

Quicksilver Quips

May 2021

**BEST
MOM**

Happy
Mother's
day!

What's inside

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Officers

2021 Board members are
Jill Kilty Newburn, President
Jerry Witenauer, VP
Nick Warhol, Treasurer
Margaret Hastings, Secretary
Carloyn Tucker
Maryben Stover
Trilby Pederson
Dick Carter

Newsletter Editor

Elisabet Hiatt
lazo@ucsc.edu

QSER on the Web:
<http://www.qser.net/>

President's message

And just like that, it feels like spring is over. While I love the brilliant green of spring time, there is something deeply comforting to me about the hills returning to their golden brown color; I guess it reminds me I'm home. This weekend threatens to push temperatures up into the 90's, which could be a bit of a shock to all this headed off to the Cache Creek Ride this weekend. I'll be thinking of a good ride and a cool breeze for you all.

With COVID on the decline for the moment in the state, and ride managers working diligently to keep everyone safe and healthy, it looks like we may see a few more rides in the coming months. If you have not already marked your calendars for the club rides, I hope you will do it now:

Fireworks, put on in conjunction with the Santa Cruz County Horsemen's group, has been moved to August 28, and the QSER Fall Classic will go off on October 2. Please plan to join us as a volunteer or rider. It will be fun to see everyone in person.

We had a nice little group show up for our Fourth Friday ride this month, and appreciate Carolyn organizing. Elisabet has agreed to lead the charge for May. Look for more details on what kind of adventure she plans for us further on in this newsletter.

Stay well, and hope to see you out there-
Jill

Quicksilver group ride - April 23, 2021

By Carolyn Tucker

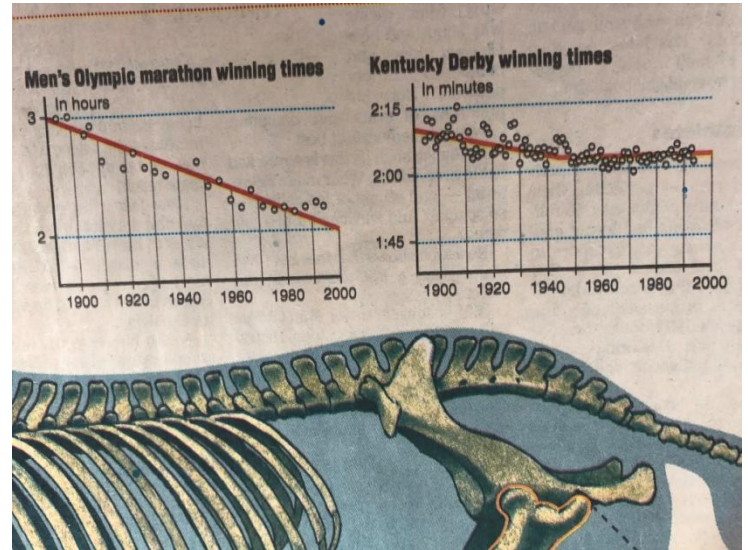


Four riders showed up to ride the Rancho San Vicente section of Calero County Park on the Lisa Kilough trail. An aprox. 10 mile loop trail that meanders along beautiful shaded trees, with many wild flowers and lots of green grass! Beautiful views with nice breezes and the favorite section along the lake called Cherry Cove. Jill & I and Elaine & friend, Kim enjoyed the ride! Bike riders were super friendly & courteous. Less bikes during the weekdays.



Save the date: Next club ride will be at 10 AM on 5/28 at Henry Cowell State Park. Staging at the Santa Cruz Horsemen's Association.

In last month's Quips I showed two graphs which showed that in the last one hundred years mankind has reduced his marathon running times from three hours to two hours. But horses, in the same length of time at the Kentucky Derby, have only increased their winning time by about 13 seconds since 1900. Secretariat being the only one to go under two minutes.



My information taken from a 1999 San Jose Mercury News is two pages long. There are so many factors involved why the horse can barely run faster than he could a century ago it is impossible for me to explain in any detail. We know a horse cannot breathe through his mouth as man can. When he runs his internal organs slide back and pull air into his body as he raises his body for the forward stride. When he lowers his front end and his back legs raise his rear end, the pressure of his organs forces the air out. A horse can run almost indefinitely at a certain pace, but once he tries to speed beyond a certain point he becomes short of breath, goes into oxygen debt, and cannot continue. A horse also has more trouble dissipating heat than humans do. "A horse has a relatively small surface area—only about 40 square inches of skin for every 200 pounds of weight. Humans have the same area of skin for every 90 to 100 pounds of weight." It is easier for a person to sweat heat from his body than it is for a horse.

Out of several articles on the subject one says what I truly believe is frequently a determining factor: "Fast horses have attitude."



Things everyone will warn you about if you plan to ride your horse at your wedding:

- You could fall off and getting hurt!
- Horse might spook and trample the guests!
- Too much dirt and poop!
- Logistics are too complicated

Things **NO ONE** will warn you about if you ride your horse at your wedding:

- Turning into a centaur!!

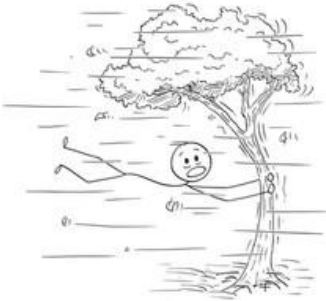
The 20 Mule Team 100, 2021
Or- I need a vacation from my vacation!
By Nick Warhol

The fire mountain and the 20 Mule Team rides were canceled in the winter due to COVID, but with the restrictions lifted, ride managers Gretchen Montgomery and Brian Reeves decided to do a combined ride on the weekend of April 10th with Gretchen's rides on Friday and Sunday, and the 20-mule team squeezed in between on Saturday. It was a busy weekend for everyone!

I drove down a week early with Sorsha and her guest Reyos, the spunky gelding owned by my riding buddy Ines. I shuttled him down for her early so she could do a 50 at Gretchen's ride. I rented a truck for 10 days since the Pony Tug is finally back with a new transmission (replaced under warranty since the new one I put in 22 months ago failed and had a 2-year warranty!) It won't ever tow a horse again. My new truck won't be here till July; I'm seriously looking forward to that showing up. I'll hold the old one in reserve until the new one arrives in case we have an after hours horse emergency. Gretchen and Mike graciously gave me a room in their house a block from the ride site. That sure made it easier since I had no camper.



I got to work on the trail bright and early on Monday morning in serious wind. I mean really serious! It was so windy they closed the highways since semi-trucks were being blown over. I was out trying to put up highway crossing and other signs, but it was almost impossible. The wind was so strong that at one point, I was out in the open, and I could not open the driver's door of the truck. I had to exit the passenger side! I got my 25 or so signs up, distributed hay around all the vet checks, and tried to mark the trail in town. Chalking the turns was not possible, and it almost took two people to put a single ribbon on a bush. One to hold the second person up without being blown over, and the second person had to somehow grab a branch that was whipping back and forth like windshield wipers on mach 2 speed. It was a very futile effort; I lost a half day of work.



The wind settled on Tuesday; I went out at 8:00 am on the bike to check and fix up Gretchen's 50 miles of trail for her rides. The wind had done a number on her ribbons; it had either snapped many off or it twisted them around the branches of the bushes making them hard to see. I was joined by my new friend Mike Caufield on his KTM 350 dirt bike. He's a good rider who lives in Ridgecrest and wants to learn how to mark trail for the Valley Riders. OKAY! I sure appreciated the help. It took us most of the day, so when we finished, I tried to catch up marking in town and attempt to get back on schedule. I finished up about 7pm.



Wednesday is the day to mark the 20 MT 35-mile night loop on the bike. That takes about 4 hours, plus the new 7 miles of the start for the 65-mile loop. I had a nice snag when Brian called me to tell me that some low life Ass^&%\$ had emptied the water trough at the 395 south crossing and stolen it, along with the bale of hay there and my cache of trail marking ribbons. I can only carry so much stuff on the bike, so I put supplies in key spots on the trail in advance and "refit" when I get there. Val went into a ribbon tying frenzy to replace them.

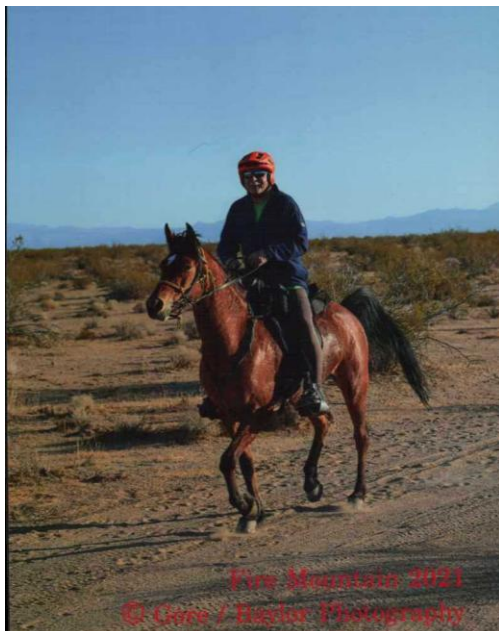


The same dork apparently also stole two more bales of hay from the 395 north vet check. At least I did not have my ribbons there yet! I then went out and checked the 15-mile blue loop that Brian had marked on Monday. I had to put down the chalk since it was too windy to do it Monday. I also got to go back and do chalking in town since the wind was moderate today. It was a good thing I did! The wind came back with gusto on Thursday afternoon.

Thursday is the long day on the bike when I mark the 65-mile pink loop. It's an all-day affair, but Mike C came along again today to help. It was nice until about 1pm, but that darn wind started up again. I'd have to get back out at some point to do the chalk for the last 15 miles of the trail.

There wasn't a lot of time left! Ines arrived in the afternoon, so at about 4pm I took an hour and a half off to go ride Sorsha with Ines and Reyos in the strong wind. It was still way too windy to do any trail marking.

Friday was supposed to be my day off so I could rest a bit before riding the 100 on Saturday. The wind had stopped, thank goodness, so I went out in the morning to finish up the chalking I had not been able to complete. I also walked and marked the mile trail section that I can't ride a bike on. I got back to camp and took off all the bike gear; I got a call from Gretchen telling me that people were getting lost on her second loop. The ribbons were down! It wasn't a total disaster since the riders were able to find the trail after only losing a few minutes looking. I told her I'd go out and fix it later in the afternoon so it would be okay for her Sunday's ride. But then the leaders on the last loop were lost. It turns out that some of the guys who were marking the trail for the motorcycle race on Saturday had accidentally pulled our ribbons in a section about a mile and a half long. There are probably a hundred trail crossings and road intersections in that section, so Gretchen drove out to the spot to tell the riders what to do until I got there. I suited back up and went out and fixed it. While I was out there on the bike I went ahead and fixed the second loop for the guys on Sunday's ride. I made it back to camp just in time for the riders meeting for Saturday's 20 mule team rides. So much for my day off!



For some stupid reason I woke up on ride morning at 2am and just could not get back to sleep. I drug myself out of bed at 4:30 and got Sorsha tacked up and led her over to the start. She was fine, but got a little amped before the start. I got on to start the ride, but hopped back off and led her a block or so at the start. I hopped back on and once we started moving forward on the trail she was fine. I rode out of town on the new start trail with Gayle Penya and her friend, but went on ahead at the 10-mile water stop. I rode her alone having a great time for the next 9 miles to vet 1 at the sand dunes. I did have a weird semi-disaster with my eyes. A few miles before the vet check the wind started up and my eyes started burning like I had poured gasoline in them. I was riding with my left eye closed with tears streaming out. This was not going to work! I got to the check and poured water in them, but they were burning, and this was a problem. Sorsha blew through the check, and when I left, I hooked up with Lisa Schneider on the 65,

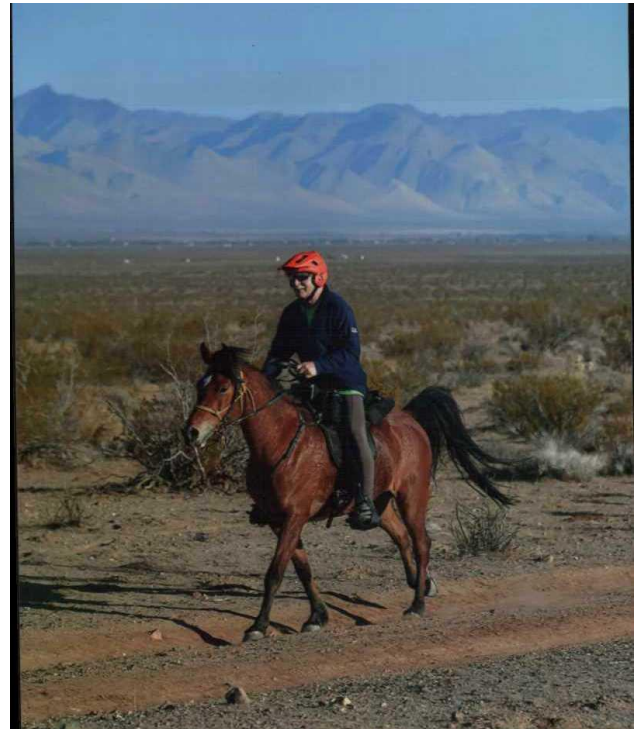
and Michelle Rowe on the 100. We trotted up towards sheep springs chatting, and I told them my eyes were dying. Lisa opened up her portable medicine chest she carries on her horse and gave me 2 Benadryl tablets. (I saw a portable defibrillator in there!) 30 minutes later I had totally forgotten about my eyes. They were fixed! I obviously was allergic to something down here in April, which is two months later than this ride usually is. Thanks Lisa! I'm adding them

to the Advil packets I carry.

It was starting to get pretty warm outside, and there is ZERO shade out here. We rode along together all the way to vet 2 at the trees at mile 34, where I had the treat of the weekend. Ines, Brenda, and Cindy came out to crew for me. When I say crew for me, I mean it! It was actually kind of incredible. I pulled in, they sat me in a chair in the shade of a tree, grabbed Sorsha, and just took over. They did EVERYTHING and just made me sit and eat. I have not experienced that kind of plush treatment before. I could get used to that! It's a shame the hold was only an hour, but eventually I had to leave.

I left with Lisa and Michelle, continuing along together on the section I call the flats. It's a long, flat, 5-mile section along the railroad tracks. Michelle thought for a minute we were going to be able to skip some of it, but no, I had to add in a couple of miles to make up for the nasty stuff I removed from the trail later. She said she hated this section. Okay, I told her, now this section is no longer known as the flats, it is now called "Michelle's trail!" She groaned and said thanks.

We trotted and even cantered a bit in the heat down the long, flat road until we reached the water at Goler road. The horses were drinking a lot today, thank goodness, and lucky for us Brian had put out extra water because of the heat. It would have been really ugly to find an empty trough, but there was no chance that would happen. Thanks Brian! We started up Rattlesnake canyon (I saw only one Mojave Green this week) and Lisa and Michelle were going a little faster than I wanted to go, so I let them go on ahead as Sorsha and I walk/trotted up the climb. We got half way up the canyon and turned right to take my new trail for this year.



I removed 4.2 miles of hard, rocky and straight downhill roads in favor of the nice soft road that cuts through the pass at Laurel mountain. Boy what an improvement, if I do say so myself!

Joyce Sousa and Jennifer Neihaus caught me before the water stop on top of the climb, and I rode with them for just a bit, but they were also going faster than I wanted to go, so I let them go as well. Jennifer was on a mission- she was trying for the "Ironman" award that I sponsored. One rider would ride 200 miles in three days on at least two horses. 50 Friday, 100 Saturday, 50 on Sunday. There were three people attempting the feat. If anyone can do it, Jennifer can!

The heat was starting to get pretty bad as we dropped down the canyon into the valley. There was no breeze at all, and the heat was pretty stifling. You could just not escape it. It was a little like riding in an oven, or at least that's what I imagined it was like. Sorsha was being great and just kept on trotting along, with us being all by ourselves. It was a hot 90 minutes to the vet check at 55 miles, and the water sure felt good on my head. The 10 miles back to camp was hot as well, and it was sure nice to see camp at 65 miles. Ines was there helping me again, so I got to mostly sit and try and cool off. The temperature was dropping a bit, thank goodness, and a little breeze kicked up. Sorsha was eating well, so I let her stay a few extra minutes to chow down. I headed out in a tee shirt, and at the camp exit I saw a guy on a big grey getting ready to head out. I asked him if he'd like to ride together to give our horses company, and he said sure! His name is Buz Arnold, and it was the first 100 for him and his big horse Gus. Or Gus-Gus. Or Gussie. We rode out of town and into the desert on our last 35-mile loop. Gus was funny- on the way out of town he'd pause for a moment then go again. I think he was not sure this was correct! We were trotting along and caught up to Cassandra Dimaggio on her stallion. They were walking along, but once he got a look at my pretty mare, he instantly fell in love and



joined us! He was a good boy, and he seemed interested in Sorsha, but Cassandra did a great job of keeping the big boy in line. It seemed to work best if she rode in front of Buz and I, with us side by side behind her.

We bopped along Boundary road together, and I noticed something weird- it was still light outside! Duh, in mid April there are a couple more hours of daylight than in February. It did not get dark until we were past the ridge summit and on our way down to the 395 south crossing. The air was actually cool! What a treat! I was still in a tee shirt. Buz snapped on his red glow bars on his breast collar, Cassandra did not have any lights, but I had my homemade battery powered blue LED strip lights on my breast collar. They work really well, casting a nice, soft blue light that lets you see the trail. Not to mention your crew can see you from miles away! It was totally dark out with absolutely no moon. Cassandra tried a couple of times to go ahead, but told us with a laugh that her horse was

walking right off the road into the desert since it was so dark. She hung with us, riding the big boy in front of us in my light. Buz and I were taking it easy. It was his and Gus's first 100, and they REALLY wanted to finish. I was in no hurry and just wanted a finish as well, so we walk / trotted the whole loop in the dark. Gus still had lots of punch left, and when we were on foot, Buz kept asking him: "why can't you walk next to me nicely like that brown horse does?" Gus was pulling on him, wanting to go faster. Good Boy, Gus! The three horses were drinking great from every water; we hopped off and led them in to the last check at 90 miles. Sorsha was at 44, typical, and big Gus recovered right away, both trotted great, so after our quick 20-minute hold we headed out on the last 10 miles towards home.

We hopped off and led our horses for $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile down the last downhill from the ridge. (that felt good on the old knees!) Once back on its just 2 miles through town to the finish. We sent Cassandra on ahead since her boy was going faster than us anyway.

Buz and I trotted into the finish at about 12:40am, which was a pretty respectable time, for 9th

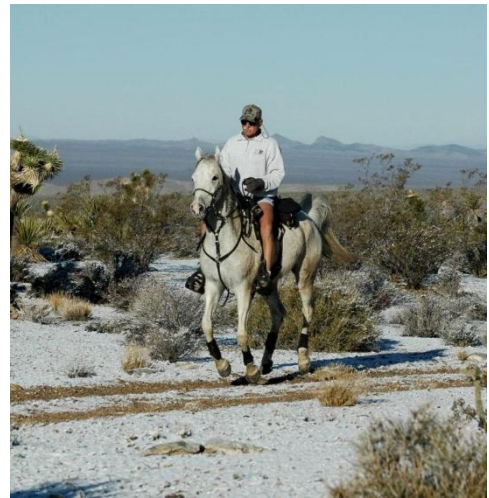


and 10th place. I thought it was a decent time until I heard the winner finished at 8:30! Yikes! A tip of the visor to them.

In this heat? I guess they were able to do some heat conditioning. I certainly could not. Both Sorsha and Gus looked great, which is all we could ask for. I led my big, brown, girly horse (who is now 3 for 4 in 100 mile rides) back over to Gretchen's, gave her a ton of food, and crashed into bed. No problem sleeping tonight!

I woke up Sunday morning and thought about Jennifer. Would I go out and do a 50 today? Nope. Pass. Not her! She headed out at 6:30 am on the 50 after finishing the 50 on Friday, and the 100 just a few hours before. I did, however, head back out on the bike to clean up the pink 65-mile loop. It's just so much faster to do on the bike, and I felt good after about 6 hours sleep and a huge breakfast. I got back into camp on the bike at about 2pm, then went out and walked the section of trail I can't ride on. I drove out and picked up all the signs, my bags of ribbons, etc, getting the whole thing done by about 4pm. We were going to go have dinner and lots of beer.

I showered, and went back to camp and arrived just in time to hear that Dave Rabe had come off White Cloud and the horse had taken off across the desert. Oh boy. I hopped in the side by side and headed out to where he was reported to have come off. I found Dave walking slowly in the desert towards the main power line road. He was hurt, but as he said: "I'm not dead." (You have to know Dave.) He told me that his horse tripped or fell down, Dave came off, and the horse rolled over him. He had hit his helmet, and had what looked like at least a few broken ribs. He convinced me he was okay and did not need to go to the hospital that moment, and we needed to find his horse. We actually played the Lone Ranger and Tonto- we went back to the point where he came off, and we tracked White Clouds boot prints across the desert for about a half mile or so. We lost the track a few times but were able to find it. We got to the main power line road that goes straight back into camp, but the horse had crossed the road and continued on into the desert. I knew where he was going. The tracks led straight towards the BLM wild mustang facility, about 3 miles away as the crow flies. There are a couple hundred horses and Burros there- that's where he was going. Dave agreed we should go look there, and that's where we found White Cloud. He was standing with his nose touching the fence on the other side of the mustangs. Dave was relieved, and being typical Dave, he asked me how far would the ride back to camp be. Ah, no, we are getting a trailer. I called Brian who grabbed Gretchen and rushed out to pick him and his horse up. We got them both back to camp, and our friends took over. Head vet Mike Peralez quickly inspected White Cloud and found him just scraped up. I think it was Kasandra who took Dave to the hospital where they confirmed 3 completely broken ribs, but no punctured lung or internal damage. Suzanne and Daryll Huff split up and drove Dave's rig home for him. Endurance riders are good people.



Jennifer did indeed finish Sunday, making her the only person to complete the Iron Man challenge. That's quite an accomplishment. Her award is a blanket of her choice, monogrammed with a bunch of stuff on it about her accomplishment. Just think- she will have the only one on the world! Congratulations Jenn. You deserve it.



We finally made it to dinner at a brew house and many beers. It had been quite a week. So much went on all week the 100 seemed almost like an afterthought. Not really! Sorsha is pretty amazing. I'm not sure what her next ride will be, in June perhaps, maybe Montana de Oro. I did get into Tahoe Rim which I love. What a great way to spend a week, even if it was a little busy at times. See you next year!



A visit to Sweetbeau Mustang Ranch

By Elisabet Hiatt

Near the town of Santa Margarita, nestled in the hills, there is a lovely place called Sweetbeau Ranch. The ranch was founded in 2016 by Patricia Griffin-Soffel and her husband Michael.

When they heard about the plight of approximately 500-900 wild Mustangs headed to auction and the kill pen, they simply had to do something.

A visit to the ranch is both inspirational and a heart breaking. The fate of many wild Mustangs is not pleasant. Some are captured and spend the rest of their lives in BLM holding pens, waiting for adoption. Others are barely surviving in the wild, competing for food with cattle and sheep. Many die while being rounded up and others are just sent to kill pens.

The Soffels started the ranch to give these horses a chance to a good life though carefully arranged adoptions. They bring 10-15 horses to the ranch at a time, and the hired trainers spend quite a bit of time making sure the Mustangs are 100% bomb-proof when they are adopted. This includes trailering, camping trips, rides on the beach, cattle drives and anything else that can be expected from a good ranch horse. They have two in house trainers that spend whatever time it takes to reach that point. The horses that are deemed non-adoptable due to physical or emotional challenges get to live out their lives in a safe and caring environment.



We were treated to a great demonstration with some of the horses that are in training. A couple of three year olds went through an obstacle course that would be challenging for many experienced horses. All was done in a quiet and gentle way, and it was clear that the horses completely trusted the trainers. It was really a pleasure to watch. The horses were so willing to please!



After the demonstration, we were invited to a lovely lunch and a "surprise" (not really!) birthday party for Julie Suhr. Of course, when several "old timer" endurance riders get together, some wild stories always come up, so the lunch was not only delicious, but quite entertaining. The lunch culminated with a beautiful cake that had an image, taken

by Judith Ogus, of Julie and her beloved horse Buddy. We cut around the image, because it was just too pretty to eat! :-)



After lunch, several Mustangs were brought out for us to meet up close and personal. They were calm, sweet and oh, so difficult not to take home!!! On that note, if you are interested in adopting a Mustang, be prepared for a pretty thorough background check, several in person mandatory training sessions and the careful scrutiny of Patricia, who seems to love every horse as if it was one of her kids.

Soon it was time to head home, and we spent a great deal of the long drive talking about the horses we had met and the great team the Soffels have assembled to give these amazing animals a fair chance to live out their days with human companions that will appreciate them not only for what they are, but also what they represent.

If you are interested in more information about Sweetbeau, go to their website:
<https://sweetbeauhorses.org/>



"The greatness of a community is most accurately measured by the
compassionate actions of its members."

- Coretta Scott King

Several generations of McCrarys celebrating Easter together.
We miss you Barbara and Lud!!!





Birthdays!!



May

4th - Emma Orth, 5th - Bing Voight, 9th - Barbara McCrary

A note on birthdays: I don't have a complete list of Quicksilver member's birth dates. If you feel inclined (and don't mind having your birthday date published), please send me a note. I don't want the year, just the month and day. Thanks! Eilisabet

Quicksilver Endurance Riders (QSER) Club April 2021 Board Meeting Minutes

The Board meeting was held via Zoom on April 21, 2021, beginning at 7:00 p.m.

In Attendance: Jill Kilty-Newburn, Jerry Wittenauer, Nick Warhol, Trilby Pederson, Maryben Stover, Carolyn Tucker and Margaret Hastings.

- Website: Nick reported that he has tested the online entry form for the Quicksilver Ride and will make edits and have it ready to go live on the Club website closer to the ride date.
- Newsletter: Elisabet Hiatt is requesting stories for inclusion in the newsletter, Quips.
- Trails: Carolyn reported that the trails in the area are looking good and wildflowers are out in abundance.
- Membership and Goodwill: Maryben had no membership news to report. Goodwill for Elisabet Hiatt who recently lost her father-in-law.
- Ride Committee: Jerry reported that he applied for the SCC Parks Permit on April 1st. It will be at least 4-6 weeks until he hears anything back. Success of California rides has mainly been on private land and BLM land. County and State requirements are more stringent. Camping seems to be the main issue. He and Shannon did a lot of the ground work for the ride last year.
- Lori Oleson has a compilation of Quicksilver Ride History and Jerry will tune up and Nick will add this to the ride entry on the website. The first Quicksilver Ride was held in 1979 and with some years where the ride was held in both Spring and Fall, our next ride will be the 49th ride. Quicksilver Ride 2022 will be the 50th Anniversary! It was suggested that special completion awards be given for this event. Maryben has the original ride list of entries and suggested including it as an historical link on the website.
- Jill provided an update on the Fireworks Ride tentatively scheduled for August 28th. State Parks is non-committal at this point. We hope to know more by June 15th.
- Treasurer Report: Nick reported a loss of \$8 (4 x \$2) for too-early ride entries on the website. This has since been corrected.
- Old Business: The membership discussion continued. Maryben reported that 35 people have not renewed their membership and asked how we should proceed. It was decided that Maryben would send each of them an email with the PayPal link and ask that they submit their renewal payment by the end of May. If they have not renewed by June 1st the membership list will be updated. Nick will update the Club Website with the deadline for membership renewals and payment – February 1st.
- Nick created a comprehensive spreadsheet including all Club Member data as of 3/19/21. The list includes member email and when and how they last paid their membership dues. Paid members will continue to receive the Quips.

-continued on next page.

Non-paid members will remain on the list for historical purposes but no longer receive Quips. Nick will update the list when internet dues payments are received and Maryben will either update the list when she receives a check for membership or send the check to Nick and he will update the list – TBD. Nick proposed that when someone sends in their membership dues they should be sent a confirmation email from the Club – “Thank you for joining” – also TBD. It was agreed that there should only be one master list for the Club that includes all information in one place as there are currently inconsistencies between various lists held by the club. Margaret motioned and Carolyn seconded that we adopt Nick’s Master Membership List, the Board approved unanimously. Trilby motioned that we empower Nick to “clean-up” the master list and Jerry seconded the motion, and the Board approved unanimously.

- New Business: Jill shared an item about accepting donations. Even though the club is a non-profit and can accept donations, we want to steer clear of accepting anything that has to be stored or re-sold to create revenue for the club. We might consider physical donations of things like prizes for the ride or services that could support the ride, but otherwise we are probably not interested in accepting donations.
- The Board meeting schedule will continue on the third Wednesday of the month via Zoom. The next meeting will be at 7p.m. May 19th.
- Trilby motioned that we adjourn the meeting at 7:50 p.m. and Jerry seconded this.

Respectfully submitted,

Margaret Hastings

Trea\$urer'\$ report:

General Account Balance: **\$9,533.19**

Trails account Balance: **\$1,074.92**

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Hyper collection

Great visual. When a horse's head is pulled in beyond the vertical like this (either with reins or tie downs), the spine get kinked. The compensations follow the whole spine, contributing to things like kissing spine, lower back and SI pain. Ouch!



A story from "Skytales" to make go Aaaawww...

A sweet family dog rescued a stray kitten after finding the cat in the pouring rain. Hazel, a Yorkie, Chihuahua and Poodle mix, lives in Abilene, Texas surprised her mom, Monica Burks, by bringing home the abandoned kitten.



Hazel had been let outside for her bathroom break by Monica but didn't come back right away. When Monica looked outdoors to see where her 3-year-old dog had gotten to, she was surprised to see Hazel returning with a new friend.



Hazel kept drawing attention to the faint meowing coming from underneath their shed. She refused to leave the spot, despite the downpour until she was able to coax the kitten from her hiding spot. Once the kitten was out from under the shed, Hazel led the cat back home.

Each time the kitten hesitated and stopped in her tracks, Hazel encouraged the frightened animal to keep following her. Monica recorded Hazel bringing the kitten to her doorstep. And when the kitten couldn't quite jump up the step into their home, Hazel picked the kitten up in her mouth and helped her inside. Since her rescue, the kitten has been given the name Sheba, and Monica's brother, Michael, has adopted her!

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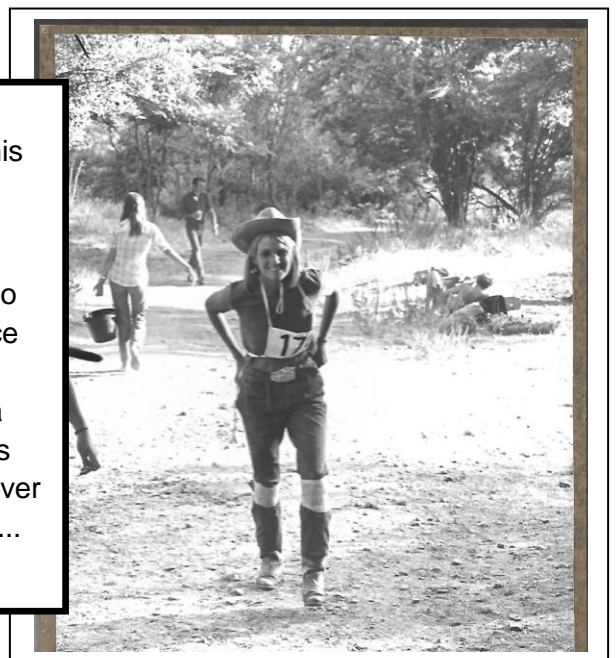
What is most horses' favorite flavor, you ask?

The #1 flavor preference is.... Banana! I am not making this up. Of course, you don't have to load up on bananas for your horse. They also love just about anything carrot-flavored, they tend to like sweet stuff (e.g., molasses), but they also seem to like some things you might not immediately think about, like fenugreek and anise!
From Dr. David Ramey, DVM'sblog.

Three simple rules in life. If you don't go after what you want, you'll never have it. If you don't ask, the answer is always no. If you don't step forward, you're always in the same place.

Can you identify this rider?

She is no stranger to Endurance and has earned "a few" Tevis buckles over the years...



Saw this on Facebook and had to share it (after I wiped off a few tears). Hope it touches you the way it touched me, and reminds you to tell your vet how much you appreciate him or her.
Elisabet

Appreciate your veterinarian...

Three veterinarians and one technician committed suicide this week. Each week varies, but we are losing good people- real people.

Make sure you are good to your vet...

Don't ask them vet questions unless you are in the clinic during hours, their time off is precious.

Don't accuse them of being without compassion because you can't pay the bill for the pet you own.

Don't jokingly ask for a "wing" in the hospital for the money you have spent, understand that veterinarians are graduating with \$300,000- half a million in debt to make \$70,000/ year and be told they are rich.



Don't participate in the good old fashion lynching on social media if you hear about a vet who made a mistake, you likely only know one side of the story, and vets are human and make mistakes- they are probably harder on themselves then you could ever be.

Don't tell a vet you were gonna be a vet but you decided you couldn't handle the euthanasias- neither can they, and you make them feel heartless.



Don't believe that your vet is your "friend" because you know their cell number or they will give you advice after hours- respect that veterinarians are often too good and kind to tell you the truth- they only want to make sure your pet is okay, even at the expense of their own privacy and time. If you haven't been to dinner at their house- you aren't friends. Respect them as a professional and call the office or the ER.

Remember that the vet seeing your horse cried with the owner of the appointment he saw 30 minutes ago as he euthanized their best friend and a grown man cried in his arms or a woman fell to her knees screaming. He may have had to explain death to the 4 year old while she cried for her kitten, or euthanized several pets that day and felt their pain.

Vets are killing themselves because they are empaths with a perfectionist personality in many cases, trying to get through an impossible profession with all of these factors and more- and loving animals to their core too much is not the reason.

What can you do? Write your vet a thank you letter, send them food, tell them you care about them, that they are special to you, or that they matter... or just plain BE KIND.

Be part of the solution not part of the problem.

Market Place

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Books by Julie Suhr --- Ten

Feet Tall, Still and **...but it wasn't the horse's fault!** are available for sale. All proceeds go to AERC Trails Fund and Center for Equine Health at UC Davis. Please contact Julie Suhr at **(831) 335-5933**

Books by Lori Oleson ---

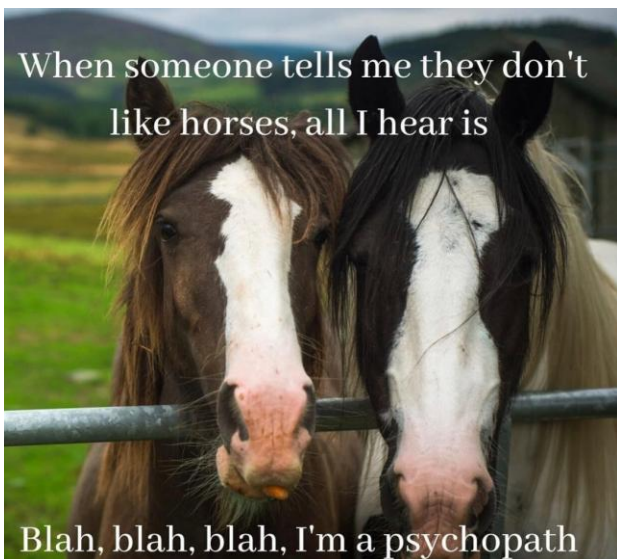
Enduring Memories and **Endurance... Years Gone By** are available for sale.

Re-live the adventures that tell the stories of horses and riders who made their way down the trail in the 1960s through the 1990's. Books are available by contacting Lori at **(408) 710-5651** or lorioleson@alumni.cpp.edu

Former QS member, Carla Basch is selling her tack. She has a Browns endurance saddle, a Wintec endurance saddle, several girths, wide stirrups with cages and English pads. Saddles are lightly used. She said all are for sale, **best offer**. Please contact Carla directly at (650)346-0199.

Lori

When someone tells me they don't like horses, all I hear is



Blah, blah, blah, I'm a psychopath

If you ever feel sad, just remember that horses can grow moustaches



IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO JOIN THE QUICKSILVER RIDERS!!!!

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 level of sportsmanship and horsemanship within the context of this sport. It supports and provides educational events and leadership in each of these areas.

FIRST: We need your name _____

And then your address _____

And your phone number and e-mail _____

And then we need your money! Senior membership is \$ 30 _____

Junior membership is \$ 20 _____

(a junior is under 16 years of age)

Family Membership is \$45 _____

Mailed Quips (paper copy) \$20 _____

Total enclosed \$ _____

You can go to our website at : www.qser.net to join, OR send a check made out to: **Quicksilver Endurance Riders, Inc.** to: Maryben Stover, 1299 Sandra Drive, San Jose, CA 95125-3535

THANK YOU!!

