



# The Feedbag

September 2012

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## President's Message.....



Well it has been a busy summer with National Trail Days, the Steak Ride, the Burn Cabin Project, Spotted Dog two day ride, Fish Creek Educational Pack Trip, Summer Potluck Picnic at the Holt Museum, Pyramid Pass Ride, and the Indian Meadows two day ride, to name a few.

The summer has also been hot and now smoky so riding has been a challenge but we have lots of things happening this fall. We have our annual Ice Cream Social on September 19<sup>th</sup>. Nancy Stoverud will be doing a presentation on an all women's pack trip she took into the Bob Marshall this summer. On September 21 there is a celebration of the anniversary of the Scapegoat Wilderness that will be held in Lincoln at the public park on east side of town. There will be food, music and a lot of good people coming together for a good cause. Please come. The wire roll up and trail project on the Clearwater Game Range is on October 13 and the HWY 200 cleanup is on October 20<sup>th</sup>.

Michele Hutchins is putting together next year's calendar so if you have pictures please give them to her in the form of a CD, DVD, or flash drive by October. Board elections will be held later this fall. A selection committee will be nominating candidates. Missoula will be hosting the Montana State Convention in 2014 and we will be asking for help on this major event. We will also be celebrating the Missoula club's 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary at this time. More to come on this.

There are a lot of things going on so come join in. Meet new friends and renew acquaintances with old friends. Hope to see you all soon.

.....*Ken Brown, President*

### Back Country Horsemen of Missoula ~Mission Statement~

1. To perpetuate the common sense use and enjoyment of horses in America's back country and wilderness.
2. To work to ensure that public lands remain open to recreation and stock use.
3. To assist the various agencies responsible for the maintenance and management of public lands.
4. To educate, encourage and solicit active participation in the wise and sustained use of the back country resource by horsemen and the general public commensurate with our heritage.
5. To foster and encourage formation of new Back Country Horsemen organizations.

DATE	PROJECTS, RIDES, TRAINING, CLINICS	CONTACT
Sept. 15	Primm Meadows/Gold Creek Ride	Richard Tamcke, 258-6621
Oct. 13	Wire Rollup & Trails Project, Clearwater Game Range	Alan Meyers, 360-2121
Oct. 14	Boyd Mtn. Ride	Ken Brown, 207-6067
Oct. 20	Hwy. 200 Cleanup	Herb & Sue Monk, 549-8756
Dec. 8	Christmas Party & State Board Meeting	

**CLUB BOARD MEETS THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH AT 6:30 PM; GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETINGS ARE THE THIRD WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH AT 7:00 PM. LOCATION: ORI, OPPORTUNITY RESOURCES, INC., 2821 SO. RUSSELL ST., MISSOULA**

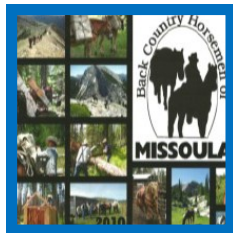
**Montana Back Country Horsemen Dates:**

December 8th 2012 State Board Meeting, Missoula  
April 5th-7th 2013 State Convention, Kalispell

**Annual Summer Potluck  
August 17, 2012  
Holt Heritage Museum**

**WANTED!**

PHOTOGRAPHS wanted for BCH of Missoula's 2011 calendar. Please pick out your best photos, put them on a CD and give them to either Mark Wright or Michele Hutchins at least by the October 17 general meeting. This committee is looking for photos from all four seasons of 2012 events, day rides, back country trips. Please call Michele at 626-4712 if you have questions.



The Club's annual summer potluck was again sponsored by Bill and Ramona Holt at their Heritage Museum. Thanks, Bill and Ramona, for hosting us! At this event Raynor Roberts, our Club's first elected president in January 1974, presented the Museum with his Montana Centennial Cattle Drive buckle. Twenty-three years ago this cattle drive kicked off on September 4, 1989. The drive started in Roundup and was a massive effort including 105 drovers, 2,812 cattle, 208 wagons, 3,337 horses for 2,397 cowboys and cowgirls and 79 wranglers. There were those who said it couldn't be done, but you don't tell a Montanan that something can't be done! It took 6 days to drive the cows 60 miles to Billings. They arrived on the outskirts toward evening, so camp was made there. They started for Main Street on a misty morning from rain the night before. Thousands of onlookers cheered them on and some were cheering, "Happy Birthday, Montana." What a great gift to add to the impressive memorabilia of the Holt Heritage Museum!



Col. Raynor Roberts, left, presenting the Centennial buckle to Bill Holt on the right.

## Fish Creek Educational Pack Trip July 5-8, 2012

.....by Chris Nygren

As the hottest temperatures of the year hit Western Montana and the fire season across the West picked up, Guy and Lori Hughes, Mike Paterni, Chris Nygren and instructors Dan Harper, Richard Tamcke and Don Barth headed out. Just the right size for individualized teaching on packing techniques, plant lore and local history.

After packing all the stock at the trailhead, the first adventure was fording the high water of Fish Creek. While some of the riding horses balked at first (more on that later), Dan and his mules led the way and everyone made it across safely. The cool water a welcome relief in the 95 degree heat. As the trail wandered up the valley under the cedar forest, Meriwether Lewis (Dan) kept us entertained with descriptions of the plant life, the history of the Great Burn and tales of other pack trips. After eight miles, only one small mud bog caused any issues and we were feeling pretty good about ourselves only being a couple miles from Fish Lake itself. Then the fun began.

Even though a Forest Service trail crew had cleared the trail about two weeks previously, the large windstorm at the end of June had knocked down several large logs across the trail on a steep hillside. After cutting through a couple with hand saws and axe, Richard and Dan went up the trail further only to find more trees down. We would have spent the next couple days just cutting our way through. A command decision was made and the better part of valor was returning back down the trail. After 16 miles for the day, we camped across Fish Creek from the trailhead at a nice little meadow, hobbled the stock and set up camp so we could practice all the camping, highline and other skills needed for a pack trip.

Did I mention we were camping across the creek from the trailhead? The same two horses that balked at crossing the creek on the way up now decided that the creek was no big deal and crossed the creek while hobbled. That would have been a fine sight to see! Luckily, there was a foot bridge to cross with a saddle horse and the hobbled horses were brought back to enjoy a night of camping before packing up the next morning, fording the creek and eating lunch at the trailhead. With the temperature already in the 90's, it was decided to head back to town to cool off.

Overall, we had a good trip with a great bunch of people. We're looking forward to the next trip when hopefully the weather is cooler and the blow down is cleared off the trails.

*Photos provided by Lori Hughes. Lower: Richard Tamcke, Lori talking to Mike Paterni. Right: Dan Harper, Lorie Hughes and Don Barth*



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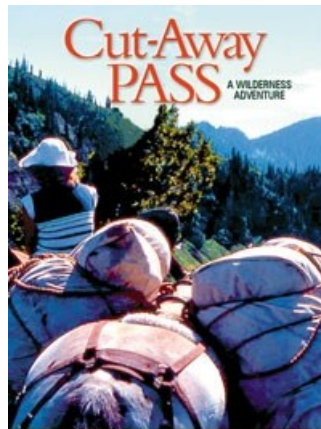
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## BCH of Missoula Beginnings

Late in 1973, seven men and spouses organized our Club. They are: Raynor Roberts, Fred Hartkorn, Smoke Elser, John Lance, Jim Broger, Chuck Smith and Mike Chandler. Smoke filled in as interim president until the 1974 elections were held. Early back country horsemen faced huge challenges as the Forest Service was preparing and revising their forest management plans to determine the best use for public lands.



The first issues trip made by Club members was into the Anaconda Pintler Wilderness in August 1976, one of the areas where certain trails were being considered for non-use to back country horse travel. They hoped to prove that horse groups could travel as lightly on the land as other users. Ed and Kallie Deschamps made that trip; Cut-Away Pass is Kallie's fictional rendition of the trip. She generously donated a copy of her book to our Club Library and following is an excerpt:

“Boot wondered if other horses hated mud as much as he did. The slippery, slimy stuff was squishing between his hoof and his shoe, sticking to the feathers on the back of his legs and causing

each foot to make this awful sucking sound when he tugged it from the charcoal ooze. The mud was bad enough. The rain was worse. It dripped down his neck, to finally soak through the thickness of his saddle pad.

He twitched his black ear and turned his head as he tried to glimpse the canvas-draped burden tied to his packsaddle. He supposed he should be proud. They had chosen him to carry it. He just wasn't sure. He'd never been a packhorse before. Always Abby's saddle horse from the time he'd been five and come to live at the ranch. He'd heard them talking earlier in the summer. Abby had a new horse she wanted to work in the wilderness. And of course there was the question of *his* age. He had turned twelve in the spring; but he felt as strong as ever. He loved Abby, would never do a thing to hurt her. He had to admit, he'd been hurt by their choice. But Pete needed a packhorse so here he was; hooked by a long halter rope to the horn of Pete's saddle. As if he needed that. He'd never leave. He watched Pete's back, fascinated by the little cascades of water dripping from his hat. If Pete turned his head just right, they landed on his shoulder and ran down the back of his yellow slicker.

Boot thought about that. The more he thought, the more he decided he hated yellow slickers. What was wrong with brown...or black? And made from some other kind of fabric, not so crinkly and noisy.

He remembered how Abby had goosed him the last time she'd tried to put hers on while she was riding him. He'd jumped. She had fallen off. He's been sorry but Pete got mad and Abby scolded him. Maybe that's why he was packing this burden.

He listened. Somehow, they all acted different. Nobody was laughing. He thought it was more than the drenching rain. He thought it had something to do with his load. He'd heard them talking. He hadn't been there when they'd mantied it, but he thought it was a man. That was strange. The only men he'd ever seen were riding in a saddle, with boots and spurs. And the smell. He could have done without that, but they were all so upset; the girls crying, the men silent and frowning, actually sad. He wasn't going to make it worse by refusing to pack it. They had called him a special horse. That was nice. He'd try his best to live up to the compliment.

They had talked to him. "Easy boy, Good Boot." That made him sound like an imbecile. They held the rope tightly. Were they afraid he'd bolt? Abby patted him on the neck and crooned to him. That was nice. Four of them, with tears in their eyes, slowly raised the strange shaped manti to his back, lashed it to his pack saddle. He hated being short, but maybe this time it was for the best. They seemed to appreciate it. "Good thing he's no taller. And he's quiet, too. Almost as if he knows." Of course I know. I'll just whinny softly to tell them. Abby murmured. "See you told them." They were all silent for a moment.

Then he heard a girls voice. The young one who always had a pellet for him at the end of the day. "I guess it doesn't really make any difference, but I'd like his last ride to be as pleasant as possible." So here they all were, sloshing down the trail; in the rain...and the mud. Under dripping trees, crossing swollen streams. His feet were wet and his nose was running. He was tired. He was hungry. He shook his head in misery. Would it never end? "

*Kallie stays busy as a volunteer for different causes. Ed passed in 2009. He and Kallie ranched after Ed's retirement from the Forest Service. They raised three children and have four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. All of their family with a couple of exceptions are in Montana. Kallie has written other books, has designed and created jewelry and recently has gone back to painting.*

## The Bear Horse

.....By Ken Brown



I got this e-mail recently that starts out, "Coming down the Rattlesnake after a hike my friend spotted a beautiful chocolate black bear with a cream chest patch. We watched it walk down the old road behind the pasture where your horses are and, yes, eat apples from those trees. What I wanted to tell you is that your grey horse deserves a cube of sugar for being brave. The bear never got too close nor did it seem to threaten the horses in any way, but your horse decided to make sure and bluff charged the bear. It kept about one-third of the pasture between them when it stopped."

So I am remembering the young lady from Glacier Park and the horse Tank that interfered with a bear. I can see it now... my small determined Montana horse takes on a furious humongous 2,000 pound snarling bear in protecting its pasture mates and a precious endangered historical apple orchard from certain destruction. I am now waiting for the call from David Letterman. I am already talking with Jim O'Reilly about bookings for next year's fair. I am thinking of rent my bear horse out to that famous Wildlife Conflict Manager, Bob or is it Jamey Wiesenhiemer.

### Burnt Cabin Work Project June 28-July 1, 2012

.....submitted by Lori Hughes

This year the Forest Service packed the supplies in and out. The main project was to replace the metal roof on the cabin. We also replaced the chimney on the cabin, repaired the water line to the horse corrals, cleared trails on Hahn Pass and Limestone Pass, as well as added storage in the hay shed and cleaned the outhouse. The crew consisted of Mark and Jenna Wright, myself, Jake Long, Mike Moore, Dan Tuxbury and Richard Tamcke. We were in for four days and all went well. Enjoyed perfect weather and great company!



Roofing are Jake Long, left, Richard Tamcke, center and Dan Tuxbury on the roof.



Work Crew: Back Row: Michael Moore and Dan Tuxbury, Project Leaders, Richard Tamcke. Front left to right: Mark & Jenna Wright, Lori Hughes and Jake Long. ...Photos by Lori Hughes

### 38th Annual Fathers Day Steak Ride June 17, 2012

Twelve Back Country Horsemen cleared trail, marked the route and located Porta-Potty sites a week before the Steak Ride. The day of the Steak Ride was rainy, windy and cold. Wind blew dust all over carefully prepared pot-luck dishes but Shane Clouse and his band played on. There were 49 riders on Fathers Day and 115 people served. Thanks to all the workers for the Pre-Ride and to the leaders on Fathers Day. Special thanks to the organizers, the cooks and food servers! Thank you, Gary Salisbury and Caroline Bauer, for organizing and leading this event. Thank Shane Clouse when you see him next for the great music. ....Photos by Don Dodge

Barbara Parker and "Allspice"



Mark Colyer and Don Bohne manning the grills.



The littlest BCH member, Kelsey, with Mom Kimm and Grampa Mike Fisher.

## Stranded at the Saddle

By the Editor

On June 25th I got a phone call from Richard Tamcke. (Most of you know Richard spends hours and hours cleaning trails for us.) "Say," he started out. "Some of us are going up Blue Mountain Trail tomorrow to clear brush. We'll start up higher and work our way down, so I'm looking for someone to take us up, drop us off and shuttle vehicles down for us. It'd take you an hour or an hour and one-half." "Okay," I answered. "John and I will be there."

Next morning we all had a nice visit at Blue Mountain Trailhead while we waited for everyone. Then it was time to start toward Blue Mountain Lookout. We'd gone probably six miles when Richard stopped to indicate where the van should be shuttled. Off toward the Lookout again. Soon a big dark cloud started overhead and the wind started swirling and blowing so hard it was whipping our truck around. It must have been whipping Richard's van around too, because soon he stopped and walked back to our window. "We took a vote and decided this wasn't the best day to clear trails up here. We're going to head back down." As he turned around to go back, I told John, "I haven't been to the Lookout in years. Why don't we just drive up there and back down."

This was probably not the best idea I've ever had. Later I would tell him that he never listens to me so why did he listen this time. And he would tell me later that he knew better than to keep going! But we drove and visited. We recalled an earlier time, 23 years ago, when we took our oldest daughter and grandsons huckleberry picking at the Lookout. The two grandsons were five and two and one-half at the time. They ate huckleberries as fast as we picked. The juice ran off their chins and their fingers were purple!

We turned around at the Lookout and headed for home. By this time the wind was blasting like a hurricane. Sure enough, just above the saddle the road was blocked by three huge Douglas fir trees. We were stopped and it seemed that time also stopped. "I can't believe there's no way out," I thought. "Maybe we could drive uphill and through the trees. What's four-wheel drive for anyway." We were truly trapped. No sense

thinking about my "to do" list for today. John backed up to the best opening to wait.



Then a discussion about who to call to help us. We talked about a neighbor. Or should we call a friend of John's that we knew would be happy to help? Then I thought of Sandy Evenson, who is retired from the Forest Service. "I'll call FS Dispatcher's office," she said. "They have all the contacts and phone numbers." Within minutes Dispatch called us. "We've got some help on the way, but they don't know how many trees are down on the road lower than you, so we can't give you a time. Are you alright and do you need anything?" "No, we're fine," I answered. "Thank you for helping us."

At about lunchtime, I looked through the truck for food—four or five year old granola bars, three packages of dill-flavored sunflower seeds and a few bottles of water. For entertainment I found a March 27th Durango Herald that had a cross-word puzzle and I read some corny horoscopes out loud. Like: "Taurus: Apply sunscreen when lying motionless on the beach for more than eight hours. Domestic animals find you repulsive this evening. Avoid unnecessary death." The scary entertainment was outside the truck. We watched seven trees go down, all green, young Douglas fir trees. I was nervous that one would fall on the truck even though John had backed up to the most open spot he could find. But I didn't voice my concerns to him. He was trying to nap but he'd raise his head every time a tree snapped off. A young buck came zipping uphill in front of the truck. We decided he was spooked at the cracking of the trees, which sounded like rifle shots.

Sandy called. She'd just passed FS Engine 341 and she presumed it to be heading our way. "Let me know if I can

do anything to help you guys," she said. For some reason John turned on his key and noticed a "right front low tire" light. But it wasn't just low, we observed. It was flat! That was another source of entertainment (?) -- listening to John's cuss words.

Just as he got the spare on the truck, Engine 341 arrived with a two-man crew. They said they were the only two left in town as others were all out fighting fires. One of them was due to be a father at any minute, so that was why he was left behind. "Farmer," as he is called, offered us ear plugs as



he'd be running the saw close to us. "I'll just take out my hearing aids," said John. I told Farmer that I always carry my own because I use them a lot. They had those three trees cut up and rolled off to the side of the road in no time. So we were free once again. John asked me to call Richard and tell him "next time he needs a volunteer to shuttle rigs, don't call us." Richard thought that was pretty funny. Now you would think that's the end of this story.....but it's not.

The first thing we did when we got down was to take the flat to a tire shop. As we left John said, "Well, they only charged us \$13.00, but I wonder why they didn't put the spare back underneath the truck. Oh, well. I'll do it." When John tried to put the spare underneath, he couldn't find the metal crank rod that lowers/lifts the spare underneath. So he called the tire shop and was told they couldn't find the crank rod and that's why they didn't replace the spare. We tore the pickup apart and couldn't find it. We drove back up to the saddle—seven miles of washboard and dust. There it was. Some kind soul had leaned it up against one of the Doug fir rounds on the side of the road. Now this really is the end of the story. Except that next time we will throw a chain saw and some gas in the back of our pickup!

## MUD LAKE CLEANUP

.....By Dan Harper

Last spring Beverly Dupree from the Great Burn Study Group gave a presentation on the Great Burn as part of the preparation for the educational pack trip. Perhaps as payback she suggested that the Backcountry Horsemen of Missoula might be interested packing out junk cached in various locations in the Great Burn. Wonderful, I thought, the chance to do good and have a fun pack trip.

Soon enough Randy Kappes and I met with Beverly who provided maps and photographs of the old stove, rusty cans, bottles and other garbage located at Mud Lake. She seemed pretty excited that she had been able to talk a couple of old packers into hauling out garbage from the wilderness. Another old packer, Don Barth decided that he to can be a garbage man, er packer.

We met in Lolo and headed up Fish Creek turning West on the Schley Mountain road. The road turned out to be a steep narrow road but otherwise a normal forest road 12 long miles to the trailhead. The diesels were huffing at the last pull up to the top. Randy, Don and I each had a saddle horse two pack animals, enough pack power to haul a ton of garbage.

The trail was gentle over the Idaho line and the upper Kelly Creek basin was spectacular. We watered the stock at Kid Lake and headed up, straight up so it seemed, over the line into Montana and down to Mud Lake. We looked for moose but no luck. We did find good grass for our animals. The next day we located two piles of junk including an old wood stove, lots of old cans, whiskey bottles (all of which were empty of course), propane canisters and the tattered remains of an old yellow slicker. Randy demonstrated his finesse with rope and canvas as he mantied up the old stove balancing the load with stovepipe and pieces of junk. I threw old cans and bottles into my panniers, demonstrate good technique, no doubt. The most challenging problem was the excellent crop of nails growing from the trees around the camping areas. We pulled what we could including a 1/4 inch square spike 16 inches long which we decided would be a good souvenir for Beverly. In all we had about 130 pounds of junk on the horses and mules as we headed out for Idaho.

Hey, hauling garbage out of a beautiful alpine wilderness on horseback really sucks, but if you are a garbage packer willing to put up with lots of laughter and exceptional vistas, then you may want to join us for similar project next year. Seriously, I know that many of the Backcountry Horsemen have found inappropriate objects (junk) in the wilderness and threw it in their packs to haul it out. Keep packing and hauling that garbage.



Photos by Dan Harper.  
Above: Dan is collecting the junk. Left: Randy Kappes is packing up the junk. Below: Randy's pack horse is carrying the junk.





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**More Mule History**

The mule is often spoke of as an animal born without pride of ancestry or hope for posterity! It is true that this hybrid is born sterile and is not capable of reproducing except in very few instances. They do, however, have reason to be proud of their ancestry. The paternal ancestry, is the ass. Many references to the ass are found in the Bible dating back to 1897 BC and, as far as we know, this member of the equine family, although noted for its obstinacy and stupidity, was the first animal to be domesticated to serve man as a slow, patient and sure-footed beast of burden. Most of the foundation stock of American jacks (male ass) and jennies (female ass) were imported from Spain and France. Columbus brought asses, along with other domestic animals, to the isle of Haiti on his second voyage to America in 1493 and descendants of these animals are still serving as power for a majority of the farm work today. According to history, George Washington is credited with being the first in America to raise mules. In 1785, the King of Spain sent him two Andalusian jacks and two jennies. One jack died on the way, but the other arrived safely and was appropriately named "Royal Gift." The following year General Lafayette sent Washington a jack and two jennies of Malta breed. The jack, called "Knight of Malta," was bred to one of the

Andalusian jennies and a jack was born named "Compound." Mares bred to this jack proved to be far superior to the horse for endurance and working capabilities on the farm. George Washington is considered the father of our country and his jack "Compound" is considered the father of our domestic mule, so the mule as we know it is something less than 200 years old. The early American mule was the offspring of some of the smaller breeds of mares such as the Standardbred, Morgan, Thoroughbred and others but as their working capabilities became known, breeders began mating their jacks with draft breeds to increase the size of their offspring. Mares of Belgian draft breeding were noted, especially in the Ohio Valley area, for the production of excellent mules and many of the show mules as well as work mules were, and still are, the product of Belgian mares.

*You're Invited!*




*Scapegoat Wilderness*  
**40<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Celebration**  
 WITH LIVE MUSIC BY  
**Wylie & the Wild West** 1972-2012  
*in Lincoln, Montana!*

*Free Concert & Chili Feed*

Friday, Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> 2012 4:30-9:30 p.m. Hooper Park (Hwy. 200) Lincoln, Montana  
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