

BACK COUNTRY ATV/UTV ASSOCIATION
THE OLDEST AND FINEST ATV CLUB IN CDA. ID. – WE DO IT RIGHT!

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NEWSLETTER

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A view from Whiskey Rock.

This month I'm going to start with a pretty funny story taken from **A Fine and Pleasant Misery** by Pat McManus, this one's called: **The Two Wheeled ATV.**

My first all-terrain vehicle was a one-wheeled drive, and it could take you anywhere you had nerve and guts enough to peddle it.

Most of the other kids around had decent well mannered bicycles of distinct makes and models. Mine was a balloon-tired monster born out of wedlock half way between the junkyard and the secondhand store. Some local fiend had built it with his own three hands and sold it to my mother for about the price of a good milk cow.

For two cents or even a used jawbreaker, I would have beaten it to death with a baseball bat, but I needed it for transportation. And transportation, then as now, was the name of the game.

You could walk to some good fishing holes, all right, but when the guys you were with all rode bikes, you had to walk pretty fast.

Perhaps the worst thing about the bike, as I called it within hearing range of my mother, was that you simply could not ride it in a manner that allowed you to retain any sense of dignity let alone savoir-faire. The chief reason for this was that the seat was permanently adjusted for a person about six-foot-four. I was a person about five-foot-four. The proportions of the handlebars suggested strongly that they had been stolen from a tricycle belonging to a four year old midget. The result of this unhappy combination was that wherever I went on the Bike my rear was always about three inches higher than my shoulder blades.

I tried never to go anywhere on the Bike where girls from school might see me, since it was difficult if not impossible in that position to maintain the image I was cultivating among them as a dashing, carefree playboy.

The seat on the Bike was of the kind usually found on European racing bikes. The principle behind the design of this seat is that the rider goes to beat hell the sooner to get off of it. The idea for heel-and-toe walking races was conceived by someone watching the users of these particular seats footing it back home after a race.

To get the proper effect of one of these seats, you might spend a couple hours sitting balanced on the end of a baseball bat – the small end. Put a doily on it for cushioning.

Whatever the other guys thought of my appearance on the Bike, they had respect for me. I was the fastest thing around on two wheels, thanks to that seat.

The Bike had a couple of little tricks it did with its chain that the Marquis de Sade would have envied. One was that it would wait until you had just started down a long, steep, curving hill and then reach up with its chain and wind your pant leg into the sprocket. This move was doubly ingenious, since the chain not only prevented you from putting on the coaster brakes; it also shackled you to a hurtling death machine. Many was the time that a streamlined kid streaked silently past cars, trucks and motorcycles on grades where a loose roller skate could break the sound barrier.

The bikes other trick was to throw the chain off when you needed it most. This usually happened when you were trying to outrun one of the timber wolves the neighbors kept for watchdogs. You would be standing up pedaling for all you were worth, leaving a trail of sweat and burned rubber two inches wide on the road behind you. The wolf would be a black snarl coming up fast to your rear. Then the chain would jump its sprocket and drop you with a crunch on the cross bar, the pedals still spinning furiously under your feet. The wolf gnawed on

you until you got the chain back on the sprocket or until he got tired and went back home.

The standard method for getting off the Bike was to spring clear and let it crash. If it got the chance it would grab you by the pant leg at the moment of ejection and drag you along to grim destruction.

The Bike would sometimes go for weeks without the front wheel bouncing off. This was to lure you into a false sense of security. You would be rattling hell-bent for home past the neighbors, and for a split second you would see the front wheel pulling away from you. Then the fork would hit the ground and whip you over the handlebars. Before you had your breath back, the wolf was standing on your belly reading the menu.

I spent half my waking moments repairing the Bike and the other half repairing myself. Until I was old enough to drive, I went around looking like a commercial for Band-Aids. I hated to stop the Bike along the highway long enough to pick up an empty beer bottle for fear people would stop their cars and try to rush me to a doctor. Even on one of its good days, the Bike looked like an accident in which three people had been killed.

Much as I hated the Bike, I have to admit that it was one of the truly great all-terrain vehicles. It could navigate streams, cross fallen logs, smash through brush, follow a mountain trail and in general do just about anything but climb trees. Several times it did try to climb trees but the damage to both of us was sufficient to make continued efforts in that direction seem impractical and unrewarding.

Our bicycles in those days were the chief mode of transportation for 90 percent of our camping trips. Occasionally even today I see people use bicycles for camping. They will be zipping along the road on ten-speed

touring bikes, their ultra light camping gear a neat little package on the rear fender. When we went camping on our one speed bikes, it looked as if we had a baby elephant on the handlebars and the mother on behind.

Loading a bicycle for a camping trip was not simply a remarkable feat of engineering; it was a blatant defiance of all laws of physics. First of all, there may have been ultra light camping gear in those days, but we didn't own any of it. Our skillet alone weighed more than one of today's touring bikes, and a bedroll in cold weather, even without the feather bed, was the weight and size of a ball of straw. The tent was a tarp that worked winters as a haystack cover. A good portion of our food was carried in the quart jars our mother had canned it in. Then there were all the axes, hatchets, saws, machetes, and World War II surplus bayonets without which no camping trip was complete. And of course, I could never leave behind my jungle hammock, the pride of my life, just in case I happened to come across a jungle.

The standard packing procedure was to dump most of your stuff into the center of the tarp, roll the tarp up into a bundle, tie it together with half a mile of rope and then find nine boys and a man to lift it to the back fender of the Bike. Anything left over was rolled up in the jungle hammock and tied to the diminutive handlebars. The hardware was distributed evenly around the outside of the two massive bundles just in case you had sudden need for an axe or bayonet.

Then you sprang onto the saddle and pedaled with all the fury you could generate from ninety-eight pounds of bone and muscle. The Bike would howl in rage, the twin humps of camp gear would shudder and sway like a sick camel, and slowly, almost imperceptible the whole catastrophe would move out of the yard and wobble off down the road on some incredible journey.

Sometimes during the winter now, when the cold awakens in my bones and flesh the ache of a thousand old injuries, I suddenly will recall in vivid detail the last few terrifying moments of the Bikes existence as a recognizable entity.

A ragged gypsy band of us had just begun another trip into the mountains on our camel-humped ATVs. As usual, I was far out in the lead, the hatchet head bicycle seat urging me on.

There was a hill about three miles from any home called Sand Creek Hill, a name deceptive in its lack of color and description. By rights the hill should have been called Dead Manics Drop or Say Goodbye Hill. Loggers drove their trucks down it with one foot on the running board and one hand clutching the rosary – even the atheists.

Just as I crested the hill and started my decent, whom should I notice coming up it but one of our neighbors wolves, apparently returning home after a hard night of killing elk in the mountains. From fifty yards away I could see his face brighten when he caught sight of me hurtling toward him like doom on two wheels. He crouched expectantly, his eyes happily a gleam.

The chain, not to be outdone, chose that moment to eat my pant leg half way up to the knee, I expected to be abandoned by the front wheel any second. The washboard road rattled my bones, ashes, saws and bayonets filled the air on all sides; and the great staring mass of the rear pack threatened to collapse on me. With one last great effort, I aimed a quick kick at the wolf, ripped the pant leg free and threw myself into space. I bounced four times to distribute the injuries evenly about my body and finally, using my nose for a brake, slid to a stop.

The Bike apparently self-destructed shortly after my departure. Probably the front wheel came off, and the two packs took it from

there, ripping and tearing, mashing and grinding, until there was nothing left but a streak of assorted rubble stretching off down the hill. Even the wolf was somewhat shaken by the impact of the crash. He stared at the wreckage in silent awe, almost forgetting my one good leg he held in his slack jaw.

When I was up and around once more, my mother bought me a car, my second ATV. She got it from a local fiend, who had built it with his own three hands, but that's another story.

Idaho Facts and Trivia

- 1. The Kamiah Valley is rich in the heritage and legends of the Nez Perce. It was here, among the ancestors of the present day Nez Perce, the Appaloosa horse was first bred, primarily for use as a war animal.**
- 2. In 1973, the Sawtooth Recreation Area opened its doors north of Ketchum, making the community the gateway to the Sawtooths.**
- 3. On August 8, 1905, Kimberly auctioned city lots for prices ranging from \$100 to \$750.**
- 4. Idaho's world famous hot springs are located in Lava Hot Springs.**
- 5. Shoshone Falls, The Niagra of the West, spills over a 212-foot drop near Twin Falls.**

Quick Tips For Responsible ATV/UTV Riding: taken from Tread Lightly on Land and Water

- Carry a trash bag on your vehicle and pick up litter left by others.**
- Pack out what you pack in.**

- Practice minimum impact camping by using established sites, camping 200 feet from water resources and trails.
- Observe proper sanitary waste disposal or pack your waste out.
- Spark arrestors are required on all OHVs traveling on public lands.
- Prevent unnecessary noise created by a poorly tuned vehicle or revving your engine without need. Use proper silencers on exhausts that meet regulatory decibel levels.
- Before and after a ride, wash your ATV and support vehicle to reduce the spread of invasive species.
- Build a trail community. Get to know other types of recreationists that share your favorite trails.

Back Country Kitchen Vittles

7UP Biscuits

**2 cups Bisquick
½ cup sour cream
½ cup 7-up
¼ cup melted butter**

**Cut sour cream into biscuit mix, add 7-up. Makes a very soft dough.
Sprinkle additional biscuit mix on board or table and pat dough out.
Melt ¼ cup butter in a 9 inch square pan. Place cut biscuits in pan and
bake at 450 degrees until golden brown. I usually bake for 14
minutes. These are very good!**

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HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

Jim Bennett-July 5th and Frank Traver-July 31st

BUSINESS SPONSOR OF THE MONTH

JB's RESTAURANT

JB's started in 1961 in Provo, Utah by Jack Broberg (J.B.) after he acquired the rights to the Big Boy Restaurant Chain in the Utah area. Like many entrepreneurs, Broberg found it difficult to bridle his desire for growth. From the mid 60's to mid 70's he acquired the franchise rights for several western states. To help finance his ambitious expansion plans, Broberg took the company public in 1972 and JB's Restaurants, Inc. was born.

Throughout the 80's, JB's expanded acquiring new areas and building new restaurants in existing territories. With this growth came a reorganization strategy, the sale of some restaurants. The family restaurant segment felt the economic strain with the trend toward theme dining in the 90's. It was economics that lead JB's to change ownership in the late 90's. Even throughout these changes much of the management remained with the company, believing in JB's, and that the tough times would be short lived.

In November 2000, the executive management team put together a group of investors and purchased JB's. Today JB's is once again a privately held company. It is a vital and growing organization. JB's currently operates family restaurants in four western states including Utah, Arizona, Wyoming and Idaho. JB's has pursued franchising as an avenue of growth and has units located within the current area as well as in Montana.

With a strong commitment to the guests we serve, quality of food and hospitality...JB's has taken on the mantra of JB's...Just Better!

There will be no TIDBITS FROM YOUR EDITOR this month.



Wallace back to Wallace Day Parade



Allen in Civil War regalia.



Calder 4th of July Parade-We were well represented and had fun doing so.

Till next month, have fun in all you do and do all you can do!



