

NEXT MEETING

Feb 13 at 7pm

Don Bradshaw,
Long Rider Trails

[Cottonwood Retirement Center 1245 East Murray-Holladay Road \[4752 South\]](#)

NEXT RIDE & PROJECT

March 14-16 Utah Horse Expo

March 22
Puddle Valley or Salt Flats / Paul Kern



P R E S I D E N T ' S M E S S A G E



new people and ride new trails in a new part of the state. There are reasonably priced boarding facilities and usually discount hotel rates. I encourage everyone to take advantage of the next meeting - get familiar with the state calendar at www.BCHU.org and start making plans. Honestly - if you can, you will enjoy the ride!

During our chapter meeting this month, we will be honored to welcome Don Bradshaw to speak about his experiences as a long rider. Don has ridden the Outlaw Trail, the entire Nez Perce Trail, Death Valley, California and many many more. You may remember Don from his presentation on saddle making a few years ago - he is an entertaining and engaging speaker. You will not want to miss this meeting! Don will also explain how and where to join these rides if you want.

We look forward to seeing you and your horses!

Best -

Paul

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Now that January is behind us, it feels like the riding season is getting a little closer even though the water still freezes in the trough and mud season is just around the corner - that is along the Wasatch Front. Further to the south in St. George riding season really never goes away. during the State meeting there were many rides and a lot of fun times had by back country horsemen from around the state. Some though not many of our chapter members took advantage of this opportunity. The state meetings are much more than taking care of business - only the officers have to do that - for everyone else they are an opportunity to meet

MOUNTAIN RIDGE BCHU 2014 SCHEDULE



Mile Marker 10, Near Mercur

Feb. 13 at 7pm Monthly Meeting
[Cottonwood Retirement Center](#)
[1245 East Murray-Holladay Road](#)
[\[4752 South\]](#)

Don Bradshaw — Long Rider tales
 — riding trails that are days and
 weeks long.

March 13 at 7pm Monthly Meeting

March 14-16 Utah Horse Expo.
 Help needed at the booth.

**March 22 Puddle Valley or Salt
 Flats / Paul Kern**

**April 5 Jordan River Service
 Project / Doris Richards**

April 10 at 7pm Monthly Meeting

**April 12 Mile Marker 10 Ride
 and CleanUp/ Perry White**

**May 3 Dimple Dell Service Pro-
 ject / Doris Richards**

May 8 at 7pm Monthly Meeting

**May 17 Sandy Pride Day Pro-
 ject / Doris Richards**

**May 31 Sheep Creek Ride &
 CleanUp / Scott and Doris
 Richards**

**June 12 at 7pm Monthly Meet-
 ing**

**June 28&29 Payson Can-
 yon / Cindy Furse**

July 10 at 7pm Monthly Meeting
July 11,12 Strawberry / TBD

**July 18,19,20 Uintas / Women's
 Pack In Trip & Pack Out Pro-
 ject / Gina Levesque**

**Aug. 14 at 7pm Monthly Meet-
 ing**

**August 16 American Fork /
 Larry Newton**

**Sept. 11 at 7pm Monthly Meet-
 ing**

**September 20 Old Ephraim's
 Grave / Bill McEwan**

Oct 9 at 7pm Monthly Meeting

**October 11 South Willow / Tom
 McEwan**

Nov 13 at 7pm Monthly Meeting
**November 15 Stansbury Is-
 land / Paul Kern**

**Dec 11 Christmas Party & Auc-
 tion**

LONG RIDER – MESSANIE WILKINS

In 1954, at the age of 63, Messanie Wilkins had plenty to worry about. A destitute spinster in ill health, Wilkins had been told she had less than two years left to live, provided she spent them quietly. With no family ties, no money, and no future in her native Maine, Wilkins decided to take a daring step. Using the money she had made from selling homemade pickles, Wilkins bought a tired summer camp horse and made preparations to ride from the Atlantic coast to the Pacific Ocean. Yet before leaving she flipped a coin, asking God to direct her to go or not. When the coin came up heads several times in a row, one of America's most unlikely equestrian heroines set off. What followed was one of the twentieth century's most remarkable equestrian journeys. Accompanied by her faithful horse, Tarzan, Wilkins suffered through a host of obstacles including blistering deserts and freezing snow storms, yet never lost faith that she would complete her 7,000 mile odyssey.

The following Oral History interview was conducted by academics in Pennsylvania, who interviewed eyewitnesses that met the amazing Messanie.

One of the first interviews in the Oral History Project turned up the fascinating story of Miss Annie Wilkins from Maine. Chairperson Sara Lee Beard Houston interviewed Eleanor Flaherty who owned the Chadds Ford Hotel (Now the Chadds Ford Inn) in the 1940's and 1950's. Eleanor Flaherty told this story which took place in 1956 when Miss Wilkins was 64 years old. Eleanor Flaherty was out in front of the Hotel on the porch one afternoon when she heard a commotion going on down at the corner. Miss Wilkins had gone past the Hotel on horseback with her dog trotting along with them. She had come from Maine. Eleanor Flaherty says,

It was late in the afternoon and I did

not want her to go up the highway because it was all hills to Kennett Square. I asked this little girl to go down there to "George's" [now "Hank's Place"] and tell the lady with the horse to come back here to the hotel. She came back. I said I think you better stay here with us tonight because it is too dangerous for you to go up the hills. Where she was going was to go to the police station and stay. They took in a lot of people that were on the road. They would let them sleep in there. Somebody took the horse up to the barn and they bedded it down.

She came in. I said, 'You need to rest.' She was quite a character. She lived on a farm in Maine all her life, never got very far away from it. She lived with her uncle and her father who were brothers. They had a pig farm. That's all she ever knew. When the men died, she, at the age of 64, decided to sell everything she had and take a trip. She said the only thing she had to go on was her horse. That's how she arrived at our place.

She started off the next day but she didn't have the cinch tight enough and a truck came along and skittered the horse and she slipped and there she was. My husband had gone up there and he came back and he said, 'She's not going to be able to get organized up there because she has to get up on a platform to get onto the horse.' I don't know how she made out other places. I said bring her back because she was shook up. I was afraid that she might be hurt in some way. They brought her back and put the horse in the barn and she stayed again. The first night she was there Andy and Betsy [Wyeth] came and



Miss Annie Wilkins, from Minot, Maine at the start of her ride from Maine to California. Read more: *Last of the Saddle Tramps* by Mesannie Wilkins.

they bought her dinner. She didn't know who she was talking to. She was telling Andy all. Up in Maine there were a lot of artists come there in the summer time. She had no idea who she was talking to.

He [Andy] got a big kick out of her. She could drink. He asked her if she wanted a drink and she said, 'Oh, I would like one' and tossed it down like a sailor. I thought, well more power to her, she needs it. It was really something. She stayed overnight. The next day we got her together again and she went on her way. In the meantime, the two nights she was here there were people here from different newspapers. News travels, really, really travels. They had come to take pictures and talk. She talked to them. She was a rough outdoorsey woodswoman. She never knew anything but a pig farm and her life in Maine. This interview was originally published by, and appears courtesy of, the Chadds Ford Historical Society. To learn more about their important historical work, please visit www.chaddsfordhistory.org

FOR WOODY BY ROD MCQUERY

From the snowdrifts in the canyons,
behind the granite and the pinion
Past the trout and the beaver,
where the young quakies crowd to
share;

From the icy plaster caked
across the mountain goat's domin-
ion,
Comes the lifeblood of our valley,
as it tumbles down from there.

How it gurgles, sometimes chuckles
past the boulders and the gravel.
Cheerfully, it detours
through the ditches man might
make.

With only gravity, its master,
it always knows which way to trav-
el;
Warm and foamy, ever downward,
through the sloughs toward the
lake.

There, the bullrush stops the rip-
ples,
where the sheets of ice are dying.
The waxing sun shows promise
that the winter's lost its sting.
Overhead, the floating regiments
of geese formations, flying,
Driven northward to their nesting
grounds,
by instinct, every spring.

In one pasture by the water,

tired pension horses wander.
They wait for my alfalfa,
and the sun to conquer cold.
In the middle ground, 'tween
active duty, and the promised yon-
der,
They don't think about the scenery.
They are thin, and tired and old.

Last among these pensioners,
one sorrel gelding stumbles,
With swollen joints and seedy toe,
you see why he's so lame.
He's lost his youth, but not his dig-
nity.

He would die before he humbles.
He was my Dad's top saddle horse,
and Woody is his name.

I never cared for Woody,
He's not the kind of horse I cling to.
He was hard to catch and fussy,
He would never make a pet,
But he would jump at cattle,
this is one thing he would do.
And he had the heart of giants,
I can still recall it—yet.

We were bringing calvy heifers
from a close and handy pasture,
Bus rode bronco Woody,
'cause he had a lot to learn.
One heifer broke, they ran to head
her,
stood their ground, and stopped

disaster.
With dewclaws cutting circles,
they beat that cow at every turn...

So she ran blind for the willows;
Bus and Woody had to race her,
Nose to nose, and pushing shoul-
ders,
As she made this frantic try,
And they pushed her in a circle,
till she quit, and they could face
her.
Because Buster wouldn't weaken,
and Woody—did not let her by.

And now, I watch him strain to
shuffle.
I touch my rifle, 'neath the seat.
A friend to suffering horses.
At this range, I could not miss.
He'd find green pastures in an in-
stant.
For my Dad, I do it neat,
He'd never hear the whisper.
Never feel the Nosler's kiss.

But the cranes have come. They're
dancing,
as the spring sun melts the snow.
Oh, I know I'll need that rifle,
on some cold, November day.
But for a sorrel colt, who beat
that wringy heifer, long ago,
I'll just go about my business,
till this feeling—goes away.

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