

# **The Treasure Chest**

**June 2016**



**Newsletter of the Sierra Treasure Hunters 4WD club  
P.O. Box 1691, Rocklin, CA 95677**

# A Word From the President—no. 1

During the May meeting I heard someone say “you know, she is Jim Harris’ daughter, right?” I’m sure it really did not register until after the voting was over what the meaning behind this statement was. Well, we will see.... Editor and President? Yes, you read it correctly if you were not at our last meeting. I’m performing double duty. I have enjoyed being the editor and will continue working hard to produce a quality newsletter. As for President, my time had come. Over the years, I have held several offices just like many of you but not president. Now I will produce my own article for the newsletter, I bet I can go 12 for 12!

Thank you to all who volunteered again or for the first time to hold a club officer position. We are all willing to help each other with our duties and I am here if you have any questions about your responsibilities. On another note, I am still trying to locate a copy of our By-Laws and would like to refresh the club with what they actually say and if necessary we can always update or make changes as the club needs may have changed over time. Congratulations to all our new and continuing STH officers:

**President** - Andrea Harris

**Past President** - Doug Baker

**Vice President** - Linda Bryant

**Secretary** - Suzy Collard

**Treasurer** - Kathy Medley

**Trail Master** - George Knowlton

**State Delegate** - Ron Kellogg

**Membership** - Marc Gumm

**Ways & Means** - Penny Ford

**Webmaster** - Rory Huber

**Editor** - Andrea Harris



# SIERRA TREASURE HUNTERS 4WD CLUB

## Club Officers

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Our Forests, Our Heritage



“Our lands - Use Without Abuse”



Keep Them Green, Keep Them Clean

## Web Site

<http://www.sth4x4.com>

## Mailing Address

P.O. Box 963  
Rocklin, CA 95677





## 2016 STH Installation Picnic—Prairie City

*By Linda Bryant*

The answer this year is Prairie City. The question was: Where can good friends and family go to celebrate our outgoing board members and welcome the new? It had to be somewhere that we could enjoy our sport and party in STH tradition, while allowing all the STH kids room to run and be kids. Thanks to Penny Ford and Kathy Medley for the

great entertainment and food. As usual, Kathy did a great job barbequing and even had time to try out her new 4WD pick up with Suzy as her co-pilot. She played on the 4WD course and conquered it. Penny did an amazing job remembering everyone's best and worst of the year.

In STH fashion, there were as many, if not

more, kids and dogs as there were adults.

Macey and Tessa brought Barbie's condo and had Taylor, Reed, and Aidan playing make-believe and had all the adults entertained. The teens and pre-teens took turns on the RZR or dirt bike while the grown-ups sat around and played remember when. All in all, it was a great time with great food.

Big congrats to George and Taylor for becoming Family of the Year for 2015!



# 2016 STH Installation Picnic—Prairie City

*with photos from Chris Collard & Kimber Hoey*



# June 2016

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
			1 ➡	2 Club Meeting 4 Wheel Parts 6:30/7:00	3 Rick Birthday	4
5	6	7	8 Chris M. Birthday	9	10	11
12	13	14 Flag Day	15	16	17	18
19	20 El Jefe Birthday	21	22 Rory Birthday	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	1 July George Birthday	

Our next Club Meeting is June 2nd at 4 Wheel Parts,  
-Hwy 80 & El Camino Ave 6:30 dinner & 7:00 meeting

June 11th DSUSA and Steak Feed

July 9th Club Meeting at Hoeyes and Chalk Bluff Run

# The STH Family

## Letter to BearFox by Kimber Hoey

Dear BearFox,

I did not know you when you were born in Dec.1999. You were abused, kept caged all day and released at night to search for your own food. You had to rummage through garbage cans to eat, shot at by property owners because you looked a fox and chased by their dogs defending their homestead. Is that why you were afraid of loud noises? Who would do that to a puppy?

I did not know you when you, at 2 1/2years, were rescued by a kind nun, Sister Kathleen. Already elderly, she still cared for you and trained you to be Therapy Dog. In Nov 04 you were officially instated into Therapy Dogs International.

I did not know you when you and Sister Kathleen visited Hospice Houses in Florida comforting folks now long gone. Some were so moved by your peaceful eyes, sweet kisses, and your comforting demeanor that they felt compelled to write Thank You notes that Sister Kathleen kept and passed on to your next owners, and finally to us.

I still did not know you when Sister Kathleen, in her 90s, had to move into a nursing home. As Fate would have it, My Mom and her husband Francis went to the same church as the Sister. A tearful sister worried about the fate of her puppy, gave you to Mom and Francis. They agreed to take you in a heart beat. They were already in love. You were still a young 5 1/2 years old.

I still did not meet you during your first years as Mom and Francis' dog. See, you were spending summers at their Michigan farm and Winters in a Florida trailer park. I was in California. As I was submerged in my career, my trips to Michigan were limited and Mom frequently made the trip out to California to see me. During phone calls and visits, she would talk of you often. You were her favorite subject (along with the many cats of the household- but I think you were her favorite). I felt like I was getting to know you.

We finally met in Jan 2010, under difficult circumstances. Mom was very ill with what turned out to be terminal lung cancer. I had come to visit Mom while she was in a Florida hospital. At the same time,

# The STH Family

Letter to BearFox (continued)

Francis was suffering from dementia. He loved you so dearly that he would not let you off leash fearing you would get lost or stolen, that is probably why you were a little chunky at the time. :) To this day I remember that first 'BearSmile' you gave me as you wanted me to toss your toy down the small hall of their trailer. It melted my heart. It was less than 3 months from meeting you, both your Grandma and Grandpa (as Mom and Francis referred themselves to you) were gone.

It was during that visit that we knew your Grandma and Grandpa could no longer care for you, take you on walks, or play with you. We just did not know they would pass so quickly. One call to Matt and we decided you would come to live with us, with the promise to Francis and his side of the family, if conditions were good, just call and we would give you back. That call never came. I am thankful for that now. Matt flew out to Florida, rented a car to drive you to your new home in California. You were 10 years old.

We had just rescued another puppy, of course not expecting you. Indy was just a year old. He was very excited to have a new brother! You probably thought he was a bit of a nuisance but you still had a lot of play in you. You two would romp and play fetch. Actually you would fetch as Indy would only get to the ball first and bark at it. You had to correct him more than once and taught him how to be a fine dog. Maybe there were a few bad habits he picked up from you like barking repeatedly at knocks at the door or people approaching our campsite. But those could be good things too. I like to think of it as your second puppyhood. You were vibrant!

We did have a lot of fun! We found you love to chase deer, hike off leash, camp, play with your toys (you would have a dozen or more in the living room at any given time), and of course fetch. You also loved your treats! Sometimes you go outside just so you could get a treat when you came back in. You always made me smile. The following 6 years went too fast.

With Matt, you played, the rougher the better. With me, you always protected me from unknown threats. You felt it your job and your duty. I think I took Mom's place in your mind. You would follow me around room to room and park yourself looking away from the room I was in, watching. We camped a lot and as I would spend evenings snuggled in front of the campfire, you were always sitting behind my camp chair

# The STH Family

Letter to BearFox (continued)

looking out into the dark. No matter the encouragement to come it get warm, you would silently guard. No matter how cold you would not use a camp bed. How can I repay you for that dedication!?!

I do remember one night when you forgot your duties. We were camping in Washington, Ca at our regular spot and you disappeared. We searched and searched to eventually found you walking the campground with a passel of teenage girls. You were smiling big time and did not what to leave them! We still joke about that- BearFox and his posse!

So many memories but this letter is probably already too long. I was so saddened to see your grow old and eventually contract cancer. I hope we chose the right time for you to pass over the Rainbow Bridge. I think we did, but it still was one of the hardest things I ever had to do. At first you were the link to my Mom, but now I know you were so much more than that. You were my friend, protector, my hearts delight, and my dear sweet, sweet dog. I will forever miss those 'BearSmiles' and kisses. I will always love you and I know Matt feels the same. Someday I will see you on the other side.



I am so glad to I got to finally know you!

Love,  
Your 'Mom'

# The STH Family

Baja Chase Team 2016 by George Knowlton & photos from Chris Collard

To be chosen to be on Rod Hall's Mexican 1000 chase team for 2016 was a dream come true for this life-long off road racing fan. Not only would I be able to watch the inner working of a race team, but the inner working of a historic, world class race team. I was immediately drawn back by the humbleness of Rod, his family and team. The cool persona that I had intended to portray was replaced by a genuine admiration of the effort and the man, Rod Hall.



Myself being a DFNG (dumb \$%#@ing new guy) I didn't really know what to expect. I was pleasantly surprised by inclusion, ownership in the goal, and personal responsibility. My task was fuel. Keep track and make sure they have enough to finish each leg. There was a lot of hurry, hurry, hurry then wait, wait, wait... The pits can be stressful. Every member has a job and the results of that job could either make or break the team. I was thankful for the comradery on this team as it made

the stress of personal performance less daunting. The sights and sounds of this race were nothing less than exciting. The sound of the engines, the kid's cheers for their favorite racer as he passed by or for stickers as the chase teams passed by, the Mexican ladies stepping outside their normal routine to catch a glimpse of a race truck, the Mexican men



# The STH Family

Baja Chase Team 2016(continued)

cheering on the competitors as they traveled through the small towns, the waitresses being kind to our butchering of their language was all inspiring to experience.

Sharing this race experience with my friends from Sierra Treasure Hunters was exceptional.



The moments after the race with friends from the Sierra Treasure Hunters were indeed a treasure. From the white sands of Del Cabo to the marsh lands of the pacific side I was reminded of the many human reasons I joined this club. The way home was a bit daunting with 4 flat tires, but the Federalies were friendly, the people were generous, and the truckers were cool. I do recommend bringing two spares with you when you come to Mexico...

