

not shy away or make a fuss when we went past it. Although she had not seen much equitation, did not listen well to any aids (apart from neck reining), and that she was a little overweight and did not care to exert herself much, Chantelle reminded me a great deal of horse named Jive that we had on the Ride — fondly referred to as “Miss Piggy.”

Mrs. Myers loaned me a pair of Prince Edward spurs and a crop to which Chantelle responded with a great deal of head tossing. I was especially pleased to observe her reaction to a piece of farm machinery that we encountered on a trail. Although she seemed a bit cautious at this new experience, the young mare was bold enough to approach the machine with only a couple of pauses, to observe it and reassure herself that it represented no threat. On the return trip Chantelle did not shy from the machine at all.

At this point I felt that there was a good chance that Chantelle would be able to perform the required duties without any difficulties. I checked with the Riding Master at Equitation Branch, S/Sgt. B. Culp, to ensure that tack was being shipped from Ottawa shortly. After briefing C/Supt. Crosby, I went on to Cavendish National Park to scout the facilities.

Mr. Bruce Simpson of Stanley Bridge had agreed to stable the horse in his box stall. The stabling facilities were suitable, however they were located six kilometres from the site where the mare would be used in Cavendish. I was not thrilled at the pros-

pect of riding the horse to Cavendish along Route No. 6, every day, due to the high volume of traffic and the highly conspicuous profile we would present in dress uniform — it would be too hazardous. The alternative would be to trailer the horse to Cavendish each day. This would require the use of a trailer and vehicle for each day the horse would be used.

I learned that there was a garage owned by Parks Canada, immediately to the rear of the house occupied by the Cavendish Park

Warden, with access to cross-country ski trails that connected throughout the entire park. The “garage”, I found out, was actually a carriage house with a newly poured concrete floor which was being used to store bags of fertilizer; it also had some machinery stored in it. With a little effort the equipment could be rearranged and there would be room to build a temporary stall in which to stable the horse. This would be ideal. There

was access to the whole park from the trail right behind the carriage house. There would be no need to trailer the horse each day from Stanley Bridge. The occupant of the house, Park Warden Donna Crossland, advised me that she would be pleased to assist in any way, but that she had to talk to her supervisor first.

I contacted the NCO i/c Charlottetown Detachment, S/Sgt. P. Stetson, who had jurisdiction over the summer detachment, to advise him of the possibility of using the carriage house and he indicated he would make some enquiries. Meanwhile, I went

**Chantelle reminded
me a great deal of
horse named Jive that
we had on the Ride
— fondly referred to
as “Miss Piggy.”**