



Quicksilver Quips

April, 2001

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President's Message - April, 2011

I lost another family member to cancer a few weeks ago. Just because this one had four legs instead of two, and it barked, it didn't make it any easier. I've had lots of dogs in my life, but once in a while you come across one that looks at you with deep, wise eyes and shows a level of understanding that is incredibly human-like. I recognized this early on, and for almost 10 years my dog Grommit was a companion that enriched my life more than I can say. Even though the pain I feel at the moment is deep, I am grateful to have had the time I did with this creature. Even though I tend to disintegrate into tears at the oddest moments (and way too often), I take comfort in knowing that this being had a very good life and lots of love. Even though it was very difficult to say goodbye, I gave this faithful friend a painless, quick and dignified death. It's always too soon when the time comes, but it's better than waiting until it's too late... I hope that whatever critter is sitting on your lap, lying at your feet, or hanging out in the barn is appreciated each and every day. Don't ever take them for granted. Give them lots of hugs, and save the memories in your heart. Sooner or later, that's all that you will have left, and it does help ease the pain... just a little.

The AERC Convention was, as usual, very good. I had the feeling it was smaller than last year. Not sure. What was definitely not smaller was the tack swap... wow, lots of good stuff. Yep, I spent some money. Our very own Julie Suhr and Barbara White did a great presentation on the Endurance FUNctional family. They sure know what they are talking about. Many other speakers had great information and interesting things to share. One of these days, when I have the energy, I will "translate" some of my notes and share them in the Quips. I found the nutrition talk by Stephen Duren most educational. He had lots of Q&A time and I was impressed by his ability to make his answers easy to understand.

There were no pressing matters to discuss, so the Q'Silver board did not meet in March. I hope that as many of you as possible are planning to come to the April meeting and pot luck at Becky and Judith's place. It should be fun and informational. April 22nd is the date. Arrive any time after 5:30. We can plan on eating around 6:30. Speakers will begin at 7:30 or so. We have a nutrition expert lined up and Becky will also do a short talk on centered riding. If you have any questions for them that you'd like answered, please email me and I will compile and forward. As far as food, (ideally) A-M should bring a main dish and N-Z a side dish or dessert. Bring your own drinks.

Directions to Becky & Judith's: The address is 1541 Renton Ct. From 101 take 156 East towards San Juan Bautista (exit 345) Drive 3.4 miles then turn right at the Alameda. At .3 miles, stay to the right; The Alameda turns into Salinas Rd. Drive 0.9 miles, turn right on Renton Ct. They are the 1st driveway on the right.

From Hollister - take 152 West, turn left on The Alameda - follow the above directions.

Even though we've had a lot of rain, I hope that you were able to get your ponies out for a ride or two. Sunny days are coming...

Elisabet

My Horseback Trek in New Zealand - 2003

By Elisabet Hiatt

What follows is taken directly from a travel diary I kept during a trip to Australia and the South Island of New Zealand in 2003. After spending a couple of weeks in Sydney and the West coast of Australia, we prepared to leave for NZ on a much anticipated horseback country trek... *Continued from March*

November 10th

Well, our last day dawned beautiful again. Nick said it might get windy later. We set out at about 10:30 AM. Today I had a break through with Shiloh! He turned to me when I kissed at him out in the pasture when we went to get the horses to saddle them up. Yey!



Crossed the Roaring Meg Creek and right off the bat climbed about 1000 feet. From there it was mostly downhill with a few minor climbs, but by far the most impressive trail. We saw a ton of the same prickly bushes we were pestered by yesterday (they call them "Spaniards") and they sure are sharp, and they hurt. Better not fall on them! The horses learned to avoid them quickly.

We made a few dangerous trail crossings on our way down the gorge, including one that was on a hog's back with cliffs on both sides and barely enough room for one horse to tip toe through between a huge rock and the precipice. We all made it ok except Darkie (our pack horse today) who hit the rock with his pack and almost fell off the side of the hill. Fortunately there was enough space for him to scramble up the trail. We were all off our horses, there is no way I would have ridden

through that.

We finally got to the river and came across an old cabin that gold miners used in the 1800's while digging for gold... apparently this area was big on gold and lots of people came here to make their fortunes. Crossed the river a couple more times, had lunch at another pretty spot, and then headed down what I would consider the part of the trip where the "not suitable for people with fear of heights" (as advertised) really fit. We took what was basically a sheep trail (no wider than a foot) and meandered down the mountain side for a couple of miles... with cliff on one side and steep mountain on



the other. By cliff I mean a thousand foot drop, steep sided, rocky, filled with "Spaniards" and a rushing river at the bottom. You did NOT want to fall here! To add to the excitement, we had to cross several "bogs". Now, bogs as I know them, are muddy spots where you might lose a horse shoe or pull a tendon when the horse sinks up to his knees... not here! Bogs here can be up to three meters (12 feet) deep and look perfectly innocent from the top... just like grass. Most of the bogs we crossed were fairly short (10-12 feet long) and we were told to make our horses go exactly where Nick's horse went. We did fairly well until we combined a long, boggy area with a narrow trail and a steep cliff... then the thought of "what the hell am I doing?" crossed our minds. Must say that these horses are awesome, sure footed, calm and responsive. They have huge feet compared to our horses and I was grateful for that (at least it made them a little harder to sink!). All was well until we got to a serious bog that Nick inspected by foot and deemed too dangerous to ride, so we got off and led one horse at a time through. Nick's horse made it OK, but when it was time for Darkie (the pack horse) to pass, he took a slightly different route and suddenly half a horse disappeared! All that seemed to keep him afloat were the packs on his back. We all stood frozen for a moment just taking in the sight and after a hearty "bloody hell", Nick sprung to action to try to take the packs off Dark-

ie so he could more easily work his way out. Fortunately, another good thing about these horses is that when they are stuck (wire, bushes or bogs) they do not struggle. They just seem to sit there and wait to be rescued. Nick was working on the many straps that hold the pack when Darkie decided to have one more go at going forward and he was able to get some footing, and with Nick's help and encouragement, climbed out of the hole, which promptly disappeared. Now, all that separated Ron and I and our horses from Nick and his was this treacherous piece of trail, and being the wise creatures that we are, we gratefully accepted Nick's offer to get our horses across himself. We looked around a bit for a way to avoid Darkie's spot and managed to make it through without further incidents. Darkie was bleeding profusely from his hind left leg, but it being completely covered in sticky mud, there was little we could do but ride a short distance to a creek that crossed the trail where we could rinse him off and assess the damage. Fortunately he was not lame, and after washing the leg, it turned out to be just a large scrape. We all breathed a sigh of relief. After this the trail turned "boring" since it widened out to road size and we walked our horses a few more miles down hill to the end of the trail... and back to civilization. Dang.

Nick's wife picked us up and after visiting for a while at his house, we parted ways. He to his guiding/doctoring and adventuring, us to a hotel with hot showers, central heat and clean sheets... I already miss the huts.

While at the Roaring Meg cabin, Ron wrote this cute poem:



L to R: Nick, Ron and Elisabet Hiatt

Squeaky cabin, creekly creek,
 Restless horses, never sleep,
 Tin roof tap dance by a birdie
 Wakes me up before 5:30
 Crispy frozen morning air
 Makes me wish I had more hair,
 Counting sheep is not too bright,
 There's no end of them in sight!
 But for open, rolling valleys,
 framed by snowy towering peaks
 There's no place to get this feeling,
 Like the mountains of New Zealand!

The End

News Notes from our Members

From Carolyn Tucker:

I lost my most prized Shagya breeding mare, Aerial AF, on the weekend of March 5 - heartbreaking. She was a granddaughter of the Arabian Stallion Pilot brought over by General Patton during WWII. He was purchased by a Hungarian Countess who bought all of the Hungarian Shagyas brought in during the war. The military saved them from the Russians but many were lost. I have two daughters from her and Oman so she and Oman both live on through them.

From Your Editor:

I bought a new computer three weeks ago, and for any of you who have tried to learn a whole new OS and software, you'll understand my struggles to make things work. Fortunately, I've had help from our Quicksilver member and AERC computer expert, Mike Maul, and my learning curve is progressing nicely.

From Beverly Kane:

Codigh has found a new home in the Castle Rock Arabians riding program in Walnut Creek. <http://www.castlerockarabians.com/> He is surrounded by adoring young students, who renamed him "Rocky" and who will ride him in the Mt. Diablo hills. Many thanks to our QSER vet, Cory Soltau, DVM, who attended to Codigh during his sojourn in the East Bay and connected me to Codigh's new people.



Codigh aka Rocky

Riding in a Cathedral

By Mike Maul

The early morning rays filter through ancient redwood groves like the sun's rays of past centuries through the stained glass windows of a huge, ancient cathedral that we are riding through. The pillars separating the aisles are towering redwoods. The alters and tables are stumps cut flat and turned black through the decades. The open roads become aisles leading to the nave where the parishioners would be seated in the center of the cathedral.

If you weren't planning to ride your favorite horse through an old cathedral - but wish you could - ride in the redwoods a few miles from the Pacific Ocean. It's the closest you are ever likely to come.

Ancient hollow trees resemble confessionals. Their bases burned and scarred by fires past remembrance, they appear in wait to receive the penitent rider. Or perhaps they are small oratories for private and individual prayer to that which brought these magnificent forests to life.

Small meadows are similar to a Garth - a garden or court within a cloister near the cathedral. In the spring they fill with wild flowers and a green cover that our mounts of this day would like to eat..

Dust shines in the slanting rays of the early morning sun: rising from the passage of prior riders and then floating lightly back to the soft carpet of the forest floor. Shadows move in the drifting haze, but for once our horses don't seem to see them or at least they don't take notice.

We drift quietly through the ancient redwood cathedral. The hollow beat of hooves echoing the footfalls of reverent travelers visiting this church along their pilgrimage trail.

I catch myself absently looking for the sanctuary where the clergy of this ancient church might be found. Listening for the choir. But the stillness is unbroken by other than riders and their equine partners. It's dark and cool among the trees even with the sun bright overhead.

I lean back and look up at the dizzying height of slender spires. The redwoods reach up to the heavens almost as if they were the conduit of prayers leaving our redwood cathedral. We traverse narrow switchback trails with our Arab mounts in a similar way to the narrow, tight staircases found in the ancient churches that rise to the upper parts of our cathedral.

In the afternoon the wind sighs through the tops of the trees: a choir singing for the passing riders. The forest smell in the wind provides counterpoint to the psalms of the swaying treetops. I wonder if our mounts have an equine equivalent of a reverent place like this - with the smells of the living forest rising up around us and the soft sounds of hoof beats following us through this redwood cathedral.

But for now - it's enough that we have our day in church among the redwoods with our friends and equine partners.

Life Experiences

By Holly Bergantz

I was 11 years old and staring up at the hulk that was a Leopard Appaloosa, belonging to Maryben Stover. My sister had done "races" and today was my big day, "First race." Oh boy!

We had been trained in the full concept of a real race being a 50 miler, as LD's weren't a big hit back then. Couple that with the fact that we did training rides on the weekends that were usually quite long to begin with, so it was GO BIG or GO HOME.

Pepper and I shared the same birthday, but he was older. This moose had a trot like a jack-hammer and a metronome. He couldn't jump a ground pole to save his life and had no canter to speak of, but could trot in about 7 different speeds. Lucky me - I'd not yet learned to post.

Anyhow, there I am staring up at 16h of mostly muscle, and my little 11-year-old legs are trying to get up into the stirrup and mount up. I had just come back from a weeklong stint in skiing and wasn't exactly fresh. I think that's funny now, coming from an 11-year-old, but it was very real to me at the time.

I know how to ride with Maryben: I stay behind her, I don't talk, I don't whine. Heather rides alongside her or behind her. The pecking order is SUPER simple and I am lucky that Pepper never argues it or bullies his way to the front. He is content to trot like a mad thing right behind them.

First vet check: I get this story from the other perspective and told probably years after it happened. Maryben: "Heather, go check on your sister... I think she's crying."

Heather goes over and checks on me. Sure enough I am trying not to cry. I am fairly sore, my calves are a bit raw and when she asks me why I'm crying, "Pepper is standing on my foot and I can't get him to move!" She quickly helps me shove the big moose over and goes back and tells Maryben.

We get to the lunch stop; I am now officially riding further than I've ever ridden. I am feeling fairly proud about that. I hurt a fair amount. I have been 3-pointing for 20+ miles and steering the "titanic" with one hand on leather reins in a hackamore that he more or less listens to while the other holds onto the horn of the kid's western saddle I was riding. At the first vet check and lunch, I was hiding my "brand of shame", the little Western saddle I was riding in had a silver horn. I bore a big green circle all along my palm like a brand, where I had been "polishing" it for 20 miles, by holding onto it with such a grip.

Then I get the devastating, life-altering news: Heather has been pulled. I will ride the rest of the race with Maryben...ALONE.

Leaving that vet-check I would've crossed myself and uttered a prayer if I thought it would save me, but I did the next best thing: tuck in behind Maryben and don't say anything and don't whine.

Maryben checks in on me, she's very perceptive and tells me softly that we don't have to trot ALL of it, but if we can keep up our pace, we can finish earlier and in decent time. So we space our walking infrequently and for only short bits. My back hurts a bit but I don't mention it. It starts to make sense to me too: even if I did whine, what could she possibly do about it anyway? It's my back and we still got a lot of miles to go.

Coming into the last 10 miles we are picking off other riders and really going. We've even talked a couple of times while we were walking! And I lived! I don't know how I thought Maryben was an adult and I was a kid, she was so human! Who knew?! I was always used to seeing her with at least 5 of us silly girls doing asinine things and hearing her grumbles about our silly or flat-out dangerous riding habits. (Well, that and when we'd get ahead of her she would toss up nuts and have them come raining down on our helmets-THUNK.)

Needless to say, I lived and I think we came in 17th or so, which is probably the fastest I've ever done the Shine and Shine Only course (well, back then it was the Rain or Shine ride.)

I would have to say, over 2,000 miles of mostly racing with Maryben as my sponsor, I got to appreciate the long hours, the feeling of accomplishment, the lessons of pacing, persistence and "toughness". I got to appreciate nature, rain, your teamwork with your horse, your sponsor, and other riders. I got to appreciate the quiet moments where it's right to say nothing at all. I would take this odd moment to thank her, really. At this point in my life, I work quite hard and earnestly. I am appreciated for my ethic, my teamwork, my mentoring, and how I handle my staff at work. I still have horses and love them to pieces. I think a fair amount of horse people miss out on truly being with their horses that only endurance people can understand. It's a marriage between a horse and a human and you have tough spats in there and physical challenges. Nothing like 9 hours between you and a barely-broke horse to make you both learn patience and love. And Maryben made it just easy enough and plenty hard enough that I stuck with it during years of my life that I might've wasted partying or getting into trouble. So, along with my harrowing memory of that 16h waste of a canter, and the woman that I thought just might disown me in the middle of Quicksilver park, came some good life lessons and years of friendship.

Thanks, Maryben. :-))

Memories of ...The Valley of the Heart's Delight

They used to have a Blossom Festival in Saratoga each year and Olivia DeHavilland and Joan Fontaine got their starts there in some Shakespeare plays they put on in conjunction with the Blossom Festival. I think Olivia was in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." I know some of you Quicksilver members have never heard of them, but they were sister movie stars...Olivia was Melanie in "Gone With The Wind", and Joan was in the thriller "Rebecca."

In the early postwar boom days, the City San Jose was trying to annex everything in sight, including the ranch lands that grew the fruit crops which made the valley famous. My Dad was on the Santa Clara County Planning Commission for 27 years and originated the idea of Greenbelts which would protect farm and ranch land from being annexed. Once taken into the city limits, the tax rate would put most farmers out of business. I think the designation Greenbelt now has a wider concept and purpose than in the late 40s.

My Dad told me that the valley had the richest soil in the world with the possible exception of the Fertile Crescent in the Mideast where all the unrest is now. San Tomas Creek ran right along side my parents home and it used to flood the orchards each year when it overflowed its banks.

My father loved that because it brought in rich top soil that had washed down from the foothills. I liked it because I was able to ride my horse out to the Bayshore Highway and pick up the milk because we could not get cars out. Those were the days when milk was delivered fresh each day to your back porch and Bayshore was not fenced. I crossed it hundreds of times on a horse. When my Dad first ranched there the water came from artesian wells, but as the population grew, the wells dried up and he had to pump water. When the creeks dried up once I started a garden hose draining in the creek to save the pollywogs whose puddles of water were drying up. I was severely admonished for that humanitarian effort and so I scooped them up and put them in jars in my bedroom. I think they grew legs and my mother made me dump them in the garden.

During the war there were not enough men to pick the crops. I can remember being picked up at college and taken to the prune orchards with dozens of other students in the back of flat bed trucks and picking prunes all day. As I recall (it was a long time ago!) we picked them off the ground and it was hard work. Enough nostalgia...

By Julie Suhr

Recollections From My Youth

As most of you know, I am a "Brit"; I came here in 1980, and have watched a lot of change in my time here.

However, I thought this might be an appropriate time to share a bit of my own trivia! When I was a teenager, my parents owned and managed an hotel on the Isle of Wight (southern England) and catering post war was a challenge - partly due to shortages of foodstuffs, etc. I used to have to help my parents and I clearly remember my mother asking me to go out to the larder* and get some dried prunes for the next day's dessert. She then told me that these were Santa Clara prunes, and that they were the best in the world. If I had had a crystal ball then and could have seen where my life would take me?!

*a larder was an outside cool storage area where we kept a lot of perishable goods; we had no fridge or freezer back then.

By Jo Barrett

When I was growing up in a chrysanthemum nursery, we had a commercial apricot orchard next to our nursery, and a fig orchard across the street on what is now Highway 237. Was N. Alviso Road back then. Middlefield Expressway was put in after we moved there but I was real young. Lockheed was across the expressway from us, then it turned into HP. Lockheed bordered our property in the back too, across the spur track that went from the main Southern Pacific line into Moffett Field. On the other side of the apricot orchard was Sylvania - the military contract division. Definitely transitional back then!

The building that was on our nursery property was first leased by Bell Northern Research Labs, then went through incarnations of HP, Nortel, AOL, Netscape, Verisign, etc. Verisign eventually bought the property in 2000, but they since vacated and it's for lease again...

I do call it Silicon Valley because it definitely is no longer an agricultural paradise. My uncle had the last agricultural parcel in Sunnyvale, and he sold to housing developers and was made to be a villian, but with rising energy costs and drought he didn't have a whole lot of choice with the land prices being the way they were (are).

The nursery owner kitty corner from us when we all still had chrysanthemum nurseries was eminent domained three times. Once in E. Palo Alto for a school (where Home Depot is now) along with my dad's nursery, then Cal Trans for the 237/Middlefield interchange, then in San Jose for the main Post Office.... Became a multi-millionaire that way just by the virtue of having prime real estate.

By Kathy Mayeda

Weather in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island—March 26, 2011

Well, it was 20 degrees here last night, 40 degrees today, a half hour west of Philadelphia where I am right now, and I go to Rhode Island tomorrow where it snowed two nights ago. I think we can at the least, be glad that we almost all year are in better shape than that...they still have to go through the rainy spring we're now having. There will be fantastic gooseberry bush flowers - look like tiny fuchsias strung along the branches - at Coe Park! And all the rest of the wildflowers. When I first came to California, I remember finding that every week in March there would be a new, unknown wildflower appearing in pasture where I hiked around trying to find an Anglo Arab endurance horse, whom it was my privilege to condition riding Mt Tam. By the end of the month there would be ten kinds of wildflowers.

By Cathy Kauer

A Terrifying Incident

On March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, I took both horses out for an easygoing 10 mile training ride. This is one of my favorite holidays from the past, as I loved hanging out with my college buddies and drinking green beer. Now, I have absolutely no desire to that. Boy, my lifestyle has changed so much owning horses. Party girl socialite to hard core nature girl. I had my pet sitter with me who has a lame horse and hasn't ridden in awhile. I put her on Finn and hoped he would behave as he usually does with nervous or young riders. We went to Sierra Azul as all the parks were closed and I didn't have enough time for Ft. Ord. Later that day, I had to meet another photographer and drive to San Francisco for a huge portrait/marketing event. I had to meet her at 2:30 so we could get good seats. I felt a weekday would be mellow as the mountain bikers are usually "with it" regarding equestrians. Not this day!!! We saw Judith who almost rode with us but I didn't want Finn to challenge a third horse as he loves to do that. My friend was not experienced enough to control him when he gets competitive.

We were at 4.76 miles, about to hit my 5 mile mark before turning around when a biker came flying down a hill. We stopped and waited but my friend was not behind me. I said move Finn right behind Hot Wheels so we are out of the way as this guy was gaining speed. I know it blows the thrill for them when they see us as they lose their momentum for the uphill. I found out later he was training for a race just like I was for a ride. Before I knew it, the guy finally realized he must slow down as Finn was in the middle of the trail so he hit the brakes. He had smooth tires, which was bizarre, and fell off right next to me. Hot Wheels jumped over the edge and struggled not to roll down the hill. This was a steep edge from what I could remember. We were spinning while I was trying to figure out how to jump off. Should I dive left, no right. Hot Wheels was incredibly fast trying to keep himself upright. I gave him the reins and at some point dived for the trail. I did a face plant and my nose did a Miss Piggy with dirt going up it. That was the only problem I had. Hot Wheels jumped to the right of me and started running back to the trailer. My friend let go of Finn's reins and off they went galloping down the trail. Too late to say, "hold the reins". I jumped up, grabbed the guys arms and said "Why didn't you slow down??? But its cool as I know sh** happens". He felt so bad and said he was sorry. I turned to my friend sitting sideways on the ground and asked if she was OK. She looked dazed and said, "I'm fine". I took off running after the boys and said, "I'll be back." I ran 3 miles downhill thinking please don't run into any hikers or bikers and please stop at the three log crossing so you don't run across the road. At some point, my friend caught up with me running too. Around the corner, someone looking like the LONE RANGER came up the trail on a big white horse holding the reins of my two horses. Of course I had been crying so my vision was very blurry. I thought, "my hero". They have been saved and looked sound. It was Scott Sansome. He mentioned how the saddles and tack looked really nice and he thought about taking my boys back to his trailer for my nice tack. Hahahaha. Very funny. I never even thought about someone doing that. Next chance I get, I am branding my saddles—and how!!!

I haven't experienced so many emotions in such a short time in a very long time. Extreme fear that my horse was going to die or be trapped, or lost forever; then both horses, "my kids", gone, injure someone else, my friend injured, the biker injured, my nose broken, and finally, extreme joy. My boys were safe and sound. Hot Wheels suffered a few cuts that healed quickly with Equi-Aid, a charcoal based formula that works miracles. I checked him frequently as all cuts were below the knees, the most dangerous area for puncture wounds and potential infections. I didn't want to put such a sensitive horse on antibiotics right before his first 150 miles not only of the season but ever. No call to the vet and everyone was OK. I think. Scott said the biker looked in bad shape. I asked the guy to tie them to my trailer if he found them when he rode by me on the trail while I was running. The weirdest thing was when I fell and looked up at the horses starting to run off, I swear Finn turned his head and looked at me saying "Sorry mom, but I'm out of here with my herd of two". His previous owner, Cyndee Pryor, trained him not to run off which he has never done.
THANK YOU, SCOTT!

By Lori McIntosh

A Father's Explanation

My daughter turned sixteen years old today; which is a milestone for most people. Besides looking at baby photos and childhood trinkets with her, I took time to reflect on the young woman my daughter had become and the choices she would face in the future. As I looked at her I could see the athlete she was, and determined woman she would soon be.

I started thinking about some the girls we knew in our town who were already pregnant, pierced in several places, hair every color under the sun, drop outs, drug addicts and on the fast track to no where, seeking surface identities because they had no inner self esteem. The parents of these same girls have asked me why I "waste" the money on horses so my daughter can ride. I'm told she will grow out of it, lose interest, discover boys and all kinds of things that try to pin the current generation's "slacker" label on my child. I don't think it will happen, I think she will love and have horses all her life.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she has compassion. She knows that we must take special care of the very young and the very old. We must make sure those without voices to speak of their pain are still cared for.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she learned responsibility for others than herself. She learned that regardless of the weather you must still care for those you have the stewardship of. There are no "days off" just because you don't feel like being a horse owner that day. She learned that for every hour of fun you have there are days of hard slogging work you must do first.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she learned not to be afraid of getting dirty and that appearances don't matter to most of the breathing things in the world we live in. Horses do not care about designer clothes, jewelry, pretty hairdos or anything else we put on our bodies to try to impress others. What a horse cares about are your abilities to work within his natural world, he doesn't care if you're wearing \$80.00 jeans while you do it.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she learned about sex and how it can both enrich and complicate lives. She learned that it only takes one time to produce a baby, and the only way to ensure babies aren't produced is not to breed. She learned how babies are planned, made, born and, sadly, sometimes die before reaching their potential. She learned how sleepless nights and trying to outsmart a crafty old broodmare could result in getting to see, as non-horse owning people rarely do, the birth of a true miracle.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she understands the value of money. Every dollar can be translated into bales of hay, bags of feed or farrier visits. Purchasing non-necessities during lean times can mean the difference between feed and good care, or neglect and starvation. She has learned to judge the level of her care against the care she sees provided by others and to make sure her standards never lower, and only increase as her knowledge grows.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she has learned to learn on her own. She has had teachers that cannot speak, nor write, nor communicate beyond body language and reactions. She has had to learn to "read" her surroundings for both safe and unsafe objects, to look for hazards where others might only see a pretty meadow. She has learned to judge people as she judges horses. She looks beyond appearances and trappings to see what is within.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she has learned sportsmanship to a high degree. Everyone that competes fairly is a winner. Trophies and ribbons may prove someone a winner, but they do not prove someone is a horseman. She has also learned that some people will do anything to win, regardless of who it hurts. She knows that those who will cheat in the show ring will also cheat in every other aspect of their life and are not to be trusted.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she has self-esteem and an engaging personality. She can talk to anyone she meets with confidence, because she has to express herself to her horse with more than words. She knows the satisfaction of controlling and teaching a 1000 pound animal that will yield willingly to her gentle touch and ignore the more forceful and inept handling of those stronger than she is. She holds herself with poise and professionalism in the company of those far older than herself.

Because my daughter grew up with horses she has learned to plan ahead. She knows that choices made today can effect what happens five years down the road. She knows that you cannot care for and protect you investments without savings to fall back on. She knows the value of land and buildings. And that caring for your vehicle can mean the difference between easy travel or being stranded on the side of the road with a four horse trailer on a hot day.

When I look at what she has learned and what it will help her become, I can honestly say that I haven't "wasted" a penny on providing her with horses. I only wish that all children had the same opportunities to learn these lessons from horses before setting out on the road to adulthood.

Author unknown

Julie Suhr sent this:

In talking about Afghanistan, Donald Rumsfeld, in his memoirs, states:

"The U.S. Military had not undertaken cavalry charges on horses for many decades, but during the campaign, fifty-year-old B-52 bombers were dropping bombs guided by GPS and lasers directed by a small team of Americans on horseback. Few of them had ridden horseback before. One soldier confided that they had encountered a phenomenon largely unknown to them until that point: saddle sores. The problem had become so severe, in fact, that they found it difficult to ride. Some tried Vaseline to make it more comfortable, but the conditions were so windy and dusty that the sand turned the Vaseline into a scratchy paste. Then some clever mind came up with a different solution: pantyhose. It was another example of the often unexpected challenges our forces had had to meet and overcome".

Hungarian Hussar Event

April 30, 2011 12:00 PM

Hosted by
American Shagya Arabian Verband and Amara Farms.
Location 13680 Uvas-Kell Ct. in Morgan Hill, Ca.



Hussar Riders, Endurance Speaker-Becky Hart, Hungarian Lasso by Delores Sotelo
\$20.00 Price for the Day - includes all Festivities and Specialty Hungarian foods.
Call Carolyn Tucker @ 408 779-6555 or email amarafarms@garlic.com.

For sale: "Chocolate"

9 year old palomino Haflinger gelding, 14.2 hands.
Excellent trail horse, broke to drive. Looking for an intermediate rider to love and explore trails with. \$3,500 - good home a must.

Contact Jeanine McCrary

831-423-4774

Shown in winter coat.



If anyone would like to have a living legend, Crystals Charm is looking for a person to live with and go out on trail rides with. He is not sound enough to do any competitions, however he is truly awesome to spend trail time with. Let me know if you would be interested in this amazing gelding. He is now 18 years old, 15.2, text book conformation.

Heather Reynolds - 408-687-7082

Centered Riding® lessons

Help your horse use him/herself effectively while going down the trail.

Take the stress out of your body and your horse's body.

Find out how to have a better seat and make your horse more comfortable.

Centered Riding® lessons available with **Becky Hart**, Level 3 Centered Riding instructor. Clinics available upon request.

408-425-5860

Classifieds....

1977 Toterhome with a rebuilt 88 International engine and a new 4 speed Allison Transmission. Runs great. Has a nice living space with a large fridge. Price reduced to \$5,000.

Heather Reynolds
408-687-7082

Deluxe Endurance Halter Bridle Combination and Deluxe Endurance Breastplate by Zilco. Both are burgundy. Like new. \$150 for both.

Kathy Brayton

kbrayton@aol.com

NEW portable corral

system: Backed by Parelli and others. Light weight, very easy to set up, attaches to your trailer. Call or email me and I can send a short video presentation.

Wendy Ebster

horsewife@ymail.com

PRINTING SERVICES for Quicksilver club ride managers. Our club now has a color duplex printer that is located in the home of Becky and Judith. You can do the printing at the cost of 25¢ per page color and 6¢ per page B&W, if you provide the paper. If you e-mail the printable files to Becky, she will do the printing for you at the cost of 27¢ per page color and 8¢ per page B&W, including the paper.

E-mail Becky: bghart@garlic.com

I am selling my **2000 Ford F150**. It's green, with a high profile truck bed cover. New tires put on it about a year ago and it's not had much mileage put on it since then. Asking \$4000 or best offer.

Terri Rashid list-mail@netrun.com

TAX SERVICE – Specializing in horses. **Trilby** – (408) 997-7500

I am selling this saddle for \$1200 including mohair girth 22", standard fenders worth \$205 or if you prefer standard stirrup leathers worth \$120 and E-Z stirrups from Specialized saddles. The seat is an 18" Classic X that has a slightly built up cantle and moulded "poleys" worth \$315 new.

Lori McIntosh. Cell #: 415-235-5246



FOR SALE - Specialized Saddle, 18" seat International model, black with attractive border. Nearly new. The twist is too narrow for me; otherwise it is a very comfortable saddle. Will sell it with a HAF pad that fits with the saddle perfectly. \$1500

Barbara McCrary

E-mail: bigcreekranch@wildblue.net

Senior Citizen Caregiver

English Speaking, reliable, dependable, honest person seeking employment as a senior citizen/handicap companion helper. Light housekeeping, good cook. No alcohol, no smoking and no drugs. Gilroy, San Martin areas
References upon request
Contact:

Susie Sotelo - cell: 408-607-9436

Wanted: cheap heart monitor, basic model.
Elisabet lazo@ucsc.edu
831-234-4732

FOR SALE

Truck and camper - 2004 Ford F350 4x4 diesel 34,000 miles and 2005 Lance 920 camper. Both in great shape. **\$34,000** Will sell as a unit or separately.

Logan Coach 1989 Two horse straight load ramp. Well used but still solid. **\$1800**

Must sell. **(831) 419-6877**



For sale: BCR Katerina Bey, #2A337107-1999 ¾ Arab bay mare, 15 hands, Echstrordinary X Fad-Tiffany. Sweepstakes nominated. Price \$3,500/OBO
Has had lots of training (including Natural Horsemanship) but has no one to ride her at present. Strong uphill horse, very balanced downhill, surefooted, has considerable trail experience. Friendly, easy to catch, lovely ground manners. Very light and responsive; collected, forward trot. Best with experienced, light-handed rider. Will make a great endurance horse. Video available.

Barbara McCrary
831-423-4572

bigcreekranch@wildblue.net



Horse Boarding Facility

20535 Rome Drive, San Jose, California.
 Stalls: \$270.00, pasture \$200.00, fed twice a day
 high-grade oat and alfalfa.
 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 the
 Quicksilver Park. **Trilby – (408) 997-7500**

For Sale - Circle J aluminum two-horse slant-load
 bumper-pull trailer. Gate width 5'9.5", 5'11" long on the
 short wall. **(Shown at right)** →

Price \$5,000.
 More photos available. Contact
Teri Rashid teri@kytiri.com

For Sale

Circle J Bronco slant load 2005 2 horse trailer it has
 drop down windows on head side and bus sliders on
 tail side. (No photo) **\$5,000**

Contact
Tracy 408-391-8912 or at
tracy.hofstrand@gmail.com



From Becky Hart

As you may know, Tom Stutzman donated a large quantity of tack to the club, including 3 orthoflex saddles. One is brand new*, never out of the box. We sold one saddle, but still have the new one and a stitchdown for sale, as well as miscellaneous tack. The sale of the tack generated enough revenue to have a nice awards banquet (it was going to be scaled way down) and to replace the old printer with a new laser printer that will print double sided and color. This printer will be used for the calendar and can be made available to ride managers who would like to print much more cheaply than Kinko's or other copying stores. They need to provide their own paper. The board will need to determine what the price will be to others.

Ortho-Flex Officer's Patriot,
 \$ 1700/OBO
 stitch-down seat, thigh rolls, 17"
 seat (western sizing). Billets
 should be replaced.
Becky Hart, 408-425-5860 or
Maryben Stover, 408-265-0839.

Ortho-Flex Patriot, \$2000/OBO
 16" seat (western sizing), brand
 new, never used. Stirrups not
 included. **Becky Hart**
408-425-5860 or
Maryben Stover 408-265-0839



Amazing Kindness Experienced at Salinas Beach



On New Year's Eve, I drove myself and my boy Hot Wheels down to Salinas Beach, just south of Monterey, to ride with friends from the Los Gatos Horseman's Association. It was just me, Laura, and her husband Scott. Nigel was home recovering from his recent knee surgery for a torn ACL. Laura was super excited to be out there and she was snapping away with her Canon G12.

At some point, we crossed part of the river and she went to take some pictures but her camera was gone. We quickly turned around and trotted along the shoreline hoping we could save it before the waves washed it away or someone stole it. Well, what a way to start off the new year!!! Someone drew lines in the sand with arrows pointing towards the camera taken safely away from the creeping waves. This tells me that 2011 is going to be a super fabulous year with lots of love and joy with family and friends. After we found the camera and worked our way back to the horse trailers, we saw a couple who turned towards us with huge smiles and asking if we found it. Lots of thank you's all around and off to canter down the beach back home. These were taken from my iphone and its a 3G. I definitely can't handle taking my camera on the beach while on Hot Wheels right now...especially on a noisy beach which was super overwhelming and exciting for him. More beach days coming but maybe in San Francisco as the soft is just too soft here. Only recommend for pleasure riding.

By Lori McIntosh

Last Minute—Important message from our president:

Tractor Supply in Gilroy is having an Equine Event in their parking lot on April 30th from 10Am to 5Pm. Michelle Herrera has kindly volunteered to host a table on behalf of the club. It would be great if we can have a few more members participate, so think about it. Here's a great opportunity to showcase our club, endurance riding and the endurance horse. The event will feature: breeds, disciplines, trainers and clubs and it's free for participants as well as spectators.

A few ideas put forward from the BOD:

- ◆ Have copies of the Quips and Endurance news magazine
- ◆ Have membership forms and general information for Quicksilver club and AERC
- ◆ Have Quicksilver and AERC web site information (our web site needs a little updating)
- ◆ Have informational cards with Qsilver members and mileage information (according to someone, there are more miles accumulated in our club than is some entire regions!)
- ◆ Have ride photos
- ◆ Have an Arabian horse, (preferably a famous one?) to pet and admire

Any other ideas?

What we need:

- ◆ More volunteers!!!! Michelle can't do this all on her own. Any areas above that you would like to help with? If several of us took a one or two hour section, it would be fun and not too hard.
- ◆ Save any Endurance News magazines you may have. We can put them on the table and give them away. Bring to the April meeting or give to someone who is coming if you are not.

Please contact me if you want to volunteer or have any more ideas. I'll try to coordinate as much as I can.

These glorious insults are from an era before the English language was boiled down to four-letter words:

- The exchange between Winston Churchill and Lady Astor:
She said, "If you were my husband, I'd give you poison."
He said, "If you were my wife, I'd drink it."
- A member of Parliament to Benjamin Disraeli:
"Sir, you will either die on the gallows or of some unspeakable disease."
"That depends, Sir," said Disraeli, "on whether I embrace your politics or your mistress."
- "He has no enemies, but is intensely disliked by his friends." *Oscar Wilde*
- "I am enclosing two tickets to the first night of my new play; bring a friend...if you have one." *George Bernard Shaw to Winston Churchill.*
"Cannot possibly attend first night, will attend second...if there is one." *Winston Churchill, in response.*

APHORISM:

A SHORT, POINTED SENTENCE EXPRESSING A WISE OR CLEVER OBSERVATION OR A GENERAL TRUTH

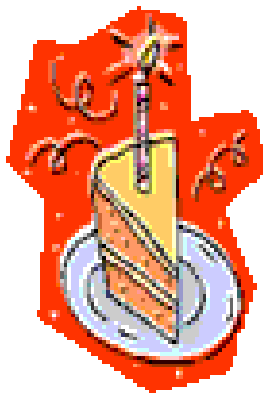
8. Why is it that at class reunions you feel younger than everyone else looks?
9. Scratch a cat and you will have a permanent job.
10. No one has more driving ambition than the boy who wants to buy a car.
11. There are no new sins; the old ones just get more publicity.
12. There are worse things than getting a call for a wrong number at 4 AM. - Like this: It could be a right number.
13. No one ever says "It's only a game" when their team is winning.
14. I've reached the age where the happy hour is a nap.

(More next month)
Thanks to Elisabet Hiatt for these gems

April

If you would like to be remembered on your birthday, and I don't yet have your date, please send it to me. All I need is your name, month, and day. I don't collect years of birth. After all, who wants everyone to know how old you are?

Barbara -
bigcreekranch@wildblue.net



Touch someone's heart.
Remember them on their birthday by sending a thoughtful card.

“April hath put a spirit of youth in everything”

William Shakespeare

“Sometimes he scuds far off,
and then he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather,
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And whe'r he run or fly
they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail,
the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like
Feath' red wings”

William Shakespeare

*Happy April Birthday to our
Quicksilver Members
and Endurance Friends*

Don Brown	5
Melissa Ribley	8
Kimberly Peterson	9
Kathy Brayton	20
Julie Suhr	21
Katie Alton	21
Jill Kilty Newburn	22

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

FIRST: We need your name

And then your address

And your phone number, Fax, e-mail

And then we need your money! Senior membership is \$ 25 _____

Junior (under 16 years of age) membership is \$ 15 _____

Total enclosed \$ _____

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; 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 2011 dues, checks made out to: Quicksilver Endurance Riders, Inc.

**Mail to Membership Chairperson: Maryben Stover
 1299 Sandra Drive
 San Jose, CA 95125-3535
 (408) 265-0839**

May your and your horse(s) have a wonderful year riding together as 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**

