

# Siberian Tales

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BAY AREA SIBERIAN HUSKY CLUB

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I am running out of things to write so I have pulled a few articles from February 1996 Siberian Tales

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## Peanut Butter Coconut Oil Dog New Year's Treats

Author: Live Laugh Rowe

### Ingredients

- 1 cup all-natural peanut butter
- 1 teaspoon unprocessed coconut oil
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- silicon paw print tray

Get Ingredients

### Instructions

1. Be sure the coconut oil is in liquid form. If not, place coconut oil in a small saucepan over medium-low heat and cook until melted.
2. Add peanut butter and cinnamon. Stir until mixture is completely smooth and thoroughly mixed. Mixture should be thick, but pourable.
3. Pour mixture into tray and freeze until set.
4. Carefully remove from tray and store in air-tight container in freezer (they soften quickly).

### Notes

These were made for dogs in the 10-15 pound range. Adjust the amount coconut oil accordingly. Rule of thumb is that you use 1 teaspoon of coconut oil per 10 pounds of your dog's body weight.



# BASH Trail Tales Highway 4 at Lake Alpine Sno-Park

## Novices take the Trail by Terry Beers

Just above Bear Valley, as it climbs to Ebbetts Pass, Highway 4 runs along the northern edge of the Carson-Iceberg Wilderness. During the winter the highway closes here, and the Lake Alpine Sno-Park becomes a roadside staging area for snowmobiles, cross-country skiers, and--to our delight--dog mushers. At least that's the way we found it on an overcast Saturday morning shortly after Christmas when we met Nic Matulich and Scott Tilmont for our first experience of mushing. I say our first experience, but that's not quite true. Melissa and I had arrived alone the day before in order to spend an hour or two trying out our freshly-varnished sled and seeing just how well our two Siberians, Juneau and Niki, would pull in the snow. We also wanted a little privacy for our first run, figuring that the first few times we dumped the sled, we might like to do it without a crowd. The dogs did well, better than we did, and we had a small taste of what recreational mushing could be: the shared exhilaration of drivers and dogs slushing almost soundlessly through fresh snow. When we met up with Nic and Scott the following day, they had already prepared their toboggan sleds and were set to harness their own dogs. We followed suit, harnessing Niki and Juneau and planning with Nic and Scott how to distribute fifteen dogs into three teams. We put our two dogs behind Nic's Cody and Dozer and harnessed them to our sled--the lightest of the three. Nic assembled a six-dog team, Scott a five-dog team. Melissa and I decided that she would drive our sled while I would begin the trip riding the runners with Scott. Throughout the day I would be impressed with the courtesy of passing snowmobilers, who usually waved as they pulled abreast and always smiled to see the dogs. But when we started out I had no experience of them. As we started out across a snow-covered field busy with snowmobilers, I could not be sure if they were staring because they wanted to keep us off their trails or if they were simply stunned by the unusual sight of three compact teams of Siberian huskies striding eagerly (I foolishly imagined) like veterans of the Iditarod. Whatever the case, we quickly gained the closed-off section of Highway 4--our route for the day--and we left the sno-park behind. The first section of the highway falls gradually downward toward the Lake Alpine Lodge on the left and campgrounds on the right. Some winter campers had a base there, the colors of their tents and camping gear bright against a dark background of snow-laden evergreens. Thanks to the downhill grade we passed through the area quickly, the dogs pacing effortlessly, tug lines taught. Soon after, we saw the highway flatten a bit and there the trees opened upon our first unhampered view of Lake Alpine, its surface sealed by slate-gray ice, dusted with the flakes of snow that had recently begun to fall--a scene at once beautiful and, in the dim light of overcast skies, one I found thoroughly forbidding.

Soon after, the highway begins a series of gentle uphill grades, each followed by relatively level stretches. It was just cold enough to allow the light, wet snow to continue falling. Most of the flakes melted, while some added their weight to the white accumulation on the surrounding trees. But most of all the snowfall enforced a kind of quiet. The landscape offered us perfect stillness, broken only by the occasional snowmobile's roar, our own conversation, and the swish of sled runners slicing through the snow. Certainly the dogs made no sounds as they strained against their harnesses and concentrated on following the trail. Somewhere along the highway we began switching out, Melissa usually riding alongside Nic whenever I took a turn driving our sled. We had to work harder because of the occasional uphill, pedaling (rather gracelessly at first) and pushing the sleds in order to help the dogs negotiate the grades. We knew beforehand that mushing could be hard work, but no matter. We enjoyed it thoroughly even as we resolved to get in better shape for the next time. We stopped for lunch after traveling, Nic estimated, between four and five miles. Scott and Nic munched gorp and drank coffee from a thermos; Melissa and I ate sandwiches made Christmas leftovers. The dogs enjoyed their own treats--Melissa likes to reward ours with a little cheese. We talked about the trail, about sledding in general. Scott told us a bit about how his sled was designed; Nic showed us some of the equipment he always stows in his sled bag. As we talked, Nic's leads, Jiggy and Sioux, curled up together like veterans who know when to rest. Our two, Juneau and Niki, remained impatiently standing the whole time. Just like their owners, they were too excited, and too inexperienced, to sit still.

After lunch, we turned the teams around to retrace the trail and return to the sno-park, a prospect the dogs seemed reluctant to embrace since they wanted to push on to new landscapes. Coming back was slower, of course, we drivers feeling a little fatigued as we pedaled and pushed our sleds. Even so, the easier pace allowed us a little more time to take in the scenery and a little more time to marvel at the work ethic of the dogs, the way that these Siberians seemed to fall to their task easily and with real pleasure. When we returned to the sno-park, finally retracing our trail through that field of snowmobilers, we were grinning like school kids. Nic tells us that we have at least six dogs in our future. I can't say yet if that initially alarming prediction will come true. But after the fun we had on our first day of mushing, I certainly can't deny the possibility.

**Terry Beers**

## **BASH Profile- Randee McQueen (in 1996)**

Randee is the Secretary of BASH. She is single and owns two Siberians. Both are reds. Her first one was Maxx (named after the forgotten sheepdog in "The Little Mermaid" by her niece and nephew) and he is almost 6 and she just got Teruu (which means friend in an Alaskan Dialect) who is 4 months. Randee is a family member though as both her niece, Megan, and nephew, Ross, love to mush and do activities with the club along with her brother Scott and his wife Deb and her mom Marge. They all help with many of the activities that she is involved in with the club as they enjoy the breed but don't want to own one. Randee is the CFO of the family owned communications company in Campbell, teaches Special Education part time at Fisher Middle School and designs computer programs for use in Special Education programs.

Randee "got into" Siberians because she owned what she thought was a Siberian/Shepherd mix named Jackpot. When he died at 15, she wanted another dog and decided to get a Siberian as Jackpot had been taught to ride a toboggan down a hill and then help pull it back up the hill. After getting her Siberian she learned more about the breed and realized that Jackpot was probably part Malamute not Siberian.

She learned about BASH from the breeder that she got Maxx from and started trying to learn more about ways to exercise and entertain him. Randee went to her first SnoBASH in 93 with some friends and was hooked. She bought a sled and started to learn more about how to train her dog. In 94 she trained with the group that "carted dogs" on HWY 85 before it opened and is now part of the "Umunhum 9" that train their dogs on Mt Umunhum. Randee and Laura Morales exercise/train their dogs during the week by carting them around and near Payne Ave in San Jose.

Last winter, Randee put in more than 130 miles sledding with Nic Matulich. She was also able to "ride" the first 16 miles of the Iditarod last year with musher # 30. She is the Timer for the Sierra Nevada Dog Drivers Association sprint races. Randee fostered 5 Siberians during the last year. After fostering all of those Siberians she decided Maxx should be allowed to keep one and that is how she decided on getting Teruu.

Other things Randee does is work with Pet Assisted Therapy with Maxx. They visit Valley Medical Center once a month. Maxx and now Teruu will with her to classrooms throughout the area to discuss and educate students about Siberians and other Nordic breeds, sledding, carting and the Iditarod.

# Rescues January 2022

Karen Fenton

[fendragt1970@yahoo.com](mailto:fendragt1970@yahoo.com)

Roo Roo Becky! Are you a Disney fan? I am your cartoon character. I am a timid, very affectionate, young female who has been in foster care getting more confident and waiting a long time for that perfect home. I am a petite 45#, ~19 months old, doll of a pup waiting for that right forever home.

I respond to LeeLoo but my foster family often calls me Roo Roo and Roo Roo Becky and I come running straight to them 😊. I am scared of new dogs and new people, but give me 20 minutes and I warm right up. I enjoy walks SO much and playing with other large dogs I know. I adore my elementary aged foster human brothers and often snuggle up while they are playing games. I also adore sleeping on the bed when I can 🤗🥰

I am fully crate trained and would do well in a situation where I am with my humans or crated when they are out. I like playing with my foster home's resident huskies a lot and consider them my little pack now. I would need a very secure fence or no fence at all (City/condo) as I can climb. I look forward SO MUCH to meeting you! Please come meet me!

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Heron Ho

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Raider is a 2 year old happy dog who loves giving lots of kisses and is highly intelligent unfortunately nobody took the time to train him.

However, in his foster home with love and stability he has started to blossom and shine and now he knows basic commands like Sit, come, Go (will go anywhere) and has good manners when it comes to eating meals and he even sit and waits for the bowl to be put down! Such a good boy!

He plays well with a social dog of similar size and is still learning a lot on leash walking.

He loves hanging out and chilling with his foster dad but he is always down for a game of chase or doing zoomies. He looks like a big puppy when he plays! Such an adorable boy!!.



# Bay Area Siberian Husky Club

Membership Renewal and Associate Application 202-23

Membership \$35.00

To be a voting member you need to attend 2 general meetings and then ASK to be voted in as a voting member

Date _____
Name(s) _____
Mailing address _____
City, State, Zip _____
Area code and phone _____
E-mail Address _____
Amount Enclosed \$ _____

I would like the newsletter mailed to me.

Make checks payable to BASH. All memberships are valid through March 31, 2023. Send membership renewal form and check to:

Bay Area Siberian Husky Club, 2633 S Bascom Ave, Campbell CA 95008

**Bay Area Siberian Husky Club**

**[www.bayareasiberian.org](http://www.bayareasiberian.org)**

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