



Buffalo River Gang

October 2007

Mud, mud, everywhere

Mud in your eyes

Mud in your hair

The more you clean, the more you wear!

Well, I am late writing this as usual but figured – better late than never. I do enjoy writing this newsletter and it gives me something to go back and read later, helps me remember the good times we have had together. So....we survived another week at the Buffalo...and.....we have found that when left to our own, with nothing to do, this group can really come up with some weird and wacky stuff!



Precious Sally Jean, the shirt says it all!

Let's start with the news about the Colonel's Rats Nest which is sitting in his yard with a broken axle, we now have the Mouse House. It is a little newer model than the original Rat's Nest, smaller, but still has the same heart! He rested well inside along with Roy. Since Roy gave his daughter Amy, his trailer to sleep in. What a great Dad!

Our traditional Saturday night dinner was really good this year. We did pot luck and had too much food, just like usual. Leftovers the next day went to feeding us lunch. This group really does know how to put on a spread!

Now our first day of real riding (Sunday), we went out around 9:30 and had lunch on the trail. It was great, dry, beautiful weather. What more could you ask for. I think we had a few moments of uncertainty. The trails are very different with all of the logging going on. Our traditional "cross roads" stop doesn't have any trees and there is logging equipment everywhere. We hope and pray that they have done most of it and they will leave us some woods to ride in. I don't know about ya'll, but I like being in under the trees.



Ingrid, David and the Colonel, lunch on the trail.

With all of the logging going on, the trails are really different. There were a few times we went looking for openings from the logging roads into the woods. We also had a few moments of "who's the boss here and which way are we going!"

It started raining the second day out, this was Sunday. We did not ride, but sat around the camp. Some of the girls (me included) headed to town for some shopping and lunch. We didn't buy much, we went to Wal Mart! Oh boy! Had lunch at a local diner and then back to camp.

David and I set up the back of our trailer with chairs and a heater, so we had a place to sit out of the rain and relax with our dogs. Of course, Pearl and her daughter Lucy came with us and at the last moment, Buster joined us. So it was a cozy three dog night, every night.



Little David trying to catch dinner!

The rain continued for a few days and we all started to think we were going to grow gills and got a little camp happy. Little David decided to fish for his supper and Meathead took a dip in the fishing hole right in front of the campfire! It's true, I have pictures!

Miss Sally Jean, Miss Jill Biddle and myself all donned hair-bands (we bought at Freds) with silly girly things on them and sat around the camp fire – feeling fine. It doesn't take much to keep us happy, good friends, horses, camp fires, and food.



We decided to float the rat in the fishing hole. He truly enjoyed his swim.

The trails are a little different this year. They were last year too! The old crossroads, I have so many pictures of, is gone. Well the road is there, but the trees are all gone. That used to be a place we would always stop and rest the horses, tell stories and joke around. It was a lunch spot more than once and often the rest stop, girls go one way, guys go the other! But the old chimney is still there, even if no one can find it anymore! The Blue Hole is still there and we got to eat lunch there. We rode past the bat cave, but I always forgot to look. We made it to

Twin falls and onto the Preacher Trail. We got to ride the last couple of days out and it was worth waiting for. We did find a few new trails and I am sure there will be more next year. We can't wait. And Carol and Doris we sure did miss you, hopefully we will see you this coming fall.



Jill, Lisa, Roger and Kevin

My mother-in-law, Martha Freeman, is one of the best natural poem writers I have ever met. She has written a few poems for us over the years and they just seem to come out of nowhere. I really want to share this one with you all.

Buffalo River

By Martha Freeman

When I tell my tale, my lips may quiver
You won't believe what happened on the Buffalo River
We carried all the horses, except for Mert
I was mad at her – she threw David in the dirt
We started out to have a good time
The first thing to happen – the sun didn't shine
The rain came down – turned into a flood
There we were, knee deep in Buffalo Mud
There was mud on the left; mud on the right
I'm telling you now it was one messy sight
I can't say the trip was a complete dud
But I've had my fill of Buffalo Mud!

Your ever loving editor,

Lisa "Mrs. First Sergeant" Seaburg-Freeman
Happy Trails to you, until we meet again.