

Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen est. 1973

P. O. Box 293, Emmett, ID 83617

February 2008

THE HORSE AFFAIR



SPRINGTIME ON THE SNAKE RIVER

mooselys blog and more

Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen

Meet the 1st Thursday of every month at La Costa Restaurant in Emmett, ID

For information about joining contact Ellen Knapp, 208.398.7279 or president@sbbchidaho.org



by Robbin Schindele

When I awakened Saturday February 23 it was in the dark. When the light came on I looked over my coffee cup and decided I probably liked the dark better. It was so foggy I couldn't see my bridge 100 yards away and it was snowing. But I had said we would ride, so ride we would.

I caught two saddle horses after finishing feeding the cattle. I tied them to the hitch rail, gave them each a fat flake of hay and went back to the house to change clothes and grab a quick bite of breakfast. Sally had made the sandwiches, filled the coffee cups and was ready to go. I microwaved some bacon and eggs and while they cooled changed out of my chore clothes. The forecast was for a high of 45. So a heavy vest would do under my slicker.

We had promised to pick up Joanna Stroeder at 8:30 so we hustled out, put the dogs in the truck and headed the rig towards the corrals. I've got the yard there split in two by panels to facilitate moving new momma cows from the calving stalls to the nursery pasture. There is no room to turn the truck and trailer around so I went past the lane, turned the rig around and back onto the road and Sally and I walked down the hill to get the horses.

They seemed eager to go and didn't protest leaving the hay. When we got to the rode Pancho did seem a little surprised to see the trailer but he walked right in. John followed, we closed the doors and off we went. It was about 45 minutes to Joanna's so we wouldn't be more than 15 minutes late. Except for the fog and the two low tires.

I had checked the trailer tires the night before but once we got the horses loaded two of them had looked a little low. We would have to stop along the way and air them up a bit. We did that in Middleton and still made it to Joanna's only 15 minutes late.

Her mare loaded easily, I threw her tack into the trailer and she guided us easily through Nampa. I hate driving in Nampa. Did you know they have 2 streets named Powerline Road in

that town, one running east and west and the other north and south. And it only gets more confusing than that, but we made it through.

It was cautious driving, the fog, wet roads and my inherent distrust of all other drivers slowed us down some. We got to the final turn off main roads about 20 minutes of 10., pretty much right on time. We drove down the secondary road until we saw a Celebration Park sign pointing south and took it. "I don't remember this feedlot." I said as hundreds of cattle watched us roll by. "In fact this doesn't look like the right road at all."

"There was a sign." Sally said from the back seat. About then the old railroad trestle that arks the west side of the park loomed up through the fog. We rolled down into the park proper, with a paved parking lot, bathrooms and interpretive center.

"This is the way I came last fall." Sally said. "When Erica (Webb) and I got lost."

"How do we get to the place we usually park." I asked.

"The road goes past the parking lot and around the buildings but the road is bad and narrow so go slowly." It was and we did.

As we crested the hill from the flood plain I could see the area we normally park and there was one lone trailer. It was Terry McDonald, his horse saddles and tied alongside his trailer. As I pulled up alongside and stepped out, he walked over and said, "I kind of wondered if I was going to be alone."

We unloaded and saddled up making small talk and shooing the dogs from underfoot. Terry stood drinking coffee and watching us work. Just about the time we were all ready Rob Adams came striding through the rocks. "Good morning Rob."

"Good morning." He was breathing a little fast. "There're four trailers down below in the parking lot. We'll just saddle up down there and meet up with you on the road."

"OK." I reply and he heads off. We loaded the dogs into the trailer and rode off towards the river, then to the parking lot. Most of the six riders there were aboard and we rode in circles howdyin'em while we waited for the last two to finish tacking up.

The ten of us rode off into the fog, the snow had quit some time back but everything was wet.

There had been a big snow storm the day before so there were patches of it still in the low spots and under the sage. The road leading to the trail was pocked with deep, brown puddles the horses walked around. There was just enough of a breeze from the east to give the day a bite and I was glad for my slicker.



As we left the road and got onto the trail proper I looked west. The 500 foot rock walls that border the canyon were lost in mist and fog. This canyon floor is littered with millions of black lava boulders that normally heat up from the sun and make it 10 or 15 degrees warmer here than the surrounding area. This morning they looked as cold as we did and turned the landscape into a cold hard place with no color or comfort.



But that passed. With each mile we rode the day lightened, the fog diminished. The green moss of the rocks and the fresh tundra like growth colored to rich green and miniscule pink and yellow flowers. When we got to Halvorson Lakes the evidence of this winter's heavy snows was obvious, they had water in them. The first time I have seen this in three years of spring rides there. Once past the lakes the trail becomes an old ranch road, flat and wide with a quarter mile of open ground between it and the canyon walls. Mike Becker split off and rode his horse right next to the boulder littered base. Other riders split from the single file order of the trail to ride side

by side talking. They too had brightened with the day, the hunched shoulders and high zippers giving way to more relaxed postures and coats open to the waist.

As usual we lunched at the old corrals, the horses tied to the fences and munching the penned up tumbleweeds as we ate our sandwiches, oranges and power bars. Lunch finished, we climbed on and headed towards the river. From the base of the cliffs we picked our way through the boulder patches, each of us making our own way or following until we came to the trail that winds its way along side the Snake River and back to the trailhead.

Terry was leading as we turned south at the river's edge. As we rode along I was thinking we had missed the trail we wanted and were on a trail that dead ends about 50 feet below the flood plain proper leaving you on the slope of the older, wider river with thick boulders and poor footing between it and the main trail. I was right. We bunched up tight as Terry found the end of the trail. Someone behind me said, "The easiest way is probably turn and go back to where we started on this trail." They were right but that is not the way we went. Terry turned his horse up hill and went. Those behind him followed. I was about fifth in line, Pancho made it to the last rock on the climb and stopped. There was a 3 foot high, 2 foot wide rock in front of him with no way around it and he didn't want to step over it. With a little coaxing he did, and those behind me made it up safely too.

By now the sun was out in full, as were the bugs. That's the only irritation on this easy ride, gnats. Early in spring or late in fall the canyon can be thick with the tiny, non biting insects. We all enjoyed the warming sun, cursed and spit the bugs, the horses all snorting and blowing as they breathed them into their noses. From there on the trail is wide and flat and we all just lazed along. Most of the way a smaller trail runs right along the edge of the river bank paralleling the main trail, I rode Pancho there, using the breeze off the river to chase most of the bugs off us.



When we returned to the park the two groups split up, Terry, Joanna, Sally and me to our trailers, the rest of the group to theirs. All in all a fine ride, and all the finer because it just kept getting better as we went along. Something we can all wish for, on the trail, and in our lives.



JOANNA'S RIDE

by Joanna Stroeder

On Saturday Feb 23rd my alarm went off at 6:30 but I had already been up for an hour. I was just too excited because we were going to go for a ride this morning! I hadn't ridden my mare since November and going out to the Owyhees at Celebration Park was perfect for a great spring ride. Robbin and Sally Schindele were going to pick us up at 8:30. My horse saw the halter and thought "No Way!" she was sure that I was going to make her run around in those stupid little circles, like I had been making her do all week. Eventually she gave up and I went to work brushing. Sally called a little after 8:30 saying they were about 20 minutes out. My mare was being a bit of a problem so we took the opportunity to run in stupid little circles while we waited.

Soon we were loaded up and on our way. The fog was thick and getting thicker the closer we were getting to Melba. When we pulled into the parking lot Terry McDonald was there and had his Grulla gelding saddled. He had already taken a test run to work out any bugs. We saddled and met the rest of the group in a more civilized parking lot than the one we chose. It wasn't long before we were on our way. Terry led the way and my mustang followed, snortin' with every step.

She was so loud it sounded like an elephant rumbling! She was nervous and excited but as always, never tried to act on it. She really is a great little Owyhee Mustang but VERY green! Eventually positions shifted as each horse found its place in line and we ended up with Mike Becker and his Paint gelding in the lead. I had seen Mike at other rides but have never had a chance to talk with him, so it was nice to chat with someone new.

The fog was trying to break up and reveal the beautiful cliffs. We watched as a falcon attacked a hawk in a territory dispute several hundred feet above us. Mike commented on how much the falcons looked like fighter jets. The lakes below the cliffs were filled with water and ducks and geese were tending to their new families.

Dotted throughout the park are remnants of old homesteads. Now mostly rock formations, you have to wonder who lived there and why did they choose that spot. We stopped for lunch at the corrals. They have long since been of any use but make a great spot to tie to. After a quick lunch and a loping lesson for one of our guests and her Buckskin gelding, we were back on our way. The horses were feeling refreshed and even Rob Adam's Buckskin, Willow, did a

bit of a dance. We made our way to the river which was lovely since the fog had lifted and you could see the beautiful canyons. There were 4 jet boats on the river this afternoon. They looked like they were having fun too. Terry McDonald was back in the lead and his trail was getting very rocky and difficult to navigate. A suggestion from the back of the pack was to go up instead. Terry offered the suggestion to his pony who for a brief moment said "Are you kidding?", but obliged, bombing up the rocks like a pro! I got to go next and thought that was pretty fun. We all made it without incident.

As we got closer to another old homestead, the boaters had docked their craft and were taking a break at the cabin. Unfortunately our trail ran right through their party but they were friendly and a little amused by us. This area is likewise very rocky and narrow and my horse spooked. Soon I was in the middle of something that felt like my horse had changed into a bullfrog! I don't know what it looked like but I bet it wasn't pretty! We regained our composure and Rob told me "Good job!" so I guess it looked like we had avoided a bad wreck.

It soon flattened out and we all rode kind of willy-nilly changing positions and separating on different trails for a change of pace. It was getting warm and buggy and those gnats know just where your nostrils are, yuk! As we got closer to the river there was a spot where you could take the horses down for a drink. Some of us went down while others rode on. It was a steep but short climb and the horses that went were really thirsty. At the end of the trailhead we separated to go back to our trailers, none the worse for the wear. A very successful first spring ride and a prelude for what is to come this year!



MOOSELY'S BLOG



By Moosely Adams

January was a very busy month for Payette, my young mustang friend. Rob continued to work on his ground training. Payette really doesn't mind being touched and allows Rob to put on a halter when it is time for a session. Payette and Nova have become very good friends, so now the three of us are enjoying playing tag and other horse games.

On Saturday, the 19th Dr. Peterson came to visit Payette. Rob had arranged a ranch visit so that Payette could be gelded when it was less likely to have complications from infection. It was a cool day, with temperatures in the low 30s and the snow was packed pretty hard in the corral, a perfect place to perform the procedure. Both Nova and I have been gelded, but neither of us remember much except being a bit sore for a few days after. So it was pretty interesting to watch through the fence.

Dr. Peterson gave Payette a couple of shots, one to prevent tetanus, and polycillin to help prevent infection. Payette didn't seem to mind the shots and was being a very good patient. Then Dr. Peterson gave him a shot that made his world spin. He got a very funny look on his face, he became knock knee and his tongue was hanging out of his mouth. They let this drug work for a while, then gave him a second shot and his legs got weak and he lay down. Rob put his head on a towel and covered his other eye to prevent debris getting in it. The gelding procedure only took a few minutes and went very smoothly.

A paper detailing the procedure is at <http://www.sbbchidaho.org/pdf/gelding.pdf> and why most male horses are gelded is at <http://www.sbbchidaho.org/pdf/gender.pdf>

While Payette was still not feeling any pain or much of anything else for that matter, Dr. Peterson checked on his wolf teeth. They were still small, and were quite easy to remove. The rest of his teeth were in great shape. Rob took advantage, and using a rasp trimmed Payette's hoofs.

Then the humans left the corral and watched from a distance let Payette wake up slowly. In about 30 minutes he was standing up, and starting to feel OK. The doctor had given him some Bute so he wasn't in much discomfort, and was ready to get out of the corral. Rob made him

stay there being quiet for a couple of hours then let him back into the big pasture with the rest of us.

After gelding, fluid builds up for a while, so doctors leaves the two slits open to allow drainage. Saturday night it got very cold, and the dripping fluid froze sealing the slits. By Sunday night, it was apparent that the slits had sealed shut, so Rob called Dr. Peterson and asked him to stop by Monday morning to see if they needed to be reopened. It was decided that they would try a diuretic first. Payette got 3 ml of diuretic once a day, and 30ml of a mixture of mineral oil, Bute and another drug. The treatment seemed to work as the swelling went down quickly and he is healing nicely. Payette is feeling almost his old self, and is again playing with us, no worse for wear.

SOME MEMBER PHOTOS



Lou Ann Gaskel took this picture of a matching pair up in Crouch.

Jim Ciaridalli sent in this picture of the Boiling Springs Guard Station



Here's a picture Lou Ann's horse Jack



by Tony Buthman

Greetings all,

Let me start off by saying it is a pleasure being involved with Squaw Butte Backcountry Horsemen.

Just some pondering thoughts to share, as relatively new members we've learned a lot and been able to share some good experiences, and hope to spend a lot more in the years to come.

I've decided there's probably about three categories of membership we fall into, Active, Interactive and Reactive. Active members are leaders and partake in almost all of the activities at all levels every time something is going on. The more involved we are the more active we become. At this point we start getting more comfortable in all aspects of the organization. Everyone can see who these members are and their knowledge comes forth.

The Interactive members are involved, but are unsure of their commitment to take it to the next level.

This organization is similar to others that I've been involved with. Being interactive means there's a desire to move forward, but not knowing how big of a step to take. This is where fresh ideas pop up, yet are stifled by a fear of stepping out of bounds or embarrassing one's self.

Being adventurers and outdoors people the thrill in trying something new and seeing and experiencing something we may have only dreamed of is just around the next switchback, take that next step and broaden everyone's horizon.

Reactive folks are where most folks feel comfortable and some of us never have a desire to leave there which is OK. However these folks never get the true fulfillment of seeing the trail crest that high mountain pass. That's why I encourage all folks to be open about their desires and needs to get from this organization what they want.

Here are some ideas I have to encourage folks to gain that fulfillment with Squaw Butte. If you want to trail ride, please take the day rides, they get you into lots of new and exciting areas with a great deal of companionship. Some folks are reluctant to go because they don't know how their stock will react; I've been one of those myself. There are a lot of stock people on these rides, so this will be a good opportunity for you and your stock to learn. The more you go the more you and your stock will learn and become more comfortable.

Those of us wanting to learn or relearn packing skills. Our SKILLS CLINIC is an outstanding place to begin. Although it's only the beginning, if we don't apply what we learn there it's not as beneficial as it could be. Squaw Butte has lots of opportunities to build on these skills in the field. However some people feel intimidated by taking their stock off the beaten path to find what they'll do!!! Please contact other members and tell them what you need to learn or methods you need to conquer to make you feel comfortable taking yourself and your stock on these rides and projects. Part of our mentoring program is a commitment to get more folks out on rides and projects. If we need to get together to do some one on one or small groups for a day or two or however it may take to accomplish this. Please contact a member of the leadership team.

As always watch where the trail takes you not where it might go.



Idaho Sportsmen's Caucus Advisory Council

1810 West State Street, #119
Boise, Idaho 83702
www.idahoscac.org

Members of the Council:

Ada County Fish and Game League
Back Country Horsemen of Idaho
Backcountry Hunters and Anglers
Blackfoot River Bowman
Bonner County Sportsmen
Citizens Against Poaching
Deer Hunters of Idaho
Foundation of North American Wild Sheep
Greater Yellowstone Coalition
Idaho Bird Hunters
Idaho Conservation Officers Association
Idaho Wildlife Federation
Idaho Poachers Club
Idaho Rifle and Pistol Club
Idaho State Bowhunters
Idaho Salmon and Steelhead United
Idaho Trappers Association
Idaho Traditional Bowhunters
Idaho Walleye Association
Idaho BASS Federation
Idaho Trout Unlimited
Idaho Mule Deer Foundation
Landowners and Sportsmen United
National Wild Turkey Federation
North Idaho Treehound Association
Pheasants Forever
Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation
Safari Club International
South East Idaho Mule Deer Foundation
Snake River Cutthroats

Idaho Sportsmen's Caucus Advisory Council (ISCAC) Update

By Phil Ryan

Last year at the BCHI State Convention, I purposed that the BCHI join a statewide sportsmen's group (ISCAC) to keep abreast of state issues affecting us as horsemen, sportsmen and residents of Idaho. I know that some of the ISCAC's issues do not directly relate to our mission statement of access of recreational stock use on public lands, but as sportsmen and citizens of Idaho, the far ranging issues of wildlife and recreation

do touch us as many of our members are hunters and fishermen as well as horsemen. Throughout the year, the ISCAC meetings have been held the first Saturday of each month at the Idaho Fish and Game (IFG) office in Boise. ISCAC represents 31 different sportsmen organizations from around the state with some 20,000 members and I'm sure that some of our members belong to those individual sportsmen's groups. It is amazing to me how an issue such as wild big horn sheep in Hell's Canyon affects the mission of BCHI. How wolf and grizzlies affect our mission of right to ride and how all wildlife and environmental issues in our state, surrounding states and our nation do eventually have an effect on the BCHI mission. I have had to abstain on many votes at the ISCAC meeting because of our mission, but as a sportsman, there have been very few issues brought before the organization that I could not agree with. Trout, salmon, deer, elk, bear, wolves, grizzlies, timber, water, air, and land affect us all. I guess the point I'm trying to make is that the BCHI are not alone in the battle to keep Idaho a great and open place to live. We are just one cog in a wheel of many organizations trying to help Idaho solve complex issues that affect us all. Like I said, there have been many issues that, as our BCHI representative, I could not vote on but the members of ISCAC understand our mandate and also understand that we will vote on issues dealing with access and horse related issues.

The ISCAC members are willing to back our state legislation for right to ride on public lands as many of the organization's members use horses on state and federal lands. The \$200 per year membership to the ISCAC is, I feel, minimal compared with the benefits of 20,000 sportsmen. The IFG and our state elected officials know who we are and what we stand for. I have spoken with many State Representatives and Senators and I have yet to find any resistance to our mission. The BCHI's message is getting attention and people are listening.

I hope we can continue to be a part of ISCAC to help our mission and our state.

BACK COUNTRY SKILLS DAY

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 2008

PRESENTED BY: SQUAW BUTTE BACKCOUNTRY HORSEMEN OF IDAHO

LOCATION: INDOOR ARENA & CLASSROOM AT CIRCLE G RANCH IN
EMMETT, ID.

VISIT [HTTP://WWW.CIRCLEGRIVERRANCH.COM](http://www.circlegriverranch.com) FOR DIRECTIONS.

TIME: DOORS OPEN AT 07:30 AND SESSIONS START AT 08:30.
IT WILL FINISH AROUND 4:30 OR
WHEN THE LAST QUESTION HAS BEEN ANSWERED.

COST: \$10 PER ATTENDEE OR \$20 FOR A FAMILY (CHECKS PLEASE)
FREE TO CURRENT BCHI MEMBERS & THEIR FAMILIES

INCLUDED: ALL CLASSES, HANDS ON SESSIONS, COURSE MATERIAL
ON A CD IN PDF FORMAT, THE DVD "HORSE SENSE" AND LUNCH.
THE PACKING CLASSES WILL BE USING LIVE STOCK AND ARE
VERY HANDS ON.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

EMAIL: CLINIC@SBBCHIDAHO.ORG

OR VISIT WWW.SBBCHIDAHO.ORG/PDF/BCS-CLINIC-2008.PDF

FOR A COMPLETE AGENDA



by Sally Schindele

Our participation the Boise Horse Affair trade show was quite successful. In our two days at the show we talked to over a hundred people about BCHI, sold quite a few Convention raffle tickets, got some commitments to come to our March 29 pack clinic. While participation in these kind of events is sometimes questioned, it has been beneficial to SBBCH every year we have participated.

I just wanted to thank all the members who volunteered to set-up, tear down and staff the booth. Like everything else SBBCHI does, it is the enthusiasm and participation of the members who make our efforts successful.

MARCH EVENTS

First Aid Certification Class- Saturday, March 01, 2008 (tentative date) Emmett Ranger District HQ, Hwy 52 Emmett

SBBCH Monthly Meeting- Thursday, March 06, 2008-La Costa Restaurant, Emmett ID

Little Butte BBQ & Fun Ride- Saturday, March 15, 2008- Fun ride on Little Butte leaves from Ellen & Charles' at 10:00 AM. Potluck BBQ & Dutch Oven cookin' after (approximately 2:00 PM)

Backcountry Skills Clinic-Saturday, March 29, 2008-Circle G Ranch

VISIT WWW.SBBCHIDAHO.ORG
for the most up to date information