

# SQUAW BUTTE BACK COUNTRY HORSEMEN

PO Box 293, Emmett, ID 83617

September, 2007

## TR 131



## 4H FALL RIDE & THAT'S IT

**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](mailto:president@sbbchidaho.org)



by Rob Adams

**S**aturday night waiting for the weather person to give Sunday's forecast, will the rain continue or will there be a break. Forecast is one of those half full glass sort of things. Depending on which channel you were watching the change of rain was 30% to 50% with the forecast of it moving to the east by noon. So, do you get up early and take the chance that the weather will be OK by 10:00 or to you turn off the alarm clock and sleep late. The optimistic soles choose the first answer and got going early, telling themselves that if they got to the trail head and it was pouring that they would just turn around and go back home, their stock having a nice but damp ride in the trailer. At

08:00 I was all packed and ready to catch Willow and Mestena, there were a couple of blue patches to the west, the air was cool and very little wind. Mestena had spend most of the summer just standing around and eating and really needed a bit of exercise, and people don't hesitate to go hunting when the weather is not perfect, why should I not get one more ride on west mountain. Loaded up, I made good time to Smith's Ferry and the gravel road was in excellent shape, so by 09:15 I was parked at Sage Hen meadows camp ground and a couple of bow hunters walked over to see what I was doing.



Rob's Ponies

They talked about the game sign they were seeing and that they had seen two young wolves just before sun set the day before at the edge of the meadow. So far so good with the weather, it is overcast but only a light breeze. 10:00 comes and goes, and no other trailer show up, so I climb into my saddle pick up the lead rope and start up the road to the tail

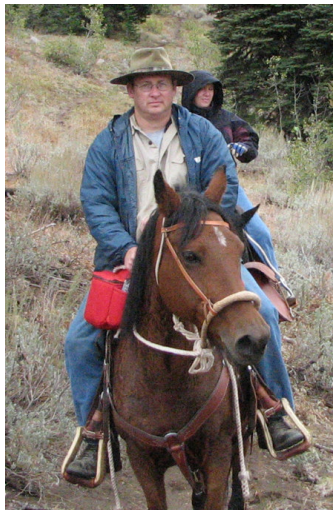
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head. Just before leaving the road for the West Mountain trail TR131 I hear the sound of a truck coming and it was Trisha and Tracy Beyer. They stopped and ask who else was riding? I told them I would wait for them at the trail head and they when and parked. About 30 minutes later, willows ears slammed forward and he started snorting. The Beyer's horses whinnied hello and we were off.

The trail was a bit muddy, and we joked that if we lived in Seattle this is what all trail rides would be like. A motorcycle group maintains this section of trail, so I didn't bring a chain saw. Mistake. Within the first mile we had downfall over the trail. It was too big for my handsaw, and low enough for the horses to step/jump over. So we continued on leaving the tree for another day. The trail is easy to follow and in very good shape.

The rain the night before had erased any tracks so any we saw had to be fresh. We did see a lot of tracks, elk, deer and what

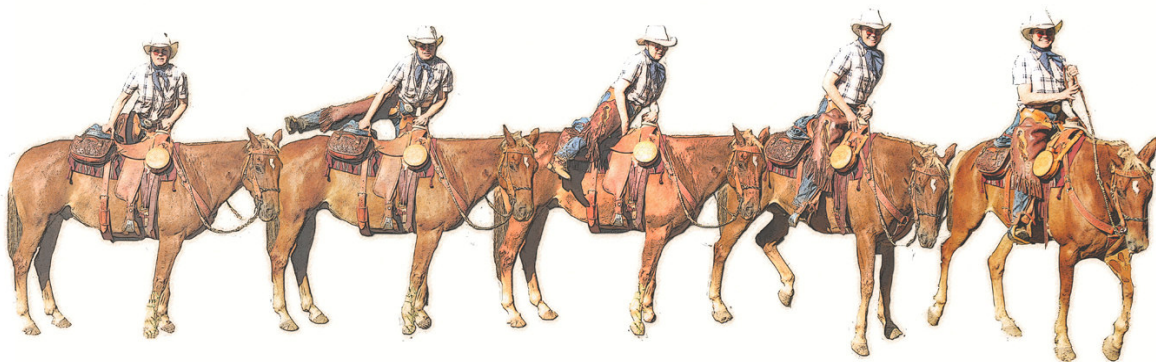
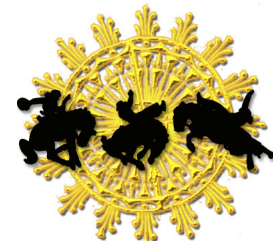
looked like a small wolf. We came to another down tree at mile 4. Willow and Mestena jumped it, Tracy's horse didn't think that was such a great idea, and it looked like the motorcycles were going around it, so they did too. This required climbing a hillside and will produce a lot of erosion over the long term. This log will also need to be cut out. We continued up the mountain, gaining view of the surrounding peaks topped with clouds and snow. We stopped for lunch at 7200 feet, just below the snow.



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Trisha and Tracy enjoyed the hot soup they had packed along. The wind picked up a bit and at this altitude it had a bit of a bite to it. Some dark heavy clouds were moving our way, so we voted to make this the turnaround point. We were about a mile from the fire lookout on Triangle Peak.

The ride back was highlighted with some deer sighting. Back at the trailer the weather was still holding and it was no time before all were loaded up and ready for the drive home. I returned to Smiths ferry and highway 55 which was now full of south going traffic. The Beyers headed for Sage Hen and a drive through Ola. It was a great fall ride, the company was good the weather held off and the horses made good time.



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See them at: <http://www.sbbchidaho.org/html/sponsors.html>



By Ellen Knapp

The day dawned a bit brisk, but clear. It was a perfect day for an early fall ride. And it was a very successful 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Treasure Hunt Ride. We had 35 riders and 20 SBBCH volunteers. It was the best turnout yet. Gem-Boise 4-H Horse Program netted \$320.

Charles and I met Tracy and Roger Beyer at the Sandhollow entrance off Highway 16 where we put up signs for the day's ride. Charles and I and Mike Becker had marked the riding route Friday eve.

When we arrived at the trailhead we had volunteers eagerly awaiting to be put to work. Trisha Beyer, my co-coordinator, was already directing our many SBBCH volunteers. Registration and lunch areas were quickly set up with the help of Chris and Bill Holt, Margeret Berrgren, Kay Ryan, and Terry MacDonald. Additional SBBCH volunteers poured in, ready to be put to work.

By 9 am we were ready. Terry MacDonald was concerned – where are the riders? We reminded him that the ride did not start until 10 am. Trailers began arriving. Registrants began registering. Kay Ryan and Margaret Bergren

registered the riders and handed out the 'test' and answers. By 10 Am we had many riders ready to hit the trail. Bruce Harding checked teams out while Linda Phillips explained the trail markings and handed out the first 'answers' to each rider.

John and Jackie Bush manned the first station on the trail, handing out answers to each rider. Charles Lox and Terry MacDonald manned the next station and Erika Webb and Mike Becker manned the third station where the trail met the return road. 35 riders hit the trail. Phil Ryan rode among them and Rob Adams and Bill Conger rode sweep pulling all the trail flags.

The first riders began returning about 11:30. By noon, we had the grills turning out burgers and hot dogs. Chefs Tracy Beyer and Bill Holt manned the grills to feed the hungry returning riders.

Albertson's graciously provided all the food and fixings. The spread was phenomenal. Fruit salad, cucumber salad, taco salad, hamburgers and ALL the fixings, hot dogs, macaroni and cheese with ham, chips, veggies and dip, assorted cookies including rice

crispy treats, pop and water. If anyone went away hungry it was their own fault. .

Curt at High Desert Feed and Supply donated all the prizes. High Desert Feed and Supply does a lot to support our local equestrian groups. Please express your appreciation to Curt the next time you visit High Desert Feed and Supply. Prizes were awarded as follows: Oldest Rider: Mildred Bryant – 75, Youngest Rider: Morgan Solders – 8, Oldest Horse/Rider Team: Mildred Bryant – 102, Youngest Horse/Rider Team: Sierra Crisp – 18, Most Sponsorship Money Raised: \$100 Total (\$60 Additional to riders) Debbie Rowenhurst - Sponsor: Desert View Dairy/Desert Canyon Ranch, Quiz Drawing: Mary Beumeler. Thank you to all that participated in the quiz. \$345 was raised for the Gem – Boise 4-H Horse program.

Without the volunteerism in SBBCH, the ride would not have been the success that it was. Thank you to (in no particular order): Chris and Bill Holt, Terry MacDonald, Tracy Beyer, Laura and Roger Beyer, Linda Phillips, Kay Ryan, Margaret Berggren,

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Bruce Harding, Erika Webb, Mike  
Becker, Rob Adams, Bill Conger,  
Phil Ryan, Jackie and John Bush,

Charles Lox, and, lastly, but very  
importantly, my intrepid co-  
ordinator Trish Beyer.

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## KESTREL & MESTENA JOIN THE ADAMS FAMILY

Date: Monday, December 06, 1999 8:22 AM

Subject: Mustang weekend

Cast. Tom (age 55), Rob (age 49), filly (14 months), colt (18 months), trailer (15 years) - BLM Mustangs - little human contact.

Spent Saturday in the age old triangle. Horse, trailer, man. Man wants horse in trailer, horse wants nothing to do with either man or trailer. Trailer doesn't much care. It took over three hours to get the mustangs into the trailer, what ensued would have made a very funny video, if anyone had taken it.

After 30 minutes of trying to corner them in a small space I put a rope on the filly (Mestena). She is a bit over a year old and maybe 450 lbs. She took off, knocking me off my feet. We proceeded to zoom across a bumpy frozen paddock with me on my back, side and face, but I did not let go. (DUMB).

My friend Tom (who owns the trailer) got on the rope and we dally it around a post. She jumped around a bit then fell down. We jumped on her and got a halter on. We then let her up and realized that the halter was on completely wrong. I had a spare halter and put that one on over the original. Clipped a lead rope and we tried to lead her towards the trailer.

NOPE, leading was not part of her training yet. We had two modes of travel. Charging off with me in tow or backing up. Backing up seemed safer for both of us. So I backed her all the way to the entrance to the trailer. This is a 18 foot stock trailer with a 14 inch step up into it. We put a pillow case over her eyes got her facing the trailer. Tom pulled from the inside while I got behind her and with my shoulder in her rump pushed her up into the trailer. No she did not kick me, but sure could have. Now the easy one was in.

The colt has a couple hundred lbs on her and I was not going to try the rope trick again... He wanted to see where she went, so we used metal gates and formed a pen behind the trailer. Tom and I then sort of cornered him and after a 10 round match had a halter on him. No one was kicked, but some feet did get stomped on. We used the same drill with the blind fold, and me behind, Tom in front and after a total of three hours all were ready for the 45 minute ride to their new home.

We build a temporary coral out of 12 foot metal fence sections behind the trailer and unloading was uneventful. On Sunday the mustangs and I got to know each other a little. We played run around the round pen and catch me if you can, and no I don't much like lead ropes thank you.

After that game, we played you can touch me, but I don't have to like it do I. They did like the last game: hey this hay is good.

Yes, I did pull, strain or bruise most every muscle in my body,  
But it sure was fun... Rob