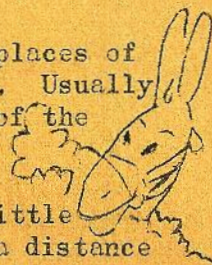


lunch with us, which was eaten at lonely and beautiful places of interest in the surrounding area of the Black Mountains. Usually a half day is passed at a local smithy in getting some of the ponies shod.



Wednesday was the day of the great trek from the little settlement of Capel-y-ffin to the town of Crickhowell, a distance of 20 miles across the rugged Welsh mountains. We stopped for lunch on the outskirts of a National Forest beside a stream for an hour and a half before continuing the trek.

White Stallion

On the journey we saw many wild horses including a dappled white stallion worth £350. We also saw long tailed Welsh sheep, birds of prey and the mountain near journey's end called "The Sugarloaf" because of its shape.

Crickhowell nestles in the Usk valley. The Warden - a homely lady - greeted us warmly on our arrival.

The luggage was brought, by Bedford van, by Mary Griffiths, Dai's charming petite wife.

Thursday was declared a rest day, for rider and pony alike.....

On the first Thursday I toured Brecon, including, of course, the Cathedral, and the second rest day I went to Cardiff with some of the party. We toured the Castle, the various arcades, and the museum.

Last trek

Friday was the day of the last trek for most of the riders, and this was the ride back to Capel-y-ffin by a different route, on which we saw a stone marking the spot that a journeying Bishop had been robbed and murdered. The evening was devoted to lighting a bonfire in the valley or a journey of four miles to the nearest inn.

Saturday was not a very cheerful day as everybody wished that they could stay another week, or at least slip "their" pony in with their luggage. Most of the party had already decided that they would return the following year.

Flamenco dancer

The parties I have been with have usually included a foreigner or two. In 1960 there were two German boys, and in 1961 I rode with a 23-year old American cabaret and Flamenco dancer who had come from New York.

