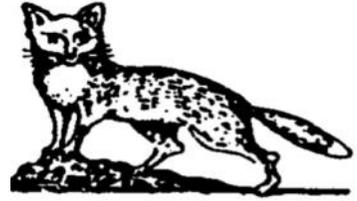


Glenmore News



June 2019

Volume 30, Issue 6

Monthly Meeting	Calendar
<p>The Tuesday, June 4 meeting will be held at the Bonnie Doon, 2190 Battlefield Road, Grottoes, VA 24441</p> <p>The Board of Directors will meet at 6:30 pm and the Membership meeting will follow at 7:30 pm.</p> <p>Please plan to attend and share your ideas!</p>	<p>June 4 & 6—Murder Mystery Ride Setup June 8: Social—Belmont Party June 9: Murder Mystery Ride June 23—Workday at the Kennels July 13—Poolside Social July 20—Judged Trail Ride with Ride with Pride</p> <p>Online at: http://www.glenmorehunt.org/list-of-events/</p>

Welcome Becket, Raisin and Yoplait!

On Friday, May 25, Brenda, Missy and T met Moore County Hounds huntsman Lincoln Sadler at the Virginia Hound Show and picked up three new drafts to the Glenmore Hunt; Becket, Raisin and Yoplait.





Moore County Yoplait 2018
 Breed: Penn-MD Listed (PL)
 Reg. #: D124201814
 COI: 0.0%
 BC: 0.0%
 PMD: 85.0%
 Offspring: 0
 Grandchildren: 0
 Full Siblings: 6
 Sire Siblings: 12
 Dam Siblings: 6
 All Siblings: 12
 Litter Mates: 6
 Volume: 58
[Edit](#)



Preakness Party

Photos Courtesy of Liz Hall



An Impromptu Trip to Ireland

“Polar vortex be damned I’m getting out of here,” I said as I drove to the airport. Two weeks earlier I’d spoken to my friend James about a quick trip to Ireland and he encouraged me, “ book your ticket!”

Many of you met James when he came to participate in VA Hunt Week in October. I loaned him my Cleveland Bay gelding Lou to ride, and we had so much fun! James was eager to return the favor by hosting me for a quick trip to visit his livery, Coopers Hill Equine, in Galway and to have me hunt with the Grallagh Harriers and also the Galway Blazers. Oh boy, this was going to be fun!

I arrived at Shannon around noon and was met by James and Ciara, his business partner. We headed to Galway for a quick lunch and then to the barn. James showed me around and told me to go ahead and tack up Freddy and take him to the arena to get used to him. Well, Freddy is 18-2 and his butt is about a foot taller than my head! I took him to the arena, looked about for a mounting block and saw none. How was I going to get on this monster?? After a few tries from the ground, I lowered my stirrup all the way and was able to clamber aboard. Thankfully Freddy is a sweetheart and took it all well. We toddled around the arena for a bit then one of the barn girls came around with a horse and we were off for a ride “down the lanes.”

Crazy traffic on the narrow roads and of course they drive on the left-hand side, but finally we came to the “lanes,” one-lane back roads through the countryside lined with the iconic stone walls dividing lush green fields over rolling hills. The dark peat soil was saturated and trappy in spots but nothing like our slippery clay soils at home. We rode out for about two hours mostly at a canter, then headed back to the barn.

I had told James to put me to work, so we took care of the horses after the ride, cleaned the tack, straightened the tack room, then did the evening feeding, watering and sweeping up. Then it was home to clean up, rest, and dinner. And then Ciara picked us up to take us out pubbing!

New favorite thing! Hot whiskey! Take a sturdy glass, fill with hot water then dump out. Add one measure Irish whiskey, ½ slice lemon squeezed, 1teaspoon sugar, and ½ slice lemon studded with 3 or 4 cloves. Then fill with boiling hot water to desired strength. Hot toddy. Very healthful!

Saturday James had shoeing to do, and a group of non-riders from France was scheduled for a “trek.” I helped at the barn and we got seven horses ready for the clients. Since they were not experienced riders James hauled them and their horses to the lanes where I had ridden the day before while Soirse and I hacked over down the busy road and across the highway. We met up, got everyone mounted and had a lovely two-hour walking trail ride with these amazing horses who were so good and a fun group of young adults who spoke a little English on holiday. They had the time of their lives but I wonder if they could walk the next day. After they left we loaded the horses back up and hauled to the ocean to get them washed for hunting the next day. The method is to ride the horses out into the water, pull your legs up so you don’t get (very) wet, and walk up and down the coastline as deep as you can. Then to get the horses dry afterwards, you hack them home in rush-hour traffic for about two-miles. Then of course, feeding, watering, mucking, tack cleaning, sweeping up, etc to end the day.

Sunday was hunting with the Grallagh Harriers, a relatively new group but very enthusiastic. The meet was at 11:00 and everyone meets in the pub beforehand. No tailgates after. I rode the same horse I had ridden the first day, Freddy the 18-2 Irish Draught. This time James gave me a leg up. A new friend, Lisa from Cincinnati was along riding Jazz. We were both nervous about our first Irish hunt, but James had planned carefully and made this our “warm-up” hunt. Smaller stone walls and not too strenuous a day (we were only out for three hours as it was mostly blank) gave us the opportunity to get the hang of how this works with Irish horses. You head to the wall then hold hold hold then let him go! The horse explodes straight up and over with a very tight bascule - not like the flat jumping of our hunters here. It took me a few jumps to get it right.

Monday’s ride was a trip to the Burren, a national park with an ancient castle and lovely shoreline beach ride, then up a trail over the mountain, really a hill, to the other side of the coast. *(continued on the next page)*



Impromptu Trip to Ireland (Continued)

The weather was exquisite, sunny and warm, and Lisa and I just soaked in all the sounds and sensations of the horses walking in the water, galloping down the beach, then pondering the sad history of the “famine walls” which had been built up and around the mountain for no particular purpose other than a sort of public works job which pay consisted of an evening meal at a soup kitchen. A heartbreaking time in Irish history, only 150 years ago.

Lisa left for the States on Tuesday, but I was to hunt with the Galway Blazers. Guests must use one of the club horses, which are for the most part outstanding horses that know their job well. We all trotted down the road to the first cast then waited as the hounds found their quarry. Then we were off! Stone walls into the woods, down the ditch through the ravine, stonewall out of the woods, into a field through a gate, out a gate, sharp turn and over a wall and headed to the “out” wall, but hounds came to a loss. I was grateful to check because to me it was **very** fast, and the walls were a lot bigger than the first day! I closed my eyes more than once. As we moved to a new area, we jumped several more walls then hacked down the road quite a ways. Then it was more of the same: hound music, horses jumping, heart in my throat, just hanging on! Exhilarating! We headed in after 3 or 4 hours and I was ready to be done! But I did it, and James said I had hunted with the best of the best and at a tough fixture. So yay!

Wednesday was a normal day; get up, feed the barn, breakfast at the restaurant, then take a client on a trek. This time the client was a young lady from Oklahoma, and she could ride! So Marie and I took her down the road to the lanes and did a more exciting ride at a fast pace. We passed by the turf fields, where people go to dig peat for fuel. Then we took the long way back to the barn on roads less-travelled. A fun ride for all of us. After taking care of the horses and cleaning up the barn, James had me take Marie to lunch and for a few drinks as it was her last few days working for him. We had fun in the bar playing darts and trying to figure what Marie could do while in St Louis where she was headed for a few months job at a horse barn. Marie is French and speaks very little English, so it was challenging, but I found my Italian came in handy.

The next day (Thursday) I went on a walking tour of Galway City, which was a walled city in the twelfth century but many invasions

and wars left it mostly a ruin. Many of the buildings had history related to the twelve kings (tribes) and all the battles and hardships of the times. We had a coffee in a pub called “the King’s Head” where, you guessed it. The king lost his head in a particularly gruesome way! Ahh. Irish humor. Most of the churches were originally Catholic until Henry the VIII declared them all Anglican, and Catholicism had to go underground. A special treat of my guide who, upon learning my maiden name of Crowley said, “You must meet my friend Martin Crowley whose family have been caretakers if the St James Church cemetery for generations.” This old cemetery and ruins of the church appeared to have relatively few graves and stones, but as Martin told us, burials had been discontinued in the 1950s because of health concerns. So many people had been buried there one on top of another, that there were worries about disease in the soil. Many of the graves were unmarked. There were a couple of Crowley gravestones for Martin’s antecedents, but I don’t know if our families are related at all. However Martin, who is about 70, looked so much like my grandfather, it was uncanny!

On Friday I left to come home after a fun week of horsing, hospitality, and just plain hard work! I had a great time with everyone at Coopers Hill Equine and recommend them highly to anyone interested in an Irish equestrian vacation.

Editors Note: Cindy provided this article and pictures in March. I so much appreciate her beautifully written account.



Virginia Hound Show—May 26, 2019

The seventy-second annual show of foxhounds was presented by the Virginia Foxhound Club on the grounds of Morven Park in Leesburg, Virginia. Once again, Joe Manning MFH of Glenmore and Hugh Brown, MFH of Rockbridge hosted a tent on the perimeter of the four exhibition rings. In these four rings, thirty-seven hunts showed about five hundred American, Crossbred, English and Pennmarydel hounds to discerning judges. Hundreds of foxhunters watched, socialized and enjoyed the day under the shade of the huge old trees that line the garden. In addition to shopping available from multiple vendors, visitors can also attend the Museum of Hounds and Hunting located in the Morven Park mansion.



Morven Park Mansion



Missy and T enjoy the show.



Lincoln Sadler, Moore County Huntsman and Zephyr



Class for Stallion Hound with Get or Brood Bitch with Produce



Glenmore members enjoy the hospitality tent.
Photo by Gary Mantello



MEMBERS of the Glenmore Hunt bow their heads and observed a moment of silence before the closing hunt of the season in memory

of the late Rev. Walter M. McCracken, chaplain of the Hunt. The last hunt of the season was dedicated in McCracken's honor.

Hunt concludes season with remembrance

SWOOPE — The Glenmore Hunt held its closing hunt of the '95-'96 season at Wheatlands Farm. A large group of riders and "car followers" turned out to enjoy good sport and beautiful weather, under the leadership of Joint Masters of Foxhounds Graham A. Pitsenberger and Hugh B. Sproul III.

Prior to moving off, Col. Sproul dedicated the Hunt to the late Rev.

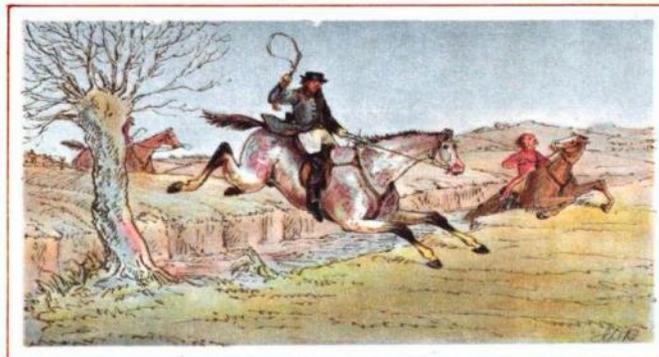
Walter M. McCracken, chaplain of the Glenmore Hunt. Sproul praised McCracken as a scholar, a priest and a soldier.

He reminded the assembled fox-hunters that as a Army chaplain, Col. McCracken served our country in two wars. Sproul pointed out the important function chaplains perform for combat forces in war.

He also pointed out the empty

platform from which McCracken had conducted the Blessing of the Hounds on previous occasions. Following the tribute, the riders observed a moment of silence in memory of their departed Chaplain.

After several hours of hunting, a tired but jubilant group of hunters returned to Wheatlands for the traditional Hunt Breakfast.



P. was the Patron, we're known yet to fail hounds.

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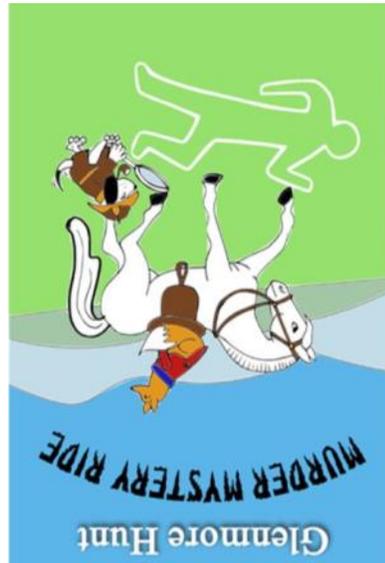
F&M Bank

Blue Ridge Equine Clinic

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**Save the Date!
June 9, 2019
Murder Mystery
Ride**



Glenmore Hunt, Inc.
P. O. Box 396
Staunton, VA 24402-0396