

SQUAW BUTTE BACK COUNTRY HORSEMEN

PO Box 293, Emmett, ID 83617

August, 2007

WEST MOUNTAIN WEEK END²

A QUEEN'S RIVER PACK TRIP & 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

Friday evening August 11 Sally and I rolled into camp just before sunset. Expecting a crowd since this was a West Mountain weekend we were surprised to see only Rob Adam's trailer in camp. West Mountain is fairly close to Emmett, easy to get to with good road all the way and the four main trails, Squaw & Poison Creeks, Wilson Corrals and Gabe's Peak are kind of SBBCH's home ground, if we have such a thing. We clear them every year some time during the summer so it was surprising to see a single trailer waiting for us. But a welcome sight all the same.

Rob had his kitchen and tent cot set so he pitched in to help us set our camp. I high-lined and fed our horses while Rob and Sally set up our cots and dressed them with pads and sleeping bags. We all finished about the same time and headed for the kitchen. Rob had a

lantern hanging above the stove, he lit it as the blue of the western sky slid into black. Its light was all the welcome we had for any late comers 'cause summer fire restrictions would make this a cold camp But we sat around the fire ring and chatted anyway.

It was a cool evening, welcome after this summer of endless heat. Soon it was time for bed and as we walked out from under the trees I looked up at the stars. It was clear with no moon and the sky was lit up with them. More than you could count and close enough to touch. A few minutes later I rolled on my back, snug and warm in my bed, and looked up again, awed by the beauty and wonder of such a sky. It's impossible to explain to people how the night sky looks deep in the mountains with no lights for miles. The stars make such a comforting sparkle as the familiar constellations drift by on the immense black ceiling of

the world. Their numbers seem endless, as each time you wake in the night the ones you saw last time you woke have moved to a different part of the sky and the places they were have been filled in by others. To lay in the open air, every part of you warm except where your face sticks out of your sleeping bag, to feel a breeze, hear the rustle of pine boughs and the soft shuffling of your own fine horses as you look upon such a sky and drift slowly to sleep, is a wonderful and privileged thing. I wish more of you who read this would join us out there, to share in the simple and inspiring pleasures the mountains have in such abundance and give with such generosity.

If the evening had been cool next morning was "I don't wanna get up" cold. But I was first out of the sack and quickly got the coffee going, saw Rob get up as I was feeding my horses. Soon all three of us were

sitting in front of the stove eating sausage and pancakes. Sally and I warming our fingers on hot coffee cups.

Breakfast over, dishes done, we started to saddle up just as the sun peaked over the eastern mountaintops. We weren't in any hurry, kind of waiting for some people who said they might make it. As it approached 9:30 we mounted up and headed the horses towards Squaw Creek to water them.



Sally & Rob in the trees

The Squaw Creek Campground is about a mile from the main Squaw Creek trailhead. The day warmed as we rode up the road. The spring that feeds a small tire trough in the trailhead parking lot was dry, the old hitching rail fallen down, so we didn't linger there just headed down the trail. The trail is obvious from the parking lot and there's a sign. As we entered the woods I noticed it

was just warm enough to make the shade a small comfort.

The Squaw Creek trail is so named because it follows the bank of Squaw Creek from the trailhead to the top of West mountain. It is a pretty trail, mostly in deep forest which makes it a pleasure to ride in even the hottest weather. But like most things what gives you the most comfort often causes the greatest work, so it wasn't long before the chainsaw was buzzing.

The first log we cut was about 30 inches in diameter, but it was rotten so it cut easy and was light to move. It was the largest log we cut the whole weekend. Almost all the rest were under a foot in diameter and we did a lot of brush lopping where the willows or dogwood had crowded in on the trail.

While pretty, there are a few technical places on this trail. They occur where the trail crosses bare rock faces. The first of these is right next to a very pretty little waterfall that is easy to miss 'cause mostly you're concentrating on watching your horse's feet slip around on the rock. Technical but not too scary 'cause the trail is not steep in any of these spots. Near the end of the trail it leads up the bank away from the water, the tread is good but its narrow and a bit of a drop to the creek.

Once on top you're in Wilson Meadows, a lovely spot with water and good grass. That's where we lunched. The ride back down was uneventful

except for lopping out some dogwood at one of the water crossings. The day was getting warm as we rode into the trailhead and started down the road to the campsite. We were almost back when Pancho's ears perked up and I heard horses approaching. It was Tracy and Trisha Beyer, they had come up while we were gone and were tracking us up the road.

We chatted for awhile and they said they would go up the trail a ways while we went back to camp.

Rob, Sally and I rode on, watered the horses in Squaw Creek and while Sally and Rob prepared dinner I napped and took my pup (who was being quite the pest in the kitchen) for a walk in the woods. Sally was making curried lamb so dinner was two hours in the cooking and worth the wait.



Trish & Tracy Beyer

Just before it was ready the Beyers came galloping into camp as though they knew supper was on. They put up their horses and joined us at the cold fire ring saying they weren't going to stay the night. They had kids at home so after

the meal they loaded up and headed down the mountain.

It was a short evening, with no campfire everyone hit their bunks early. The night was clear again, the stars bright above my head as I drifted off.

The next morning warmth from coffee, bacon and scrambled eggs got us moving up the Poison Creek trail early. From the campground you wind up through the trees, then ride a road a ways before striking the actual trail. This is where a lot of people go astray, for years there has been a sign along the road that sort of indicates you stay on the road to get to the trail head, you don't. There is a split there, bear left and follow the road about a half mile to the beginning of the trail. We moved the sign, planting it on the cut off side. The road goes as far as an old cow camp with a plumbed spring and an old bathtub for a trough. From there on the trail is pretty much straight up the side of West Mountain. It winds some but it always climbs.



Sally cutting downfall

At the first downfall Sally said she wanted to cut it out, so Rob got the saw down and supervised while I stayed aboard and took pictures. In fact Sally cut a lot of downfall on this trip, taking the saw in hand both days. At one point the trail went through some dogwood, the brush crowding the trail, so I brush lopped for a few hundred feet. Then we lost the trail and found it again, Rob blazing a tree to indicate the right direction. This happened a couple more times as well. Ranchers run cattle up there

and it's easy to be misled by their preferences. Soon we left the trees and started to the top through the meadows that run about fifteen miles along the mountain top. Good grass mostly, here and there small groves of pines and quakies provide shade, perfect summer pasture for the cattle and elk. If you go all the way to the top you can look straight down at Cascade Reservoir. But we've all been there before so we stopped and lunched in a grove of pines next to a salt lick.

I led on the way down and once again, even though I have done this before, missed the rock cairn that marks a turn in the trail. Miss it and you wander around a lot trying to find it again. Sally spotted it and kept me from going off to Council. We cut out one more tree on the way down and were back in camp headed for home by three.





The weekend of August 27th we were back on West Mountain for an all time favorite trail loop. Up the Wilson Corrals trail and down the Gabe's Peak trail. Sally and I pulled into the Wilson Corrals camping meadow at dark, Rob was there already, there was no one else. Sound Familiar? While I set the highline and fed the horses Sally set our cots out and she and Rob got the kitchen set. We had a light supper in the cold camp and hit the bed early.

As I spoke in the previous article about the joy of sleeping out, this camp too had something quite special. I didn't notice until I got in my bag and looked up that Sally had placed our cots in the middle of a ring of 30 foot pine trees. As I lay looking at the sky above me I was in the center of a near perfect circle of coniferous guardians. The trees standing black against the dark blue sky and sparkling stars stood like medieval sentinels placed there to keep us safe in the night. It was comforting as I drifted off into sleep.

Saturday morning a sumptuous breakfast of scrambled eggs with peppers and cheese, thick bacon and plenty of hot coffee was put under our belts and over dishes we decided to hang around 'til 10:00 because that's the designated time for most all our rides, and you never know, somebody else might show up. And someone did. At about nine-thirty we heard hoof beats on the road and Terry McDonald rode into camp. Howdy's all round and Rob grabbed a chainsaw, "Our first job is a hundred feet down the trail." he told Terry and headed off on foot. The meadow we camp in and the trail we would be riding are on the banks of the third Fork of Squaw Creek. About a hundred feet after the trail head the NFS as built a redoubt along the edge of the trail to keep it from sliding into the creek and there, a two three foot diameter tree had fallen across the trail. Beyond that the trail gets pretty boggy for a few yards, then rocky, then boggy, then in the creek, etc. In fact the first mile of this trail is the hardest for the animals. After that the trail winds

away from the creek a bit and its smooth sailing all the way to the top. Rob and Terry attacked the log and in short time we were rolling pieces of log into the creek. We went back to camp and Terry sat drinking coffee while we saddled up and put the tools onto Rob's pack horse. Since I had hardly done any packing this summer I had my two mules in tow, just to get them out. They weren't carrying anything but saddles but at least they'd get a little exercise. Soon we were ready and set off up the trail. We got through the rough parts with no incidents and started our climb through the trees.

As I said, the trail is good most of the way but it does cross the creek a few times on its way. At about the third of these crossings the brush had grown in so thick we all got off and started cutting it down with loppers and chainsaws. It didn't take long and you could see the trail again so on we went. This is a very pretty trail as it winds through the trees for the first couple hours. Near the top of Wilson Peak it breaks into the

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meadows that top this ridge of mountains. The last two miles to the top are all mountain grasses and sagebrush with bunches of trees here and there. As we rode through the first of these, past the big rocks standing in its middle Rob shouted, "Look it's a bear!"

**Spotting the bear**

Sure enough about a half mile ahead a black bear was heading across the meadow too. We all stopped and watched him amble out of the sunlight into the shade of some pines.

The bear was upwind of us and didn't seem to know we were there. We spread out a bit and walking in a parallel line advanced on the bear. I took a monocular from my saddle bags and looked ahead.

"He's eating on something." I said. Through the glass I could see the bear snuffling and pulling on something on the ground. Terry was closest to the bear when it looked up. It stopped what it was doing, lifted its nose to scent the air and lit out at a dead run for the nearest thick trees. As we rode up to where he had been we could see the long dead cow lying on the ground. We sat and chatted over the "bear jerky" for a while then headed towards the top.

There is no trail here, you just wind your way up, side-hilling back and forth to give the horses easier going. Wilson Peak is just shy of 9,000 feet so you can see a piece of country as you ride the edges of the

mountain. The trail itself tops a shelf at about 7,600 feet before dropping down again to Wilson Meadows. The way down is hard to find and difficult to follow so we stopped for lunch.

As we were eating two men afoot came from the other side. They were camped over by the Snowbank Peakroad and were on a day hike. Rob and Terry, who know this country well, explained exactly where they were and what other interesting places they might go while up here. After awhile it was "Pleased to have metcha." And they were off.

We had some NFS signs with us as a part of this ride was to mark the trail off this plateau and put a few more signs on the trail through the valley below. As I said, this part of the trail is REAL indistinct. So at the first blaze we saw going down we put up a sign. From there on down to a dry lake at the bottom we just tried to find what might be a trail and stay aboard on the steep and rocky hillside.

The dry lake is a depression in the mountain that during heavy snow years actually has some water in it. The past few years it has just been a place of good grass and a few round water filled potholes three or four feet in diameter and the same or more deep. The day had heated up and the animals hadn't seen water since we left the creek about four hours past, they were thirsty. Pancho, me and the mules were the last off the slope and the last to the water.

**The Bear**

Now Pancho might be the lead on the trail, but in a wide open spot like this the mules like to come alongside, just to be friendly. When this happens sometimes they're both on one side and other times they split up with one animal on each side. Pancho and I got to the water hole first and he eagerly bent his head to drink. The mules, eager as well, split up, both wanting to get their share before it was all gone. As they did, the lead rope between the two pulled taut and started to push on Pancho's rump. Big as he is he couldn't hold those mules back and he was pushed forward into the water.

I don't know if his feet ever touched the bottom. I just felt myself starting to tip over his head and as I was staring straight down into the water hole I saw him tuck his front feet up under his belly. The next thing I saw was the sky as the force of his leap threw me back the other way and I believe my head hit his rump. As his front feet landed I was flung forward again and then, just as suddenly, I was sitting quietly upright in the saddle, except I'd lost my hat. I looked down and there it was in the waterhole with the mules nosing it out of their way.

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Rob said, "I didn't think you were going to stay aboard." I didn't say anything, just got off and retrieved my hat and the mules' lead rope. As we worked into the long meadow that runs like a valley the length of the ridge Rob split off to put up a sign farther north, Terry, Sally and I rode south with our own signs. The Simplot line shack soon came in sight and we ran into more water and Pancho was pretty insistent on getting some so we watered at the edge of the boggy creek that runs through the meadow. When we came abreast of the shack we stopped and let the horses graze and watched the cattle that are summer pastured there. Rob caught up with us and we headed for our last task, putting up a sign at the bottom of the Jacob's Ladder trail. We wandered around a bit trying to find it and finally did. The Jacob's Ladder trail is about a half a mile long and about the same vertically, very steep and rocky it is well named. Rob and I had ridden it down once before and it is unlikely either of us is willing to do it again. But for those foolish or brave enough to try it, we put up the sign.



Terry McDonald, a two saw man

Then we headed for the Gabe's Peak trail. It too can be hard for the neophyte to find. The easiest way to explain it is to go south past the line shack to where the used to be fence begins, take a hard right and head through the grass towards the large white rocks dead ahead. When you get to the rocks take them on your right and you're on the trail.

The first part, when going down, side-hills around Gabe's Peak and has some of the prettiest views in that part of the country. As you ride the south side of the peak the mountains drop away and 40 miles of the whole Ola valley lays off beyond the many pine covered ridges between there and the High Valley. It is worth the whole ride just to see it.

Then the trail starts down, sometimes steep sometimes not, but always down. Not particularly hard but so relentlessly downhill

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we were all happy to stop and cut out a tree near the bottom. By the time you get to the road at the end of the trail you're seriously glad to be on level ground once again. You ride that road for about 2 miles, at the Rammage Meadows campground, take a right on FS road 653 and it will take you back to Wilson Corrals. Right at the corner there is a good place to water your stock before the last couple miles back.

Terry had parked his trailer on the main road at the turn for Wilson Corrals so he said goodbye as we rode on to our camp. Neither Rob nor Sally and I planned to ride tomorrow, Rob had work to do at home and Sally's horse had a loose shoe that needed tending. I pulled the shoe as Rob and Sally made dinner and then spent another quiet night under the silent protection of my pine scented sentries. Sunday morning we breakfasted, loaded up and went home, our 2007 work on our own West Mountain done well and in good company.





By Ellen Knapp

We had family from Wisconsin coming for a visit and we wanted to show them the beauty of the Sawtooths. For years, Charles and I had wanted to do the Queens River loop and, after a bit of research, I was able to put together a trip that would be doable for our 5 backpacking visitors, the youngest of whom is 9. Since we only have a 4 horse trailer, and 2 of those horses – Amber and Warrior – were to be pack horses, they would have to walk. We would pack all the food, kitchen gear, tents and pads. They would have to carry their clothes and a few sleeping bags. The plan was to pack more of their gear each day as our food supply decreased. Another plan was that we would surely pass them on the trail so we would drop

the panniers at the campsite and come back for them and pick up their backpacks.

Day 0: Friday 8/17 We - 4 adults, 3 grandkids, 1 dog and 4 horses - were on the road from home by noon. We drove from home to trailhead via the Middle Fork Boise River Road, FR 268. This road goes past Lucky Peak reservoir and Arrowrock reservoir. It's not a bad road and is quite scenic. However, since I was driving, I missed most of the scenery. It was just very winding and hence required a lot of attention to drive it. It was 63 miles of dirt road to the trailhead and the campground. FS 268 goes directly to Atlanta, but the trailhead is west of Atlanta. We turned off FS 268 at 61 miles onto FS 206 and continued 2 miles more to the trailhead. This is a good trailhead for

horse camping with hitch rails and feed bunks. In addition there is a latrine and tables and fire pits for each site. There is no fee for camping or parking. As we settled in, 2 Forest Service guys, with 2 pack mules and a pack horse, came off the trail. One was Charlie from the Idaho City Ranger District. They had ridden the loop in the same direction we planned, so we grilled them for grazing and trail condition details. They told us there was some large downfall, but that there were workarounds. We said we were BCH and carried a saw. They asked if it were a cross cut saw. We then got a slight sense of the downfall we might face, but only slight.

Day 1, Saturday 8/18. Our backpacker contingent was on the trail by 9:30 AM, we were loaded and ready by 10:30 AM.

That was the earliest we hit the trail during the entire trip. Just before we left, one of the camp hosts said there has been a grizzly bear in the area for the last 2 summers and suggested we have a bell on our pack horse while on the trail. We thought that sage advice and followed it. I think Charles is still hearing that bell ring in his head. There is a clearly a reason to spend money for those Swiss bells with their 'pure' tones. Hours of cow bell is not sweet sounding. We were headed up the Queens River Trail to Nanny Creek, 6.9 miles up the trail with an elevation gain from 5200' to 6500'. The Sawtooth Wilderness begins on the other side of the bridge over Queens River just past the campground and trailhead parking. We passed 2 folks early on that were headed out after doing the Little Queens to Queens River loop. I believe we found the correct camp area, but most of the creeks were dry so I'm not sure. But where we camped had great grazing, great access to Queens River and fabulous views of cliffs both east and west. That eve we saw a deer on the hillside on the other side of the river.

Day 2, Sunday 8/19. The weather started out cloudy and got downright rainy by the end of the day. Once we had the pannier and top pack loads partitioned and weighed, we sent our backpackers down the trail. Charles and I then saddled the horses, put up and tied

down the loads. That usually took about an hour and we were usually on the trail 1 ½ hours after the backpackers. We were supposed to camp at the unnamed lake on the Blue Jay Lake trail, but we could not find the trail. I found something that looked like the trail and some old blazes, but it was steep and not maintained. The trail is not on the map any longer either. So I made an executive decision to continue up the Queens River trail and camp at the next likely spot. As we climbed the switchbacks away from the river, it started to drizzle on us.



The switchbacks topped out into the river canyon. The trail ran along the canyon wall and the river was far below. No likely camping spots here. We continued up the canyon, knowing it would open up into a meadow at the Pats Lake Trail junction. Here we found grazing and access to water. We dropped the panniers and headed back down the trail to pick up the back packs for our foot travelers. We caught them about a mile from the campsite. We slung the 3 heaviest packs on Warrior and tied them up. The 2 kids packs we hung from Amber's sawbuck. Warrior looked pretty cool with water bottles and back packer bear

barrels swinging below his belly. He, however, was fairly unimpressed and simply wanted to be done with work so that he could go graze. We traveled 4.3 miles that day and went from 6500 feet to 8280 feet. Just as we got camp set up, it rained. We all scurried to our tents. The rain passed, we ate dinner and just as we got the dishes washed, it started raining again. Again, we all scurried to our tents. About 8:30 PM the rain stopped and I popped my head out of the tent. It had cleared and the setting sun was turning the top of Mount Everly to gold.

Day 3, Monday 8/20. The day dawned chilly, at 38 degrees, and overcast. An overcast day kept the temperatures comfortable for our backpackers. Turns out we had placed our toilet site not far from the Pats Lake trail and in clear view from the trail. Fortunately, we were the only folks on the trail and had packed up the toilet by then. The trail to Pats Lake starts out almost immediately with steep, rocky switch backs. On one, Warrior fell to his knees. Amazingly, for all his scrambling to regain his footing, he received no cuts or scrapes. Once we topped out at the unnamed lake I noticed Amber had received many scrapes, yet she had no problem with the trail. The trail and views from the junction to Pats Lake are simply spectacular. We passed unnamed lakes and continued

to climb to the pass at 9250 feet. I was taking pictures as well as leading a pack horse. The trail switched back up granite ledges and was rocky and steep. I decided that I needed to focus on the trail and not on the photography. We paused at the pass to soak up the beauty. To the east we saw the upper basin of Queens River and rows after rows of mountain ranges. To the west again rows after rows of mountain ranges. We were surrounded by spectacular beauty. It is once we cross the pass that I feel I am truly in the Sawtooths. Simply magnificent. At this point we began the decent to Arrowhead Lake and onto Pats Lake. The trail hairpins steeply down slabs and talus with some big step downs. We decided it was safer to get off and lead the horses through these. There was a large deadfall angled across the talus switchback that was almost to Amber's belly. While there was a small trail, on the downhill side, around it, she chose, instead to launch herself over it. We camped at the outflow end of Pats Lake at 8350 feet. We had traveled 3.3 miles that day. Shortly after retiring, it rained. While it was a steady rain, the ground under the trees remained dry.

Day 4, Tuesday 8/21. The day dawned beautifully clear. We spread our gear out to dry as we had coffee and breakfast. The trailhead and camper began to look more and more inviting. We all were tiring of packing

up, moving, and unpacking each day. So we decided to try for Browns Lake this day so we could walk out the next day. The trail from Pats Lake to Johnson Lake Junction went through a 5 year old or so burn area and contained lots of large downfall. We switch backed down the trail following the outflow from Pats Lake. The fireweed was prolific but was coming to the end of its bloom time. At one point, the trail stopped abruptly due to all the downfall. I finally discerned the slightly trampled vegetation of the makeshift trail around the 'pick up sticks' of downfall. The trail continued with long switch backs down a long, wide canyon to the junction with Johnson Creek trail.



The trail was very brushy and overgrown with tall buckbrush and many times we saw bear scat; a point not missed by our backpackers. The trail crossed the creek and climbed back up the hillside. All along this trail we stepped over lots of large deadfall. It was very tough on the stock. Mid afternoon we caught up with the backpackers at the Johnson Lake trail. We had planned to camp at Johnson Lake, but that allure of the trailhead remained. However, we warned them that if we went

on and over High Pass, we would have to continue until we either found good grazing and access to water or got to Browns Lake. All agreed to continue. We rode on and up a long, gradual switchback to High Pass at 8500 feet. Again, I was taking pictures as well as leading a pack horse. Near the top I decided that I needed to focus on the trail and not on the photography. We paused at the pass to soak up the beauty. The views back across the valley towards Pats Lake were gorgeous. The trail hair pinned down switchbacks to the junction with the Browns Lake trail. Almost there. Little did we realize that the trail to Brown's Lake is very steep and rocky. One stretch was almost vertical and we got off and led the horses. It would be a tough final stretch for our backpackers that had already had a long day on the trail. We passed a dried pond and wondered if that were the 'lake'. If so, what a disappointment. We rode on and topped out by at Browns Lake (8278 feet) at its outflow. What we saw was well worth the ride. We saw a stunning lake, tucked below towering peaks. However, being a typical high mountain lake surrounded by peaks, there was no grazing and no place to highline. It looked green at the other end of the lake, but we could not tell if it were due to grass or other vegetation. There was a faint trail along the side of the lake winding its way through the rock and brush. Charles stayed

back and held the pack animals, while Chet and I checked it out. It was a rugged trail that went over deadfall and between narrowly spaced trees. I decided it was not a trail suitable for pack stock. We dropped the panniers at the hardened camp site and headed back down the trail to gather the back packs. At this point we met the only person we saw the entire trip. He had come up Little Queens River trail and was planning on traveling cross country from Brown Lake to Queens River Trail. He apparently was seeking solitude, which he would not have near us with 4 adults, 3 kids, a dog, 4 horses, and a cow bell. We told him of the potential camp site at the other end of the lake and we never saw him again. Moments later, our backpackers appeared on the trail and declined help with their packs since they were 'almost there'. Little did they know the steepness of the trail. We traveled 6.9 miles down, up, down, and up again that day. We grazed and highlined the horses down near the dried pond. We placed our tent down there as well to monitor the horses throughout the night.

Day 5, Wednesday 8/22. It promised to be another clear and beautiful day. We watched the sun dance yellow on Browns Peak while we enjoyed our morning coffee. The lake was perfectly calm and the peaks were perfectly mirrored on it. A curious deer checked us, the horses, and the camp out from

various angles until it was satisfied we were no threat. We decided to try to hike out today. It was a 9.6 mile walk, but was all downhill. However, we did have camping and grazing options should we decide to stop. The trail out was easy with a gradual descent. About 4 miles from the trailhead we caught up with our backpackers. They were making fabulous time. We passed them and continued down the trail. Finally we saw the bridge and the trail head.



We dropped the panniers, had a beer (and a can of peaches for Charles) and headed back up the trail to once again intercept our backpackers to pick up packs. We intercepted them 2 minutes from the trailhead. They were cooking coming down the trail. Our young grandson, all of 9 years old, had been setting the blistering pace. While it had been too cold to unload the solar shower on the trail, we had 40 gallons of water in the tank on top of the horse trailer, warming all week, with which to remove some of the dust and grime of the trip. We did not hesitate to queue up, of course we women were first and second. We camped that evening at the trailhead, in the parking lot. 2 unattended rigs

from Washington state were parked in one of the near, desirable campsites. We decided that was somewhat rude to park in a campsite instead of the trailer parking site while on the trail. We had moved our rig from that campsite to the parking area the morning we hit the trail.

Day 6, Thursday 8/23. We had breakfast and loaded up to travel to Atlanta. I had never been to Atlanta and the family wanted to see it as well. We encountered a small black bear cub beside the road as we drove to the town. We are sure Momma and another cub were nearby though we never saw them. Atlanta is a vibrant mountain town. If you have been to Silver City, Atlanta is nothing like that. Atlanta is alive. Folks live there; year round. We talked to a few folks passionate about the preservation of the town. We learned a lot about its history and the difficulties of the preservation. One gentleman I talked with knew many former HP folks. As he tossed names I could say that I had worked for that person or knew that person. That created an instant familiarity. But that familiarity is not needed with the folks in Atlanta as they are so welcoming, so open and so helpful. They are passionate about preserving their history and we learned that many historic buildings were being moved from Rocky Bar, other environs and even Eagle. While

the framing and footings were allowed to be new to support the 'old' buildings', the rest of the exterior of the buildings need to be, if possible, original. We wandered around, investigating the historical buildings. They were unlocked, very well appointed, and open to the public. Trust abounds in Atlanta. We also learned that the power generation from the dam was down and that they had back up diesel power generation for 6 hours a day. They were matter of fact when they said it was sufficient to keep the refrigerated and frozen foods safe. After a bit, we headed down the road in search of hot springs. Many are purported to be in the area via both map and word, but we had a 4 horse trailer following us and turnarounds appeared very few and far between in and past

Atlanta. We gave up and headed down the road, aiming for the Kirkham Hot Springs, via FR 327 and FR 384. This route, to Edna Creek and Highway 21, went over a few summits, but was only about 34 miles on dirt road. We stopped at Kirkham Hot Springs to remove the knots in our bodies as well as to remove the next layer of trail grime. We learned previously that we cannot remove our horses at this stop. We had removed them from the trailer and had tied them to the trailer out of the way of traffic and out of any impact to the surrounding land. And we removed and packed up any expelled manure. Even though we thoroughly cleaned up after our horses, the ranger said we can not remove them at all from the trailer at the Kirkham Hot Springs. This time, we didn't

even attempt it. Note, dogs are not allowed either. We kept horses and dog at the trailer and relaxed and unwound tight muscles in the heat of the hot springs. We then headed for Emmett and home.

It was a great trip full of beautiful scenery. It was a great way to spend time with our family. We traveled 31 miles, but I'm sure Bindi – the dog – traveled more. It was also a lot of work, both in preparation, the daily packing, moving, unpacking, and finally the unpacking, cleaning and stowing at home. But well worth it. I am already making plans for next year's trip into the White Clouds.

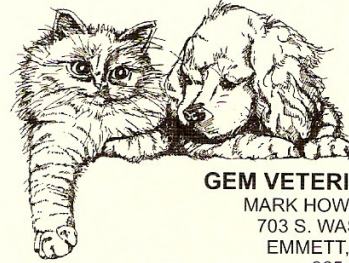


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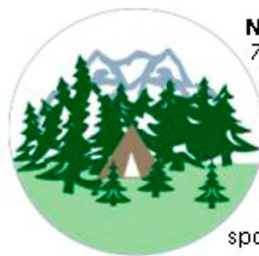
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EMMETT MERCHANTS

Squaw Butte Back Country Horsemen – Chartered 3/92**08/02/2007 Regular Meeting Minutes**

<i>Name</i>	<i>Present</i>
Adams, Rob & Linda	Rob
Argo, Doug & Teri	
Becker, Mike	
Bendorf, Rick & Jennifer	
Berggren, Leon & Margaret	X
Beyer, Tracy & Trisha	X Laura
Brewer, Vernon & Anita	
Bryant, Mildred	
Burak, Nadine	
Bush, John & Jackie	John
Buthman, Tony & Tami	X
Carpenter, Vern	
Carroll, Phil	
Conger, Bill & Marybeth	
Creamer & Christensen, Kelley & Trudy	
Davis, Justin	
Farnese, Karen	
Fry & Marks, Adam & Debra	
Gaskell, Lou Ann	

Gress, Rose	
Gudmundsen, Bob	
Hamilton, Ken & Linda	
Harding, Bruce	
Hezeltine, Alex & Sherrie	
Hickey, Jim & Kristy	
Holt, Bill & Chris	X
Howard, Bob	X
Howard, Robert & Donna	X
Joyner, Jeffrey	
Kaae, Gary & Cathy	
King, George	
Kondeff, Brian & Terri	
Kriete, Mark	
Lane, Mark	
Lemon & Beebe, Jake & Rose	
Leonard, Steve & Tonya	
Lox & Knapp, Charles & Ellen	X
Lyons, Barney	
MacDonald, Terry & Gail	
Mallea & Collins, Ken & Nancy	

Murrell, Edward	
Nielsen, Dolores	
Phillips, Dan & Linda	X
Pitzer, David & Patricia	
Ryan, Phil & Kay	X
Safford, Dan	
Schantz, Shannon	
Schindele, Robbin & Sally	X
Seel, Jon	
Selkirk, William	
Starner, Barbara	
Stroeder, Joanna	X
Thielges, Jim	
Truax, Ralph & Sharon	
Webb, Travis & Erika	
West, Bob & Alasya	
Young, Gene & Cheryl	

2007 SBBCH Officers and Board of Directors:

President: Ellen Knapp, Vice President: Sally Schindele, Treasurer: Charles Lox, Secretary: Kay Ryan
Past President: Bob Howard, Sr.

State Directors (2): Joanna Stroeder (2), Robbin Schindele (1), Alternate State Director: Phil Ryan
Foundation Director: Margaret Berggren, Alternate Foundation Director: Bill Conger

Regular meeting brought to order at 7:00 P.M. by President Ellen Knapp

Pledge of Allegiance

Introduction and Welcome to Guests: Michael J. Pierce

Introduction and Welcome to New Members:

MINUTES OF THE JULY MEETING

Robbin Schindele moved to accept the minutes from the July meeting as read. Phil Ryan seconded the motion which passed.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Beginning Balance: \$7,279.21
Deposits: .00
Expenditures: -\$227.03
Adjustments: -\$.70
Balance: \$7,051.48
CD Investment: -\$5,000.00
Ending Balance: \$2,051.48

Chris Holt moved to accept the Treasurer's report. Leon Berggren seconded the motion which passed.

CD Update: Charles Lox reported that we have a 6-month CD with State Farm.

COMMITTEE REPORTS

Public Liaison Report: Leon said there is nothing new on the Tamarack Land Swap. Phil said he is going to bring it up at the Idaho Sportsmen's Caucus Advisory Council (ISCAC) meeting on Saturday.

State Directors Report: Robbin reported on the State Board of Director's meeting. He said Jack Lamb, President of the Foundation reported that the Lighthouse grant is a grant in perpetuity meaning that money is replaced as it is being spent. He said Lamb encouraged all chapters to look for grant money. Robbin said

he returned a number of items previously purchased by the Foundation so other chapters could use them. If no one wanted them, they will be auctioned off at the next state convention. Robbin reported that the Outdoor Show gave the state organization \$2,030, that the next state convention/outdoor show will be April 12-14. Mark Bogar suggested each chapter purchase a 10 x 10 booth space for \$100 and invite local artists from their area to use the space. He reported that for the 2008 Convention, Squaw Butte Chapter along with Karen Parks will be responsible for coordinating the food: Friday and Saturday continental breakfasts and Saturday lunches and banquet. The Chapter is also responsible for one silent auction item and four bucket auction items. There will be a theme contest for 2008, with the winning theme and logo to be decided at the November meeting. There was a lot of discussion about continuing with the State Convention and that most want to continue the convention but also support the Outdoor Show. There are concerns about moving it around the state. For 2008, there will be a second convention in November, probably in Salmon. Robbin said there are now 22 states with BCH representation and the Right-to-Ride issue is still stalled by Senator Craig. However, there's an effort to get something passed through the State Legislature. Washington State has already done this. Phil reported that the calendar project will be planned for 2009 with pictures from the 2008 photo contest. All photos have to have an equine in the picture. He said a lady from Coeur d'Alene is a print buyer so we may be able to cut expenses on printing. The next Board meeting will be 11-3 in Burley. Phil also reported that he attended the Wyoming State BCH Rendezvous. **Education & Foundation Reports:** Margaret Berggren said she had nothing to report.

Work Projects and Rides Report: Rob Adams reported on the work done on the Devil's Slide Trail in the Peace Creek area. It was in a burn area and was very dirty. They cleared the bottom third on Saturday and on Sunday worked on the Peace Creek side putting in signs and doing lots of cutting. Ellen and Sally were the wranglers. He reported that the trip to Buck's Basin turned out a little different than anticipated and that some very "knowledgeable" cows located the trail for the riders. The August schedule, dependent on fires is as follows: Aug 11 – West Mountain north and Poison Creek; Aug 25 – West Mountain and Wilson Corral Trail. September will be the 4H Treasure Hunt and a ride at Dry Buck. October has the Regan Peak ride and the Packer's playday. Check the website for updates and information. Rob reported on Kelley Creamer's accident and said that he is healing...but not laughing much.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Certified Hay for Chapter: Ellen reported that a ton of hay was purchased and half placed at Phil's and half at their place. She reminded everyone that they MUST have certified hay when going in the back country.

NEW BUSINESS

Smail of Newsletter: Ellen said we are currently mailing between 80 and 85 newsletters each month (advertisers, other chapters, members) and proposed that we not mail newsletters to those who can get it electronically unless they request it. Discussion followed. Phil said he was more concerned that we get the newsletter on time. Kay Ryan said that Robbin shouldn't be the only person to write articles and that we should publish whatever we have when the deadline arrives. Tony Buthman moved that our newsletters remain electronic and that hard copy newsletters not be mailed unless individuals ask for it. Chris seconded the motion which passed. Kay suggested that we put a note to this effect in the July newsletter which has yet to be published. John Bush asked that Ellen and Charles come up with a cost analysis for the next meeting as they have been footing the printing costs for a long time.

1 on 1 Judging for Gem/Boise 4-H: Ellen reported on her work with the 4-H kids and encouraged anyone interested to become a judge. Trisha Beyer also said that they are looking for replacement judges as some have been at it for many years and would like some relief. They are also looking for donations of supplies and help with trail work.

GOOD OF THE ORDER

Notices:

- **Birthdays:** Ellen read the list of August birthdays.
- **Wild Horse and Burro Auction:** Joanna reported there will be about 300 wild horses ready for preview on August 24th with adoption on the 25th and 26th. Pick up a good horse for \$125.

Door Prize: Phil won the 50 pound bag of dog food donated by Pet Corral.

The meeting was adjourned at 8:15 PM.

Respectfully submitted by Kay Ryan, Secretary, SBBCH