

**NEXT SERVICE PROJECT:**

Camp K Needs Volunteers Sept 10.

**NEXT RIDE:**

Sept. 24, Old Ephraim's Grave

**NEXT MEETING:**

**Sept 8, 7pm** Tom and Joyce Smith's (see p.2)



# Mountain Ridge

## Back Country Horsemen of Utah

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

I hope everyone is having a great riding summer, now that summer has finally come in earnest. The horses are out, the wildflowers are wonderful, and the bugs are, well ... awesome!

Some of us have had recent experience in searching for horses in the vastness of our national forests when Fred and Bruce's horses escaped on a pack trip. All ended well with the horses found in relatively good condition, but the episode has made it clear that having a plan can expedite a search for our 4-legged friends. The more people who know about lost animals the more eyes will be available to help. A handy list of phone numbers to have in your phone includes offices of the Forest Service as well as other local agencies. For starters, here is a list of Forest Service contact offices (Thank you, Doris Richards, for the info):

Ashley National Forest (Vernal)	435-789-1181
Dixie NF (Cedar City)	435-865-3700
Fish Lake NF (Richfield)	435-896-9233
Manti La Sal	435-637-4940
Provo	801-342-5100
Salt Lake City	801-342-5100
Ogden (Union Info Station)	801-625-5306
Evanston WY	307-789-3194
Mountain View WY	307-782-6555
Heber Kamas	435-654-0470
Logan	435-755-3620
Pleasant Grove	801-785-3563
Spanish Fork	801-798-3571

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Another thing you should have in your phone is ICE: In Case of Emergency contact numbers. Put the name of your emergency contacts in your cell phone contacts with the word "ICE" in front of them. For example, if your emergency contact is Sheila, you should put "ICE -- Sheila" in your phone book. That way, emergency workers or your BCHU friends can quickly reach your emergency contacts.

Wishing you Safe and Happy Trails! —Tom Smith

## MOUNTAIN RIDGE BCHU 2011 SCHEDULE

**Sept 8, 7pm Monthly Meeting  
Tom & Joyce Smith's house**

14183 Pheasant Hollow Lane, Bluffdale. It is an L-shaped, dead-end street that heads west off 3600 West and 14065 South. The 14183 is on the garage and at the end of the dead-end. Bring a lawn chair. If you need more info, call **Tom Smith 801-254-5570**

[westernbreeze@comcast.net](mailto:westernbreeze@comcast.net)

**Sept 10.** Camp K has a chance to win a \$10,000 cash prize from the Corp. for National and Community Service if our Horses for Heroes Trail ride event (Settlement Canyon, Tooele on Sept. 10<sup>th</sup> with short rides departing continually 11 a.m. to 5 p.m.) and United Way Day of Caring project on Sept 8<sup>th</sup> can recruit as many volunteers as possible, per our approved project submission to Challenge.Gov.

See:

<http://sept11day.challenge.gov/submissions/3860-camp-k-horses-for-heroes-trailride-and-salute>

Please share this will all your friends and families, and contact me to volunteer! We'll need volunteers to help meet and greet and help direct parking at the trail head, help as lead and side-walkers, serve lunches, clean up. Teachers: have your students volunteer to write notes to the service-members families and veterans. Your role as a volunteer is needed to help us win! Mounted Volunteers also needed.

Cheryl Smith  
Development Director  
Kostopulos Dream Foundation/  
Home of Camp Kostopulos  
"Opening a world of opportunities for people with disabilities since 1967."  
4180 Emigration Canyon  
Salt Lake City, UT 84108  
801-582-0700 ext. 104

[www.campk.org](http://www.campk.org)  
[Like Camp K on Facebook!](#)

*Old Ephraim's Grave*

**Sept 24, Logan Canyon, Old Ephraim's Grave** (contact Cindy Furse 801 581 9225 cfurse@ece.utah.edu) Plan on an all day ride(6-7 hours), bring lunch, water, jacket and bug spray. There is water for the animals at the trail head and at the grave site, shoes are recommended. The trail is moderate to difficult due to a couple of steep spots, but not real bad.

Be ready to ride at 10am. The trail head is just east of Lomia Girls Camp which is about 8 – 10 miles up Logan Canyon. Turn off at Right Hand Fork – Lomia Girls Camp. After the turn off and just prior to the girls camp (first left) turn onto a gravel road for 1 – 2 miles to the trail head. There is a restroom at the trail head, but not overnight camping.

I'd like to camp & ride Saturday to Sunday, maybe Friday night too. We will have to find a different location, probably Franklin Basin,

to camp.

Please RSVP for this ride, and let me know if you are interested in camping.

**Oct 1, Saddlebred Obstacle Course in Dimple Dell** (contact Doris Richards) The American Saddlebred Association of Utah will sponsor their annual Competitive Obstacle Ride in Dimple Dell Park. If you have ridden in the past 2 years, you will receive an application in mid-September. We will also email them to BCHU members. If you have any questions, please contact Doris Richards at [ohioaninutah@gmail.com](mailto:ohioaninutah@gmail.com)

**Oct 7-9, Robber's Roost**

(contact Bruce Kartchner 801 571-6426  
[bruce1349@gmail.com](mailto:bruce1349@gmail.com)

**RSVP!** Tough riding, requires excellent condition for horse and people.

**Oct 15, Settlement Canyon** (contact Paul Kern)

**Oct 13, 7pm Monthly Meeting**

**Oct. 28 Bison Roundup** — For schedule and sign up see <http://stateparks.utah.gov/parks/antelope-island/roundup> Must be turned in before Oct 22! Cindy is planning to ride the day before and camp the night of Oct 27. I've ridden it a few times before, so if you have questions, contact me: cfurse@ece.utah.edu 801 581 9225.

**Nov 10, 7pm Monthly Meeting**

**Nov. 5, Johnson's Pass** (contact Larry Newton)

**Dec 8, 7pm Christmas Party & Monthly Meeting**

## OLD EPHRAIM'S GRAVE



## Stokes Nature Center

One of the most famous residents of Logan Canyon was a grizzly bear named Old Ephraim. Old Ephraim was big even by grizzly bear standards. He was said to stand 9 feet 11 inches tall and weigh approximately 1,100 pounds. However, since grizzlies normally range from 225 to 670 pounds, this estimate is quite possibly an exaggeration used to make a good story even better. It is safe to say, though, that Old Ephraim was intimidatingly large. Like other bears, Old Ephraim was considered a nuisance by the sheep herders grazing their flocks in the canyon because he had a tendency to eat their sheep. Many Logan Canyon bears were hunted and killed by sheep herders trying to protect their flocks. One particular sheep herder named Frank Clark was no exception. Beginning in 1911, Frank took his sheep into Logan Canyon every summer. In the 45 summers he grazed his flock in the canyon, there were only two summers that he failed to kill at least one bear. In 1913, Old Ephraim began to visit Frank's flock. For 10 summers after that, he continued to eat Frank's sheep. And for 10 summers, Frank used traps and guns, attempting and failing to rid himself of the clever and unwelcome visitor. When Frank found Old Ephraim's wallow, a muddy shallow pool of water where the bear spent time, he thought victory was close. He set up a bear trap in the wallow. But Old Ephraim was very clever and picked up the trap without setting it off, dropping it nearby before getting into his pool. Frank tried more traps in the following years with the same result. The conflict between Frank and Old Ephraim continued until 1923 when the grizzly created a new wallow. Frank decided to try his old trick at the new location. The next night, Old Ephraim fell into the trap. One mile downstream, Frank awoke to, in his words, "an aw-

ful roar and scream" of "mingled pain and misery." Frank grabbed his rifle and ran through the dark to the wallow. There, he saw Old Ephraim lunging about on his hind feet. Ephraim's right front foot was caught in the trap and wrapped with 14 feet of chain. Still on his hind feet, the bear began to walk up the bank towards Frank. Terrified, Frank fired his rifle, hitting Ephraim with several shots. The giant bear fell dead. Frank described the death of Old Ephraim in these words. "I sat down and watched his spirit depart from that great body, and it seemed to take a long time, but at last he raised his head just a mite, gasped and was still."

Frank then ran off to find his nearest neighboring herdsman in the canyon, and when he returned, they skinned the bear and burned the carcass. Then, Frank buried the remains at this site now called Ephraim's Grave. Later on, a Boy Scout troop went to the grave site and took the 15 inch skull. They sent it to the Smithsonian, who confirmed that it had belonged to a grizzly bear. In 1978, the skull came back to Logan on a long-term loan from the Smithsonian. It now resides on display in the basement of the Merrill-Cazier Library at Utah State University.

Only later did people realize that Old Ephraim was Utah's last grizzly bear. When telling his story afterwards, Frank Clark expressed regret over killing the bear. Today, Old Ephraim's grave stands as a tribute to the grizzly bears that once roamed Logan Canyon.

## Sources:

Sweeney, Michael S. *Last Unspoiled Place: Utah's Logan Canyon*. National Geographic Society, 2008.

Recorded account of the killing of Old Ephraim written by Frank Clark at the request of the Forest Service. Can be accessed on Utah State University's Merrill-Cazier Library website:

<http://digital.lib.usu.edu/cdm/landingpage/collection/Ephraim>

**THE STORY OF THE KILLING OF A GRIZZLY ON  
CACHE NATIONAL FOREST  
BY FRANK CLARK STOCKMAN**

Frank Clark Stockman arrived at what was known as Right Hand Fork of Logan Canyon Grazeing Permit July 13, 1911 In Worst Infested Bear range in Utah from Idaho where Bear were very rare. Mostly Brown Bear Bad Killers of Livestock during first Summer Killed 150 Sheep and scared herders so they would not stay on Jobs.

The Bear to be called Afterwards Ephriam Was not Seen Until Summer of 1913 When he Walked up to My Pal Who is still alive who was Fully Armed but was so taken by this Great Animal that he Let him Pass on. This Bear Had small Pool where he would Bathe About every Six days. He Would first Eat a Sheep or Perhaps two First, So it came to Mind he could be trapped in that Pool. So we started on him but no success. Year after year gently Lift that Trap out of that Pool without setting it of. The Summer of 1923 came and the trap was Sprung but it did not catch Ephriam Oh no, he was suspicious So he dug him Another Pool and drained the Old one in to it.

What do you think was in his mind? When I arrived I was Just a little discouraged But I put the trap in the new Pool stirred the mud and let it Settle good and thick and rode sway to Camp 1 mile down Stream, that was Aug. 22, 1923.

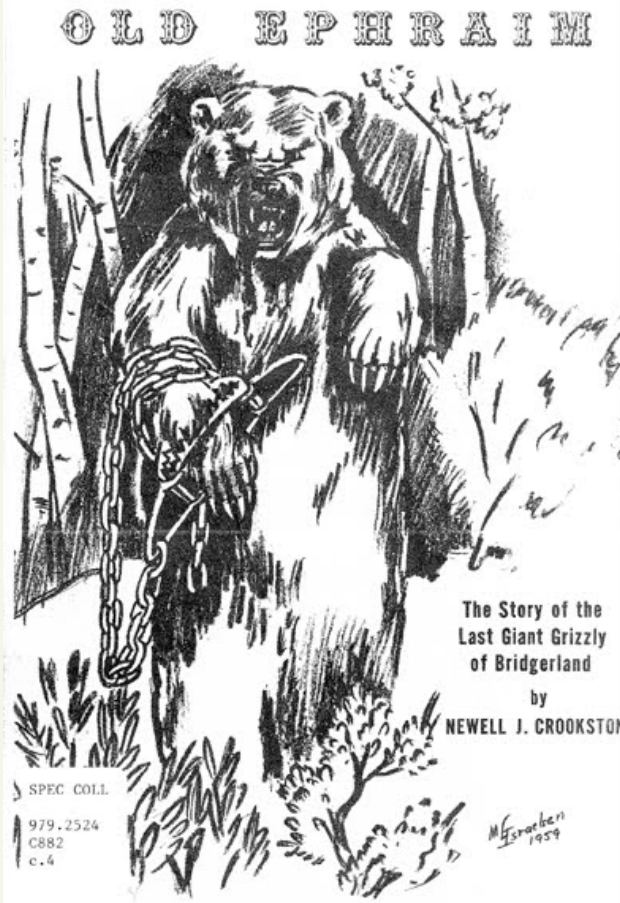
The night of Aug 23 was a beautiful

starry night and after Supper gazing at Millions of Bright stars. Alone nearest human 4 miles away, horse bells on Meadow near was only

sound. So I went to bed. But awakened by a strange Sound up stream An awful roar and scream Mingleed Pain and Misery it would ring around the Hills and between screams it seemed that everything was Listening for the next one. I tried to go back to Sleep but couldn't for sometime and then I thought might be a horse down they make An Awful Noise in there Agony. So I got up Put on my Shoes and rifle on And in My Underware went up trail a block and stopped to Listen then the roar between me and camp.

What should I dotCanyon Sides covered with thick growth of Brush. And that Animal No Matches I was already Shakeing with coald there was only 7 cartridges in the 25-35 and steel Balls the best thing to do Keep quite and Listen to that Animal for the rest of night. I had walked within 10 ft of him

Day light at Last and Plenty mad So I went down there he was under some Willow in a deep Wash I couldn't see him very good so I got a Pole and tried to Poke him out He gave me the Slip and went down to camp and get in som short willows I got sight of a little Piece of Bear and Shot Into it And now Ephriam rose all in his greatness 9 ft. 11 inches with



*Old Ephriam's Skull, collection of USU Merrill Library.*  
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## O L D E P H R A I M ( C O N T I N U E D )

a 14 ft. Log chain Wound Around his right fore Arm and 23 lb. Bear trap held up like a man takeing an oath his back towards me.

Turned and walked towards me -what was wrong when within 10 ft I Poked gun out and fired he staggered Back and came on shot again staggered Back but never of his hind feet there was a 3 ft bank between me and him And the trail 5 bullets and still on his hind feet.

Now something New he turned half around and started to Walk up the creek to where the trail crossed and came walking towards on hind legs chain and trap held high above his head. I moved for the first time down canyon Just before I turned the corner I looked back here comes Ephriam and now for the first time my dog Showed up and Eph turned to Protect his heels I turned back and urged the dog on I could see he was badly hurt every time he would breathe squirt Blood from both nostrils so I got up close and fired my Last shot into head or neck And down he went. I sat down and watched his Spirit depart from that Great body and it seemed to take a Long time but At Last he raised his head Just a mite gasped and was still.

Was I happy no and if I had it to do over I wouldn't do it Now desire to See a human being I went camp got a rope. The horses were all gone I went on and finaly found one on its back in a wash hind foot caught in hobbles got it up and rode to Sheep Creek to Joe Brown's Camp and had some breakfast.

And then toald Joe About Ephriam And Asked him to go back with me. When we got to Ephriam Joe was not to Enthused About getting of his horse But finaly did And we skinned him. We couldn't drag him away from the creek so I burned him for three days And then buried what was left And then Dr. George H. Hill and a troop of Scouts dug him up and sent the Head to Washington D. C. Where it is visited by Many People from the West visit it. There was one part of his bones I kept and gave to Lady for a pen Holder this is not included in Story.

This story was written on request of Viola S. Schantz, Zoologist Branch of Wildlife Research Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington D. C. and is loaned to Forest Service to type and retain one copy. Of the men who saw Ephriam only one besides myself is now alive is Sam Kemp Portage, Utah Who was the first Man to see him. I Killed and trapped 43 Bear in my 34years on Forest. Frank Clark, Malad Idaho, RD Box 135, November 21, 1952

## E M A I L O R S N A I L M A I L ?

Save a tree! Each month it costs just under \$1 to copy and mail this newsletter to you. If you received this newsletter by snail mail, and if you would be happy to save a dollar and save a tree, email [cfurse@ece.utah.edu](mailto:cfurse@ece.utah.edu) to receive future newsletters email only.

Each month I email the color newsletter to everyone with an email on file. If you are NOT receiving this by email, please send me your corrected email address. Thank you! Cindy

## 2 0 1 1 O F F I C E R S

**President**  
Tom Smith  
254-5570  
[westernbreeze@comcast.net](mailto:westernbreeze@comcast.net)

**1st Vice President**  
Paul Deputy  
539-0210(H),725-1133(c)  
[pmdeputy@gmail.com](mailto:pmdeputy@gmail.com)

**2nd Vice President**  
Perry White  
254-8798(H); 594-2495(W)  
[whitemt@aol.com](mailto:whitemt@aol.com)

**Secretary**  
Pat Wilson  
(801) 278-6608  
[patricia@csolutions.net](mailto:patricia@csolutions.net)

**State Reps:**  
Paula Hill 766.8393  
[colostatemama@yahoo.com](mailto:colostatemama@yahoo.com)  
Bruce Kartchner 819-3506  
[bruce1349@gmail.com](mailto:bruce1349@gmail.com)

**Past President**  
Paul Kern  
942-8928  
[kernpr@gmail.com](mailto:kernpr@gmail.com)

**Education:**  
Paul Hillier 571-6425  
George & Christa Muller  
619-8632

**Treasurer**  
Larry Newton 553-7702  
[Bignewt1@comcast.net](mailto:Bignewt1@comcast.net)

**Service Coordinator:**  
Fred Leslie  
553-1873  
[fredleslie101@gmail.com](mailto:fredleslie101@gmail.com)

**Historian:**  
Rinda Black  
278-2112  
[rblack@hotmail.com](mailto:rblack@hotmail.com)

**Newsletter Editor:**  
Cindy Furse  
581-9225  
[cfurse@ece.utah.edu](mailto:cfurse@ece.utah.edu)

WHEN ON THE TRAIL A GRIZ ' YOU MEET  
BY PAUL KERN

A grizzly on the trail we met,  
Headed downhill so it couldn't get,  
A full head of steam and a running start,  
To grab us and then to pull us apart.

But it probably wouldn't have anyway,  
In front of the bear stood that day,  
Three mounted horses whose footfall,  
Gave no clue that we were human  
at all.

We stood there and faced off each  
other,  
Twenty yards 'tween bear 'n boot  
leather,  
When the silver tipped griz' finished  
countin',  
It then turned and headed up the  
mountain.

You see, it's that shuffling biped  
booted gait,  
Of a human that makes hair stand  
up straight,  
On the backs of the necks of the  
forest clan,  
Who run from it as fast as they can.

The cleated soles and stumbling sound,  
Travel the area with a constant pound,  
Much too heavy for the weight of the  
walker,  
Compared to the paws of a forest stalker.

But put that biped on the back of a  
horse,  
And travel across a mountain course,  
Then much to your own disbelief,  
The critters don't run away like a thief.

The closer you get the more curious  
they are,



They just want to see this thing from  
afar,  
So they stand there lookin' and waitin,  
Calm and collected with no trepidation.

It's the beast that's all covered with  
tack,  
The one who's withers and saddle back,

Are down below and between your legs,  
He's nervous as heck and walkin' on  
eggs.

Meetin' up with these curious creatures,  
With such odd lookin' unhorse features,  
No flowing tails nor matching manes,  
In the face of danger his courage wanes.

Don't worry 'bout that bear you  
meet,  
Standing on the trail on all four  
feet,  
The six-footed creature he  
sees through his eyes -  
Your horse - could give you a  
big surprise.

Move fast he thinks, run down  
the trail,  
Away from the grizzly - quick  
turn tail.  
Somethin' could come loose  
inside of his head,  
You're riding your very own  
hazard instead.

So lower your heels and shorten your  
reins,  
Your buddy the horse feels in his veins,  
To make a dash away from the bruin,  
His claws, his teeth and most certain  
ruin.