

The Big and the Small of the Horse Auction

You Never Know What Surprises Come From A Purchase

By Kathie Hamlin

Well, since my trip to the auction on May 15th, things had been going pretty well with the pony I bought. I named her Cinderella, which I thought was fitting, since I figured her life had been improved. Greg calls her Hippie Pony.

We got her wormed, gave her vaccinations, and had her hooves trimmed. She needed a little work learning how to get a bath, and be a little less pushy on the ground, but her bomb-proof temperament has made her worth the effort. She is also tolerant and happy to haul kids around for pony rides, so I love her.

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She has already attended a couple of our monthly family get-togethers and carted all the grandkids around the yard unbothered by toys and dogs.

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Grandaughter Ruby awaits her ride on Cinderella with Uncle Matt as handler on June 14. Her new puppy Davey Boy is negotiating the deal.

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horse lose. We had just finished cooling him out when I got the call. Everyone knows the feeling when someone from your barn calls you when you are away. It's the feeling that maybe you don't want to answer, but you know that you must. I could never have expected what, Tori, one of our



Photos from another family day on August 30, show a tolerant, more "svelt" Cinderella sharing her produce with our grandchildren. Norman (above) Ruby and Caroline (right)



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Auntie Alex spots grandson Wyatt for me on July 25 at a family day.

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Grandson Norman ready for his Lead Line class at our Elmington show on August 8.

ponies.

Now, if you had seen Cinderella prior to this event, you may be thinking "What a bunch of idiots!" since she was a roly-poly butterball.

In our defense, Christine and I questioned her condition at the auction. We asked the people selling her, who swore she had never snuck out during the night.



Portrait of Gus taken by Chris Hanna on September 12. (above)



Grandaughter Lila meets Gus.