. The horses are next to each other. The floor is dirt, you may want to bring bedding. Manure dumpsters are available. Barefoot horses should be fine on the trails.

I will be happy to reserve the large group site and split the cost at Camp. Or you may reserve your own space by calling 1 800 452 5687.

This is not an official chapter activity so invite your friends. Silver Creek Falls State Park offers horse trails, hiking and biking trails. The fall leaves will be very beautiful in this old growth forest. There is no schedule just visiting and relaxing and riding.

Contact Kathy Darneille, Camp Coordinator, at crosbycreek@canby.com if you are interested in camping in the large group area. Let me know if you are going to reserve your own space or just riding on Saturday.

Clinic Information

Crosby Creek Stables regularly hosts clinic with Bernadine Deirs and Kim Barker. For information on Clinic dates please contact Kathy Darneille at crosbycreek@canby.com or call 503 982-1044.

Next Meeting: Denny's Woodburn – 6:30 pm
Denny's – Woodburn Oregon –
East Side at the I-5 Woodburn Exit
Please plan to join us for dinner or a snack

Adult Camp Highlights 2009

The Adult Camp was held on August 27-30, 2009
Location: Make your Mark Stables, Springfield, O R
You can visit them on line www.makeyourmarkstables.com

It was Thursday morning and the first day of camp. Campers and their horses began arriving and the promise of great weather, fun campers, great instructors and a wonderful facility set the stage for what would be an exciting event.

Make Your Mark Stables is a beautiful facility with gracious owners and boarders who were excited to see our groups activities begin to unfold as we were setting the schedule for the next few days classes.



The camp started with all the campers riding giving the instructors an opportunity to review the pairs comfort level, abilities and more importantly interest!



Once the classes were split it was time to get started. Teams started in both the indoor and outdoor sand arena to receive some initial instructions and allow their horses a little more time to get settled in.



Group classes were on the way. Some campers started with the focus on the Dressage aspect of the camp while others started with the outdoor "Jumping for Dressage Riders."

It was not long before you say how much a field could be. Even the most timid riders that next uphill terrain where they were horses forward to lengthened strides the downhill where they were asked to



fun Galloping around were seen looking for asked to push their followed shortly by collect.



As the weekend progressed so did the riders. For some it was the lessons learned from our outstanding instructors. Others found courage in doing activities that were new to them and to their horses. Everyone discovered new friends and how their challenges were not so unique, but often shared by many others.





The evenings were time to share good food and wine with old and new friends. Make Your Mark was kind enough to host a Wine and Cheese party on Friday Night. It was fantastic



Saturday Night we held a pot luck where everyone could gather and talk about the weekends experiences and even come up with some ideas for what to do the following day and even next years camp.

On the last day, the with a wonderful drill moments of near misses 😊

This team riding stuff is looks.



campers finished up team exercise offering breathtaking beauty and

a bit harder than it

It was not too long before everyone got in sync providing awesome entertainment for those watching while we enjoyed watching the final foot falls enhanced by the music playing throughout the arena.



THANK YOU Campers, Volunteers, Make your Mark stables and others who helped to make this event such a success. I am already looking forward to CAMP 2010!

For all the pictures go to [Adult Camp Pictures](#) or become friends with Donna Edwards at www.facebook.com

Featured Rider

Once upon a time in a far off land lived a girl who loved horses. In the summer from her bedroom window she could see horses grazing. Alas and alack her parents were not of the horsey type and believed she would 'grow out of it' so requests to ride a pony fell on deaf ears. But the horse mad girl persisted . Finally when she was 11 years old and just starting secondary school her parents gave in and declared that if she could find a stables then she could ride. She found one. Her devoted father drove her on a round trip of 25 miles, in a land where gas is not cheap, every Sunday so wild ponies could try to kill her! My first instructor would buy ponies at auction and allow horse mad girls the privilege of paying him to tame them at which point they would be sold to make way for a new challenge . Thus I didn't learn to ride so much as to stay on whilst small equines bucked, reared and bolted (often simultaneously) around the country lanes of my native land. One memorable very small equine: Piper, skewbald, 12hh, gave me my very first jumping lesson: a stone wall at 100mph. On these adventures we girls were accompanied by the instructor who also taught colourful language especially when we parted company with our equine "partners". He rode a huge (17hh) chestnut hunter who was gentle and patient. He stood absolutely still as he was saddled (another paid for privilege), a task which involved two teenagers and a box for one of them to stand on to throw the saddle onto Turpin's back, the second teenager was needed to catch the saddle if it went too far! I lived for Sundays.

I also rode any horse that needed exercise in my village or within cycling distance, i.e. you could cycle there and not be too worn out to ride. Eventually, about a month before Christmas in my fifteenth year, the owners of a pony I was exercising said they needed to sell. Being very fond of Queenie the "been there, done that" pony I went home in tears (on my bike). The still non-horsey parents said they would see what they could do. Christmas was good for the horse mad teenager that year! For another four years I and various other horse owning (or exercising) friends wrought havoc on the roads and in the fields around our village. Did you know there does not exist a stubble field unfit for galloping? We got up before we went to bed to bathe our ponies and ride to gymkhanas, singing most of the way. Always coming home ribbonless I didn't care, I had been with my pony all day. And yes we sang on the way home too.

All good things, like the summer, must come to an end. I left high school and my small village to attend college by the sea to learn how to be a teacher. Those years were fun and involved a lot of beer but not many horses. Queenie was seen only during college holidays. On graduating I realised there was not time or money enough in my life for Queenie. The then 22 year old pony was given to a family who wanted a leadline mount for their 3 year old child. Not many years later Queenie was again competing at local gymkhanas in vintage pony classes with the same child. Let's hope there was singing! Last heard of Queenie was still going strong at the age of 38.

Leaving the world of horses behind on graduation I moved to the ancient city of Rome where the only horses to be found were pulling tourist carriages or were ridden by dashing Caribinieri officers. More adventures followed in the world "down under" where

I spent a year. During that time I rode three times: twice on an ex-trotter in the hills near Sydney and once on a tropical beach in the undeveloped parts of the “top end”. Back home my parents thought I was over the horse stage.

Returning to my native land horses again entered my life. Having found employment in a rural part of the realm I had a colleague who had a highland pony who could do with some exercise.....

I also had a boyfriend who once in a moment of madness said he would like to learn to ride. At the time he was unaware of where that one small phrase could take him. For Christmas that year he got his wish, some lessons. Within weeks I was also taking lessons. Within months we were spending Saturday mornings galloping around cross country courses while instructors variously yelled instructions, some of which were heeded by the horses. The one they took most notice of had read Xenophon (or quite possibly met him as she was at least 101 years old), had only one arm and could ride any horse at the stables. Cynthia Van Zeller was doing the equivalent of fourth level dressage on a Welsh pony she had trained herself. I was impressed and so minded not one jot when Cynthia told me, “well I could let you take a horse out on the heath and you would most likely bring it back, but I wouldn’t say you could ride”.

As time went on I got promotion and sometimes found herself too busy to ride even once a week. Help was at hand. The local Riding for the Handicapped stables had been forced to re-locate and needed help with exercising the horses and ponies while they readied the new stables. How could anyone refuse, especially with the school summer holidays coming up? I spent much of the summer out on the heath, riding by this time thanks to Cynthia’s teaching, on an absolutely wonderful skewbald cob named Betsy. A whole article could be written on Betsy’s virtues not least of which was that she could be used in a lesson for the handicapped one hour and the next give someone the time of their life on the cross country course. Eventually the new RDA stables was renovated and so Saturday mornings were spent grooming, sidewalking and leading. Christopher (the aforementioned boyfriend) and I sponsored two of the horses: Betsy, of course, and an ex-Blues and Royals mount by the name of Sid, all 17.1hh of him. The sponsorship enabled us to ride whenever the horses were not being used in the program. It was during this time that my boss mentioned that “she liked summer because you get to ride more often”. Meaning, it is generally agreed, that I was easier to deal with! And who wouldn’t be a nicer person if they could go riding along the river on a warm summer evening with nothing but a horse for company?

In the summer of 1995 Christopher was offered a job in a strange land and neither of us could think of a reason not to accept. So we married, packed the cats off to France, let the house and loaded up all our worldly goods into a huge container and set off on the Oregon Trail.

Some of you may remember Oregon January/February 1996. The newly arrived émigré swore that if it rained one more day she would get the next plane home! Again horses saved me. Having ‘phoned all the barns listed as giving lessons to the handicapped to offer my services I fetched up at Phoenix Farm on Skyline Blvd. I worked as a volunteer with the handicapped but you can’t be around horses too long without needing to get on... Soon I was learning hunt seat and working around the barn to pay for lessons.

In time I took over the handicapped program and qualified as a NAHRA instructor. Then along came George. George the “should have been a top show jumper (sire = Final Pool, first Canadian TB to be accepted on the KWPN/NA stud book!) but didn’t pass the X-ray test horse”, came to me instead because I have no desire to jump anything over 3’. We played at hunt seat and dressage having much fun along the way and a modicum of success, but singing only quietly. Christina Traunweiser encouraged me to work and

learn at the barn and gave me the confidence to buy a few acres of my own with a barn for horses.

The first residents at Hayward Farm were Christina’s retirees and youngsters who needed a break from training. Then along came Pony. Sometimes you just know things are meant to be. A neighbour had purchased the pony at auction and needed a place for him to stay while they got their place ready. As he got out of the trailer he and I made eye contact and both of us knew he was never going up the hill! He is the naughtiest, most intelligent Pony I have ever known and we have more fun together than I should at my age! Then Christopher needed something to ride to accompany me on trails. Christina had a lovely ex-racehorse who had the makings of a great school horse apart from one little vice: the kicking out at other horses when with humans. Dudley came up to Hayward Farm one cold/wet January and stayed. The nasty kicking habit has almost gone except with strange horses and the Pony who he does not accept as a fellow equine.

By a roundabout route I became interested in dressage. George did his best but if she was to learn more a more experienced horse was needed. Hence horse number four at Hayward. BG (Redstone) is in many ways like Turpin: chestnut, huge, patient and gentle (the odd show excepted). With the help of some patient and talented teachers: Janet, Aungier who gave me a seat; Hania Price who let me experience a canter half pass; Kimberley Barker who showed me more than one way to skin a cat and Bernadine Diers who has great confidence in me and my horses and encourages me to excel everyday not just at the show, we may one day nail flying changes. But if we don’t who cares? Life is good. I spend my days with horses.



The horse mad girl never did “grow out of it”. Nowadays she is all grewed up and the horses she can see grazing from her bedroom window are hers. Sometimes she knows she is the luckiest person on the planet.

Siobhan.

George. 2001 ODS Championships. Training Level. 7th place. (Andrea was champion that year).



CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to all our North Willamette Valley chapter Champions and Reserve Champions at the 2009 Oregon Dressage Society Championships.

USDF Freestyle Champion	Helen Ferguson & Toblerone
USEF 4 th Level AA Champion	Kathryn Greunefeldt & Jabuticaba
USEF 3 rd Level AA Champion	Liz Lawson Weber & Prescription
USEF 2 nd Level Open Champion	Megan Dorsey & Wishful Thinking
USEF 3 rd Level Resv. Champion	Brooke Voldbaek & Rembrant
USEF Training Level Resv. Champion	Bernadine Diers & “Monty”

MEMBERS! It is you everyone wants to hear about. Anything new you want to share? Please forward any articles, pictures or stories you would like to see included in the newsletter.



Best Regards,

Marla and Sali (Who is now thoroughly enjoying her retirement at a wonderful farm in Yamhill) Miss you Sali!