



Quicksilver Quips

June 2012

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June President's Message

Random ramblings....

I did the Coe ride this weekend. Hard, but it was very satisfying to finish with a happy, healthy horse. Hey... now I can look down my nose at those who only ride "easy" rides. Of course, there is the inevitable next challenge... maybe a 75 miler? Better yet, a 75 miler with a sprained ankle! Yesss! Oh, but then what next? A 100 miler, of course... but only if I have some crucial body part encased in a cast! Tevis would be next... on a one eyed horse and me suffering from a concussion... THEN I could definitely look down at just about anybody... hmmm... naaah, I think I'll pass, that's not why I ride! I came across this poem the other day that got me thinking about this:

*I feel the wind, I hear the birds, I ride my horse, as I sing the words
I see the grass, I feel the leather, I ride my horse, upon the heather
I taste the dust, I see the heat, I ride my horse, to his own beat
I feel the joy, I taste the fun, I ride my horse, into the yellow sun...*

Why do you ride?

Mole hills out of mountains.... A dear friend of mine said that to me many years ago. She is a Christian, and the context was that Jesus could make a mole hill out of any mountain. As a believer myself, I found the concept very appealing. Big JC can make anything simpler... and then I realized that HE also gave ME the ability to do the same thing. My attitude changed over the next few years. I try to see every mountain as a potential mole hill. I've heard it said that you ride the long, tough rides from one vet check to the next. That mountain is now much smaller. Sometimes the big, bad world gets to me and all I can do is see if I can find the next small good thing that will carry me over. Will it matter in two years? Nope, it's just a mole hill.

I can ride, and if I couldn't, I could walk, and if I couldn't, I could wheel myself around, and if I couldn't, I could lay there and talk, and if I couldn't, I could listen, and if I couldn't, I could remember the better times, and if I couldn't, I could pray.

A horse can lend its rider the speed and strength he or she lacks, but the rider who is wise remembers it is no more than a loan. (Pam Brown)

Why do you ride?

Elisabet

2012 Cache Creek Ridge Ride

By Barbara White

The fourth annual Cache Creek Ridge Ride was held on May 12th, and many Quicksilver members were in attendance to take on the challenge of the trail and to enjoy a very well managed ride hosted by the Stalley family of Williams. The ride takes place on BLM land in Lake and Colusa Counties, and the ride camp, Cowboy Camp, is near the intersection of Highways 16 and 20. I was lucky enough to attend for the fourth time and return to a place that has special meaning for me.

When our children left the nest after about a 20 year hiatus, Doug and I started endurance riding together again. We lived in the middle of the flat Sacramento Valley and frequently hauled our horses, Khazz and Rebecca, to Auburn or Oroville for hilly trails. Doug was serving on a BLM advisory committee at that time, and he was told of a place west of Williams with miles of trails. When he was given the combination to a gate lock and permission, it didn't take long for us to head on over and see what was there. Little did we know that we had been given access to approximately 75,000 acres, traversed by primitive trails, in gorgeous oak woodlands, with ponds and creeks running throughout. Climbs to the top of the Cache Creek Ridge offered incredible views of four California counties from the same spot. As we explored this outdoor paradise, we rarely saw another person but were often surprised by a rattlesnake or a tule elk. Because the trails were undefined in many places, Doug worried frequently that we would get lost. Because the trails were undefined in many places, I hoped frequently that we would get lost and have to spend hours finding our way back to the trailer. We had our favorite places to gallop Khazz and Rebecca up the hills, and I often chattered about how I would love to put on an endurance ride there, not because I wanted to manage a ride particularly but, rather, because I wanted to share this incredible place with others. Due to the fact that there was no permitted vehicle access, I couldn't figure out where to stage a ride camp and my passing fancy of an endurance ride went the way of all such dreams. Shortly before we moved to Santa Cruz County in 2006, we attended meetings and offered input as the BLM prepared for a horse staging area. There had been an old corral called Cowboy Camp, but this would be a new and expanded area for horse camping. The BLM managers were eager for everyone's ideas and welcomed ways to make this special area accessible for more people. When we moved in 2006, the plans for the new Cowboy Camp were progressing well.

In 2009 the Stalley daughters, Alyssa and Jennifer, decided the time had come to give it a go and put on an AERC ride. Their father Chuck showed me the map prior to the event and asked if I thought it was "doable." I truthfully said I did not know. Riders were expected to go up and down the Cache Creek Ridge four times. As it turned out, the first year was unseasonably hot, adding to the challenge. However, Chuck and the BLM had turned those primitive, undefined trails into lovely two tracks with soft, fluffy ground underneath, and rarely a rock or a root to cause concern. Between great footing and both natural water and plentiful troughs provided by ride management, the ride proved to be not only doable, but a great success. This year they hosted four events – a 50, a 25, and two ride and ties, for a total sign-up of about 150 horses. The Stalleys and their volunteers managed it masterfully. As one of the riders, I never had to wait for a vet at the three away checks, nor did I encounter trail congestion. Lunch was provided for all, as well as a delicious banquet after the ride. This fourth year was again unseasonably warm, but pre-ride warnings by head vet Rob Lydon, as well as water every few miles, resulted in another year of excellent finishing rates. Out of 91 starters in the 50 mile ride, 79 finished. Shellie Hatfield won in a time of 5:36, riding a grandson of Julie Suhr's noble old broodmare Khadija Tam, while the last finishers came in right at cutoff. The first LD finisher was Michele, and looking around camp I saw QS members (or former QS members) Hailey (3rd Place!), Hugh and Gloria, Tracy, Jeff, Hillary, David, Robert and Melissa; there may be others I missed.

I had a delightful ride on Djubilee, the third time I have taken her. She knows the trail now and handles heat well. I imagine she also sensed my joy at returning to the trails Doug and I treasured so much. Unfortunately, my beloved, naughty Rebecca crossed the Rainbow Bridge on the Wednesday before the ride. I put some of her hair in my pommel bag, and when Djubilee carried me to the top of the ridge for the first time on the first loop, I tossed it out to the wind, while convulsing momentarily in sobs. I left a bit of Rebecca and a bit of my heart behind. The place was at the top of a hill where Doug and I had galloped many times, without another soul in sight, our hearts soaring in exhilaration. I would often be screaming, "Slow down! Rebecca's going to buck!" If he wouldn't, she would. :-)

I am grateful to the Stalleys for adding this ride to the ride calendar. Well managed, well-marked, and beautiful, it's a ride I recommend to all club members. It's not an easy ride, but the vet checks are at the bottom of long hills, and the water, grass, and shade are plentiful. There is nothing to stop most conditioned horses from having a successful day, and there is much to make most riders glad they did.

Thank you, Barbara, for the ride story, but most particularly for your and Doug's lovely memories.

Raging

By Merri Melde

That's about the only way to describe the hot debates, or, as Patti Stedman put it, 'verbal passion', on a wider variety of subjects on the AERC forums and Ridecamp this past week.

I tried to put together all the arguments in a short one-page summary, so you don't have to go through the hundreds and hundreds of fervent comments. In essence:

- Some rides are too short for their posted length
- Some rides are too long for their posted length
- They all even out in the end
- My GPS says...
- Your GPS doesn't work right anyway
- Problem? What problem?
- We're doomed

- The size of the Board of Directors is too large for our small organization, nothing gets done
- The size of the Board of Directors is just right for our small organization, there are other more pressing matters
- The size of the Board of directors is too small for our small organization, nothing gets done
- Problem? What problem? Everything is fine
- We're doomed

- We offer far too many year-end awards to riders—we didn't do that in the old days
- We need to offer more awards, as more incentives to riders
- Year-end awards are fine, but riders should buy them from AERC
- I already won these awards, and paid for them through AERC dues, training my horse, gas to rides, entry fees, etc., so why should I pay again?
- Problem? What problem?
- We're doomed

- Our organization is losing members but so what, that's to be expected
- Our organization is losing member so we should try to recruit new ones
- We don't need new AERC members, we should tighten out budget
- We shouldn't tighten our budget, we need to recruit more members
- Our organization has a surplus in cash, so we don't need more money
- Problem? What problem?
- We're doomed

- To cut the budget, we should start at the top \$ stuff and work down
- To cut the budget, we should start at the bottom \$ stuff and work up
- Eliminate a weight division and the year-end awards
- Eliminate 2 weight divisions and the year-end awards
- Eliminate all weight divisions and the year-end awards—I just want to ride
- Stop advertising in national media to recruit more endurance riders, it's a waste of money
- Increase advertising in national media to recruit more endurance riders
- Get rid of the printed magazine—it costs too much
- Keep the printed magazine it attracts readers and endurance riders, and not everybody has proper Internet for electronic only (remember, AERC riders as a whole are aging)
- Increase dues—it brings in more money
- Decrease dues—more member would join
- Add a fun ride division—it brings more money and people
- Eliminate Limited Distance—it is not endurance
- Look to Europe to see why it is they have so many endurance members and so many riders at rides
- Europeans are stupid, all they do is race

- We need to bring more kids into the sport
- Kids should not be allowed to ride unless the are 6 (8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18) years old
- Kids should not be allowed out of the house, period, unless they are 21 years of age

- Kids are our only hope for growing up in endurance and replacing us old folks in the sport
- Problem? What problem? Everything is fine
- We're doomed
- Endurance is about fun, not just endurance
- Endurance is not about fun, endurance is about endurance—fun is maybe an added perk
- Make it easier for people to want to come try endurance by offering shorter fun rides
- Make it harder for random hootenannies to want to come try endurance unless they can suck it up and jump right into a 50-mile ride, like the old days
- We need to expand our vision of endurance to coincide with the times
- We need to tighten up our vision of endurance to remain true to the original intent
- Problem? What problem? Everything is fine
- We're doomed
- FEI rides do not belong in endurance
- Use the FEI riders to our advantage
- Limited Distance rides do not belong in endurance
- Use the Limited Distance riders to our advantage
- Fun rides?—Holy cow! Are you guys going to share the drugs?
- Use fun rides to our advantage
- Problem? What problem? Everything is fine
- We're doomed
- Try new things, try tapping new markets, like other horse disciplines and marathon runners, to interest people in endurance
- Stick to the old, pure, endurance traditions no matter what
- Problem? What problem? Everything is fine
- We're doomed
- Endurance purists are elitist snobs
- Newbies are snobby wimps
- Problem? What problem? Everything is fine
- We're doomed
- We want you! Welcome to our organization! We hope you one day work up to riding 100 miles!
- We don't want you here. Go Away. You are not like us
- Huh? I'm just out there riding
- Problem? What problem? Everything is fine
- We're doomed
- :)
- :/
- >:(
- Problem? What problem? Everything is fine
- We're doomed

I *think* that about sums everything up for now

These raging debates in our tiny (in the scheme of things) endurance riding organization exactly reflect the raging debates over issues in our country at large:

1/4 of the people want to fix the problems one way and are sure theirs is the right way,
 1/4 of the people want to fix the problems another way and are sure theirs is the right way,
 1/4 of the people want to fix the problems another way and are sure theirs is the right way,
 1/4 of the people are talking about the price of tea in China while the rest talk about endurance,
 1/4 of the people don't think we have any problems in the first place,
 And the math doesn't add up anyway!

One thing I am sure we *all* can agree on is that we at least love the riding part of endurance riding, or to be politically correct, endurance riding and non-endurance riding.

But then, I might be quite wrong about that, too! So, please excuse me while I go hug my horse.

By the way, while all these issues have actually come up for discussion this last week, this piece is supposed to be humorous, but...

1/4 of the people will think it's hilarious
1/4 of the people will think it's offensive
1/4 of the people will find it inapplicable to their lives
1/4 of the people will find it stupid
1/4 of the people who matter will be thinking only of the next Game of Thrones episode,
And the math doesn't add up anyway and...

I'm still going out to Hug My Horse Stormy, who is the Most Beautiful Horse On The Planet**

**I am well aware this could start a whole new raging controversy, but in this case, I know I am 100% right with this indisputable fact, and the rest of your claiming that you own such a horse will be 100% wrong. But no offense taken. ■

I am a huge fan of Merri Melde, who writes as "The Equestrian Vagabond" on Endurance.net. As the author of the above article, she captures perfectly, humorously, the raging argument that took place recently on the Ridecamp Members Forum.

Barbara

2012 Coe Backcountry Weekend – April 27-29

Each year, Henry Coe State Park opens up the Orestimba Corral for Backcountry Weekend the last weekend in April. This was my first year attending this long time annual event.

The back country is beautiful, especially at the end of April when everything is green, the flowers are out and all the lakes, ponds and streams are full.

I took Flame to the event to ride on horse patrol to Mississippi Lake. From Hunting Hollow, Mississippi Lake is a very long hard ride but from the Orestimba Corral it was a pleasant 5 mile ride at a slow pace. It surprised me to see the trails were less difficult in that area of the park (at least the ones I rode).

All user groups are represented this weekend...equestrians, backpackers, mountain bikers, and lots of campers staying close to Orestimba Corral. Volunteers provide all kinds of assistance and information to make the weekend fun and running smoothly.

As a new volunteer, I continue to be impressed with how much volunteers do at the park. Backcountry Weekend is organized and run by volunteers. Staff Rangers are on hand and very involved in the event but a large number of volunteers make it happen.

If you have a chance to attend sometime, I highly recommend it.



*Story and photos by
Lori Oleson*



Strange Horse Laws

Here is a collection of some of the wildest horse laws ever passed. This is part of a compilation of approximately 41 loony laws. Hope you enjoy! A great many of these laws were aimed specifically at horses and riders. No one knows how they got there and no one living has a memory of anyone arrested under them. *(Continued from last month...)*

- In Schurz, Nevada, they have an old law which prohibits the trading of a horse after dark.
- In Pee Wee, West Virginia, people are prohibited from swapping horses in the town square at noon!
- A unique law in Pine Ridge, South Dakota where horses are banned from neighing between midnight and 6 a.m. near a "residence inhabited by human beings."
- And in Pocatigo, Georgia, horses aren't allowed to be heard neighing after 10 p.m.
- Paradise, California, retains a most unusual law that says it is illegal to let a horse sleep in a bakery within the limits of the community. What about goats, cows, etc.?? Only horses are mentioned.
- In Sutherland, Iowa, a law governs how horses may be seen when on the streets during evening hours. The animal must always have a light attached to its tail and a horn of some sort on its head.
- No rodeos in this town! No man is allowed to ride his horse "in a violent manner" if he happens to be in Boone, North Carolina.
- Female riders in Clearbrook, Minnesota, be aware of this one governing the heel length of a horsewoman's shoes. Any such woman can wear heels measuring no more than 1-1/2 inches in length.
- A loony clothing ordinance in Upperville, Virginia, bans a married woman from riding a horse down a street while wearing "body hugging clothing." A \$2 fine can be imposed on any female rider who wears "clothing that clings to her body."
- An attorney can be barred from practicing law in Corvallis, Oregon, should he refuse to accept a horse in lieu of his legal fees.
- Trying to find a wife? Watch out in Tranquility, New Jersey that you don't violate this law. The law states that a person can't distribute handbills while on horseback as a means of advertising for a wife.
- It is against the law in California for horses to mate in public within five hundred yards of any church, school or tavern! The penalty can be a \$500 fine and six months in jail. This law isn't clear as to whether the horse or the owner is fined and jailed.
- McAllen, Texas, has outlawed citizens from taking pictures of horses on the Sabbath. Any person who "disturbs" or "otherwise antagonizes a horse" in this manner will be subject to a fine of at least \$1.50 and can be jailed for as much as "three full days and nights."
- In Burdoville, Vermont, it states that "no horses are allowed to roam loose between March 1 and October 20!
- In case you have an accident in Hortonville, New York, here's their antique law: "The rider of any horse involved in an accident resulting in death shall immediately dismount and give his name and address to the person killed.
- Watch out in Rhinelander, Wisconsin if you are riding a horse while intoxicated! An old ordinance takes care of the problem. Such a horseman, per the law, must be given a "large dose of castor oil." Who doles out the penalty? The horseman's wife! Refusal to take the castor oil results in a fine!
- In Omega, New Mexico, every woman must "be found to be wearing a corset" when riding a horse in public. A physician is required to inspect each female on horseback. The doctor must ascertain whether or not the woman is, in fact, complying with this law!

Philosophy

Opportunity is missed by most people because it is dressed in overalls and looks like work. *Thomas A. Edison (1847—1931)*

One ought never to turn one's back on a threatened danger and try to run away from it. If you do that, you will double the danger. But if you meet it promptly and without flinching, you will reduce the danger by half. *Sir Winston Churchill (1874-1965)*

Men often become what they believe themselves to be. If I believe I cannot do something, it makes me incapable of doing it. But when I believe I can, then I acquire the ability even if I didn't have it in the beginning. *Mahatma Gandhi (1869-1948)*

If we had no winter, the spring would not be so pleasant; if we did not sometimes taste of adversity, prosperity would not be so welcome. *Josh Billings (1818-85)*

Scavenger Hunt

Saturday - June 23, 2012

Harvey Bear Ranch

Enter on San Martin Ave.

Use SECOND driveway—NOT main entrance



Scavenger Hunt

- **\$25 adults (includes member-for-a-day fee)**
- **\$20 under 12 (Parent must sign release for riders under 18. Minors must ride with an adult and wear a helmet.)**
- **Ride out at 10**
- **Lots of great prizes awarded following our Tri-tip lunch with all the fixings**
- **Bring your eagle eyes and friends, the more the merrier**

BBQ lunch at 1:00

DISCOUNTS for SMHA members
Forms at smhorse.org Questions? Chere
408.683.2247 or Kitty 408-842-6215
mail@smhorse.org

Rules of the Trail
No un-ridden horses No riding double No Juniors riding stallions

Hosted by SAN MARTIN HORSEMEN'S ASSOCIATION
Harvey Bear Ranch is a facility of the Santa Clara County Parks & Rec. system

Team # _____

San Martin Horsemen's Association

Scavenger Hunt Registration Form - June 23, 2012

Name		Phone	
Address			e-mail
City	State	Zip	

Check One: CURRENT SMHA Member (take your discount below)
 Not a SMHA member (member-for-a-day fee included in registration)

** Sign Release of Liability

***Parent must sign for Juniors

Adult	\$25	<input type="text"/>
Junior (12 & under)	\$20	<input type="text"/>
SMHA Member	-\$5	<input type="text"/>
Total amount Enclosed		<input type="text"/>



Registration: Begins @ 8:30 am

Ride Out: @ 10:00

Lunch: @ 1:00

Prizes following Tri-tip lunch!!

Rules

Minors must be with a responsible adult at the event

No riding double

Minors may not ride stallions

No unriden horses

Mail registration & signed release forms to: SMHA
P.O. Box 275
San Martin, CA 95046

Pre-registration not required but appreciated.

EVENT RELEASE OF LIABILITY HOLD HARMLESS AGREEMENT

Event: _____ Date _____

I acknowledge that horseback riding is a sport that carries inherent risks of injury and damage to myself, my horse and property. I knowingly assume all risks, whether known or unknown, of horseback riding. I hereby release **SAN MARTIN HORSEMEN'S ASSOCIATION** hereinafter referred to as "SMHA" and the **COUNTY OF SANTA CLARA PARKS AND RECREATION DEPARTMENT** hereinafter referred to as "BEAR RANCH" from all liability for any act of negligence or want of ordinary care on the part of SMHA, BEAR RANCH, or any of its agents.

In consideration of my participation in events or activities organized or sponsored by SMHA, I waive, release and discharge SMHA, BEAR RANCH and their directors, officers, agents and members, their representatives, heirs, executors and all other persons and organization in any way connected with the SMHA or BEAR RANCH events from any and all claims of liability for injury or damage to myself, my animals or my property arising out of my participation.

This agreement is binding upon my executors, heirs and assigns.

I expressly waive any rights I may have under California Civil Code 1542, which states "A general release does not extend to claims which the creditor does not know or suspect to exist in his favor at the time of executing the release, which if known by him might have materially affected his settlement with the debtor."

I agree that I will indemnify and hold harmless SMHA, BEAR RANCH and their officers, directors, members and agents against all claims, demand, and cause of action, including court costs and actual attorney fees, arising from any proceeding or lawsuits brought by or prosecuted for my benefit, in which this release is upheld.

SMHA and BEAR RANCH, its agents or employees shall not be liable for any damage which may accrue from any cause or as a result of fire, theft, mining away, state of health, injury to person, horse or property.

I ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I HAVE READ THIS RELEASE OF LIABILITY AND KNOW AND UNDERSTAND ITS CONTENTS. (each participant MUST SIGN this part)

Signature / Date _____

Signature / Date _____

*****Parent or Legal Guardian must complete the following section*** Minors do not sign on below line**

I, the undersigned parent or guardian of the above minors in consideration of my minor's participation in San Martin Horsemen's Association activities, agree that the terms and conditions of this Release of Liability shall be binding as to damage or injury to my minor, his/her animals, and property arising out of his/her participation in events. We further warrant that we have health and accident insurance on said minor(s).

I ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I HAVE READ THIS RELEASE OF LIABILITY AND KNOW AND UNDERSTAND ITS CONTENTS.

Parent/Guardian / Date _____

Welcome New Member, Diane Stevens

Hi Everyone !

I'm a new Quicksilver member. I will be moving to the area in late June once my mare's foal is old enough to travel. We are looking for a home to lease with horse property. If you hear of something please let me know. I would also love to hear from everyone about what areas have good conditioning trails. I would hate to take a place that has no trails for riding near by. (*I believe Diane has already found a place.*)

About me:

I've been married for 23 years to my hubby John we have 4 boys. Our oldest is married and has a son. Yep I'm a granny. Our other three boys are 18, graduating next month. Then 15 and 17, I call it the grocery years!

I have 2 Arabs—my black mare Elation who was due to have her baby May 7th, I'm still waiting (*as of her May 14th e-mail.*) Also a grey gelding named Titan; he was my husband's trail horse, but when I had my mare bred I stole Titan from my husband and took him to Tevis :) Possession is 9/10 of the law, right?

My husband retired from the Navy after 25 years and is now working for Carrier Corporation in the Bay area. I'm still in San Diego waiting for the kids to finish up the school year.

We have only been in the San Diego area for two years. We spent 10 years on Whidbey Island in Washington State. I'm looking forward to getting to an area that has a local endurance club!

I'm a barefoot trimmer and a Renegade boot dealer on the side.

Cheers,

Diane Stevens

P.S I'm on facebook—**Diane Seaby Stevens**

Things You (Probably) Don't Know A bout Me

Jo Barrett: As of yesterday, I became a Great Grandma! My daughter Alison in England, has a daughter called Jessica, who gave birth (3 weeks prematurely) to Zachary at 5 lbs.11 oz. (*Congratulations, Jo, from all of us in Quicksilver!*)

Barbara McCrary: I grew up on a poultry ranch. By the age of eight, I was the designated chicken-plucker. My father would select a hen who was slacking on her egg-laying job, lop off her head, scald in near-boiling water, and I would pluck, singe the underlying hairs, eviscerate, and present the finished product to my mother to cook for dinner. Despite how yucky this sounds, chicken is still one of my favorite foods!

Diane Stevens: As of May 23rd, I have become a citizen of the United States, previously a citizen of Canada. *Welcome, Diane!*

Michelle Herrera: At the Ranch Del Oso Horse Camp (north of Davenport) there is a small Visitor Center & Ranger Office. There are a few exhibits and displays and maps of Big Basin State Park. If you go to the new touch screen interactive computer and touch the section on horse trails you will see my picture and my endurance mare (retired).

News Notes

From Judy Etheridge: On May 5th I rode drag on Rocketstar, aka Rats at the Mt. Diablo NATRC ride--Greg Fellers was the vet and during a courtesy vet check he asked me if I had ever been told that she has a heart murmur. I was really surprised and said, "No". She had done an LD at the 2011 Desert Gold and nothing had been noted but since about that time when riding here at Sunol Regional she had started to stop several times for a few seconds on the way home which is up a series of steepish hills. I attributed this change to her age, 18 going on 19, but still wondered about it because she isn't really that old.

A couple of weeks later my regular vet, Carrie Pierce, came out to do my young horse's teeth and I asked to her check Rat's pulse; she also heard the murmur and recommended that I consider taking her to Davis for a cardiac workup. I emailed Martin Vidal for his input and he told me to stop riding her and to make an appointment with the cardiac specialist.

Last week we took her to Davis for the workup which included an EKG and an ultrasound exam. Dr. Griffith, the chief cardiac resident, amazed us with his skill with the ultrasound machine, but the news was bad. Rats has serious mitral valve damage and the left side of her heart is enlarged so definitely no more riding as he could not predict how quickly the heart problem would progress. She could live for quite a while or drop at any time. She could also develop heart failure which could be observed by her legs stocking up and shortness of breath. I am still in a state of shock but the upside is that we have lots of pasture for her to spend the rest of her life keeping Orion company.

Holly's Adventures on a 30K Run

By Holly Bergantz

Hey Guys! I am not endurance racing currently, but I have taken a stab at running races (maybe more like JOGGING races, I'm not a contender or anything).

I've picked one race a month, pretty much. In the middle of April, I had done a 10 mile race on one weekend and as Friday was rolling around, I was itching to "find" my next race. To my amazement, there were some races, they were local and they were *that* weekend. Scrolling down the list I saw a couple of 5k's (3.1 miles) a 10k (6.2 miles) and then I saw a trail race! I had only done one before (in Q'Ser park) a few years back. It was brutal (for me) at that time and I limped through that 25k ungracefully. The trail run had a 10k (6.2 miles) or 30k (18.6 miles) entry.

"Hunny! There is a race this weekend!" (emails link to race to boyfriend)

"Oh, THIS weekend? Like in two days? Are you doing the 10k?" (reading my email)

-Silence-

"You're not doing the 30k are you?!"

"I already entered!"

I had run a couple half marathons early in the year, a couple 10k's and a 10 miler... I knew I could make my way through this. I did know that a trail run was "harder" than a road run. Just like for horses, I knew that a race with technical footing could wear out a horse that had been training on very easy, level, perfect footing. But still, this couldn't be too bad.

At the starting line, I was appalled to find only 50 or so ya-hoos out with me (this WAS starting to feel more and more like an endurance run; only the insane, I mean, "dedicated" showed up!) and doubly-worse—they were all fit. I somehow landed in a Speedo and Nike photo shoot, surrounded by muscle, sinew and spandex. I now knew how my marginally in shape Arab felt showing up to some races in his woolly winter coat and a beer belly.

Over many rocks and twists and turns there were also 2 river crossings per loop. Your feet *might* have thought about getting dry by the time you hit the next river. I recall riding Fireworks and groaning if my feet got wet first river crossing in the morning, because they would be wet all day... this was a very similar sensation. Woe and regret. I was running in my little barefoot shoes and was truly the circus clown out of the athletes that showed up. By the 2nd 10k lap, I was being passed by the "winners" on their final, 3rd, 10k loop. Each one had a comment about my goofy shoes and pity that my feet were probably killing me.

Much like the races I used to ride (somehow magically pacing my horse so I ended up alone for entire loops, to my horse's dismay), I started out loop 2 alone. Also much like my horses, I felt that desire to turn around and stay in camp. Unlike them, I knew how far I had to go, which, I would've traded for the ability to naively brave my way forward, hopeful of a finish line at every turn. I knew I wasn't even half-way yet. :)

I spotted the camera-men on the 2nd loop. They were there to document my rapid demise, of this I was sure. They caught me on the first loop, looking hopeful and excited. They were catching me on my second loop, looking notably fatigued and plodding along. (I should take this moment now to say this was our first hot day. It was supposed to stay near 73°, like it had been for weeks, yet hit 91° as a happy surprise! Joy, oh joy!)

Partway through loop 2, I found a runner to run with. Noting that I caught up with HER, I knew my pacing was faster and she was slowing down. She was also 5'2" and I am 5'9". But my pacing happily slowed to her tiny, albeit very consistent, gait. My strides got long and lazy, like a Thoroughbred stuck behind a Welsh on a single-track trail...but happy for the excuse to let up a bit.

By loop 3, I knew EXACTLY where I was on the trail and for some reason, this gave me lighter feet. I was "almost" done! Only 6+ miles to go! Whoo hoo! With renewed enthusiasm (those of you know me will know this trademarked Holly-Enthusiasm, and it usually makes you cringe, or wonder what crack I am on) I wolfed down an Oreo (actually, I think many of us can muster enthusiasm to wolf down Oreos), chugged some water and hit the loop again with my trusty trail partner.

Coming up one tricky part of trail, the eroded center, an incline, coupled with the roots of trees and many rocks, made the footing tricky. This is where one of the photographers hid in wait. I saw the incline coming and said to Sherry, "That photographer is hiding up there like a sadist, trying to catch our weakest moment. Give him your game face Sherry!" Sherry laughed and mustered up a bit of Spring-Time-Training from her Inner Line Backer and sprang up that incline like her toes here on fire. She throws up the Texas Long-horns with both hands and makes a face Gene Simmons would be proud of.

Two mountain bikers and a hiker with dog are waiting at the top now, so I can have a free jaunt up my little ravine. I'm pooped, really, honestly, this-is-hot-and-I-didn't-sign-up-for-this pooped. Ah well...

"Hey! I'm only going to do this once. On the count of three, OK?" In the bushes, up there somewhere, I think the photographer has heard me. I start jogging up my little ravine.

"One, two, THREE!" I leap in the air like a Muppet on cocaine and give the biggest, gaping grin I can. My arms are flung out like a spider-monkey and I am imagining that I have mustered enough energy to mule-kick my tired leggies out

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Holly (Continued from page 11)

behind me. I land without killing myself and, after laughing at my antics, the bikers and hiker find out we're on mile 12 out of 19 and wish us good luck. I silently pray the photographer took a picture and keep on with my run.

Cutting to the end of the race, I cross the finish, happy and tired. The race manager and some of the elite runners waiting around had a good laugh that I survived "their" run. Comments on how my feet held up and how I liked the trail floated around. I found out this was a series of races...I just finished the 1st one with two more coming up. Would they see me at the next one? Probably...

Given a couple of days to recover, I immediately signed up for the next race. I talked my boss and another co-worker into running it with me. My boss is a RUNNER. He doesn't do this stuff half-way. This park was right next to his house and really only had one loop: a 10k. That must be it! We went out that next weekend and did one loop. The plan was to do 1 loop now, 2 loops the following weekend and then the race would be the weekend after that (3 full loops).

On weekend two, we were just starting our run when we saw a team of "runners" coming in. They took off onto the trail for a very obvious "loop 2" ahead of us. They had to be runners from the race. Looking at their physiques, my friends agreed. We finished loop 1 to find a few of those runners relaxing in the parking lot. Justin went out for loop 2 immediately and Stephanie had hopped into the bathroom. I walked over and started chatting (shocker, I know. I'm SO shy ;)).

They confirmed they were runners, and part of Team Rogue (who puts on the Rogue Races). I admitted that we were running 2 loops and trying our best to prepare. The girl there looked hard at me and then her face lit up. She was slightly Swedish so her accent and English were not 100%.

"You're that girl! In the picture!"

???

"You did the first race, you are the girl in the picture!" She stands up and puts her hands in the air and puts one foot out behind her and says, "TaDA!"

I start laughing, oh THAT picture! I had seen the picture and it turned out as good as I could've hoped for.

"Yes, that was me."

"Oh! We printed that picture out. It was our favorite from the race photos. It's on our wall at Rogue."

Slight embarrassment sets in. "Well, I'll see you next weekend!" Stephanie and I head out for loop 2.

Now, I hadn't planned this, but I accidentally entered a Muddy Buddy Costume obstacle course 4 mile run with Stephanie on SATURDAY... and then had the 30k trail race on SUNDAY. We wore red-neck hillbilly costumes with a team name of "Hoosier Daddy". In size 60 "workman's" jeans, suspenders and flannel work shirts (sleeves cut off) and baseball caps (mine read, "Don't worry BEER happy!" on the front) we set out to conquer swimming, leaping, rope climbing and running 4 miles (there were 12 obstacles in all). Yay! That was fun!

Then came the 30k the next day. Up at 5:40am, I picked up Stephanie from her house, and Justin from his house and we went to the race. Justin forgot his water bottle, so borrowed one of my handhelds (luckily I brought two). The starting line of this race was much like the last. I was wearing a hoodie, a skirt, pig-tails and my barefoot shoes. Everyone else was wearing skin and spandex. First loop went pretty good. With 10k under our belts (about 6.2 miles), we set off for loop two. Oh, we did make a pit-stop at the car to throw on our celebratory tutus: it was to be our motivation and keep us light-hearted as the race went on. Mine was lime green and Stephanie's was leopard print: MEEEEOW!

The handy thing about this course was the Aid Station being pretty much 5k out, so it was a nice half-way point. Running with just one bottle though, I easily finished my water before hitting the station. I was dreaming of Russet Potatoes dipped in salt and half-melted Oreos at the top of the hill. Getting there, I was waiting for Steph to catch up and began chowing down on the good stuff. At this point, the fit runners (i.e. "We're actually going to WIN the race") started to pass us. One of such runners was a girl clearly pushing her limits. She was pushing the last few strides to the aid station, but you could tell she was as steady on her knees as a tourist is on a small yacht at sea. She was weaving and knock-kneed as she literally fell onto the water cooler and stayed there, with her head between her knees. I took one look at her and doused a cup of potatoes in salt and then held them under face. "You look like you need these." She didn't reply but waved them off. Two seconds later, she was lunging down the trail, clearly more intense of a runner than I was.

Chatting about my tutu with the aid staff, and the mud run we'd done the day before; I waited for Stephanie. I imagined she was almost there and gave out my war cry. "Ka KAW! Ka KAW!" like an angry crow. Sure enough, a replying "Ka KAW!" emanated from the foliage and Steph came jogging into sight. The aid staff thought the tutus and our outlook were very humorous.

We made our way to the finish of loop two and were about 11 miles into the race when we turned the corner and saw a runner down on the trail with two people over her. It was Mrs. I Don't Want a Potato. I have actually never seen a person "checked out" in my life, but she was the first and MAN was that interesting. Wide-eyed and grumbling, eyes rolling back in her head, fingers turning purple and spreading up her arms and legs getting purple from the ankles up as hypothermia was setting in.

Luckily, one of the guys that stopped was a paramedic, so he was doing his drill (checking vitals and asking questions). Other runners passed us and he assured them that a quad was on its way and to keep running. She started going into shock and the paramedic wished out loud that he had a blanket. Looking at Steph I motioned to our tutus and

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Holly (Continued from page 12)

those came off in a flash and were handed over. The guy kept calling on his cell to have someone come pick her up. Stephanie made the obvious conclusion that on this terrain, with the single track, NOTHING was going to come get her unless it was on foot, so we might as well carry her. I hoisted the girl onto the paramedic's back, like a piggy back ride, but she was too limp to hold onto his neck, so I let her fall back on me and wrapped my arms under hers; lacing them across her chest to hug her to me. We matched left-foot, right foot to keep from stepping on each other and though she was a limp rag she weighed a ton (she was tiny, but come on! I wasn't ready to carry 50 lbs. of dead weight on rocky climbs for a mile.) Part way on our death march, she comes awake enough to start biting my arm and licking salt off of it. I was trying not to giggle at the insanity of it all. We switched it up a bit when the paramedic got back on the phone with the patrol. This time the lanky Indian runner (being an elite, his ankles thinner than my wrists, he wasn't an ideal candidate to pair up with carrying a dead-weight woman!) took her legs and Stephanie and I both took her torso. Now, "Rachel" was wide-eyed and staring at my neck and chin. She was giggling intermittently and trying to kiss my cheek. When she had fallen, she was already so out of it that she didn't try to brace for impact, so while her hands here scratch free, her nose was broken and most of her face was bruised and bleeding...and that happy mess was now kissing me and smiling at me. Then she leans her head on my shoulder and tells me,

"I have a secret for you..... I pooped my pants!"

"I can smell that."

She then erupts into fits of giggles and passes out again; eyes rolling back in her head. I am trying not to laugh as it's getting pretty funny to ME. I felt like I'd fallen down the rabbit hole into Wonderland.

The paramedic is off his cell and back to help carry. She freaks out and goes animal crazy, flailing, at the idea of the "man" getting her, so I continue to carry her and let her just smile and kiss me. At one point, she kept muttering, "What the hell! What the hell, you guys?!" like she was upset that we were carrying her and she wasn't allowed to "finish her race". She starts struggling again like a tired 6 yr. old who is fussy. I can't imagine how she felt—running in the woods and the next thing you know, you have four people "kidnapping you" while you magically gained two tutus and you hurt everywhere. That had to be a trip for her!

One of the elite runners passes us. It's one of the runners I was talking to the prior weekend on our "2-loop Training Run". He nearly didn't stop running, seeing that we were already carrying her out, I think he came upon us and instantly concluded that he was just going to pass us. He had been so focused looking at the limp runner that he did a double-take and "saw" me.

"It's YOU!?" he managed to choke out an astonished whisper and then ran past. Barefoot and tutu'd strikes again. Chalk one up for the un-serious runners.

We made it to the aid tent at the finish of loop two and waited while the paramedics attended to her. Being swarmed by 6 men in uniforms was clearly too much as she flipped again and grabbed my arm, wide-eyed. I firmly told her that I wasn't leaving her and got her a napkin with water to clean her bloody nose and face. She made good eye contact and mumbled "thank you" more like "Dank U" through the broken nose. They went to lay her on the back board and strap her down and she went wild again, "I have to finish! I'm a runner! I'm running a race right now!" The paramedic from the trail stepped in loudly asserting, "YOU are confused, YOU don't know where you are, WE know what we're doing, YOU need to let US do OUR jobs." She wasn't having any of it. He was about to continue when I stepped between him and her and directed her attention to camp. "Rachel!" she looks into my eyes, "You're done! You finished the race, this is CAMP." She looked over and sees the parking lot. "What place did I get?"

"You came in 5th." (OK, so I lied...)

"I'm done? I feel fine!" she tries standing up and realizes her legs don't work and stares at them with wild eyes, as if to say, 'How can you betray me like this! Work legs! Work!'

"Rachel you're right, you are totally fine, but you need some fluids so these guys are going to set you up with that." (THAT was honest)

She lays down and gives me a thumbs up.

Oh yeah, somewhere between picking her up and trying to get her onto stretchers, I felt a tickling against my stomach: there was a 3 inch scorpion crawling across my belly. I flicked it off like any panicked girl and then stepped on it. It's tail popped off, but wouldn't you know it—it was wedged between my toes in those Vibram 5 fingers, little claws snapping in anger. I flicked him out and then was still helping her.

The race manager knew me on a first name basis from the first run. He was half-giddy to see the "unserious" runners in tutus were the ones carrying a woman off the trail and he thanked us profusely.

Wouldn't you just know it, but that Aid Tent was *just* out of sight of the rest of the camp and the finish line of each loop. As Steph and I donned our tutus again, we came jogging around the corner and I could just see the people around camp glancing up at the clock and thinking, "These girls are going to be out there all day on their mockery of our run in their friggin' tutus."

Starting loop three, we had officially used 3:05 min of "Race Time". Steph's knee was out and she was going to walk the last loop. We figured it would take us about 2 hours or so to walk the 6.2 miles.

Again, at the Aid Station, I waited for her. I had caught up to another runner and bragged about how good salty potatoes were. As I hit the Station, there was ONE cup of potatoes left, so I shared. Being that we were the tag-end

Holly (Continued on page 14)

runners, we weren't exactly spoiled for choice on the fixin's anymore. I wanted something to dip into salt, but the trail mix was the only Gluten Free stuff left, and I knew Steph would be needing it. Being that I am not so limited, I took the high road and found more Oreos...and happily dipped THOSE in salt. (Don't knock it 'til you've tried it!) Steph caught up and refueled and then we "took off" (at a mad walk ;)) to finish loop 3.

Coming up the last hill, we could see the aid tent. To the right of that, about 100 feet of trail would take us to the finish. I told Steph we had to run it in, and finish strong. Seeing the aid station abandoned and partially taken down, she gave me a "What's the point?" but started hobbling into a jog. Sure enough, we rounded the corner and all the staff, the out-Station staff and a handful of other runners were waiting for us. Just like a nearly-spent pony, Stephanie perked up at the sound of applause and the people at the finish, and her pace quickened.

"Holly, I want a leaping photo like yours, we have to do a leaping photo!"

"We're doin' it!"

They gave us a standing ovation and a roaring applause into the finish. Although the camera crew had left, a fellow runner knew how hard a race like this was and magically produced a camera just in time.

I have the final race coming up in three weeks. We'll see what happens. :)



Race One



Race Two

Classifieds

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Classifieds

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Dear QSER members – we had our place off of the market for a while, but we’ve done a bunch of work on the house to bring everything into tip-top shape and have a new agent marketing it for us. If you have any equestrian friends that might be looking for a nice horse property (complete with a covered arena that I know several of you are familiar with), please feel free to pass along this flyer to them.

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15.3h, 15yo, gray Purebred Arabian gelding

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Classifieds

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Margaret Graham

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I'd love to find a great home for a gorgeous white/grey 14 to 15-yr-old Arabian mare about 15.1 hands. She is a powerhouse. Beautiful tail and mane. She's only been back with me for a couple months and I rode her today and she didn't stop for a second. Jeff Luternauer had to trot to keep up with her walk. She has very few miles on her because she was my daughter's horse and she moved to Texas. This horse needs a medium to strong rider/trainer. She hasn't had much work in a couple years and at that time she was powerful but my 16-year-old daughter uses to ride her with ease. She does need to be re-schooled after being out to pasture for a couple years.

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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.
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 (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.

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