

Shacky, the town pony, bridled city staff

to a bush. Mr. Keady gave shelter to the "poor lost animal" for some period of time despite the fact that he already had his full quota of two horses on his property.

A year and a half of correspondence and hearings pitted Mr. Keady's eloquence against the town's relentless intention of enforcing its ordinance.

Finally one Wednesday the town council told Mr. Keady to get rid of the pony or face legal action by the town.

On Friday Shacky was delivered to the town. Mr. Keady was quoted as saying, "If they didn't like the public service we were rendering, then we should let the public servants render the public service."

The problem for the town was compounded by the fact that Mr. Keady gave them the pony, but he did not give them ownership of the pony. To gain legal ownership, the town had to build up costs in maintaining the pony.

The following week, Shacky was ridden back to town center by Stable Officer Shelley Clausen. For the rest of her stay with the town, she was boarded at Springdown Farm.

As the town wrestled with legalities, Shacky prospered and became somewhat of a local celebrity. When the town attempted — unsuccessfully — to auction her off, Channel 4 turned up with TV cameras.

At last on March 1, 1978, the *Country Almanac* ran a short story under the headline, "P.V. pony finds home." It announced that Mayor Boushey had finally selected a home for Shacky. Of all the people who volunteered to take Shacky as a gift, Mrs. Boushey selected John K. Wofford of Sunnyvale, who wanted to send Shacky to his ranch in Placerville as a companion for his grandchildren.

As far as anyone knows, Shacky is still there.



PORTOLA VALLEY'S TOWN PONY, Shacky, shows her mettle to former Town Stable Officer Shelley Clausen on the voyage from Elmer Wheaton's house to Springdown Farm.

BY MARION SOFTKY
Remember Shacky, the Portola Valley town pony?

Oldtimers around town hall still shudder as they recall that rainy Friday afternoon in December, 1977.

That was the day when a black Shetland pony named Shacky arrived at town hall. With no bridle or halter, she was bare as she was born; and competence with horses was never one of the qualifications required for the town's hard-working staff.

"It was a very traumatic time for me," recalls former Town Clerk Linda Craig. "I'm not a horse person."

With help from Randy Chafin, the beleaguered town staff managed to corral Shacky, borrow a bridle from Springdown Farm next door, and deliver her to Good Samaritan Elmer Wheaton, who kept her for the weekend.

Shacky's saga must represent some kind of climax in the off-and-on battles between Portola Valley residents and the dedicated folk who enforce the town's regulations.

She had been the focus of a running dispute between the town and San Francisco lawyer Michael Keady over the number of horses he could keep on his one-acre lot and the condition of the premises.

Shacky, Mr. Keady pleaded eloquently, was found abandoned near the shack used by local riders on Stanford lands. She was wandering unkempt during the rainy season with a tether around her neck