

# **DAYBORO TRAILRIDERS CLUB INC**

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## **Newsletter – August 2020**



Riding through beautiful Dayboro.

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# Date claimers



*Thursday, August 20: DTR monthly meeting, 7.30pm at clubhouse*

*Sunday, August 23: DTR day ride (leaving clubhouse at 8.30am sharp)*

*Saturday, Sept 26: Proposed all-day Graham Court Memorial Ride & evening dinner \* see page 4 for more details*

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## **DEB SHANAHAN - Trail Coordinator & Lead Drover**

**Where do you live?** I live on 5 acres in the very picturesque Lawson Valley at Cedar Creek with my husband Tim, son Joel, daughter Georgia and the usual menagerie of animals which includes four horses.

**Number of years as a DTR member?** I joined DTR about eight years ago. A past club member noticed my passion for exploring the mountains near my home and for finding new trails to ride in the bush. She thought DTR would be a perfect fit and convinced me to attend a ride with her. While on a ride which Bob was leading, I commented: "I don't know where we are but I know how to get home", and he figured that was good enough! I was asked to lead a ride for the first time in June 2015. Then when Bob wanted to go on holidays with Suzanne for a few months, I was thrown in the deep end, leading the all-day Graham Court Memorial Ride and the Big October Ride, when we ran the long ride on the Saturday and another shorter ride on the Sunday.

**When did you first start riding?** I grew up in Omeo, a small historic gold mining town just below the snow line of Mt Hotham in the Victorian High Country. If you didn't ride horses and love the outdoors there wasn't much else to do. I started riding when I was too young to remember what age I was, but I recall sitting on a hessian bag on the front of my mother's saddle as she rode her mare up the mountain near our house. Then I progressed (with the hessian bag) to riding behind the saddle and holding onto two monkey grips. After what seemed like years of begging and whining about wanting a pony, I finally got my way.

My parents gave in to my demands when they realised I had snuck out, jumped on my mother's very free moving Anglo Arab mare bareback and took her for a quick paced ride up the mountain. I can still remember how hard it was to hold her as we headed back home, but I never thought it may have been a safer option to hop off and lead her back. Anyway, I was sprung badly when they noticed one very sweaty horse in the paddock. I was eight years old at the time. I was then given a very naughty 13hh brumby pony called Ginger.

*Continued on page 5*

## **MEET YOUR COMMITTEE MEMBERS**



Deb on Ringo (above) and as a child on Ginger.



# JULY/AUGUST RIDE REPORT

*By Debra Shanahan (Lead Drover)*

It had been a very long four months between Trail Rides at Dayboro and we were certainly looking forward to our July ride. The unseasonal winter drizzle started on the Thursday prior to our planned ride and just kept going. A heavier downpour on Saturday night was great for topping up the water tanks, but unfortunately it also dampened our enthusiasm for getting our muddy horses out of the paddock and riding along slippery trails. It doesn't happen often, but we decided to postpone our ride.

On Sunday 2<sup>nd</sup> of August it was a beautiful sunny day, the perfect weather and the promise of an easier ride being suitable for unfit horses saw a great turnout of 20 riders. A couple of our club members had some floating issues with one of their horses, but we were happy to wait for them to arrive (especially as they were bringing our lunch). As it was a relatively short ride, we didn't need to bolt out the gate on time.

We began our ride by going under the bridge on Mt Mee Road and following Fingerboard Road to Old Dayboro Road. Our only little hill to go up was in Bradley's dairy paddock, which brought us to a brief stop while a couple of saddles were readjusted and girths tightened. We then made our way to Raaen Road via Rowan Fox's paddock. The horses seemed very relaxed and the chatter from riders was much quieter than usual. Everyone seemed content to plod along and soak up the winter sunshine.

Onlookers often see some of the horses on our trail rides wearing red or green ribbons in their tails; not because we want them to look pretty but for everyone's safety. For the benefit of our non-horsey friends reading this; the red ribbon is to alert everyone to a horse that may kick out at other horses and the green ribbon tells us that the horse is inexperienced and horse or rider may need some extra assistance. Now, given that as the Lead Drover I have the responsibility of keeping everyone as safe as possible, my demonstration of what happens when you get too close to a horse sporting a red ribbon in their tail was a little embarrassing and rather painful. My temporary lapse in concentration and my horse's total disregard for social distancing resulted in a lightning fast hoof connecting with my shin bone. Something we all hope will never happen!

As I took a moment to assess whether anything was broken (fortunately not) and downed a couple of pain killers, my friend Sharon, who had joined our ride for the first time, quickly diverted all the attention from me. Without any warning, her horse Lincoln dropped to the ground to have a nice roll in the grass and, yes, he was wearing a pretty green ribbon in his tail. After a demonstration of an emergency dismount, he was persuaded to get back on his feet and hopefully realised that it wasn't acceptable behaviour when being ridden.

We then continued our ride under the bridge at Rush Creek and along Strong Road with Julie, who was helping out as Boss Drover, now also taking on the Lead Drover job. Her horse was kept on his toes as I continued to call on Julie to race ahead to keep the ride moving in the right direction (sometimes difficult to do if you don't know where the ride is headed) and to also get off at the gates that can't be opened from horseback, a task I couldn't do with one leg out of action.

With no more unplanned stops, we set a steady pace along Strong Road and dodged the cattle grids by riding across the lovely grassy paddocks in Warren Ebert's property. Much to our delight, the cattle that graze along the old rail trail in Mrs Butler's paddock were proud new Mums, with quite a few very new and very cute calves for us to enjoy.

As we returned to Dayboro along Railway Street, the township was bustling with visitors as usual. Plenty of phones appeared as onlookers took photos of us as we rode across busy Williams Street, with our horses oblivious to all the attention they were attracting. After temporarily stopping traffic we made our way back to the showgrounds through Tullamore Park and arrived just after midday.

Everyone seemed to enjoy our very relaxed ride on a perfect day in Dayboro. Thank you to David for taking on the task of Tail Drover, keeping an eye on everyone and shutting gates behind us, and thanks Kym for our lovely lunch. And the ice packs and fuss from all my caring friends was much appreciated by this slightly battered Trail Rider.

# The July ride





*Thank you to the Dayboro locals who allowed us to ride through their beautiful properties!*

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## ***PROPOSED - Saturday, Sept 26: All-day Graham Court Memorial Ride***

This annual all-day ride has been moved from August to September, and there is a proposal to make it a **Saturday event** (to be decided at the August meeting).

The plan is to invite other TRA clubs to participate in the ride and join DTR members on the Saturday evening for a fund-raising dinner at the Showgrounds. Overnight camping will be available. As well as raising money for our club, the informal dinner will be our first social event for 2020 and a great way to get to know fellow TRA and DTR members, and (hopefully!) mark further easing of COVID-19 restrictions.

The 29km ride is named after the late Graham Court, a long-time DTR member. It involves riding to lunch at the Court property at Mt Pleasant along sometimes challenging trails, and back to the Showgrounds; however riders who wish to ride only half-day can arrange to float their horses back to the Showgrounds after lunch.

***Please come to the August meeting if you wish to have input to this proposal.***

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### **Deb's profile: continued from page 1**

My parents had an 800 acre farm and Ginger and I spent many weekends mustering cattle or sheep. If not working on the farm I would be out from breakfast time until dinner with my friends riding around town or getting lost in the bush (no mobile phones back then). If we picked the wrong ridge to follow and ended up too far from home, a few branches dropped over a barb wire fence made it safe enough for our ponies to jump (so we thought) and helped us to get back home before dark. With no adult supervision and being too small to saddle our own ponies, we rode bareback and became quite skilled at landing safely when we were shied off... feet first was the preferred landing as we didn't wear helmets of course.

**Past and current DTR horses?** I have been riding Ringo on DTR rides since I first joined. I bought him as a nine-year-old in 2008 after seeing him covered in wounds and looking neglected. He had been turned out in a paddock for 18 months after becoming unmanageable and was just another unwanted horse. Fortunately for both of us, he ended up in the hands of a horse dealer and not the knackery. Changing his dangerous behaviour took many months of hard work and a lot of patience, but it was worth it in the end. He will always be my favourite and it's very hard to retire him; even with arthritis he still puts in so much effort.

**Other horse-related experience?** Way back in 1976 our Paint mare gave birth to an Overo Quarter Horse colt that I named Shalako. His sire was C-Notes Playboy, one of the first Paint stallions to be imported from the USA. Being one of the first colts born in Australia with the Overo markings (very rare at the time) he was not gelded. As an unhandled yearling he was sent off to be taught to lead and tie up. Once yarded, he was very aggressive and attacked anyone who went in with him. The Horse Breaker used a broken fence rail to hit him across the head and knock him to the ground. I was devastated when I saw this young colt in a lather of sweat being held on the ground, his head battered and swelling. As soon as Shalako came home I spent every spare moment with him, trying to quieten him and get him to trust humans. The most memorable moment wasn't the day he accepted a saddle on his back for the first time or allowed me on his back, it was when I got to see the stunned look on that Horse Breaker's face as he drove past me as I rode Shalako down the Main Street of town. Shalako was eventually gelded and because he never trusted strangers he remained on the farm and was the best horse we ever had for working cattle. At the age of 34 years old he passed away in his paddock. *Pictured: Deb with Shalako.*

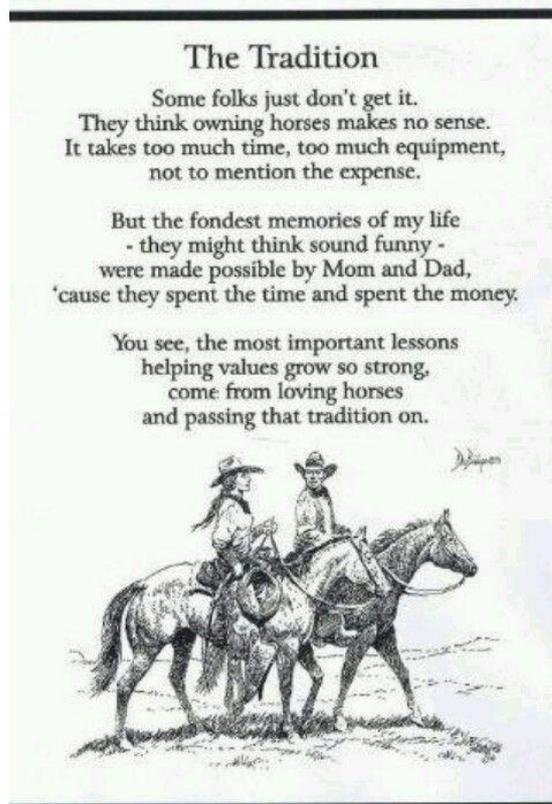
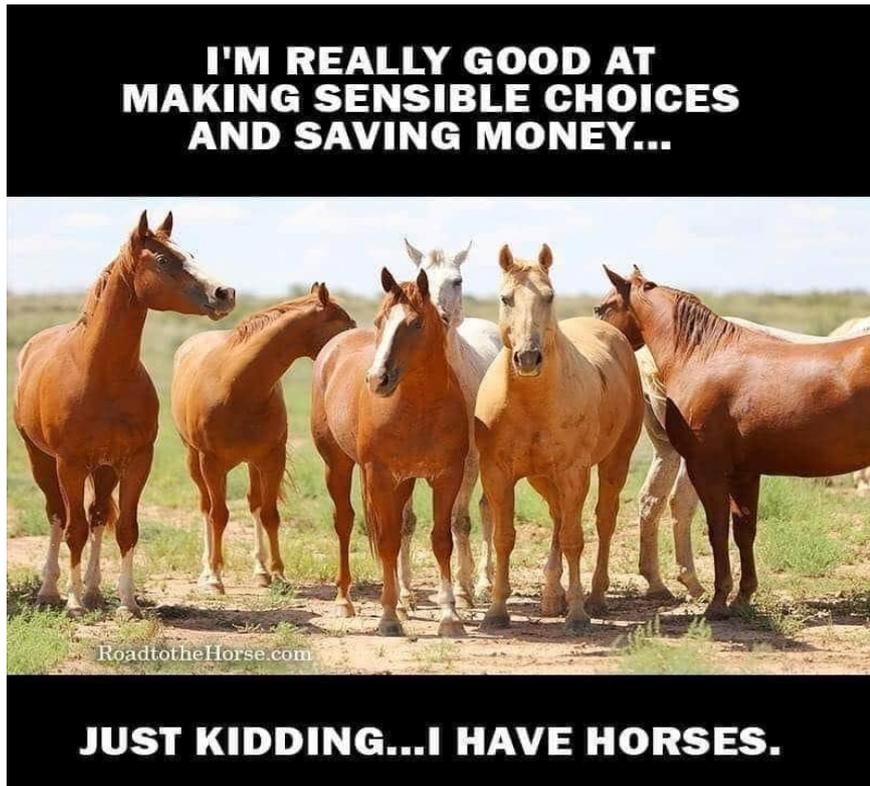


## **Welcome new members!**

Welcome new members Shannon Andrewartha (pictured at the July ride on JD), Emily Addis, Rachael Marshall and Sharon Hurley. We hope you and your horses enjoy many more trail rides with us!



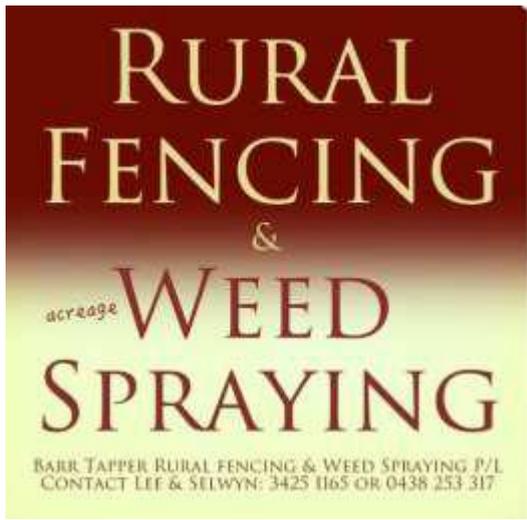
**Just for fun....**



**A note from the editor**

The deadline for contributions for the September newsletter is mid-month. Email to Kerry at [kreeves@bytesite.com.au](mailto:kreeves@bytesite.com.au).

Please support our Sponsors whenever you can!



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**NEW HOURS:** 8.30am – 5pm Tues to Fri  
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