

Mission Statement:

Our purpose is to perpetuate the common sense use of horses in America's back country, wilderness and roadless areas; to assist various government and private agencies in their maintenance of said resources; to work to ensure that public lands remain open to recreational stock use; and to educate, encourage and solicit active participation in the wise and sustaining use of the back country resources by horsemen and pack stock.



2019 SPWBCH Officers - Contact Information

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NEXT MEETING

Thursday, March 14, 2019
Hamilton Forest Service
General Meeting @ 6:00

St. Patrick's Day Desserts

Topics: Summer Projects/Events; Convention Update; Education Slideshow; Youth Camps; Clothing Order; "Trail Talk"!



President's Note – GOT SNOW?

It's been an interesting couple of weeks and a challenge for some. The routine seems to be shovel, plow, shovel, plow, shovel, plow! I hope everyone has been able to "manage" this event that I have named "Snowmageddon"! It's been a hardship on stock and I've been hearing some rumors of colic and other situations. Hang in there...we know spring is around the corner.

Our March meeting will be important because I hope to start setting some dates for summer projects and other fun events. If you have comments and cannot make the meeting on the 14th, please get in touch with me.

Also, just a reminder that membership dues are being collected for 2019. We will be updating our membership list after the March meeting. Thanks to all our members who supported us in 2018.

The March newsletter has become more of an entertainment booklet due to the lack of events/projects this time of year. I hope you enjoy the information I chose to publish. I always enjoy learning and reading these bits of information! Happy Trails, *Kathy*



Health & Training



Winter Dehydration

Tips from SPWBCH member, Betsy Rogan, D.V.M.



You should place a heater in their water tub to prevent it from freezing. Horses don't like to drink water that is too cold, and this will warm the water just enough to help them drink. Dehydration is a significant issue in winter with our horses not moving much, giving them no incentive to drink.

A good salt lick will also help give them the trigger to drink. Keep a block of salt near their water tank and if possible feed hay close to the tank instead of out in the field. Sometimes horses won't travel back up from the field to drink, especially if snow is deep or if it's icy. Also keep water clean.



Training Tip

Be a Detective: How are Your Horse's Mental and Physical Health?

Every time you work with your horse, you should act like a detective, trying to figure out where your horse has any holes in his foundation. One question you should ask yourself during each training session is: How is my horse's mental and physical health?

A good horseman keeps a constant eye on his horse's mental and physical well-being. Mental well-

being refers to the horse's attitude and state of mind. You want your horse to look forward to his training sessions, be interested in



what you're doing and to be relaxed. Now of course there will be times during the training process when you're challenging the horse or correcting longstanding bad habits and he may not come out of the barn with a smile on his face. That's normal. It's like I tell you, you've got to go through some ugly stuff to get to the good stuff.

And some horses, just like people, are just naturally grumpy and have bad attitudes. There's not much you can do to help their dispositions. However, if your normally good-minded horse cops a bad attitude or is overreactive, take the time to figure out why. Are you drilling too much on particular exercises and boring him to death? While it's important to be consistent with your training, you also have to be sure to include variety into your program. Are you pressuring him too much or progressing too quickly for him? You need to step back and assess the situation and figure out why your horse's behavior has changed and what you need to do to correct the situation.

Horses are much happier when they're turned out and can interact with other horses. If your horse is locked in a stall 23 hours a day and can't see other horses, it could be affecting his mental well-being.



The more you confine a horse and don't give him the opportunity to socialize and interact with other horses, as he normally

would do in a herd, the more uncomfortable he feels.

Mother Nature intended horses to constantly be on the move, interacting with each other. Taking them out of their natural state creates stress in their lives. A lot of horses deal with that stress by developing a stall vice – weaving, cribbing, etc. That

Training Tip cont.



vice is their attempt to stimulate their brain and give themselves something to do.

Horses are the most content if they can touch other horses, be near them or at least see them. I've noticed that with turnout my horses are happier and seem to enjoy their lives much

more. They have an overall better attitude when it comes to their work and their training progresses at a quicker rate.

Every day you ride your horse, you should assess his physical health. How is his body condition? Do you need to up or lower his calorie intake? I always tell people, ride the horse, not the feed. It's important that your horse's nutritional needs are met but you're not overfeeding him and causing him to be high strung and overreactive. On the other end of the scale, you need to make sure he's receiving enough feed to be in good health and spirits.

Does he appear to be stiff or sore anywhere? If so, address it immediately before a minor issue turns into a career-ending or life-threatening injury. If you expect your horse to perform well for you, you must give him the best care that you can. Keep in mind that the better prepared you are with groundwork and the more obstacles you've introduced to your horse at home, the better your trail ride will go. When you come across something that you're having trouble with, you have another way of communicating with the horse and showing him that he can trust you. You're not there to put him in any danger, or in any trouble. You're there to help lead him and build his confidence.

Clinton Anderson



~Dutch oven Recipe ~

St. Patrick's Day-IRISH SODA BREAD

Serves 8

Prep Time 5 min; Cook Time 55 min; Total Time 1 hr.

Traditionally, soda bread was baked over hot coals in a covered skillet, trapping steam from the dough to produce a wonderfully crusty loaf of bread—a setup anyone can re-create in a Dutch oven.



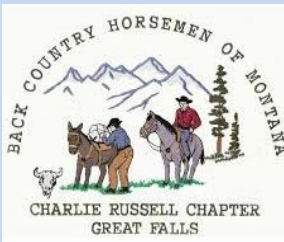
Ingredients:

- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 3/4 tsp salt
- 1 1/8 teaspoons baking soda
- 2 1/4 cups buttermilk

Preheat Dutch-oven to hot (450 degrees, using 10 briquettes under and 20 on top). Cover the bottom of a deep 10-inch cast iron Dutch oven with a sheet of parchment paper. Combine flour, salt, and baking soda in a large bowl and whisk. Stir in buttermilk until dough is fully moistened. Scrape dough into Dutch oven and smooth with a spatula into a rough boule-like (round) shape. Score deeply into quarters with a sharp knife, cleaning the blade between each slice. Cover and bake until well risen and golden, 55 minutes. Invert onto a wire rack and cool about 30 minutes. Cut thick slices to accompany the rest of your meal.

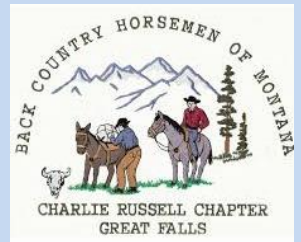
FYI: If you feel creative, you can also create a design on your round/boule shaped loaf of bread. There are lots of videos and info on the internet on how to “shape a boule”.





BCHMT State Convention

Hosted by Charlie Russell BCH
Great Falls, MT~March 1-2-3, 2019

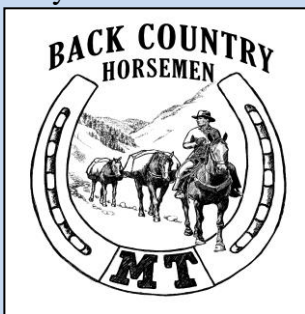


SPWBCH Delegates: Kathy Hundley & Terry Reed

Weather once again played a part in this year's BCHMT State Convention! Mike & Trish Foster and Patty Hascall, our original delegates, made the decision Thursday night not to drive to Great Falls due to poor weather forecasts and possible bad road conditions. Terry stepped in to be a SPWBCH delegate and make the trip. Surprisingly enough, the roads were not bad from the Bitterroot to the east side of Rogers Pass and then some high winds, poor visibility and some drifting were the only issues...and the extreme cold weather Sunday morning @ 32 degrees below zero. Let's just say it was really cold and many vehicles were being very fussy to start!!

CONVENTION HIGHLIGHTS

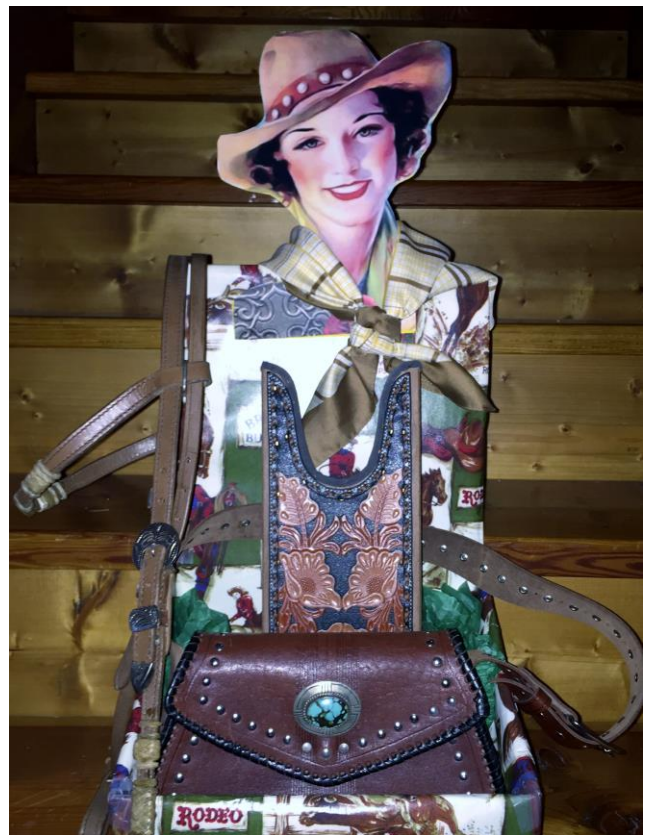
- ◆ National Resolutions voted down
- ◆ 2019 Volunteer Hours: 1,700 trail miles cleared; 21,645 volunteer hours; 1,894 stock days; \$933,759.09 dollars in volunteer work nationwide
- ◆ BCHA: 204 chapters in 31 states
- ◆ BCHA Member Log In: Your Name; PW: BCHA 2016
- ◆ April 6-8, Asheville, NC- BCHA National meeting
- ◆ Chapters encouraged sending letter to USFS Chief regarding lack of funding for trails/recreation
- ◆ Joni Packard indicates Region 1 funding only slightly lower than 2018-\$9.1 million/ \$8.8million 2019
- ◆ SPWBCH Auction Item: \$210 by Connie Long (at right)
- ◆ 50/50 Auction benefiting State: \$803
- ◆ 2 Breakout sessions: Utilizing Facebook better at the chapter level; Kelly Manzer, D.V.M.-presentation on winter care for horses and proper technique to put down a horse in an emergency (use of a firearm or knife)
- ◆ Founder's Award: Connie Long, recipient
- ◆ Photo Contest: 1st Place, Kathy Hundley for "Kids of all Ages" category
- ◆ 2020 Convention: Hosted by Bitter Root BCH-Hamilton @ Fairgrounds First Interstate Bldg.; 2021 Convention hosted by Three Rivers BCH-Dillon



2019 BCHMT Officers

Chairman-Rich Carl
Vice Chairman- Sherri Lionberger
Treasurer-Dan Marsh
Secretary-Keni Hopkins
National Directors: Mark Himmel/John Chepulis
Alternate: Brad Pollman

SPWBCH members took part in the Public Lands Rally on Friday, January 11 in Helena at the State Capitol. Trish Foster & Kathy Hundley at right; other members included Taylor & Sally Orr and dozens of BCH members from around the state.



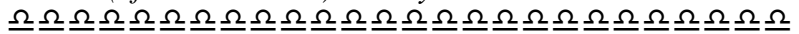
They Left Their Tracks

Recollections of 60 Years as a Bob Marshall Wilderness Outfitter

By Howard Copenhaver



"I thought I would share a chapter from Howard Copenhaver's first book, "They Left Their Tracks". I read all his books years ago and was fascinated by his stories. Howard Copenhaver was a wilderness outfitter and guide in Montana's famous Bob Marshall Wilderness for more than half a century. He started packing visitors into the rugged backcountry by mule string in the late 1920s when it was simply known as the South Fork (of the Flathead.)" Kathy



HOLLAND LAKE WRECK

Back in about 1957 I was real short on pack stock. I needed 10 more pack horses than I had. I had a big party of 28 people for a trip over Holland Pass, down by Big Salmon and on through the South Fork on a fishing trip. I had packed these men on fishing and sightseeing trips for several years.

Now always I had a fellow named Ted working for me. He was a horse trader deluxe. There are more stories about his escapades than Carter has liver pills. I says, "Ted do you know where I can rent 10 good gentle pack mules or horses?"

He says, "You bet. I've got 12 of them over by Polson. If you want I'll go get them." I says, "How much?" We agreed on a price. I says, "Now Ted, I don't want a bunch of half broke broomtails." Ted says, "Oh these are good. Just a little snorty." I says, "OK, but you and me are going to pack them. Now you make sure they are good." "OK," says Ted and he takes off after his truck and the stock.

Me and the rest of the boys start hauling my mules and saddle horses and equipment over to Holland Lake early the next morning. It's about a 75 mile haul one way and we had to make several trips, so about 7 o'clock I still had a load or two to haul that night. I says to Steve, my son, who was about 12 years old, "You



Crossing the South Fork of the Flathead at White River.

stay here at the corrals and when

Ted gets here have him put his stock in that little pen. Now you watch and see if any of them are snaky when he unloads. We'll go get the last loads. You can eat at the lodge."

Now my son, Steve, is quite a boy. He has been going in the mountains with me since he was five or six years old, some years spending almost the whole summer on the trails and in camps with me. He is an excellent rider and horsemen and knows all the main trails from one end of the wilderness to the other. Now at 12 he knows more about what's good or bad around a pack outfit than most men I could hire.

Well, when we returned I saw some new stock in the pen but paid no attention and went to unloading my truck and here comes Steve. He says, "Howard, I don't know about those horses of Ted's." I say, "Why?"

He says "Well, Ted didn't come. Guy brought them." Now Guy was Ted's dad. I asked him what Ted was doing because Ted liked old John Barley Corn and I was worried because I had to have him next morning by 4 a.m. Steve says, "He's looking for four horses he couldn't find."

I says, "Steve, how did they act when Guy unloaded them?" Steve said, "He didn't use the unloading ramp. He just backed the truck up to the corral and jumped them out." I said, "Didn't he have halters on



Howard and his horse Warbonnett.

them?" "No," says Steve, "Guy said they're not halter broke."

Right then I knew I had had it. We were in for trouble. Smokie and me went and took a look-see. All of those horses were three and four year olds, and just as owly as you've ever seen. When we walked into the corral, I knew Ole Satan was in on this too. Smokie says, "I'm glad I'm the cook and have a gentle string of mules for my kitchen."

Well, sometime in the night in comes Ted's old truck. He shuts it off and rolls out his sleeping bag. At daylight we're up catching horses and mules and saddling them. I says, "Ted, just leave yours alone After we get the rest of them on the trail, we'll pack extra case goods and beer on your string."

Everyone was on the trail by about 10 o'clock. I says to Bob, "When you hit Shirttail Park on the head of the Gordon, you make camp cause me and Ted might be late."

Bob says, "Late hell. You'll be there in the middle of the night."

Well old Barney, who owned Holland Lake Lodge back then says, "Let's go get some coffee before you birds start on that mess of colts." OK, and away we go.

In that catch pen was an old blue mare and six three year old colts. In the truck were a couple of four year olds and a grula mule, a funny blue-gray color. I four-footed the first one and Ted fell on his head and I tied all four feet and we left him laying there. This is the way we went through all the rest of them. Finally, we got them all haltered and tied to trees. Then we'd tie up a hind foot and pack them. In about two and a half hours we had them all loaded.

When we had them all tied together, Ted jumped on his saddle horse and took the lead rope on the mule because he was halter broke. I cut their feet loose, jumped on my saddle horse, grabbed my ketch rope and hollered, "Don't stop 'til they're pooped." And away Ted went on a high lope up the trail. Me, I was right behind slapping that old sour blue mare with my ketch rope. We made it for about a mile before we hit the steep trail and the 200-pound packs started to take their toll. Ted slowed to a nice easy walk and we thought we had it made.



A mule on the ground. A real wreck.

willow or little tree growing out of the creek bank. Ted and I would cut sling ropes as we could see them in the water, dropping the packs. They were all tangled like a bunch of angleworms in a corn can. We would roll one colt off the top of the others, cut his lead rope and roll him down the creek. Sometimes one would get on his feet and walk down the creek. More often, they'd fall on the slippery rocks and we'd roll them again. The water would dam up above us and give us help washing the horses down the gorge. Otherwise, we could not have done it. The sides of this creek were sheer rock from 4 to 10 feet high. We were waist deep in ice water almost all day. One by one, we had to roll them about 150 yards down to a flat just above the lake.

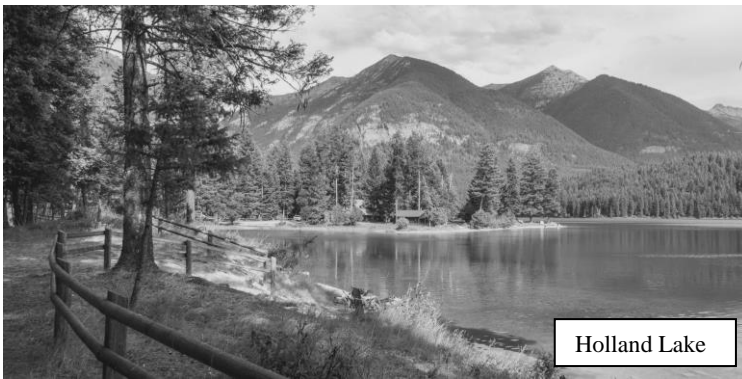
It must have been around 5 o'clock that afternoon when we had the last of the colts on their feet on dry ground. We let them stand and started to pack those wet packs up to the trail. What a job! As I said, we had them loaded with canned stuff and 24 cases of beer. This party loves their beer.



A wreck along the trail.

There was a creek coming down the mountain, one waterfall after another in a deep gorge clear down to Holland Lake. We had to cross it right where there was a hairpin turn in the trail. The lead mule hesitated a bit and then stepped right into the water. The rest followed. Now this trail is narrow and steep. That old sour blue mare just set the brakes when she came to the edge of the creek and hauled back, jerking the whole string off the trail and down into the gorge that creek runs in. What a mess! All nine of them colts and packs upside down in the gorge in ice water about two feet deep. Ted still had the cotton pickin' lead mule.

We tied our saddle horses to the trees and dove in after those colts. Their bodies and packs dammed up the water 'til it was waist deep. We had to keep their heads up out of the water so they wouldn't drown. We'd cut their halter rope and tie their heads up in the air to a sapling



While I'm rolling a pack the last couple of feet to the trail I think we're short one pack animal. I holler at Ted, "Did you see that old sour blue mare?" "No I didn't," says he. I holler from the trail, "You come up the creek and I'll go down." "OK," he says.

Well, I just started down the creek through the tag alder brush and here that old heifer is. She is standing spraddle-legged on the rocky ledge, her front feet on one side of the creek and her hind feet on the other. I call to Ted and he comes. "How the hell are we going to get her down from up there?" he says.

Finally, we get my axe and clear all the brush and trees out from in front of her. Then Ted takes my ketch rope, ties it around her neck, gets his saddle horse and dallies around the horn. I says, "Now when I yell, spur your horse. I'll beat the hell out of her and mebbly we can jump her across the creek."

I got me a good shillelagh and yelled. I really hit this old girl across the rump. She never even waits for Ted to pull. She just gave one little hop and was standing on the trail. I could have killed her. Her packs were still hanging in good shape; we didn't even have to adjust them.

Now we still had four packs of beer to pack up the hill. We could hardly move. We were in worse shape than the stock. All of a sudden a voice from up the trail hollers, "You boys need some help?" and down the hill comes this guy. He's about 6 foot 2 and four feet across the shoulder. I couldn't believe it. He passed me, grabbed the last pack up on his shoulders and as he passed me, picked up my pack and ran up the hill to the trail. He says, "Are there any more down there?"

I says, "No," and down the trail he goes. I never saw him before or after, but I'll never forget him. Old Ted and me ended up back at the Lodge, patching up pack saddles and gear. We ate a lunch with Barney, slept a couple of hours, and then headed out. We had no problem saddling those ponies this morning. We went back up the trail, loaded the packs on those colts—one of us on either side. No foot ropes this time. They really gave us no trouble after that and we caught up with the party about 10:30 that morning.



Camp at Big Prairie.

We moved camp on down to Big Prairie, had two days lay-over for fishing. Old Ted and me and those colts sure had earned a rest and we took it. Now I'm sure old Ted borrowed those colts out of somebody's pasture because all of the brand were strange to me.

I've got to throw in this little episode right here. This happened right on this trip when we left Big Prairie to camp the next day at Little Salmon. After breakfast and the kitchen string was loaded, I took off with the guests down the trail, leaving Ted, Steve and the rest of the crew to load and bring the duffle and rest of the camp. We were packing 32 mules and horses on this trip. Along about three in the afternoon, in comes Steve with his ten mules. Half an hour later Redhair shows up with his string. I says, "Where's Ted?"

He says, "Some guys showed up and them and Ted were having a beer when I left. He told me to go ahead and he'd catch me."

Now we have had our super and still no Ted. I saddle my horse and take back up the trail to look for him. I'm about five miles from camp on Murphy's Flat when I meet Ted. He's riding along whistling a soft tune, not a care in the world. When he saw me he says, "You old _____. Where you camped at? I've been lookin' for your tracks all afternoon."

I says, "Ted, you're drunk. There's 40 some head of stock makin' tracks up this trail. Now if I was to walk across this grassy flat barefooted you wouldn't slow up your horse to follow me."

When we got to camp everyone ran out to meet us saying, "What happened? What happened?" Ole Ted, with his hat cocked over one eye, set on his horse and remarks, "Four hours late and two cases of beer short". Everyone laughed and jumped in and helped unload the mules. You could get so mad at this guy you could kill him and then he'd come up with something funny. Now, a man can't laugh and stay mad.



Selway-Pintler Wilderness BCH
P.O. Box 88
Hamilton, MT 59840

To view in color go to:
www.bchmt.org/wp/spwbch



Remember-Please send me your stories and photos throughout the year if you would like to see them featured in the newsletter!
WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!



SPWBCH Bits and Spurs will now be printed quarterly.



Please help make our newsletter interesting, fun and informative by sending in articles, stories and photos! We love to read about your horses, mules, dogs, pack trips, campouts, hunting trips and good 'ole horse & mule sense! Trail history and updates are great too! Please send articles, news, pictures or horse/mule/back-country-related classifieds in to me for the quarterly newsletter at any time! Send to Kathy Hundley: 3448 Wright Way, Darby, MT 59829; prefer by e-mail: montanakath@yahoo.com

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Attention!

Members who have not yet renewed your membership for 2019

This will be your final newsletter!

Thank you for your continued support in our volunteer efforts to **“RESCUE TRAILS”** and promote the use of pack stock in our back country!

WE THANK YOU!

Please mail renewal to:
SPWBCH, P.O. Box 88, Hamilton, MT 59840

BEEN A LONG WINTER?
How about some "Creative Horse Clipping"!



SPRING FEVER?

Enjoy these harbingers of spring and keep on the lookout for them!



Bluebells



Shooting Star



Sagebrush Buttercup



Fairy Slipper Orchid



Mariposa Lily



Wild Clematis



Pasque Flower



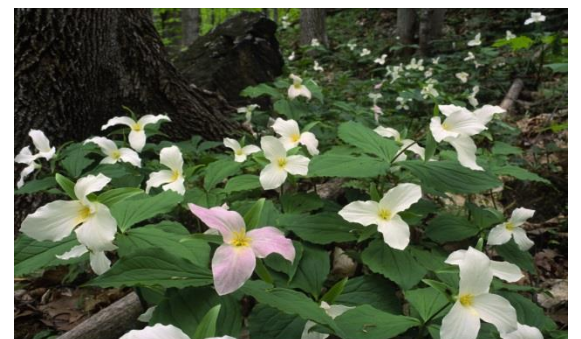
Elephant's Head



Yellowbells



Glacier Lily



Trillium