

RUMINANT DIGEST #21

NOV 9, 2012

JUST FEEDING THE BEARS:

I think we will start this newsletter between the 2012 July Cattle Drive and the 2012 July Beef Roundup. Those who came last summer had a taste of what it is like dealing with little baby calves. Well, we had a group of about 100 head who were too young to walk to the mountain on the July Cattle Drive. These calves would have been anywhere from one to three weeks of age and as young as they were, presented a whole new set of problems. Since we were headed to the Dry Fork first in our rotation, we only had about 3 to 4 miles to go with the new babies. Those of you who went on the July Cattle Drive know how long that short few miles can actually be. On the July Cattle Drive with us starting shortly after daylight it took us until about 5:30pm to make the 3 or 4 short miles. Well the second trip with only 80-100 young pair was just as bad if not worse. With $\frac{1}{4}$ the herd size we didn't anticipate the hell we would encounter. Since most of these cows were cows that we had just purchased 3months earlier, they didn't have a clue where we were going, nor did they care. They also didn't really care where their calves were. We soon came to the realization that wherever these cows came from, they were not used to being trailed anywhere. Cattle that spend their summers in the same pasture and are never moved, never have to keep track of their calves because they aren't going anywhere. Like any baby, when the calves get hungry, they go to bawling until mom shows up to rectify the situation. Of course on the Double Rafter, trailing the herd somewhere is the main mode of transportation. We called a few neighbors and asked for some help thinking we would be done by noon, no problem. Well the 80 head made sure it was an all day ordeal and I think loved every minute of making it difficult for us. Actually it was a real downer of a day. Just as we reached the wire gate, which is on the bottom end of the Dry Fork allotment, the cattle got to pushing and shoving. It actually looked more like a mob riot than a cow herd. Those who came on the July Cattle Drive, might remember, that just as you get to the gate, there is about a 25 foot drop off and then the next 80 yards are about a 150 degree angle. Of course with all their pushing and shoving they managed to shove one of the mothers to one of the new calves over the edge. By the time she stopped rolling and bouncing she was clear in the bottom lying behind a boulder. Probably 300 yards below the trail. From the top it was obvious that she was either injured or pinned down and couldn't get up. Bob and Trent went back down the trail and found a spot they could climb down afoot. Once they got to the injured mother it was obvious that she had broken her back and was paralyzed. Sorry to say, there were no options. Trent had to ride back to the Rocky Bottom and get his pistol out of the pickup, as he hadn't packed it with him that day. Most of you have noticed that one of us generally is packing a gun and that is the reason we do. It's not to shoot bad guys or even whiny guests, even though they have it coming! It's to end the suffering of an injured animal. Of course the next problem that comes out of this is, where is the calf? Generally a calf will go back to where they last sucked. I figured the next day the calf would be running around on the bottom bawling looking for his mom. I went over the next day and rode all the bottom then headed back to the crime scene, to see if I could find a hungry calf anywhere. Absolutely no sign of him nor could I hear a bawling calf anywhere. I rode and rode and finally had no choice but to give it up.

The following week the plan was to come gather the cows out of the North Slope of the Dry Fork and kick them on into the Double Springs pasture. I figured we would find the calf somewhere and then make a plan from there. My rough thought was, that once we found him, we would take him to the cow camp, rope him, put a halter on him and keep him tied and give him a bottle until we could get him out of there and taken to the valley, where I was planning on dumping him on my nephews and nieces to give a bottle too twice a day. As we rode up the mountain the following week to start gathering the North Slope pasture, we observed from the edge of the cliff where the cow went over, two black bears

feeding on the carcass. With the drought this summer all the wildlife is suffering so I guess our misfortune was the bears good fortune. We also had the good luck to get to view the two bears. Viewing nature in it's natural surroundings is always enjoyable even when they are eating on a carcass that was an asset recently. It took several days of riding, but we did find the bummed calf and he was one of the lucky ones, as he had found a cow that he could steal from. Most cows won't let anything other than their own calf nurse them. This calf had figured out, that if he came up behind this one certain cow, when her calf was nursing, he could nurse from behind, between both hind legs without getting kicked or head butted. You could always pick this calf out in a herd because he always had a cowpie between his ears! This is both good and bad. The good is the fact that the calf would survive as long as he kept track of her. She certainly wasn't going to keep track of him. The bad is that her own calf was then only getting half the milk that she was producing. However, today both calves are still nursing her and both of them have had their growth stunted because neither one of them are getting enough to eat. But they are both alive and the cow gets a plus rating in attitude for raising both calves. The fact that both calves are smaller will not go against her in her evaluation of whether to keep her or sell her based on production.

FYI:

As you are aware I call my newsletters the Ruminant Digest. I just assumed you all know what a ruminant is. For those of you who don't, a ruminant is any animal that digests forage or grasses into an edible protein. (meat) A cow actually has 4 stomachs to do this process. For those who are absolutely against eating animal protein under any circumstances, not only for you, but everyone else, you must remember there are millions of acres in the west that due to topography cannot be farmed under any circumstances. The only way to get any protein production out of these areas is to graze it by a ruminant.

CLEAN UP RIDE 3:

The trip I'm talking about here was the fourth time Trent and I made a trip down the Little Horn Canyon with cattle this fall. Yes we had lots of do over's this summer.

After our trip through the canyon with the main herd of cows and calves, (it took Trent, Myself, and Craig Mead 3 days to get the herd through the canyon).

When Craig came out we started at Lick Creek with the idea that we would gather any cattle we found and also the horses that were still in the Lick Creek pasture. We were going to push the horses ahead of us and then once in the Little Horn, catch whatever we needed for fresh horses. Well, like all good plans dealing with Mother Nature, you soon find out the best you really have in your hand is a pair of deuces and a good bluff and Mother Nature has all Ace's. We rode Lick Creek and with about 4 inches of fresh snow ,could tell by the tracks that the horses had other thoughts and had found a hole in the fence and gone to Bull Elk Park. It's a 5 hour ride down and back to Bull Elk (unless you are riding with Trent) so it was obvious we wouldn't have fresh horses.

I was in the Dry Fork 2 days later and by glassing, could count 29 head of horses in Bull Elk Park. Well at least I knew where they were. For some reason about 5 days after the start of hunting season the horses came all the way back to Lick Creek. This of course fit perfectly with our plans because we knew we still had a few cattle in the Little Horn. We unloaded our horses, found the horses in Lick Creek and headed to the Little Horn with them. The horses trailed out real well once in the Little Horn and headed down country. Trent and I dropped the horses and rerode a bunch of country on top and took the cattle we had found and took them down to just above the Green Cabin where we dropped them for the day. We then headed to the valley with the idea that Dad was going to bring us back up the next morning and drop us off and we were going to come all the way through the canyon, with the cattle and

horses all in one day. We knew it would be a long day but then what is new when it comes to riding on the mountain.

Dad dropped us off the next morning just after the crack of daylight. It was 6 degrees when Trent and I climbed on our horses. I went down the West side of the Little Horn River and Trent went down the East side of the river. This way we could both see the country that the other was riding to make sure we didn't miss anything. It's real easy to ride along and have cattle just 40 yards from you but you can't see them because they are down in some little pocket. From the West side of the river I could see cattle just above the Green Cabin and a few head of horses way up high under the rims. I could not tell if Trent could see them or not. Once I reached the Little Horn horse pasture with no cattle, I could see that Trent had dropped his cattle just above the Little Horn Cow Camp and had turned up country to go get the 3 head of horses that I had seen up high. I swung over and picked up the cow tracks and decided to follow them on down country knowing that Trent would catch me shortly with the 3 lost horses. I didn't catch up with the cattle for a couple miles but Trent hadn't caught me either. I went on down to where I could glass the Leaky side of the river and also the lower park just above the Beaver Slide. I could see horses down there as well as cattle. I waited for about 20 minutes and no Trent, so decided to mosey back up country to find him. I had gone up country about 15 minutes when I saw him coming with one cow and calf, but no horses. When Trent had gone up country to get the 3 lost horses, he had come across a pair we had missed. He kicked the horses out ahead of him and trailed along with the pair. The three lost horses had given him hell getting them started as they were lost and had no idea which way to go, but they sure didn't want to go the direction he wanted to go. The three horses were Ibon, Roanoke, and Liberal. Trent asked me if by chance the horses were running ahead of him, as he hadn't seen them since he had picked up the cow. They hadn't come by me, which meant the dirty SOB's had ducked back up country somewhere. While Trent was chasing them his horse had gone down on a rock in the wild chase and Trent had torn the side of his boot completely out to the sock. I asked him if he was alright and he said just a little sore, but yes. I suspected it was a little more than that when he suggested that I go back up country to find the 3 horses and he would continue with the cattle and horses we already had. I headed up country wondering where the 3 renegades had gone to. If it hadn't been for Roanoke I would have seriously given thought to not getting them for a while. Roanoke is a real nice green 4 year old of Trent's, that is going to make a super horse someday. The other two are just pieces of hide, with 4 hooves and a tail that produce about 3 tons of manure each, annually. As I was riding up country, I was really hoping that I would come around a corner in the trail and see the three of them. When I reached the swamp above the Little Horn Cow Camp I decided to take the express trail to the top of the bench. We call it the express trail because it shortens the route to the top by about 20 minutes and is only real steep in a couple places. It was relatively dry, so I took it. If it had been muddy or icy I probably would have gone the long route. As I topped out on top I couldn't see the horses but the horse I was riding threw his ears forward like he could hear them or see them. Try as I might I couldn't see any horses anywhere. We continued on another 50 yards up the hill when he whinnied and sure enough, high up in the timber a horse answered. At least I knew where they were. As I rode towards the sound, 2 horses came crashing down through the timber to just the timbers edge and were standing above me peering down at me. I assumed they were feeling "Boy are we glad to be found, we have been lost up here forever". What I found out later is, what they were saying was "Run Run fast as you can, you can't catch me I'm the gingerbread man". Okay they were horses, but you get my drift!

As I rode up to the two horses that I could see on the edge of the timber, I saw the third one up above them in the timber. He took one look at me, whirled and off up through the scattered pines he went. With branches snapping and popping I took off after him. After a couple hundred yards of jumping boulders, ducking under branches with a fair amount of profanity mixed in, I managed to get ahead of old Liberal and bend him back down where I wanted him to go. The other two horses had followed me

up the mountain side and once I bent Liberal back, they cut the corner and fell in behind him. At least all 3 of them were together and headed north. The only problem was, I needed to go west. Again, I gave my horse his head and went charging off through the timber to finally get Liberal bent and headed west.

The 3 got to the edge of the Expressway Trail and off they went, only this time Trent's colt Roanoke was in the lead which was good. Off the steep incline we went and were about 2/3 to the bottom when Liberal living up to his name bolted to the front and turned to the south and headed into some very steep rough dense tree covered mountainside. I had no choice but to follow, as the terrain was too steep and heavily timbered to be able to out run them anywhere. We had gone about 150 yards on into the dense timber patch when old Liberal discovered he had boxed himself in with dead fall lying about. This gave me a chance to just sit and hold them a moment to let my pour horse, get a tank full of air before we continued. After a short breather, I slipped on in behind them, hoping that they wouldn't outrun me back to the Express Way and go charging back to the top. Instead they headed down the trail just perfectly with Roanoke back in the lead. As they hit the main trail going down, instead of following it, old Liberal jumped back in front and charged across the trail into a real steep boulder patch covered with juniper bushes and a very very small narrow steep deer trail. I attempted to get ahead of them quickly to bend them back, as where they were headed, was scary to walk through afoot, let alone on a charging horse. I slightly bent them back when Liberal caught the very tiny deer trail which headed up, and there he went, with the other two following close behind. By this time if I had a rifle I probably would have just shot Liberal and left him for the coyotes. He is a horse that someone gave to us and he is a long term project and the problem is that he is 12 years old. He is never going to make a horse for us. However, I didn't have a rifle, only determination. The horses were scrambling over rocks as they climbed up through the boulder patch. There metal shoes slipping and clanging on the rocks as they charged onward and upward. I charged after them and when I could start to feel my horse tremble with exhaustion on that steep hillside, I decided it was time to take the emergency exit. I bailed off my horse on the uphill side, hit the ground clawing and scrambling, and continued on up the hill leading my horse as fast as an old cowboy can run uphill. I came around a boulder and directly above me about 20 feet, were the three of them scrambling straight up the last short, almost vertical distance to the top. The first two made it just barely up the last steep part, but the third one, went down on his side and slid down the hill right towards me. It appeared to me we had a little game of "Bowling for Cowboys" going on. The only problem was, there was nowhere for me to go to get out of the way. Luckily the horse stopped sliding about 12 feet from me, jumped to his feet and went charging back up the way he had just come sliding down. Of course we had a repeat of the previous performance. He slipped onto his side and back down he came. I had concluded by now that as long as he was sliding on his side, I was safe. If he started rolling, then the tiny trail I was standing on was going to get real crowded. He jumped to his feet a 3rd time only this time, he went around a big flat rock to his right and went up, or attempted to anyway, as the results were the same. He came sliding back down the hill, only this time when he got to his feet he went the opposite direction around the hill and didn't attempt to go straight up it. I followed him for about 15 yards until he ducked under a tree branch that I knew my saddle horn wouldn't get under, and it was too big around to break. At that point, I knew the horse I was leading and I had to go straight up the hill to the top. My biggest concern was wondering if this white haired old man could go up the hill fast enough, to stay in front of my horse, as I knew he would lunge up the hill in order to make it. If I threw the reins over his neck as he went by, would he stop at the top, or go charging after the loose horses I was chasing, leaving me afoot? There was no choice, I had to outrun him to the top, it was just that simple. Now remember, when Trent and I had climbed on our horses that morning it was 6 degrees, so I had my big heavy down coat on that is good to about 30 below. I was sweating rather profusely by this time and I really don't know which one of us, me or the horse, were breathing harder when we got to the top. Once I had enough air in my lungs to get back on, I saw

the two horses that had scrambled to the top, standing over by the woven wire fence above the Little Horn Cow Camp. I wasn't about to lose sight of them, so all I could do was sit and watch and hope the third horse would show up. About 10 minutes later he came walking out of the timber to join the other two. So once again, I had to try and get them headed back down country. This time I decided to take them down the fence to the main trail and hope they might follow it. The three walking dog food containers went down the fence and right on by the main trail. I ran around in front of them and they turned back up the fence and once again went right over the main trail and on up the fence. I again out ran them, and we continued this back and forth process two more times until they finally decided to head down the trail. However, I was sure Liberal hadn't given it up just yet. We got just to the top of the real steep part on the main trail, just below the woven wire fence and Liberal ducked off to the right and headed back up country, only by now it was a trot instead of a sprint like it had been earlier. I gave my horse his head and turned him back down country and this time the three of them went. I stayed right on their heels not giving them a chance to think. It's always amazing at how smart they get when oxygen starts becoming short. By now all 4 horses are completely lathered up, but sympathy wasn't something I was feeling at this point other than for the horse I was riding. They went right on down the trail until we got below Elk Draw. When we broke out into the big park the three of them went into a zig zag pattern all the way to the narrows, just below the rubber water tank at Rock Cabin Park. We would go from one side of the park clear across to the other. The evil in Liberal was still very much in control. When we got to the narrows (for those of you who remember that is where we crashed the helicopter about 15 years ago) Liberal ducked off up into the timber at a dead run. I spurred my horse into action and off up through the timber we went again. When I got around him and started him back towards the main trail, I saw the other two horses turn around and start back up country on the main trail. There was no way I was going to lose Trent's colt so I dropped Liberal and charged down in front of the other two. With my rope down and swinging, I swatted Roanoke across the butt hoping to help his attitude. Both of them spun around and back down the trail they went. I charged back up into the timber looking for Liberal and saw that he had again decided to run off up country in the timber. I made a quick decision, I could either continue to chase him off up through the timber and maybe loose the other two, or I could abandon the chase. Since Liberal had been given to us and was completely soured and worthless, it was an easy decision to make. I turned my horse around and loped on down the trail hoping to catch sight of the other two. I felt a sigh of accomplishment when I topped over a little rise and saw the two of them continuing on down the trail. Just as I reached the top of the Beaver Slide, I heard thundering hooves charging up behind me and here comes Liberal. The three horses by then had decided the best thing to do was go on down the trail. We went down and crossed Robinson and they turned right on down the trail and down the canyon they went. I knew at some point we would catch Trent, the cattle, and the rest of the horses. I caught Trent at the burn just below Sherwood Forest. Trent had kicked the horses off the Beaver Slide and then grabbed the 22 cows we had found and trailed them on down behind the horses. We didn't see the horses until we reached the Rocky Bottom 12 miles later. It was just about dark when we corralled the horses so that I could haul them home the next day. It wasn't until I started hauling horses the next day, that I realized we were short 5 head of horses. We decided after crossing Robinson they must have turned up country towards Leaky Mountain, however I did have the three that had given me such hell!

We did find those 5 horses about a week later and they had gone all the way back to Lick Creek where Trent and I rode in with a bucket of grain, caught the 5 of them, loaded them in the trailer and hauled them to the valley. Finally all the horses were tallied and accounted for.

CLEAN UP RIDE #4

About the time we caught the last of the horses I received a phone call from a hunter who said he had seen two pair on the Government fence in the Little Horn, so back to the mountain Trent and I

went. We arrived at the Bonnie and Clyde car at the Little Horn horse pasture about 9:00am and two hunters said they had seen a calf just minutes earlier west of the horse pasture in the Little Horn. Trent and I headed west. Below us the canyon was completely filled with fog so we hoped we could find the calf before the fog continued it's up country journey and swallowed us. Lucky or unlucky, depending on how you view it, we found the calf and attempted to trail him down the canyon in search of the two pair who had been seen. He trailed along pretty good until we got to Wagon Box creek and with the ice build up along the edges of creek, we couldn't get him to cross. We chased him around for about 30 minutes from one timber patch to another and up and down steep slopes hoping we could get a shot at roping him and then we could drag him across the river. However, with the slick ground, the timber patches and the steep slopes we couldn't get a decent shot at him. As he was sprinting back up country through the Quaken Aspen patches I decided it was time to go to plan B. Trent had missed his last throw, one of desperation and managed to catch a downed log sticking up in the middle of the Aspen patch. As I charged by out of the corner of my eye, I saw Trent pitching coils, because when his horse hit the end of the rope, if the log was very secure, there was going to be a parting of ways between cowboy, horse and saddle. This of course might make another good story but wasn't going to be good for horse, cowboy or saddle. I let the calf run up the hill until he was in the open and winded enough that he was willing to stop. I just sat and waited for Trent to catch up to explain plan B. Luckily Trent did get his coils pitched so there was no horse pile up. When Trent arrived I suggested we trail him down to the corral at the Little Horn cabin, rope him there, and shut him in the barn. We headed the calf towards the cabin and off the slick hill he charged. He of course ran right by the corral and on into the cabin yard and on behind the cabin. It was just too slick and icy for Trent and I too keep up with him. When the calf ducked behind the cabin, Trent spurred his horse to the creek crossing to cut him off. I waited until he was there before venturing behind the cabin to see where the calf had gone. My spirits were rather low by now, because if he continued I knew there was very little chance of getting a shot at putting a rope on him. As I rode around the end of the cabin, I saw his butt sticking out from behind the outhouse where he was hiding. I quietly rode my horse up hoping I would have a shot at roping him before he saw me. When I rode up close enough I noticed a big bunch of branches sticking out just above him, giving me no shot at a decent loop. I tried to sneak a heel loop in between branches, as any catch was acceptable. However, luck was not on my side and as the loop hit the branches, out he shot from the other side of the outhouse. I hollered at Trent the calf was on the move again. The calf headed out and ducked up into the jingle lot. Trent went out the past the corrals to try and catch him if he went through the fence and into the horse pasture. I went into the jingle lot building another loop as I went. The calf sensed me coming up behind him and ducked to the right in a blind run. Right in front of him was the corrals with a broken pole and he hit the hole running and busted right on through into the corrals. Trent jumped off his horse and sprinted to close the gate and slipped on the ice, wrenching his back in the process, however, he did get to the gate in time, so we had the calf now in the corral. In that particular horse corral the gate is only two poles, not exactly enough to hold anything but a horse. Trent had managed to take his rope with him when he jumped off his horse. I also had mine so now we were both standing in front of the two holes in the corral, with our ropes and the calf heaving and staring at us. The trick was going to be, to get close enough to rope him, without giving up your guard to the hole that would allow him to escape. Trent took two steps forward made about two revolutions with his rope and dropped it cleanly over his head. Mister calf jumps in the air and takes off. Trent is hanging onto the rope in desperation and I grab the end of the rope and head towards a post to tie it to. Once we get the calf tied to a post, Trent gets his horse, dallies up, and we drag the calf out of the corral and to the barn. Because it is so icy, the calf actually slides very easily. We drag him to the barn, shove him inside and wire the gate shut. He is too winded by this time to put up much fight. It's always amazing at what we go through to save the life of an animal. It is so hard to find individual animals on the mountain, that when you find them, you don't want them to get out of your sight as you might not

ever find them again. Now the interesting thing about this story is the fact that the calf didn't even belong to us. It belonged to some people on the other side of the mountain, the Crosby's. I called Brett Crosby that evening and told him what we had done so they could go get him. I'm sure when they went in and got him, loading him in the pickup was another story all by itself. We did then head on down the canyon and found the two pair that the hunter had seen, however, neither pair was ours. We took them to the valley anyway.

GUARDIANS OF THE RANGE:

The struggle continues with those who want to remove us from grazing public lands. The EIS that was completed last year cut us about 42% which is about the same as it did everyone else. The actual range cuts went from a low of 35% to a high of 55% depending on their so called data. With the latest trend in the country I fully expect that to be cut again by about the same amount the next time they do the next NEPA document, which is required by law every 10 years. I purchased the Dry Fork allotment fully expecting this cut to come about. By purchasing it, our total cut in numbers was not that significant.

One of the really amazing stories is about a forest fire that broke out above the town of Buffalo which is 50 miles east of us. The fire was in a bottom of a canyon when it started in August. The terrain was so steep and rough the Forest Service could do nothing but watch and monitor it. After about 2 weeks of burning it finally came out of the canyon and really exploded. It was completely out of control and was increasing in size by the hundreds of acres daily. The fire was burning in all directions and headed west towards the town of Story (where Stan lives) so a meeting was called, readying people to evacuate on a moment's notice. You know what stopped the fire from burning west? It hit a big pasture that had been grazed and there was no fuel to burn! Instead we would rather spend millions of tax dollars to fight fire instead of using some of the natural resources that are available! Oh well it's your tax dollars!

I will be chairman of the Guardians for one more year, so those of you coming on the trips will have to listen to me whining about the tree huggers and Washington who are both terrorist in my opinion. I also explored the option of giving any federally elected official a free trip if they would come, so they could actually witness the other side of it. Guess what I found out, it is illegal for a federally elected official to accept such an invitation. HOW CONVIENIENT IS THAT?

We again will be having a fund raiser auction in the spring and of course I will be donating 2 spots for a trip in 2014 so stay tuned. The person who bought the two spots on last years auction got the two spots for \$1900.00, it was a good buy to say the least.

One new item we had on last year's auction was what we called the handshake. We auctioned off an item with all the funds to be given to a needy family. We raised \$2600.00 for them and then found out from our accountant that we could be in violation of our 501 c 3 and had to return all the funds to those who graciously supported the handshake. The family we would consider had to be working full time and trying their best to make it. We wouldn't consider someone who was just standing around waiting for a handout. We don't get one penny of tax money and we aren't allowed to help someone who needs a little help. I am so embarrassed by our government most of the time!!!

SUMMER 2013:

The summer of 2013 looks no different than those in the past, very full and very very busy. We are always looking at new things to offer and new ways to do something so that it stays fresh and exciting. Well this summer we are adding a brand new trip.

COWGIRL CAMP: Sorry guys, this one isn't for you. Alice has decided to put together a week long trip before the cattle get on the mountain. This trip will include daily trail rides, daily Yoga/Pilates, Nature and power hiking, wildflower identification, and instruction on Dutch Oven cooking. This trip will

start June 16th with pickup in Sheridan and return you to Sheridan late afternoon June 21st. We don't currently know which camp this will be held at, because we don't know how much snow we will get on the mountains this winter. The beauty of the mountains that early in the spring is something to behold, with the wild flowers in full bloom, the baby elk calves and deer fawn still wobbling when they walk, it looks like something you would see on a postcard! The mountain is always so fresh and new that time of the year with many snow banks adding a special pizzazz against the emerald green of the new grass! Since this is the first time we are offering it we will probably limit the class, size so book early. Like all of the things we offer, we promise a fantastic week. The down is still 25% and the trip price is \$1495.00 per person and it is a first come first serve basis.

SUMMER CATTLE DRIVES:

I want to briefly touch on this. With the economy the way it was last year, we had a down year with room for another 25-30 people over the course of the summer. However, this year appears to be just the opposite. Three of our 5 trips are completely filled up already. We have room still on both the **Open Range Cattle Drives** (previously the beef roundups) which I actually believe are two of our better trips. I think people visualize opening a gate and kicking cattle into the next pasture as all there is to it. It is ever bit as much a cattle drive as the other trips. Let me give you a quick example from last summer. On the July Beef Roundup one of our guests took a GPS reading from where we started gathering cattle and then took a GPS reading when we reached the destination with the herd. As the Crow flies it was just a little over 4 miles. The route we had to take with the herd, according to her GPS was 25.5 miles and took several days to accomplish. It also took a couple days gathering the herd. If you want a riding challenge I promise the Open Range Cattle Drives will meet your expectations. People who have never been here, have no idea the challenge the terrain presents for us. Most of the canyons have to be ridden around with a herd and cannot be trailed across. As before the only thing that holds your spot is the reception of the down money, (25%). There are discounts on most of the trips if you are a repeat person, however there are no discounts on the Clean Up Ride. I look forward to seeing all the repeat people who have made this successful and look forward to the chance to show new people a side of life they can't imagine. Well, so long and Happy Trails!

Double Rafter Cattle Drives
Dana Kerns
1-800-704-9268