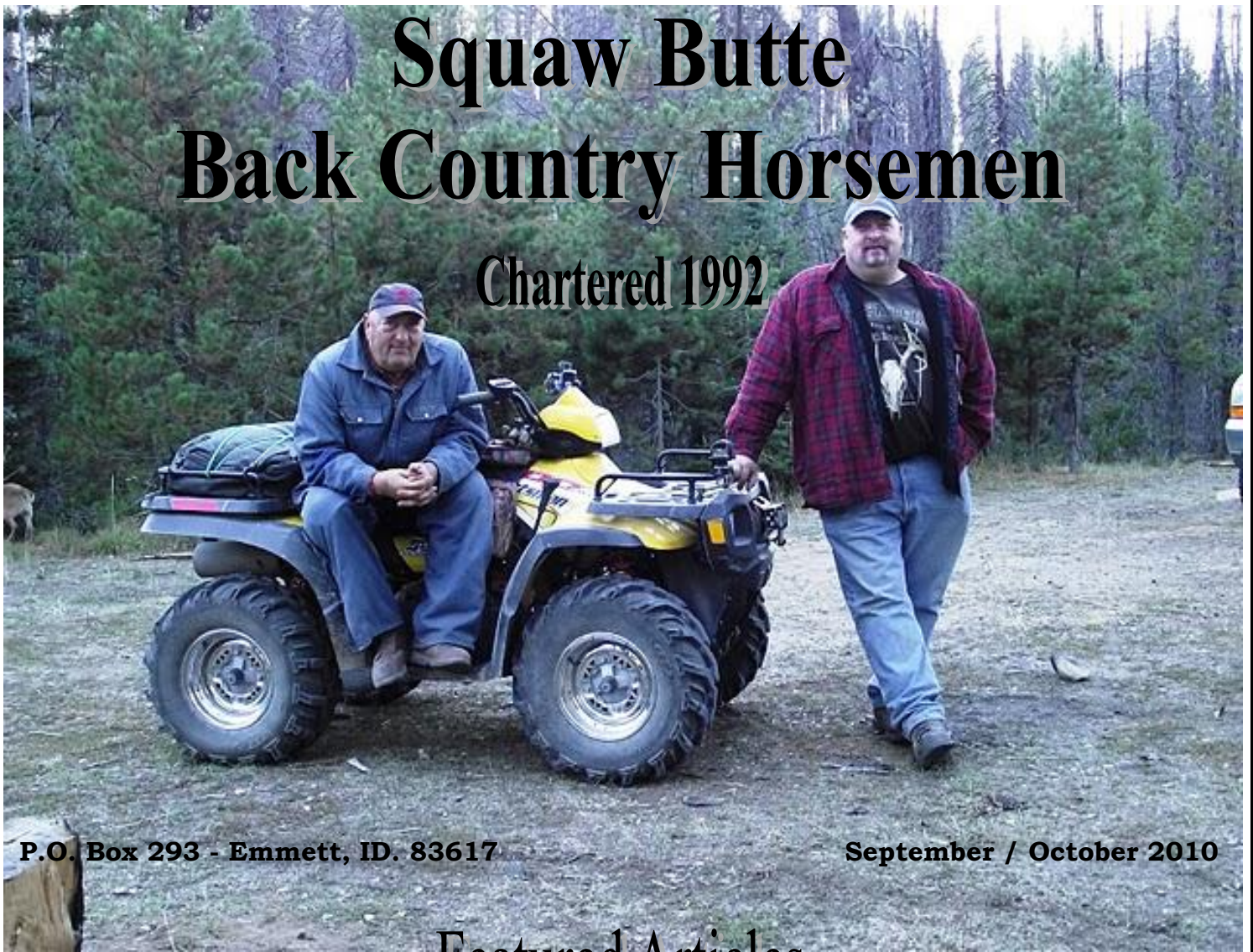


Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen

Chartered 1992



P.O. Box 293 - Emmett, ID. 83617

September / October 2010

Featured Articles

Yellow Jacket 2010
Molasses Cookie Recipe
Grandjean Photos 2010
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Grand Canyon Trip – Continued / Week 2, days 8 & 9



For information on Membership
Contact Marybeth Conger at 208-365-9864 or president@sbbchidaho.org
Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen
www.sbbchidaho.org

YELLOW JACKET 2010

SBBCH Newsletter

About 11:30 on Saturday while riding up Yellow Jacket trail, Bridgett Brest, a member of the Heartland chapter was thrown from her 23-year-old mare. Bridgett was leading a 10 year old gelding that she had pack some camping gear on. Bridgett wanted to get some experience leading a packhorse, so that next summer she could do a pack trip she has been planning with other members of her chapter. Squaw butte members had checked her loads balance and made sure that the load was riding well. Exactly what happened I can't say as I was leading the group and Bridgett and her horses were at the back of the line, because the horse she was leading does not like having other horses behind it. We think that the lead rope got under the tail. Bridgett landed on her front, but by the time I got my stock secured and got to her she was laying on her back. It appeared she had had the wind knocked out of her, but recovered quickly. She said her side hurt a bit, but we could find no area that was specifically painful. Linda Hays examined the skin area and there was no indication of abrasion or bruising. After a short while Bridgett said she was fine and wanted to continue the ride. At that time she showed no sign of shock or other symptoms. We rode for another 30 minutes and stopped for lunch at the highest point on the trail, enjoying the view and giving our stock a breather. Bridgett ate and talked with the other riders and then left the group to empty her bladder. She came back and told me that she had passed blood with her urine. We were about six miles from the truck, having come up a steep winding trail with no place to do an evacuation.

The group talked it over and we choose to continue on the loop, as forest road 409 was less than two miles to the west of us. Robbin was leading Bridgett's packhorse and we took our time riding down to the road. Members were talking to Bridgett and she was doing ok, but said she was not feeling to well. When we reached the road, we talked about sending someone back to pick up a truck to come get her, and were considering using the 911 function on the Spot unit I was carrying when, two men riding 4-wheeler arrived. I approached them and explained that we had an injured rider and that we needed to get her out of the area and to medical care quickly. They were experienced hunters and knew the area well and we transferred Bridgett to one of the 4-wheelers. When she dismounted from her horse she suffered major leg cramping. Bridgett was showing signs of shock and was given an extra jacket to help keep her warm.



The men took Bridgett to the Warm Lake Lodge. During the trip she passed out twice. When they arrive at the lodge, 911 were called and they dispatched the EMT from Cascade and St. Al's life flight. The EMT's arrived a few minutes before Life Flight and worked at getting her stable and tried to start an IV for the dehydration. The Life Flight crew took over and she was transported to St. Al's. At this time I don't know her condition.

We now had two horses to get back to the trail head and as the mare Bridgett was riding didn't behave well leading, we switched Linda Paul's saddle to the mare, and Linda rode her down. Linda's horse was lead back to camp by Janine Townsend. We made good time and met the men who had taken Bridgett to the Warm Lake Lodge at the hot spring parking lot. They filled us in on what had happened after they left us. Bridgett's husband was called but didn't pick up the phone so an officer was dispatched to their ranch to bring him up to date on what was going on. We thank the gentlemen again and invited them to have dinner with

us, which they did. It turned out this was the third time they had help evacuate someone from the backcountry with their 4-wheelers. We were lucky they came along when they did.

This morning after breakfast we packed up Bridgett's gear and loaded her horses. Jean Revaul, Bridgett's friend and riding buddy, lead the way and I drove her rig with Robbin following in my truck. We took her rig to the ranch of another heartland member, Gretchen (last name unknown) who lives just south of Donley. We tried to contact Bridgett husband by cell phone, but were unsuccessful. Jean Revaul said that she would ensure that arrangement to return the rig and stock to their home would be made with other Heartland members.

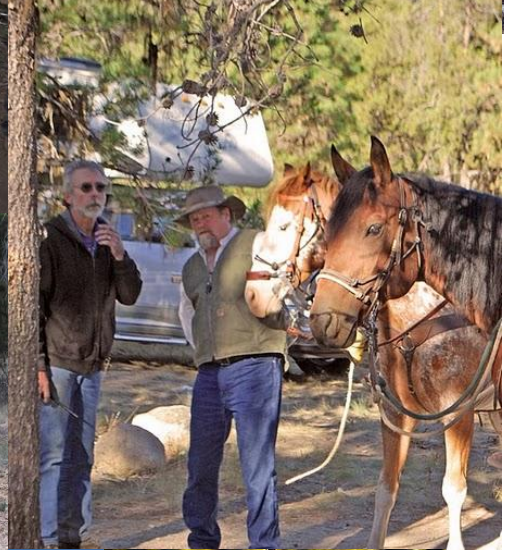
SBBCH Newsletter

Robbin and I returned to the Yellow Jacket trailhead, finished packing up and returned to Emmett. Everyone involved did a great job dealing with the events as they unfolded. A number of decisions had to be made and the biggest was at what point do you call in the rescue team. Bridgett seems to have suffered internal injuries. After the fall she indicated that was uncomfortable but wanted to continue the ride, she showed no outward signs of serious injury and until we reached the road didn't appear to be going into shock. When we reached the road things started to go south and as we had a place we could land a chopper, if the 4-wheeler had not come along we would have used the Spot Personal locator to request help. I did not have our new radios with us, as I don't know the channel assignments and honestly forgot them. If we had, had them we would have started a conversation with the forest service at the lunch stop after she reported the blood, as we should have had coverage and made arrangements for someone to meet us at forest road 409. Falling off a horse is not an uncommon occurrence in the backcountry. When this happened it did not appear to be a life-threatening event. Everyone involved hope Bridgett recovers quickly and has a great story to tell around a campfire.

Rob Adams
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Head waters of the South Fork of the Payette River



Sometimes the Drive Home gets interesting Grandjean Idaho weekend September 2010



Thank you all for coming, I think it was a great weekend and a fitting end to our camping season!

Also thank to all of you who stopped to see if I was all right along the side of the road. Terry arrived around 11:30 and we pulled the two tires off the front axle and while my kids rode like kings in his trailer I came back on two wheels. At least on older Charmac trailer if unloaded, will pull on only the back wheels. I will be getting new tires for the two that were destroyed by my bent front axle, and I should have that replace prior to the next event. It just reinforces the rule always walk before you drive an area with a trailer... Rob



MOLASSES COOKIES From the kitchen of Tami Buthman

1 cup packed brown sugar
¾ cup shortening
¼ cup molasses
1 egg
2 ¼ cups all purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon
1 teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon salt
Granulated sugar

Mix brown sugar, shortening, molasses and egg. Mix in flour, baking soda, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and salt. Cover and refrigerate at least 1 hour.

Heat oven to 375 degrees. Shape dough by rounded teaspoonfuls into balls. Dip tops in granulated sugar. Place balls sugared side up about 3 inches apart on lightly greased cookie sheet. Bake just until set, 10-12 minutes. Immediately remove from cookie sheet.

Makes about 4 dozen cookies.

Thank you Tami for sharing

Tripod Lookout

Thanks for all coming to yesterdays ride on West Mountain Trail 131 (south). While we didn't reach the Tripod Lookout, this day met all the requirement of a very successful ride.

1. Everyone found the trailhead
2. Everyone got geared up in a reasonable amount of time (we were riding by 10:30)
3. No horse blew up or did anything else to endanger its rider or other
4. Weather was about perfect
5. Great conversation along the trail
6. Some of us saw game (cow elk)



7. Interesting and unexpected things happened along the trail (shooting, talking to the rancher looking for the loose horse, talking to the hunter on the mule)
8. A great lunch spot.
9. Everyone make it back to the trailhead, with all stock appearing to be in good shape (riders a bit tired and sore)
10. Untangling the trailers and getting everyone on their way home went quite smoothly



getting everyone on their way home went quite smoothly



Grand Canyon Pack Trip - Continued

By

Jake Lemon

Week 2, Day 8 and 9 4/22/2004



The next morning, at first light, I was rudely awakened by a snowflake on my eyelid. I sprung into ornery action. I set up the tent quick, and then covered the kitchen and tack with the Manti tarps. As it turned out, the snow held off.

I took a stroll over to the neighboring Jacob Lake Historical Ranger Station, built in 1910. The Station was used mostly to house timber management people. "Uncle Jim" worked out of it. He must have been quite a legend; I noticed he had Uncle Jim Loop Trail circling out to a North Rim point bearing his name as well. As I was doing my tourist thing at the Station, a lady stopped her car on the road to take a picture of the mules in their idyllic pasture. Her ol' man, resembling the Michelin Man, got out, moved to the back of the car, looked both ways and pulled it out to "make water".

A while later, the shoer gal showed as promised. Her name was Jen Reid, a delightful young blonde. She made quick work of brightening my day, even though it had turned into a gray, snow flurry mid-day. Jen was hip; called Riley "Sister". She advised me to have her replace both front shoes rather than just the one that

SBBCH Newsletter

was thrown. I said okay. She was a fresh graduate of farrier school, and took almost as much time as I would have, but did a beautiful job. Throwing that shoe wasn't such a bad thing after all.

The inclement weather along with a rare feeling of utter contentment, my eyelids became heavy. After this first week of induction into the long-distance Packer's life of daily calamities, I was ready for an afternoon snooze. Practically unheard of, I slept for two hours of daylight.

When I woke, a dusting of snow had stuck to the ground. Nary a breath of air, Jacob Lake, about 100 feet in diameter, was smooth as glass. I fetched the camera and took a tour of my private grounds. The pond is surrounded by lush pasture and beautiful groupings of Ponderosa Pine. Camp sits quietly on the edge of a classic ponderosa Grove overlooking the "Lake". Grazing nearby are three very content mules, Jed, Bernie, and Riley.

It took a bright head lamp and determined eyes to find this place on the map. I had never seen, in person or on any other map, a lake in the vicinity of Jacob Lake. I have mentioned that I bought a good BLM map in prep for this leg of the trip. It darn near took a magnifying glass to find this pond on it. But sure enough, there was a little 1/16" blue dot about a 1/2" West of the Jacob Lake junction. It was confirmed by a tiny label, reading "Jacob Lake".

This area is known for its lack of creeks and even "wellable" water. Legend has it, and it must be true, all the water from this plateau somehow percolates straight down and collects itself in an underground river that explodes into the air at Roaring Springs. A sight to behold. We passed it on our way up to the North Rim. It supplies 100% (!) of the water for the park; both North and South Rim! All of the outlying establishments must make a big production out of trucking water from God knows where, Jacob Lake Inn included.

Day 9, 4/23

This day was the second anniversary of my back operation! I couldn't think of a better celebration of having a 50% reduction in my pain. I was gaining hope that this "lifestyle" will reduce it even further.

When I was 13, I noticed that I couldn't bend over and pick tomatoes for nearly as long as the Marion kids could. They had a fruit and vegetable stand on the outskirts of Ithaca, New York, where I was raised. At age 24, my back was bothering me enough to warrant a first x-ray. The pictures showed nothing. By my late 30s, I had to quit playing ice hockey. 10 years later, because of back pain, I had to quit my work as a commission furniture maker. I also had to hang up my backcountry skis. At this point I succumbed to becoming a physical therapy gym rat for about another 10 years of degeneration of the lower 4 disks in my back. 10 different surgeons all rejected me as a candidate. In desperation, I finally found a guy in Scottsdale willing to give me the short term, partial fix surgery I thought I needed; 3 level fusion. This eliminated the middle two discs and fused the adjoining three vertebrae. Normal recovery period is about two years. This day, April 23, 2004, at age 56, I was now relieved of about 50% of my pain. I do not speak of my pain much in this recount, but unless you suffer it, you'll probably forget, but I was in constant pain the entire pack trip. I ate 4 aspirin after breakfast and another 4 at bedtime every day. I also took a light dose of sleeping pill every night.

There are basically three pieces of special equipment that allow me to be a gimped but functional Packer. I have a nice cushy Thermarest sleeping pad, a La Fuma sling chair, and a pair or of kitchen boxes that I designed and built. The kitchen boxes set up to make a relatively nice countertop to work off of. When closed, they are oriented such that I can keep my back fairly straight to pick them up and load them. One other related factor, I switch off and walk about 1/3rd of the time. I have been coached to never ride downhill for the purpose of saving the mules shoulders. This works out well for me.

My physical therapists instructed me that walking and safe horseback riding were good for me. I needed a way to get back into the mountains. Putting two and two together I came up with mule packing as my next outdoor passion. Maybe, solo packing can be considered safe...until an accident happens. Yes, it's risky.

Rightfully included in this discussion are my mules. Jed and Bernice are the core of my string. Jed is rideable, but is no leader and has demonstrated to me that he can flick me off his back as easily as I can flick a booger. Jed makes me a good solid pack mule and stands still for me when asked. Bernie has a bit more courage and doesn't know how to buck. She's my saddle mule. She's good. Riley is a good mule but hears a different drummer than the other three of us.

There are different schools of thought about how a Packer should relate to his critters. I am decidedly in the "Natural Mulemanship" camp. I do goofy things like show them affection and "ask" them to do things rather than force them. Not only does that approach come naturally to me, but the trail is inherently risky. I don't need to add to my risk by giving my donkeys any reason to hurt me.

I have no idea what my final destiny shall be, but, finally, a word about the concepts of safety and risk. We all balance these two factors as we see fit. I have been in situations where, for myself, I have drawn the line of what was too risky before my companions. I always carry the capacity to back off. Packing is a constant exercise in calculated risk.

So, it was time to leave my Jacob Lake Estate. I had inquired of some ol' boy at the Inn, how I would recognize the turn off of Alternate 89 onto The Great Western Trail. He told me it was about 3 miles down the highway on the other side of a highway maintenance shed. He was right.

In this area of Arizona, both Great Western Trail and the Arizona Trail parallel each other very closely for about 18 miles. I am going to be on The GWT for about 10 miles. Then I am going to switch to the last 10 miles of the Arizona Trail, where it ends at Stateline Campground. The area is high desert but free of snow. There are no streams out there, but cows graze so there are "tanks". Tanks are watering holes dug in the ground. Some have water, some don't. I was carrying a couple 2 1/2 gallon collapsible water "cubes" in anticipation of having to carry some water somewhere out there. I found five tanks, three of them dry. My intuition told me I better get some water at the second wet one, although I felt it could just be practice. My intuition had not told me to pack the water cubes on the outside. I had to unload Jed, undo a Manti to dig them out. We proceeded on a few more miles to the junction with The Navajo Trail where it felt like time to quit for the day. There was a tank there, but it was dry. We camped by a lone desperate looking little tree. That evening the mules and I drank 3 of our 2 gallons of water. They did not have as much to eat for dinner as I did.

I saw a "spring" on the map at the next day's destination, Stateline CG, 13-14 miles away. I had a partial bag of hay cubes left over a couple weeks earlier, which had I cached in a tree near the Campground. The day I was there, I saw no water. The next day promised to be a thirsty one for the donkeys. It was going to be a Saturday, so hopefully there would be some tourists there that we could appeal to.

I'm not much of a desert rat; I'm much more comfortable in the mountains. This scarcity of feed and water, not having much experience with it, gives me the heebie-jeebies. This feeling is amplified by the fact that I have subjected my mules to this harebrained idea, and what do they get out of it? "I'm sorry you guys."

I was vaguely aware, there are 3 Wilderness Areas in this region. I had just passed between Saddle Mountain and Kanab Creek Wilderness Areas. At this point in the pack trip,, the Paria Canyon/Vermilion Cliffs wilderness area makes almost a closed doughnut shape, about 25 miles in diameter, off to the east.

This day's ride had been fabulous, down though the Orderville Canyon on a jeep track. About halfway down, there was a quick change from Ponderosa forest to Juniper and sage. Then, The Escalante came into view! The weather was cool and sky active with clouds. It cleared off some in the evening, but I risked not setting up the tent.



BACK COUNTRY HORSEMEN OF IDAHO

Our mission

- ❖ To perpetuate the common-sense use and enjoyment of horses in America's back country and wilderness.
- ❖ To work to insure that public lands remain open to recreational stock use.
- ❖ To assist the various government and private agencies in their maintenance and management of said resources.
- ❖ To educate, encourage and solicit active participation in the wise and sustaining use of the back country resources by horsemen and the general public.

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Subject:
Cowboy Rules

Never be arrogant.
Don't waste ammunition.
Whiskey makes you think you're smarter than you are.
Always, always make sure you know who has the power.
Don't mess with old men; they didn't get old by being stupid.

EDITORS CORNER

By Linda Hays

Please submit by the 20th of each month.

1. Things of interest, short stories about our rides, Include pictures you would like to go along with it.
2. Favorite photos, send your own or favorite pick of the month from our web site.
3. Personal pack trips and vacations you would like to share with others.
4. Favorite potluck dish or Dutch oven recipes.
5. Clever anecdotes or jokes related to Cowboys or Mule skippers, Packers, etc. for the month.
6. Monthly Packing, Riding, Safety tips for the month.
7. News items of importance to BCH and SBBCH
8. Anything you would like to be included in the Newsletter.



National Mule Appreciation Day / October 26th

It is a celebration of the two Spanish Jacks given to George Washington in October 26, 1785 from the King of Spain



**CHECK OUT WHAT'S COMING UP IN
2011**

<http://www.wildernesspackclinic.org/index.html>

HAPPY TRAILS