# Loomis Basin Horsemen's Association P.O. Box 2326 Loomis CA 95650

Volume 37 Issue 8

#### AUGUST 2019

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## PRESIDENTS MESSAGE by Liz Daffner

#### Howdy!

July is a wrap! We had many exciting events takes place. Kelly Williams, our speaker this month gave a fabulous presentation on conditioning your horse. She shared her experience as a rider, trainer, and successful endurance rider covering a wide range of topics. Hope you didn't miss it! We also had a successful Obstacle Day despite the heat and our arena buildings received a fresh coat of paint by two dads from the Loomis Boy Scout troupe. Now we can turn our attention to our upcoming Benefit Horse Shows scheduled for October 12th and 13th. Judge Mandi Thompson will share insights at our next meeting on August 21<sup>st</sup> by giving a "Judge's talk". This is your chance to learn and ask those burning questions outside of a competitive environment.

The arrival of August brings hotter days. I hope you've figured out at routine by either riding early in the morning or late in the evening. My favorite time to ride is around 7:45 pm when the sun sinks behind my neighbor's eucalyptus trees and my arena becomes a shady sanctuary. I water down the sand and the delta breeze ripple across it dropping the temperature and turning the evening into something beautiful. If I time it right, I can have both my horses saddled before I water the arena and get in two rides before I lose daylight. We're so lucky to have our horses, I hope the heat doesn't keep you from having beautiful rides.







SUPPORTING LBHA HELPS SAVE AND MAINTAIN OUR TRAILS, THE ARENA AT THE PARK , TRAYLOR

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# 2019 OFFICERS AND BOARD MEMBERS

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Janis Rau	916-652-0894
Maureen Henderson	916-663-9362
	Greg King Janis Rau

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#### TRAYLOR RANCH NATURE RESERVE

Hello Traylor Ranch Nature Preserve Fans. July 27 marked our last standard workday this year.

You can thank the small group of dedicated people who come out pretty much every month to help, Jennifer, Mary, Maureen, Nicola. They come even though there are other projects they could be doing on their property but believe in helping to keep Traylor Ranch the special place that it is.

Note, that I have a couple of Special Projects I'd like to pursue in the Fall so stay tuned. But for now, we are signing off until then.

A big thank you to everyone who has volunteered this year.

Stay tuned to the Traylor Ranch Facebook page for any park updates.

<u>https://</u> www.facebook.com/ TraylorRanchNatur-



# Subscribe to our Newsletter!

https://lbha.us7.list-manage.com/subscribe?u=2c073f7622eea751d4c0e48c6&id=a1fd54b279

**Hector Road Trail Now Open** 



#### **Obstacle Day**

Great turnout for our July 28<sup>th</sup> Obstacle day. Special thanks to our publicity chair Laurene Davis who brought a truck full of special obstacles. If it was cool, she brought it! Two large balls, the car wash, the pool noodles to walk through, hoops, colored balls plastic balls, bucket with flags, and more! We gained at 4 new members and had several renewals.



#### FINAL Free Obstacle Day - September 28, 2019

Members only or join for \$15 (1/1 - 12/31 membership). Have a fun day with your horse under saddle or in hand with no pressure. This is not a clinic, obstacles will be available to use at your leisure. Each event will have slightly different obstacles and we're open to any ideas you have! Please help set up at 8:30 am. Event starts at 9:00 am-11:30 am help cleanup.

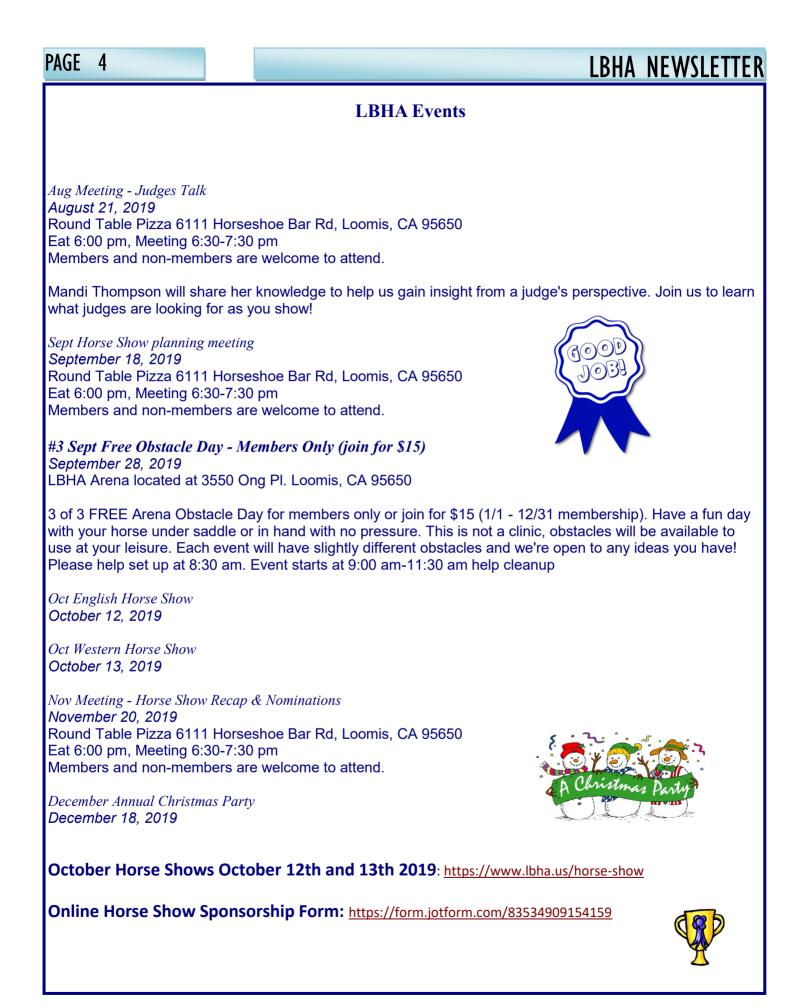
#### **Office and Sheds painted**

Big thank you to Loomis Boy Scout Troop leader Nathan and fellow boy scout dad for painting our office and shed building in county colors. Their sprayer stopped working so they finished the sheds by hand. We appreciate your hard work, especially on such a hot day! Thank you to newest board member Kate Johnson, for organizing this project.



#### **RED GATE AT ARENA**

Baseball Season is here and the red gate has been moved to accommodate more parking for cars. Please obtain a gate key using the membership form if you don't have one already. PLEASE PARK INSIDE the trailer area so cars can park in the gravel area leading up to the red gate. You may get blocked in because non horse people don't understand how much room trailers need to maneuver in and out of places. We have all the space inside the red gate, they need that gravel overflow parking space.



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#### MINUTES LBHA GeneralMeeting July 17, 2019

The general membership meeting was held at Round Table Pizza in Loomis. The following Board members were present: Liz Daffner, Joe Warlow, Kate Johnson, and Kathy Dombrowski. Bruce Renfrow, Maureen Henderson, Janis Rau, Greg King and Denise Howell were not present.Laurene Davis, our publicity chair, was also in attendance.

Meeting began at 6:34 p.m. LBHA president Liz Daffner introduced publicity chair Laurene Davis to review the park watch drive encouraging riders to download app and log riding hours during the month of July.

Liz summarized the efforts of Kate Johnson who has been working with the Loomis Boy Scout Troop to paint the office and shed buildings at arena.

Speaker Kelly Williams was introduced to talk about conditioning your horse. She began by dispelling many myths about breeds including the need to have an Arabian for endurance riding. Some of the topics covered included nutrition, expectations, listening to your horse, distance over speed, trail safety, and ways to ease into riding after a long winter. Members where engaged in the discussion and had lots of questions.

The next general membership meeting will be held on Wednesday, August 21, 2019at 6:30 p.m. at LoomisRound Table.

Submitted by Liz Daffner, Acting Secretary







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#### **MEMBERSHIP**

Please renew your membership.

If you are not getting e-mails from LBHA, we may not have the correct e-mail or you are blocking LBHA. The Newsletter goes on line the first week of each month, so if you do not get a notice, just check the webpage and then get the correct e-mail to LBHA.

All Memberships NOW renew every January 1 so those of you that have memberships that expire in June have an extension to December 31st. Pay on line the easy way!

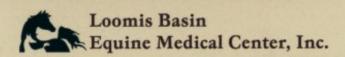
Being an LBHA Member is a great way to give back to our community.

#### We thank you in advance.



LBHA NEWSLETTER

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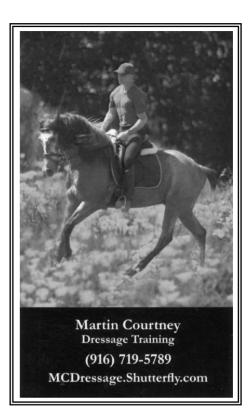
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# Knicker Knod s t a b l e

Conveniently located near Horseshoe Bar Road and Auburn Folsom Road and within riding distance to the Folsom Lake trails. Knicker Knob has long been known in the Gold Country equestrian community for producing safe and knowledgeable horsemen.

**Boarding/Lesson special:** Boarders at Knicker Knob Stable can participate in free lessons every Friday 5:30–7pm during Daylight Savings Time. Non-boarders can trailer in for lessons for \$20 each. Lessons are taught by Terry Haney.

**Boarding** barn stalls | pipe corrals | pasture from \$305

**Amenities** 140' X 70' lighted arena | 50' round pen grass turnout | large wash rack | indoor grain room tack rooms | bathroom | refrigerator | shaded picnic area

**Riding lessons** Offered by our teaching staff with a combined experience of 60 years of teaching. Group \$25 | semi private \$30 | private \$40

LOOMIS, CALIFORNIA

No expiration

Terry 916.778.8651 Kathy 916.204.0346 www.knickerknobstable.com Facebook.com/KnickerKnobStable

#### Hauling Hiccups (The Funny in Retrospect Kind) Outsiderein.com

My daughter and I were riding at a farm up in Duchess County, New York and we were on our way back home with her grey pony, named At Last (because "At last I have a horse!"), in our two-horse bumper pull. We were on a winding, local route, cruising along, when all of a sudden, the horse trailer *passes* our SUV across the yellow line! We watched in horror as the pony went by in our trailer! One of the most heart-rate inducing incidents ever.

In a stroke of unbelievable luck, there was a curve in the road that worked in our favor. As we panicked not knowing what to do, the trailer just came to a slow rest at the turn. We were there for about five or ten minutes in total shock asking ourselves what to do next, when two guys drove up in a truck and helped us inspect the situation. The pin on our hitch had busted, creating a literal chain reaction of broken parts, and these guys miracu-

lously had a pin to spare. They helped us fix the problem, rehitch the trailer, and within half an hour we were back on the road.

Not long after, we ditched that trailer and went with something a bit more secure.

Nancy, Eventer, Aiken



LBHA NEWSLETTER

I don't love trail riding. Never have. However, I am well aware of the importance of getting a horse out of the arena every now and then. So several years ago I loaded up my very large

F350,and my three-horse living quarters horse trailer with a lovely trail ride in mind. The plan was to take a friend and her horse with me to a local trail with waterfalls, wildlife, cows and beautiful scenery. Ahhhhh, a Zen moment for all of us. Until...after missing a turn on a twisty narrow road in the foothills of Northern California, I drove further looking for a place to turn around. And further. And fur-



ther. Finally, we decided there wasn't going to be any turn around and if we didn't do something soon we were going to slip into the cracks of the forgotten. We decided to turn into a large driveway, and we pulled straight up to a home where surely there would be a place to turn

around. There were cows on the hill, so there had to be a ranch with flat, wide space to maneuver...right? WRONG.

Thank goodness nobody was home. After maneuvering for 10 minutes (sweating bullets), I finally drove over a fire pit, a front lawn and through a rose bush (I still lose sleep over the guilt!). When we got to the bottom of the steep driveway, we realized we were on a very blind turn with a 34-foot trailer and long bed truck. My friend stood in the middle of the road, arms spread, while I took another ten minutes getting out of the driveway. We laughed all the way to the staging area of the trails, and needless to say that was our last trail riding adventure. If I want to see cows, I'll say, "Open the gate guys, we're ready!" and I will be safely in an arena with a spacious parking lot nearby. Bonus: there will be no snakes!

Denise, AQHA Ranch Rider, California

I've eaten Ulcergard to stay awake, and hitchhiked for diesel fuel. You do not want me hauling your horses. **Avery, Eventer, Dallas** 

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There is something special about slowly heading down your driveway with your horse trailer packed full of your squad on the way to an event. Maybe you're reminded of those first trips you took with your family, or maybe you're just happy to hit the road knowing you can leave chores behind and focus on the horse or horses you're traveling with. This is, of course, failing to mention the simple fact that hitting the highway with a big diesel truck and a large trailer leaves you feeling that much more important than all other tiny car-driving motorists. As a teenager, the first time I flashed my lights to a semi so they knew they were clear to come back into my lane, I felt pure butterflies when they hit those axillary lights as a thank you. Road trip with horses...nothing better.

Of course this experience can have its ups and downs. The flat tire when you realize you haven't broken loose a lug on your trailer wheel in four years, resulting in you in the parking lot physically jumping on your spare tire wrench. Who hasn't had that stretch of road when you thank God for the gas station on the next turn off only to realize....no diesel? Or what could be better than finding that lovely family home that allows overnight boarding only to roll in at 5am the next day to see your four-legged buddies have eaten half the stall and broken three rails? However, for those who have experienced the joys of living all over this beautiful country, there is a special place for those who have gone from the wide-open west to the people-crammed east coast with beasts in tow. Let's just say the roads built in the 1700s were not designed for 4-horse living-quarter trailers and one ton diesel trucks. You realize very quickly why so many people don't even own a trailer, but instead pay to have their horses hauled. After moving from Kansas to Connecticut to Montana, I can honestly say that this cowboy couldn't be happier to finally be back home in the states where big rigs roam! Still, there is a special place in my heart for one quick weekend trip that my wife would never let me forget even if I could...

I used to travel from Connecticut to Pennsylvania to practice team roping on the weekends with friends. Well, one lovely sunny day started with the usual trek out of the driveway, then crossing the Hudson River over the Newburgh-Beacon Bridge. For those who've not had the pleasure of traveling northeastern roads, this is one of many bridges that crosses the Hudson, but it has a unique toll that only gets paid going one direction; in this case the toll was eastbound, which meant I would pay it on my way home at the end of the day. After a great day of roping practice with friends, we hit the local cafe where I offered to buy lunch. This cash-only establishment drained my wallet and I didn't give it another thought...that is, until we headed back home over the lovely Newburgh-Beacon Bridge....

When you travel with a large trailer in the northeast, you are essentially stuck in the lane you're in. There is simply not a lot of lane switching, especially on a weekend when all lanes can be packed with cars lined up bumper-to-bumper. But as I mentioned, this bridge is a toll bridge which means it expands to eight lanes just before the toll to help with traffic passing through. As I followed my buddy, we found ourselves stuck in the lane furthest to the left. I drove up to the window, cracked open the glove compartment where I always kept my trusty electronic toll payment tag, and low and behold...it was not there. Fortunately, there was a kind lady in the toll booth, who promptly said, "\$6.50, please." I whipped out my wallet...no cash.

"Ma'am, it looks like I'm shit out of luck!"

Meanwhile, cars were WHIZZING through all eight lanes on my right. The lady looked back at my truck and trailer, pointed over to the toll facility building located on the far side of eight lanes of traffic, and said, "Well, go over there and pay with your credit card then."

I sat there thinking that I'd seen it all while hauling a trailer, but this one was going to really test my skills. Crossing eight busy lanes in one hundred yards would be a real accomplishment (the guy behind me blasting his horn was obviously being super helpful, as well). Anyway, with my boys in the back, I wasn't about to put my trailer in harm's way, so I put on my saddest eyes and said, "Ma'am, I'm really not sure I can get over there with this rig," to which she promptly replied, "No problem, Honey. One minute." She then proceeded to pick up the phone, yell loudly over the speakers, "HOLD ALL LANES!" and traffic on the entire bridge came to a complete standstill. I was speechless, but I tipped my hat, mumbled my thanks, and promptly crossed eight lanes of halted traffic while some very angry New York drivers expressed their distaste for me. Cont'd

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# LBHA NEWSLETTER

After paying the tolls I jumped back into my truck only to receive a phone call from my lovely road trip partner up ahead, who was desperately asking where I was and why all traffic had stopped. I could only think to myself, "Son of a bitch...a witness! Now it's unavoidable, and I will have to admit to my wife that I'm the idiot traveling down the highway with a rig full of horses and zero cash."

The lesson to all my fellow haulers out there: Tuck away that emergency twenty...you never know when you might need it to prevent a major highway shutdown.

Safe and happy trails.

Neal, Team Roper, Montana



I am a cursed horse hauler. The horses and vehicles always arrive safely, but the path from Point A to Point B is usually somewhat harried. From stop-and-go traffic on a steep mountain to an electric jack that blew a fuse when my trailer was halfway off my truck leaving me stranded at a show, I subscribe to the Murphy's Law of hauling: if it can happen, it has happened or will happen to me...

But sometimes I do it to myself. In 2012, I purchased a brand new 36-foot living quarters horse trailer while at a three-week horse show in the Midwest. Near the end of the show, it became apparent that Hurricane Sandy was heading toward the east coast, and straight through my route back home. As soon as my last class was finished, I packed up and hit the road with the intent to beat the storm. Aside from my rig and the countless tree removal crews headed toward the northeast, the roads were fairly unpopulated and the drive was easy. Strangely, even with a hurricane barreling toward me, I was only concerned about one thing...

At the end of my long driveway in North Salem, New York, stood two large stone pillars, and I wasn't convinced that physics would actually allow my truck and trailer entry. The twelvehour drive felt like it only took three, as I dreaded arriving at 3am with no light, no help, and no idea if I would take the back end of my trailer off while pulling into my driveway. I planned my route so that I would make a left turn into the space between the pillars, allowing myself as much room as possible, and I drove by twice before finally taking the plunge. After a full day of showing followed by the long drive I was exhausted but anxious, and eventually I simply crossed my fingers, swung as wide as I could, and went for it. I cleared the left pillar by about three inches and continued up to the automated gate. With the hard part behind me, I drove through the gate without a thought, and then pulled my truck and trailer straight into a courtyard surrounded by a stone wall. Everyone was safe, I was exhausted, and would deal with the ramifications of that decision later.

And deal with them, I did. With my rig parked head-in in front of the garage, no one was coming or going until it moved, but after a lot of trial and error, it turned out that the only way to extricate the rig from the driveway was to drive into the back yard and swing it around on the lawn...during a hurricane. I shifted into 4-lo, crossed my fingers again, and promptly sunk both my truck and trailer in the backyard. It sat there until the ground froze a couple of

weeks later and was firm enough to get some traction, and when I pulled the trailer back through the automated gate I realized that I was luckier than I thought that night, as in the daylight there was less than an inch of clearance between the gate motors and each side of my trailer. That was the first and last time it ever went through that gate!



Courtney, OR Co-Founder & Show Jumper, New York

Hauling horses in the northeast can be problematic to say the least. The roads are narrow, driveways and parking lots tight, and then there's the traffic...

I found myself in more truck-and-trailer trouble there than anywhere else that I've lived. I can definitively say that hauling horses with my large trailer back east was miserable, but since misery loves company, I was thrilled when my best friend (you may know her as the Courtney half of OR) came back from a horse show in the Midwest – land of wide roads and large parking lots – towing her very own misery wagon!

Resplendent with matching parkway-unfriendly sized trucks and living quarters horse trailers, we hit the road from North Salem, NY to a quaint town in Massachusetts for a weekend jumping clinic. The 1.5-hour drive through idyllic northeastern towns quickly degraded into a three-hour white-knuckle excursion complete with an [angry] police escort while backing off a one lane bridge, innumerable hand gestures from passersby, and the admiration of a group at a gas station who thought our horses were circus performers. We had never been more relieved to reach a destination as we were when we finally unloaded our horses at the clinic facility, and thinking the most difficult part of our journey was solidly behind us had us in a celebratory frame of mind. Traveling together with our geldings in tow, we concurred, was what it was all about! Despite a couple of headaches, with the horses safely tucked into their stalls for the evening, we remained unscathed and ready for the most anticipated part of our weekend; camping out of our lovely living quarters trailers at a charming RV park described on the internet as a bucolic mountain lake. Never ones to be unprepared, we had called ahead to ensure there were two oversized RV spots next to one another. Letting the GPS take the reins, we dutifully followed as she instructed us to turn into a residential section of town. We continued to take her bad advice when told to blindly turn left onto the steepest hill we'd ever seen. By then, we were so committed that we dropped our trucks into first gear, pushed the pedals to the floor, said a prayer, and persevered through low power lines and rogue tree limbs. We did finally doubt the GPS when the road plateaued and we did not see a grand RV park, but rather what appeared to be a wooded campground. There was no possibility of turning around, so we parked and inquired with the gate attendant. "Oh, you're in the right place," she said (We were?), "Don't worry, you can easily get turned around and parked once you're inside." Hungry, stressed, and - finally - relieved, we paid and headed into the abyss.

While there were, technically, many large campers inside the park, most had been parked there prior to the growth of the surrounding forest, and it would have taken nothing short of a fullblown logging expedition to extract any of them at that point. As we attempted to formulate a plan, we discovered that between us and our "extra large" parking slots were a series of impossibly tight turns, numerous trees with low branches, a fence, and a plethora of lawn ornaments (most notably, a friendly garden gnome). After hours of 30-point turns, a single tear of frustration,

limbing a few trees, unearthing a tremendous ant's nest, uprooting and moving a split-rail fence, rearranging some gnomes, becoming the evening entertainment for the trailer court residents, and politely declining several offers of help from well-meaning young men who had never pulled a trailer but could clearly do it better than us women even with no experience, we were home free. Finally, we found ourselves wedged into our respective spots well after dark. A glass of wine and a cold meal had never tasted so good, and it turned out we had even made some friends, as we were invited to the Saturday night pig roast by multiple neighbors the next day! **Alia, Show Jumper, Montana** 



I'm sure our LBHA members have their own stories to tell or hauling hiccups. Please send any stories, jokes, experiences to me and I will try to get them in the Newsletter. Editor: deanisehowell@gmailcom

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Debris and Rock

removal

Sand and Arena
Top soil Spreading

 Ripping, Grading, and Grooming

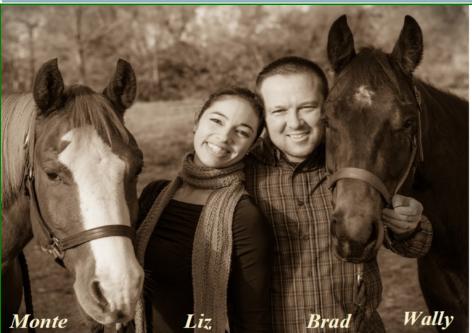


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#### **Next Meeting**

#### August 21, 2019 - Judges Talk

Mandi Thompson will share her knowledge to help us gain insight from a judge's perspective. Join us to learn what judges are looking for as you show!

Round Table Pizza 6111 Horseshoe Bar Rd, Loomis, CA 95650 Eat 6:00 pm, Meeting 6:30-7:30 pm Members and non-members are welcome to attend.

#### **Reminder!**

LBHA has an electronic Membership form available on our website that let's you pay your renewals through paypal if you choose. Find it under the JOIN tab.

#### Arena

Please NO TRAILERS or HORSES on the asphalt parking lot. No barrels, poles or other equipment may be used in the arena. Small Orange cones allowed. Trainers must have an Arena Use form submitted annually as well as the proper insurance naming LBHA and Placer County as "Also Insureds." If Insurance is cancelled 2 times or more, the permit is no longer valid. Trainers MUST contact LBHA with the time and number of students that will be in class, 24 hrs before the lesson. (All Forms are on LBHA Website at LBHA.us)



Loomis Basin Horsemen's Association P.O. Box 2326 Loomis CA 95650

> E-MAIL: Ibha@garlic.com

We're on the Web! See us at: Lbha.us

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