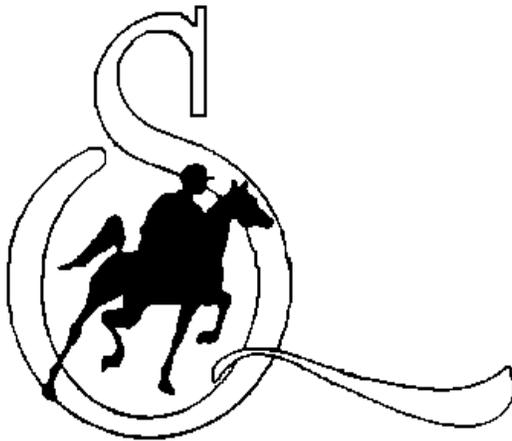


QUICKSILVER QUIPS

March 2004



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President's Message

Boy, these are hectic times. It seems that the last two months have gone faster than a race horse. I hope everyone had a great time at the Awards Banquet as that is our best once a year event. It was a huge success with awards going to everyone who was there. Maybe next year the rest of the club will find time to make the affair.

For the rest of the year the Board has started to plan events that will get more people to attend the meetings. What we need are some speakers who will give us a lift and improve our riding. Know anyone? We could use some ideas and a little help from the membership. Give me a call if you know anyone to invite.

We are planning a ride for May in Coe Park again. Our new manager, Doug Reynaud, will need a lot of help because the Park is quite a challenge to use for an endurance event. The trail will be, we hope, easier and for that time of year more beautiful. There is a rumor that this may be the last time they let us in as a lot of bureaucrats are making it almost impossible, i.e., Fish & Game. We shall see. Give me a call with your ideas and those of you who rode it last year sent me some input that I can pass on to Doug. QSER always puts on a class event.

El Presidente,
Steve Lenheim

**MINUTES OF SPECIAL BOARD
MEETING 02-11-04**

Present: Elaine Alton, Steve Lenheim, Maryben Stover, Doug Reynaud, Trilby Pederson and Jill Kilty-Newburn.

The purpose of this meeting was to discuss the feasibility of the Spring Ride taking place at Henry Coe Park.

Discussion took place regarding routes, vet checks, bathrooms, etc. The following was decided upon.

Ride Name: Quicksilver Spring Classic
Date: May 15, 2004
Ride Manager: Doug Reynaud
Location: Henry Coe Park
Approx. start time: T. B. A.
Ride Secretary: Jill Kilty-Newburn
Vet: T. B. A.

Minutes submitted by Secretary, Elaine Alton.

WANT ADS

SADDLES & TACK FOR SALE

Stubben dressage saddle, 17.5, black with leather girth and small felt pad, \$700. Call Judy at 925 862-0232 or E-mail misxfire@aol.com.

Custom made Brazilian western-style endurance saddle. This saddle was made for an Arab and has never been used. \$500. Call Robert Oram at 831-761-1184.

Sharon Saare, "D" tree, 15" seat. EXTREMELY wide and fits a straight-backed horse. Probably more suited for a gaited horse. I will be in the SF Bay Area through March. Call 435-901-3480 or jenn_layman@yahoo.com

Brand new Abetta Arabian Endurance Saddle for sale. 15" seat, brown, still in the original box. Made of Cordura (rugged, washable), weighs 15 lbs, is shock-absorbent, weather resistant, center fire rigging, wide endurance stirrups. Built on a solid Ralide tree. \$400 plus shipping. Call Debbie Boscoe at 831 423-6461 or dboscoe@pacbell.net.

New Cooler, green \$20. Call Janice at 408 268-2177 or E-mail ddawson@almaden.ibm.com.

Used Crosby AGA Grand Prix 17 inch saddle with fittings, \$450. Tracy @ 408 379-6209.

Used Crosby Prix St. George dressage saddle 17 inch with fittings, \$450. Tracy @ 408 379-6209.

Used Baker blanket; \$40 size 84. Used Baker sheet; \$30 size 84. Tracy @ 408 379-6209.

New English leather bridles with laced reins, \$25 each; one is Cob size, the other is horse size. Bits & spurs, \$5-\$10. Tracy @ 408 379-6209.

Ortho-Flex Express Lite. Like new. Will include misc. tack in sale. Asking \$1500. Call Michelle at (831) 761-2578.

HORSES FOR SALE

Bay gelding, coming 9 yr old, 15 hands, 8 inch cannons, for pleasure riding. Shooter has very mild arthritis in his right front fetlock but can do LD's or trail fun stuff. He's great on the trail; he has done a multiday and a 1-day 100. He should be limited on his endurance adventures. Asking \$1500. Call Heather Reynolds at 408 778-6957.

Stalls with Paddocks/Pasture for Rent

Brand new 12x12 stalls with 24x12 paddocks, shavings; we clean. \$250, pasture \$180. Feed twice a day, high grade oat and alfalfa hay. 96x48 outdoor arena. Close to 3,600 acre Almaden Quicksilver County Park with 19 miles of manicured trails. Call Trilby at 408 997-7500 for more information.

Rooms for Rent

Now you can now live with your horse ☺

Room with bath in Trilby's barn, refrigerator and microwave. \$450 per month. 408-997-7500.

Studio apartment in Morgan Hill on Foothill Ave. One large newly painted room, with small cooking area and a bathroom. Apartment only, \$600.00, apartment with one (1) horse \$750.00. 408-569-6600, 408-710-5651 or 408 710-5651.

Dynamite Products Distributor
www.dynamiteonline.com
Jan Jeffers, sleecker@garlic.com
408 779-4722

FASTRACK Probiotics at a direct discount from the Manufacturer. If you are interested in trying daily and supplemental probiotics now is the time. Promote health, increase performance, ensure a healthy digestive tract at a low cost. For more information contact Wild Eye Arabians, Kirsten and Michael Berntsen at 831-623-2120 or kirstenzazz@hotmail.com or www.conklin.com/wildeyearabians.

TRAIL NEWS

TRAIL BUILDS

First, I, (**Janice Frazier**) must apologize, since in providing the information for the QSER newsletter - I must have made a typo on the phone number for the Volunteer Coordinator for the trail builds, the correct number is 355-2254, not 2264, this is why Marvin didn't get a return call from that number, it is not a Park's phone number at all.

But regardless, there were issues with communication and getting information on the builds, even with the right phone numbers (I personally experienced no calls back from Greg, he is not at the office much). The trail build program under Greg Bringelson is a new one and the Parks and Recreation Department admits they had some glitches in its rollout, and are doing the following: there will be a phone number to give accurate details for the builds, not a person's line since folks are hard to get hold of. They will make sure the website is accurate and hope to have signups through the website, so they know who is coming. In addition the schedule will not be so aggressive so that more attention can be put on each event, right now they are proposing a regular pattern, like the third Saturday of the month, but that is not yet finalized.

I know it is frustrating when things do not go well when you want to help. Please do not give up on the program. Give it another chance and realize they are going through some bad growing pains.

And keep April 24th on your calendars open as that is the dedication of the new trails in Canada Del Oro, something we all should be very excited about.
Janice

EVENTS

Attention - keep the following dates available to attend the dedications for exciting new trail openings:

Saturday April 17th - Jacques Ridge - an extension of Almaden Quicksilver Park trail system on the east end to meet the Sierra Azul Mid Peninsula Open Space Preserve allowing riding all the way to Lexington Reservoir if you so desire!!!!!!

Saturday April 24th - Canada Del Oro - which abuts Calero Park on the southern end towards Casa Loma Road, will be adding about 7 miles of trail to that joint system. Watch for complete details in the April newsletter about meeting times and staging locations for these two dedication events.

Member News

**2004 20 Mule Team 100 Mile Ride
Quicksilver Completers**

| Place | Time | Rider | Equine |
|-------|----------|-------------------------|------------------|
| 14 | 16:51:00 | Hillorie Bachman | CV Eli |
| 25 | 19:33:00 | Melissa Ribley | Oak Hill Rambler |
| 26 | 19:33:01 | Robert Ribley | Oak Hill Regina |
| 29 | 20:07:00 | Karen Chaton | Granite Chief |

Peggy Eaton & Dominique Freeman competed but unfortunately did not complete—what a difference a letter can make ☺

Congratulations to these Quicksilver Riders (and owners) who pretty much hogged the 2003 Regional AERC Awards and got a few Nationals, too ☺

| | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|
| Katie Alton | 8 th Junior | Jake Brake (owned by Maryben) |
| Michael Berntsen | 3 rd Hwt | Padron's Cruising |
| Karen Chaton | 5 th Fwt | Rocky |
| Mike Maul (PS) | 1 st Hwt | Rroco-My-Sol |
| Lori Olesen | 5th(tie) BC | Aleclipse (owned by Judith Ogus) |
| Trilby Pederson | 7 th Fwt | Beau |
| Judy Reens | 10 th Lwt | 5th(tie) BC Benjih+// |
| Heather Reynolds | 6 th Lwt, 5th(tie) BC | LF Master Motion (owned by Skip Lightfoot) |
| Jeremy Reynolds | 3 rd Mwt. | LF Al Zarka Sudan |
| Michele Roush | 3 rd Fwt, 2nd Ov PI | Do So La (Owned by Howard Kent) |
| | 4 th Fwt, 8 th Ov PI | PR Tallymark (Owned by Steve Shaw) |
| Dennis Tracy | 1 st Lwt., 5 th Ov PI | San Ffrancisco |

Do So and Tallymark placed 2nd and 5th **National BC**; San Ffrancisco 4th & Master Motion 8th **National 100 award**; Jeremy & Heather placed 3rd and Judy & Dennis, 9th in the **Bob & Julie Suhr Husband & Wife Award**. Michele placed 1st & Trilby 2nd in the Fwt. **Pioneer Award**.

Horse News—too much colic ☺

Mike Maul's horse, Rroco, had successful colic surgery at Texas AM. Hope to see him back on the trail soon. **Steve Lenheim's** Ibn just had to join the club and had his colic surgery, also successful after a couple of setbacks, at Peninsula Equine.



Welcome to a new column!

Miss Folly's Helpful Hints

Dear Miss Folly,

Recently my riding partner took me in to have an ultrasound checkup on my front legs before the riding season started. Everything went well until a few days after the exam when my legs started to swell painfully. My skin was irritated, red and inflamed and it hurt so much I started limping around my paddock. I hadn't hurt myself otherwise. Was this connected to my exam?

Painful Legs, San Jose, CA

Dear Painful Legs,

Most likely your reaction was connected to the shaving of your legs for the exam in combination with the conductivity gel used for the ultrasound. If you're one of those folks with sensitive or pink skin under your hair, this can happen when you have an ultrasound. I've found that if you make sure the vet or your riding partner carefully cleans off all the conducting gel with alcohol directly after the exam, then you're less likely to have a reaction after an ultrasound.

Miss

Folly Handy Horse Hints

A good way of stopping a horse from chewing the top of the stable door, and which also helps to discourage cribbing, is to cut a slit down the length of a piece of tough plastic drainpipe. It

should then be slotted on to the top of the door and secured by a nail at each end. The curved, smooth surface will prevent the horse from being able to gain any purchase on it with its teeth.

To prevent your horse embarrassment caused by an uneven early season trace clipping, use a piece of chalk to mark out the lines of your clip before you start, so that you do not end up with a lopsided result.

If you have any hints to share with other members or would like to ask Miss Folly's advice, please email your letters to the editor of Quips at Mixfire@aol.com.

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Marvin's Corner

VERISIMILITUDE

A few weeks ago, Joyce and I attended the Grand Opening of the Heritage House in Campbell and enjoyed the music and dancing of entertainer, Tommy Tune. He concluded his evening's presentation by discussing the band and its contribution to his show. Then, without missing a beat, he said into the microphone, "And that's verisimilitude." He paused and then said to the audience, playfully, "LOOK IT UP." Joyce elbowed me, asking what the word meant.

The next day, as I was looking through the Swimsuit edition of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (I don't really look, you know, I actually just read about the geography of the photo shoots!), there was the word "verisimilitude" again. It appeared with reference to the swimsuits that were body-painted on to the models. Although I'm repeating its usage, here, out of context, the sentence (a reference to the body-painter) read, "And even he would appreciate the verisimilitude here."

Verisimilitude is not a word you run across every day. I can't remember when I last read it or heard it, but I'm sure that is was many years ago. Yet, here it was, coming into my consciousness twice within a 24 hour period.

I like the word. I think it's classy, though somewhat of a tongue-twister to pronounce. What does it mean? I'm going to answer this

question with Tommy Tune's light-hearted instruction to the audience in Campbell. **LOOK**

IT UP.

It's Still That Time of Year!!!!

If you have not yet paid your dues for 2004, this is your last chance before I put little yellow stickies on your issue of the Quips to remind you☺

We need your name_____

And then your address_____

And your phone number, Fax, e-mail_____

And last we need the names of the other members of your family.

And then we need your money! Senior membership is \$ 15_____
Junior membership is \$ 5_____

Why join the Quicksilver Endurance Riders? You will have the opportunity to participate in poker rides, moonlight rides, endurance rides, trail projects as well as attend monthly meetings, the Christmas party and the annual awards ceremony and saving the best for last, you will meet the best friends you will ever have!

How are our dues spent? Annual Yearbook/Calendar; monthly Newsletter; a representative voice in local horse politics; trail maintenance and improvement projects; year-end awards and monthly meetings.

Send your 2004 dues, checks made out to: Quicksilver Endurance Riders, Inc.

**Mail to Membership Chairperson: Maryben Stover
1299 Sandra Drive
San Jose, CA 95125-3535**

May your and your horse have wonderful Year 2004 riding together as members of the QUICKSILVER ENDURANCE RIDERS.

The Ride That Wasn't

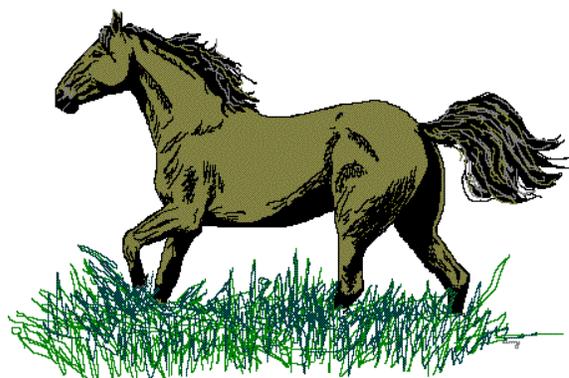
by Mike Maul

This is a short report on the ride I tried to go to. Perhaps some things are not meant to happen. The Ride Manager Randy Eiland broke his leg in two places the night before the ride when a water barrel rolled on it. I was off (from Houston) to the 3 day Cow Tanks ride near Las Cruces, NM with both my guys when one of them colicked on the way. It was evening but I located a vet in a very small west TX town for emergency treatment. He (Rroc) didn't get better and I was sent on to another vet with a clinic in a slightly bigger town 50 miles away. Treatment there didn't improve things so Texas A&M was indicated for possible surgery.

My trailer has partitions but they don't go to the floor so I could not take both horses. The colicking horse was likely to lie down and he would slide into the other horse (Thor) if I took them both. So I left one with the vet and set off on the 700 mile round trip to A&M. I arrived about 5 AM - Rroc had surgery and they found a "displaced bowel". He's doing fine now and I just have to go back to get him in a few days. I drove back to west TX and decided that as long as Rroc was in good hands - I'd try to get to the ride for a day or so with my other guy.

Heading west again - I ran into snow, sleet, and black ice. It continued to get worse and the elevation was going to get a lot higher before I came down into El Paso. I finally turned around and made it back to Ft. Stockton and overnighted at the fairgrounds. The next morning ice was everywhere and the town was shut down. I finally got back on the Interstate and slowly moved east - getting out of the ice in 60-70 miles.

Back to Houston 9 hours later. I'd driven 2,000 miles in 2 1/2 days - never gotten to the ride, and never even gotten out of TX or within 200 miles of the border...Rroc is fine and home already. The protocol is to keep them on very reduced food the first several days and he's very hungry. I hope my next ride turns out better.



Chief's First 100 at the 20 Mule Team on February 14, 2004

By Karen Chaton

We rode thru the desert with a horse with no braid. That was the name of our Team on this ride. I cleaned up Chief's mane, conditioned and braided it. A couple of days before the ride I found him minus the longest braid. We found it, all 22" of it, out in the dirt where the horses lie down. I figured that he was probably sleeping when one of the other horses came and stood on it and he jumped up and ripped it right off. I just figured that this was one of those things that horses like to do to freak you out right before their first 100.

I knew Chief was ready for it, since he'd done all 4 days of Death Valley and was very strong on the last day; it was time for an attitude adjustment by way of going 100 miles in one day. This is a good first 100 for a horse. The trail is nice with gradual climbs, nothing too difficult or technical and the footing is excellent. Though, you do definitely want to take a horse to this ride that is well broke to motorcycles (and lots of 'em).

Getting ready for a 100 is a lot of fun. We spent the day Friday getting everything together. Packing for all of the vet checks, food for the rider and the horse. Finding the glow bars and getting everything organized so it would be easy to find during the ride. Making sure I had all of the riding clothes I would need in case the weather turned. The right blankets and rain gear for the horse in case it was needed.

Dave came with me to crew and was going to meet me at the first hour hold (approx. 35 miles), the 3rd check at 57 miles, back in camp at 65 miles and then out on the trail again at 92 miles. So I had to make sure I had enough feed for the horse packed for each of those times, plus myself. I was getting excited.

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The ride start went well. I waited until about 5 minutes after 6 a.m. and then mounted and walked out of camp. Chief was calm and going well. I gave my number and crossed the road onto the trail. Chief realized that he was starting a ride and woke up---I had already walked him around camp earlier to warm up so asked him to do a slow trot. He was going along pretty well but started to get excited. He would get behind his bit, and do little jumps. I was trying to tell him to go forward but afraid to squeeze with my legs for fear that he would go up rather than forward, so tried to stay calm and keep him moving.

He got thru it and was fine for a while. He doesn't buddy up with other horses so it doesn't help me to be next to another horse, he still wants to catch up to any horse that is ahead that he can see. So that is where it was give and take for a while. I would let him trot a little faster to keep him happy, then reel him back to a slower trot or walk when I could. We finally reached the 8-mile water spot and stopped. I got off here and hung out a little while and let some of the others go ahead and left when I had a break so I would be by myself. That really helped, now we were riding at a pace we somebody. This was nice. I was finally able to start taking photos. The first vet check was about 14 miles out. We pulsed down, trotted and then drank and headed back out on the trail with a couple of bites of hay.

The weather was beautiful. Soon we were being passed by the 65 milers who had started an hour behind us. A few cantered by on one of the downhill sections, I think 7 of them. Chief actually handled that fine I think he gets the concept of being passed. I had been counseling him, telling him "you need to get control of your feelings". I think he was starting to listen. His first and only spook on the ride came up soon at the next water trough. We were trotting along and it was off to the side around a bush and as soon as he saw it he went sideways, but stopped and then walked right over and drank. I electrolyted him then, the only time I syringed him with electrolytes throughout the entire ride. The rest of the time he ate them in his food, which I prefer.

We soon encountered several large groups of motorcycles. They were everywhere, passing us in groups, singles, going around us, next to us. The hour hold went well at 35 miles. Dave was waiting for us. I had something to eat and one of those new Snapple meal replacement drinks. I drank a few of them during the day and like them a lot. Chief ate hay, soaked oats, soaked complete feed w/elytes, apples, carrots, equine senior and cob. On the trail I carry carrots and feed him several between each check. He went thru more than 10 pounds of carrots in one day, mostly on the trail.

I picked up his feet and checked his shoes. He's in his third shoeing of Ground Control shoes, and this set was put on a week before the ride. I bend back the heel area and shake, to get all of the small little pebbles out. We never got any larger rocks in the shoes during the ride. The footing is so good on this ride that I wouldn't expect to, though there are a couple of sections that something could get in there. The shoes have almost no wear on them.

At this check I changed from his bit into a hackamore. I thought that he'd be fine in it, but it didn't work out how I hoped, so at the next check I switched back to the bit. Oh well. I left the check a little over our time and rode with Sue and Becky, my other team members. Heather (the 4th) pulled earlier in the day so there were three of us left. The 6.5 mile long section of flat road seemed to go by fairly quickly. I took more photos, and soon we arrived at the water stop where John Teeter was. There was hay there and the horses all drank well. We had one more water stop before the next vet check. We were making pretty good time keeping a steady pace. The vet check went well, in fact I had perfect checks all day long I don't think I could have had a more perfect ride.

Well, until the part at the very end {sigh}. We left that check and had 8 more miles to go back to camp to the 65-mile point and another hour hold. Sue, Becky and I were still together. Becky's horse Ed walks really fast (he's gaited) and it was hard for Chief and Rocky (Sue's horse) to keep up. We made it into the check before dark, and enjoyed our hour hold. I changed clothes, ate, put glow bars on Chief's b/c, put my headlamp on and made sure I had everything I'd need at the 92 mile point should the weather turn bad.

So far, it had stayed absolutely perfect all day. No wind! Soon it was time to go. This is the part that I had lived for all day long. Hell, ever since Death Valley! Now was the moment I had been savoring.....the time to see the look on Chief's face when we headed back out! The look on him when I put the bit in his mouth was totally priceless! Up until this ride, he had never done more than a 55 mile one day ride before. I lead him out of camp and mounted.

We crossed the road to the trail. Becky and Sue were not ready to leave yet so I took advantage of the opportunity to see how my horse would feel by himself. He took off at a nice good walk, then asked to trot. Wow! I told him, now see, this is how you should have been at the START! You've got it boy, now next time don't make me ride you 65 miles to get you to do this ok? {g} He sure had a great attitude.

The last 35 miles was the best part of the day! We trotted up to the water trough where the official finish line was. A couple of riders were galloping in and so

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we moved out of the way over to the water trough. That still wasn't good enough as one of them continued in a circle and came around and pretty much slammed right into us. Chief jumped sideways in time to not get hit, at least. I was just glad I wasn't dumped off in the water.

We then figured it was safe to continue back on the trail and got on our merry way. Chief never looked back, never balked and seemed pretty cheerful about this whole thing. This was fun! He was having a great day and takes such good care of himself he doesn't give me anything to worry about so I was having a really great ride. The stars above were bright and clear.

We continued at a nice steady pace, walking and trotting. We were only slowed down trying to find the trail (let's just say they don't go overboard with glow bars on this ride). Eventually Becky caught up with me, joined by Alexis. Sue had decided to go back and pulled (darn), so now it was just Becky and I left from our team. We rode together to the water stop by the underpass. I got off here and decided to stay and let Chief eat while the others went ahead. Chief was still not able to keep up with Ed's walk and I didn't want to have to ride a jiggling horse, plus since this was his first 100 I really wanted to spend it alone with him. After letting him eat a few minutes, I mounted up and we left the check at a walk.

Chief followed the trail easily in the dark and we made it into the 92-mile point at the same time Becky and Alexis were leaving. We had a 15-minute hold here and stayed a little longer since Chief was eating well. The evening was beautiful. Now we only had 8 miles left to go to the finish. Or so I thought. We made it up the trail, back across Hwy 395, underneath the Ridgecrest billboard and then back up and over the hill towards Ridgecrest and camp.

We were doing pretty good, I felt really good and Chief had a nice enthusiastic attitude. As we were dropping down closer and closer towards the finish, Chief tried to make a turn. I saw a glow bar ahead and steered him towards it instead. There were more glow bars so I kept following them. How was I to know that they had been moved and I was no longer following the real trail? Pretty soon I started to realize that I wasn't where I should be. Chief already knew this. I saw the lights of Ridgecrest and all I could think of is "uh oh, which way do I go?"

I wasn't sure where to turn, and could not for the life of me find the lights of the fairgrounds, they every so conveniently blended in with all of the other city lights. I came upon some guys in a truck and asked them if they knew how to get to the fairgrounds. They said sure, and what are you doing out at 3 a.m. with a horse? They drove towards me and got a little too close for comfort so I quickly

jumped on Chief. I wasn't very comfortable with the situation, being alone and no idea where I was but figured that being on the horse was safer.

They told me where to go, to the stop sign, turn left and go two miles, then left two more miles and the fairgrounds are on your right. I had no reason to doubt them. I was figuring at this point I had simply lost the trail, or took a wrong turn. I had followed the glow bars until they stopped. It was not uncommon on this trail to have it be a mile between glow bars. I didn't know it at the time, but I was only one turn (block) away from the fairgrounds when I followed the glow bars the complete wrong direction.

I made the turn that I was told to make, trotted on by the Wal Mart and Albertson's on China Lake Boulevard. Soon, these guys were circling around the block and I was getting a bit nervous. They were drunk. I realized that at one point they had told me that the way I was going (the first time I saw them) that they had told me that all of the other horses had gone the way they told me to go. If they knew that, why did they ask me what was I doing out there with a horse at 3 a.m.? Suddenly I didn't feel so good. I cut Chief over off of the road and into some dirt, in an area where they couldn't follow me easily.

We trotted along and ran when we could, now I wanted to get somewhere to try and call for help. As I continued down the road, I could see that there were no lights beyond the Shell station and that I knew I had been messed with. I was annoyed at myself for not having my cell phone with me, or even my GPS with base camp marked on it. Then I wouldn't be in this position. My horse had already gone 100 miles and now I am riding him the complete wrong direction from the finish line, and he is perfectly willing to go.

Suddenly, he stops and refuses to go. I got angry with him and urged him on, thinking you stupid horse I've ridden you 100 miles and you won't go now; don't you understand this is important we need to get out of here? Thoughts I would later regret having. He wouldn't go, so I turned him left and went up a ways, then right again, and then he was willing to go. We ran up to the Shell station, which was closed but there was a phone. I jumped off and ran over to it and dialed 911. Yay, it rang! The phone worked!

I got a dispatcher and told her what happened, that these drunk guys sent me the wrong way, were following me and I had no idea where the fairgrounds were, could they help me? She said sure, hold on. Came back on the line and I said, can you tell me which direction I need to go from here to get to the fairgrounds? She hesitated a second and said, "well, it's pretty far". {gulp}. I explained that my horse had already gone 100+ miles and was running thru the dark trying to get away from these guys and I wanted

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to keep him moving so could I please just walk the right direction and have the police meet me?

She said sure, do you see the lights from Wal Mart and Albertson's? @\$%\$ uhhh.....you mean the one I passed a half an hour ago? Yes. Head that way. Okay, thank you. I turned Chief back around and started walking him back. As I led him I went back over into the dirt and as we walked I came upon the spot earlier where he had balked and refused to go. Oh my Gawd. I got tears in my eyes and turned around and hugged him and told him what a good boy he was. He saved our lives. Had he gone where I had asked him to go, we would have tumbled a ways into a culvert and I probably wouldn't be telling this story now. I am glad that after going more than 100 miles, he had more sense than I had and knew how to take care of us.

I continued walking and soon two police cars pulled up. I stopped and we talked a few minutes. They were going to see if they could find the guys that had been harassing me and make sure I got back to the fairgrounds okay. The directions were to go back past the Wal Mart, next street down turn right, go thru the next stop sign, keep going straight, then turn left and the fairgrounds were right there. I realized at that point that I had already been right there, but just one street over and could not see the lights.

I asked what time it was, and don't remember what it was, but it was maybe 4 a.m. so I knew I would have enough time to simply walk in and make it in time. I had blisters on my feet but did not care. I just knew that I wanted to take the best care of Chief that I could, since he had gotten me through so much in the last 24 hours. I owed it to him to not risk any more dumb things like trotting in the dark through an area full of obstacles that could get us hurt.

Made it in around 4:30 a.m. (I think). Brian and Charlie (vet) were sitting in the truck. I found out that I was the 2nd to last rider. John Parke was still due in. I heard that some of the other riders had been rerouted too, and have since found out from others that they also had some situations to deal with that weren't all real pleasant. I was just happy that I made it back to camp in one piece, with a healthy horse, even if it was with a police escort.

I learned a lot. I will always bring my cell phone from now on. I will always bring my GPS, and before I start I will mark base camp. At each out vet check I will mark a waypoint. I will listen to my horse even if there are glow bars ahead, and I will thank him and love him for keeping me safe and for bringing me so much happiness and pleasure.

Becky and I only have the EHSC 50 left to do to

get the Fire Mt. Horse Excellence award this year! 300 miles down, 50 left to go. I love having goals.



Karla and Patrick's Trip to the Mojave Desert Classic Jan 31/Feb 1

(This story is great; these people not only have endurance but a sense of humor, too)

The trip to the desert was quite exciting. It started with Patrick purchasing an RV the week before we were to leave - we had much to do. The RV had to have the frame strengthened for towing, 7 new tires, new brakes, belts and hoses changed, radiator flushed. With all of this going on, we barely saw the RV except to drive from one place to another.

After the frame shop (tire store was next door so that was convenient!) I was driving along and smelled burning - thought it was the new brakes breaking in, so kept on to home. A day or so later, after it was in another shop or 2, Patrick was checking the battery and found that the battery box had rusted through (has he ever bought a used vehicle with a decent battery box?) and a support was rubbing on the new tire! We fixed that quickly, took it to the next shop.

Meanwhile, I was having some changes made to the trailer, including the installation of a water tank some good friends had purchased for Christmas (you can sure tell they hauled water at a ride!). The trailer was retrieved (on Monday, with Thurs. early a.m. leaving time!) and I took it to the ranch to fill it with proper horse water. Well, while showing my friend how cool it was going to be, it sprung a leak at about 2/3 full. I quickly turned on the pump and ran out as much of the water as I could. Called the trailer guy; he replaced the tank for me - I owe him one tank! - on Wednesday (another 60 mile trip to San Martin).

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After we think all is good, we finally have the RV home - I am furiously packing stuff for the trip at 2:30 the a.m. we are to leave. I managed to lose all of my keys that night! I went early to have some new keys made, Patrick hooks up, we are now ready to go get the girls and leave town - so we think.

When I arrived at the ranch to pick up the horses, the RV was really smoking and you could smell burning - again. Turns out that the overflow tank had not been hooked up to the radiator! Patrick fixed that. I fed the girls, loaded them, went to his work to pick him up (he had to fill out his time card as we do like to be paid!) and we hit the road - or so we thought. While driving on 280 back towards home, the thing starts to fish tail - we call the trailer repair guy and he agrees to put on an antisway device - THANK GOD!

So, now it is about 4:30 p.m. and we finally hit the road. We have to go over Pacheco Pass - very steep, parts with oncoming traffic, very prone to gusty winds. We were whipped around something awful - not fishtailing - the entire rig! With the hills involved, we were lucky we could climb at 35 mph! I drove down to Bakersfield and Patrick was sort of pushing to go further. It was 11:30 p.m., so I threatened him and we stopped at an RV park. No one was in the office, so we filled out the form (stated that we had 2 pets) and proceeded to an unattended spot and slept for a few hours. We pulled out at 5:30 a.m. - still no one in the office - I owe them money, but I have to find them. Nowhere did they list their prices! We made it to the ride site rather uneventfully after that, except - the lights on the trailer would not come back on! We had a right turn light only in the dark.

We signed in and vetted the horses. All appeared to be fine. I was worried about the girls due to the 14 hours in the trailer, but they appeared to be fine. Patrick and I went on a light ride to check things out - seemed nice enough. I packed our saddle bags and Patrick cooked food, went to the ride meeting, returned to the rig, fed the girls MORE hay, I slept some, Patrick did not really. We woke up early - 5:00 a.m. - fed the girls more, dressed, tacked, and started the ride at 7:00 a.m. It started to rain on the way to the start so we returned to the trailer to get some rain gear. It was COLD.

At 8 miles into the ride there was a water stop at 7 mile corral. I told Patrick Cherry was not happy about her boots so he needed to just go on (we split paths there anyway - T was only going on the 25, Cherry was slated for the 50).

Patrick left and I walked up to the two vets who were there - Kathy and the Duck. I said something is wrong with my horse. They said, yep. How long has she been like this - I said just a little bit - Cherry had "tied up". I had no idea what it was, only that it was bad. We were, of course, pulled from the ride. Kathy gave Cherry a banamine shot, the ER trailer was called for - the vets had to leave. Cherry and I were left on our own to await Joseph and his magical trailer.

While waiting in the desert all by myself all I kept thinking of was that old Johnny Cash song "Lost in the Desert to Die" - not a good thing to have running through your head while alone in the desert. I decided to call Kristen, our vet at home. I left her a half a message before my phone also died, the display fried, no more connections to the outside world were possible. I was really thinking about being lost in the desert to die then! Joseph and his trailer came, boy was I glad to see him! We were taken to the lunch spot - as that was where the vets were located.

We passed Patrick leaving the lunch spot - told him Cherry crashed and would be fine - finish the ride. Cherry was given 4 or 5 bags of fluid - I thought 4, but someone else told me 5 - I got to hold the pole up the entire time - what fun! It took until almost the end of the 3rd before she peed - it was horrible to see. It was clumpy red - a few streaks of yellow in there. I was horrified. I still knew very, very little about tying up. With the continuation of the fluids she peed again - only brown, I was beginning to feel better about her prognosis. It was damn cold, the wind was really blowing, I had no coat for me, only Cherry's rump rug and saddle pad to keep her warm. At the lunch stop, we were loaned a cooler by someone (one of Jackie Bumgardner's I think) and many people told me their experiences with tying up. Most people were very, very kind.

Meanwhile, Patrick and T finished their race - they placed 2nd! T dumped him on his head (good thing for helmets and soft sand) when she saw a dead Joshua tree. Patrick swears that he came off as his saddle is too slick. I explained to him that if he never rides in his saddle it will continue to be slick. They rode quickly, but not really for us. Only averaged 8 mph. We usually average much quicker on training rides. Patrick was waiting for us quite nervously and was glad to see us finally come in. Cherry appeared to be quite a bit better by then. I put 2 sheets on her - a cooler covered by her winter blanket. The

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idea being that her muscles needed to be fully covered and warm.

I called Kristen again - this time with my spare battery and was able to speak to her very briefly before she went into an area where her cell phone did not work. What I mostly got from the conversation was that I needed to keep Cherry hydrated so that she would not do kidney damage - so I kept pumping electrolytes into her - 3 or 4 tubes a day. I also figured out that I was foolish to leave home with no drugs for the horses in my ER kit. I will not make that error again!

The next morning came around, Patrick and T started again on the 25 - Cherry and I obviously stayed in camp. The day again started out cold - the water for the horses was frozen. I was in wind proof/water proof tights with sweats over them for warmth. Patrick offered to let me ride, but I really would not have enjoyed it, and he needed the experience. Cherry walked around a bit and ate from all the piles of hay left by the people who had pulled out after one day. After she settled some, I packed things and got ready to leave.

By the time I thought Patrick and T should have been in, no one had completed. I was becoming quite nervous. Patrick is not known to be the most observant individual - he could easily have missed a marker flag and gone awry even though he had his GPS (first ride for the GPS too).

When I saw Joseph come in to set up the finish line, I went to stand in the back of his truck so I could see better. The woman who placed 1st the first day came in - about 5 minutes or so later, T came in. I took some pix - I hope they worked! Patrick and T got back to the rig; I detacked T and fully rinsed her. We let her walk around a bit, but she wanted Cherry to go with her so we let Cherry out to walk with T. Those girls really are best buddies!

I vetted T in and Patrick worked on the wiring for the trailer. He found some errors in the RV wiring, not really surprising, we had found a few by then in other areas. He thought all was well and we could more or less begin our drive home. Well, the trailer lights again quit - this time the pin in the connector was not really strong enough or some such thing. Patrick rigged it up to just stay on and we hit the road again. We stopped at the same place again - similar situation - now I owe them for 2 nights - and we began our drive home and into warmer weather the next a.m. very early.

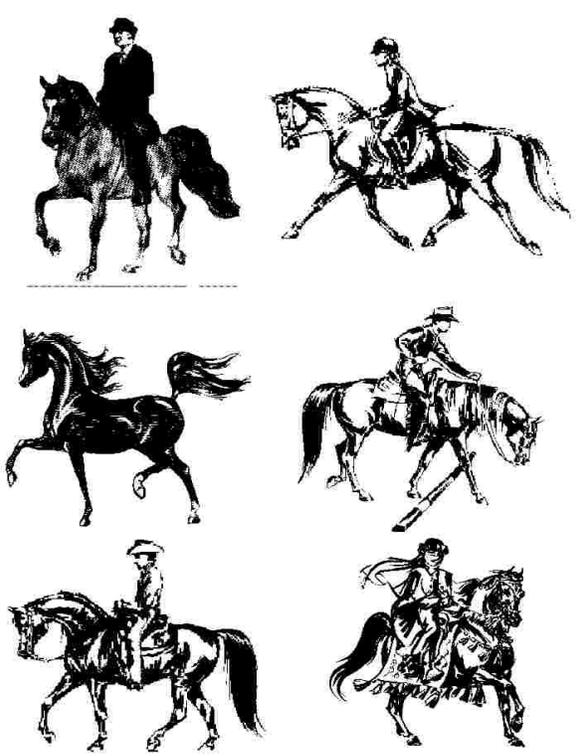
I missed a connector road from 99 to Highway 5, but we figured that was ok as there was another further up the road. The one further up the road was extremely windy. We were buffeted around again. Thank God we had the frame strengthened and the antisway bar added. At the last gas stop, I forgot to put on the gas cap - found that out when we got home.

We called Kristen on the way into town - she met us at the stables and took blood work from Cherry. Cherry is not too good right now, but she has no kidney damage, which is good. Kristen expects Cherry to make a full recovery and not have any more problems. I hope she is right!

T ran off into the pasture and is happy. Patrick and Karla came home. We went to bed and Patrick finally slept - he slept for about 8 hours, which for him is very unusual.

This morning Patrick made some french toast and told me I should try some. I began eating when my tooth broke in half. The dentist is covered over, so it will be tomorrow before I can get that repaired. The saga continues...

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2004 MARCH Events

| Date | Region | Ride Name | Distance | Manager | Phone # |
|-------|--------|-----------------------|----------|------------------|--------------|
| 03/20 | W | Shine & Shine Only | 25/50 | Becky Grand Hart | 408-997-0814 |
| 03/20 | W | Rides of March | 30/50 | Tami Rougeau | 775-972-6624 |
| 03/27 | PS | Cuyama Oaks | 50 | Ann Nicholson | 907-299-1350 |
| 28/29 | | XP Pioneer I, II, III | 55/50 | " | " |

EARLY APRIL RIDES

| | | | | | |
|-------|----|--------------------|-------|-------------|--------------|
| 04/02 | PS | Gambler's Special | 50 | Fred Toomey | 775-751-5490 |
| 04/03 | | Pioneer 3 Day Ride | 50 | " | " |
| 04/04 | | | 35/50 | " | " |

March Meeting

MARCH 17, 2004 (St. Patrick's Day, so wear something green!)

6:00 PM BOARD MEETING

(Members Welcome)

7:00 PM GENERAL MEETING

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Quicksilver Endurance Riders, Inc.
P. O. Box 71
New Almaden, CA 95042