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President's Message



Michael Byrne

Welcome to **HARK!**, the 2014 edition of the Toronto and North York Hunt Yearbook. This yearbook celebrates the commitment of its members, friends, supporters, advertisers and sponsors to promoting a traditional rural sport and lifestyle.

It's hard to believe, but TNYH has been in existence for over 171 years, and our members and guests carry on this tradition of riding to hounds. We express our gratitude to the landowners that allow TNYH to continue this traditional sport on their lands. Our fixtures are located in some of the most beautiful parts of Dufferin, Grey, and Bruce counties. We are delighted to welcome back our Huntsman John Harrison, who hunted hounds for us in the 1990's, and his partner Rosslyn Balding who is our Professional Whipper-In.

Our mandate as a club is to encourage our fellow riders to learn more about foxhunting through Invitational Hunts, Puppy Shows, trail rides, gourmet hacks, the Hunter Pace Event and the Children's Christmas Party. We're very approachable, and in this issue of **HARK!** you will find a tear card with information on how to reach us. Please do!

Michael Byrne, President Toronto and North York Hunt



2014

Toronto and North York Hunt

Masters of Foxhunds (MFH) Laurel Byrne Michael Belcourt Andy Bite

Professional Huntsman John Harrison

Professional Whipper-In

Rosslyn Balding

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Editor's Note



Denya Massey Photo courtesy of Erin Elder

On the spur of the moment, and with Carolyn Scime and Andy Bite as teammates, I agreed to pull together our annual yearbook, **HARK!** to celebrate what we love about hunting and riding to hounds, to thank our generous and supportive neighbours and friends, to remind ourselves of what we did in the past year, and to look forward to new friends and members in the upcoming hunt season.

What I learned is how committed all our members are collectively about extending the spirit of inclusiveness – reaching out to the communities around us, and sharing information about our sport, which includes large tracts of country, a great deal of history, and many loyal followers.

What is well known about us is that people who foxhunt love to have fun – read "Observations of a Non-hunting Spouse"! We tip our hats to those without whom our sport would not survive, in "Landowners in Hunt Country". The "Maxwell Work Day" demonstrates both the fun and hard work of maintaining our hunt country, with building new jumps (called coops) and trail maintenance, as well as our sense of humour – in posing for the photographer after working hard, one of our coop builders fell backwards off the coop, causing our Huntsman John Harrison to scratch his head in disbelief!

We always encourage riders who have never hunted to give it a try – in "Unforeseen Foxhunters" you can read about the different kinds of backgrounds that some of the members' horses come from and these are just a few of the stories. Maybe your horse could be the next "unforeseen foxhunter" – you never know unless you give it a try!

Denya Massey

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Huntsman's Report by John Harrison, Huntsman, Toronto And North York Hunt

As you might imagine, this report will be fairly short as Ros, the children (James and Laura) and I only moved into the kennels in the 3rd week in April. I thought it was kind of the spring weather to hold off just long enough for us all to have a taste of winter before the thaw set in!

We had had a long season at the Ullswater, starting in the last week of August 2013 and finishing on the last Saturday of

March 2014. Ten days later we landed in Toronto complete with the remainder of the Fell Hounds and shortly thereafter we took up our positions with the Hunt and were straight into exercising horses and getting acquainted with the pack. Then it was into spring hunting on the 26th April. An awful lot was achieved in a very short space of time and I have to acknowledge the help and support we received from the Mastership and members during this somewhat chaotic time.

The wet spring dictated a lot of hound exercises rather than hunting, so as I write this report the hounds have not had the opportunity to show me what they can do. It would be extremely unfair to them or my predecessor, Antony, to pass comment until they have had conditions in their favour and have settled to me. community. The days of just waving and hunting through properties without building support and local goodwill are long gone.

As I come from a large farming family in Cumbria, I have dealt with hunting from both sides – a working farm and being a Huntsman, so I see both sides quite clearly. We are asking to hunt in traditional farming country and if we take

that privilege for granted or treat that land disrespectfully, the quality of hunting will suffer.

So we move forward! We quite obviously need more open, better viewing hunting country so that is what we should focus on for the foreseeable future. If you know or have a connection with someone who would welcome the hunt, and more importantly is respected in their community and would be key to introducing the hunt into it, then let me know and we can explore it!

Ros and I have worked in the past to create a larger community involvement. Any ideas for fun things would be greatly appreciated and they don't have to include horses! Let's do a poker run for a local charity for example, with a cookout, or just a fun ride, with a potluck lunch...! Get the idea?

Competitive Hunter Trials have not been done in some time, so Ros and I are planning some LOW level, FUN events at the Hunt Club - these will not necessarily be fund raising events but they will be "Fun Raising" events..... hope you will come join us! – *John*

We are now organized with the children in school and I am happy to report that they are enjoying life here and doing extremely well in school, no little achievement considering the enormous upheaval they have endured.

Looking forward, we will be implementing a breeding programme which will see the Fell blood blended with certain new and old TNYH blood lines. I am very pleased to see a couple of lines that go back to lines I started in 1991 when I hunted these hounds!

Ros' background is steeped in hunting and gundogs so she brings a wealth of experience to the party, not only in kennel and stable but to the way things are done that effect the image of the Hunt and also relationships with Landowners and Farmers.

As I begin my work with TNYH as huntsman, good relations are paramount in any hunt country that wants to expand and, because our hunt country has small parcels for hunting, it is even more of a challenge to keep everyone happy and on side. The image of the hunt is key to achieving the neighbourhood support for larger areas to hunt, and being accepted as part of this





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Landowners in Hunt Country

The glamour of riding to hounds is to gallop cross-country, over fences, and through woods following the hounds in full cry. The patient fascination of the sport is to stand with our horses on a height of land, watching quietly and listening as the hounds search for sign or scent of game, each hound applying his or her particular tracking skill, while the Huntsman watches, guides and encourages.

But our sport is nothing without the land. Here in Dufferin County, our Hunt owns little more than 90 acres. We rely on the goodwill of the Landowners in our Hunt communities for the land we hunt over. Without the generous permission from dozens and dozens of landowners in the countryside around Creemore, Maxwell, Singhampton and Thornbury, we'd be grounded as a Hunt. We go nowhere without permission.

Getting this vital permission to hunt over someone's land is not a matter of a last-minute phone call or knock at the door. Certainly not just an email! When we ask a landowner for permission to ride over his or her land, we know we are entering into a relationship of trust which we hope to build up and sustain over many years, and so we take it very seriously.

Essentially, no landowner has any real need for us. While we have many landowners who do not like

By Constance Boldt

coyotes at all, and are very happy that we chase them, many really don't care. Some landowners enjoy seeing horses and hounds over the countryside and are pleased offer us the chance to go over their own land, but many are not the least smitten by our nineteenth-century passion, complete with tweeds or scarlet and high maintenance leather. In fact, some landowners want nothing to do with us. Some give reasons and some do not. These people are respected too: we stay off their land completely.

Some landowners are very concerned about their legal position in letting us ride over their land. What if something happens? What we damage something? What if someone gets hurt? We always assure them that we have substantial insurance to cover any damages to person or property, and we provide them with details of this insurance whenever they want to see them. All members and guests of the Hunt sign a waiver annually, indicating that we hold no landowner responsible for what happens to us when hunting across their land. And, if there are ever damages to a landowner's property, we get over there promptly and make the necessary repairs to the satisfaction of the owner!

Many of the landowners, especially the farmers, have work to do on their land and they just want to get on with it. They simply don't want to be bothered with our sport while they work, but still, they kindly give us permission to hunt. They take time to explain the concerns particular to their land: gates to be left closed, or left open, crops to stay off, ponds to be avoided, livestock to be left alone, and privacy to be respected. These issues vary from season to season and we know that it's our responsibility to familiarize ourselves with every landowner's requests and to honour them all.

Our contact with landowners is varied. Some tie up the dog and take in the cat, others bring out the children and grandchildren. Some wave from the porch, or the tractor, some we never see. The most unusual encounter we've had with landowners occurred in our Maxwell country. On a beautiful autumn morning we were following hounds along the edge of a field lined with shrubs and trees. As we came to the corner, planning to pass through the lane to the next field, we were surprised and delighted to see, perched in the low branches of a tree, two Mennonite women in lace caps and flowered dresses smiling and waving shyly to us.

Our sport is nothing without the land. Thank you very much to every one of the generous Landowners!



Team Teichman

By Denya Massey

L ast September, Wolf and Gill von Teichman stepped down as active Masters of the Toronto And North York Hunt. Their level of enthusiasm, their energy, their commitment to the well being of the hunt club, and their generousity has been well known to all in the club.

Tributes from members of the club, friends in the hunting community, and people who only know Gill and



Family photo

Wolf away from horses admire the enthusiastic approach to life. With four sons, daughters-in-law, precious grandchildren, horses, and Robbie, the super Scottie, Gill and Wolf have a full plate, but never faltered in stepping up when they were needed. Who can count how many times Gill helped or did the hunt breakfast? Or how many times Wolf clapped someone on the

back with a huge grin and the battered straw hat? What about all the times Wolf would say "we hope you'll be there", whether it was cubbing at 7 in the morning in the rain, or going to the hunt ball, or a gourmet hack?

The hunt has never had more enthusiastic cheerleader, and Gill was quietly behind, keeping the engines running, the food coming, with gracious kind comments and lovely smiles – but always dodging the camera, if she could!! However, we used our secret sources and found a few photos that capture Team Teichman!

[Note: The Masters of Foxhounds Association of America – the MFHA - is the governing body for all foxhunting clubs in North America, headquartered in Virginia. When MFH follows a name, that denontes the person is a Master of Foxhounds for a particular hunt, or Jt-MFH denotes a Joint-Master, when more than one person is a Master for one hunt.]

Some fans of Wolf and Gill write:

Norman Fine, founder and past editor ϑ publisher of Covertside, the MFHA magazine, and founder and publisher of foxhuntinglife.com

Wolf was treasurer of the MFHA for a period when I was developing Covertside and serving as editor. He was terrific to work with – tough but fair. As a host Wolf has no equal! "Have another drink, Norm," still rings in my ears. In fact the Virginia Foxhound Show is much the poorer since Wolf and Gill are no longer holding forth under the TNYH hospitality tent!

Dennis Foster, Executive Director, Masters of Foxhounds Association

Wolf is an amazing man who has devoted a lot of his time, energy and money to help make foxhunting fun for a lot of other people. A good friend not afraid to say what he thinks and back it up. He was an exceptional member of the Board of Directors for the MFHA serving as a Director and the Secretary Treasurer for the MFHA. He and I marched together at the largest demonstration for foxhunting in London put on by the Countryside Alliance. We marched along with a British young farmers group, an





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Family photo

enthusiastic wild group that loved their foxhunting. We were among the first to cross the finish line, so Wolf and I decided to inflate the numbers that were honestly over half a million so we took a cab and went back to the start line and started over. This time I think we stopped at every pub along the route. It's hard to remember the second time we crossed the finish line. Gill is one of the most beautiful, wonderful women anyone could ever meet. Her love for foxhunting obvious from her dedication to the sport. The four von Teichman boys, who I've had the pleasure to stay with, are a routie bunch, like their dad, sometimes wild and always ready for a good time.

Ron Adam, Member, Toronto And North York Hunt

As one of the newest members of the hunt, Master Wolf & Master Gillian have left a lasting impression and I was saddened to hear they were stepping down as Masters! So caring, kind, approachable, encouraging, gracious, elegant & poised! A fine example for our current hunt members & truly a recipe for our future hunt members! Forever my "Masters of the Hunt!" They inspire me to someday become a next generation of Master of the Hunt!

Oliver Harris, Junior Member, Toronto And North York Hunt

Ever since I started hunting, Wolf and Gill have always been amazing and kind people to me. When I started out with the hunt I was riding a small pony named Midnight and both of us combined would barely reach over Wolf's horse! Now I have moved onto a larger horse who loves to hunt and he'll jump anything in sight out hunting. Every time we ride past a jump Wolf can tell just what I am thinking and we both glance over at each other for a second, sharing the same thought, we should jump it! He always encourages me to come and ride up at the front of the flight with him. Gill has always been the kindest lady and is the first to greet us upon arrival to the hunt. Thank you, Gill and Wolf, for all of the work you have done for the Toronto And North York Hunt!

Denya Massey, Member, Toronto And North York Hunt

I had met Wolf and Gill socially over the years, so when I bought a horse I could hunt, Toronto And North York Hunt was the obvious choice. And what a ride it's been since then! Thanks to Wolf and Gill (and our other gracious and inclusive Masters), my non-riding husband has had a great time, at all our functions, hunt balls in New York, and entertaining back and forth, that he barely begrudges the time I spend with my horse instead of him! Perhaps that has been Gill and Wolf's greatest contribution to my hunting with Toronto and North York. Thank you.

Mason Lampton, Jt-MFH, Midland Fox Hounds, Past President, MFHA

Wolf was a tremendous asset when we launched the Centennial Celebration for the MFHA. His positive attitude and enthusiastic support as Treasurer endorsed the program and confirmed that it was a legitimate effort. On top



of it all we had a terrific time invading Canada with hounds and horses thanks to Wolf and Gill's tremendous hospitality. They deserve a rest!

John Harrison, Huntsman, Toronto And North York Hunt

Wolf and Gill joined the Hunt about halfway through my first tenure (1991-96) and they were instantly a hit with everyone. With Wolf's humour and generosity and Gill's kind and classy personality, it was quickly apparent to me that at some point in the future they would play a significant role within the Hunt. We had a strong Mastership at that time, so it was after my time as Huntsman that Wolf came to the fore as a Master and hunt cheerleader. My only regret about them is - I wish I had been more of a fan of Champagne....!



Family photo

Observations of a non-hunting spouse

By Andrew Clarke, Owner of a Horse though....



As close as I get!

With the exception of a photo of me, aged 6, in full cowboy drag, perched atop a scruffy pony on the front lawn my childhood home, I stayed clear of horses for my first 55 years.

Then I married an equestrian and a whole new world opened up to me! Having no experience in riding and a fear of heights, I kept my feet on the ground and sought to embrace my new friends in the safest ways possible. My initial impressions were that they were well dressed, were quick to laugh, and loved to party. It was like being back at University! I also quickly realized that my role would be as an Owner, just like Frank Stronach and the Aga Khan. No need to get to close to an actual horse.

Aside from the financial responsibilities of a stable, vet fees, farrier, tack, fashion statements, a trailer, and a trailer hitch for the family wagon, being an Owner has proved to be a pretty good deal.

The party aspect has been wicked and my total lack of knowledge has been kindly overlooked. One of my first outings was to the hunt's puppy show. I found myself in the front row, seated comfortably between Wolf and Michael who were ready to act as my mentors. Wolf attended to making sure we had plenty to drink and Michael explained how the judging worked. In short order puppies were trotted out and I was encouraged to vote for my favourites. I can't remember my track record for the day, but the gin was terrific and we had a great time. These horse people know how to make an expert out of the greenest rookie!

MFHA ball at the Pierre Hotel in New York. It was a black tie affair and we had a long all-Canadian table overlooking the ballroom floor.

My wife and I sat at opposite ends and were engaged in very different conversations. She had recently broken her hand - a riding accident of course, and was sporting a fancy molded blue splint with a lot of bandaging. Her tablemate inquired about her injury, then introduced himself as Pierre Trudeau's former orthopedic surgeon, and said he would be pleased to offer an opinion if only he could see her x-rays.

A good horsewoman never travels without this kind of information and she quickly handed over her smartphone with the needed imagery. The good doctor studied the information, removed her splint and re-bandaged her hand in a way he believed would be much better. Minutes later, the blue plastic splint was passed down to me like it was just another dinner roll. These horse people are both smart and tough!

More recently, I attended the annual hunter pace event. As always, it was a pretty good lunch and everyone was in a great mood. Encouraged by Pinot Grigio, I complained that everyone was getting ribbons except me. My plight did not go unobserved. Andy Bite who was announcing the winners and handing out the prizes, included me as a member of one of the victorious teams. I received a pink ribbon and a loot bag with some cosmetics. The team was named the Dixie Chicks! These horse people are very inclusive and apparently willing to overlook gender in pursuit of a good joke!

So, what's it like being a non-riding spouse?

These horse people are a load of fun!



Andrew, the adopted "Dixie Chick"

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John Harrison, Huntsman

By Denya Massey

John Harrison first came to the Toronto And North York Hunt as professional Huntsman in 1991. At the time, the hunting was south of the current hunt territory, around the kennels on Dufferin Street north of Highway 9 near Newmarket, Ontario. John hunted hounds there for 5 years before returning to the Ullswater Foxhounds in the Lake District of Cumbria, England when the opportunity of a lifetime to become the Ullswater Huntsman came about.

John was born and raised in the Lake District fells and grew up hunting there, learning from its prestigious huntsmen. Hunting the fells is quite different and hard work - the huntsman is on foot because the country is rocky, steep, and dangerous for horses. The hounds are bred to be sure footed, independent and have enough stamina to hunt the scree and loose rocks. (Having seen photos of the country John hunted, I am totally impressed with what he has hunted over, on foot, for 18 years! Hunt members follow on foot too up in the rocks and peaks.) However, after all those years of hunting hounds on foot over such demanding country, John was ready to return to hunting on horseback, and the opportunity came for him to return to his earlier hunt this past spring.

In his home in the Ullswater country in the north of England, John learned to ride bareback with halters on ponies and horses that his family were given to board over the winter, but whose work life was as school horses in the better weather. John started his foxhunting career as kennelman at the Cattistock Hunt (in southern England) and then to the neighbouring Taunton Vale Hunt. He moved northeast to the Vine and Craven Hunt as second whipper-



John with the TNYH pack

in, then on to the Easton Harriers Hunt northeast of London as first whip. Then came the invitation in 1991 to hunt hounds for Toronto And North York. A full circle after his time with the Ullswater hounds, and our hunt is delighted he decided to return.

However, for John, the challenge is to learn a whole new country, and many new members. With the help of his partner Rosslyn and her two children, James and Laura, they have settled into the huntsman's house and jumped right into spring hunting with a pack new to him. Given a more developed relationship with his hounds, and a better knowledge of the country with its invaluable farmers, John is looking forward to the fall hunting season.

He brought with him several of his favourite Fell bloodlines from the



Laura Balding

Ullswater, and he already has a lovely litter on the ground.

John kindly answered some questions for our Yearbook, and showed us some of his Fell Hounds that he brought with him.

How do the hounds you have hunted in Ullswater differ from the hound that you would hunt here in Ontario?

The Ullswater Foxhounds are pure Fell hounds, they are of lighter conformation with feet and bodies adapted to enable them to safely cross the rocky terrain at speed. They are more independent and intuitive as the



Fell Puppies



nature of the land demands in order to find, follow and ultimately catch a fox (when still legal in the UK). The Fell are more sensitive with perhaps, greater intelligence than the English hounds. The English hounds are very biddable and generally conduct a more conservative draw in a cover. I will integrate some Fell lines into the current pack, which, by the way, has been beautifully bred. Clarence, Toronto And North York won the Canadian Championship in June.

How would you describe your hunting style, and how does it suit this hunt country?

I like to leave them alone, allowing them enough freedom to hunt whilst still maintaining a level of control. They know their job, it's what they have been carefully and selectively bred to do for generations. I have to trust my hounds. If you constantly interfere, they won't draw; I like my hounds to have the confidence to come to me. [Hounds wear radio collars, so they can be tracked and identified.]

What have you done in the past to encourage riders to try foxhunting?

The future of foxhunting as a sport lies with young people and families getting involved, through Pony Club, seminars and outings to come to see the kennels \mathcal{F} hounds, putting on a Junior meet, letting kids ride with the whips, the huntsman, and rotate them so each gets a turn with a staff member. Having James and Laura in local schools and hunting themselves provides a great opportunity to involve the youth.

Also becoming involved with the local community, it's farmers, land owners, connections made through schools and village life and opening up the opportunity for everyone to feel they can become part of hunting.

Can Members come to visit the kennels?

Of course, we are always delighted to show people round, but please call to set a time. Hounds and horses like a schedule, so we try to avoid disrupting their schedules by planning visits around meal times and kennel work.

What would you like the greater local area to know about foxhunting?

It's important for the community to know that we hunt coyotes here, not foxes, as coyotes are pushing foxes out. I'd also like to encourage more grassroots interaction within our hunting area, and meet more people who are interested in what we are about. We have hound exercises in the summer, and anyone can come, if it's arranged through a member. [A hunt representative can be reached through the club email address: tnyhoffice@yahoo.ca]

John's partner and the hunt's Professional Whipper-In is the eversmiling Rosslyn Balding. Originally from Scotland, Ros came to Canada with John and her two children Laura and James, from rural Cumbria and the beautiful, mountainous Lake District of England. She's been involved with hunting and country sports all her life, through horses, gundogs, farming, and in Hunt service. Initially with the Derwent Hunt in North Yorkshire where she had her own boarding barn, Ros was qualified as a riding instructor by the British Horse Society. At the North Tyne Foxhounds in Northumberland, Ros whipped-in to her late husband who was Huntsman, for 14 seasons, and after that the Coniston Foxhounds in Cumbria, neighbours to John's pack the Ullswater.



Toronto \mathcal{P} *North York Hunt's English hounds, Cleo (left) and Clarence (right), who was the Grand Champion at the Canadian Hound Show.*



John as Ullswater Huntsman is judging the Coniston Hounds (UK) shown by Rosslyn and James at Rydal Hound show in Ambleside, Cumbria in 2010. James, 10 years old at the time, is holding Bedlam and Rosslyn is holding Lyric, who won and was actually bred by John and given to the Coniston as a puppy. (Family photo)

During these years Ros has bred, brought three generations of the line worked trained and spaniels. She has managed to keep a lovely line of cockers going and have here in Canada.

labrador with her to Canada, the third being retrievers and English working cocker born here already! Ros is looking forward to further developing them



Ros & James with her imported English Cocker Spaniels at TNYH Kennels this summer.



Family Photo



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The Maxwell Work Day

To keep hunt country open and passable safely, vigilant maintenance is the order of the day. Our huntsman John Harrison identifies the country that needs trimming, cleaning and coop building. For the first flight, coops are the key to avoiding the time and effort of opening and closing gates – when Hounds are running, safe coops are our friends!! Karen and Andy provided a hearty dinner following the work.

Below are the game team of Glenn Jones, Jill Gibson, Andy Bite, Karen Cybulski, Jimmy Elder, Taddy Cork, Ron Adams and John Harrison. However, when we are told it will be a "work day", the photos by Glenn Jones and Jill Gibson seem to indicate "work party"!



And now, for the victory photo.... wait.... oops, Andy falls off the back of the coop, taking Ron with him.... John can't believe his eyes!! But, reorganized, the three manage to stay up for the last photo! Congratulations, Maxwell Team!



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A Lifetime of Achievements Measured in Miles

By Melissa Kosowan, reprinted from the summer 2014 issue of WHOA! with permission from the Ontario Equestrian Federation, www.horse.on.ca

A t 78 years of age, Nancy Beacon isn't showing signs of slowing down any time soon. You might not see her on trail quite as much as you once did, but she's still more active in the long distance riding community than most folks half her age. Beacon goes hunting twice a week, she volunteers at distance events, she serves as the vicepresident of the Ontario Competitive Trail Riding Association, she mentors up-and-coming riders and she holds the annual Flesherton Endurance ride at her farm, which she started in 1967.

"Nancy has done it all. I have always admired her strength, her love of life and her ability to inspire others, "says long-time OCTRA member Carol Steiner, who was mentored by Beacon when she first started out. "She is a very matter-of-fact lady and has been known to anger those who do not understand her extremely open and honest comments and answers to questions she has been asked. On the softer side of Nancy is her amazing quality to truly praise the actions or accomplishments of her friends."

Beacon is a founding member of the Ontario Competitive Trail Riding Association (OCTRA) and the Canadian Long Distance Riders Association (CaLDRA). Her contributions to the development of the sport of distance riding earned her the distinction of being the first recipient of Endurance Canada's Hall of Fame Award.

"Everybody in Canada owes a great deal to Nancy," says Bob Gielen, an international Endurance rider who uses Beacon's farm as a training base during the summer. Beacon crewed for Gielen at the 2008 World Endurance Championships in Malaysia. "She has helped people all across the country, supplying them with horses or funds to get to a ride and she has been very supportive of people coming along."

Beacon has also been a lay judge and worked as a course designer at many rides over the years, and she has been the trail master for several FEI rides held in Ontario. She also hosted the first FEI Endurance competition in Canada, the North American Endurance Championships, which were held in Ontario in 1989 and attracted 40 riders.

"It was Canada's turn. Everyone said, 'You can't do it. You can't do it. You have to have a castle in Spain,'" she laughs, recalling that first FEI ride. "So I cheated. They said American and North American Endurance Championships, as well as the famed Vermont 100-mile ride and the Old Dominion Endurance Ride.

"It challenges everything. It challenges your mind, as well as your physical abilities. There is a lot of strategy in 100 miles," Beacon says, explaining her passion for the



Mike Cottenden drives Morgan horse Fleetwood Mac with Nancy Beacon navigating, at a Tralee combined drive in 1989.

that Endurance horses had to be stabled, so I said we have North American stabling – electric fencing."

As a rider, Beacon competed in the very first North American Championship, which was held in 1986 in California. She would go on to ride at the Pan trail. "You're coaching your horse. It's like being the coach of a hockey team. You win simply by doing the best you both can do with what you have."

Her most memorable and noteworthy achievement, however, was representing Canada at the World



Equestrian Games in The Hague, Netherlands. She rode a challenging Arabian named Traverston Sadat, who overcame the odds and recovered from founder just months before the ride. "My goal is to do the best I can with what I have got. But you have to know what you've got," she says. "See, I didn't know how good Sadat was. I could have let Sadat go faster, but I didn't know. It's a fine line."

Nevertheless, Beacon was the second North American rider to finish, placing 22nd overall. Her team finished 9th overall.

"The crowds were unbelievable. It went through the middle of the city," she recalls of the 1994 Games, which were marred by organizational problems. She laughs remembering the quirky nature of the ride, like racing along a nude beach, ducking as she went under a trestle as a train passed overhead and being offered a cookie by a friendly stranger who loved Canada.

"Mike met me on the street. He was my pit crew and he missed the check," she says of her late partner, Mike Cottenden, who was also an experienced distance rider. "We were feeding him (Sadat) his grain – I think we had beet pulp – in the middle of the street. And these people were asking what we were doing so we were giving a seminar in the middle of the sidewalk. It was bizarre. I loved it." While Traverston Sadat may have carried Beacon on the most important Endurance ride of her career, he wasn't her most successful mount. That honour goes to Traverston Cob.

Looking out over a rolling pasture at her farm in Flesherton, Beacon points out a grey horse contentedly grazing. A member of the OCTRA Stall of Fame and the South Eastern Distance Riders Hall of Fame, Cob is Beacon's top horse of all time. The 24-year-old Arabian cross was honoured for achieving 5,000 AERC (American Endurance Ride



Nancy Beacon ridess Traverston Sadat along the breach at the 1994 World Equestrian Games in the Hague.



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Nancy Beacon rides Lanstip to with the FEI Modified Olympic Class at a show in 1952.

4,000 OCTRA miles.

Even more impressive, however, is that he is still going strong. Beacon says she has learned the winning formula for soundness over the years based on a few crucial measurements of a horse's bone structure.

"I love the physiology of the horses. If I give you a long-backed horse and I take a short-backed horse to climb a hill, the shortbacked horse is going to get to the top quicker each time," she says. "I think those things are fascinating."

If Cob is any indication, there must be truth to her formula. Beacon continues to ride him on her weekly hunts with the Toronto North York Hunt.

"It took him two years to realize he didn't need to beat the horse ahead of him," she laughs.

Sharing a spot in the OCTRA Stall of Fame with Cob are three of Beacon's other horses: her World Equestrian Games mount, Traverston Sadat; Nugget, a purebred Arabian that Beacon and her daughter, Natalie, rode in distance events; and Trija's Whipperpopper, a Morgan with an impressive record in distance rides.

Conference) competition miles and While Beacon has made her mark as a distance rider, her name is also a respected one within the Morgan horse community. In addition to proving that Morgans could successfully compete in distance rides, she could also be found demonstrating their versatility in the show ring, too.

> "My favourite breed is the Morgan," says Beacon. "They are beautiful, they are tough and they are versatile."

> Beacon was a founding member of the Canadian Morgan Horse Club in 1960, which was incorporated as the Canadian Morgan Horse Association (CMHA) in 1968. Forty-six years later, she is still a member. She has held many positions with the CMHA, including president. Beacon was also a founding member of the Ontario Morgan Horse Club (OMHC) in 1968 and held almost every position on the board at one time or another. In 2012, she cut the opening ribbon on the Morgan Horse Heritage Centre in Uxbridge and has been a supporter ever since.

> "Her varied activities over the years were a showcase for her Morgans and their versatility, including horse shows, Endurance and competitive riding, carriage driving and hunting with a recognized hunt," says Deana Wilson, a long-time friend of Beacon and founding member of

the OMHC and CMHA. "Nancy always promoted the Morgan horse and she introduced many people to the great qualities of the Morgan."

Perhaps Beacon inherited her appreciation for Morgans from her mother. Beacon grew up on an estate in Pennsylvania where her grandfather bred Tennessee Walkers and Thoroughbred racehorses. Growing up, she rode at the horse shows held on the property. She pulls a faded black and white photo off the wall and points to her as a smiling child riding a smartly turned out paint pony with a ribbon hanging from its bridle.

"I wasn't a natural horse lover. I wasn't one of these kids that loved horses," Beacon explains. "It's just something we did as a family, so I did, too."

Beacon's mother was a talented horsewoman who taught her to ride. Mrs. Reeves could drive a four-in-hand carriage, she showed Saddlebreds, Morgans and Tennessee Walkers, she loved to hunt and jump and she rode in distance rides, including completing the Vermont 100-mile race in 1934.

"She was an all-around horse person," says Beacon. "Mom judged horse shows and showed dogs and every weekend we hunted. We'd all go."

Beacon's introduction to Canada came when she was a teenager. She took a job as a cook on a ranch in Alberta after visiting during a class trip. In the mid-1960s, she found her way to Ontario where she settled at her current farm in Flesherton.

Arriving at the nearby train stop not long after were her two horses from out west, one of which was Hillaway Red Wing, who became the first Morgan to hunt with a recognized hunt in Ontario.

"My mother gave me a Morgan and Thoroughbred when I got married," Beacon says. "They came by boxcar to the rail station here."

Many more Morgans followed over the years, including the extraordinary Endurance horse, Trija's Whipperpopper. Beacon laughs recalling her encounter with Dr. C.D.

Parks, a notable breeder of Morgan horses who authored several books about the breed.

"I loved the Morgan horse. I used to show and I read books by Dr. Parks and I met Dr. Parks in the middle of the night in the Old Dominion ride and I said, 'This is a Morgan,'" recalls Beacon. "He said, 'It can't be a Morgan. A Morgan couldn't do this.' I said, 'This is a Morgan.' It was really funny. Popper could do all that."

A veteran distance horse, Trija's Whipperpopper saw many riders through their first 100-mile rides and also helped Spain finish its first ever team when he was leased to a Spanish rider at the 1988 World Championship in Virginia. Traverston Sadat carried another Spanish rider during that historic milestone.

"Oh, it was quite exciting!" exclaims Beacon, who crewed for the Spanish team. "It was a terrible, terrible rainy day. It was a very tough course. It was through the mountains. That was a tough ride."

While Beacon has supplied horses for major competitions, she has also given many newcomers to the sport a leg up by providing them with experienced horses.

"Lending out the horses is important to



Riding Patch, a young Nancy Beacon poses for a photograph after winning a ribbon.

me," says Beacon. "Because if I have a horse that's good enough to help somebody through, then the person thinks, 'I can do this.' It's the best thing to encourage them with."

Many young riders also owe their success to Beacon, who mentors up-and-coming riders. One of her most notable protégés is Emma Webb, an up-and-coming distance rider who has medalled on numerous occasions at the North American Junior & Young Rider Championships.

"Nancy is my mentor, and has been for as long as I can remember. I grew up having been a 'fly on the wall' in Nancy's kitchen, listening intently about horses and soaking up anything I could," says Webb. "More recently, her kitchen table is where we meet to plan and discuss strategy, where we review past rides and how to improve, where we goal set, fill out entry forms, and drink ice tea after a long ride. I am very grateful for all Nancy has done for me ever since I can remember."



Nancy Beacon still enjoys hunting Travereston Cob, a successful Endurance horse, in two halls of fame and has logged 5,000 AERC miles and 4,000 OCTRA miles.

Llewellyn's G&Ts

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North Cotswold Hounds, England

By Denya Massey

n holiday one spring day in 2008 my husband (non-horsey) and I were walking down High Street in Broadway, enjoying the charms of one of the most attractive towns in the Cotswolds.

Suddenly I heard hounds.

I determined to find the source, while my husband is thinking, "Really? We're on vacation, and she finds hounds? Out of the blue? Really?" I saw a lane called Kennel Lane, and there, one block off High Street, were the kennels of the North Cotswold Foxhounds!

I was enchanted by the hounds living right in town. It made them so accessible, yet they weren't. The North Cotswold foxhounds are a beautifully bred, highly respected pack. I imagined seeing them out of their kennels on a hunting day, yet, since we travel regularly to the Cotswolds in May, that wouldn't happen.

While planning our third trip to Broadway, I couldn't resist. I knew that the Joint-Master of the North Cotswold, Mr. Nigel Peel*, was a contributor to Foxhunting Life-in fact a member of FHL's Panel of Experts. I asked editor Norman Fine if it would be impolite to ask to see the kennels. He kindly offered to introduce me by email to Mr. Peel, who bred this beautiful pack, hunts them himself, and whose reputation as a breeder and judge of foxhounds is universally renowned.

Cotswold 'cottage.' It's Nick Hopkins, kennel huntsman for the North Cotswold Foxhounds, calling on Mr. Peel's behalf to invite me to walk out with the hounds on the twentieth of May at 7:45 a.m. Of course, I say.

Fast forward: the phone rings in our Given the urgent question regarding dress code, Nick was calm, and reassuring. Something comfortable, and, yes, given my questionable biking skills, he would assign the second whipper-in, Eliot, to keep an eye on me.



Kennel huntsman Nick Hopkins exercises the North Cotswold foxhounds through the village of Broadway.

Thank you. Oh, mentions Nick, we'll have a bike for you. A what? A bike. Oh, ok.... We hang up.

Blimey, I came prepared for walking. Suddenly this has become a fashion question! What to wear while biking with a top pack in England? Well, best to ask. So the day before, I popped round to the kennels and asked a young boy if Nick was there. Which Nick, he asks. The kennel huntsman, please, I answer. Then, in true kid fashion, a huge holler, "DAD ... !"

I was up and at the kennels well before the appointed time. Not too eager, I hoped. And a lovely day. I had written Mr. Peel by email that among my shortcomings was an inability to judge hounds, but my longcoming was that my heart never failed to beat faster when I heard hounds, my family legacy of the love of foxhunting.

Mr. Peel arrived with his Jack Russell terrier, and we chatted as he gave her a walk before taking hounds out. By the time hounds moved off, the day was warming up, and by my rough



Flanking the author are (1-r) Nick Hopkins, kennel huntsman and Nigel Peel, MFH.

Not bothered at all by the passing hounds, a little spring snooze



On our return, hounds beautifully 'packed up' behind their huntsman

count, forty-eight couple of the North Cotswold hounds swarmed around me, Eliot, Nick and Mr. Peel.

We headed out of the kennel yard on foot, going south through two fields, including one with hundreds of sheep and lambs. Eliot and I brought up the rear, which was actually the best place to see the hounds. They are so beautifully balanced, and watching them move was akin to seeing water flow. The pack ebbed and flowed around Nick and Mr. Peel as though the pair were magnetic. A few younger hounds would bound around the edges, adding extra good cheer to the exercise.

As we approached a farm gate opening onto Snowshill Road, all the hounds held outside the gate (that's a very



Drivers are both patient and interested – not a frown in sight – part of the countryside experience

dense pack!), as Eliot ran across the road to Patsy's house where the bikes were parked for us. Once we four had our bikes and no traffic was coming, hounds were allowed in the road, for about a 100 metres, before heading west on West End Lane.

Yours truly wobbled an awful lot, but Eliot was good to his word, and kept an eye on me while doing his job. I couldn't get over how Nick and Mr. Peel never wobbled, despite hounds swarming around their bikes. And never an "ouch" from a hound, either.

When vehicles came along, drivers stopped patiently, smiled, and were thanked four times, as hounds flowed past them. At a big road, hounds packed up around Mr. Peel until the going was safe, and over we went (me, the laggard, peddling fast as I could!). Hounds were allowed free time in a cropped field while we chatted. They rough-housed, they bounded about, they came up to Mr. Peel and Nick for a pat and hello, and off again—never far away.

Time to go home (darn!) and the walk was repeated in reverse. After we left the

bicycles with Patsy, a retired member, I darted in front to take a few photos from that side, and had the privilege of walking with Mr. Peel for a while. I asked if he had roughly forty-eight couple out. I was very close! It was fortyseven couple. Whew, my only talent! Upon our return, hounds were kenneled with a minimum of fuss. After a chat, we parted—me with a vivid memory of sight, sound, feel, and history.

I scooted out the following morning, a bright sunny day, to get a photo of hounds coming at me along Snowshill Road. It was Nick and Eliot and quite magical—that rush we get when we have a glimpse of a beautiful pack of hounds. While our knowledge of hounds is worlds apart, there is no less appreciation to Mr. Peel on my part



Waiting quietly for the huntsman to release them into the road, not one foot over the curb!

for this wonderful experience, both precious and joyous.

* Nigel Peel has been Master and huntsman of foxhounds for forty-two seasons. In 2010 at the Bryn Mawr Hound Show in Pennsylvania, he became the first overseas recipient of the Julian Marshall Award for his lifetime contribution to hounds.



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Foxhunting in Toronto: The First Fifty Years

by Polly Winsor

In the 19th century the Toronto Hunt consisted of a pack of hounds and a group of riders who enjoyed the challenge of keeping up with them. By 1842, and probably a year or two earlier, the club was organized enough to assign the title of Master of Foxhounds to an individual responsible for the sport.

Thatever records of its activities the group may have kept were lost in 1910 in a fire that destroyed its first clubhouse. We know the names of a few of its early members and its first Masters thanks the 1844 minute book of the Toronto Turf Club. Until 1860 the MFHs were all military officers, so in those first decades hounds were probably kenneled in or near Fort York (marked K on the map). After that the hounds were kept near the Woodbine race track on Queen Street East and various other locations in the city (the few we know of are marked K on the map). From about 1879 the locations where the huntsman and hounds would meet to start a hunt were sometimes announced in the newspaper; from those notices Zita Barbara May, hired in the 1950s by Clifford Sifton (MFH of the Toronto

and North York Hunt), gleaned a list of 19th century meets of the Toronto Hunt. The places marked M on the map are taken from her unpublished list, which is preserved in the Archives of Ontario. Until 1895 the Toronto Hunt owned no property.

Organized foxhunting in Toronto was briefly derailed by an event of great importance for the economic growth of Ontario, namely, the building of the Grand Trunk Railway in the 1850s, including the great Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge. Historian David Burley, in The Dictionary of Canadian Biography, describes the rapid rise to wealth of William Hendrie, who worked in the railroad's Hamilton headquarters. He brought from Scotland a sharp understanding of business, a passion for horses, and

several younger brothers One of these was John, who rode one of William's horses to victory in a famous race in 1864, according to a 1909 book titled Lovers of the Horse: Brief Sketches of Men and Women of the Dominion of Canada Devoted to the Noblest of Animals. Hamilton was also the home of a volunteer militia regiment, the 13th Hamilton Battalion under Captain Henry Erskine Irving. Between 1860 and 1864 Capt. Irving and John Hendrie are reported to have been MFHs of a "draft" of the Toronto Hunt's hounds, which is to say, some portion of the pack was given, or lent, for those gentlemen to hunt in the countryside around Hamilton. No MFH in Toronto is recorded for those years, perhaps because of a reduction in the Fort York military, but Lovers of the Horse mentions (p. 41) an 1862



Andrew Smith, MFH of the Toronto Hunt from 1883 to 1893, painted by Paul Giovanni Wickson in 1891. Photograph courtesy of the Ontario Veterinary College.

meet of "a private pack belonging to an Englishman named Steers" at the Davenport road, where Bathurst Street ended. Because it is said that some hounds had been kept by individuals in Toronto, and that the Hamilton draft was returned, we are entitled to celebrate the unbroken bloodline of foxhounds from the early 1840s down to the pack of today's Toronto and North York Hunt (the same claim can be made by the Eglinton-Caledon Hunt).

The end of the American Civil War in 1865 would indirectly give a shot in the arm to the Toronto Hunt. In 1866 a thousand experienced and wellarmed ex-soldiers, loyal to their Irish roots, crossed the Niagara River to Fort Erie, hoping to win a bargaining chip to use against British rule in Ireland. The failed Fenian Raid (which earned Capt. Irving a medal) had the large consequence of nudging the Province of Canada up to Dominion status, but more relevant to our story is that it caused Queen Victoria to send across reinforcements. In the autumn of 1866 the 13th Hussars, under Lieutenant Colonel Soame Gambier Jenvns, arrived in Toronto, with 285 horses. Jenyns was the senior surviving officer of the tragic action in the Crimean War portrayed in Tennyson's 1854 poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" ("theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die"). With military threat against Canada gone, the regiment, or at least the officers, occupied their time by racing horses, establishing a cavalry school for local volunteers, and foxhunting (Lovers of the Horse p. 42). Jenyns served as MFH of the Toronto Hunt until the hussars were called home in 1869.

Although Lovers of the Horse claims that the Toronto Hunt was not organized until 1865, all other sources accept a starting date circa 1843. Several say that in 1864 William Copland was MFH of the Toronto Hunt. Whether this was the William Copland who came from England, began brewing beer on Yonge Street in the 1830s, and founded the East Toronto Brewery at King and Parliament in 1847, or this was his son, William Jr., who took over the enterprise in 1860, in either case a new chapter in the hunt's history had certainly begun, founded on the enthusiasm and finances of Canadian businessmen. After the departure of Lt. Col. Jenyns, George Gooderham and his

cousin James G. Worts, whose thriving distillery business had expanded into railroads and banking, took over the leadership of the hunt until Worts's death in 1882. Andrew Smith, founder of the Ontario Veterinary College, then served as MFH for the next ten years. In those decades the Toronto Hunt held a place of honour in the social history of Toronto. That its elite carried on a sport that was held in great esteem in Great Britain was a source of civic pride.

One of the young men riding behind Dr. Smith was D'Alton Lally McCarthy, who lived from 1870 until 1963. Near the end of his life, McCarthy composed an autobiography, which remains unpublished but is available in the archive of the Law Society of Upper Canada. One of his memories as a teenager gives us a glimpse into what Toronto was like before the invention of the automobile. He wrote, "...my father [D'Alton McCarthy, an eminent politician] was an inveterate rider. He had a beautiful thoroughbred Irish mare which he purchased in Dublin, and he rode every morning at quarter to seven, and I always went with him, being mounted on one of the chestnut carriage horses 'Warcry', who gave me a pretty rough passage. But, believe it or not, in that hour and a quarter we rode to High Park, round the Park and back, by eight o'clock. In those days there was no pavement on College Street west of Spadina, in fact the only pavement in those days was the old cedar block." No doubt their morning hack began in the laneway behind their home at 174 Beverley Street (marked B on the map), which would have had a carriage-house and stable, although men of lesser means kept their horses in one of the city's many livery stables. As a young law student in the early 1890s McCarthy kept his first hunter, "a black mare called 'Madge'...on the north side of Richmond Street a few feet east of Bay Street." The fact that father and son could so easily ride out to High Park (H on the map) and back shows how simple it was for a resident of Toronto to hack to a meet of the hunt.

In the course of the 19th century Toronto's original city limits, from the lake to Queen Street, and from Bathurst to Parliament, expanded to Dufferin, St. Clair, and the Don River, but within those boundaries were villages separated by woodlots



Lieutenant Colonel Soame Gambier Jenyns of the 13th Hussars, ca. 1861. Carte-de-visite by Caldesi, Blanford e^{2} Co. Courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery, London (Ax77086).

and farmland, with plenty of game. Nevertheless, in the last decade or two of the 19th century the Toronto Hunt, acccording to Lovers of the Horse, was following a drag (a scent laid down artificially) rather than a wild fox, as also were most of the hunts in the United States. The reason for this was explained by Theodore Roosevelt (long before he became U.S. President). Foxhunting was no longer limited to gentlemen of leisure, he said, but was enjoyed by "men in business, who work hard and are obliged to make their sports accomodate themselves to their more serious occuptions. Once or twice a week they can get off for an afternoon's ride across country, and they then wish to be absolutely certain of having their run, and of having it at the appointed time; and the only way to insure this is to have a draghunt. It is not the lack of foxes that has made the sport on this side of the water take the form of drag-hunting so much as the fact that the majority of those who keep it up are hard-working business men who wish to make the most out of every moment of the little time they can spare from their regular occupations." (The Century Magazine 1886, 32 (3): 335-342)

As the 19th century drew to a close, meets of the Toronto Hunt "were





always well attended, there being seldom less than forty or fifty present, all well mounted, including, as a rule, five or six ladies." (Lovers of the Horse pp. 42-43) A photographic collage of Toronto Hunt members in 1877, posed in front of Slattery's Hotel where Bloor Street crosses Dundas, includes five lady riders. Those women were, of course, on sidesaddles, and those saddles were all equipped with a third or "leaping" horn, a mid-century invention which enabled a rider to gallop and clear high fences with remarkable security. The popularity of this sport for the fair sex rose dramatically after Elizabeth, the beautiful Empress of Austria, enjoyed hunting in England and Ireland between 1874 and 1882, where she demonstrated the stunning appearance of a skilled rider in an elegant costume, soaring over obstacles.

D. L. McCarthy recalled, "In 1893 Dr. Andrew Smith decided to retire as Master of the Toronto Hunt. There was great consternation among the hunting men in an effort to find a successor...." At that time hounds were kept just north of Bloor on Clinton Street, where their odour and noise were "strongly objected to by the nearby residents."



She and 43 other members of the Toronto Hunt, plus the huntsman and kennel man, posed for a composite photograph in 1877. This is a close-up, photographed by Emile Rufiange, from a large collage hanging in the clubhouse of the Toronto Hunt in Scarborough, reproduced with their kind permission.

A group of gentlemen gathered in his father's house on Beverley Street and decided to buy property well east of the city on which would be built a kennel, a house for the huntsman, and a stable where members might keep their horses. The expense of this ambitious change would be met by involving "a number of prominent citzens of Toronto who although not particularly interested in hunting, were interested in the establishment of a country club" with a golf course and dining hall. With D. McCarthy (senior) as its first president, the Country and Hunt Club of Toronto was incorporated in 1893, and two years later, with funds loaned by Gooderham, a hundred acres of land overlooking Lake Ontario was purchased. The era when foxhounds lived in the city of Toronto was over.





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Foxhunting As a Learned Sport

By Karen Cybulski



Karen, Sam, Andy and Alex Bite.

- Family Photo

Not all foxhunters are bred in the bone. Certainly our family falls into the category of neophyte foxhunters and, for that matter, horse riders.

Our two children (now 24 and 26) started riding at an urban riding stable in downtown Toronto at young ages. My husband and I who really knew nothing about horses, soon tired of being expected to tack up, then sit in a cold viewing area watching our daughters go round and round the arena. So we joined in the fun by taking lessons ourselves. Believe me, starting riding at ages 42 and 46 was certainly daunting and more than occasionally painful.

We were lucky to be able to spend more time outside of the city and soon decided that we should find a barn where we could ride and take lessons on weekends. We happened on a riding stable that advertised hunters, jumpers and field hunters. I am embarrassed to say we had no clue what a field hunter even was. Andy and I still recall knocking on the door of Mary Ann Parker's Keldon Farm home and asking if she would take us on as students. Knowing her much better now, I understand that the look she gave us meant: Right city folks who probably won't show up for the first lesson. Well that was 13 years ago, and because of her, our family was introduced to foxhunting. We will always be grateful for her infectious hunting enthusiasm which spawned our foxhunting passion and for her help in acquiring fantastic hunt horses.

The four of us each vividly recall our first hunting experiences. My first outing was at a cub hunt with Eglinton Caledon Hunt (ECH) after I had been riding less than a year. It went quite well so Mary Ann took Sherman (the trusty) and I out a few weeks later to a massive joint meet. I assumed we would be hanging out back with the hill toppers and when she said follow me, I did. Only as we were galloping across a field did I realize that there were only 4 riders in front of me. Yikes. It got worse. Soon she indicated a hedge coming up, go around to the right if you want. IF I WANT??!! Sherman handily went around. Soon we checked and I thought what a blast that was. Then Mary Ann said, that if I wanted to continue I would have to jump a 3 foot cedar rail fence, I thought what the heck! I grabbed some mane and not very elegantly stayed on and a hunting passion was born. I went out white knuckled and feeling quite nauseated for the first couple of years of hunting! Luckily my terror has abated and despite the occasional accidental dismount. I now love not just the riding but also the hunting part of foxhunting.

Andy describes his first hunt: a large joint meet. Andy's minder was Mary Ann's husband Greg. They were supposed to ride in the 2nd flight but Andy realized, when the first jump came up, something was amiss. Despite his trepidation, the jump offered no problem. Exhilarated, cantering across the next field in a group, he was passed by a pony and was kicked in the leg. Undaunted and not injured, he continued, and 13 years on is a new master of TNYH.

Our youngest, Samantha, hunted for the first time at age 11. She recounts how intimidated she felt when within the first 5 minutes there were 2 adults on the ground (me included!). Alexandra recalls her first hunt in the trappy quarry country of ECH. On that day, she learned the value of a quality hunt horse. Both Sam and Alex continue to hunt whenever they can get away from jobs and school.

All four of us love to hunt. We love the tradition, the excitement and the camaraderie. We have gained many good friends and certainly have many exciting memories of our times in the hunt field. We wholeheartedly recommend hunting as a family sport. We hope the next generation of our family will be bred-in-the-bone foxhunters.



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W.H.O.A. at the Toronto And North York Hunt Introduction to Foxhunting

By Joanne Tie, all photos by Shelley Moon & Lynn Robertson.

ast fall, the TNYH circulated an invitation through our W.H.O.A club to join them for an introduction to foxhunting. For those of us who don't normally hunt this sounded like a very interesting opportunity to try another discipline. We were very interested in exposing our horses to the experience in a safe controlled environment so some of us signed up. My friend Alison rides a well behaved thoroughbred and Myriam rides an experienced retired eventer. We don't do any kind of competition schedule so my horse fluctuates from being somewhat fit to not fit and he usually goes barefoot!

We figured out the formal attire required

and did well at being presentable to expectations before we set out. It is the Huntsman. One of the things that is unexpected is how much noise and commotion the hounds make milling around being happy and excited about the outing and how nonchalant they are around the horses. My horse was all ears and very watchful as he had only seen a hounds once before, but it was amazing how quickly our horses became quite comfortable with hounds even when hounds ran up behind them on the trail.

We were greeted and made most welcome by various members of the hunt and given all kinds of help with the formalities and rules and

my observation that horses that hunt regularly know it can be a long ride, with hard work along the way - hills, ditches, streams, and possibly mud, so they learn to conserve their energy for the whole ride from the start. Not my horse, he had no idea what was in store and Alison, who rode just behind me, observed that I spent more time in the air than in the saddle for the first 20 minutes! The excitement was a bit too much and the field was on the move, so time to canter. It didn't take too much longer for him to get tired and the rest of the ride was enjoyable. We rode through some of the most beautiful parts of the countryside in an orderly



Leaving the kennels, Antony Gaylard, Huntsman, Fall 2013



controlled manner at the back of the third field which was a very secure place for me.

The rider conventions at gates, roads and other obstacles were all well explained and, as with all equine sports, discipline of all riders is important and thankfully the Hunt considers safety at all times. We were impressed with the amount of work required to secure the favour of the landowners and the Huntsman's knowledge of the lay of the land that allowed the hounds free to work as they



The Field, led by the Field Master, Laurel Byrne, MFH

needed. I am always impressed by field hunters as they are usually confident, brave, sensible and willing partners in the day's outing and make a difference to a good ride or not.

After our outing we were treated to a wonderful lunch in the charming clubhouse which has views from every window and a presentation by the Huntsman that provided a real inside look into the life of the hounds, the breeding and training program as well as the general running of the club. This was most interesting and unless one belongs to a club like this you would never really be exposed to these ideas. This was a very educational outing. We all know that horses are a lot of work and it is evident that the members of the club work very hard to keep the hounds, the buildings, and the infrastructure in top condition so that the members can really enjoy the sport. The kindness and sporting-ness of the members was evident to us all day and we were made to feel welcome and



The W.H.O.A. gang with TNYH members and guests. Myriam (r) on the grey horse, Alison with her back to the camera, and the author, Joanne is in the middle on the black horse with the white face.



Horses and riders have a break during a "check", when hounds are working.

included. Whether we were chatting informally over lunch or being advised to "head to hounds" in the field, we were made to feel most welcome. I think this is a reflection of a well run community minded club that is built on friendship and a common goal, the enjoyment of the sport. We all had a members of the W.H.O.A. club.

wonderful day and my horse was good and tired at day's end! Thanks again to the club for their generosity and we look forward to joining another time.

Our riders were, Alison Pimbert, Myriam Zylstra and Joanne Tie,

Facebook: Women Horse Owners Association: W.H.O.A, is an organization for and about Women Horse Owners (men are very welcome) and a great opportunity to network your horse business and widen your circle of "horse-friends." Meetings are held every 3rd Tuesday of the month from 7:00 to 9:00 within a 30 minute radius of Rosemont.



Canadian Grand Champion Has a Royal Family Tree

By Norman Fine

With permission Foxhunting Life - www.foxhuntinglife.com Photos by Mary Raphael, www.ottawavalleyhunt.com

T oronto and North York huntsman John Harrison gets his hounds moving for the judges.

Toronto and North York Clarence 2012 was judged Grand Champion of

the Canadian Foxhound Show at the Ottawa Valley Hunt Farm on June 14, 2014. Judges were Messrs. C. Martin Scott, ex-MFH, Vale of the White Horse (UK) and Mason Lampton, MFH, Midland Foxhounds (GA).

It wasn't too long ago that the Canadian hunts showed mainly English foxhounds, but the Canadian show now offers classes for both English and Crossbred Champions. With this in mind, it's interesting to note that this year's Grand Champion, while considered English based on the high percentage of English bloodlines in his pedigree, goes back in tail female to Midland Crossbred lines and on his sire's side to a strong Blue Ridge female line of Crossbreds.

Clarence's dam, Toronto and North York Clinic 2006, was a Crossbred hound out of a Midland dam. His sire, Blue Ridge Barnfield 2010, goes back in tail male to strong English lines of which Judge Martin Scott makes note: Toronto and North York Clarence, T&NY Clinic 2006.

Scott writes, "I was impressed by



Toronto and North York Clarence.





Toronto and North York Huntsman John Harrison gets his hounds moving for judges.

both Clarence '12 and his litter sister Cleopatra, the champion English Bitch for their quality. They both moved well and had good size. Upon looking at the pedigree on my return to England I saw that they went back tail male via Blue Ridge Barnfield '10, whom I have not seen but who was by Duke of Beaufort's Bailey '03, perhaps the most influential stallion in England in the past fifteen years. This male line goes back to Heythrop Busby '96, another very influential sire in his time. I also noted that they go back [through the Midland Crossbred lines] to College Valley/ North Northumberland Grafter '89 from one of the most influential hill hound kennels in England, which we regard as an outcross and valued so highly in their work."

Toronto and North York huntsman John Harrison must take special pleasure in Clarence's victory, for this year's Grand Champion goes back to bloodlines that he introduced to the pack during his earlier term as huntsman twenty years ago.

In 1995, Harrison wrote, "I received some Berkeley hounds from Major Berkeley. One was Ballad '87 who came to us in whelp to Berkeley Freshman '84. Freshman was by [Captain Ronnie Wallace's] Exmoor Freestone '81. Freestone is the key."

Ballad's litter produced Freedom '92 who appears in Clarence's fifth generation. Freedom sired an exceptional crop of littermates, and the Grand Champions at Virginia in 1995 and 1994 both go back to Freestone.

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Unforeseen Foxhunters....

Horses whose past did not foretell being a true foxhunter!



Millie By Carolyn Scime

Taddy's precious old hunter, Nick, was injured, so was abruptly retired at the age of 22 – but who knows how long he might have gone on! Given it was the middle of hunting season, Taddy grabbed one of the off-the-track-Thoroughbreds [OTTB] that was in a paddock at Jimmy's, and took her hunting. Millie had a hard time learning to get her race track-trained feet organized in the rough country footing and preferred to gallop with her head down, but she tried hard and stayed up, learned to jump and was an all-around good girl. A few years later, with Taddy's perseverance and her great horsemanship, Millie & Taddy won the prestigious "Susan Jane Anstey Memorial" award for the Field Hunter of the year last season.



Cob By Nancy Beacon

C ob was an Endurance racing horse for fourteen years amassing an astounding 5,000 recorded miles. Then I took him foxhunting. After years of competition, it DID take about two seasons to convince him that he didn't need to pass the horse in front of him! A change of bit, experience, and determination prevailed. Now I have a great hunter that will even let hounds run into him with a casual "umph". Love you, Cob! Oh, at 25 years old, Cob and I combined are 104 yrs. old.



Thelma

By Karen Cybulski

ur pinto Thelma started life as a PMU* baby. Her lineage is unknown but we guess that she is a Percheron/paint cross. She made her way via truck with her sister Louise from Alberta to Ontario. Unfortunately Thelma ended up under the other horses in the truck and suffered a major abdominal wall injury which is evidenced still today by the large scar on the left side of her belly. Her first owner used Thelma and Louise as a team driving carriages to weddings in downtown Toronto. Her next owner Mary Ann Parker introduced her to Fox Hunting at the age of 5. Our daughter Alex was looked after by Thelma when riding in her first hunt. Thelma has been in the family for 9 years. Now at 17, she continues to be a consummate fox hunter. She has a few idiosyncrasies: she loves to play hard to get, she has the occasional good spook in her, and she loves to look at jumps while never refusing. Her best attributes are kindness and willingness to do what she is asked. She never says no to anything.

(*PMU stands for "pregnant mare's urine". The urine of mares in foal is used in the manufacturing of Premarin, the female hormone replacement.)





Paddington

By Denya Massey

Paddington had a rather dubious pedigree (oh, wait - he had no pedigree at all, maybe QH and standardbred??), had been a "lawn ornament" for the first 12 years of his life, and barely knew walk, trot, canter, turn, stop when I bought him, more out of sympathy because he obviously had had no good food or care for some time. However, with his low mileage and willingness, he was a smart buy, and after our first seven months together, Taddy and Lindsay herded Paddington and me to our first Hunter Pace event, at the Epsteins, and we were hooked! In the off-season, I took him to small events. He became a great horse! Last spring at 17, he was semi-retired to a friend in Georgia now a Georgia Bulldog fan, or so I'm told. He goes to Poker rides, Hunter Pace events, trail rides in the mountains, and has a little herd of donkeys, ponies and retired horses to manage - his life's dream! Yet another new career!

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DENISE KACAREVICH

History of The Hunter Pace Event

By Marilyn Mackay-Smith

Traditionally the foxhunting season started in the early fall, and the season finished when the foxes were having their cubs, or "kits", and for this hunt, the coyotes were having their young. For the horses and riders who were fit and restless, the Hunter Pace concept was imagined by Alexander Mackay-Smith, a famous foxhunter, author and longtime editor of The Chronicle of the Horse, who organized the first one in the Blue Ridge Hunt country in Virginia.

The idea of a Hunter Pace was to recreate a fun but competitive day of hunting from the point of view of "the Field", those members who ride behind a Master, when following hounds and the Huntsman out hunting. The pace is determined by the Huntsman who rides a predetermined trail, over varied terrain which might include jumps. Some hunts have jumps as part of their Hunter Pace event, but Toronto and North York does not.

The Huntsman writes the exact time it took him or her to complete the ride, and puts the note in an envelope for scorers after all riders have completed the ride. On the day of the Hunter Pace, small teams including members and guests leave from the start point, with their time posted on their return. The team closest to the time the Huntsman wrote down are declared the most clever, and win both accolades and much teasing from the other members! The horses enjoy the outing as much as their riders, and a gourmet lunch follows.

Toronto And North York Hunt hold a Hunter Pace Event each year, which is both a fundraiser for the hunt as well as the opportunity to have a small competition among members and guests.



Marilyn Treviranus (later Mackay-Smith) on Archer, c. 1960



Alexander Mackay-Smith on Hi-Hampton, 1958



TORONTO AND NORTH YORK HUNT | 2014 45

TNYH Hunter Pace Event

Photos and text by Denya Massey- June 7th, 2014

In any sport, there are various levels between cheerful fun vs. the rush of adrenaline. A Hunter Pace Event is totally the fun side – relaxed, congenial, and suitable for those who would like to be involved on horseback with the local foxhunt on a comfortable level. With no hounds involved, horses are encouraged to relax as well, and set out in small teams to ride over a variety of terrain at a pace with which the team is comfortable.



The ride is gently competitive – each team rides the flagged course with the intent to have a total time closest to that of the huntsman, who has ridden the same course earlier, timed his ride as though he were hunting, including the stops and starts, and given his time in a sealed envelope (just like the Oscars!!) to the timers. The team closest to that time. whether faster or slower, are the winners, always with much cheering, laughter and playful heckling throughout the prize giving! Of course, the wine and beer at lunch make it all more fun – but, a



Huntsman sets out to time the trail.

DD assigned to drive the faithful horses home safely!

The Hunter Pace Event is perfect for those coming to see what we're all about for the first time, whether as a rider or as a spectator. The event raises money for the hunt, keeps the

members in touch over the summer, and includes a super lunch.

This year's event on June 7th was especially blessed with good weather, which was much appreciated, as was the venue and lunch kindly hosted by Emily and Riccardo Bozzi at Cinespace



Huntsman John Harrison, Ros Balding and course planner Taddy Cork leave to set the optimum time two days ahead of the event.

After the Hunter Pace is done, a well deserved lunch in a really handsome setting, trophies, thank you gifts, a display on "how to manage your ribbons", and a future foxhunter learning the ropes early!





Film Studios in Kleinburg. (However, we don't expect any of us are going to be in a film.... although you never know!). The setting of the lunch under the trees with a mini-donkey for petting could have been a movie set, and the lunch itself was positively inhaled by hungry riders as well as by those who had done nothing more than be cheerleaders!

The winner was the Belcourt Team, which elicited good natured heckling from the audience as Michael Belcourt is a Master – not that his team had any advantage over the other teams – as a timer, I can attest to that! However, Michael and his team mates, Heidi and Monica, were the organizers of the presentation ceremony, so it was a nice thank you that they won!!

The prize for the best team name was awarded to Heather Emery, Brittany Emery and Sue Murdoch – "The Dixie Chicks", but the Naughty Nags must have been a close second!

Thank you again to Riccardo and Emily Bozzi for giving Toronto & North York Hunt such a fabulous day, including great weather. Well done!



All the teams on a beautiful June day!







Editor's note: Our very own Secretary, Carolyn Lane, submitted a winning drink to Covertside's "Sip-Off" for the flask that the gentlemen foxhunters carry out hunting. Congratulations, Carolyn!

The Bartender:

- 2 oz. Citrus vodka
- 2 tbsp Cointreau
- 2 tbsp Galliano
- 2 tbsp freshly squeezed lime juice
 - 8 oz cranberry cocktail

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A Riding Safari in the Masai Mara, Kenya



Imagine sitting on a horse about 100 yards from a lone bull elephant, flapping its huge ears, testing the wind with its trunk, turning slowly, and wondering "is my horse faster than that elephant?"

 $\mathbf{T}^{ ext{he right answer is - don't find out!}}$

With an experienced guide, on savvy horses, our group could come close given the notoriously poor vision of elephants, as long as we stayed very quiet and came downwind so he couldn't detect us at a 100 yards out....although he knew we were around, but couldn't quite find us. We retreated quietly, and left him to go about his day.

It was a rest day, but for those who could tolerate more miles in the saddle, a jaunt was planned for some hillier country. Sign me up: this is a once in a lifetime trip. Out rode the brave group of four with Jakob, and after an hour, we come across a large herd of giraffes. Jakob positioned us downwind. We rode towards the giraffes, who were on the move, changing grazing areas. It wasn't long before they were doing that famous rocking gait, and we were galloping with them.... it was exhilarating and very close! "Okay, horse, don't trip now!" We pulled away pretty quickly so as not to chase them, but it was totally amazing.

Conservation and animal protection is very important to those who make their living in the Mara region of Kenya, and riding safaris provide an amazing opportunity to get close to the animals, without scaring them. With experienced guides and smart horses, it was exhilarating to ride through the Mara seeing all the river beasts – hippos and crocodiles, the land animals – lions, elephants, all sorts of gazelles, hyenas (unbelievably ugly), zebras, rhinos, and wildebeests, and the big birds - whose names I couldn't remember. The most dangerous? The hippos, who kill more men than any other beast in Africa.

Accommodation is provided in tents that are all one piece with heavy zippers, so nothing can creep in! Food is cooked at each camp site, and when a camp site is broken down, you cannot tell, other than matted grass, that anyone had been there. No garbage, no debris, and no manure, people or horses! There are strict rules to do with safaris in the Mara, with or without horses. On horseback you can see the Mara and its creatures in a way that you never could from a truck. Riding about 250 km over ten days was truly a trip of a lifetime. Be fit, be smart, do your research, and goll

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History of the Hunt Breakfast

This article is provided courtesy of Horse Publications Group and is a reprint from the Horses & History blog on www.Horse-Canada.com

An Edwardian hunt breakfast with The Montreal Hunt. Photo courtesy of Notman and Son

The English hunt and American hunt breakfast are as much a part of riding to hounds as the stirrup cup.

In days of olde, around 1890, gents of the leisure class in England spent their days fishing, hunting birds on shoots and, of course, hunting. A long day spent topside a horse called for solid sustenance and the English country breakfast was usually taken with a plethora of weekend county house guests who came for the food, entertainment and of course good sport. The ladies, unless they hunted, stayed in bed and had their breakfast brought to them by a maid. The gents gathered in the dining room and enjoyed tables and sideboards groaning with such things as broiled

kidneys, pulled fowl, sheep's tongues, potted pigeons, hams, woodcocks and thrushes. Not quite what we are used to eating today.

From American Jessup Whitehead's book "The Steward's Handbook and

Guide to Party Catering" (1889), we find this description of how a prehunt table and room of that era was decorated for a hunting party for an attending prince:

"The table would be covered in a white



An Edwardian hunt breakfast with The Montreal Hunt. Photo courtesy of Notman and Son







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Members of The Tennessee Valley Hunt enjoy a hunt breakfast. Courtesy of Gretchen Pelham, MFH.

table cloth and antique silver jardinières or bowls were filled with hyacinths, tulips, wood violets, snowdrops, etc., in mosaic patterns; whilst hanging baskets graced the windows, filled with the spiritulle cyclamen light foliage, interspersed with yellow and red flowers, that gave the grand old oak hall a splendid appearance."

Fast forward now to the days of Downton Abbey in the Edwardian era, which started from Queen Victoria's death in 1901, went until 1910 and was so named after her son Edward VII. With the Edwardian era came marked change in British society however, all the upper class perks were not lost although many of the country estates held weekend get-togethers with a slightly diminished staff after WW I.

Women never look so well as when one comes in wet and dirty from hunting.

-Mr. Sponges Sporting Tour (1853)

The weekend guests who were setting off for a day of hunting fortified themselves with fruit cake or a "hand cake" and port. Those who arrived from outlying estates would be served food and drink on the lawn by the staff and they too would enjoy the easy to handle and eat fruit cake and a glass of port or sherry. One drink that was very popular and is now known as The Wimbledon drink, was a Pimm's Cup which originated in the 1800s at an oyster bar in London's financial district by bartender James Pimm. (See recipe below).

Now we gallop onto more modern times. One photo I found circa 1960 shows how a table might be set for a small hunt group before setting out. The table is antique and old as is the silver and the centerpiece features a tall silver trophy with snaffles and stirrups artfully arranged around the base. The sideboard shines with mint julep cups, there are old hunting prints on the walls and more silver trophies on stands are in front of the long windows. There are small individual crystal decanters dotting the table and the stemware, silver flatware and equine motif china offer a warm welcome to the guests.

Members of The Tennessee Valley Hunt enjoy a hunt breakfast. Courtesy of Gretchen Pelham, MFH.

In today's world a hunt breakfast is usually considered something to enjoy after the hunt. ..the dine after the dash. There is nothing nicer than a get together with friends after exhilarating gallops across fields and meadows interspersed with jumps and ditches as hounds give tongue. The shadows are lengthening, the horses are safely tucked into their stalls and the pleasure of the hunt breakfast is still ahead. The host and hostess have put their best feet forward and while the menu may vary from week to week, in this day and age one might find scrambled eggs, home fried potatoes, chile, baked glazed ham, French toast and chicken and mushroom crepes on the tables. Oh, and spirits of course to ward off the impending aches and pains.

For the flower décor, this is the time to forget about tiny posies and delicate arrangements. Bring on the old silver trophies and earthy toned vases and fill them with the colours and textures of the meadows and fields: Cascades of vines, thin branches of red, orange and yellow maple leaves and the plumes from ornamental grasses will bring the outdoors in, or if you are lucky enough to be breakfasting al fresco, they will blend in with the rampant fall colours.

However, while the menu, table settings and décor may have changed over the years, the topics of conversation will probably never change: Some talk about the bravery and honesty of their hunters, others wax poetic about the thrill and exhilaration of seeing hounds spread out across a fall meadow while others admit that a near miss was averted, last second, thanks to a timely grab at a hunk of mane. And, the best part is that next week, riders, horses and hounds can do it all again!



Hunt horses do double duty!

By Carolyn Lane

Despite torrential downpours, Carolyn Lane on Luther, and Jean Humphrey on Parker, rode their trusty hunt horses with the Governor General's Horse Guards Cavalry Squadron and escorted the Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, The Honourable David C. Onley, to the grandstand at the 154th running of the Queen's Plate at Woodbine Racetrack on July 7, 2013.



Queen's Plate: We are getting ready!



The Queen's Plate Group picture; Carolyn Lane is in the centre, and Jean Humphrey is on her left. Unfortunately, we didn't hear the name of our more cheerful companion!



Queen's Plate Formation - Governor General's Horse Guards in formation; sadly the rains came in, but it didn't dampen our enthusiasm – it was an extraordinary event in which to participate.

A Landowners' Breakfast Tradition: Burger Bob

T o create the perfect Hunt Breakfast early in his association with the hunt, "Burger Bob" actually slept overnight in his van, waking every half hour with one eye on his roasting pig, establishing himself as a much anticipated tradition of the hunt. Now he says he can create the perfect meal "in his sleep"!

The Landowners Breakfast, following the hunt's Opening Meet, is held for hunt members, hunt staff, friends of the hunt and but most especially our much valued landowners. Burger Bob (and yes, that is the name he expects you to use!) collects local resources to create a hearty midday meal, the term "breakfast" notwithstanding! In fact, he recalls being told more than once that the "breakfast", scheduled for 12:30, "will have to be much later, because hounds are running, and no one knows when the hunt will be back!"

Burger Bob is a character – he is entertaining, enthusiastic, gets right in the mix, and has great stories.... the right guy for the right job! His food career, however, happened rather by a stroke of chance. In 1976, he moved to Collingwood to ski. Great life. Well planned except the money part, so off he went to Blue Mountain Resorts, to sign up as a bartender, get tips, and ski for free. All good, except Blue Mountain didn't need another bartender, but they did need a grill cook. Why not, thought Bob, and assured his prospective employers that he'd be just the guy they needed (despite no experience, why let that stand in the way of skiing every too Maybe a new treat is in store for

By Denya Massey

day). That year, all the kids working in the grill area gave themselves the moniker of "Burger somebody", thus the name Burger Bob was created, and stuck! Good luck getting his real name out of him - he won't tell you!

An interesting and successful career was born. He left the Georgian Triangle in the early 80's for California, but when he returned, he figured he was perfectly capable of providing catering for the Sutton Horse Show, which later moved to become the Collingwood Horse Show, where Burger Bob and his crew and great food have created another tradition in the Exhibitors and VIP tents. The Hunt's good fortune came about 16 years ago when Gill von Teichman, ex-MFH, asked Burger Bob if he'd be interested in catering the Hunt Breakfast. Of course he said, even though "I didn't have a clue what it was about!".

To date, Burger Bob has catered any function that suits his repertoire, from small groups to the Hunt Breakfast, to horse shows, and his largest private event on an island for 800 people! He says with a Burger Bob laugh that they were a captive audience!

At the Hunt Breakfast, ask him his 'best seller'. He says it's his corn on the cob that is picked several hours before it is served, but maybe it's the apple pies from the local apples, although it could be the BBQ beef, or the roasted BBQ pig, but then the fresh caprese salad from local produce sellers is pretty fine

the landowners and members!

Does he ride? "No, but I loved to ski. I skied until the speed got too dangerous, and I hung up my skis, because I couldn't ski slowly...." So the challenge remains: Can we get Burger Bob on a horse to enjoy a little taste of our world, or should we keep him safe on the ground so we can enjoy his impressive feast on a Saturday in mid-September? I suspect the latter! The food and stories are too good to risk Burger Bob's good health and bonhomie!





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DIANNE YOUNG

Foxhunting Terms & Attire

Two excellent reference sites are shown below. Terms are universal to the foxhunting community, but traditions may vary, and etiquette may be determined by the Masters for individual hunt. Each sport has terms unique to that sport – like "love" in tennis or "fore" in golf, so this list is to help

understand the sport and making it more user-friendly! There are no tests! We take safety very seriously so please note that, for all riders, certified safety helmets must be worn for any Hunt activity, as well as leather boots with heels, and safety vests at the rider's own discretion.

For additional information on TNYH attire and etiquette, visit our website and click on the Guests and Membership link to access the TNYH Handbook which provides additional information on hunting with TNYH.

- www.tnyh.ca
- http://www.countryside-alliance.org/ca/file/Hunting_for_Kids.pdf
- http://www.mfha.org/docs/guidebooks/introtofoxhunting2012.pdf



Formal Hunting Attire, Ladies with Hunt Colours



Informal cubbing attire, quite correct at the Masters' discretion, when the weather will be hot.



Proper Cubbing Attire



Formal Hunting Attire, Men with Hunt Colours.

2013/2014 Hunting Season & Gourmet Hacks

All "Photos by Cat"

"Gourmet Hacks" are held throughout the summer to bring together our members, have a group hack through pretty country, and a gourmet lunch following.



The formal Hunting Season starts in the fall, with the return of the Gentlement members in their scarlet coats!



TNYH Members & friends Attend Cross County Training Clinic

By Beverly Nicolson



Photo Courtesy of Wendy Webb Photography, Clarksburg

n June 11th members of Toronto North York Hunt, and friends, gathered at Cedar Run Horse Park in Thornbury for a cross-country jumping clinic with Olympian David Wilding-Davies. The day threatened rain, but a hardy group of eight headed out on the course. As the day developed, weather cleared, and our confidence grew. Horse and rider tackled many varied and inviting jumps - coops, water, drops, ditches, logs, sharks-tooth, and more. Cross country training is a great way to increase our confidence in the first flight hunt field. Everyone, including our ground support (those who walked the course with us), gave encouragement and cheered each other on. Three hours later we shared camaraderie back at the trailers before we headed home. Thank you all for a great day.









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