



Quicksilver Quips

June 2013

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President's Message – June 2013

We are mid-way through the ride season and it is that time of year when there are rides every weekend. I hope everyone is able to attend a few of these to ride, crew or volunteer. Riders and ride managers need our support.

Our next meeting will be June 15th at Calero County Park (23205 McKean Road, San Jose). It will be a riding/potluck meeting with games at the end. For those who want a longer ride, we are meeting at 9am. If you would like to go on a shorter ride, come at 10am. Our potluck will be at noon. Bring your favorite dish to share. I will be in Southern California visiting family that weekend, so the meeting will be led by our very capable Vice-President, Kathy Brayton. After the meeting, Jeanine McCrary is organizing a few games with the horses. Last year we did this and it was a lot of fun. I'm sorry I'm going to miss out.

On May 22, there was a Santa Clara County Planning Commission meeting on all the changes being discussed and planned for at Calero. Some Quicksilver members were in attendance. Kathy Brayton was there and e-mailed me a blurb to include for you to read:

"The multi-use trail issue has become very important for riders to give their input on at these meetings. They are listening, but we all should care and attempt to be at these meetings, so that they listen seriously.

Several of us were at the meeting last week and it was very informative. A great deal of work and planning is going into all the changes. We would love to have all the trails as they have been for years—for equestrians only. But if that fails then it is vital that we all take an interest in the preservation of some of the trails for equestrian use only. Right now they are only designating a 7-mile trail for that purpose. For endurance riders that is laughable. Everything else will become multi-use if we do not attend the meetings and give necessary input."

If you are interested in, or use the trails at Calero, now is the time to get involved, attend meetings, send letters or e-mails. Let the county know you are there. Contact information:

Elish Ryan, Park Planner
Santa Clara County Parks
298 Garden Hill Drive
Los Gatos, CA 95032

Phone: (408) 355-2236

Email: Elish.Ryan@prk.sccgov.org

Lori

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BILTMORE CHALLENGE 2013 – 20th ANNIVERSARY

A couple of months ago, Heather called and asked if I was interested in flying out and riding one of her horses on the Biltmore 2* (75 miles). It took me about a second to 'think about it' and told her yes.

Step one was getting myself qualified by completing a 1*. This was taken care of by riding Heir Express (aka Jordon) on the SASO 1*.

Since I was going all the way to North Carolina, I decided to spend a little extra time and make it a vacation.



Before Heather and Jeremy arrived, I went hiking at Chimney Rock State Park. The hiking was mostly stair climbing. Without stairs, it would have been rock climbing. It was a beautiful area with great views. The park staff were all very friendly.

Heather and Jeremy would be arriving with the horses on Thursday afternoon. I wanted to stay close to help them unload. They were coming with their entire herd of 9. After the ride, they were heading to California.



Thursday was my time to be a tourist at the Biltmore Estate. I spent 4 hours touring the House and Gardens. The House was completed in 1895 by George Vanderbilt and has 250 rooms. The Vanderbilt/Cecil family still owns the 8,000 acre House and Estate. At the House, Gardens, Winery and Antler Hill Village, all the staff have incredible knowledge of the Estate and family. It was all very interesting history in the House and progressive agriculture that has been evolving since the property was purchased.



Friday was a busy time. Michele Roush and Tracy Hofstrand arrived. Michele and I were teamed up riding Dust and Erebus. Both horses were doing their first 75 mile ride. We did a short pre-ride, got all our tack situated, made sure rider weights met the 165 minimum, checked in horses, took most of our stuff to the crewing area and went to rider meetings. Jeremy on Chances and Nikki from the UK on Cleo were on the 100 mile ride.

Saturday the 100's started at 6am, the 75's started at 6:30am. The horses were warmed up and a few minor tack adjustments were made. When the trail was open, we left trotting on a road that we would see many times in both directions during the day.

All of the vet checks were at the same location on the outskirts of camp. There were 5 loops on the 75. The trails were marked with colored diamond placards with arrows. There were lots of forest trails and gravel roads, we rode by vineyards, livestock pastures, ponds, old and newer barns and houses. It was very scenic.

On the second and longest loop, we rode by a lot of livestock pastures. There were cattle, sheep and one donkey at one point on both sides. Erebus didn't like any of these other animals. Dust was fine until he saw the donkey. We ended up stopped, with the 2 horses pressed up against each other in the middle of the road. It was funny, we had to laugh. We reassured them it was okay and continued.



The trails were well marked and it's a good thing. At different times, you could see other riders going all directions above, below, alongside and crossing. It was if someone cooked spaghetti, threw it on a piece of paper and said, "Let's make our trail system look like this." There was only one time I stopped and said, "This can't be right". As Michele and I stopped to pull out our map, another rider assured us we were doing the trail correctly.

It was a huge treat to have a very experienced 6 person crew. I have never been at the receiving end of this caliber of crewing.

Michele and Dust led most of the ride. On the 4th loop, we were doing new/longer mileage for the horses and Erebus didn't believe this was right. I put him front more to make it more interesting for him. A few times, randomly he would make a right turn. The funny thing was, there was no trail. He wanted to turn into the forest. Other times we would shoot by our turns because I guess I was a little too subtle with my cues. This was all typical young/inexperienced horse behavior.

Both horses cruised along during the day like the young pros they are. We were told on Friday that a 10 hour ride would be ideal for them. With Michele's experience and her GPS we were able to execute our instructions. Both horses looked great at the finish, completing their first 2*.

After we finished the ride, the sky opened up and the rain came. And it rained a lot.

Sunday morning it was still raining and the river next to camp was rising. After the awards, I helped Heather and Jeremy with the horses until around 10-10:30am. They had reserved 2 pastures for the horses to rest before heading west. I don't think it was very restful for them with the rain. By Monday, their pastures were flooded.

My next stop was Fort Gordon in Augusta, GA. My niece is in the Army and is stationed there finishing her schooling. Word is she is going to be deployed to Afghanistan in a couple of months so I wanted to spend a little time with her. We had a very nice visit.

Overall, it was a great week.

Lori Oleson

Carla Fanara Basch's son, Andy, was killed in a drowning accident May 18th. QSER members will remember Carla as a longtime member of our club who also served as president. When Andy was a young boy, he rode Maryben's horse Rushcreek Olson on the last ride Olson did which was Castle Rock. Can't read the date but I think it was 1989 or so.



Great Railway Journey to Lake Garda, Italy

By Barbara McCrary

On Wednesday, April 24th, we left Santa Cruz for SFO airport and took off for London Heathrow. I traveled with my England-born friend, Joan Parsons, both of us late of Año Nuevo Horse Patrol. The flight took about 11 hours and one tends to arrive half-way around the world in a daze of time warp and fatigue. We were met by Joan's sister, Ruth, and nephew, Jonathan, who drove from Ruth's home in Seven Oaks to pick us up.

During the next week, we took short sightseeing trips, beginning with Charles Darwin's home, Down House, that has been made into a museum of his life and works. I savored the grocery store, Waitrose, rather like a smaller Safeway, only better. We stocked up on fresh fruit, veggies, and other goodies (like CHOCOLATE.) Ruth and Joan told me that food rationing continued for nine years after World War II was over.

Joan and I took off one day, catching the train for Dover on the SE coast of England, at the edge of the English Channel. We trekked through the Dover Castle, a rather magnificent structure of great antiquity. I have seen so many castles, Roman ruins, and ancient mansions during the month I was in Europe that I can't remember all of the dates and history. (I was planning to keep a journal, but my dedication to that plan disappeared about Day 3.) The fascinating history about Dover is: the castle, ramparts, and lighthouse were started by the Romans, updated throughout the following historical eras, and was very prominent during WWII, as it is only 22 miles across the Channel to France, and therefore very vulnerable to German attack. We explored underground man-made caves, used as a command center and air raid hide-out for the residents of the town. I tried to visualize what it must have felt to the locals during the War, always on the alert for enemy attack, but failed to envision completely the fear they must have known.

For anyone who is old enough to have lived through WW2, you may remember the song "White Cliffs of Dover." I saw them, startlingly white from their limestone composition.



Dover Castle



A ferry leaving Dover for Calais, France

On May 3rd, we took the Eurostar from St. Pancras station, through the "Chunnel," bound for Paris and an overnight stay. The next day we continued our journey to arrive at Lake Garda, the largest lake in Italy, situated at the edge of the Alps. The town was Desenzano, and it was a lovely place. The hotel was small but excellent, and it was here I found that Italy's reputation for great food is justified. This was a walkable town, so our group of about twenty or so went everywhere on foot. Our tour guide, Englishwoman Mary Ryan, was an absolute dear. I had contracted the usual snuffle-cough-sneeze bug from the flight from SFO, so by the time we were in Desenzano, I needed some medical help. Mary walked with me down to the nearest "pharmacie" where a licensed pharmacist is permitted to prescribe and sell antibiotics. I was given three tablets and some of the most effective cough suppressant I've ever experienced. Recovery commenced almost immediately, and I was soon feeling and sounding much better.

One of the days in Desenzano included a walk through the market, a long line of booths, much like our County Fair, selling everything from T-shirts and purses, clothing of all sorts, to foods, et al. That day I took off on my own to explore the ruins of a Roman villa. These had been discovered and partially excavated, the artifacts neatly preserved in a small museum on site. A lengthy video presentation told of the geology and history of the area. The excavation ended a very short distance away from a residential area, quite obviously built before anyone discovered the ruins of the Roman villa, and equally obviously, the excavation had to come to an end. It was a morning well spent. While Joan and Ruth were exploring the market, I was exploring ancient history (one of my passions.)

We spent seven nights at Hotel Desenzano. On the night of my birthday, the hotel had prepared another of its excellent dinners and finished off with a large special cake, alight with sparkling fireworks. It was very touching, yet I felt a little sad that I was not with my family at home.

Our travel group was one of the most compatible assembly of folks I have ever traveled with. I was the only honest-

to-goodness American in the group; although Joan has lived in California for 50 years, she remains a citizen of England. I had some delightful conversations with an Irishman and his wife. He lives in Belfast and hand-makes classical guitars. I told him that Lud's ancestor had come from Antrim County (where Belfast is located) and he said this is the place where the McCrarys originated. In Ireland the name was spelled McCreary, however. Lud and I need to go there someday and look up some family history.

One day was devoted to taking a boat to Isola del Garda, a small island upon which is built the most amazing mansion. After several generations in the same family of noblemen, it is still home to their descendants. Hosting tours of parts of the mansion helps pay for upkeep of the buildings and gardens. The family has determined they will not sell to anyone, that it will stay in the family forever. At one time, someone had wanted to buy it and turn it into a casino. I can empathize with the family, as this had been their home for hundreds of years.



Approaching Isola del Garda



The parking lot at the mansion



Closer views of the mansion and garden; the hedge is sculpted into a design of the family crest



When I saw this sight at the Desenzano Roman ruins, I couldn't resist taking this photo. It was a touch of home—away from home. Good old John Deere...

To be continued in the July issue...

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Henry Coe Backcountry Weekend

By Peter Harper

I thought I would share my back country adventure on my two endurance horses. April 26-28 was the Henry Coe State Park Back Country Weekend. I'm a Park Volunteer and had special permission to enter the park early. The road into Oristimba Camp was not passable with my LQ trailer so I took the opportunity to try packing in on horseback. I have saddle panniers that go over my endurance saddle. Rocket, my SSH gelding drew the short straw and was the pack mule. I did a dry run earlier with sand bags in the panniers so I knew he was OK with the packs on the saddle.



Day 1: We arrived at our take-off point about 10 AM. I had this huge pile of horse feed and camping gear that I had to somehow get into the packs. I started with the heavy stuff first. Two feed buckets and grain. Since we were going cavalry stile I had to pack in all the horse feed. I filled 1 gallon zip lock bags with beet pulp, alfalfa pellets and sweet feed. I think next time I will skip the alfalfa pellets, too little calories for the weight. Beet pulp is better low weight fiber source and we were able to graze enough to fill in the roughage. It took me about an hour to get all the horse feed, tent, sleeping bag and people food loaded. We headed out with Ladyhawk in the lead and Rocket the pony at a nice easy walk. I didn't get the weight balanced on the pack the first time and had to stop to adjust the saddle as it worked to the side. We made the 6 mile trip into camp without incident. One of the other volunteers thought I had packed all the way from my house some thirty miles. She thinks I'm more than a little crazy.

At camp I set the horses up on high ties. This was my first attempt at high ties between trees and it worked out great. I kept the horses far enough apart they couldn't mess with each other. You also need to keep them away from the trees or they will chew bark. With the horses settled I pitched my tent and set up camp.

Day 2: For day 2, I wanted to take full advantage of our jumping off and ride to Rooster Comb Peak deep in the Oristimba Wilderness area. The only way into the wilderness area is on foot or horse. Rooster Comb is a prominent rock outcropping that looks like a rooster. Since I rode Ladyhawk the day before I took Rocket into the wilderness area. He was a good boy for me with boundless energy. First was a 6 mile trek down Oristimba Creek road. "Road" is being generous, basically down the mostly dry wash of Oristimba Creek. There were still a few pools of water so I knew we'd have water for the ride back in the afternoon. At the junction of Rooster Comb Trail there was an older gentleman sitting in the shade of an oak with his sleeping bag spread out. One of our duties as volunteers is to offer assistance to the public so I thought I would check in with him. We chatted for a while and I was convinced he had plenty of water and knew how to get back to camp. Then he says "Hey, can you do me a favor and pick up my gear along the trail for me?" Hmm, "I guess so?" He said he dropped a tent and sleeping pad along the trail a couple miles in. His wife had decided to go for a hike on her own and he was too tired to go back for the gear. He didn't look like he was in shape for the hike so I agreed to pack his stuff out on my way back.

The single track up Rooster Comb was beautiful. We quickly climbed up the side of the mountain. This trail is used very infrequently so there were plenty of low branches to dodge. Sure enough, about three miles in we see the guy's gear on the side of the trail. I make a mental note of the spot and continue on to the summit. Before long we are at the

junction of Rooster Comb summit trail. I use the term "trail" loosely. There is a sign pointing to a gap in the bushes straight up the ridge line. The old ranchers never took a trail master course and the word switchback was not in their vocabulary. I got off Rocket and led him up the first couple climbs. We both had to dig in to keep from sliding back down the hill. It eventually leveled off enough I was able to get on and ride. You could see where a few hikers had already made the trek so we followed their lead. Near the top we encountered a large tree across the trail. Chest high to Rocket so he wasn't interested in going over. I could see where hikers had climbed the bank to go around so I pointed Rocket up the hill. He dug in and gave it a good try but was stuck half way up. I was just ready to bail out when he does a sharp 180° and heads back down! Yeehaw! I pulled the reins back and lay back on his rump and he plummets back down the hill. I could see us doing a cartwheel at the bottom when Rocket picks his head up and stops with a nonchalant look of "I meant to do that". I'd had enough fun and decided it was time for a lunch break. After lunch we picked up the hiker's gear and met him at the bottom of the trail. He was very appreciative of my hauling his gear out. Then he told me the rest of the story. He and his wife had planned on mountain biking in. The only trouble with that plan was you can't ride a bike in a wilderness area. They had parked their bikes and had carried all their gear in by hand without back packs. His wife was fed up and decided to go hiking by herself and had left him to haul all their gear out. He was having to make multiple trips and was too worn out to go back for the last of it. Having done my good deed for the day we headed back. I later noticed their bikes chained to a tree just outside the wilderness area. My guess is he is the one that forgot to read the rules. I gotta give them credit for making lemonade out of lemons.

On the way back we made two side trips into Mustang Pond and Kingbird Pond. At Mustang pond we met one of the other volunteers who were leading a public ride. We stopped for an afternoon snack break. While Rocket was busy munching the fresh grass I learned one of the two riders was on a grey TWH. She said he is interested in doing endurance so maybe I found a new recruit. Mustang pond was very crowded so we didn't hang around long. Kingbird pond was prettier in my opinion and a little less crowded. Back in camp Ladyhawk was patiently waiting where I left her.



Rocket looking at Kingbird Pond

That evening we had a little excitement. Just before sunset a rattlesnake crawled out of a squirrel hole not 25 ft. from where we had all sat and talked the evening before. One of the volunteers was carrying his chair over to join the party when we saw him suddenly stop and jump back. A 5-foot rattler was stretched out in front of him. As a few of us came over to see the snake, it coiled up and started to rattle. In minutes we had the entire camp gathered around to see the snake. As soon as anyone moved, the snake would point in that direction. You could get close enough to count the rattles; six total. Then the bird-watching group joined us and we had about thirty people around this poor snake.

After the excitement was over we left to let the snake hopefully crawl back in its hole. The only thing was it didn't do as we planned instead crawling under the horse trailer, then past the water trough then up the hill towards Ladyhawk and Rocket. It is at this point we decided it would be safer to relocate the snake to a safer place. Armed with manure rake and a muck bucket one of the volunteer safely moved the snake out of camp to every one's relief. That evening I made sure to shake my tent before crawling into my sleeping bag in case one of his friends decided to come in to snuggle.

Day 3: I was on duty to lead a group of riders into Mississippi Lake. It was forecast to be hot so none of the public riders wanted to go out the third day. I was disappointed because Mississippi Lake is the largest of the Coe lakes. My

co-leader and I decided to make the ride anyway. I was thrilled, she rides an Arab and is a former NATRC rider and is not afraid to trot. We had a wonderful time leaving the QH people behind. We explored several off shoots from the main trail. First was a 0.5 mile trip down to Board Spring. The springs in the camp were first developed by the ranchers for stock water. It is important to check on the condition of the springs so you can let hikers and riders know what springs have water year around. Board spring was chocked with algae but had a nice flow. Next we headed down to Mississippi Horse camp. The camp was in a nice little secluded valley and had pipe corrals and a picnic table. This looked like a great place for a future packing adventure until we checked the spring; 6 inches of stale water in the bottom of the trough and the tank up the hill was empty. From hear we met back up with the other riders. We pushed on to Mississippi Lake. Wow what a treat at Mississippi Lake, the water was like glass and most of the people had already packed out for the day. We almost had the place to ourselves. We were still feeling energetic so we decided to do the 3 mile loop around the lake. I saw the most amazing duck. Looking it up I believe it was an American Widgeon. On the backside of Mississippi Lake we encountered another large downed tree. A big Ponderosa Pine, about belly-high. I walked Ladyhawk up to it and she went straight over without hesitation. The other horse had other thoughts so my friend had to circle around and join me further down the trail. By now it was starting to get hot. There was not good access to the lake to water the horses so we had gone a while without water. Along the trail they had a water station for the hikes with a hose. I filled scoop I carry on Ladyhawk's saddle for cooling off. She sucked the scoop dry in two gulps so I kept filling it until she was done. The other horse took his turn drinking and we were much happier knowing the horses had water for the trip home.

Back in camp It was time to pack up my gear and get out before the 5pm curfew. We were the last riders in and most of the people had gone already. I watered Rocket and then proceeded to pack all our gear back in the packs. It was considerably lighter with all the horse and people food gone by now. We headed out about 3PM. Ladyhawk was a horse on a mission for the trip home. Her horse GPS told her we were going home. She set a blistering pace with Rocket trotting alongside. I had the pack balanced better and it stayed put despite all the bouncing. We clicked off the six miles back to the trailer in no time. The only bad part was we ate a lot of dust from the trucks driving out. Back at the trailer I unloaded all the gear and gave the horses a treat in the trailer for the 30 minute trip home. We were pretty pleased with our packing adventure and need to talk Leslie into joining me next time out.



All packed and ready to go home

Classifieds

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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**

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"TEN FEET TALL, STILL"

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

This is shameless advertising, but I believe in the cause.

Julie Suhr

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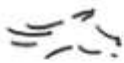
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BOOKS ARE THE PERFECT GIFT!



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

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

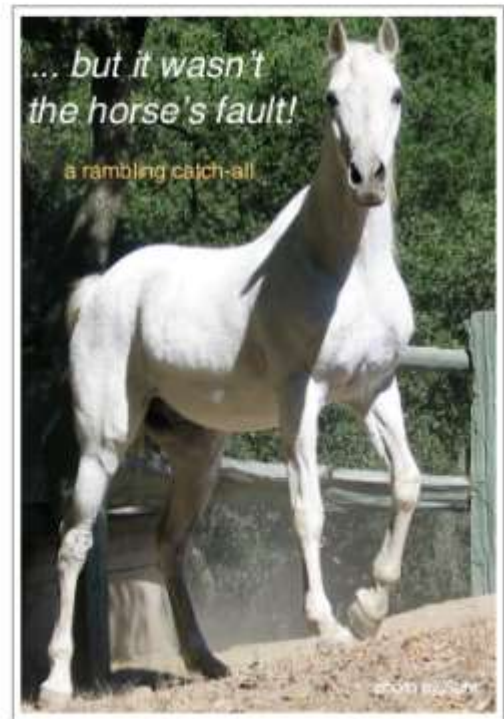


by
Julie Suhr

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

One of the earliest religious disappointments in a young girl's life revolves upon her unanswered prayer for a horse.

Phillis Theroux, as quoted in Julie's book



FOR SALE

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\$175 for both panels OBO

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Classifieds

SUPRACOR ENDURANCE PAD

Supracor Endurance Pad, green, \$375. I have only used this pad to try out with various saddles so it has been hardly used and stored very well. See Supracor website for more details. It currently sells for \$505. **(408) 776-7591 or cell (415) 235-5246**
PRICE REDUCED TO \$275

I'm a Cal Poly-trained Farrier but I only shoe my horses so I'm always checking out better ways to protect my horses feet and legs.

My horse chipped his hoof wall and I called to ask about a glue product they have called "Adhere".

I spent about 30 minutes on the phone with the California Vettec Rep yesterday and he was extremely knowledgeable and generous with his time. He also explained how the Vettec products can be used instead of pads which will reduce nail movement in the hoof wall and provide a more secure nailing.

He also told me that if anyone wants to ride the Tevis, he will provide the product and installation free of charge and all he wants is to take before and after pictures of the hoof.

His name is **Larkin Green (916) 705-8380 <http://www.vettec.com/>**

I thought some Quicksilver folks might want to know. David De La Rosa

WANTED

I am looking for my next horse, and would greatly appreciate it if you would keep you eyes and ears open for possible horses for me. I am looking for the epitome of a Julie Suhr, later-in-life horse. I need a short, safe, smooth Arabian gelding no taller than 14.3. Ideally, I would like to clone my precious endurance horse Raj, but that is not going to happen. Please let me know if anything comes across your radars and I would be grateful. Thanks for the assistance and happy trails. **Margaret Graham**

FOR SALE

Jerry Dowdy in Scotts Valley has 14 saddles from McClellans to Western, Australian and English plus a lot of harnesses, bridles, and miscellaneous horse gear for sale in Scotts Valley. If you are interested he will send you a CD with pictures of them and also include a list of tree and seat sizes. All very reasonably priced. His number is

(831) 335-5587

FOR SALE

25 gallon corner water tank with stand, new condition—\$85

Electric portable fence set up with stakes, charger, electric rope & carrying bag. It is ready to go. Used 2 times in great condition! \$200

Contact **Tracy Hofstrand 408 391-8912** or email **hobie_gal@yahoo.com**



FOR SALE

All Tack Must Go... Woman's Small yellow gloves, brand new—\$20. Kool Coat stable sheet, 72", white, in good condition—\$40. Nylon black chin strap, new—\$2. Fly sheet, 75", blue—\$20. Heavyweight waterproof winter blanket, 76", purple—\$50. Rubber blue curry comb, in good condition—\$4. Set of 4 red polo wraps, barely used—\$11. Black front SMB2 002 small, used, splint boots—\$45. Red Professional Choice bell boots, small—\$10. Mesh bag, barely used—\$13. Stiff blue bristle brush, barely used—\$6. SMB2 200 splint boots, new, large—\$54. Coronet slip-on spurs with rowels. Looks brand new—\$4.

408-310-1510 Heather Bryant

Classifieds

9-yr-old Mare, \$4000

Beautiful CMK Chestnut Mare out of Gulastras Splash and CR Farlastra.

14.2h, 7 1/2" cannon bones, solid leg, body and mind. Resting heart rate 32, pulsed in after rides at 40. Excellent hip, smooth gaits.

Great Middleweight, Lightweight or Featherweight horse.

She has never had an injury. Currently in maintenance training 3-4 times a week. She has done several years of trail work. Due to work situations, we do not have the time to ride. She is an excellent horse and it would be a shame not to have her out on the trail.

She is very compassionate and willing to please. She needs a sensitive rider that will be a good buddy.

Contact Kirstenzazz@gmail.com or call **408-416-8432** with any questions.



Rhoberta – ROXY

Horse Trailer with Living Quarters, \$15,000

Rugged, custom built 1988 trailer, built by Westline OR, very good shape

Twenty four foot long, welded aluminum, goose neck tow, 8,240 lbs. unladen weight.

Two horse stalls, slant load, ramp loading, removable dividers, mangers, vents, lots of tack storage. Separate tack room, portable aluminum corrals, cantilever horse ties.

Top side hay/cargo storage rack, 150 gallon water storage tank, gas power generator.

Stalls could be easily modified to haul other objects so let your friends know about this amazing trailer.

Living Quarters: AC, heater, 3 burner stove, oven, water heater, refrigerator, double bed with extra head room, large clothes closets, many storage cabinets/drawers, separate shower/toilet stall, dual 7 gallon propane tanks, external awning.



Contact [Pat Verheul pat@theverheuls.com](mailto:pat@theverheuls.com)
or call **831-335-3907**.

FOR SALE

Specialized Euro Lite saddle, brown with cream sheepskin, seat size 16". \$1,000

Contact [Tracy 408-391-8912](tel:408-391-8912) or
hobie_gal@yahoo.com

Humor and Birthdays

WHY GOD MADE MOMS

Answers given by 2nd grade school children to the following questions:

Why did God make mothers?

1. *She's the only one who knows where the scotch tape is.*
2. *Mostly to clean the house..*
3. *To help us out of there when we were getting born.*

How did God make mothers?

1. *He used dirt, just like for the rest of us.*
2. *Magic plus super powers and a lot of stirring.*
3. *God made my mom just the same like he made me. He just used bigger parts.*

What ingredients are mothers made of?

1. *God makes mothers out of clouds and angel hair and everything nice in the world and one dab of mean.*
2. *They had to get their start from men's bones. Then they mostly use string, I think.*

Why did God give you your mother and not some other mom?

1. *We're related.*
2. *God knew she likes me a lot more than other people's mom like me.*

What kind of a little girl was your mom?

1. *My mom has always been my mom and none of that other stuff.*
2. *I don't know because I wasn't there, but my guess would be pretty bossy.*
3. *They say she used to be nice.*

What did mom need to know about dad before she married him?

1. *His last name.*
2. *She had to know his background. Like is he a crook? Does he get drunk on beer?*
3. *Does he make at least \$800 a year? Did he say NO to drugs and YES to chores?*

(next page)



Happy June Birthday
to our Quicksilver Members
and Endurance Friends

| | |
|------------------|----|
| Michele Roush | 4 |
| Jeff Luternauer | 6 |
| Michelle Herrera | 11 |
| Alex North | 26 |
| Susie Hartline | 26 |
| Lud McCrary | 30 |

Why did your mom marry your dad?

1. My dad makes the best spaghetti in the world. And my mom eats a lot
2. She got too old to do anything else with him.
3. My grandma says that mom didn't have her thinking cap on.

Who's the boss at your house?

1. Mom doesn't want to be boss, but she has to because dad's such a goof ball.
2. Mom. You can tell by room inspection. She sees the stuff under the bed.
3. I guess mom is, but only because she has a lot more to do than dad.

What's the difference between moms and dads?

1. Moms work at work and work at home and dads just go to work at work.
2. Moms know how to talk to teachers without scaring them.
3. Dads are taller and stronger, but moms have all the real power 'cause that's who you got to ask if you want to sleep over at your friends.
4. Moms have magic, they make you feel better without medicine.

What does your mom do in her spare time?

1. Mothers don't do spare time.
2. To hear her tell it, she pays bills all day long.

What would it take to make your mom perfect?

1. On the inside she's already perfect. Outside, I think some kind of plastic surgery.
2. Diet. You know, her hair. I'd diet, maybe blue.

If you could change one thing about your mom, what would it be?

1. She has this weird thing about me keeping my room clean. I'd get rid of that.
2. I'd make my mom smarter. Then she would know it was my sister who did it not me.
3. I would like for her to get rid of those invisible eyes on the back of her head.

Thanks to Diane Enderle



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 _____

Family membership is \$ 40 _____

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 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!!!

“Life outside of endurance? I don’t think so.”

Dave Rabe

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**

