

Casualties are infrequent, but a First Aid bag is carried at all times on one of the ponies. Falls too, are rare. I fell only once in two weeks, and that was only when my pony stumbled in the heather. No damage done, but loss of prestige!

Worth remembering

Taken all in all, this holiday, at 11 guineas a week inclusive, was a holiday worth remembering, and is equally suitable for the absolute beginner or the experienced rider. No special riding kit was required, and the only essential was that you had to be at least sixteen years old. The holidays start at the end of May and finish for the year in the last week in September.

Since this article was written in 1962, there have been several changes which I think are worth mentioning.

The diesel electric generator has been removed following the connection of the hostel to the national electricity supply, so now the men can use their electric shavers at any time, and not have to wait until evening when the generator was switched on.

Dai Griffiths has left to run his own Pony Trekking Tours from his home, a mile away down the valley. His place has been admirably filled by a younger man named Ted Page, who, when I met him last year, had his hair shoulder length. He's a great character, and a fine horseman. If you ever go to Capel-y-ffin, ask him to show you how to catch trout in the Eiddu river, just a few hundred yards from the hostel.

The ponies used now all belong to the Y.H.A. At first they were hired for the season from a farmer in a neighbouring valley, but as this proved to be rather an expensive matter, the Y.H.A. finally agreed to purchase their own ponies and a fine selection they now have.

In conclusion, I would just like to say that the many weeks I have spent Pony Trekking from this hostel have been some of the happiest holiday weeks in my life.

Anthony Green