Oh, My Aching Back

Ever think your horse feels that way? Maybe it’s a sore shoulder, maybe he trips, may be he can’t extend … maybe because of a saddle that doesn’t FIT properly! Karen Losbaugh and Margot Lovet of Schieese Saddlery will demonstrate with live “models” the correct fits for both English and Western disciplines. Karen is a silver medalist in hunter/jumper/dressage. As a rider and trainer, she was frustrated with poor saddle fits and effects it had on her horses. She discovered “Saddle fit 4 Life” which was a perfect fit for her. This will be an amazing evening and for a preview of your March program check out their website at www.saddlefit4life.com.

Charlene O’Neil, VP Education
A Most Amazing Trip or How to Tour Like a Mongolian
Shared by Hardy and Jutte Zantke
By Erin Ryan

At our February PVPHA General Meeting, we got to hear about the Zantke's travels to Mongolia. Mongolia is of interest because it is the last nomadic society left on this planet. It is an area of openness and freedom. Somewhere back in our high school minds we learned of its location and some historical facts. For minds like my own that need a little refreshing, Mongolia is situated between China and Siberia. A land of fierce warriors who forged one of the largest empires in the 13th Century, modern-day ideas of diplomatic and religious freedom was allowed. Mongolia became a travel destination with the fall of communism when that area became open to outsiders in the 1990's. It is approximately one third the size of the United States but very sparsely populated. About one million people live in the capital, another half of million live in other communities, with the remaining million inhabitants still existing as nomads, just as their forefathers have done for thousands and thousands of years.

China did at one time try to introduce agriculture, but that did not work for a nomadic people. Mongols enjoyed communism since they had social security, plus the Russians introduced Vodka. Since the fall of communism and they now are thrown into capitalism, a living needs to be made, thus their interest in tourism.

The weather can be rainy with nasty winds. Mongolia means land of angry winds. Their horses (do not call them ponies) are small in stature. That is all the land can sustain. The horses are about 13 hands. Riders can expect to be in the saddle 5 – 6 hours per day. A Mongol family normally has close to 50 horses, along with their yaks, camels and sheep. The horses are half wild, and normally are not named. Once their animals eat all the available grass, they have to move on for better grass. A Mongol's diet consists of animal parts, milk, cheese and horsemeat.

The tourists camped with the guide's family. Their guide was well educated, as was her father. Their shelters are round, movable huts called yurts or gers. During the day the horses were ground tied. At night the horses were set loose to fend for themselves and feed. The mares are milked, and the liquid is left to ferment. Modern times have arrived, so when the horses are rounded up in the morning, the old timers ride out on horseback but the younger men use motorcycles. Mobile phones are used, charged by solar panels. The locals get up with the sunrise, go to bed at sunset, and work all day during the summers. The winters are fierce, and the work load is less.

Tourist rode only geldings. The guide was careful with the guests until she became familiar with their riding capabilities. Although a rasp never touched their feet nor a hoofpick ever used, hooves were in perfect condition and hard. Animal husbandry is practiced, and those with inferior genes are gelded. Stallions are let loose with the mares at night. Guests rode daily, and found the horses to be extremely hardy. No tools were used for the horses, nor food for them was brought along on the trip, only long ropes for tying and tack. The family would watch their horses during the night because theft from neighboring Mongols is a reality. Water was supplied by streams. The landscape had many rocks and gopher holes.

The tourists brought their own tents for sleeping and stirrup leathers. Mongols ride jockey style with very short stirrups. A yurt (ger) was set up at each camp for a kitchen. The party consisted of 6 tourists, 3 guides and one extra horse. The Zantke's type of trip supplied no bathrooms. They wanted to experience the life style as the Mongols knew it. There are other trips available that do provide such luxuries, but this trip was not one of them. No showers either. Western hygiene can be left totally at home. There are few trees in Mongolia. The men go over there and the women go a little further (that figures). You could bathe in streams, if they looked clean.

The fermented mare's milk, called Airag, was served daily and sipped out of a shared bowl. Do not spill the liquid when passed around as that would be a cultural no no.
Farming does not work for a people who constantly seek better grass, and that concept is not accepted since that practice would disturb the ground, which is considered sacred. There is no practical way to dispose of garbage, since the ground cannot be dug up to bury trash. Plastic bottles and aluminum cans are scattered outside camp to stay for many a year, since those products do not biodegrade. The same can be said for their dead. It is not acceptable to dig up earth. Those deceased are laid to rest without burial for the wolves and other animals to take care of.

The country has several religions, the most popular being Buddhism. In years past, Mongol raids were successful enough to encourage the Chinese to build a big wall along their border.

The horses do not have names. Each tourist got to name his horse to hasten bonding. Mongols are not interested in the horse's age either. When asked, the answer always was an obscure between 8 – 12 years. In fact, Mongols do not like answering questions with definite answers in general. How many children do you have? “Between 3 to 5.” Now if that answer came from a man one might understand.

Guides did not like crossing deep rivers because they did not know how to swim. Part of their livestock consisted of yaks (long-haired cattle). Camels are used to transport camp gear. Three generations commonly live together, grandparents, parents and children normally live in the same yurt (ger). Children learn to ride as soon as they walk. Training starts with tying their little feet to the stirrups so they do not fall off. A popular yearly festival includes horse racing, wrestling and archery. The horse race is about 20 miles long, with little children as the riders.

This is what traveling is all about, learning about other people, other cultures. We want to thank both Jutte and Hardy for sharing their adventures. Since I personally do not see me taking on this type of trip, I can easily live vicariously through their tales and still feel a sense of amazement at what this world can offer adventurous souls. Until the next great adventure, may wonderment touch your life.

FROM THE EDITOR...

Spring is just at the door...March 20th to be exact and Daylight Savings will soon be a reality on March 14th. Don’t forget to happily “Spring Forward!” with your clocks. With all the rains, slippery trails and a slight injury to Keanna, my riding has been rather limited. My first time back in the saddle had my inner thighs telling me that it had been a long. I imagine that may be the case for some of you. I would caution you to take it easy at first if it has been a while since you last rode or you will be walking like John Wayne. If you were at the February General Meeting you would have heard how Hardy and Jutte Zanke rode 4-5 hours a day on the hardy little Mongolian horses. He said that even though he hadn’t ridden for a while, he wasn’t sore! It could be because those little guys are pony-size (around 13 hands!). At any rate they had a lot of great stories to share with us. Some of the details are captured in Erin’s report on page 2.

Got another Rhyme from the Range for you and you can actually sing this one while you’re out riding on the trails. Check it out and let’s ride horses everyday!

Happy Trails!

Pam Turner

What’s Happening!
March 18 – 7pm: General Meeting Saddle fitting – live demo

Board News:

Realignment of PVPHA Board

Jim Moore submitted his resignation from the PVPHA board stating he did not have the time to perform the duties of Membership Chairman. We would like to thank Jim for his efforts on the PVPHA board and wish him well in his other endeavors.

We would like to welcome Gil Houle who has replaced Jim as Membership Chairman. We are looking forward to working with Gil in this important position.
NOTICE

After 9 years of dedicated service on the PVPHA board Melody Colbert has decided that she needs to take some time off. Melody submitted her resignation to the board in December 2009.

Melody has tirelessly worked to support and promote the organization. In her many years of service she has served in several different positions and was always available to lend a helping hand, no matter what the task, tending a booth, running, the poker ride, bringing refreshments to the meetings, membership drives or whatever the task—Melody was there. She will certainly be missed and we look forward to her continued support as a PVPHA member.

PVPHA’s Horse Trainer Spotlight

LINDA COOPER

Maverick Farms owner and trainer, Linda Cooper began riding at age four and has been a constant winner in equitation and medal classes. As both a junior and adult rider, Linda has won many championships, including medal finals for the Onondarka, and Rosewood Junior Medals and the OCHSA Adult Medals.

Knowing she wanted a career in the equestrian business, Linda completed a bachelor’s degree in education and learned the various facets of the equestrian business by working with many prominent riding professionals, including Julie Smith and Rob Gage.

Combining her passion for horses with her knowledge of teaching, Linda founded Maverick Farms Riding Academy in 1998. Since that time, Maverick Farms has grown into a substantial training facility. Coaching riders who consistently place at the top of their divisions. Many of Maverick Farms students have achieved local, regional and national recognition. As a trainer, Linda has received a number of recognitions including: Best Trainer, Las Amigas de las Lomas, 2006 - Trainer of the Junior Varsity High Point Champion award IEL, 2007 - Trainer of the Overall High Point Reserve Champion award IEL, 2007

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One of Linda’s students, Amanda Stefan, a Freshman at PVHS, competed in the Junior Varsity Division of the Orange County Interscholastic Equestrian League (OCIEL) on Luciano. With her trainer Linda Cooper guiding her along she placed 8th in the 3’0” Medal class on Saturday thereby ensuring her place in the Medal Final in the following competition on Sunday. The top 15 riders from the season’s 7 shows qualify for Sunday’s Medal Final. After the jumping round Amanda was standing in 5th place, the top 12 riders were called back for a flat phase, not Luciano’s strength. When she made 6th place we were all very excited. At this point the top 6 riders took part in a jumping workoff, where they are verbally given an abbreviated course to follow without the benefit of looking at the course layout. Amanda was so excited to make the workoff round, and all six riders entered the ring to await instructions. Amanda was last to go and after doing a great round she beamed as she walked her horse back into line. After all of the riders had completed their courses they waited for an OCIEL official to award the ribbons. Going in reverse order Amanda was thrilled to discover she had managed to jump two places to 4th place in the Medal Final, a great achievement for her first OCIEL season riding for PVHS on a horse she had only ridden twice this year, the week before the show. She looks forward to competing next season as a sophomore.
Rhymes from the Range...

Just Ride Horses Every Day
Words by Kathy Stowe - Sung to the tune of Walk Right Back, by the Everly Brothers

I want you to hear my new idea on commutes
I'd ...ride my horse to work each day
If it's twenty miles or less, round trip, you'd save
yourself some loot
The gas pumps now may have a space for hay

I dream about the day when trails would line the
freeway sides
Direct commuting to your job each way
Saddle up your horse and ride it
See part of the countryside, let's
Just ride horses every day!

I wanted to tell you how to sleep good every night
Just ride horses every day
I want you to know they love it too and it's alright
Just pack your suit and halter for the stay

I think about the fact we'd need some stalls in parking
lots
Those long hours spent behind the wheel - we'd slay
Walk, trot, canter, you'll have time
Our horse commute would be sublime, let's
Just ride horses every day!

I want now to promise... pony rides for every one
Just ride horses every day
No plugs, no gas, our green hay-brids would give us
all some fun
Let's just go back to those old western days

I think about the energy in methane we'd create
The mulch we'd leave would keep the flowers gay
Take yourself a Parelli class and
Get a horse you won't need gas, let's
Just ride horses every day!

Walk trot canter, you'll have time
Our horse commute would be sublime, let's
Just ride horses every day!

------------------------------------------------------------------

Howdy Horse Fans!

I just wanted to say that the Cowboy Poetry and Music Festival in January, was as usual... fabulous. Aside from the first act getting the mic and amps juuussst perfect, it was a really fun evening. One of these days I'm gonna get me one of those cool built-in-pickup-guitars, but for this time, I did my song on 12 strings, unplugged. I'm so glad I didn't follow the last two acts, or I'd really be sunk! The CA Cowboys rule! The poem Wanda wrote about George Bradbury's horse "Runt" was so darling. There were so many great poets and musicians to be associated with. The evening was all smiles for me and my two aunts, tapping our feet in the front row. Thanks so much PVPHA and Pam and Randy Turner for putting this on every year! See y'all at the next campfire sing-along...

Kathy Stowe

Attention: Cowboy/Cowgirl Poets please send me your poems and I will publish them in the Dispatch!

Ed.

Mule Adventures with Heidi and Latha

Dale Allen has been twisting my arm for a while to write some articles for the Dispatch about our travels. Well, my arm hurts enough to start writing. My husband, Latha Hylton and I spend a lot of time, maybe ¼ of the year out of town, mostly riding and camping with our mules.

Today I am writing from Palm Springs. I used to live and ride here and know the trails very well. I love coming here in the late fall, winter or early spring since 1.) even if it rains, the trails are great as soon as the rain stops and 2.) the trails are great to further condition the animals for the Sierras or Rocky Mountains, 3.) the scenery is incredible, 4.) it is a relatively short drive. This is the best winter riding in Southern California. If someone has found something better I sure would like to hear about it.

A few caveats: 1.) after a rain either in PS or its near by mountains, be aware of flash floods, and quick sand, (I have only seen quick sand 3 times), 2.) have your horse/mule in great condition since the terrain is mountainous, sometimes steep, and rocky, much more so than PVP, 3.) make sure your animals are shod, 4.) the Indians charge $10 per horse to enter the canyons, 5.) when in the deep sand, walk. Many equestrians come here and look at the wide wash thinking “Wow, what a wonderful place to let my horse run.” With that deep sand you might end up with an injury in the tendons and/or ligaments. Most of the best trails are in the Indian canyons, so don't pass them up due to the cost.

There are no horse camps in PS. Smoke Tree Stables, (760-327-1372), can accommodate your mount. You can NOT camp there, so don't even ask since they will loose their conditional use operating permit. Palm Springs is a tourist town and has many hotels and condo/vacation rentals.
I prefer the condo since it is more spacious, has a kitchen to prepare breakfast, lunch and occasional dinners, which save on money and calories.

Generally the condo is cheaper than the hotel if you are staying a week, maybe even for 5 days. Also, if you have a non-riding spouse, there should be lots for them to do in the area.

When you enter the Indian Canyons and pay the fee, you will receive a map. If you have any fears or concerns about heights or steep cliffs, ask them which trails to avoid. The trail to Andreas Canyon is about a 2 hour round trip ride, easy, little rocky, and scenic. Most of the other rides are 3.5 to 4 hours or more, steeper and rockier.

If you are reading the mailed version of the Dispatch, I encourage you to view it on-line enabling you to see how beautiful and colorful the mountains are. One photo shows Dolly and myself with the entrance of Murry Canyon in the back round. One photo shows Latha and Bon-Bon on top of one of the smaller peaks with most of the city in the back round, an awesome view. One photo shows Dolly and I in Palm Canyon, hope you can see the stream.

Palm Springs is having the 1st annual “Frank Bogert Memorial Rodeo” March 12-14. If interested contact Kathy Condon @ 760-902-7197 kcsolution@comcast.net or Christopher Burkhardt @ 800-664-5617 christopher@fancorp.net. I suggest contacting Christopher first since Kathy never returned my call.

Have Gaited Mule, Will Travel,
Heidi Furer
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Who knows what I was thinking. I had put my trusted mule in a situation in which no one could blame him for bolting. What mule would hang around under such stressful conditions? The madness that ensued was not my mule’s fault; it was an attempted training lesson gone terribly wrong. In less than ten seconds, my mule, Jessie, had become the teacher and I the student. Fortunately, neither of us ended up getting injured in the lesson.

I purchased Jessie in August 2008 and we have become buddies. He is one flashy mule, black with four white socks and a skunk tail, and well trained. He is full of attitude but always kind.

Jessie and I have spent many hours riding the magnificent hills of Palos Verdes, Calif. Despite the numerous dogs, peacocks, goats, joggers, obnoxious crows, cars, motorcycles and other stimuli that comes with life in Los Angeles, there have only been minor incidents on the trail. I really could not expect more from a mule.

Jessie and I had recently started taking cutting lessons from Shelly Martin. I had waited several months to play with the cows because the people who sold me Jessie said that he was not really fond of cattle and he seemed a little spooky around them. Nonetheless, things were progressing wonderfully. Jessie showed little fear of cows and he really seemed interested in cutting.

After a Thursday afternoon lesson in mid-August, I figured we would take a short ride around the grounds. It was getting near dark and I probably should have called it a night. In fact, I remember thinking to myself that we should just quit. Ultimately, however, we headed out into the evening. This was my first mistake; I should have trusted my instincts.

The Empty Saddle Club is around 14 acres and in the middle of the residential neighborhood of Rolling Hills Estates, Calif. The land is basically square in shape and surrounded by homes on three sides and a nature preserve on the remaining side. There is a path that runs along the perimeter of the club, so we took a small road that runs along the north-east boundary of the club. There is nice canyon view along this section of the property. In the northeast corner of the property, there is a round pen. This
is basically a blind curve as you pass
the round pen and head down to the
northwest end of the property.

As we rounded the corner, to my horror,
in the distance I saw Leo on horseback
driving a herd of about 30 steers
towards the round pen where we were
standing. They were about 100 yards
away but moving at a brisk pace.
Usually, when the cows are being
moved, there are people standing guard
to make sure everything is safe.
Because there are fences on each side
of the road, there is nowhere for the
heard to go but forward.

In the past, I would have turned the
mule around and high tailed it out of
there. But not this time. I was going to
give the mule a training lesson. After all,
he sure was not scared in the cutting
arena. We were gonna kick back and
watch the herd run by and follow them
into the pen. This was my second
mistake.

I backed Jessie off to the side and
watched as the steers approached (see
photo below). "Good Boy," I told my
mule as the roar of 120 hooves pounded
the ground and headed directly towards
us. Jessie's ears were fixed on those
steers as they approached, Jessie's
neck stiffened and I think he let out a
little snort: "It's ok boy," I said as I gave
Jessie a pat.

Seconds later, Jessie spun 180 degrees
to his left and was out of there. My mind
was surprisingly lucid as I thought about
what to do next. I remembered
something that I had read or been
taught about making an "emergency
stop." So I loosened the pressure on my
left rein and tried to pull the right rein
back attempting to bring Jessie's nose
around. Jessie's neck, however, is far
stronger than my arm, and he showed
no inclination of bending. The
emergency stop did not work.

As Jessie raced to the corner by the
round pen, I was hoping that he would
not run me under the tree limb. I recall
looking down at the ground, noticing
how hard it looked, and thinking to
myself that I cannot fall. At that point, I
dropped into my saddle, lightly placed
one hand on the saddle horn and
decided to ride it out.

When Jessie felt like he was out of
harm's way, he came to a stop. I turned
Jessie around and, keeping a safe
distance behind Leo, we followed the
herd into the pen. I asked Leo how fast
Jessie was moving when he took off and
he stated: "About 60 miles per hour;
your eyes were stretched so far open
that I could see the whites of your eyes
just like a cartoon; as you rounded the
corner out of my line of sight all I could
hear was 'whoa, whoa, whoa ... 3'"

About a week later, I returned to the
area to take some photos for this article.
This time I left Jessie in his stall. As Leo
was bringing the steers down the road,
all I could see was those sharp horns
and the determination of those steers to
get to the dinner waiting in their pen.
The closer they got, the more
intimidating it was. I snapped a few
photos and got the heck out of the way.

I guess the moral to this story is to think
about what you are asking your mule to
do. In this case, I was lucky that Jessie
stopped once he was out of harm's way.
This is not always the case.
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