

MAY 2013

# SENDING RAINBOWS

THE WINDERMERE FARM MONTHLY UPDATE

## Goodbye Autumn!

Dear valued clients and friends,

The month of May has been and fluttered away, along with most of our autumn leaves.



We were pleased that Josh took some holidays this month, as we only had two horses racing, therefore, not so busy. We took the opportunity in this quiet time, to do some painting and re-building yards.

A walking machine is being put into place, which will be of great advantage. The property is looking good and ready for an influx of horses to return to work.



Our first runner, SACRED JOURNEY, had his first start back this prep at Gosford over twelve hundred meters. He had very little luck in the straight and when an opening appeared for the run, the bird had flown down the outside of the field. He will partake in a more suitable distance, 1400mts, at Newcastle this coming Saturday the first of June. Young Apprentice Clare Nutman will boot him home the winner we hope.

Sacred has since run his race. Hope springs eternal, one solid bump in the straight, disappointed him and us, with his recovery tactics. He overreacted and needed to be kept on the job. Clare rode him very well, but like most apprentices, still lacks the strength at the end to keep him on the job.

AUSBRED BENZ, after trialling very well at Hawkesbury on the 13th, raced back at Hawkesbury on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. Yet another unlucky run in the straight saw him beaten just over one length to run 4<sup>th</sup>. He will race at Hawkesbury on Sunday the 9<sup>th</sup>/6, when we hope his good luck runs smooth; he certainly deserves a win after his previous two unfortunate runs.





*OUR BABY WEANLING-SHADE OF GREENS BROTHER, HAVING HIS FEET TRIMED. VANESSA NAMED HIM 'RAMBO'*



*ALL DONE WHAT A GOOD BOY !!*

BLACK PIRATE has been met with minor setbacks, but appears extremely well now and we look forward to racing him at Hawkesbury on the 9<sup>th</sup> June.

FOOTY FAN had a winning jump out last Monday and is on track to race at Hawkesbury 9<sup>th</sup> June.

APPLIANCES enjoyed two weeks in the paddock, before he also boasted a six length win in his jump out. He too will go to Hawkesbury on the 9<sup>th</sup>.

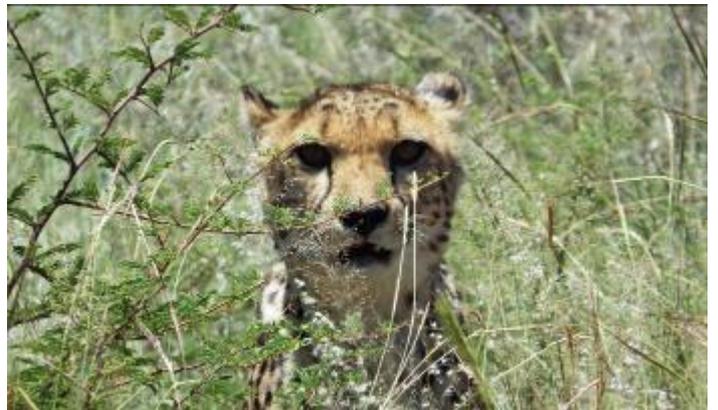
VENCEDORA's nervous condition is slowly but surely coming around to a more trusting nature. Vanessa has discovered he prefers Melbourne way of going, when doing his slow work on our home track, not as many bogey men that way? He will be looking for a trial at the end of June.



*THIS IS SACRED TAKING HIS MEDICINE LIKE A GOOD BOY A GO BABY DRIP FOR NEWCASTLE !!*

LORD ROW swapped places with APPLIANCES in the paddock. He will return and be racing mid June.

It appears at the moment, we will have four runners at Hawkesbury on the 9<sup>th</sup>, and maybe five, if SACRED pulls up well after Newcastle. I urge you all to have no excuses not to come and cheer on the team!



*OUR VET NEIL WALTON IS IN AFRICA DOING A STUDY ON CHEETAH'S !! WEREN'T RACE HORSES FAST ENOUGH?*

All horses spelling are doing very well with no problems. Owners will be informed as to what date they will resume to work.

Good luck and good punting!!

Sending rainbows  
Dor and Wade

[Click here to go to the new "Where Are They Now" section on the website.](#) This month we have a look at Cobra King aka Ned Kelly.

# WINDERMERE FARM.. a small piece of heaven



## CONTACT US

Here at Windermere Farm we love your feedback. If you have any questions about your horse's training or the newsletter, don't hesitate to get in contact.

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**Doreen Slinkard**

AUTHOR



The Chinese publishing of my Wick Wacky Farm books is slowly progressing.

Thought I would share my entry into the SSC—Writers Web Competition with you. I haven't changed much since my childhood. Although my eye for a horse, (I have proven many times,) has improved greatly. . Enjoy.

SSC--- WRITERS WEB COMP

Up to----2500 ---WORDS, NON ---FICTION

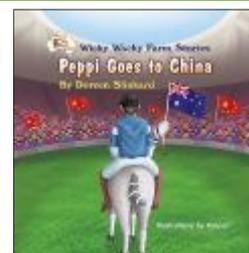
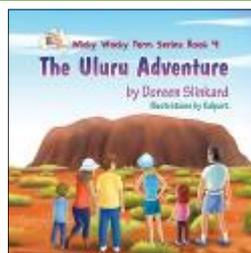
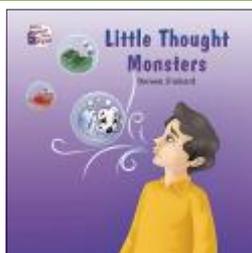
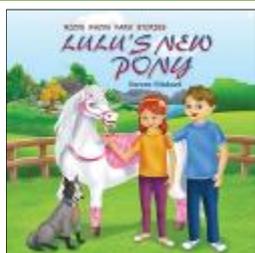
Doreen Slinkard 28/5/2013 = 1572 words

### Looking back

My condition could be described as a passion, a disease, or even an addiction. All I know is that I was born that way and I'm sure I'll end that same way – absolutely spellbound by the presence and the nature of the noblest of beasts – the horse.

As a young child my only dream was to spend my life with horses. Every night, after being tucked into bed, I'd pray. "Please, God, help me to own as many horses as I want. And please, God, find me a man to marry, one who loves horses as much as I do. Amen." Well, what do you know, my prayers were answered. In retrospect, I should have also stipulated that he have a million or so in the bank. That I didn't, I now put down to the naivety and idealism of youth!

I did, literally, drive my mum mad by asking her to buy me a horse. I say this, because every time I asked her for a horse, she'd go mad. So, being the determined and formidable entrepreneur I was at a very young age, I managed to talk the neighbourhood kids into saving their pocket money so they could, along with me, own a share in a horse.



### 5 WAYS TO SHOW YOUR SUPPORT FOR THE WICKY WACKY FARM SERIES

1. Like Doreen's Facebook Author Page: [www.facebook.com/wickywackyfarmstories](http://www.facebook.com/wickywackyfarmstories)
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4. Ask at all of your local book stores when they will be stocking the books.
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This horse, I promised them, would be no ordinary horse, but 'a champion'. And to purchase this fine steed, we would only have to save two quid to pay the knackery. When I was quizzed about the chances of buying a champion from a herd doomed only for the glue pot, I came right back at them. "Sometimes they make mistakes. Haven't you read the story about Black Beauty?"

We set about in earnest, collecting empty soft drink bottles to cash them in (I wonder why don't they do that now?) We set up street stalls and sold anything we could lay our hands on. We washed cars (there weren't many in those days); we mowed lawns with rotary blade push mowers; we ran errands for the old lady who lived on her own and whose legs had almost failed her. Yes, we did it all – our blood, sweat and tears also went into the communal money jar - along with the bobs, the zacks and the pennies.

I remember the day well when I finally counted out the two pounds saved by my gang and I. After finally relenting and against his better judgment, the knackery man cupped his weather-beaten hands to accept the coins. He let us lead away what I thought to be a most magnificent horse, when in fact it was a twenty year old chestnut, swayed back gelding.

A dull, rainy, suburban Saturday in Melbourne had suddenly become particularly splendid. My elation at riding my (almost) own horse home was indescribable, as was my mother's reaction when I led the gelding up the home straight and opened the double wired gates to our backyard. I could see the white sheets flapping on the clothes line and I remember thinking, mum wouldn't be in the best of moods, as this was her weekly wash day. No dryers in those days; Dad did all the wringing out by hand.

My knowledge of her temperament on such a day made me a little nervous, but surely she'd be proud of me and my friends for saving the money to buy our own horse? She needn't worry anymore about me whining and pleading with her to buy me a horse - I'd done it! Almost all by myself! Yes, she'd be happy for me and my friends - of course she would.

Beneath the sheets I saw Mum's exposed "Betty Grable pins", as she called her legs. My mother was a four foot, eleven inch red-headed dynamo. She was, most of the time, loving and very funny but she had a temper hot enough to rival hell.

I was either very brave or bloody stupid to think she would welcome six snotty-nosed kids and an enormous old horse into the backyard. Yes, I was bloody stupid. One look at us, after I'd called out, "Mum, come and see what we saved up to buy!" said it all. The other kids bolted and the horse would have too, if he'd had the energy.

I stood my ground and hung on to the horse while trying to put my case. However, the straw broom supported by Mum's fiery temper won the argument. Poor old Neddy and I were swept out of the back yard, with the words, "Get that bloody thing out of here, do you hear me? Take him back to where you got him!" ringing in our ears.

Needless to say, by the time I got him back to the knackery, it was closed. There I was, a broken-hearted, ten year old girl holding onto her dream horse. Was I going to give up that easily? "No!" I said to myself. I'd already arranged a paddock where I could keep him and I left him there until I could 'talk some sense' into my mother - aka 'get my own way'.

Unsurprisingly, this did not eventuate. Old Neddy, I assume, met his maker when, under Mum's insistence, I sadly returned him to the knackery on the following Monday. My friends were reimbursed and it would be another long year of my life before I was given a pony - just to shut me up.

The years passed but my passion remained, leading me as a teenager to go jillarooing! My young male relatives introduced me to an unforgettable character - one Mr. Neville Lodge, or 'Lodgey' as those who frequented the Conargo Hotel called him. I stayed with him and his wife at the pub until I found myself a job as a jillaroo. I also met my future husband in that unique establishment which sat near the intersection of the Jerilderie, Deniliquin and Hay cross-roads.

Looking back now, I know that I was beginning my jillaroo days in the Riverina at the end of an era. Not long before I started, the wealth was virtually pouring off the sheep's back, but by the time I arrived it was only a trickle. Nevertheless, they remain the most interesting, diverse and awe-inspiring days of my life.

The expanses of dead flat country somehow led me to believe I was on top of the world. The smell of steaming earth after rain and the sound of the crackling of dry rye grass under my leather boots when the country suffered in drought are seared into my memory. The depth of silence that paradoxically brought the sounds of bush to life inhabited me and made me realize it was there I truly belonged.

A part of me will always remain in the bush reliving my wonderful carefree days. My mind travels back to the local picnic races, where I rode, half drunk, precariously perched on the back of 'a chance' in the ladies' hack races. I attended the Burr Cutters' Ball, dressed to kill in a glamorous evening gown, dancing through the night until dawn and then going home to lift up the heavy gates of the irrigation channels and moving fat lambs from one paddock to the next, still dressed in my finery.

No time to waste changing clothes - we were soon off again back to the Conargo pub for a 'recovery' drink, turning up disheveled and dirty, swilling beer from a jug and laughing about particular episodes from the night before. We played hard, we worked hard and we were in love with life.

### **Looking Forward**

My husband and I now enjoy our life on our sixty acre property where we train race horses. Over time our horse numbers have dwindled and we are now only a small concern. However, as long as we can, we will revel in the pleasure of waking up every morning to the welcoming smell of horse manure, of brushing silken coats and talking quietly to those beautiful creatures that all depend on our care and trust our behaviour towards them. It is nothing less than amazing. For those who cannot understand this, I feel sympathy, for being in tune with a horse is to be in tune with life itself.

As I sit on our veranda, a smile upon my face, I look forward to the new generation - my grandchildren. I watch how they enjoy the farm on which we live. They ride ponies they never had to fight their mother for; they swim in an in-ground pool; they play on the tennis court of the property next door – and they don't have to pay for these privileges. They cover themselves in mud from the dam and ride their bikes around the tracks on the farm without the fear of the danger of speeding cars.

If I do nothing else in my life, I know that at least I have helped to create a wonderful life for my children and my grandchildren to enjoy. I can only pray they, too, will one day realize how lucky they are, and have been, to live in this beautiful place. And when they move forward with their lives they, too, will remember the carefree days; the beauty and the freedom of our Australian country side which provided a solid foundation for their future.