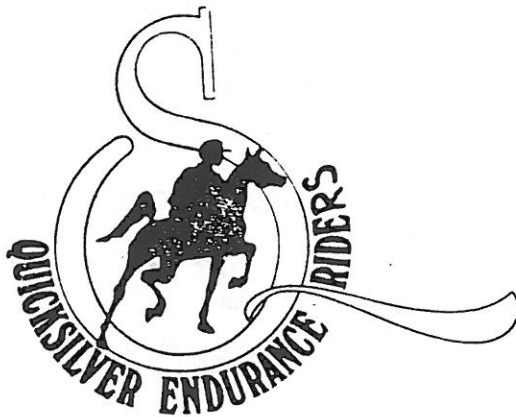


QUICKSILVER QUIPS

November 1998



President: Brian Reeves
Vice-President: Diane Enderle
Secretary: Marvin Snowbarger
Treasurer: Kathy Miller

Board Members: Lori Oleson
Trilby Pederson
Valorie Weizer

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The Quicksilver Endurance Riders are considering a new annual award. An explanation of and the criteria for the proposed award are listed below. This will be on the agenda at the November meeting when it will be voted upon.

QUICKSILVER HORSE OF THE YEAR

Quicksilver Horse of the Year Award shall be given to one horse owned and/or ridden by a current Quicksilver member each year separate from the Hall of Fame Award. Horse of the Year shall demonstrate outstanding achievement in a single ride season in one or more of the following categories:

1. outstanding performance at high profile endurance rides.
2. outstanding accumulative record for the year (high mileage, numerous wins, best conditions or top tens).
3. a broodmare or stallions offspring showing outstanding performance in a single ride season.
4. any horse able to overcome adverse conditions (orphaned, serious illness or injury --not race related--, etc.) and able to begin or continue an endurance career.



A horse may only be selected as Horse of the Year one time. No horse may be considered for Horse of the Year and Hall of Fame the same year.

A committee of three shall review nominations submitted by the membership and select an individual that best deserves to be named as Quicksilver Horse of the Year. If no horses are nominated by the membership, the committee shall select a recipient for the award.

Wednesday, October 14, 1998

QUICKSILVER BOARD MEETING: None

GENERAL MEETING: Preceding the General Meeting was a potluck dinner and a presentation by Kirk Adkins, the inventor of the Sneaker horseshoe. Approximately 40 people attended and were treated to over an hour of Mr. Adkins slide show, exploration of horseshoe history, design, and function, and his responses to myriad questions regarding advantages, disadvantages, and uniquenesses of the Sneaker.

President Brian Reeves called the meeting to order at 9:45 p.m for the purpose of nominating officers for 1999. The following people have been nominated:

President - Diane Enderle, Steve Lenheim
Vice President - Lori Oleson
Secretary - Marvin Snowbarger
Treasurer - Trilby Pederson, Jeri Scott

At next month's meeting the voting for the Officers will take place, plus there will be nominations for Directors for 1999. Attendance of written notice is required for nomination.

NEW BUSINESS; Maryben provided, and Brian announced, the nominees for the AERC Directors-at-Large: Eric Thompson*, Jim Baldwin, Susan Schomberg, Barney Fleming, Maggie Price, Trilby Pederson*, Bob Morris, Dane Frazier, Duane Barnett, Becky Hart*, Larry Kanavy, Debby Lyon, Connie Burns Caudill, Frank Farmer, Sue Dyke, Courtney Hart, Diana Chapek, Crockett Dumas. (*signifies Quicksilver member.) Maryben explained that when the ballot arrives, an AERC member may vote for up to 8 people.

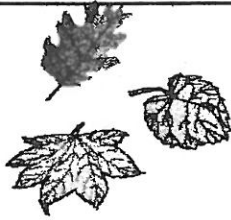
The general meeting adjourned at 9:55 pm.

Respectfully submitted. Marvin Snowbarger, Secretary.

IMPORTANT THINGS TO DO --- RIGHT NOW!

1. Don't forget: **Eleanor Norton** and **Hall of Fame Person and Horse** letters must be in to the respective Committee chairpersons in writing by December 1st. (see October Newsletter for names and addresses.)
2. On Page 11 you will find your 1998 Ride Year Form to be filled in and forwarded to **Maryben Stover** at 1229 Sandra Drive, San Jose, CA 95125. This is essential if you expect to be eligible for year end awards that are given out at our Annual Banquet.
3. Either fill out your Quicksilver Fall Classic entry form now or call **Mary Moore** at 831-637-9703 and volunteer to help make our annual club ride a success.
4. Call **Chere Montgomery** and tell her you are looking forward to the Moonlight Ride. **Chere** is planning and coordinating our Annual Moonlight Ride again this year as she has for many years in the past. She plans a really great affair this coming Saturday, the 31st at Calero Park. See your October Newsletter for the details.
5. Buy carrots.

FALL



1998

Jack Enderle and Silver went off to the Whiskeytown 100 on the weekend of October 10th. As far as we know, there was a *first in endurance ride history* at this ride. There were four entries and they all crossed the finish line simultaneously for a 4 way tie. Diane crewed and they all cheered at the good sportsmanship. It shows the kind of bonds established when you are out there all day and most of the night!

Speaking of the Enderles, Diane is missing from the North American Championship in Arizona two years ago, a lime green halter with a brass plate saying Castle Rock 5th Place and a multi-colored rope that goes with it. She also has lost a buckskin colored cooler with forest green trim and velcro closings at the chest and under the belly. It runs in her mind that a Quicksilver member told her they had them, but she can't remember who it was. So if you're the one, call Diane. She also said that she was the one that was going to ride Step Aside in the Fireworks Ride, not Jack as was erroneously printed in the September QQ's. Unfortunately, Step Aside had colic surgery and no one rode him. He is doing well, she said.



**TOUGH TRAILS,
LIMITED TIME,
AND MAYBE COMPLETION**
by Marvin Snowbarger

The title above is a variation on the title of an article in the WESTERN HORSEMAN of, Flat Hats, Long Ropes, and Maybe Cows". I created the adaption because it describes the circumstances surrounding my attempt to complete the Dick Collins Fire Trails 50 Mile Endurance Run held on Saturday, October 10, 1998. This ultra-run in the Oakland Hills

is rated the 5th most difficult of the 12 regional 50 milers and my goal was to complete it in under 11 hours, which would qualify me for the lottery of the 1999 Western States 100 Miles Run.

At the 25 mile turnaround, I was too far behind the cutoff to expect realistically to finish under the 11 hour limit. In fact, I began to be concerned that I might not make the 12 hour limit -- which is a secondary qualifying opportunity, but one which must be repeated two more times; thus, three under 11 hours. With Joyce crewing for me at the aid stations (an invaluable assistance), I crossed the line at 11:51:10. That's one down, two to go.

Now its on to the Sierra-Nevada 52.4 Mile Run on Saturday, October 24. The course begins in Granite Bay (on the American River Trail) and goes to No-Hands-Bridge, then returns to Granite Bay. I'll not have my super-crew, but I will be running with Pat McDonald and Dave Fanara.



I can't believe that I'm doing this. It's sorta like "Cows, in Berkeley?" You know "Running, for 12 hours?"

At least Sandi Parker would not have had to put out as much money on the Collins run as she would have on the American River 50 (which I finished in April). At the Collins run, we all got T-shirts, rather than jackets. Even though Sandi has offered to pre-purchase all these achievable baubles -- and, thus, save me the effort of the runs -- I'll never succumb to the excesses of indolent superficiality!!!

Don't ask me where I got that last line. Clearly, It's meant to be as laughable as my ultra-runs are irrational. But, I'm saving Sandi money.



Thanks to Pat McAndrews, Kathy Miller, Brian Reeves, Marvin Snowbarger, Nancy Goodrich, Barbara McCrary, and Judy Etheridge for contributing to this issue of Quicksilver Quips.

GALLOPING GOOFY GALLOPS

GARDNERVILLE GALLOP

by Brian Reeves

The first weekend in September brought me to Nevada (again) to do the Gardnerville Gallop 2-day 100. I wanted to do the 2 day cause they add a bit of a challenge, so off I drove early Friday morning for Gardnerville. Going by way of Reno, its a 6 hour drive (with 1 stop) and I pulled in around 3 pm. I took care of Goofy, put him in a nice covered paddock, and started getting my stuff together for the ride. The vets were not there yet, so I had time to plan out the ride in my mind. I was doing this solo, Val had other commitments that weekend. Finished getting my tack and stuff ready, packing crew bags for both holds on Saturday. The weather had been hot all week and it was hot that day, but I was told it was going to cool down some for the ride. I packed a sheet for Goofy (just in case) and by that time the head vet had arrived. Susan McCartney was the head vet, I had seen her and Dave quite a bit this year. Vetted thru fine, except for the trot out.....lame, dead lame.....luckily it was me and not the horse!!!!!! I had severely sprained my right ankle the day before Swanton, and 3 weeks later, it was all I could do to walk ok. So I imposed on anyone I could all weekend to trot Goofy out at vet checks. A few Quick-silver members came to the ride as well. Steve, Jan, Judy, Gloria and Hugh were there to ride and Melissa was there to vet. The ride had a nice dinner the night, followed by the ride meeting. Saturday's 6:00 am start was just as it was starting to get light, with good weather. The trail was a mixture of fire roads and single track, with a few rocks thrown in. I had understood that we would climb about 2400 feet, but at the meeting I found out that it was almost 5000 feet in 4 miles! Quite a climb, but the view was worth it. It had started to get a little warm but still better than earlier in the week. At about mile 28 we came to the 1

hour vet check. Goofy vetted thru fine, and I somewhat relaxed and ate after taking care of him. About 2 hours out for lunch, the weather started to turn. It got a little windy and colder. Then about 2:45 thunder, lightning and rain came down. I hate riding in the rain!!!!!! Made it to the vet check despite the slippery trail. Luckily I had put a sheet in my crew bag, so I wrapped Goofy's sheet around me and vetted thru. Only 4 more miles!!!! Left after the 20 minute hold, back out in the pouring rain. I have found that usually in Nevada, the rain stops after a short while, but not that day. Rode out and into the washes that were now mini rivers. About a mile from the finish line I looked back and told the person I was riding with that flash flood was coming at us. We bailed out of the ravine and kind of kept pace with it as it rolled down the ravine. Finally crossed the finish line at 4:57, thinking we had to be the last ones to finish. WRONG!!!! There was at least 17 riders behind us!! Rode the mile from the finish line back to the fairgrounds, vetted thru, and then took care of Goofy. When I was all done with him, grabbed a hot shower and some dry clothes. Another nice dinner inside the fairgrounds, and then the awards for the 30 milers and the 50's. Seems that 8 out of the 10 top ten finishers in the 50 finished between 8 and 9 hours!!! It was still off and on raining till 7 pm, but the ride manager said that the 2nd day was still on (flash flood warnings were out in the area) After dinner I got as ready as I could for Sunday, wet tack and all. Luckily the ride secretary and her husband are friends of mine, and took me to there house which is a short distance away, and we sat in a hot tub.....talk about heaven!!!

Sunday the sky looked bad, and everyone was prepared for rain (unlike Saturday) Out of the 16 who started the 2 day, only 9 of us



were left. Rode out and headed back up the mountain. At least we only had to climb



half way as far as the day before, so it was easier. I was still riding with the woman that I rode with Saturday, as well as Jackie Bungardner and Scott and Beth Wachenheim. Right before the lunch stop, Scott

had the worst horse accident I had ever seen in endurance, actually being trapped under his horse with neither one moving. After what seemed an eternity, he got up and said he was fine. His arm was swollen and bleeding, and he looked like hell, but both he and the horse were ok. Jamie Kerr was right ahead of our group and when he heard the commotion, stopped, turned around and came back to check out Scott and his horse. The only thing wrong with his horse was that he lost a shoe. Well we all did another shoe check, and I found that Goofy was missing his RF shoe. We had just done a shoe check a couple of miles back, but it was pretty muddy. We both put easyboots on, and off we went. At least it wasn't raining!!! Got to the vet check at 35 miles, vetted thru fine. After the hour hold, I teamed up with Jamie and his junior Bear and headed for the finish. About halfway we came thru an Indian camp, and we all stopped and talked with the people for probably 15 minutes. It was worth it. Got to the last vet check, where I promptly slipped on my sprained ankle, and vetted thru. Melissa vetted me thru, and I told her it probably wouldn't rain for a couple more hours, and that she might stay dry today. She said "I hope you are right" Went down the trail toward the finish. When we got to the infamous "Ribley Route", I looked back at where we had come from. Sorry Melissa.....It looked like it was pouring rain at the vet check. We all moaned that we didn't want to get soaked again. At last we crossed the finish line!! We presented our rider cards to the timers, and as we got them back, it started to rain. Luckily it was a on/off rain so it wasn't

too bad. I didn't care anymore. I finished the 100. After not finishing Tevis, I really wanted to finish this ride. Vetted thru and Susan said Goofy didn't look like he had done much! Jamie had said the same all the way from lunch, and he did look good. I'm very proud of my horse, and he's done a lot this year to be proud about. I finished at a much more reasonable hour Sunday, finishing about 3:30. Took care of Goofy and took a shower and changed. The awards banquet that night was again great, good food and good people. Went and took another hot tub later, then got some sleep. Monday packed up and started home, tired, ankle sore, but with a smile on my face. This ride is a tough one, the weather didn't help, but there were good people and great friends there.

Brian

TOO BUSY TO RIDE..

The Goodrichs' Summer

If you have missed seeing the Goodrich family on the trails this summer, there is good reason. These Portola Valley Quicksilver members were busy graduating Sara and Kristin from college. It does not end there, however. After graduating from Willamette University, Sara decided she had had enough of rainy Oregon and, in order to gain more experience, has taken a job as a veterinarian assistant with a veterinarian in Denver, Colorado. She has her horse with her and a National Forest at her back door to explore. She hopes to become a veterinarian in the future.



Kristin went off to Europe following her Cornell graduation. For six weeks she toured with college friends and wound up her adventures by hiking in the Swiss Alps. That didn't suffice in the way of thrills so she went hang gliding. Her mother, Nancy, says there was a camera on

the wings of the glider and she has wonderful pictures of Kristin airborne with the Alps as a backdrop. Now that she is stateside again, Kristin wants to join a rowing team and aims for national competition. In 1997 she was ranked twelfth nationally among collegiate women in rowing in regard to strength. An Olympic goal looms large in her plans. When this is behind her, she, too, finds vet school appealing.

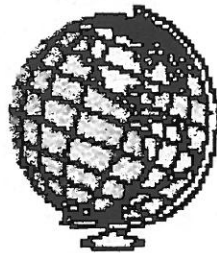
For about ten years, the Goodrichs as a family have taken two weeks each summer to trail ride in the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho, but there were too many other things on the agenda this year. Sara's collection of six Tevis Cup Buckles was not added to this summer. There just wasn't enough time to train between graduation and the new job in Denver. Kristin's European trip left little time to exercise her horse and John's construction business kept him busy full time in San Francisco. We hope to see this Quicksilver family back on the endurance trail next year.



QUICKSILVER'S WORLD

TRAVELER

Pat McKendry has been at it again. Last time you may remember we reported on her trip to China. This time it was Scotland, Wales and England for fifteen days along with her daughter Judy, sister and brother-in-law. Scotland was lush and beautiful, she said with only one rainy day. They stayed in an authentic castle surrounded by a beautiful Country Club where they heard the bagpipes play. The group visited, many places and saw the Royal Guard horses and Queen's carriage horses. Cleveland Bays are supposedly the Queen's favorite breed. A highlight of the trip was the visit to the Tower of London



where they viewed all the crown jewels. The crowds are sort of handled in a Disneyland style with the viewers moving by the displays on a moving sidewalk. There were so many exhibits that they didn't see it all which is a good excuse to return another day!

AND ANOTHER STORY ON A GREAT (albeitwet) GARDNER- VILLE GALLOP by Judy Etheridge

I missed the first Gardnerville Gallop last year and so was really ready to give it a try this year, especially since I had ridden with the ride secretary, Karen Chaton, several times and knew the ride would be challenging and well-managed. We arrived on Thursday planning to camp at the fairground staging area that night. We were really surprised to find a small circus in full swing on the grounds. Fortunately Karen rode up a few minutes later on her Weaver to tell us that the circus would be gone by 5:00 A.M the next morning. That didn't seem to be a very good situation for a restful night for man or beast so Karen very kindly offered to put Orion up at her nearby place for the night and Ken and I went to my favorite place to spend a night before a ride—a motel! We tried out a local Basque restaurant for dinner—very plentiful food—enough for breakfast AND lunch the next day. During all this we noticed that clouds had come in and it actually rained a little. The next day we moved back to the fairgrounds and set up camp. There were covered paddocks and stalls available I was glad we had reserved a paddock for Orion since it rained bit more on Friday afternoon.

This ride offered prized for teams so I formed a team with Erwin Quinn, whom I had met at the Fireworks, our prez, Brian, and friend from NATRC days. Sharon Schmidt. Ride management offered a yummy Indian taco diner on Friday night. One can see I ride on my stomach! On to more serious subjects. The GG is a fund raiser for local Search and Rescue organization and

therefore is extremely well-supported by the many members on the ground and in donations, too. The ride course was in the mountains east of the Gardnerville-Minden Valley. The trail was displayed on a large GIS-generated map board provided by the county.

Saturday's ride was a blast—we went from about 5,500 feet to over 9,1200 ft up a pretty canyon and on up above the tree line in the morning. Erwin and I tried to ride together but we leapfrogged one another cause his beautiful black mare is a better hill horse.



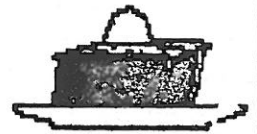
Orion was his usual awful self going up a very steep trail and I wound up walking up the trail without him.

He was up at the top, no doubt laughing at me. A kind rider caught him for me and off we went. The next adventure was a sighting of a young bear running across the trail just before we got to the highest point of the day's ride. I was more startled than O, thank god. The lunch stop was a local resident home with a hose, drinks and lunch provided—very welcome. We finished about 2:30 pm to gathering clouds. Just after I presented for the recheck it started to rain and it kept raining until well after dark. The late arriving riders spoke of mini-floods in the washes. We thought that if the rain stopped before the next morning the trails would probably be OK.

The next morning the rain had stopped and it was supposed to clear up. Ride management advised us that where the trail surface looked shiny to beware. They were right, several horses slipped and fell including O, and I was on the dirt again yelling for Erwin to wait for me, but only for a couple of minutes this time. Other riders weren't so fortunate and took some bad falls. I learned that easyboots are no good at all on a slick trail — really slowed down to keep from slipping. This day's ride went up to about 7,000 feet which was high enough, believe me. Early in the ride I was passed by Paul Klentos—yum! More of him and his horse later. The trails had dried out pretty well by the time we got to the lunch stop and the rest

of the day was fairly easy but looong. Both day's rides were real 50's courtesy of the new-fangled GPS's.

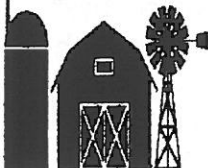
Awards found our team in first place, mostly due to Sharon's and Stashek's first place finish and the fact that all our members finished. The finishers received nice belt buckles and our team received easyboot-T-shirts. I think the easyboot motto should be "use an easyboot and get a sense of humor". Jim Sours and Linda Raposelli came in second and third--Jim's horse was awarded best condition and Orion and I struggled in for 4th place. Paul Klentos' horse (i8 years old) was awarded best condition for the second day 50 with a CRI of 36-36. I highly recommend this ride for the reasons mentioned earlier and for its scenic location with the Sierra seeming to rise out of the ground to the west and the Carson River providing green irrigated fields to the west, too. Oh, the dinners Saturday and Sunday were great, featuring barbecue and pie ala mode for dessert.



YOU WENT WHERE FOR YOUR VACATION? by Barbara McCrary

One day about four months ago, a package containing two books arrived at our house along with a three page letter. These from Lud's best friend back in their Seabees days in 1951 and 1952. Will Haldy and Lud were two very young men with the same degree of curiosity and similar interests. Lud says that while most of the men were griping about the food, conditions and whatever else, he and Will were out exploring, boating, swimming.

Will and his wife Maurita, who married in 1956 (Lud and I had married in 1950), have not been frequent correspondents over the years, so it was a big surprise when the books and letter came. In essence, we were invited to come to their home in Traer, Iowa for a visit and that we could return the books when we did. Several very interesting activities were listed for our approval. Lud and I are up for just about any kind of adventure. We had tentatively planned to try Maine — sea kayaking, hiking, a trip to the L.L.Bean store...Maine was instantly dropped in favor of Iowa. We spent four months in delicious anticipation.



Our vacation technique is to fly to a hub airport in one state and give that state our undivided attention. We go to museums, study history, the economics, geography, people of the state. Iowa was no exception. We learned that Iowa is primarily a farming state with two main crops — seed corn and soybeans. We had never seen a soybean plant before. John Deere tractors are manufactured in Iowa — so we took a two hour tour of an assembly plant. We had a picnic on a hilltop to watch the sun set, took walks to study local museums, sampled local food and took lots of pictures. We also managed to find some information on Lud's ancestors who came from Iowa to California in 1869. I'll share mainly the horse-related stuff, as telling everything in minute detail would be far too lengthy.



Will and Maurita had at one time owned two Arab mare and raised several colts. Now they have just four horses left, one a home-raised stallion that drives. We took two cart rides out into the countryside on glorious mornings. There are many Amish farms near Traer and we drove out to see and examine their small home industries (homemade quilts, jams, leather goods, etc.) The Amish travel by horse and buggy, work their farms with stout draft horses, and breed and train draft teams for sale at auctions. More on this later.

One of our plans included a trip to Chicago, so on our way there we stopped by Dubuque to visit long term AERC Director, Louise Riedel (who turned out to have friends in common with the Haldys), then across the Mississippi River to Jan Worthington's farm. Jan makes her living buying horses with unrealized potential, training them, and either leasing or reselling them as endurance horses. Her horses have an excellent reputation.

From Chicago, we flew to Baltimore and drove to Wilmington, Delaware to see a splendid exhibit of the photos, paintings and memorabilia of the last Russian czar and his family. This was fascinating to me as the daughter of a Russian emigrant, and to Will who has always had an interest in Russian history. In our various wanderings we managed to touch bases in five other states -- Illinois, Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin (Will missed a turnoff).

A few days before we had to return home, we drove up to Waverly to attend the largest horse auction in the U.S. There were over 600 lots of horses, some teams, all of them driving horses. Most were heavy draft teams — 18 hand Percherons, huge blonde Belgians, even a team of "little" 15.2 hand mares, exquisitely trained for parades, weddings and the like. These sweet mares were sired by a Percheron stallion and out of a Quarter Horse mare and an Arab mare. They were dappled gray, kind-eyed and perfectly behaved. I fell in love, but they were scheduled to sell on the day we were to fly out of Des Moines for home. And HOW would we get them to California? The owner hoped to get \$3,000 a piece for them, but we doubted he would. There were well-trained draft teams going for \$1,500 per horse, harness for \$350 a double set, and weanling draft colts going for \$250 to \$450 apiece. We don't know what "my" mares sold for, but if the owner got \$1,000 apiece I think he would be very lucky, considering the way the prices were going.

It was as if 46 years were yesterday, watching the way the two men rediscovered their friendship. They hadn't changed that much -- they still shared the curiosity and interest in everything as they did in their 20s. The years rolled away. Will has been the only dentist in Traer, population 1,700 as well as its orthodontist, for the past 40 years. Back in the 1950s, while visiting us, he came very close to deciding to apply for his license to practice in California, specifically in Santa Cruz. It would have been complicated to achieve this and he decided against it. Fate played a hand in the results and in our vacation. Air travel is so easy these days, and not that expensive. I'm sure we'll go back and hopefully not too far in the future.



The 1998 Champagne Ride & Tie by W.Way

Blame yet another problem on El Nino, but this problem had a happy ending. Thanks to Race Director **Steve Shaw** and the very accommodating people at the Santa Cruz County Horsemen's Association, thirteen teams completed the Champagne Ride & Tie held in conjunction with the Fireworks event on August 1st. Mark Richtman, Tom Johnson and Eli, probably the fastest team in the history of ride & tie, easily claimed the top spot. This was after volunteering to delay their start 15 minutes "just to make it more fun". Rumor has it Mark couldn't keep his running shorts where they were supposed to be during the race. More on that later.



The Easyboot Ride & Tie Championship scheduled to be held near Sugarbowl Ski Area in the Sierra on July 11th had to be postponed to August 29th due to almost 12 feet of snow still on the course. Unfortunately this made **Steve Shaw** find another date for his Champagne Ride & Tie which was originally scheduled for August 22nd. It looked as if the popular Champagne event would have to be canceled until the SCCHA came to the rescue by inviting Steve to have it as part of its Fireworks event.

At 8:00 in the rapidly warming Saturday morning, 13 teams started 90 minutes after the 30 mile endurance riders. Three of the teams elected to complete the 13 mile event while 10 decided to do all 30 miles riding and tying. Richtman, Johnson and Eli easily made up for the 15 minute delay by the first vet check. But Skip Lightfoot, always one to "help" the competition in any way he can, decided Mark was running just a little too fast. As Mark ran by Skip, Skip's hand happened to catch the bottom of Mark's short and before Mark could check the calendar, the ride & tie full moon was shining brightly on the trail. Luckily, they three young ladies who were on the 30 mile endurance race who happened to witness this freak accident have decided to remain anonymous. I don't think they are going to be doing ride & tie anytime soon.

Full moon or not, Dave Foster (who traveled all the way from south of LA) and his partners Vince Balch and Frank finished a strong second. Arlene Foster (Dave's spouse) and his partners Evelyn Marshall and Linda finished third after thoroughly destroying **Skip Lightfoot** and his partners Curt Riffle and Rajzik in the final 2 miles. Rumor has it Skip pulled a muscle while laughing during the Richtman incident. According to Rajzik, he is just really out of shape.

Another Lightfoot (a much nicer one, too) **Heather**, and her friend from Utah, Alex Brown, finished the 13 miler first on Corky. Both were going to do the 30 mile endurance event but decided the night before to do the 13 mile ride & tie. The benefits of being in shape! Corky liked the decision, too.

Even though the Champagne ride & ties usually draws close to 40 teams, the 13 teams really appreciate the hospitality and accommodation shown by the SCCHA. The ride & tie participants shared the trail with some of the 30 mile endurance riders, many who were on their first event or on new horses, and the endurance rides showed nothing but courtesy to the sometimes wild and crazy ride & tiers. Thanks, SCCHA, for having us. Perhaps we can do it again next year. Remember to send Mark the dress code, though.

Wild No More: The Odyssey Begins For Horse 96563288

* * *

Bureau of Land Management
Saves Animals and Juggles
Rigid Competing Interests

By JOHN J. FIALKA

Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
SPARKS, Nev.—The switch from being a wild horse to a ward of the federal government takes just three minutes. The little brown stallion is prodded into a padded metal box, gets his teeth checked, is vaccinated and wormed and then gets a freeze-dried mark with his new name: 96563288.

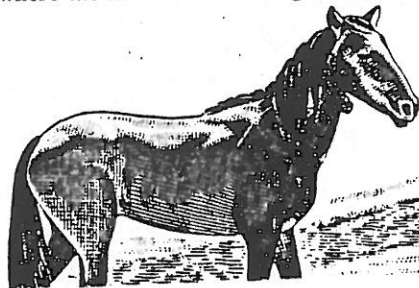
The box opens and 96563288 stumbles out. He sees a metal barrier and runs at it with his head. He is two years old, the equivalent of a teenager in horse years. The jaunty look he gives a visitor as he shrugs off the blow and prances out a gate seems to say, "Hey, no problem."

While his journey to domesticity is just beginning, biologists here see a paradox. They believe there is much to be learned from wild horses, especially the order, the trust and the family relationships within the herds that help the horses survive harsh desert conditions.

But the federal program that captured 96563288, on a mountain range about 70 miles north of this suburb of Reno, is likely to be a wild experience. It will introduce him to the results of deception, political correctness, discrimination, endless litigation and, perhaps, to a trainer who is a convicted criminal.

If 96563288 survives all that, there is still a chance he will wind up as cat food. This is the U.S. Bureau of Land Management's "Wild Horse and Burro Program," mandated by Congress in 1971 to save the nation's wild horses from being rounded up by cowboys called "mustangers" and sold to slaughterhouses. When the \$18 million program started, there were between 10,000 and 17,000 wild horses; now, BLM estimates the number at 43,000.

About half of them live in Nevada, where the herds are breeding at a prodigious rate.



Thank you to Kathy Miller for sending this article from the Wall Street Journal.

gious rate. There, numbers are increasing by 24% a year, galloping far ahead of the BLM's efforts to find some of them new homes through its national adoption effort.

In order to manage the herd sizes and minimize complaints of ranchers, who pay a fee to graze their cows on federal land, BLM rounds up 10,000 horses a year. Through its adoption program, it finds homes for 7,000 to 8,000 of them, but this year the figure will be lower because the drought in the South has driven up the price of hay, making people see pet horses as a more expensive venture. The unadopted go to a BLM farm in Oklahoma, and BLM is thinking about starting another facility in Arizona as an overflow site.

What to do? Ranchers, who claim wild horses strip the range of forage that they need for cattle, have an alternative solution.

"There are a lot of horses that are there to be eaten," argued Demar Dahl, a local rancher, at a recent hearing here by a panel of the House Resources Committee. Ranchers send their excess horses to slaughter. Why can't BLM? he wondered. The answer is that if BLM even considered such a policy, it would be sued by animal-rights groups that have, thus far, hogtied the agency and stymied the ranchers in court.

"If there was a way of having [BLM] do something besides us always having to sue them, that would be wonderful," sighs Cleveland Amory, 80, the writer and leader of the Fund for Animals, in New York.

Joel Berger, a biologist at the University of Nevada here, argues that both cattle and horse herds should be reduced to save the range and that scientists must study the horses' ability, in droughts for instance, to outsurvive everything else on four feet, including deer, antelope and cattle. "It tells you the horses are doing something right."

Before he was caught and numbered, 96563288 was horsing around with a group of young stallions one recent morning, when a helicopter swooped down, pushing them toward a weed-strewn gully. The horses were frightened, but 96563288 was comforted to see a little brown mare running ahead of him. Herds normally follow savvy lead mares, so he fell in behind her.

It was 96563288's introduction to deception. The "Judas horse" belongs to Dave Cattoor, 56, a lean former mustanger hired by BLM to collect wild horses. Mr. Cattoor was hiding in the weeds. As 96563288 approached, he released the mare and it led the stallions right into a camouflaged pen. Before 96563288 knew it, the gates clanged shut behind him.

The stallions were herded into a large red truck. As the animals milled about, it sounded like 49 tap dancers practicing solo routines. Litigation has much to do with this. A suit by a local rancher forces BLM to reduce the size of 96563288's herd. Pressure from horse groups enforces a kind of political correctness on the cowboys.

"We don't call these roundups, we call them gatherings," explains Maxine F. Shane, a spokeswoman for BLM, who says roundups were much more violent. Old mustangers used lassos and whips. Mr. Cattoor's men have whips, but with plastic garbage bags tied to the tips. It's the rustling sound of the bags that moves the horses.

An older woman wearing jeans, a flowery blouse and a leather baseball cap smokes a cigarette as she watches the horses from outside the pen. This is Dawn Y. Lappin, the head of Wild Horse Organized Assistance, or WHOA. She helped BLM organize its adoption program and is a moderate among animal-rights leaders.

She thinks that unhealthy, deformed or crippled horses chased in by the helicopter ought to be shot. Though BLM has the legal power to do that, she says the idea makes some of the agency's people jumpy. "I've been out on the range begging them to destroy horses that weren't fit for shipping," she says. "They wouldn't do it if I wasn't there." Sometimes they do.

As the big red truck pulls away, 96563288 gets his first glimpse of discrimination. The oldest horses are left behind. BLM releases them because they aren't likely to be adopted. When the truck arrives here at BLM's wild-horse reception center, a former cattle feedlot, Sharon Kipping, its manager, muses about 96563288's chances.

Unwanted Stallions

"He's just a little bay horse," she says. "He's young, but he won't be adopted here." Another of BLM's problems is that most horse adopters come here looking for pretty, docile female horses, not wild brown stallions. She says that means 96563288 will be sent to one of BLM's other adoption sites or to its "Inmate Gentling Program."

That program, operated at two state prisons, came after a suit by Mr. Amory. He stopped BLM from waiving its adoption fees—which start at \$125—after learning that some bargain-rate adopters were reselling horses to slaughterhouses. So BLM came up with a cheap but innovative way of training horses to fetch higher prices.

It isn't clear what 96563288 might learn from the inmates of "Horse Hill," a state-prison honor camp near Riverton, Wyo., but Mike Buchanan, supervisor for the program, says the inmates have much to learn from him. Most are young city men with drug and alcohol problems who have never seen a horse close up.

The inmates and the horses, he says, "are about as scared of each other as we are to face a mountain lion." Soon, he says, the horses learn to walk through gates and to accept a saddle and rider. Inmates learn that trust works, and they develop a sense of self-confidence and responsibility. That works a kind of alchemy. Inmates get jobs as cowboys. Horses find new homes. "We just sold a little paint the other day for \$1,000," he says.

Please help our club volunteers by sending in your ride records as promptly as possible.

NAME OF RIDER JULIE SUITR
 NAME OF HORSE RAZZNAN BREED ARAB AGE 8
 TOTAL CAREER MILES RIDER 25,000 TOTAL CAREER MILES HORSE 905

MILESTONES THIS YEAR _____

LIST ALL RIDES COMPLETED FROM 12/1/97 THROUGH 11/30/98



WEIGHT DIVISION FW

NAME OF RIDE	LENGTH	PLACING IN YOUR WEIGHT DIVISION	BEST CONDITION?	DID YOU SPONSOR A JUNIOR?
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Death Valley I	50	6 th		
Death Valley II	55			
" " III	50			
" " IV	50			
Geo Ben Buster	50			
Lakeside Classic	50			
SASO IV	50			

Please use a separate sheet for each horse/rider combination. Extra sheets are available from Maryben (265-0839). Use the rest of this form and/or the back to tell us anything else you would like about you, your horse, crew, family, grandchildren, etc. All forms must be postmarked by December 31, 1998. Mail completed forms to Maryben Stover, 1299 Sandra Drive, San Jose, CA 95125-3535

NOVEMBER 1998

Nov. 7 QUICKSILVER FALL CLASSIC 25/50
Ride or Volunteer-Mary Moore 831-637-9703

Nov. 11 QUICKSILVER MEETING

Nov. 13-15 Hat Trick 50,50 & 50
Tom Lewis 702-577-9616

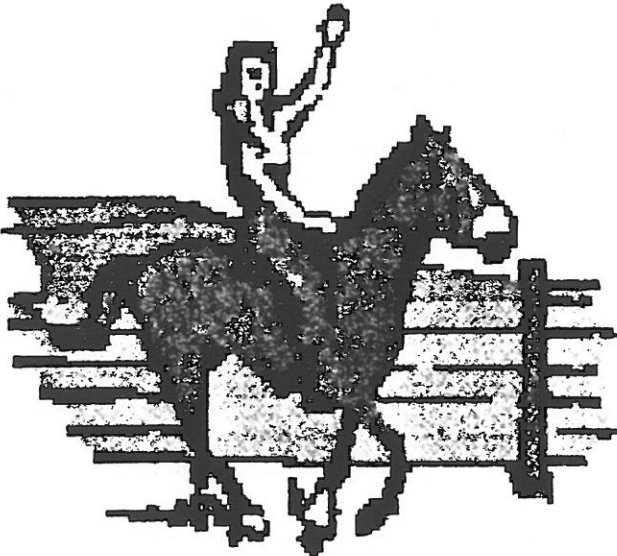
Nov. 26 THANKSGIVING DAY

Nov. 27-29 Silver State Point to Point 50,50,50 & 2/100
Fred Toomey 702-658-2008



Thanksgiving
Blessings
To All

QUICKSILVER ENDURANCE RIDERS, INC.
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QUICKSILVER FALL CLASSIC
Saturday, November 7th
Ride or Volunteer