



Quicksilver Quips

July 2020

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President's Message-July 2020

Social distancing, isolation, shelter at home, wash your hands, don't touch your face, stay six feet apart, wear a mask, avoid crowds. That is the new normal. THE NEW NORMAL??!! Are you kidding? Where did the word "normal" come from? I can think of a lot more words that would be more appropriate - like strange, weird, even bizarre.

Single, I'm forced to live alone in my man cave, with only myself to carry on an intelligent conversation. It's not working out well for me. I've been arguing a lot lately.

Anyone out there feels that odd sensation that we're living in an Alice in Wonderland world? Thank God most of us have horses we can go to for comfort; something really big to hug. OK! Yeah! I hug 'em, that's what guys do when they're too old to get on them.

It's encouraging to see many of us were able to get out on the trails and enjoy the beautiful spring season we have had this year. The wildflowers were spectacular. I particularly miss not seeing them on horseback in the backcountry. Pat McAndrews and Butch busted me up on their horse Muffie and I did get in a short ride in at Calero. Thanks guys!

There's a lot of fit horses out there chomping at the bit ready to do their thing, not to mention their owners who are confined to trail riding. Not that that is so bad.

(Fingers crossed!!)

The Club ride this year is somewhat questionable, there are so many details that need to be addressed, issues that we have never had to deal with in the past. As you can imagine the club has a challenging job ahead, maintaining the rules issued by AERC, as well as adhering to the Covid 19 standards required by the State and County parks. That doesn't give us much room to work. Planning an event like this is difficult because we

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don't know if the rules will change. As it stands right now there is no way an endurance ride could happen. At this time athletic events are banned in most places. Shannon and Jerry are proceeding, doing all the red tape necessary to put the ride on and are now at a point where we just have to wait for new developments. The good news is, time is on our side.

I was sad to hear of the passing of Bud McCrary and Courtney Hart. They were both highly respected, long time friends of the Quicksilver Club. Courtney, among other things, was one of the founders of the QS club. Bud, the brother of Lud, allowed, (with the help of Barbara and Lud) us to enjoy the use of their ranch for many years. One very special place and a favorite of mine when it comes to memories.

That's about all for now, as you have probably guessed Jill did not write this message. I was volunteered.

If you plan to go out to protest, be nice, wear a mask, and treat everyone like you want to be treated. Remember no one can see your smile.

Dick Carter



General Information for the Membership



Trails Update

The trail that goes out from the SCCHA (Emma's trail) to Henry Cowell park has been repaired in the two places that were dangerous. The "mud pit" close to the beginning of the trail has been cleaned up, rocks and drainage have been installed, and it's just lovely. Further up, where the trail collapsed into a ravine, a semi-bridge has been installed with good drainage. The trail is now totally safe to ride thanks to some great work by State Parks!

Treasurer's Report

Checking : \$10,844.71
Trails Account : \$1,074.82

Zoom Board Meeting for July 22 at 7 PM.

Log-on info will be sent via e-mail closer to that date.

The main topic of discussion will be the fall ride plans. Let Jill know if you have other items to add to the agenda.

The information below is from a blog by Dr. David Ramey, a veterinarian who is pretty good at getting to the core of things and keeping them simple. I whittled it down to the very basics, in case someone is thinking about buying a horse and may find this useful. Submitted by Elisabet Hiatt

Seven Rules for Buying a Horse

David Ramey, DVM article excerpt.



This is not a “how to” when it comes to pre-purchase exams – there are probably as many ways to do these exams as there are people to do them. Instead, let’s see what we can do to help put you, and keep you, in charge of the process. Here are seven rules to live buy, when it comes to buying a horse.

1. Don’t be in a hurry. Trust me, there are lots of horses out there. Given everything else that you’re going to be spending, make sure you spend the time to get what you want. Ride the horse as many times as you can. See if you can get him moved to where you’re going to keep him – sometimes horses behave quite differently when they are in unfamiliar surroundings. Try him in different circumstances. Wait for a color you like. Whatever requirements you have for a horse, satisfy them: then consider buying! All good things come to those who wait.



2. Don’t have unrealistic expectations. If a horse has been traipsing around the dressage ring for 10 years futilely trying to trace a 20 meter circle, it’s pretty unlikely that you’re the one that’s going to be able to bring him to his “real” potential of Grand Prix. Know what you want – get what you want. If you get to be a better rider, and you want to compete at higher levels, when you get there, go buy a better horse. Don’t buy potential, unless you have an appetite for risk.

3. Make sure you like the horse. Given that many horses are living into their 30’s, keep in mind that you could be living with your purchase for a couple of decades, or more. The last thing in the world that you want to do is spend that time being bucked off, bitten, kicked, stomped on, spun off, struck, stuck (when he refuses to move), run over, pulled down the aisle – otherwise known as “barn skiing” – etc., etc., etc. Unless you just love being challenged, and have a thing for trying to tame wild beasts, get a nice horse, one that you like. Your veterinarian will like you for it, too.



4. Don’t expect to make a profit. I have been told that if you’re going to collect art, you should buy something because you like it, and not because you’re thinking that you’re going to make money off it. Even if you don’t make money off an artwork, if you like it, at least you can hang it in your living room. Horses are like that. All sorts of people buy horses in hopes of turning a profit. They think that (or they’ve been told) that they’ll buy the horse, bring it to its full potential, and end up with a pot of gold. Don’t do it (unless you can also use \$100 bills as bathroom tissue). There’s just too much uncertainty out there when it comes to horses. Occasionally, it even works out, which is the same reason that people keep buying lottery tickets. If you can afford to lose money, and you like to play the game, play the game. If you can’t, don’t.

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5. You can't predict the future. No matter how much money you spend, no matter how many X-rays you take, no matter what you ultrasound, and no matter how many blood tests you run, you can only tell how the horse that you're looking at is doing on that day, and that day only. No diagnostic test can predict the future. If you like the horse for how he is, and who he is, then go ahead and take the plunge. But it'd be a shame if you avoided buying your next best friend because of a problem you thought that he *might* have, only to watch someone else have a great time with him because they didn't share those same concerns.



6. Be very clear about what you're paying for in the pre-purchase exam, and why. Don't get talked into paying for tests and examinations that aren't going to get you any useful information. People regularly spend several thousand dollars doing pre-purchase examinations on expensive horses, looking for "problems." However, the fact is that there is no test that can predict how a horse is going to be performing down the road. That's right: no X-ray can tell you if a joint is going to become arthritic, no ultrasound can tell you if a tendon is going to bow, and no amount of conformation analysis can tell

you if a horse can jump successfully for years.



7. Make sure that the deal is transparent. If someone is representing you in the purchase of the horse, make sure that you get a sales agreement, in writing, signed by the buyer, the seller, and any agents that are involved. Heck, even a dog can shake hands. ■

Lori Oleson Has a New Horse!

Welcome to the family, Rushcreek Fargo! He is now a permanent part of my herd. We are sure to have many miles of adventure in the coming years. Thank you, Kathy Brayton, for trusting me with his future.



BLM SEEKS PUBLIC COMMENT ON E-BIKE REGULATIONS

By Troy Patton, Co-VP Public Lands, BCHC

The Bureau of Land Management announced on April 2, 2020 that they were opening a public comment period on proposed electric bike regulations. The public comment period will end on June 9th.

The proposed rule would amend the BLM's current management rule of considering e-bikes as off highway vehicles. It would add a definition for e-bikes that would allow them to be considered as bikes in line with the Secretary of the Interior, David Bernhardt's order to expand access on public lands to e-bikes. The proposed change would allow local BLM land managers the authority to use the new definition to make decisions on whether e-bikes should be operated on public lands in their jurisdictions. It would also direct BLM to address e-bike use in any future land use or implementation level decisions.

Wilderness areas will remain off-limits to both traditional bicycles and e-bikes. Also, e-bikes would not be given special access beyond what traditional non-motorized bicycles are allowed. The BLM goes on to state that they have already empowered its local land managers to permit the use of e-bikes, the comment period provides an opportunity for the public to offer feedback on the proposed rule. They state they will use feedback as they craft the final rule.

What this all means is that they will no longer consider an e-bike as a motorized vehicle. For all intents and purposes they would be considered the same as a bicycle without a motor. This re-designation would allow e-bikes on non-motorized trails where the land manager deems it appropriate. In other words, instead of changing the trail designation, they are changing the e-bike designation. Since there are no changes to trail designations, the NEPA process is not in play.

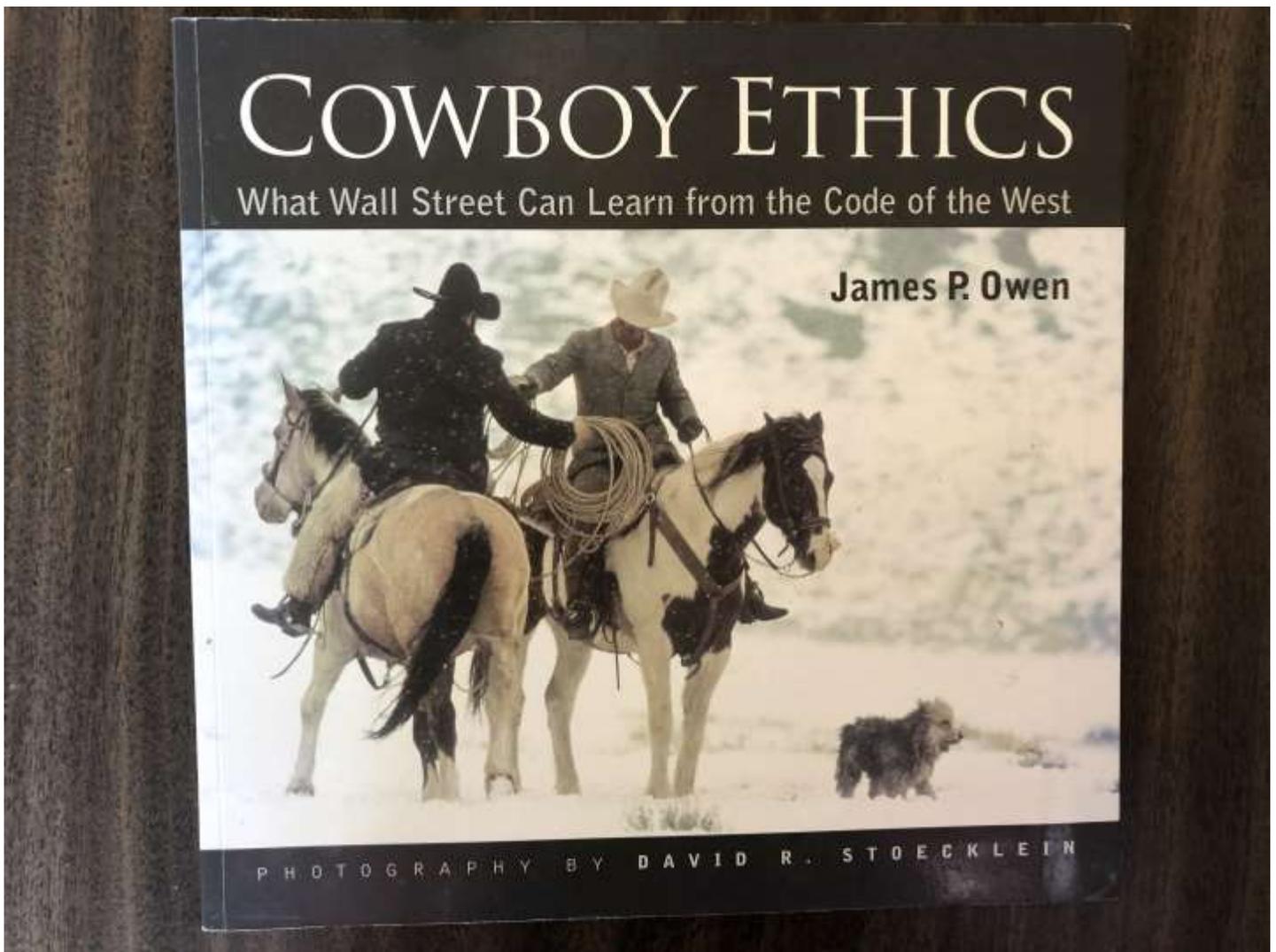
Backcountry Horsemen of California need to make their opinions on this change known. You can find the proposed rule at this link (<https://www.regulations.gov/docket?D=BLM-2020-0001>). You may submit comments on the proposed regulation, identified by the number RIN 1004-AE72 by either using the link above or US mail:

U.S. Department of the Interior
Director (630) Mail Stop 2134 LM
1849 C. St. N.W.
Washington D.C. 20240
Attention RIN 1004-AE72

This country was explored, surveyed, mapped and settled by people using horses and pack stock. We have a strong historical background in the development of our nation and we should not be pushed into only riding in Wilderness Areas.

BCHC does not agree with this change. We will be sending an official comment from the organization, but we would like all of our members to also comment individually. We feel that they are endangering the safety of equestrians and hikers by allowing e-bikes with speeds over 20 miles an hour on the same trails where a horse or human are moving around 3 miles an hour. It is a recipe for conflicts and disaster. The e-bikes should remain classified as what they are - a motorized vehicle. BLM states in their "Background and Description of Proposed Action" that "The objectives of these regulations are to protect the resources of the public lands, to promote the safety of all users of those lands, and to minimize conflicts among the various uses of those lands." We do not believe the proposed change will accomplish those objectives.

Backcountry Horsemen of California · 16450 Lawrence Road · Escalon, California 95320 USA



Book Report

COWBOY ETHICS

What Wall Street Can Learn From The Code of the West

By James P. Owen

The author is a veteran of Wall Street who has looked to the west to find a code of ethics which he finds missing on Wall Street. He harks back to a time when a deal was struck with a hand shake. An author of books on the investment world, he found something missing and looks to the west.

He sought the help of David R. Stoecklein, a renowned Western photographer, and this man captured the West better than anyone else in my opinion. The pictures are beyond gorgeous. Some taken in mid-winter and some in the heat of summer describe a way of life far from glamorous.

Each chapter is headed with a statement such as "A Man Is Only As Good As his Word" and "Remember That Some Things Are Not For Sale." When you look at the pictures you realize that it is not just the cowboy we are observing. Underneath him was an animal that was asked to give as much, or maybe even more.

In reality I do not feel as though all cowboys are, or may be, as virtuous as he describes. Range wars and cattle rustling were commonplace. But this soft covered book needs to be shared because it dramatically describes a way of life fast vanishing.

By Julie Suhr

1. Death Valley, California



Credit: Sergey Novikov / Shutterstock.com

Record Temperature: 134°F (56.7°C)

Taking the top spot, we have the aptly-named Death Valley. Situated in an unforgiving location near the border of California and Nevada, Death Valley is an inhospitable desert with temperatures rivaling many of the deserts in the Middle East. Both the [World Meteorological Association](#) and [Guinness World Records](#) recognize Death Valley as the hottest region in the world, with its peak temperature reaching 134 degrees Fahrenheit in the summer of 1913.

But it's not all sand, dust and dirt — Death Valley actually features impressive biodiversity despite its rugged conditions. Visitors may see wild sheep, hawks, burros and even [fields of wildflowers in bloom](#), provided you come during the right season.

Editor's note: The above is an excerpt from a quiz on my computer relating to the ten hottest locations in the world. Now you know why Death Valley was named such and why the Death Valley ride is held at the end of December, providing riders with nice temperate days.

How I Met Nurse Hannah

by Dick Carter

We've all had that little voice in the back of our head trying to tell us something, usually warning us to slow down and think about what we are about to do. In this case I was about to put my foot in the stirrup, which I had done thousands of times in the past. You see, in all those times I had never had a major mishap. So, although I thought about what the little voice was saying, my flawed logic caused me to overrule the little voice. Thinking that I was just a little leery of this new horse that I had never ridden. That little voice I experience every time I get on a strange horse, I dismissed, this time, as an over-reaction. Most of the time I listen to that little voice. I have known it to be a reliable tool. It's when I didn't use it, that I was put in the situation I'm about to relate.

I had heard about this Arabian mare that wasn't being ridden. Her owner was looking for someone to ride her. Since I was in between horses at the time, I decided to check her out. She was a sturdy looking, well-mannered girl and I was impressed by her classic Arabian look. My friend, who told me about the horse assured me that she was a calm, safe horse, but needed an experienced rider. Experienced rider?! (Uh-Oh! little voice) If only I had listened.

So, the owner of the mare and I, saddled her up and we were ready to ride.

In order to access the riding trails, it was first necessary to lead our horses down a very steep, narrow mile and a half trail to the bottom of the hill, where we mounted our horses. The mare stood calmly as I climbed aboard and it wasn't until we began riding that I experience her unruly behavior. I could see that the ride was going to be difficult and uncomfortable. I informed my two companions that I was going to take her back to her corral. Since she was doing well as long as she was in front, they convinced me to ride her ahead and wait for them two miles down the trail where the trails split.

That two-mile ride was a delight, we trotted and loped the whole way. We rejoined the group, she was perfectly behaved and I started to relax on her. At the end of the trail where the steep climb back to the barn began, she began to act up again. I decided to get off of her and lead her up the hill. My two companions went on ahead. The hill was very steep and every step was a struggle, my progress slow. Soon the owner of the mare appeared above me, impatient to end the ride and urged me to mount her, assuring me she would be fine. I was tired, out of breath and the idea of a ride up the steep trail was enticing. Once again that little voice was over-ruled by my shaky knees, pounding heart and heavy breathing.



The helicopter trip to the trauma center at Valley Medical Center in San Jose was my first time in a helicopter. I didn't see much, though. I was strapped in on my back looking up at the ceiling. Occasionally I could see a pretty young paramedic looking down at me asking me if the pain was any better. I remember telling her that the pain don't get any better this! As I lay there I tried to remember what had just happened. I remember putting my foot in the stirrup, the horse spinning before I was completely in the saddle, and we were headed down that steep narrow trail at a full gallop. I remember looking at the drop off at the side of the trail and a brief search for a place to land, but don't remember finding it. I know it must not have been as soft I would have chosen.

My arrival at the Center was like being wheeled into the United Nations in New York. I was greeted by a group nurses and interns that came from every part of the globe, English seemed to be everyone's second language. They were all busy prodding and poking me, taking my temperature, blood pressure, heart monitor... you name it! Every conceivable electronic gadget or tool was being used as they wheeled me down the corridor; and a hundred questions " does this

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hurt "? " What happened "? " Did you have your seatbelt on "? By this time the drugs were starting to take effect and I remember responding, " F#@&! yes that hurt and I'm not going to answer another question until I speak to my lawyer!" I vaguely remember getting X-Rayed, MRI'ed, and Cat-scanned.

Finally, I was wheeled into my room. A room that I was to share with two other bedridden souls. The beds were separated by drab curtains affording very little privacy. There was no window near my bed and I immediately felt claustrophobic. The nurses and interns attempted to gently transfer me from the gurney to my bed. By this time the drugs had worn off and I was not being a good patient. My language was pretty bad and very loud.

That's when I met nurse Hannah, the nurse from Hell. She approached from out of crowd of people in the room. She was an enormous person, towering over the rest. "NO NO!" We can't have that kind of language here at this hospital, Mister" heavy Scandinavian accent, as she assisted in new bed. She informed me that she was in and that I was to follow her orders. She didn't say else" tone to her statement. The move from the caused me a great deal of pain and I wanted to cussed before but I caught her warning look and know the one) stopped me cold. I was able to emit an "Ouch" and a few groans. My eyes were "that's better " in that accent that was to become



, she explained in a placing me on my charge of me now, it but there was an "or gurney to the bed cuss like I had never that little voice (you stifle a scream and closed but I heard a so familiar.

The room cleared, except for a nurse who was monitoring my blood pressure and heart rate and trying to keep me comfortable until the results of my tests were available. She explained that I couldn't be given any more drugs until the doctor reviewed those results.

Finally a nurse appeared who had some information regarding some of my tests. He informed me that I was bleeding internally and needed to have an emergency procedure. This meant that a tube had to be inserted between my ribs into my chest cavity in order to drain the blood from the area. He needed my consent to do it. That little voice was telling me it's going to hurt. The nurse said, "It's going to hurt!".

When I returned from the procedure, nurse Hannah was there waiting for me, ready to transfer me, once again, from the gurney to the bed. By this time the pain was unbearable, and I refused to let anyone touch me, without first getting some pain medication. My gown was soaked with blood and nurse Hannah was insisting that she be allowed to change my gown and clean me up. That's when I used the Lord's name in vain (although I'm prone to cussing I never, or hardly ever, use His name like that). I was hurting! Nurse Hannah threw her arms up in frustration and left for reinforcements.

Shortly after, a pleasant young man appeared and introduced himself as the doctor in charge of my case. He gave me the full rundown on my condition. Seems that I was suffering from a concussion, five fractured ribs, internal bleeding, and a nasty disposition. He said he could treat me for all except for that disposition thing. At that, I received my first shot of morphine and things got better, at least for a while.

I had been asleep most of the day vaguely aware of the activities going on around me. A new patient was brought in next to me, a lot of commotion and it seems like there was some cussing. I'm not sure, I was pretty much out of it. The cussing could have been mine, who knows? I woke up, the room was dark and I had to pee. They had been filling me with liquids and even with the morphine the urge was strong. Flat on my back, tubes protruding from my body everywhere, I felt helpless. I

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struggled for the buzzer to summon the nurse. I pressed it and I could see that the light was flashing in the hallway by the reflection coming from the open doorway.

No one came! As I lay there I became aware that there was no noise coming from outside of my room. The hallways were empty, no movement. I called out, nothing! As I listened I began to hear vague groans, moaning and pitiful calls for the nurses coming from distant rooms. Faint conversations and an occasional muffled bit of laughter, still no one came. S#@&! I shouted thinking I might be able to light a fire under nurse Hannah. Nothing! Then I remembered that they had left me a container to use when I had to go. Unfortunately, they had placed it at the foot of the bed and because I was flat on my back and could not move, all I could do was hold my chin to my chest and stare at it. Finally, I could wait no longer I decided just let it go. That was not as easy as I thought, it took effort, I had to use pressure, which was painful. Finally it began to flow, and as I felt relief and comfort, I was smiling as I thought of nurse Hannah and the job I was leaving her.

The doctor had given me a tip on how to handle nurse Hannah and suggested if I followed his tip, my stay here in the hospital would be much easier on me. Cooperate !! And whatever you do, don't cross her.

I became more aware of why he gave me that tip that morning. "Mister, we are going to have a little talk, so that you know how things are going to work around here between you and me ". That was the first thing she had to say as she entered the room, no good morning, or how are you feeling this morning. Then she started her lecture, she reminded me that she was in charge of my meals and care . She said if I followed her rules my meals would be safer, and added a wink. Oh God! She wouldn't spit in my food, would she? Somehow I was convinced she would. She stated that there would be no more shouting profanities down the hallways in the middle of the night. I was starting to get the picture, and understanding the implications, visualizing lying in a pee-soaked bed all day with food I was afraid to touch. She concluded her lecture and I was totally convinced she was in charge. That was my first day experience at the aptly named "trauma center."

I spent seventeen days there. Eventually things got better. Nurse Hannah started calling me by my first name. I avoided catheterization (which Hannah had threatened to do) by using the portable urinal provided. While I'm on that subject I learned that a person can go seven days without a bowel movement. Yeah! I did. When I was finally able to go I gained a lot of respect for women giving child birth.

Well that's enough details , I think the picture is pretty clear, you need to listen to that little voice and try to make the right decision, or you could end up with nurse Hannah. ■



First Aid on the Trail - Part Two

By Elisabet Hiatt

If you haven't read Dick Carter's "How I met nurse Hannah" article, you may want to read that before this one... just to get you extra motivated, that is.

Many of us ride alone, so I want to talk a bit about that first. Of course, it's always best to ride with someone, but sometimes we just don't have that luxury and the only choices are ride alone or don't ride at all. If you are like me, you have probably logged many "solo" hours.

Good first aid begins at home, with some smart planning on your part. Here are a few things I do that I consider non-negotiable:

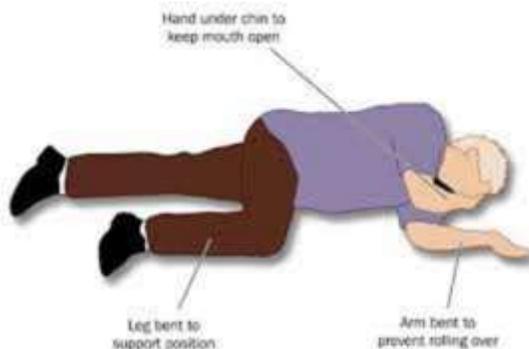
- 1- Always have my fully charged cell phone on my person.
- 2- Never ride alone in areas where I know there is no cell reception.
- 3- Always carry my fanny pack with supplies. (See last month's article)
- 4- Always let someone know where I plan to ride and around what time I plan to get back, give or take 1/2 hour.
- 5- Always have a pet tag on your horse's bridle or on your saddle with a phone number someone could call if they find your horse.

These simple five items will not only give you some peace of mind, but also to the members of your family that already think you are nuts. At least, this way, they will think you are a responsible nut!

So, some random ghost visible only to your horse makes him do a 180 and dump you. Or a well placed (by gremlins, of course) obstacle causes your horse to trip and dump you. Or he manages to go under the only low branch on the entire trail and dump you (see a trend here?). The bottom line is that however it happens, you end up on the ground... now what?

Most of us (if we are conscious) will want to spring up to our feet and make sure our horse is OK. Don't. Resist that temptation and take a moment to assess your situation first. Does something hurt more than usual? Does it hurt to breathe? Can you feel and wiggle your toes? Your fingers? Did you hit your head? If you are lying on your back, can you slowly and carefully turn on your side? If you are going to pass out, it's always best to try to do it on your side, so your tongue won't block your airway, and if anything on your face is bleeding, you won't aspirate blood. It's called the "recovery position" and it looks like this.

Once you decide you are at least marginally functional, don't just get up. It may be a good idea to either get on your hands and knees and take a few breaths, or sit on the ground for a few moments. If everything seems OK, get up, but do it slowly. The scare of the fall just dumped a ton of adrenaline in your system, but after a rush of adrenaline, the body comes down from the hormone rush. This post-rush drop in blood sugar is what can cause your hands to shake and your legs to feel weak... heck, you may even faint, so take it easy. If you feel lightheaded, stay close to the ground, take some deep breaths and give yourself a few more minutes to let your body do what it needs to do to stabilize itself. If you find yourself on the ground, and can't remember how you got there, chances are that you lost consciousness. Generally, loss of consciousness from a fall is grounds for a trip to the hospital. Again, the best thing you can do is go through the self assessment. What hurts, where and how much?



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Can you reach your phone and call for help? It may be a good idea to call 911 right away and set some kind of emergency response in motion. It's better to have help come and not need it than the other way around.

If you are able to move, do it slowly and take frequent assessments of your pain level. Remember that a hairline fracture can become a full fracture, and a full fracture can become a compounded fracture... and that's not good at all. A spinal injury can be minor, or could leave you in a wheel chair, so try not to twist as you check yourself.

A concussion may or may not show up right away, so pay close attention to your noggin. Hopefully you were wearing a helmet... if it's cracked, your head got hit pretty hard. We tend to do dumb things when our brains aren't working right. If you are dizzy, have double vision or are bleeding from your nose or ears, call for help.



Is any part of your body bleeding? Is it oozing or squirting? Squirting blood comes from an artery and you need to stop it asap or you could bleed out. Pressure with your bare hand is better than nothing, but if you can get to it, the gauze and vet wrap in your first aid kit (that hopefully you are carrying on your person!) is cleaner and better. Once you've covered your wound, don't "peek" at it. If it continues to bleed, add more pressure and absorbing material on top of what you already have in place. Blood starts to coagulate in a few minutes, but if you disturb the wound, it will have to start all over again.

Depending on your injury, you will have to decide if you can ride back or if you need to sit and wait for help. Don't be a hero. Sometimes you can cause more damage to your body by moving than from waiting for help. You'll probably be worried about your horse, and that's understandable, but don't try to go after him if you are injured. You have to accept the fact that you are more important than your horse... and he's probably munching on grass 30 feet down the trail anyway.

Sometimes we are not so lucky, and things don't go well. As you read in Dick's story, after his fall, he was out... really out, and badly hurt. Had he not been with other riders, the stark reality is that he could have died, so the best first aid rule I can think of is to always try to ride with someone... preferably someone who will not pass out at the sight of blood!

The next article will deal with what to do if you encounter someone on the trail that has been hurt, so, until then... stay safe!

Planning Status for QS Fall Classic

Shannon Thomas, Mgr. and Jerry Wittenauer, Sec.

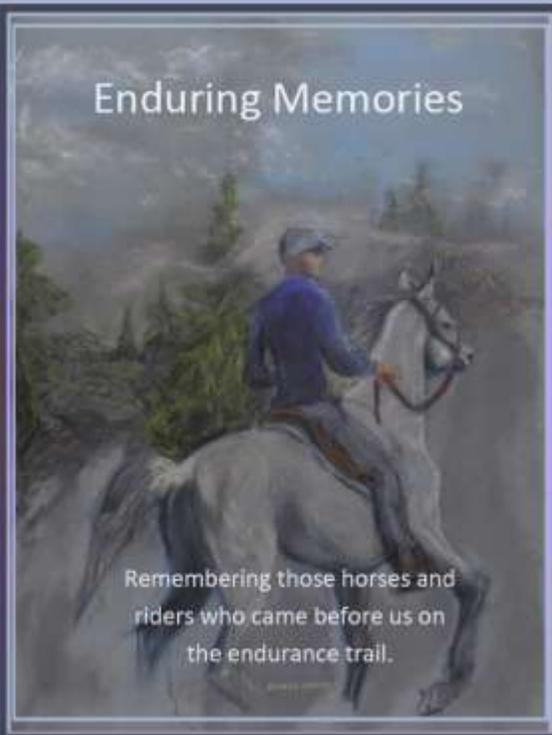
Your QSER Fall Classic ride management team have been hard at work with the long-range ride planning and figuring out how to navigate the COVID-19 crisis that is adversely impacting endurance this year - nationwide. In the past month, we have updated the ride entry form, now available on both the AERC Calendar and QSER home page (thanks to Nick Warhol). We have prepared our COVID-19 Management/mitigation plan and had that peer reviewed by some experienced and knowledgeable hands in the QSER. Notable in the “Plan” is that we are still way-short of Santa Clara County OK’ing this ride. Realistically, until the COVID statistics for “new cases” and “hospitalizations” improve, Santa Clara County will understandably be reluctant to further relax the restrictions on group activities. The good news is that there are still three months to go – plenty of time for things to get better! During July and August, Shannon and Jerry will be reaching out to decision-makers within AERC, County Parks, and Santa Clara County Health Dept. to brief them on our approach for conducting a COVID-safe ride and adjust our approach based on the feedback received. Our big milestones for committing funds happen in late August/early September, we are continuing to plan for success, and we are tremendously grateful for the continued support of QSER club members as we work towards our 3rd of October ride date!

Two final notes regarding the Quicksilver Fall Classic (3rd of October):

We anticipate that the county will place a restriction on the total number of allowed participants in our event. When that happens, we will be admitting riders based on the postmark of their ride entry. Riding solo (i.e. no crew) is encouraged this year. As of month-end June, we have received 10 entries, mostly solo riders. Don’t get left out (but don’t get your hopes too high either)!

We have developed a COVID safety plan that is the full deal: social distancing, face coverings, no group gatherings, avoiding crowds, and avoiding waiting in line. The plan will be provided in advance to all participants (available now if anyone is curious) and your Ride Managers and Club Leadership will be taking this plan seriously on ride weekend. With so few rides approved this year, this will be a chance for our club to put its best foot forward and we trust that we will have your full support!

Classifieds and Services



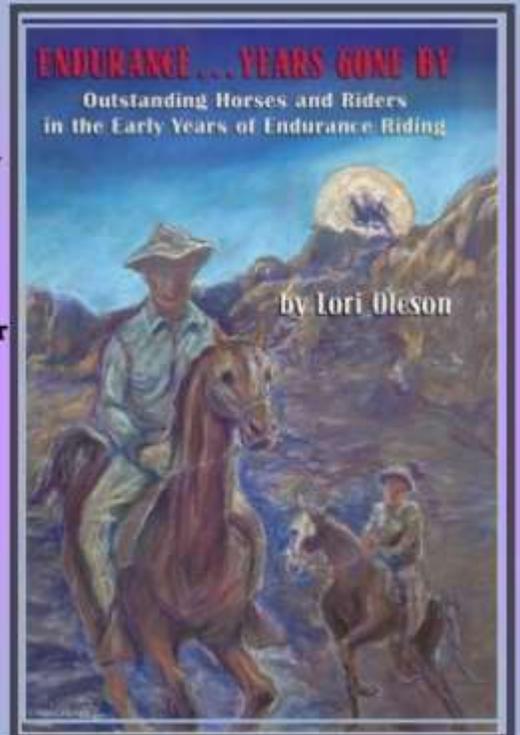
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Remembering those horses and riders who came before us on the endurance trail.

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Lori Oleson
(408) 710-5651
lorioleson@alumni.cpp.edu



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by **Lori Oleson**

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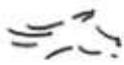
Stalls: \$320.00, pasture \$220.00,
fed twice a day high-quality
orchard-alfalfa mix hay.

96' X 48' uncovered outdoor arena. We clean. Shavings available. 1.25 miles to entrance to the Quicksilver County Park (3600 acres and 19.2 miles of manicured trails). I provide my trailer for use to boarders.

My place borders Quicksilver Park.

Trilby – (408) 997-7500

Classifieds and Services

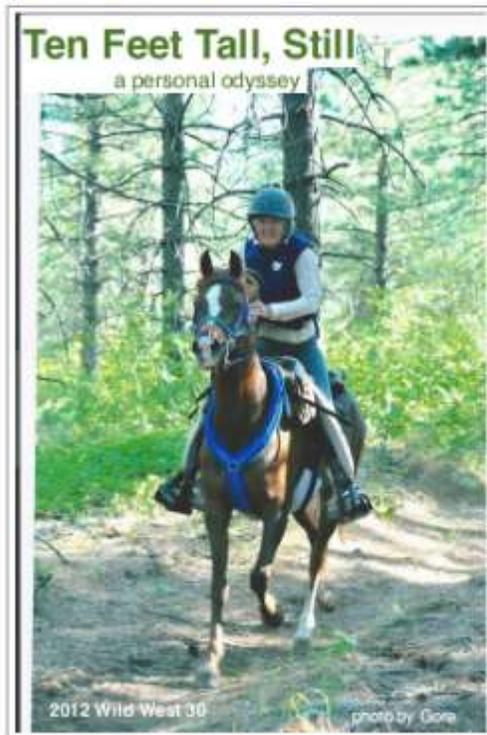


BOOKS ARE THE PERFECT GIFT!



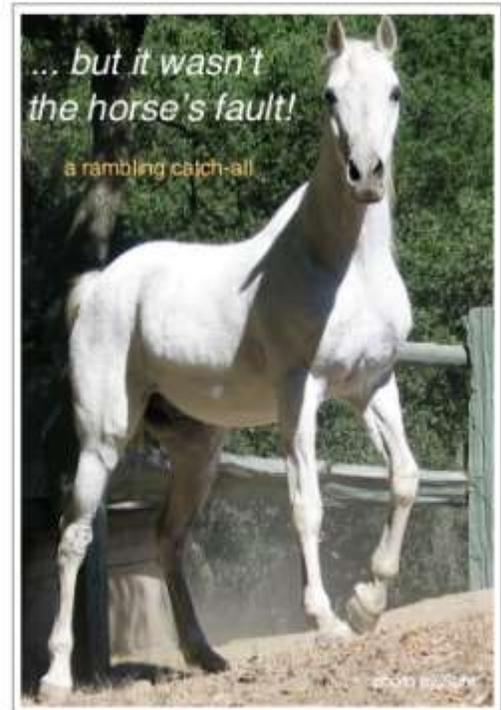
To benefit our trails and our horses, I have written two books. They are entirely different in style.

1. **Ten Feet Tall, Still** is out-of-print, but available as an e-book from Amazon, Barnes and Noble and others. All proceeds to **AERC Trails Fund** and **WSTF Trails Fund** for preservation of horse trails. \$9.99
2. **...but it wasn't the horse's fault!** Available from Marinera Publishing, www.marinerapublishing.com All proceeds to **CENTER FOR EQUINE HEALTH**, School of Veterinary Medicine, Davis, California \$24.95



by
Julie Suhr

*You are never
quite the same
after you ride
a good horse.*



"TEN FEET TALL, STILL"

My first book, **Ten Feet Tall, Still**, is out of print, but is now an e-book for downloading at Amazon, Barnes and Noble and some other places. One Hundred Percent of the proceeds go to the AERC Trails Fund and the WSTF Trails Fund.

Julie Suhr (831) 335-5933

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Humor, Philosophy, and Birthdays

Mo: "I had a great dream last night. I dreamed I was on Spirit Lake with a gorgeous woman."

Joe: "How did you make out?"

Mo: Great! I caught a six-pound bass!"

Car salesman: "Yes sir, you'll love this sturdy little compact, and the price is only \$47,500."

Buyer: "But that's almost the cost of a big, luxury car."

Salesman: "Well, if you want economy, you've got to pay for it."

- Don't flatter yourself that a friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. The nearer you come to relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. (1809-94)

- People seem not to see their opinion of the world is also a confession of their character, Shallow men believe in luck. Strong men believe in cause and effect.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82)

Go anywhere you wish, as long as it's forward.

If you want to thoroughly know anything, teach it to others.

No mortal man is wise at all moments.



Here's my horse Echo with his new pair of shoes.....we decided to go Western.

Elisabet Hiatt



Happy July Birthdays to our Quicksilver Members and Endurance Friends

Elisabet Hiatt	2
Ildy Nadasdy	6
Judith Ogus	12
Scott Sansom	15
Trilby Pederson	20
Steve McCorkle	22
Diane Trefethen	26
Sam Davidson	27



QUICKSILVER ENDURANCE RIDERS — MEMBERSHIP

Club Mission—Quicksilver exists to promote the sport of endurance riding by conducting endurance rides and advocating for equestrian trails. It seeks to provide a model for the highest levels of sportsmanship and horsemanship within the context of this sport. It supports and provides educational events and leadership in each of these areas.

Name _____

Address _____

Phone & E-mail _____

Senior Membership \$30

Junior Membership \$20

Family Membership \$45

Go to our website at www.qser.net to join or send a check made out to Quicksilver Endurance Riders and mail to:

Maryben Stover, 1299 Sandra Drive, San Jose 95125

"There is no secret so close as that between a rider and his horse." -R.S. Surtees

"To ride on a horse is to fly without wings" -Unknown

"Life outside of endurance? I don't think so" -Dave Rabe

We would love to have you join the Quicksilver Endurance Riders!!

Mission Statement of Quicksilver Endurance Riders, Inc.

QSER exists to promote the sport of endurance riding by conducting endurance rides and advocating for equestrian trails. It seeks to provide a model for the highest standards of sportsmanship and horsemanship within the context of this sport. It supports and provides educational events and leadership in each of these areas.

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

