

Aug Trip Report ****BEEF ROUNDUP**** 2005

Thursday Aug 11th. Well to everyone in Sheridan it looked like a nasty nasty day. It had rained all night in Sheridan and the face of the mountain was all fogged in. I was a little concerned myself when we headed up that morning but as we reached camp we realized that at 9000 feet we were above the fog. It was clear and crisp at camp. Most of the guests were pleasantly surprised as they got off the bus and then surprised at how thin the air is at 9000 feet as they carried their luggage to their canvas motels. After getting everyone situated we did a quick saddling demonstration and got all of the saddles adjusted to fit so we were ready for the horsemanship clinic the next morning.

As it was the first night it is always difficult to find a nomination for the white bags but I was pretty sure I had one that would work. One of our esteemed past guests had called a couple of weeks before the trip and proclaimed, "did we know that our Aug trip was a day longer than it was supposed to be". Now that caused a major panic in the cook crew so my wife planned an extra day of meals and bought the groceries to compensate for the screw up that I had made during the scheduling. As I sat down 2 days before the trip and worked up the weeks travel plans I discovered that the Aug trip was exactly 6 nights just like the September trip and that was what it was supposed to be. So the senior member of the group from Georgia won the honor of the white bags.

Friday Aug 12th. We started the horsemanship clinic immediately after breakfast with the fog rolling up and down the canyons. It had rained off and on most of the night. Everyone slept dry and only a few of our southern most guests got cold that night. Chris spent the morning on the horsemanship clinic and then after lunch we did a trail ride to let everyone get a little more acclimated to the elevation and little bit more comfortable with the terrain that we would be riding in the next several days. That night's winner of the White Bags was another of our past guests who managed to saddle the wrong horse that morning. We decided to help him through the week so we painted his horse's name on the horse's butt so that he could find him everyday. Rumor has it that he is moving to Atlanta to set up his business. Do you suppose there is something about that part of the country that causes people to do things that will get them into the winners circle? Well, lets wait and see how the rest of the week plays out.

Sat Aug 13th. We headed to Sardine Lake the next morning and the fog was so thick at times you couldn't see 50yds. However, with those types of conditions dehydration certainly isn't a concern with people or the horses. Several people from the south had to put slickers on over their clothing to try and keep warm. I don't believe it got out of the low 50's all day. The fog hung on most of the day and by the time we got finished for the day we had gathered over 300 head of cattle but that meant we were short about half of the herd. That night around the fire it was pretty darn cool for a Aug evening. My guess was that it was somewhere in the 40's. The winner of the White Bags that evening was another guest from, you guessed it, Georgia!!! As John Barnett put it during the nomination of the White Bags that evening, "it looked like a grocery store dismount". I guess Jason was riding along and his saddle started to slide and Jason decided when he was at about 3:00 on the horse that it was time to get off. It wasn't smooth or pretty, but he did get off. He did try and say "dismount" but all he did was stutter DDDDDDD before landing in the pine needles. Lets count, three nominations and all three with ties to Georgia!!

Sunday Aug 14th. Well, it just barely dipped below freezing last night so it wasn't too bad. The water was frozen in the hose the next morning but it was at least clear with no sign of fog or rain. We gathered Dayton Gulch and trailed the cattle to the horse pasture where we held them against the fence and doctored a few and branded a bunch of little calves. These were the calves that had been born on the mountain so were about two week old. We did an old style branding and we roped and dragged the calves to the fire where any of the guests who wanted to learn were taught how to throw and hold a calf for branding. This was something new and they did exceptionally well. One particular guest from Arizona was really impressive as he really was riding for the brand. He held the back end of the calf and plopped down right behind him onto the ground where some generous cow had also plopped about two pounds of digested water and grass. When he turned the calf loose he then proceeded to get himself cleaned up. He figured the best way to do it was to wipe it off, but with what? Then the idea hit him, he walked UP the hill and sat in the clean lush green grass where he sat down and sitting in the grass pulled himself down the hill with his legs. Someone commented, He looks just like a dog, and you guessed it, he was a slam dunk for the winners circle of the White Bags. Several times during the week you would hear someone shout out "Dog" and everyone knew who they were talking about. The only unusual thing about this was that there were no ties to the state of Georgia in this nomination. As we tallied through the gate into Lake Creek the tally told us we were still missing around 200 head of cattle.

Monday Aug 15th. We packed up camp this morning and headed to Rock Cabin Park. It was clear, crisp and beautiful as we rode down through East Burn where we also sited Moose along the way. Once we got down to the Little Horn all of the guests were taken over to Leaky Mountain and then down to Emerald Hot Springs for a dip. It was getting late in the day and 3 hardy souls took a dive into the crystal clear green water, then on back to camp for a hardy dinner. That night BJ Mead won the White Saddle Bags for pitching on of the guest tents to close to the She Pee.

Tuesday Aug 16th. We split two different directions this morning to try and find some of the 200 head of cattle that we were short. One bunch rerode the parks and the rest of us headed up the Kerns/JoysIn Trail to reride all of the Bear Trap country that we had ridden in the fog. It was a long day in the saddle as we made a rather large circle through a lot of country that only the Bull Elk run in. We did manage to find 84 head of cattle and kicked them through into Dayton Gulch. As we were sitting eating lunch one of the guests Nina Sloan from New Jersey walked over to her horse Batman to get something and was squeezing between two horses Batman and Flip when Flip just reached over and took a mouthful of Nina's left cheek. To say the least a horse bite hurts like hell. We don't know what caused it other than the guest riding Flip was another Georgian! After lunch we split our group into 3 different bunches and headed out looking for more cattle. Climbing a steep hill Batman went down on a slab rock and Nina came out of the saddle. Nina like any good cowboy scrambled to her feet to get out of the way of the scrambling horse. Nothing like a little adrenaline to give you a quick getaway when you see a thousand pound horse falling around like a drunk sailor. As we continued up the timbered draw we had to jump a tree that had fallen across the trail. Everyone did fine but one. As Fox vaulted the 12in downed tree, John Barnetts hand slipped off the saddle horn and when I looked back John's butt was much higher than his head. Matter of fact if he had been riding his horse upside down he was in perfect form. Now it's a good

thing that Johns butt came down first because he landed sitting perfectly in the saddle. As we rode back to camp that evening we could see the other riders coming in from their circle also. I felt really good because we had had a very successful day as far as cattle went. As we joined up with the other group it turns out they had gotten skunked that day. They had found cattle but had managed to lose all of them but 8 in the timber throughout the day. That night around the fire Scott Jackson won the White Bags for wearing aqua sox the day before while swimming in Emerald Hot Springs. I can say that is damn sure a first.

Wednesday Aug 17th. We had an early morning that morning as we had to break camp down and get packed to make it to the valley on time to catch our ride to Sheridan. We got out of camp a little after 9:00 and down the canyon we went. It was a very quiet peaceful ride down the canyon and as far as we could tell, uneventful. Once we arrived at the Rocky Bottom we unsaddled and ran the horses home. Trent, Katie, Taylor, and Sam ran the horses the 12 miles back to the ranch and had a little mishap in the process. About the halfway point Batman managed to hit something and was bleeding profusely. With the running horses they had a hard time getting the herd stopped so they could catch Batman. Blood was spurting out about 3 feet and it looked like an artery had been cut. Eight of the horses charged on by as the 4 cowboys tried to hold the remaining horses. Randy who was pulling the tack trailer came up behind them and they took Katies sweat shirt and tried to apply direct pressure to the wound. Now Batman was dancing and prancing so trying to keep up with him, stop the bleeding, and quiet him down wasn't exactly happening. About that time another of our neighbors came by, saw what was happening and headed to his place to get his pickup and trailer. If he hadn't come along there is no doubt that Batman would have bled to death right there in the road. They hauled him to town where the vet put a compression bandage on, gave him drugs to quiet him down and put him in a stall. The next morning they did an exam and found a puncture wound about half the size of a mans' index finger. We have Batman home now in a box stall where he will spend the next 4 days, then he can go out in the corral for 4 days, then be turned out if it hasn't started bleeding again. So it looks like a 100% recovery is going to happen. However, Batman is not happy about being shut in a box stall.

Later that evening at he banquet when the White Saddle Bags came around we had another winner from the state of Georgia. As Jason was leading his horse up from the hitch line to camp it was noticed that he hadn't cinched up very tight. All of the guests and cowboys noticed it immediately. Even Sam noticed it and he was one of our 13 year old beginner cowboy's. As Jason walked the ¼ mile to camp he never looked back. Had he just happened to glance back he would have noticed that his saddle was very much still cinched on but it was completely under the horses belly. Now Amigo didn't exactly enjoy this but he figured it wasn't his place to say anything so he just walked along.

The interesting thing about this trip is that of the 7 nights of nominations for the White Saddle Bags, 5 of those nights had a McGarvey connection. I really don't know what to say, maybe it was just bad luck or maybe there is something about the peanuts in Georgia. We had a great week and I can't thank each of you enough. We certainly had everything in this week except a forest fire and maybe that's still coming on a later trip!!