This is the story of a little girl and her pony. Dianne lives with her parents in the historic village of Gundaroo. One Christmas they called her outside and there was a little grey pony. Dianne could not think of a name that suited him, so she called him No Name. Dianne soon learned to saddle and bridle him herself and they had many happy rides together.

One day Dianne came back from school very excited. There was going to be an historical picnic and all the children were going, dressed in period costume.

This book tells of the costume Dianne chose to go in, and how No Name took part in the picnic too, and got a new name: Gundaroo Pony.
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The Gundaroo Pony
It was just a normal, rather dull, day. The old Gundaroo school seemed to be asleep – but not for long!

Mr Marconi, the teacher, announced to the school that in four weeks’ time the school would be helping to put on an historical picnic.

There were excited giggles and gasps from the twenty-five boys and girls who attended the school.

‘Great!’

‘What can I go as?’

‘My Grandma has some old-fashioned clothes.’

‘I think I’ll go as an explorer.’

The most excited girl in the whole school was Dianne. Dianne had spent all her eight years in Gundaroo. She knew lots of its history and loved it.

That afternoon, as soon as the big brass school bell rang at going-home time, Dianne took off like a flash, running down the stone path to the bike shed where she quickly collected her red and white bike. Soon she was pedalling furiously out of the school grounds and onto the main road through town. She was gone almost before the other children had left the classroom.
Dianne cycled down the main street of Gundaroo, past the old bakery, the wine bar, the Court House and the Gundaroo store. She had seen them so many times before that she really did not notice them.
Dianne rode hard down the gentle slope leading out of town and towards her home, an eighty-year-old timber cottage.

'Hullo' Dianne's Mother waved from the doorway.

'I've got some really exciting news,' Dianne gasped, nearly falling off her bicycle.

'Steady there,' Mother said. 'Let me help you.'

'Thanks, you can take my bag.' Dianne handed over a rather tattered brown school bag, far too big for the few books it ever carried.

'Come inside and tell me all about it,' Mother suggested.
Soon they were sitting down on the thick wooden chairs beside the warm wood fire in the kitchen. Mother was pouring a glass a fresh milk from a half gallon jug, while Dianne buttered some hot scones which her Mother had made in the big oven.

'Now tell me,' Mother repeated after they had had as much afternoon tea as they could eat.

'Mr Marconi is helping with an historical picnic here in Gundaroo. We can all go dressed up in costumes, old fashioned clothes and things . . . .' Dianne burst out, words running all over each other.

'Now that's an ideal' approved Dianne's Mother.
‘We can dress in any period costume we want to,’ Dianne continued. ‘It’ll be tremendous fun, though I can’t think of what to go as.’

‘It shouldn’t be hard to think up a costume’ said Mother, as she began to gather up the plates.

Later that afternoon Dianne had a bright idea. ‘Mummy, Mummy!’ she called. ‘Could No-name be part of the historical picnic?’

‘No-name! Why not?’ Mother laughed, thinking of Dianne’s little grey pony grazing outside near the cottage.

‘What could we get No-name to do?’ Dianne asked.

‘I’ll have to think about it,’ Mother said thoughtfully. ‘Let’s look in the old photograph albums tonight and we may get some ideas.’

‘We could go and visit the Gundaroo historical library too,’ Dianne added.

‘Good,’ agreed Mother who was rather looking forward to getting ideas for the historical picnic.

‘Now I must go and tell No-name all about it,’ Dianne said, running out the back door and up the path to the grey pony’s paddock.
On her way outside, Dianne greeted the two blue heeler cattle dogs. She tickled Purr the ginger cat under his chin until he purred out his name. Then she leapt the low wooden fence into a small paddock where No-name grazed happily.

'How are you today?' Dianne called, as No-name came up to her. 'You're a nice boy,' Dianne whispered into his large grey ear.

No-name muzzled Dianne with his nose. He was always pleased to see her.

'Mr Marconi is having an historical picnic at Gundaroo,' Dianne explained. No-name nodded his head wisely and started to nibble Dianne's fingers.

'No-name, would you like to be part of the historical picnic?' Dianne asked.

No-name nodded his head again. It sounded like a lot of fun.
For as long as Dianne could remember, she had loved horses. When she was little she adored the big furry legged draught horses and the pretty white circus ponies in the picture books. Later, on her fifth birthday, Dianne was given a little clay donkey, five inches high, which carried two water buckets, one on each side of his back. Dianne had kept the tiny clay donkey and it clip-clopped all day long on her dressing table. Secretly she had imagined that the donkey was real. Each evening they used to have all sorts of adventures before Dianne had to go to bed.
Later still, on Dianne's seventh birthday, her dreams came true. All clean and shiny, mane and tail carefully combed and gleaming, with a large red birthday card hanging around his neck tied by a piece of yellow ribbon, stood the grey birthday pony. When Dianne read the card, 'To Dianne with all our love, Mummy and Daddy', she did not know who to cuddle first, Mummy, Daddy or the little grey pony.

'What a terrific birthday present!' Dianne said over and over.

'The Blacksmith at Gundaroo bred him,' Daddy explained. 'Do you remember the old grey mare that used to pull the dray?'

'A long time ago,' Dianne said, remembering back some years. 'I remember the picture hanging in the forge of old Mr Jedd with a grey mare.'

'That's the one,' Daddy said. 'Well, this pony is one of her foals.'

'Golly, golly, am I lucky!' Dianne shouted.
Then she took her grey pony by the halter and led him all around his new home. She led him past Daddy's old timber truck, past her own red and white bike, past the hens, the dogs and, of course, past Purr the ginger cat. Soon the pony felt right at home with this new family.

Dianne could not think of a name for her pony. She thought and thought . . . . Grey Boy, Dew Drop, Snowflake, White Cloud, Grey Wave, . . . .

'No! No!' Dianne exclaimed, 'I don't like any of those names.'

Dianne thought and thought again, for names are very important and must be just right.

Finally the little grey pony was called No-name because Dianne simply could not think of the perfect name for him.
'You’ll need a bridle and saddle now,' Father said. 'I'll pick them up tomorrow in town, after I deliver that big load of timber.'

Next day, Father arrived home very late. He had had a long, tiring day delivering timber. But he hadn't forgotten about the saddle and bridle. Under his big arm he carried a small saddle and over his shoulder he carried a pony-sized snaffle bridle.

Dianne stopped only to give her Father a bear hug, before running off to fetch No-name. She led him up under the porch light in front of the cottage.

'What a lovely saddle and bridle!' Mother exclaimed.

'I hope the saddle fits him,' Daddy said in a worried voice. Then he gently lifted the small saddle and placed it firmly across the pony's back.

'It fits him perfectly,' Dianne breathed happily. 'Now I can take No-name for wonderful rides all around Gundaroo.'
Father spent a long time fitting the saddle and bridle so that they sat comfortably in the correct position. Then Father showed Dianne how to saddle and bridle the pony all by herself.

'It is no good owning a pony,' said Father firmly, 'if you can't tend to it yourself.'

Soon Dianne became quite good at saddling up, until at last Mother said, 'You're good enough now Dianne.'

'You're ready to go riding now,' Father smiled at his daughter with approval.

'Remember that riding with a saddle is different from riding bareback,' Mother reminded.

'I'll be careful when I go riding tomorrow morning,' Dianne promised.

'Good girl,' Mother said. 'Now put No-name back in his paddock and come in and have some tea.'
Since the birthday No-name and Dianne had become good friends and life continued along pleasantly enough until the exciting news of the Gundaroo historical picnic.

From the time that Mr Marconi had told the school-children about the picnic Dianne could think of nothing else. Mother pulled out her old photograph albums from the hall cupboard. Together she and Dianne pored over the old, dulled prints. Dianne loved looking at the pictures which showed life in Gundaroo sixty to seventy years before.

‘There are my Grandma and Grandpa,’ Mother said, pointing to an old couple standing beside a wooden cottage. ‘They are your great-grandparents.’

‘They look so old fashioned!’ Dianne exclaimed.

‘They would think that you look pretty silly in your blue jeans and tee shirts,’ Mother said quickly.
'I suppose so,' Dianne laughed. 'I'd love to live in olden times and be a pioneer.'
'Really?' Mother questioned.
'Really,' Dianne sighed.
'Look at this picture,' Mother said.
'It is nice,' Dianne said. 'Was your Grandma about to go off shopping in the pony trap?'
'She's wearing a purple linen skirt with an embroidered lace cotton blouse,' Mother told Dianne, remembering way back into her past, when her Mother had told her about the photographs.
'Here's another,' Dianne pointed to another photograph.
‘That’s my Grandpa doing the ploughing,’ Mother said. ‘Work was hard then,’ Dianne said, looking at the draught horse straining in his harness and Grandpa in his gum boots trudging after it down the long furrows. ‘Life certainly was harder then than it is now,’ Mother agreed. ‘Grandma had to make everything for herself,’ Mother told Dianne. ‘I know she had no electricity,’ Dianne said. ‘That means no washing machines, not even electric light.’ ‘Electricity didn’t come to Gundaroo until 1954,’ Mother said. ‘Then you can remember when there was no electricity here then?’ Dianne asked. ‘Indeed I can,’ Mother smiled. ‘Grandma used the old copper for washing and the steel wheat grinder for grinding flour for our bread.’ ‘You make our bread,’ Dianne said. ‘But now you buy the flour in the supermarket.’ ‘Yes,’ Mother sighed. ‘Life is much easier now. We certainly ought to remember the pioneers who set up Gundaroo.’ ‘Then it’s a jolly good idea to have an historical picnic to help us to remember the pioneers,’ Dianne said.
The next Monday Mr Marconi took the children down to the Gundaroo historical library. It wasn't a proper library. It was where the old and precious documents and photos about the town's history were carefully stored in the town's oldest building, in glass cased cabinets.

They walked down the main street of town to the library. It had stood proud and strong since 1869, although now the wooden shingles of its roof needed some attention. Everyone was silent in the library. If they had to speak they spoke in soft voices. It did not seem proper to yell or laugh in the library. The books lay in dusty silence in their cupboards. Mr Marconi opened the bookcase with a special key and laid the photographs and papers out on the big oak table for the children to read.

The children happily spent over an hour looking at the pictures.
There were ladies kneading dough and other ladies driving pony carts, all dressed in heavy clothes which were the fashion of the time.

There were men driving drays, ploughing fields and cutting timber with sharp edged axes.

There were houses, many of which, like the library, are still standing. Others had become cowsheds and others had disappeared altogether.

The children could not believe it when the hour was up. ‘Please, can’t we stay longer?’ they asked.

‘Not this time,’ Mr Marconi smiled at them. ‘Go home and think how you would like to represent our pioneers at the historical picnic.’

‘It’s all too difficult,’ Dianne sighed to herself. ‘I’ll never think up what to wear.’
That evening Dianne, with her Mother and Father, went to the Gundaroo Hall for a party to celebrate the ninety-second birthday of Mrs Thorne. Mrs Thorne was by far the oldest lady in Gundaroo and was still very gay and spritely.

Dianne and Mrs Thorne had always got on well. Every Saturday morning, as Dianne trotted past Mrs Thorne’s stone cottage on No-name, she would give the old lady a big wave. Sometimes Mrs Thorne would ask her inside for milk and peanut biscuits. Dianne really enjoyed these visits when Mrs Thorne would tell her about the early days of Gundaroo.

‘Come and sit next to me,’ Mrs Thorne said to Dianne. ‘I would like to show you some photos.’
Soon a small crowd had gathered around the old lady. Dianne was sitting on a cushion at Mrs Thorne's feet. She busied herself helping to turn the pages of the aged photograph album for Mrs Thorne.

'That is Mr Jedd, the grandfather of young Sam Jedd, the Gundaroo blacksmith.'

'I can remember Grandpa,' Sam Jedd said thoughtfully, taking a careful look at the photograph. 'Look at that old grey mare in the shafts of the sulky. She was a good mare that one,' he continued. 'An ancestor of your grey pony, Dianne.'

'Oh, truly?' Dianne gasped.

'Do you still have that sulky?' asked Mrs Thorne.

'Why, yes, Mrs Thorne,' replied Sam. 'It's in the stone shed at the back of the forge.'

Dianne sat quietly as a wonderful idea began to dawn on her.

'Does the sulky still work?' Dianne asked Sam at last.
‘Yes, indeed it does,’ Sam said. ‘Just needs a little work on her and lots of elbow grease to polish her up like new again.’

Mrs Thorne, who knew that Dianne had been thinking hard for ages about what to wear at the historical picnic, suddenly thought of the same idea as Dianne.

‘Dianne,’ said Mrs Thorne, ‘You can go to the historical picnic dressed as my grandmother! No-name can pull the sulky, if that is all right with Mr Jedd, and you can pretend to be off for a day at the market.’

‘Fine by me,’ said Mr Jedd.

‘Hooray!’ Dianne cried and she threw her arms around Mrs Thorne and smacked a juicy kiss on her cheek.

Everyone clapped and agreed it was a terrific idea.

Once all that had been decided Dianne’s Father called everyone to attention. ‘Please come across to the big table,’ he said. ‘Mrs Thorne must try to blow out all the ninety-two candles on her beautiful birthday cake.’
Early the next morning Dianne ran out of the cottage to tell No-name about the interesting birthday party of the previous evening.

‘No-name,’ Dianne called. ‘You can go to the historical picnic as a pioneer’s pony, pulling Mr Jedd’s sulky.’

No-name nickered a greeting to Dianne. Pulling a sulky could be a lot of fun. He didn’t want to miss the Gundaroo historical picnic for anything.

‘Why, you are a part of Gundaroo history yourself,’ Dianne told the grey pony. ‘You were born and bred here. Your parents and grandparents worked hard pulling carts and drays full of timber and things. They had to pull ploughs as well and take the family into town once a week.’
No-name rubbed his nose along Dianne's arm. He understood all that. He knew that he was a part of Gundaroo. He did not need to be told.

'Gundaroo, Gundaroo, Gundaroo,' Dianne whispered over and over. 'You are part of the history of Gundaroo.'

No-name shook his head. What was his mistress going on about!

'I hereby re-name you Gundaroo,' Dianne declared suddenly, leaning over the water trough and sprinkling a few drops of cold water over the surprised pony.

'Gunnie for short,' Dianne continued. 'You are now known as Gunnie, my very own Gundaroo Pony.'

The grey pony listened hard, raised his upper lip and gave a great long pony laugh. He liked his new name too.

'Come on Gunnie,' Dianne said. 'Let's go for a ride before breakfast.'
Dianne quickly groomed and saddled the Gundaroo Pony and was soon cantering down one of the soft grassed tracks which criss-crossed the township.

The grass felt soft and springy under the grey pony's hooves. The tall trees swayed and whispered strange tunes to them as they passed underneath.

The everyday world in the township was still asleep. At first, only the roosters were awake and crowing loudly. Then the birds were stirring as the sun sent early warmth across the valley. One old man kangaroo loped into the shelter of the timber.

'We had better go home now Gunnie,' Dianne said, 'or I will be late for school.'

Obediently the Gundaroo Pony turned homewards. He quickened his pace just a little, in hope of a juicy breakfast of oats.
'Look Gunnie,' Dianne cried. 'Be careful! Don't hurt it!'

Gunnie came to a rather startled halt. A dark brown, fluffy koala bear was hurrying across the bush track. On her back she was carrying her baby. The baby koala bear was clinging very tightly so as not to fall. Mummy bear had been making a peaceful crossing until disturbed by Gunnie and Dianne. She was after the fresh, young gum trees on the other side of the track.

'Hurry now, Mrs Bear,' Dianne called to the disappearing koala as she scampered up into welcoming branches of a gum tree.
There was an air of excitement over the township of Gundaroo all the next week.

Father and Mr Jedd worked each evening after work on the old sulky. They oiled all the moving parts, put on a new shaft and replaced the torn rubber tyres. They polished the brass and leather until it gleamed. Finally, they loaded it into Father's timber truck and took it back home.

Now it was ready for the Gundaroo Pony to try.

Dianne was very worried that the Gundaroo Pony might not like his new sulky. However, she need not have been worried. The Gundaroo Pony loved all the attention and fuss of being harnessed to the sulky. Finally he was fully harnessed and Father climbed into the sulky. He helped Dianne up. Then he picked up the reins, and said, 'Get up now Gunnie.' The Gundaroo Pony moved forward willingly, bracing himself against the traces as if he had been born to it. Together they trotted off down the road.
‘This is fun,’ Dianne laughed as the wind caught up her hair and tossed it high.

‘My father drove to town each week in a sulky just like this,’ Father told Dianne.

‘What a shame everyone has cars and motorbikes nowadays,’ Dianne sighed.

‘Yes, indeed,’ Father agreed.

The Gundaroo Pony trotted gaily down the Gundaroo road, his head and tail held high and his eyes bright with happiness.

Mother, Mrs Thorne and Dianne had many talks over lots of cups of tea about what Dianne would wear to the historical picnic.

Many of the other children from the Gundaroo School had thought up terrific costumes too. They were going as farmers, bakers, timber-cutters, horse-breakers, and shopkeepers.
One little girl was going dressed as a fine lady with real pearls and a lace shawl which had been handed down in the family for generations. Another girl, a friend of Dianne's called Jody, was going to the picnic dressed in old fashioned formal riding habit. She would be riding side-saddle on her Mother's old stock horse. The side-saddle had been borrowed from the Gundaroo historical association. Jody was not a very good rider so her Mother would have to lead her everywhere. Anyway, Jody would be feeling most peculiar perched high up on her side-saddle. Dianne was glad she and the Gundaroo Pony were going in the sulky.
It was finally decided that Dianne should wear a dress which had been Mrs Thorne's daughter's best 'going to town dress'. Mrs Thorne had washed it ever so carefully and Dianne's Mother had taken it home and ironed it painstakingly, so that the linen and lace felt as fine and as crisp as when it was new. The dress was long and pink, fringed with white lace. Dianne felt beautiful in it – very grown up for an eight-year-old.

To Dianne's delight, Mother found a white lace apron with a matching lace bonnet, just ideal to add the finishing touches to the old fashioned costume. When Dianne was finally dressed in her pioneer outfit, she really looked like an early Australian settler's child.

'That is how Grandma must have looked as a child!' Mother exclaimed. 'She was one of the old pioneers too.'

'Pioneers,' Dianne said thoughtfully, 'were the people who came out to Australia a hundred or more years ago.'

'That's right,' Mother said, 'they had a very hard and difficult life. They had first to discover and then develop this big island we call Australia.'

'Pioneers must have been very tough and brave,' Dianne said.
The day before the historical picnic Dianne helped her Father to clean all the leather harness for the sulky. First, she polished the lovely brass buckles and studs on the bridle. Then she wiped clean all the leather straps and reins. Last of all she rubbed leather polish over the gear and wiped it off with a clean cloth so that the harness shone like new.

After all that was done Dianne remembered that the Gundaroo Pony needed a clean up too. Dianne borrowed her Mother’s shampoo and filled a bucket of warm water from the stove. Soon the Gundaroo Pony was covered in frothy white bubbles - from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. The Gundaroo Pony turned his head in amazement to look at himself.
By the time Dianne had finished, the Gundaroo Pony looked a picture. All clean and bright, he shone in the afternoon sun. Dianne cleaned his hooves with hoof oil so they shone black and she combed out his mane and tail until they sparkled like waterfalls. The Gundaroo Pony looked like the most beautiful animal in Dianne's favourite picture book.

'You've certainly done a good job!' Mother exclaimed. 'I'm proud of both of you.'

It was a beautiful morning on the day of the historical picnic. Dianne woke up very early.

She ran down to see the Gundaroo Pony and to give him his bowl of oats for breakfast.

'Goodness!' Dianne exclaimed in horror. 'You've slept on the dirty old grass and roughed up your coat the wrong way.'

The Gundaroo Pony looked around and his ears drooped sadly.

'I expect you can't help lying down to sleep,' Dianne comforted the Gundaroo Pony, who looked so sad. The Gundaroo Pony brightened up and began to nibble away at his breakfast.

'Never mind,' Dianne said. 'It won't take a minute to brush you all clean again.'
Both Mother and Father helped Dianne and the Gundaroo Pony to dress in time for the historical picnic.

'Whatever you do, don't get dirty,' Mother repeated as she arranged the last frill on Dianne's pretty lace apron.

'The Gundaroo Pony is nearly ready,' Father said, pausing for a minute to admire the effect.

Soon all was finished and they were ready to leave for the picnic. Father lifted Dianne into the sulky and handed her the reins. Mother ran inside the cottage to fetch her camera.

'We must take a picture of you both,' she said.

'Now smile,' Father laughed.

Click, click went the camera.

Then Mother and Father waved goodbye to the pioneer girl and her pony as they slowly trotted out of the drive and down the road. Mother and Father would follow later in the truck.
Dianne felt so proud as they went along the main road through Gundaroo. The Gundaroo Pony had his ears pricked forward happily. Every so often he would flick them back, to listen to Dianne when she spoke to him. Friends along the road came out to wave as they trotted past. Soon they, too, would pack up and pile into their cars and head off to the historical picnic as well. Dianne waved back at them with her white lace handkerchief. She really felt like a pioneer lady from long ago. What fun it was!

They rounded a bend in the road and came upon the Gundaroo sports ground, where the picnic was to be held.

All the school-children were there, together with many parents and friends. When they saw Dianne and the Gundaroo Pony trotting through the gate, they ran over to greet them.
Everyone was beautifully dressed, Jody mounted side-saddle on her Mother’s horse, Tom dressed as a farmer, Mary as a dairy maid and James as a baker. Even Mr Marconi looked the part, dressed as the town mayor. In long flowing red robes, he looked very grand. It was only when he smiled that he became the friendly school teacher again.

Mr Marconi himself welcomed Dianne and offered his hand to help her down from the sulky. Then he shook her hand very solemnly and said, ‘We are so glad that we have the honour of welcoming an original pioneer girl – and of course her pony,’ he added, smiling kindly at the Gundaroo Pony.

After all that the children clapped and clapped.
After the historical parade the young pioneers put on their old jeans and tee shirts for games and play.

What a lovely day they had! After hours of running and jumping, skipping and hopping, Dianne felt very tired at the end of the day. There were many prizes to be won – boxes of lollies and chocolates, packets of nuts and potato chips, ice-creams and cans of soft drink.
The Gundaroo Pony felt content. He had made friends with Flicker, the horse with the sidesaddle, and together they spent a busy day visiting the families picnicking at the sports ground. They helped themselves to all the picnic goodies such as chocolate cake with lots of icing and hundreds and thousands on fairy bread.

Finally, Mr Marconi gave both the Gundaroo Pony and Flicker a big ice-cream cone each.

'You have earned it,' he told them, as he patted each warm nose in turn.

When the sun began to set, all the families packed their picnic hampers, picked up their tired pioneer children and headed off to their homes.
Mother and Father helped to harness the Gundaroo Pony. Soon, he too, was trotting down the road towards home, carrying his mistress safely in the sulky.

‘Gunnie,’ Dianne called softly to the grey pony.

The Gundaroo Pony flicked his ears back to listen. ‘It’s been a wonderful day. Thank you my friend.’

The Gundaroo Pony shook his head gaily. He had had a lovely day too, quite the nicest day of his whole life.
‘What a surprise!’ Mother exclaimed the next day when she read the daily newspaper.

‘What is it?’ Dianne called out from her bedroom.

‘Get dressed quickly and I’ll show you,’ Mother said. ‘Hurry now, or you’ll be late for school.’

Dianne pulled her clothes on and, with shoe laces still undone and trailing, ran out into the kitchen.

‘See.’ Mother showed Dianne a picture right on the front page.

‘Oh!’ Dianne gasped. ‘It’s me!’

There was a striking picture of the Gundaroo Pony harnessed to the sulky. Mr Marconi was shaking hands with Dianne, who was dressed in her beautiful period costume. The writing under the picture said, ‘This is how the children of our forefathers, the pioneers, looked when our country was being settled and developed’. Beneath that was a short note telling the readers all about Dianne and the Gundaroo Pony.
'What a super picture,' Dianne breathed.  
'It's lovely,' Mother agreed.  
'Oh! Gosh!' Dianne gasped. 'I must go and show the Gundaroo Pony.'  
With that Dianne ran outside and held the picture up in front of the Gundaroo Pony.  
The grey pony sniffed at the paper, then looked hard at the picture. He closed his eyes and rubbed his soft nose against Dianne's shoulder.  
'We made a terrific pioneer team,' Dianne laughed. 'Your picture makes you look really handsome.'  
The Gundaroo Pony whinnied. He approved of the picture too.
Libby Anderson has been interested in horses since her childhood when she was a foundation member of the first pony club in Queensland. As a child she competed successfully in show-jumping, hacking and polocross; her main interest now is dressage. She teaches at many pony clubs throughout the state and judges at horse shows when not competing herself.

Libby Anderson has been writing for almost as long as she has been riding, and enjoys the satisfaction of putting pen to paper. Her two daughters share her love of horses and enjoy competing at pony club dressage and jumping events.

Ronald Revitt is well known for his beautiful pencil drawings. A member of the Royal Society of New South Wales, he has won many prizes for oils, water colours and black and white works. In 1977, by invitation, an exhibition of his pencil drawings was held at the University of California, Los Angeles.

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