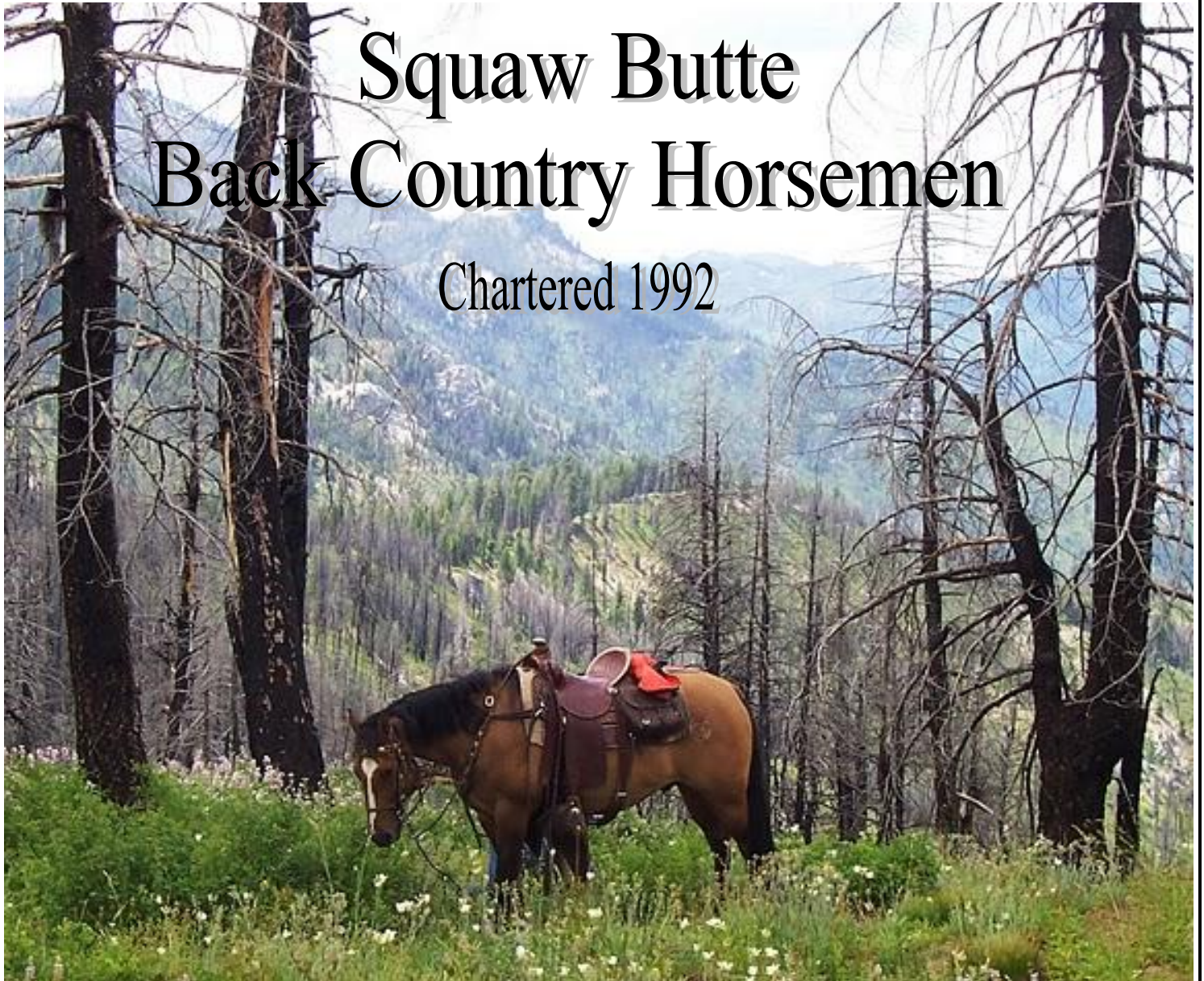


# Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen

Chartered 1992



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

July – August 2010

## Featured Articles

President Musings  
Article from the Idaho Statesman  
Notes from BCHI meeting – Priest River  
Boulder White Clouds Mountain Trip  
Grand Canyon Trip – Continued  
Fun Photos



For information on Membership  
Contact Marybeth Conger at 208-365-9864 or [president@sbbchidaho.org](mailto:president@sbbchidaho.org)  
Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen

[www.sbbchidaho.org](http://www.sbbchidaho.org)

**"The trail is the thing, not the end of the trail. Travel too fast and you miss all you are traveling for." Louis L'Amour**



**Always Enjoying the Trail with my Horses and Mules,  
Marybeth Conger**

When I was three, my journey began riding a donkey at Knott's Berry Farm, Ca. I remember how fun it was, traversing the ground, without moving my feet, until I lost one of my black paten leather shoes, which my Dad eventually retrieved for me. Moving across the US was a way of life for me, but my Dad finally retired in New England when I was twelve. English riding lessons, led to Three Day Eventing and my first riding horse, which was a big, bay thoroughbred gelding named Rebel. (For those that know me, no comments)

Throughout the years, I continued to ride, compete & then age 30; I moved to Washington State where I meet my husband Bill. He introduced me to a Western Saddle and took me on my first pack trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness. We were still dating then and I admit there were times on that trip, I was thinking about ending my relationship with him, as I gazed down a 500ft steep embankment while riding on a trail that was maybe 6 inches wide. Finally after my stomach settled, I got hooked on the beauty around me and began having fun riding in the Backcountry. But I knew I had to learn more.

So, I joined the Back Country Horseman Organization to learn and been an active member for 20 plus years. With their Education programs, I became a more knowledgeable and confident horseman. With their Trail projects, I put my mighty muscles to work to keep trails open. After all, I want my grandkids to have the same choices I do on where to ride, at least that is the goal. I have discovered some awesome riding areas in Montana, Oregon, Idaho, Washington and even the Grand Canyon. I have ridden many horses over the years but by far my most enjoyable ride was on our first Mule Joe. He patiently taught me the distinct differences between a horse and mule and the importance of making a few extra pancakes for him at camp breakfast.

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Bill & I began to take others on pack trips so I looked at ways to reduce weight and bulk on our stock. Simple actions such as repackaging items, using lighter equipment and dehydrating some of our meals made the difference. In fact, I took the later to the next level and co-wrote a cookbook, Easy Dehydrating Meals.

Presently, I am settled in Emmett, Idaho and riding a Quarter horse gelding named Fred who has been a member of my family for years. He has thousands of Backcountry miles and is by far, the best at leading our mule string. Bill is still my main riding partner and I continue to be involved with Back Country Horseman. While I still learn on the trail, now I teach others who are just beginning on their journey, so the cycle continues.

I ride as much as possible trying for at least two pack trips a year with lots of riding in between to keep myself and my stock in good shape. My motto is a simple one- Be Safe by being prepared, always has Fun, and no matter what happens never loose your cool.



## Horseback riders improve trails and have fun doing it

- Idaho Statesman

Published: 08/23/10

If you've hiked, biked or ridden a horse in the Idaho wilderness there's a chance the trails you used were improved by a unique nonprofit organization.

The fifteen chapters of the Back Country Horsemen of Idaho donate thousands of hours of volunteer labor to enhance and protect outdoor recreation resources.

Club members donate their time - and their horses and mules - to help the U.S. Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management build bridges and corrals, improve trailheads and clear and repair trails.

Volunteers pack in construction materials, set up and move base camps and work with trail crews.

"It gives you a good reason to get out there and ride trails in the national forest," said Dick Peterson of Boise, an eight-year member and a former president of the Boise chapter.

Recent summer projects included a weeklong effort to rebuild steps and the corral at Stonebreaker Ranch, and clearing 10 miles of trails in the Chamberlain Basin of the Frank Church-River of No Return Wilderness. The club also rebuilt a corral at the Warm Springs Ranger Station north of Lowman.

"(We) do whatever needs done, though most of the time it is cleaning the trails for everybody's use," Peterson said.

The Squaw Butte chapter in Emmett clears the West Mountain Peace Creek trail in the Boise National Forest near Cascade at least once a year.

The Emmett and Cascade chapters teamed up this summer to cut fallen timber and clear brush on Arling Trail.

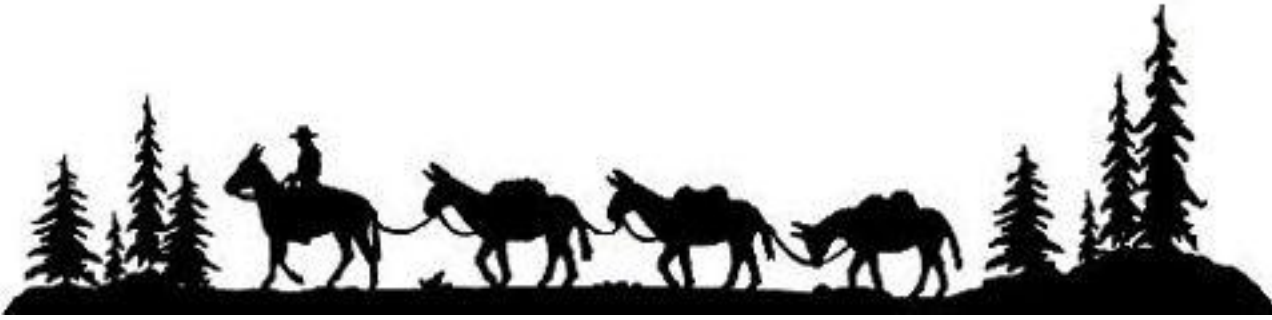
All of the chapters are trying to do the same thing - keep trails open for recreational stock use, said Phil Ryan, the state director for the Back Country Horsemen of Idaho and a member of the Emmett chapter.

But the club isn't just about manual labor. Group rides are a way socialize, see new places and learn.

Members learn Leave No Trace techniques, first aid (for stock and humans) packing techniques and horsemanship.

The Emmett chapter will hold a two-day clinic next spring that covers "everything to make people safer when going into the backcountry with horses and mules," Ryan said.

Natalie Bartley is a freelance outdoors writer and the author of two trail guidebooks. E-mail: [natbartley@earthlink.net](mailto:natbartley@earthlink.net).



## 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.



### **North Fork of the Boise, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 2010** **Kay Ryan**

What a beautiful and peaceful weekend and in spite of the fact that we weren't able to complete the task assigned, I hope everyone had as much fun as I did. It has been way too long since I have had the opportunity to camp in the woods and this was a very nice refresher course...a little rain on the camper and morning dew on the grass, a shiver or two in the early morning, lots of campfire chats and some shared stories, fantastic food from breakfast until the last glasses were drained at night, the clear white moon in an incredible blue sky, a wealth of Swallowtail butterflies flitting through camp as well as a very courageous little bird who attempted to snatch something from the still hot campfire ashes, the rushing North Fork slipping noisily over boulders and rocks in some places green and in others blue with white foam on the top...and so much more!

Marybeth, the brave fire-woman, willingly plunging her feet and body in the river, Nancy, supreme biscuit maker, Gail, supplier of fruit and vegetables and all things healthy. Robbin, who just can't seem to get a (good) break with his string of horses...but didn't get "broken" this trip or dented even though his trailer did, Rob, chef extraordinaire...yummm, Terry, the coolest head and master horseshoe pitcher, and Phil, chainsaw-man who felled the best dead tree just inches away from the campfire. Memories for all!!!

What do you suppose the horses will remember and what are they talking about? Thanks to everyone for making my experience a 50...on a scale of 1 to 10!

## Notes from the BCHI State Board Meeting in Priest River

July 10<sup>th</sup> saw the Squaw Butte State Board member, Robbin Schindele, his wife Nancy, Kay Ryan, State Treasurer, and Phil Ryan, State Chairman, attending the summer BCHI state board meeting in Priest River. The meeting was hosted by the Priest River chapter and was held at the Pee Wee Creek trail head. The Priest River chapter had set up wall tents for those who wanted to rough it that weekend. They had all the meals Dutch oven style, and they were great! The meeting was on Saturday and lasted all day. If you have never attended a state meeting then you have missed some of the more colorful members of BCHI. Items discussed were video conferencing at least one board meeting each year to reduce costs to the chapter for sending their state board members to these meetings. A proposal from the Heartland Chapter was for the chapters to receive 25% of their calendar sales back to the chapters instead of 10%.

That was passed by the board and will be for the 2011 calendars. After meeting we had a wonderful meal, a few drinks, and a wonderful slide show presentation by Jody Foss. Many of our members know Jody and her travels with her mules throughout the west. I am trying to get her for one night at next year's pack clinic. The weather was wonderful except for about thirty minutes of wind and rain, but being tough old packers we made it through with the loss of only one blown down tent. Things like that happen in the woods. I have the new 2010 calendars and will show everyone a copy at the next meeting or work project, but I will not pass them out until late in the fall. The pictures are wonderful. Remember we have 300 to sell again this year.

Phil Ryan



### BOULDER WHITE CLOUD MOUNTAINS

By  
Phil Ryan

For those horse people who want to ride easy well maintained trails, the Boulder White Cloud Mountains are your ticket. This July Jon Seel, his brother in-law, Greg, and I spent four days riding and fishing Frog Lake and the Little Boulder lakes in the White Clouds. To get there travel through Stanley and down the Main Salmon River to Clayton then up the East Fork of the Salmon for eighteen miles to the Livingston Mine trail head. The mine was a lead and silver operation and the main camp is still there. You can go further up the main road to the next trail head at Little Boulder Creek, but the one at the mine is the main jumping off place

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for most people. The trail is well maintained with good bridges and a four foot wide tread. After two miles on the trail you can either go up the Big Boulder Lakes trail or go over the mountain to Frog Lake and the Little Boulder Lakes, that distance is a total of eight miles (about three hours riding time). The pass to Frog Lake is 9600 ft. and you get your view of Frog Lake in the bottom of the drainage and behind it Castle Peak. The scenery of these mountains rivals that of the Sawtooth Range. Many hikers use Frog Lake as a camp site so the best place for horses is the large meadow west of there where the forest service used to have a large camp, but destroyed the buildings in the early 1980's. The pipe for the spring is still there and it has good clean water for people and the Little Boulder lake stream has water for the horses, also plenty of grass in the meadow. The fishing is quite good with Frog Lake having native Cutthroat Trout of the 16 to 24 inch size while the Little Boulder Lakes have small Rainbow Trout. Catching one every cast makes up for the small size. This is a very popular area for hikers, bikers, and motorcycles so expect to see people. I have never had a bad encounter with any biker or motorcycle, they have always been courteous and stopped their bikes and gotten off the trail, the hikers too. You can day ride the trail system and see the Sawtooth Range to the west and all of the Boulder and White Cloud Ranges. It is easy to see why they have wanted to get these mountains as a primitive area just like the Frank Church,

As usual this year we had to deal with rain, hail, wind, frost, wonderful sunshine, and 75 hikers on the way out to the trail head, but the beauty of the mountains over shadowed the little annoyances on the trail. The Boulder White Cloud Mountains are a must for those who can pack in with horses. Everyone should see them at least once, I've been there seven times now and the magnificent views and the wonderful trails keep me coming back.



## Grand Canyon Pack Trip - Continued

By

Jake Lemon

Week 2, Day 6, 4/20/2004

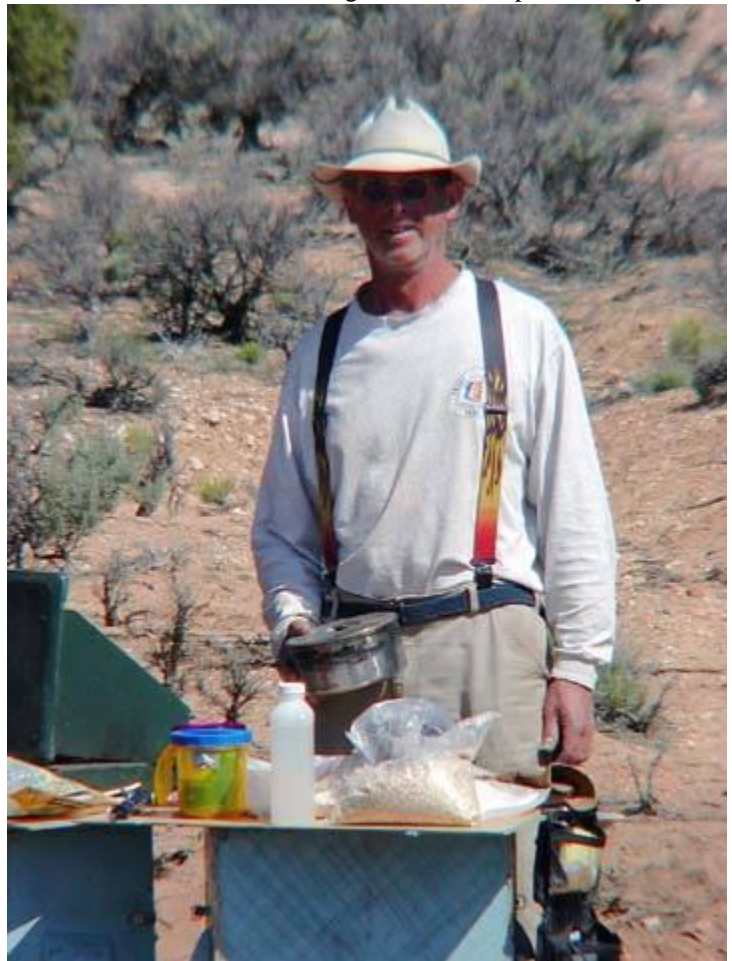
After a peaceful night's sleep, with only one little raucousness not worth waking up for, the morning came. I could not see out of the tent all that well, but when I got dressed and stood up outside, I realized...NO MULES! God, what a desperate feeling. I grabbed my monocular and spotted two of them critters a quarter-mile back towards the Park gate. Then I spotted Riley in the trees about 100 yards away. Lesson: mushy ground does not hold picket pins. It turned out Riley's picket pin became snagged in some tree roots; she was caught. She and I then slogged out to gather up the other two with no problem except the bog between them and Camp.

With the delay of the run-away opening our day, we got off to a delayed start. It was another somewhat boring day of traveling on the Parkway. We were gradually descending in elevation now, and snow was correspondingly diminishing. It started to creep into my consciousness that there were not many creeks in this country. The question became important enough; I pulled out the map to look specifically for creeks. There were absolutely none on this whole plateau! The only indication of surface water was the "lake" near the "town" of Jacobs Lake. It turns out, the entire plateau is drained subsurface & ends up at Roaring Springs.

It started to feel like a long day, so we found ourselves an undeveloped camp. It was a "dry" camp, but I saw Bernie eats some snow, a good sign. Back home, Bernie pretended that she was unable to be broke to the picket. Since she was my elite saddle mule, I picketed the other two and hobbled Bernie in Camp. This night I decided to put the bell around her neck and sleep under the stars.

### Day 7, 4/21/2004

Upon getting under way this morning on the Parkway, a sign when said it was 17 miles to DeMotte CG. My impression that the previous day had felt like a long one was confirmed.



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This day, we had 8 miles to cover to reach the "town" of Jacob Lake. The night before, I had noticed a hint that "Lake" was a mile off to the west. Arriving at the lake, it was no surprise that it was actually a pond, not a lake.

In areas of private land ownership, a Packer soon learns to cherish public land. The pond was securely held within a 15 acre stoutly fenced pasture. Beside the north end of the enclosure was a deserted, rather rustic trailer camp. I rehearsed my case of this pond being the only stock water in these parts. In looking around for someone to ask permission to use the pasture, there was evidence of maybe a caretaker in residence, but he wasn't around then. Fully expecting to have to defend myself in one way or another, I went back to the mules and, for the second time in just a few days, covertly disassembled a fence. After having committed that crime, we walked on eggs out to the pond for a drink. No whistle was blown, so I picked out a campsite. For some reason, the further I got committed to my trespassing, the more comfortable I became. The mules felt the same. Shortly after getting them unsaddled, they had their ritualistic role and then started galloping all over the 15 acres! Their feeling of liberation was infectious, although mine was still a bit guarded.

I commenced to set up camp right out in plain sight of the trailer camp, within the fenced pasture. After the couple hours of making it look like I owned the place, I hiked on over to look for the caretaker again. No luck. I guess, since this place is named Jacob Lake, my name gives me special privileges.

Next order of business; I walked the mile to the pay phone in "town". I had three logistical matters yet to pin down. First, I had to try to line up a farrier to fix Riley's thrown shoe from the first day. Incredibly, I located a gal from Kanab to come the next day. Secondly, I had to contact a guy by the name of Rick Crawford, of Escalante, Utah, who I had been in touch with during my week of logistics in Grand Canyon Village. For a couple hundred bucks, he agreed to place my feed and water caches out on the Escalante National Monument. Fortunately, I got through to him this time and he gave me GPS coordinates of the four caches that he had already gone out and placed. I didn't say anything, but I became a little concerned when he interpreted the GPS coordinate minutes (division of a degree, symbolized by a '), as feet.

About the feed caches, related to my arriving at Grand Canyon Village a week early, I had a mountain of logistics and red tape to take care of. Part of that involved a substantial amount of driving in my cantankerous '89 for diesel pickup. Not far north of Jacob Lake around the Utah State line, the pack route takes off into an expanse of desert known as the Grande Staircase Escalante National Monument. There is a serious lack of feed and water out there. This required the placement of several feed caches, two of which also needed water. Previously, I had gone to Home Depot and bought 12, 5 gallon plastic buckets with lids. I had also purchased several bags of "hay cubes" at a feed store and divided them up into the 5 gallon buckets. Four of these buckets I cached myself and the other eight are what I arranged for Rick Crawford to cache. I want to mention, my deal with Rick included going back and picking up the buckets. (I hope he did it.)

Having such success with a telephone, and finding myself at Jacob Lake Inn, I couldn't pass up the novelty of a restaurant dinner. I sat down at the counter and had my "usual". I say "usual" because I had been there about two weeks earlier. The occasion was the tail end of my feed cache escapade. My next assignment was to cache the pickup. It was to be my guest's transportation back to base camp at the South rim after our rim to rim crossing.



About 1/3 of Jacob Lake with tent visible between trees.

Thinking back to the evening meal I had here 2 weeks before, things had gone remarkably well that day, thank God. It had been a good Saturday thus-far. However, I still was feeling like I was on a tight rope to get back to Grand Canyon Village and get my position secured on the ominous wait list. It was time to push on down to Jacob Lake, the gateway to the North Rim. On the way, a rough dirt road shook loose a mud flap. If that was to be the worst of it, I'd take it. I made Jacob Lake by supper time and the one place in town, Jacob Lake Inn, was OPEN! I sat down at the counter to order the Chicken Fried Steak dinner...then apple pie a la mode. Between mouthfuls, I delivered the question; "Can somebody here shuttle me into the North Rim tonight?" The question lingers in the air a moment. It's really no wonder; the North Rim is **closed**, it's 44 miles one way, there are two locked gates on the way, and finally...was the

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road even open of snow? Of the four people present, three of them were gesturing to the fourth, the cook. Mike was a high school kid, up from St. George on week-ends to work. He didn't want to get involved, but he got off at 9. I twist his arm. I have paved the way for this shuttle in previous phone conversations with the indispensable help of Mark McCutchen, my top brass North Rim Ranger connection. He had informed me that the road was busted open of snow just a couple days ago, gave me the combination to the gate locks, and permission to park until we trekkers rimmed-out there. 50 bucks clinched the deal with Mike. On the drive in, he kept his distance as my diesel was burning oil like a house-a-fire. We were back at the Inn by 10:30. It was cold, dark, and the ground is covered with snow. I'm sure tempted to rent myself a room, but I'm a pretty tough Packer (on paper anyway) and money is a factor as well. I traipsed around & found a place to make my bed on a dry piece of concrete walk next to the snowed-in public toilets at the camp ground across the road from the Inn. In bliss, I was out like a light in my warm down bag. It had been an **incredible** day of lucky logistics.

The next day, Easter Sunday, I was up early with purpose. Time for the final leg of these errands, back to my Grand Canyon "horse" camp; wait list phobia. I got picked up by a semi driver at 7:30! He was hauling ice cream; it was 20 below in his trailer. 150 miles down the road, at the next stop, my luck continues. At the Cameron junction, inside of a half hour, I was picked up by a couple of Wild Indians...girls. For a tank of gas and a stolen \$5 bill (my change from the gas station attendant), I was **thinking** they had agreed to give me a ride to my tent door step; about 70 miles. On the way, they stopped at a public rest room that doubled as a pot smoking hide-out for them, and then another stop to put a quart of oil in the car. At this stop, the driver, a looker by the way, turned and said "I need to get between your legs." As usual, I was at a loss for words. Turned out, she was after a bottle of oil that was sitting on the floor between my feet. They **were** some wild chicks, but I was in no mood to get any luckier; I didn't trust them....

Once out of the car and settled down a bit, I enter in my journal; "*Horse Camp. FANTASTIC. Back before noon! On Easter Sunday! Incredible!*" Also, all my stuff there just as I had left it. Sweet, Sweet Lord.

Meanwhile, back at the Jacob Lake Inn, after my successful phone calling, I had finished savoring my "usual" dinner. The shuttle man, Mike, was not working, so I walked on back to camp. Nightfall came and all was peaceful; I tucked myself in under the stars. Other than the trespassing part, this was a camp sent from heaven.

## 2010 SBBCH Officers and Board of Directors



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**EDITORS CORNER**

By Linda Hays

Getting back on track now and looking forward to all your articles and photos for the newsletter. Please don't hesitate to send anything of interest; whether it is a one liner or a novel.



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.

**HAPPY TRAILS**

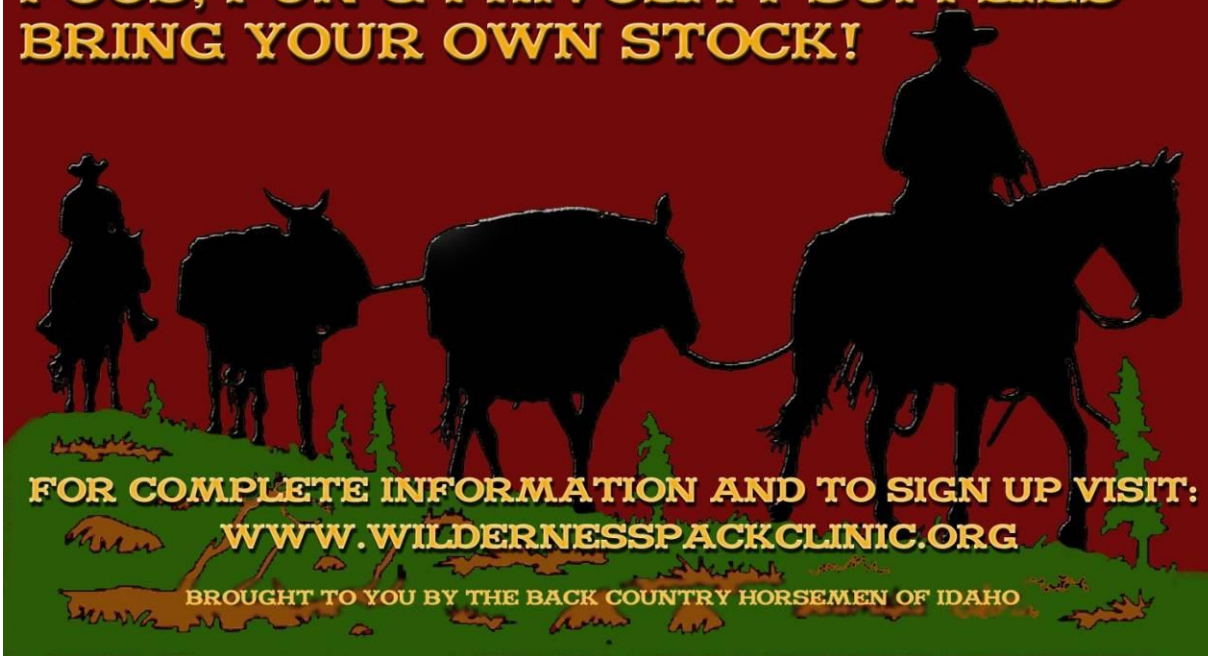


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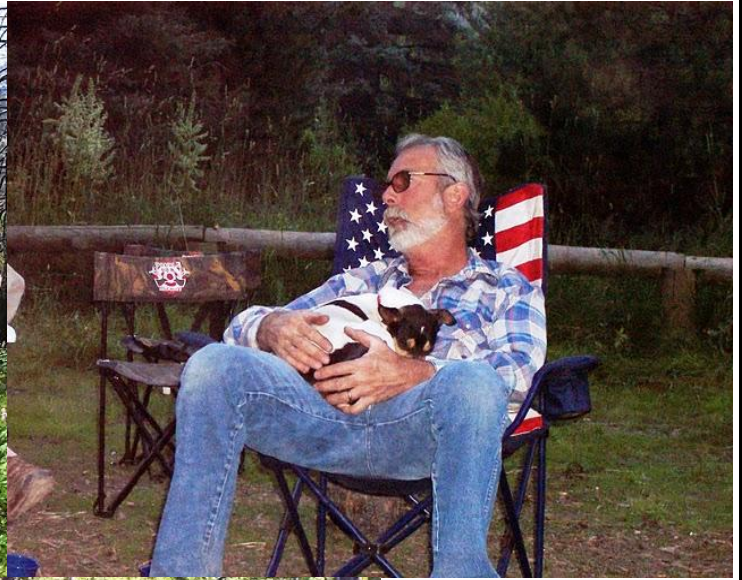


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Peace Creek July 31th, 2010

