



# News Letter

AMWELL VALLEY TRAIL ASSOCIATION

June 2009

## It's Time to Renew!

The AVTA is going to send completed renewal dues forms to everyone's email addresses or you can get your renewal form at [http://avta.net/Membership\\_Form.html](http://avta.net/Membership_Form.html) They need to be printed and sent in with the member's check. Any new information should be added to the form so that Gael has updated records. Members who do not have emails, will receive them in the mail like they always have.

### TIS THE SEASON!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

**Spring will be here soon and the ticks will soon be showing their heads.**



Here is a good way to get them off you, your children, or your pets. Give it a try.

A school nurse has written the info below—good enough to share—and it really works!!

I had a pediatrician tell me what she believes is the best way to remove a tick. This is great, because it works in those places where it's some times difficult to get to with tweezers: between toes, in the middle of a head full of dark hair, etc.

Apply a glob of liquid soap to a cotton ball. Cover the tick with the soap-soaked cotton ball and swab it for a few seconds (15-20), the tick will come out on its own and be stuck to the cotton ball when you lift it away. This technique has worked every time I've used it (and that was frequently), and it's much less traumatic for the patient and easier for me.

Unless someone is allergic to soap, I can't see that this would be damaging in any way. I even had my doctor's wife call me for advice because she had one stuck to her back and she couldn't reach it with tweezers. She used this method and immediately called me back to say, "It worked!"

Please pass on. Everyone needs this helpful hint.

Don't forget to check for ticks on your horse! For anyone who rides the trails with tall grass or even if your horse is out in the pasture, you may find some ticks on their legs, under the tails or face.

### Did You Know...

#### Not All Dogs Need a Bath

Although there are no strict recommendations on how often you should bathe your dog, bathing frequency will depend on whether or not your dog needs a bath, and on such variables as the breed of dog, the kind of shampoo you are using, and how sensitive you are to the smells associated with dogs.

Most dogs usually never really require a bath. Baths can be given as often as is necessary (i.e. if your dog gets dirty or has an offensive body odour), although regular grooming, by way of combing and brushing, is often all that is required. Two or three baths a month is not considered excessive. However, if bathing is required more often than this, a special medicated shampoo, readily available from your veterinarian, should be used to prevent the hair coat and skin from drying out.

Human skin differs significantly from a dog's skin. A dog's skin is much thinner, has no sweat glands, has a different pH compared to human skin, and as such, a pet's skin is much more sensitive than human skin. Shampoos intended for human use, even "baby" or "pH balanced" brands, should never be used on dogs. Heavily perfumed shampoos should also be avoided, since they may cause an allergic reaction. For best grooming results, your veterinarian can advise you on which shampoo is ideal for your pet.

The frequency of bathing rarely causes any significant problems in dogs, provided that the appropriate shampoo is used. In fact, the major cause of problems tends to be due to improper rinsing afterwards. A shampoo residue can cause skin irritations if left on sensitive dog skin, especially around the ultra-sensitive scrotum or vulva. If there is any doubt as to whether the shampoo is entirely rinsed, rinse one more time.

Courtesy of [www.animalhealthcare.ca](http://www.animalhealthcare.ca)



## Trail Clearing

Volunteers needed for Trail Clearings. **Wednesday, June 17 and Sunday June, 28.**

Contact the Trail Manager - Mary Murrin (609) 895-1040

[mrmurrin1@verizon.net](mailto:mrmurrin1@verizon.net) to let her know

which dates you will be able to attend and what tools you can bring—especially chain saws, clippers, loppers, and other tools. You should also bring bug spray, gloves, a hat and water. We will meet at 9:00 AM each day, at Trish's - 125 Back Brook Rd. If you have "adopted" a trail and are taking care of it on your own, please let her know.



### Save the Date! AVTA Summer Picnic

*Saturday, Aug the 8th at Gael Gardner's house 46 North Hill Road Ringoes*

## Events for June and July

#### June 21: Amwell Valley Hounds

Summer Hunter Pace at Sourland Farm <http://www.avhounds.com/>

#### 17: Snowbird Acres Hunter Horse Show

204 Schooley's Mountain Road Long Valley, New Jersey Contact: (908) 876-4200

#### 12: Benefit Trail Ride Hunter/Pace

Ride the Trail to a Cure, benefit trail ride for Breast Cancer, Trail Pace, 2 divisions working and leisure, start times 9-1, lunch included, 25.00 per person entry fee, 15.00 for the lunch only. a downloadable entry form can be obtained on my website: [www.sleepyhollowstablesllc.com](http://www.sleepyhollowstablesllc.com)

#### 18: Snapper Creek Stables Extreme Trail Series Pilesgrove, NJ

A 2 event Show Arena and 2 mile Trail Course. 4 Divisions, Beginner, Junior, Senior, Open Entry fee: \$35, \$25 for Beginners For more information go to [www.snappercreekstables.com](http://www.snappercreekstables.com) or call Sue at 856-769-1810

#### 14-19: Ocean County Fair

July 16 - Open Western Horse Show  
July 17 - Open English Horse Show  
Robert J. Miller Air Field  
Route 530 Berkley Twp., New Jersey  
Contact: (732) 349-1227

## Webinars and Videos to Watch

#### Deworming Your Horse

The latest information on deworming strategies and how you can help prevent resistance to dewormers.

Sponsored by Intervet/Schering-Plough Animal Health

[www.thehorse.com/Videos.aspx?tab=webinar](http://www.thehorse.com/Videos.aspx?tab=webinar)

#### Ulcers: Is Your Horse At Risk?

Ulcers can affect horses in as few as five days—from the competitive athlete to the pleasure horse.

Sponsored by Merial

[www.thehorse.com/Videos.aspx?tab=webinar](http://www.thehorse.com/Videos.aspx?tab=webinar)

#### Understanding Equine Rabies

Because many neurologic diseases can have similar clinical signs, it's important to understand how rabies can infect horses and the people handling them.

Sponsored by Intervet/Schering-Plough Animal Health

[www.thehorse.com/Videos.aspx?tab=webinar](http://www.thehorse.com/Videos.aspx?tab=webinar)





## And the Winners Are: Elisabet Schank, Taylor Reilly and Allison Koopman

The AVTA Board and the Judges would like to thank everyone who participated in the 2009 Charles Foster Weeden III writing contest.

### The Princess and the Pony By Taylor Reilly

A terribly cute, but tentative five year old girl is presented a furry, brown pony named Smokey Bear. Wide eyed and incredulous she asks, "Is he really mine?" Her excited and encouraging father replied, "Yes, Princess, he's all yours", as he envisioned the two of them galloping together through the valley. If it were only that easy.....

She could feel her excitement shift to a tinge of nervousness as she was hoisted on the pony's back. This was a feeling she would become well acquainted with. Initially Carol Blackman, of Toy Box Farm, led her carefully around the ring. As the little girl became more comfortable, the instructor then began to lunge the pony and terrified passenger. The pony, being a lazy, rotund brute was reluctant to move for anything other than a bucket of grain, and was apt to stop suddenly. During one of these rapid decelerations the princess was flung onto the pony's neck. She clung with all her might, but slowly and pathetically began to slide off to the side, and when she could hold on no longer, she unceremoniously flopped on the ground. Tears began to well up in her eyes and she cried. Little did the participants realize that this was a harbinger of things to come.

Subsequent lessons repeated this grim scenario. Her father's next big, fat idea was to plop the daughter onto the ponies back and walk them both like a dog. They would cross Rileyville Road, and their adventure would take them onto the trails at the Weeden Farm. Mostly they would just walk and talk. The father would begin to jog in order to spur the pony up into a trot. Initially the little girl would cling on for dear life. Eventually she became more secure in her seat and learned how to post to the pony's rhythm. As her confidence grew she took great glee in making her father run further and further. Her greatest joy came when he would have to ford the creek, and daddy's feet would get wet while she was giggling and dry perched on the pony's back. Her skills and confidence grew.

One day after traversing the creek, her father went off the trail and started jogging up the small hill, which seemed like a mountain to the girl. It soon became evident that her father was jogging straight towards an imposing jump (a small log on the ground). She shrieked in fear, "No, daddy No!" Her father did not waiver, but headed straight for the log. He then began to confidently instruct her to rise up out of the saddle as the pony rose up off the ground. In a moment it was over, and a surprised little girl was still aboard the pony. With time this ritual would become the high point of the little girls ride.

The pair eventually worked up to the father's dream of riding together. On a beautiful spring day, before one of their epic trail rides, the little girl and her father stopped in at Peacocks Country Store. This little shop was a nostalgic throwback to the old time general store. The little girl spied a pack of Hubba Bubba Bubblegum and knew it needed to be hers. She asked her father to please buy it for her, to which her father replied, "Only if you canter today." Thoughts began to race through the little girls head. She envisioned herself in a neck brace suffering from major spinal injury due to the death defying, break-neck speed of a canter. "No!" The little girl replied. But the seed was planted in his mind and no matter what she said, he thought she was ready.

That day, after the father had promised the little girl that they would not canter, the pair set off on their ride. Soon after departing from the barn, the father subtly nudged his horse on, spurring him to begin to trot and then canter soon thereafter. Try as she may, she could not hold the pony back from trying to catch up with her father's gargantuan animal. Holding onto the reins as if they were her lifeline, the pony uncontrollably galloped up to the thoroughbred's behind. The big horse, startled, kicked out and struck the unsuspecting pony. In a split second the pony was galloping across the field, while the girl lay in a heap beside the big horse. Again the tears flowed from the girls eyes as the father began to gallop in pursuit of the mischievous pony.

Slowly the girl's enthusiasm began to fade. She kept coming up with reasons to not go to the barn. Her fear had overcome the passion. Weeks, then months, then almost a year passed while Smokey was content to lazily pass his days in the turnout field. Several years later, for some unknown reason, the girl's passion was rekindled. The tentative girl found the perfect instructor in Barbara Hay, perhaps the sweetest lady who ever lived. Her gentle and encouraging persona was just what the nervous little girl

needed. This led to the acquisition of an adorable palomino pony, which the girl named Scooby Doo. Thus began the Pony Club chapter in the girl's life. The bumps, bruises, and tears were soothed by triumphs and breakthroughs. The little girl persisted. The weekly lessons with Barbara eventually morphed into a lifestyle revolving around daily visits to the stable. The, now eleven year old, girl was entrusted with a job at the barn. Mucking stalls at three dollars a piece, hauling water buckets, and dumping manure to help offset the cost of board and lessons. She was a reliable and hard worker. She never once complained while she toiled in the sweltering heat of summer, or the frigid cold of winter. The girl would spend hours poring over the Dover catalogs. She began saving every penny which came her way to finance her obsession. Her father soon became fond of saying, "They don't call it the sport of kings for nothing."

The next several years for the girl revolved around Pony Club. She began attending weekly den meetings at the Torsliieri's house in order to expand her knowledge regarding horsemanship. Her summers were then packed with rallies, clinics, and the dreaded ratings. The ratings were daylong tests of riding skills and knowledge, which usually involved nerves and tears. As the girl grew so did her passion and knowledge for horseback riding; this hobby eventually became a lifestyle. During her years in middle school, when the girl's friends would ask her to go to a party or the mall, she would often respond with, "I can't, I have a horse show."

Eventually, the dreaded time came when the girl outgrew little Scooby, who had taught her so much and taken her so far. She then began to ride one of Barbara's school horses for the more experienced riders whose name was Paddy. Very soon, this catty little mare would become the girl's first real horse. Paddy was a lot for the girl to handle, in that the horse was schooled to a higher level than the girl. Riding her was often frustrating; but unlike the last time with her troubles on Smokey Bear, the girl persisted and began to work harder and harder. Paddy and the girl finally, after months of what seemed to be hopeless attempts to try to make the pair work, the girl began to adapt to the mare and they had a break-through! The girl was now learning basic dressage movements and jumping full courses both in the ring and out cross-country. Paddy taught the girl too much to even begin to list regarding riding and horsemanship. The most important lessons Paddy taught the girl were centered around character. Paddy forced the girl to be patient and persistent through the months of unbeneficial rides, but most importantly Paddy taught the girl trust, compassion, and love. The pair had such a bond that whenever the girl would mount the mare, it was almost as if they would click; the girl knew all of Paddy's feelings while Paddy seemed to know the emotion of the girl. It was a love without words, which to the girl, was the best kind.

Today the girl is sixteen years old, a sophomore in high school. She outgrew Paddy, and with many tears involved, sold her to a loving home. She is now riding Zulu, a thoroughbred eventer in which she holds maybe even a stronger bond than she did with Paddy. Horses give her an outlet into which she can escape from all of her problems, be they friends, boys, schools it does not matter. See, horses do not judge or gossip, they only love and listen; and those are the characteristics of the greatest friend anyone can ask for. This lifestyle of horses that the girl was so lucky to find, taught her to love unconditionally, no matter what the circumstances. Be it a bad ride or a bad break-up, the girl looks at only the positive and says to herself, "Well, we always have the next time to make it better." Without the love that I have for my horse, and that I believe he has for me, I don't know where I would be; lost and lonely, even if I were in a crowded room. Even in the worst of times, I can always go and talk to Zulu and he will just listen, and even though people may think I'm crazy, I believe he understands what I am saying. He always knows exactly how to comfort me... just the tenderest little nudge with his nuzzle and all my bad thoughts and distress seem to melt away.

The little princess is a young woman now. She still struggles with the dramas of high school and the insecurities of teen years. She is subtly different than the others though. There is a hint of confidence, independence and self reliance in her. Did she bring these innate traits to her riding, or is it the other way around?

**ANOTHER SUNSET** By Elisabet Schank

I was standing at a public phone when I heard the words "I am sorry, you have cancer". From that moment, my life turned into a hazy dream. I was living day by day, from test to test, hearing report after report. I never questioned the decision to treat the Hodgkin's Disease with an intensive, 12 week, chemotherapy program, thinking the most aggressive treatment for this cancer would be my safeguard against its return.

The weeks passed quickly. I remained strong and brave as my body weakened from the poisons they gave me. I laughed as I took a razor to the remaining hairs on the top of my head. I giggled when my 3-year-old son asked me if he could color the hair back on. But, I cried when my 2-year-old twins pulled away from me in terror of their bald mother.

By New Year's Eve, I was ready to celebrate as I waited for the doctor to call and give me all positive test results.

I can still remember the pictures flashing in my head of my three small children as I tried to listen to the garbled words coming from the doctor's mouth. The words I did hear clearly echoed repeatedly like a shout from a dark canyon, "the cancer is back", "more chemotherapy", "bone marrow transplant". The tears never fell, by then I had none left to cry.

We prepared for a long battle. After 4 different protocols of chemotherapy, 20 of radiation, 3 transfusions, a bone marrow transplant and 50 pounds of excess weight from the steroids, I heard the only word I needed to hear, remission. Finally, the words I had been waiting to hear, but I did not even have the energy to smile. I had no energy to live. I merely existed, my dreams and ambitions buried beneath layers of fear. Cancer had become more than a diagnosis; it had become my reality and was not chased away by the word remission. My energy and vitality did not return; I had become a household ornament. I had finally won the war but was beyond exhausted: physically and mentally.

Each day I waited to see if that was the day I was going to die. I woke up each morning only to lie back down again. The first 3 years passed slowly, very slowly.

One morning, as I watched a bird building a nest outside my kitchen window, I realized I could live waiting for death to walk in my door, or I could take control and make it harder for him to find me. I needed to turn my life around before permanently affecting those three little lives that depended on me. I needed to do for me what I had been doing for others all these years.

I began to focus on myself and take charge of my life instead of letting the cancer fear continue to bring me down. I started taking the time I needed to refuel my spirit and regain my strength by concentrating on myself. I remember having a dream when I was a child and I needed to try to make that dream reality.

My husband saw my dream inside light up one day as I watched the children giggle as they sat atop a pony. He ran into the barn office and gave me a gift that changed my life. One lesson at a time I began to feel like a fresh flower trying to blossom in the snow. I began to find a strength inside that let me create new challenges and dreams. The minute I sat on a horse's back something revived deep inside me. A year passed before I was ready to buy my own horse.

I wanted to find a place near my home where I could spend time with my horse. The minute I stood in the field where my horse would graze each day, I knew this was the place I wanted, and needed to be. When I turned to walk back to the barn and saw a red sun settling down behind the hills and trees. I knew, at that moment, there was something magical about this area. This felt like home.

I began riding trails and saw an even greater beauty in this area. With each new trail path, my spirit slowly refilled. How could I be in such a place where the view on the ground could only be surpassed by the view on horseback, surroundings where each season is more beautiful than the last?

While riding alone one morning, just listening to the sounds around me, watching the birds include me in their songs as they wisped from tree to tree, I came upon a turn where stood a spotted fawn just ahead of me. I stopped to watch as she explored every grass blade around her. All I could do was smile. She bounced on her not yet graceful legs towards me, then she walked to my horse's side and near enough to touch, she sniffed and welcomed us to this Neverland. My horse turned his head and just as quickly as she pranced over, she had gone.

Each ride there is a new adventure. There is a lovely groundhog, which pops out to greet me, like a crossing guard, each time I pass his tree line. Hawks circle high above, gliding and floating as if to keep an eye on me from the heavens. Horses in their pasture, bucking with excitement, come say hello. I have watch bucks hold their majestic heads high as they watch me pass. I have seen a doe stand guard, protecting her innocent, inquisitive young.

There is a scent in the air with each changing season. Flowers fill the fields with a blanket of their perfume in the spring. In the summer, you can watch the corn stalks fight each other as they try to touch the sky. A soft summer's breeze brings a wave through hay fields as each stem sways to the music of the birds songs. Bull flies buzz their warnings as they circle us when we ride past.

The cooler air in fall paints each leaf a unique color just before they carpet the ground beneath my horse's hooves. However, my favorite season in this valley is winter. Snow clings to the ground, covering flat fields of what will soon pop through with the warming of the sun. I can hear the echo of a cardinal singing, somewhere in the woods, proudly boasting about how beautiful his red feathers look against the white background.

After a long day, I take my saddle off and thank my boy for a good ride. He may not understand what I say, but he knows a soft brush on his side means he kept me safe today and I am grateful. He nuzzles me, in search of a carrot, I am sure. He lets me ruffle his forelock and hug his neck. Sometimes I even lean on his side and he pretends he likes holding me up as he chomps a taste of the lush green grass.

When the day is done, the sound of the metal clip coming off his halter lets him know he is free to graze. He stays beside me and walks with me to get a good long drink. I ask him to 'take a bow' and he does, all for a small treat. I always walk him to the edge of the creek and tell him to be a good boy. He hops quickly over the water with a mild effort to avoid getting his

Out of my window I hear,  
the sounds of the hounds coming near.

Closer and closer they come as  
they chase a fox on the run.

Out in the distance I hear the sound  
of the brass horn blow.

The horses are coming, the horses are coming.  
Click click, click click  
down the street they march.

The riders are dressed head to toe in  
their English riding clothes.

Following the pack of hounds is what  
they like to do, except when the dogs  
go every way.

North, south, east, west, dogs are  
everywhere yipping and yapping.

Run fox, run fox stay in your den,  
safe and away.  
You can play another day!



feet wet. He turns back to look at me. I watch and smile as he canters up the hill and kicks up his heels. Sometimes he looks back again to see if I am still waiting for him, other times he greets is companions instead.

As I turn to walk back to the barn, I always take a deep breath, look at the color of the sunset and wish for another wonderful day.

There are days, when our ride is over, that a small group of us lingers out front of our barn. We talk about our ride, laugh how a butterfly spooked my horse or maybe just wonder how sore we will be the next day. Sometimes we even sit and watch the sun disappear behind the golf course and wonder what tomorrow will bring.

I am in remission 8 years now and even though the thought of cancer has not been completely erased, it no longer controls my life. I have been in Amwell Valley 5 wonderful years now, each corner I turn still fills me with wonder. This Neverland has inspired me, given me stories to tell my children about and adventures to relive. The views are still breathtaking and different from one day to the next, even when I take the same path. The people who share this with me have become a part of this valley, another chapter to add to my story.

"Let me have another ride, spend another day, share another sunset in my Neverland. Let me live to ride. Let me ride to live." I whisper every night.

Did You Know...



**Open Wide and Say...Neigh?**

Always look a gift horse in the mouth. Horses are prone to dental problems which adversely affect their nutrition, energy and attitude. It is important to have your horse's teeth checked once a year by a qualified veterinarian to prevent severe discomfort.

Horses grow two sets of teeth, like humans. During developing years, a horse can be growing or changing up to sixteen teeth at once. Often when the adult teeth grow in, the crowns of the baby teeth, or caps, cause pain and discomfort while they are loose.

The caps can get lodged between teeth, causing chewing problems. Wolf teeth, small teeth usually on the upper jaw, can create an uneven, and therefore painful, surface for the bit.

In addition, horses grind their food by rotating their jaws in a circular, sideways motion. Over a period of time, this action

creates sharp points on the cheek side of the upper teeth and the tongue side of the lower teeth.

These points are sharp enough to cut the cheek, tongue or palate of a horse.

"There are telltale signs that a horse has dental problems," says Dr. Roxanne Bell, an equine veterinarian practicing in Wetaskiwin, Alberta. "If a horse loses a noticeable amount of weight or loses food from the side of its mouth while eating, chances are that the horse finds chewing uncomfortable, is not eating properly and its health will suffer."

During an annual equine dental exam, a veterinarian will "float" the teeth, filing sharp edges to prevent them from cutting the cheeks or tongue. If necessary, the veterinarian will also remove any caps and pull the wolf teeth.

When a horse's dental problems are corrected by a qualified veterinarian, the animal will be more comfortable, resulting in an improvement in spirit, nutrition and overall health. The horse can also be easier to train and more responsive to the bit. *Courtesy of www.animalhealthcare.ca*

**Homemade Fly Spray**

Those of us who own horses we know they can be as expensive as they are enjoyable. Finding ways to cut costs on those necessary items is always a benefit to any pet owner. Fly repellent for your horse is necessary especially in the very hot months, this can become costly. Making your own can save you a few bucks.

- You will need a 32oz spray bottle. You will need to either purchase a new one or clean out an old one. Make sure if you use an old one that there are no traces of chemicals on the bottle or the nozzle.
- You can fill the spray bottle 1/4 full with water then fill the remainder of the bottle with apple cider vinegar.
- Once the mixture is in the bottle shake it up good. You are now ready to use it just you would a standard fly repellent for your horse. It works just as well as any expensive fly spray. Making your own organic and natural mosquito repellent is really quite simple, and much safer for your entire family than store bought repellents that are loaded with harmful chemicals. There are many different ways that you can make a natural mosquito repellent that can be used without worry of how harmful it may be.

You will need:

- A Spray Bottle
- Apple Cider Vinegar
- Water

**Natural Mosquito Repellent**

- To make this organic mosquito repellent, you will need 2 tablespoons sweet almond oil, 1 tablespoon of aloe vera gel, and 25 drops of Lemon Balm (Citronella) essential oil.
- Combine all of the ingredients in a jar and shake well to blend. You can leave the mixture directly in the jar and just dab a few drops on to your skin or you can place it in a misting spray bottle, and spray onto your skin.
- Natural Mosquito Repellent Number Two: To make this organic mosquito repellent, you will need 1 cup of 190 proof grain alcohol, 1 teaspoon Lemon essential oil, 1 teaspoon Rosemary essential oil and ½ teaspoon Lemon Balm (Citronella) essential oil.
- Place all ingredients into a jar, and shake well to blend. Dab onto skin, or put into a misting bottle and spray on.
- Natural Mosquito Repellent Number Three: This organic mosquito repellent requires ½ cup Vodka, ½ cup Organic Apple Cider Vinegar and 2 tablespoons Lemon Balm (Citronella) essential oil.
- Place all ingredients into a jar, and shake to mix thoroughly. Dab the mixture onto the skin, or put into a misting spray bottle and spray directly onto skin and clothing.

You will need:

- Sweet Almond Oil
- Alcohol
- Essential Oils

If you have a home remedy for pesky critters please send us your ideas to Heidi at [hjensenma@yahoo.com](mailto:hjensenma@yahoo.com). We would love you to share your ideas for the next newsletter.

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**Classifieds**

**HORSE FOR SALE:** Following knee surgery I am sadly selling Sid, my 6 year-old chestnut Quarter Horse. Great trail horse, goes first, last or alone. Wonderful on Hunter Paces. Lives in or out. Loves to jump, has been used in child and adult lessons. For sale through no fault of his own -- \$6,500 negotiable. I need something really smooth to save me from further surgery!! Call Di on 609 466 7473 (H),609 558 1074 (C) or [plantersro@aol.com](mailto:plantersro@aol.com).



**FOR RENT:** Ringoes, NJ - \$2800/month. 6 Acre Horse Farm in the Heart of East Amwell. 3 Bedrooms, 2 Baths, Living Room/Library/Fireplace, Large eat-in Kitchen (Jenn-Air Stove and Dishwasher), Dining Room, Mudroom. Full Basement with Washer/Dryer ~ Central Air. 3 Stall Barn: 3 Paddocks, Full-Sized Dressage Ring, Amwell Valley Trails. 609-397-2113



**FOR RENT:** Carriage House Studio on Horse Farm - Stockton, NJ - \$1000/month. Approximately 850 sq.ft., Second floor open floor plan Loft, Cathedral Ceilings, New Kitchen Cabinets, Gas Stove. Large bathroom with an oversized standing shower, Washer/Dryer. Garden, Hiking Trails. There are gorgeous views of pasture from every window and natural light abounds. 609-397-2113



**BOARDING:** Attention Equestrians and Foxhunters! Small, Private Farm – Stockton, NJ - \$400/month Includes Individualized care and all amenities. 12x12 stalls ~ 100x200 Ring ~ Cross Country Course over 20-acres (over 25 obstacles) ~ Trails ~ Hot Water Wash ~ Worming We are a small, full service boarding facility which means we can provide each horse with individualized care and attention. The owner is a former veterinarian technician and racetrack groom which means medication & treatments can be professionally administered. Retirements and Lay-Ups also welcome. 609-397-2113

