



2018 Officers

ISSUE 1

JANUARY 2018

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EVENT / BOOTH**COORDINATOR**

Rosie Grindle

President's Message

Welcome everyone, my name is Michael Lewis, and I have the honor of being RSR's president for 2018. With the board returning for a second year I am confident we will get things done.

What I am doing at this moment seems to be all the presidents worst

nightmare, writing the president's message. My plan is to get this done for all 12 months of newsletters (keep your fingers crossed). Rhonda, our newsletter editor, does an excellent job of digging up content and we all need to try to help with whatever we can, (she is great at stealing from Facebook). Last year was a great year with many of our members going above and beyond. They have taken the lead in programs like "Leave no trace", "Wilderness rider", and even BCHC's developing saw program, both chain and crosscut saw with excellent participation from the members. The Southern California units have come together and worked side by side more than ever. It's truly beginning to feel more like the So. California unit of BCHC. We also threw in a last minute pack clinic that became an education day. One more thing, we finally completed the Beauty Mountain Wilderness kiosk. Look for the dedication ride this spring. We will also be gearing up for Rendezvous 2019 so stay tuned. In conclusion, I would like to thank our outgoing president, Greg Bruce, for stepping up and toughing it out for the last two years and look forward to his continued involvement in the future.

Signed, Michael Lewis



REDSHANK RIDERS GENERAL MEETING MINUTES

DEC. 2, 2017—Location: Garner Valley Commons - (Draft)

ATTENDANCE: Ed & Mary Ann Puett, Doug & Cindy Hay, Carol Schmuhl, David Haddad, Cathy Haun, Robyn Prinzing, Charlie & Nyna Cheek, Mike & Carol Esposito, Rosie Grindle, Mary Litch, Alli Bruce, Gail McCreight, Lorinda Quatrala, Marci, Liefer, Tim Turpin, Audrey Turpin, Valeri Sexton, Karleen Esparza, Jack & Gretchen Peckham, Susan Gonzales, Robert Drewery, Ken Lawson, Kathy Bowman, Michael Lewis, Greg Bruce, Susan Blankenfeld, Dani Lehner, Susan Kontoff

JAN Meeting: 11th at Lewis' Home - Pot Luck

NEW FOLKS: Demi Lemmer (27 months)

REPORTS:

SECRETARY'S REPORT: ALLISON RENCK'S notes given by Mary Ann Puett. Moved, seconded and passed that Secretary's report be adopted as read.

TREASURER'S REPORT: by Nyna Cheek; Moved, seconded and passed that Treasurer's Report be accepted as read.

Beginning Balance - \$4324.41

Revenue - \$240.50

Expenses - \$126.94

Net Income - \$113.56

Closing Balance - \$4437.97

MEMBERSHIP REPORT: by Carol Schmuhl

56 Memberships

75 Total Persons

19 Families

28 Individuals

1 Patron

1 Benefactor

New memberships? UNKNOWN—2 memberships expired during the month

HISTORIAN'S REPORT: No Activity

BOOTH COORDINATOR: Rosie Grindle

1) Booth at Pack Clinic went well

RIDE REPORT: given by Cindy Hay:

Waiting on the weather – no new rides on the books

Sloan Lake – Greg Bruce

Beauty Mountain Dedication Ride – Cathy Haun – late spring

Additional Beauty Mountain Ride – Cathy Haun

Rosie Grindle may host a second annual ride

Eagle Rock – Greg Bruce

PUBLIC LANDS REPORT given by Allison Renck

1) Newsletters sent - send out your letters to legislators on keeping bikes off the trails

EDUCATION REPORT: No report, Stacy Kuhns and Tom Firth were absent

ADOPT-A-HIGHWAY REPORT: by Cathy Haun-Firth

1) 7 helpers – 24 bags of trash on last clean up

OLD BUSINESS:

1. Ed and Greg wrote up addition that old president stays on as consultant for the next year as part of our by-laws. Need to report this to the Board 45 days before their next meeting and then again for confirmation. This gives that officer a vote.
2. Mike Lewis spoke on the grooming of our section of the PCT...more to come.
3. Cutting wider loop at Beauty Mountain that would open up a lot more area...more to come.
4. Officers' Training 2018 – January 13, 2018 at Little Red School House.

NEW BUSINESS: New Officers –

1. President – Mike Lewis
2. VP – Jack Peckham
3. Secretary – Mary Ann Puett
4. Treasurer- Nyna Cheek
5. Committee heads are selected
6. Pebbles moved that we accept the new board and Allison Renck seconded
7. Fund Raiser ride in the Spring 2018 – Gretchen Peckham. Need to work around other events. Volunteers needed.
8. Thank you for Carol, Pebbles and Gretchen for putting on the Christmas party.
9. Trail Town - 22 miles of Anza- Breanna Weldon – National Park Service – tool your of area so she can help further our efforts to build our Anza trail system – good chance for this to succeed as there is money available
10. Rosie Grindle donated a painting as a fund raiser for RSR – raised \$360.00!

The meeting was adjourned at 225PM by Greg Bruce



Officers' Training 2018 – January 13, 2018
at Little Red School House.



Zane Gray for MAYOR! At the Lion's Arena. Supposedly the only election that can be bought! \$1.00 per vote.

WELCOME NEW
&
RETURNING MEMBERS

Melanie Huelson
Tom Marshall



Photos & story
stolen from Tom
Firth's Facebook
page -
from 12/31/2017
FLS :)

We Have a Celebrity Mule in Our Midst

When Cathy insisted my mule, Zane Grey, was not going to this year's 129th annual Rose Parade until he had a bath, I said, "Are you kidding me?" Actually, I'm paraphrasing, those were not my exact words; mine were much, more colorful. But the truth is, quite by accident, I have created a monster. Zane now believes he is some sort of hot-shot movie star, having appeared this last year in the pilot episode of Stephen Savage's new series, Tucker's War, and also been a part of the world famous Ramona Outdoor Play. Our entry is #38 or 39, and we are part of the Ramona Cowboys and Ramona Play group. I will be the schmuck on the white ass with the glitter grin!



Greg Bruce walking in the 2018 Rose Parade with the Ramona pageant group.

Photo by RestLeSs D Graphics

Happy
NEW
Year

What Goes Up *(continued)* Day 4 (the final chapter)

Shared by permission of Thomas Firth—Chapter 4 & Epilogue

Day Four: The day's hike into Red's Meadow took longer than the last day of school. Every time I looked at my GPS, what seemed like great distance gains were actually measured in half-miles, or less. Still, I could see light at the end of the tunnel, and following our daily, afternoon rain and hailstorm, the gonad shrinking, river crossing, and the encounter with a gender confused, trail runner, we dragged into Red's Meadow more dead than alive. Well, me anyway; Skippy, up there, was happier than a naked body-builder directing traffic, and after four days and forty-plus miles of hiking, still had more energy than a Queensland in a cow pen.

From the inspirational, rotund, little lady battling cancer and coming off chemo to hike with her daughter, to my face plant in the Carl's Jr parking lot while wearing my pack that very nearly ended it all, it was a memorable trip, but at the risk of this little tale turning into a novel, I should probably wrap it up.

Oh yeah, I nearly forgot. . .

To get from where we were camped at Red's Meadow there is a trail that leads from the campground over to the resort. This trail is designed much like a horseshoe. By that, I mean it has a long uphill to its crest, then a long downhill regardless of which way you are going. The evening we arrived at the campground we were desperate to eat a real supper over at the resort. As we left the campground, we started on the resort trail. Say it with me, "You've got to be sh^##*% me!"

Once we arrived at the café, we had what was arguably the best hamburger and chocolate malt ever inhaled. During supper, Nichole casually mentioned how after we hiked back to the campground she was going to get a change of clothes, come back, and get some tokens for the shower and get cleaned up. Keep in mind that at this point in time I was keenly aware that I was unnervingly fragrant and no doubt smelled worse than a packing plant before the pure food law, but there was no way in hell I was going to hike that damn trail three more times tonight. I would hike it once, and that would be to my sleeping bag. Besides, I was too tired to smell myself anyway.

Since it was very early, I was the first customer, and because this wasn't my first rodeo, and not wanting to waste precious shower time, I got all nakeded up, laid my clothes out, and put my washcloth, soap, and shampoo in the stall. I deposited my tokens, the water shot out, and as expected, the water was colder than a bucket of free beer. With my hand at the showerhead, I waited for it to warm.

Glacial melts have occurred in less time than it took for the water coming out of the showerhead to turn hot. Running out of precious time, at the lukewarm stage, I said, "Heck with it," and jumped in. I lathered up, and began scrubbing faster than a Jackrabbit on date night. I then rinsed off, and if one scouring is good, two is better, and quickly lathered up again. Just as I was about to stick my head under the showerhead to rinse, the water shut off quicker than you can inhale a gnat.

"You've got to be sh^##*% me!"

Now feeling dumber than lug nuts on a birthday cake, I remembered I had brought along my wallet, so I stepped out of the shower, rifled a five-dollar bill from my billfold, and started for the door. Thankfully, it was at this point I stepped back into the dressing room, grabbed my backpacker's towel, and put it around me. While it almost made the trip around my waist, the towel at least covered the important equipment in front, and I calculated I had a perfectly good cedar wall outside I could position myself against to keep from mooning any chance passersby. I was pretty certain that Nichole would no doubt be waiting outside at one of the picnic tables for me to emerge so we could then go to breakfast.

Feeling dumber than a hunnert' chickens, and the polestar of human stupidity, I opened the door to the shower room, stepped out onto the deck, and surveyed the area; no Nichole. In fact, there was only one person outside. I looked at the gentleman, who fortunately was facing in my direction. He was seated at the end of a picnic table out in front of the café. Not wishing to draw attention to myself by hollering, I raised the five-dollar bill and waved it.

"Excuse me," I said sheepishly, "Any chance..."

At which point he immediately lifted both legs, spun his butt on the seat, and faced away from me, choosing

(Continued on page 5)

now to stare at a tree as if he'd never seen me.

"You've got to be sh^##*% me!" I mumbled, standing out on the deck about as subtle as a clown's nose.

I looked over through the café window, but no one was inside yet. I then looked over to the trail, and no Nichole there, either. In fact, there wasn't a soul around except Mister Friendly over at the picnic table. So there I stood, I couldn't have be more lathered if I'd just ran the mile-and-an-eighth at Pimlico with a ninety-pound jockey on my back, as I stood there on the deck with nothing but a small backpacker's towel only slightly larger than Del Taco napkin, covering what essentially needed covering. Feeling like a penny waiting on change, I scoured the area looking for someone, anyone, to rescue me, and waited.

After several minutes, an older gentleman wearing a boonie hat came out from around the corner of the store that is situated not quite between the shower building where I stood and the café. He was walking toward me.

"Thank you, God," I said under my breath, as I waved my five dollar bill, explained my situation, and asked if he'd be kind enough to get me some shower tokens from the store?

"Yeah, lemme check my laundry first," he said?

Now, of course, it's at this point that cars begin pulling up and parking. People are now milling about either going to the café, or to the store, and I'm still standing on the deck sheepishly grinning like a jackass eating cactus, and nodding hello to those making eye contact. I can't go check on the guy in the laundromat because to do so would require either exposing myself, or sidestepping along the wall like a cat burglar, and even if I could go next door to see what the hold-up was, what would I say? "Hello, remember me?"

It was five minutes at least, and my only salvation finally exited the laundry room and approached. Reaching into his pockets, he pulled out five, golden tokens.

"I just remembered I had five of these left over that I hadn't used," he said, as we exchanged tokens for currency.

I thanked the guy and raced back in, deposited my tokens, and unwilling to take a chance and wait for the hot water to show up, I jumped into the cold shower and finished my wash.

EPILOGUE

I learned a lot on this trip, and gained a great deal of knowledge about ways to lighten my pack and that was the big mistake here, and ultimately what ended this trip; my pack was simply too heavy.

After arriving home, I pulled my pack from the backseat of the truck, and hung it on the meat scale at home. It was just as it was when we finished the trip. I had added nothing, I had taken nothing out. It weighed 56 pounds. Now, I had used a packer's scale to weigh this pack prior to setting off on the trail. The packer's scale said I was right at fifty pounds; a weight I knew was too heavy, but felt I could manage. The 56 pounds it weighed on the meat scale at home was without the food I had packed in and eaten throughout the trip. My food weight prior to stuffing it into my bear canister was twelve pounds. That means I began the trip with a 68-pound pack. I told you one could never trust a packer.



I've already determined to fix what needs fixing, and pick up next year where I left off, or possibly complete the trail going northbound.

At any rate, I suppose it's true that the Lord looks out for drunks and fools.

So, that's my story, and it's gotta be true because, well, it's on the innernets.

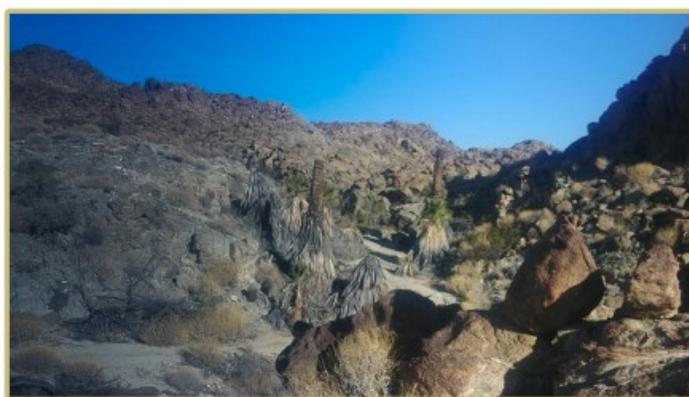
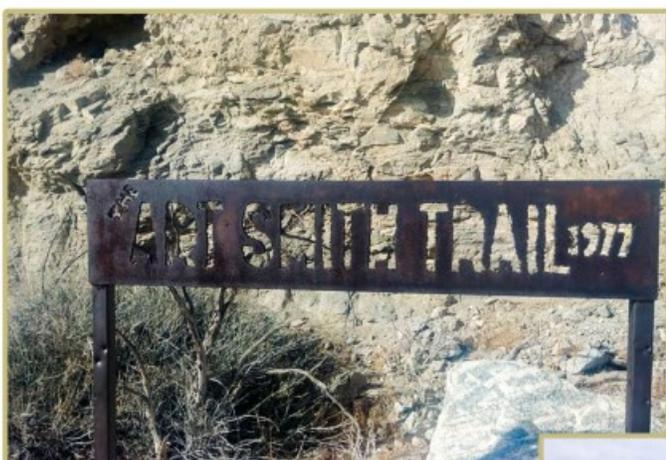
Happy Trails!

Pack Support Trip 12-4-2017

from Michael Lewis



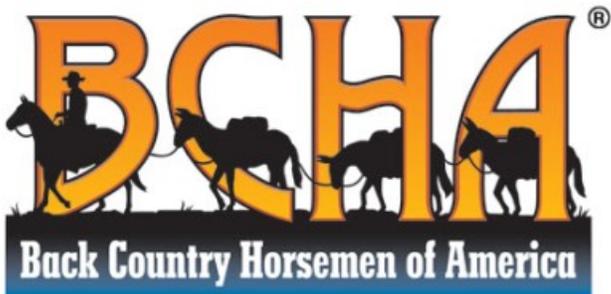
Pack support trip today for Friends of the Desert Mountains and UCC (Urban Conservation Corp) crew. Water, tools, food, and gear to Cat Canyon. Great trail with fantastic views of the desert. Thanks Greg Bruce and Danny Sullivan for helping out.





Can't thank Mike Lewis enough and Dusty and Dandy for taking us along the Pioneer Trail. We had a great group with us Friday Nov 10, 2017 from YVCHE, they restored my faith in the future of the Country!

The Providential Heritage Academy is a Living History Farm and Museum focused on American West heritage and culture in the San Bernardino area. We encourage visitors and students to witness our providential heritage through the medium of "participatory" (or re-enactment) living history.



2018 Rendezvous

California Mid State Fairground in
Paso Robles,
2198 Riverside Ave
April 12, 14 & 15 2018

NEWSLETTER SUBMISSIONS

This newsletter is for you, our members. If you would like to share some photos or a story please send them to your newsletter editor, Rhonda at redshank.webmaster@gmail.com

(Please note that items submitted may need to be OK'd for publication by the current unit president and will be used as space allows.)

General Meeting
 Thurs Feb 8, 2018 - 7 PM
 Guest Speaker: Tom Firth
 Little Red Schoolhouse/ANZA

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Greg Bruce



Objectives and Purpose of the Backcountry Horsemen of California

from the BCHC Bylaws



- To improve and promote the use, care and development of California backcountry trails, campsites, streams and meadows; to advocate good trail manners.
- To promote the conservation and utilization of our backcountry resources in concert with livestock transportation.
- To keep current information before the Corporation membership and its local Units regarding new legislation or management plans related to government regulations of the backcountry.
- To support or oppose new proposals, plans and restrictions as related to the interest of horsemen and those persons interested in recreational stock use and enjoying the backcountry.
- To promote the interest of people who, due to health or physical factors, need transportation other than by foot on backcountry trails.