



January, 2018

Mountain Man Monthly

The Authorized Publication of the
Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders Inc.

The Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders, Inc. was chartered in 1969 by a group of men and women interested in their heritage and dedicated to preserving and promoting the sport of muzzle loading and buckskinning. CSML is a family oriented club that holds a broad range of functions such as camp outs, potluck dinners, and black powder shoots. CSML is affiliated with the National Muzzle Loading Rifle Association and the National Rifle Association.

Views and opinions contained within articles submitted to the Mountain Man Monthly are not necessarily those of the editor or CSML. The editor reserves the right not to publish any article submitted but encourages articles on any subject regarding shooting sports and subjects related to the fur trade era.

**Regular Club Meeting & White
Elephant Gift Exchange
February 1; 7:00 p.m.**

**Club Paper Shoot - Feb. 4
Club Primitive Shoot - Feb. 18
(weather permitting)**

**Frozen Toes Rendezvous
February 22-24**

**CSMLA Winter Convention
March 3 Ft. Collins**

NO Paper Shoot March 4

President

Joy Hicks

Vice President

Robert McCune

Treasurer

Gwen Blanchard

Secretary

Membership Team

Ted & Dee Beaupre

Range Officer

Ted Beaupre

Primitive Exec.

Doug Davis

Assistant Primitive Exec.

Jock Harmon

Cannon Master

Richard "Singe" Stites

Mountain Man Monthly Editor

Doreen Webb

UPCOMING EVENTS: CSML & Statewide

| WHAT | WHERE | WHEN | INFORMATION |
|--|--|-------------------------|---|
| Regular Club Meeting & White Elephant Gifts | American Legion | February 1 7:00 p.m. | regular meeting followed by white elephant gift exchange |
| Club Paper Shoot | Ft. Melchert | February 4 | pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm |
| Club Primitive Shoot | Ft. Melchert | February 18 | pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm |
| Regular Club Meeting | American Legion | March 1, 7:00 p.m. | Come see what happens!!! |
| CSMLA Winter Convention | Elks Lodge Ft. Collins | March 3 | all day; one-day event & banquet; election of officers |
| Club Paper Shoot | CANCELLED | March 4 | CANCELLED -- NO SHOOT |
| DAYLIGHT SAVINGS | TIME BEGINS | MARCH 11 | CLOCKS AHEAD 1 HOUR!!!! |
| Club Primitive Shoot | Ft. Melchert | March 18 | pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm |
| Club Paper Shoot | CANCELLED | April 1 | CANCELLED -- NO SHOOT |
| Regular Club Meeting | American Legion | April 5, 7:00 p.m. | Come see what happens!!! |
| Club Primitive Shoot | Ft. Melchert | April 15 | pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm |
| Squirrel Shoot | Masonville, CO | April 28-29 | snow date: May 19-20 |
| NO CLUB SHOOTS | IN MAY - - - | WORK ON THE | ANNUAL SHOOT. |
| Regular Club Meeting | American Legion | May 3, 7:00 p.m. | Come see what happens!!! |
| Pistol, Revolver, & Flint Pistol Shoot | Ft. Lupton Muzzle loading Club | May 5 9 - 3 | Info: (970) 692-4658 Ron Ring \$15 entry fee per aggregate |
| 43 rd Annual Memorial Day Shoot | Florence Mountain Park | May 26-28 | annual shoot and event; trader's row, potluck Saturday night |
| Club Paper Shoot | Ft. Melchert | June 3 | pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm |
| Regular Club Meeting | American Legion | June 7; 7:00 p.m. | Come see what happens!!! |
| NMLRA Territorial Matches | SPVHS Range Ft. Lupton | June 15-17 | www.buckhornskinnners.com or (970) 692-4658 |
| Club Primitive Shoot | Ft. Melchert | June 17 | pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm |
| Club Paper Shoot | Ft. Melchert | July 1 | pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm |
| High Country Hideaway Muzzle Loading Shotgun | Blue Valley Club near Kremmling, CO | July 11-15 | Tom Hart (719) 289-1840 or tkhart25@gmail.com |

For CSML scheduled shoots; CALL SHOOT HOT LINE (719) 442-0150 after 9:00 a.m. on shoot day to be sure shoot is on!!!
Schedule is subject to change at any time and is based on information available at time of publication. On-line check csmlinc.org

DUES ARE DUE!!!!

Just a reminder that if you have not already done so, you should renew your dues now. Dues are due yearly by the end of January. Ted is happy to renew your dues and give you new membership cards. Don't delay.....renew today!!!!

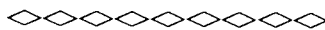
PAST THINGS

January's meeting was a good one. We started with seeing old members Steve Bingham and Tom Newell. This was followed up by food (which we all love) and then a short business meeting. Was good to see all who came.

The important part of the meeting is that the shoot/no shoot rule has been changed. While the shoot hot line and the e-mail notification will still be available, the shoot/no shoot rule is at least 50 degrees of temperature at noon in Penrose or we don't shoot. Again, check the shoot hot line or your e-mail before the monthly shoots to be sure it is on. You don't want to drive for nothing.

It is that time of year when things will begin to get scheduled so be sure to mark your calendars. We will publish information on the events as soon as we have it. If you know of something that we don't publish, let us know and we'll add it.

Time to begin thinking about this year's annual Memorial Day shoot. We'll be looking for help in the various committees and for folks to help with set up and tear down. Those things never change.



With the new shoot/no shoot rules and due to weather conditions, both the paper and primitive shoots in January were cancelled. Some of us can just no longer take the cold. However, some our members still chose to shoot.....

Paper Pistol Match January 19

by: Ken West

Realizing that the weather would be too poor to get to Ft. Melchert Sunday, January 21, much less shoot, three of us got together and held an informal pistol match at the Izzac Walton range east of Colorado Springs - - taking advantage of the beautiful weather on Friday. All of us were shooting Pedersoli LaPage caplocks. The scores at 25 yards were:

| | |
|------------|-------|
| Al Bartok | 96-3x |
| Jim Murray | 92 |
| Ken West | 79 |

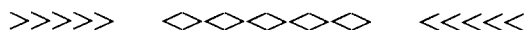
I think that Al is ready for the "Big Time!" While Al and Jim were back at the clubhouse shooting skeet, I showed the range safety officer how to shoot a muzzle loader. His two shots, both in the "x", one cutting its center, convinced him that muzzle loaders can be quite accurate! (I had moved the target in to 15 yards to practice with a flint!)

Getting together with friends and doing something that you all enjoy is what muzzle loading is all about to me!

Things Everyone Else Already Knew.....

Most of you know that I enjoy sitting on the patio and casting round balls - - - when the weather is nice and I'm in the right frame of mind. Over the years I have learned to splash

less molten lead on my pants and shoes and greatly increased production speed. The slowest part of the casting process is getting the mold to turn loose of the ball. The problem with aluminum molds is that the very thin part around the sprue crumbles, leaving jagged edges that the lead finds its way into. I have solved this by polishing that area with a felt-tip Dremel tool coated with "Bore Bright". The first 30 or so balls will fall out of the mold, letting it cool off for a while will stop the sticking when the mold gets too hot. I usually alternate casting between two very different sizes of balls to let the molds cool.



February 1 Meeting

The February meeting is on the first and will be the annual White Elephant Gift exchange. This is where we all bring a white elephant that is wrapped. We draw lots and then open our gifts one at a time. As each one opens their elephant, they can choose to keep it or exchange it with one previously opened. Whoever is #1 get the final choice of all the elephants in the room. This is always fun as you never know what new things will appear and at the same time, you never know what old things will re-appear.

Time to go through your closet, attic, and the junk stores to see what interesting things reside there. It is unbelievable the things that show up.



The CSML received its annual letter from our long-time member Richard Truax. He always renews his dues early and sends us a letter of his adventures. We thank Richard for his dedication to our group and the continual renewal to be a part of our group.

Richard lives in Wakarusa, Indiana and attends some of the rendezvous held in the area. He also has spent some time casting round balls (.665) with his Larry Callahan mold. His Lyman bullet caster was a little too hot and made the seventh ball come out like

a "half-done egg" so Richard changed over to his old Coleman stove and hand-dipped his balls. We all have had to make changes sometimes to get good results.

Always good to hear from Richard!!!!



Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders, Regular Monthly Meeting January 4, 2018

The first meeting of 2018 began with 17 folks present. The smells from the food table were wafting over the room. Joy called the meeting to order and we began with a prayer by Tom Newell. We then adjourned to enjoy the food that was present: chicken, stew, sloppy Joes, and great desserts including pie. When everyone had eaten, we began the business part of the meeting.

Welcome back to Steve Bingham. Good to see you again and hope you can continue to share with us.

Joy asked for a motion to accept the Secretary's report as published in the *Mountain Man Monthly*. There was a second and unanimous approval to the motion.

There was no Treasurer's report as Gwen was at work this evening.

Membership Chairman Ted Beaupre advised that he was open for the business of due renewals. Dues are due by the end of January.

Old Business: When the subject of the gun show was mentioned, Don Stoner noted that he reported on that issue at the last meeting. The next gun show will be March 3-4 and anyone interested in helping needs to contact Don for further information.

New Business: Reminder given of the annual board meeting which is on January 9 at Joy's house. Please plan to attend to set the calendar for the next year.

Joy received an invitation for our group to do a 4-H demonstration on Saturday, February 3. We want us to specifically focus on how to choose a black powder rifle, how to shoot a muzzle loading rifle, what kind of supplies are needed, and how to assist

youth with the shooting of muzzle loaders. Ken West offered to help with pistol information. John Gloyd, Tom Gabor, and Ted Beaupre said they would help with the rest of the shooting. Information on time and where the event is will be e-mailed to all.

The Colorado State Muzzle Loading Association Winter Convention is March 3. We will have a club table. Looking for folks to conduct classes. Please plan to attend this event in Ft. Collins. Registration is due by February 16 to Joy or Gwen. With the Winter Convention, we will be canceling our club shoot on March 4.

April 1, which would be a paper shoot for the club, is Easter Sunday. Discussion held and it was determined that we will cancel this shoot. Reminder given that there are no club shoot in May.

A flyer from the Michigan living history indicates that they will be having a show on March 17-18. Flyer available for all to see.

Range Officers Doug and Ted were given the floor for a presentation to the group. It was noted that there are getting to be fewer and fewer shooters attending the monthly shoots. The RO's do a lot of work to prepare and then no one comes. Old club rules were that if the weather was less than 32 degrees, the shoot would not take place. This was then modified to the Melchert rule, in that Doug would make a call to the Melchert's and then post a shoot/no shoot notification on the hot line and send an e-mail. The RO's are making a proposal that the e-mail and phone notifications still take place and the temperature at noon the day of the shoot, makes the determination if it will be a shoot/no shoot event. The temperature agreed upon is 50 degrees in Penrose by noon or the shoot will be cancelled. If the shoot is cancelled, please do not go to the Melchert range. One last thing, is that if you go to the range to shoot and you enter the target shed, please ensure that the door is closed before you leave. This will help eliminate the mess and rodents that enter the shed. Your cooperation is greatly appreciated.

There were no reported success stories for hunters for 2017. The trophies will remain where they are until next January.

Under the tall tale category, Ted Beaupre shared his "Making Friends with the Grouse" story. Don Stoner shared his "Sock Monkey and the Cat"

story. Both were very interesting and entertaining. It was declared a tie between the two.

Upcoming events were noted.

Motion was made to adjourn the meeting. It was seconded and passed.

Respectfully submitted,
Temporary Scribe Doreen Webb

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CSMLA Winter Convention March 3 Ft. Collins

Don't forget to get your reservations made for the one-day CSMLA Winter Convention. This convention is held at the Elks Club in Ft. Collins. It is where the State Association holds its annual meeting. Registration forms are due to Joy or Gwen by February 16.

If you have any ideas for classes or things of interest for the group, please see Gwen. They are always looking for help to present classes. There will also be the annual election of officers at this event. If you are interested or know of anyone who is interested in helping, please share the information with them.

This would also be the time to get your nominations in for the muzzle loader of the year if you have not already done so.

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Source Material: The Early Fur Trade of St. Louis

Tucked away in the addenda of Zadok Cramer's *The Navigator* (Pittsburgh:Cramer, Spear, and Eichbaum, 1808, eighth edition, 1814) is a letter (pp. 343-43), written by Anthony Soulard, Surveyor General of Upper Louisiana during the Spanish and French regime. His maps of the Missouri River were eagerly sought and used by the Lewis and Clark expedition. Soulard also compiled annual

statistics on the fur trade of his city over a fifteen-year period, mostly before the American purchase of Louisiana.

His numbers for annual St. Louis fur production are impressive and revealing. For example, the acquisition of buffalo robes is surprisingly high for this early period, and the average prices are virtually identical to the wholesale prices received during the height of the robe trade. Otter skins were worth over three times that of beaver. Deer skins, however, more than a hundred thousand of them yearly, accounted for fully half the total animal fur trade revenue of the Missouri Basin, or the Illinois country as it was then known,

“The productions of the Missouri at this time are received from the Indians and the hunters, in exchange for goods and merchandise, and may be exhibited in the following table.

Missouri Produce

| | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|
| Beaver | 12,281 lbs. at \$1.20 | \$ 14,737.00 |
| Fox skins | 802 at \$.50 | 401.00 |
| Bear skins | 2,541 at \$2.00 | 5,082.00 |
| Black, grey, yellow, and brown | | |
| Cow skins | 189 at \$1.50 | 283.50 |
| Deer skins in the hair | 6,381 at \$.50 | 3,190.50 |
| Bear's grease | 2,310 gals. at \$1.20 | 2,572.00 |
| Otter skins | 1,267 lbs. at \$4.00 | 5,068.00 |
| Raccoon skins | at \$.25 | 1,062.00 |
| Bison hides or robes | 1,714 at \$3.00 | 5,162.00 |
| Dressed deer skins | 96,926 at \$.40 | 38,770.40 |
| Tallow and fat | 8,313 at \$.20 | <u>1,662.60</u> |
| | | \$ 77,971.00 |

“This table which is made as correct as possible on an average of fifteen years, thus gives an amount of 77,971 dollars, without mentioning musquashes and martins. Calculating at the same rate, the value of goods carried up the Missouri, and exchanged for this peltry, would be 61,250 dollars, reckoning the charges to amount to a quarter part of the worth of these articles. From this it follows, that the trade affords an annual profit of 16,721 dollars, or about a profit of 27 percent.

“If the Missouri trade, badly regulated, and without encouragement gives annual such a profit, there can be no doubt of its increase, if encouraged by the government. It must be observed, that the price fixed in the preceding table is that current at the Illinois. If the London price was taken, deducting freight and charges, the profit would appear much greater. If the Missouri, left to the savages and having but a single branch of trade, affords such great returns, in proportion to the capital employed in it, what might we not expect from individuals or companies with large funds, aided by a numerous population, and devoting themselves to other sorts of traffic.....

Dated at St. Louis, of the Illinois, March, 1805.”

SOME NOTES ON THE RED RIVER CART in the Minnesota Fur Trade

Source material from Gen. James H. Baker, “History of Transportation in Minnesota,” *Collection of the Minnesota Historical Society* Volume IX, April, 1901-20-1.

It would be a serious omission to neglect to mention the extraordinary cart trade with Pembina. The beginning of this trade is undoubtedly due to Norman W. Kittson, our well-known pioneer, and he blazed out that line of travel which was ultimately adopted by the Minnesota Stage Company, Kittson, in 1843, established a trading post at Pembina. This trade grew till 1854, when the firm of Forbes &

Kittson had fully established a great line of business. For a period of about twenty years, the furs from the Pembina region were shipped in the most curious vehicle known to modern commercial life. It was a two-wheeled concern, of very rude but strong workmanship, made entirely of wood and leather, without a particle of iron, and would carry from six to seven hundred pounds. This cart cost about \$15. To the cart an ox was geared by broad bands of buffalo hide. Sometimes there were two oxen, driven tandem. No grease was used, and the creaking axles were heard far away. From Pembina to St. Paul was about 448 miles. They generally consumed thirty to forty days in the trip, and would arrive in St. Paul early in July.

The drivers were not less striking in their appearance than the carts and oxen. The Red river half-breeds (bois brules) were a peculiar people with a character and dress half civilized and half barbaric. They generally camped near what was called Larpenteur's lake, near the intersection of Dale and Marshall streets. They brought down pemican, buffalo tongues, and buffalo robes, with furs and pelts, and took back teas, tobacco, alcohol, hardware, etc. In 1844 there were only six carts in the trade; in 1851, one hundred and two; and in 1867, five hundred. The value of this trade was a helpful auxiliary to our business in those early times. While in 1844 it was reported at only \$1,400, in 1863 it reached \$250,000. But the increase of the Burbank & Co. freight lines, the establishment of steam navigation on the Red River, and the Sioux War of 1862, combined to drive these primitive prairie carts out of the field of trade. The fur trade, it should be remembered, was always one of the chief sources of our early commerce and income. The prices of furs in some cases showed great fluctuation on account of changing demands of fashion. A mink skin, which in 1857 brought only twenty cents, in 1863 had rise to five dollars and even seven dollars in value.

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Smoke and Fire: Gun Barrel Smoking Pipes

Most of us have marveled at the symbolism of the American Indian's pipe tomahawk. The blade was a lethal weapon in the hands of its warrior owner, but the bowl could be filled with sacred tobacco and smoked among men to carry the prayer message of peace and good feelings heavenward. The same message was borne on the early US Government peace medals awarded to tribal leaders: the clasped hands of white and Indian are accompanied by the words PEACE AND FRIENDSHIP with crossed pipe and belt ax.

Another object charged with such symbolism turns up on occasion. A smoking pipe, made from a gun barrel, was sometimes fashioned by a trading post blacksmith. Gun barrels were commonly available, soft and easily worked by blacksmiths and Indians. Wisconsin archeologist Charles Brown noted that in the sites he excavated "the barrels of the guns which had been damaged, or burst, were sawed into pieces and converted by the blacksmiths, or by the Indians themselves, into various useful articles such as tubes, scrapers, barking tools, and pike heads." Other recycled gun barrels became knife handles, flutes, pipes, painting stamps, and sugaring taps.

I have closely examined two pipes made from trade gun barrels. One is in the collection of the Milwaukee Public Museum. It was a Wisconsin surface find. The second was one of the items donated to this museum by amateur archeologist Bill Barbee. It was among material he retrieved from the site of the Little Rapids Trading Post on the Minnesota River in southwest Minnesota. The pipe probably dates to about 1835.

The bowl, 6 inches long, is formed into an "L" profile by cutting it in two, then reattaching the two pieces. By what means; soldering, brazing, or welding is not evident or known. The blacksmith has carefully preserved the proof marks (early Belgian), and the fox-in-tombstone inspection mark is situated to face the smoker.

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IT WAS JUST THE WIND

The brittle leaves made a sharp crackling sound under my moccasins as I moved through the trees. From my vantage point at the tope of the hill, the hickory timber stretched out on all sides, closely manicured by grazing cattle. I eased down on the trunk of a fallen tree and cradled the Hawken across my knees.

I glanced at my companion some fifty yards away who seemed to have forgotten about squirrels and was examining a deer rub. I lit a cigarette and as I watched the smoke drift away in the breeze, the traces of a smile pulled on the corners of my mouth as the thought crossed my mind of what an old Trapper would think if he could see us modern men.

I became suddenly aware that the clear autumn air had become heavy and a depressed feeling overwhelmed me. A mist was moving in making the trees appear as shadows. I started to stand up and try to shake the mood, when a movement at the bottom of the hill caught my attention. I stared at a mounted figure seemingly to materialize in the haze. With all thoughts of the unusual weather and my mood temporarily forgotten, I wondered at this stranger and marveled at the effortless way he rode as if he and his horse were one. With his head low and carefully picking each step as if time was non-existent, he slowly made his way toward my spot.

I looked at my hunting companion who had now worked his way down a ravine and nearly out of sight. I decided not to bother him and returned my attention to the approaching figure.

By now he had pulled his horse up in front of me. He was tall and rangy, his hard weathered face made him appear very old. On his head was a broad rimmed, grease soaked hat that drooped around his head like a wilted leaf. It's band was a single string of beads, on which were attached two eagle feathers. Long tangled hair protruded from beneath his hat meeting in the front with an equally abused beard knotted from ages of inattention. On his wiry frame hung dirty buckskins, with more than half the long fringe missing, the remainder hanging in random bunches from his seams. Below his knees hung ragged leggings well caked with mud. Protruding through the stirrups were moccasins with remnants of

quillwork attesting to the once splendor of the craftsmanship that went into his outfit.

On his left side was a hunting pouch, crossed over it on the right was a large powder horn nearly half again as large as my own.

Around his waist was a wide leather belt, tied in front, holding his knife in a beaded sheath, and a pistol. In the middle of his breast hung a grease-soaked bag secured about his neck by a leather thong.

Across his saddle rested an unidentifiable rifle in a fringed leather case, its iron butt plate worn gray by years of constant service.

He leaned forward in his saddle, his deep piercing eyes appraising me. A hint of a smile brought a mischievous glint to his eyes as he said, "Ya'll never ketch any beaver sittin' on a log."

I explained that I was waiting for my hunting companion, nodding in his direction. The old man glanced that way, then brought his gaze back to me. "Ya must be a greenhorn, from the look a yer outfit. Who ya trappin' fer?"

"Nobody." I exclaimed, confused by the question.

"Nobody? Ya won't keep yer hair long that way." He answered.

At that moment he spotted my rifle, "That a Hawken?"

"Yep", I beamed proudly, happy to change the subject. "Built it myself."

He jerked forward and looked at me sharply. "You a Hawken?"

"No," I replied, trying to disguise the sudden start he gave me.

"Then thet rifle ain't either." He said, then straightening up a little, he added, "Does look like one though."

I breathed a sigh of relief, my pride in the rifle was rekindled somewhat.

He looked at my friend who was beginning to wind his way back our direction. "What kind of gun does he carry?"

"T.C." I replied.

"A what?"

"A factory rifle."

He studied the rifle, which even at that distance seemed to be clear in every detail to him. "Too shiny," He said with a shake of his head. "That

thing'll git ya kilt."

"What's that rifle you're carrying?" I asked, pointing at the leather case. "Is that a Hawken?"

"No," He said, as he pulled a long Tennessee rifle out. "Traded a pilgrim out of this'n 'bout two seasons back. He carried it out here fromback on tother side of St. Louis. R damn fine piece it is, but it ain't nary as much as my ol' Hawken was. Lost it in a fight with the Blackfeet, back in '33. Hawken's is hard to come by out here. I sent an order with the traders last year hopin' they'll bring me one to the rendezvous."

I looked at the slender rifle, well worn from hard use. Even with the lack of ornamentation, it had a grace and beauty all its own.

Then, as if by delayed fuse, it hit me what he just told me.

"A fight with the Blackfeet?" I asked incredulously.

His eyes grew wild as he tensed himself, "Jumped us one night, kilt three good men, took all our horses and our furs. Two of them jumped me, I got one of 'em up to the Green River, but the other'n got away with my mountain rifle. We came back with Ol' Gabe's men and made 'em account for what they'd done, but I never did see my rifle again."

By now, I was convinced that the old man wasn't shooting with a full load, or he was carrying his game too far. I decided to get him on a different track.

"Have you been hunting around here very long?" I asked while looking around for my companion, hoping he would come and rescue me from this situation.

A smile of pride came over his face, as he replied, "I'm an Ashley Man. Been a free trapper for nigh on ta ten years now."

I was beginning to see that the old timer actually believed the things he was telling me, and I had a strange compulsion to believe him.

"Been trapin' with the Flatheads this season, had a good year too, now I'm headed for the rendezvous." He added.

"You talking to me?" My companion yelled to me as he made his way back up the hill.

The old trapper looked at him for a moment, then turned to me, and with an air of resignation,

reigned his horse, and said "If'n I' goin' ta make the rendezvous by July, I better make tracks."

With that, he rode a few yards, then stopped. He turned around in his saddle, leaned his hand on the horse's boney rump and said, "Ya better hook up with trappers if ya expect ta keep yar hair."

With those parting words, he turned and rode away. As I was watching him, trying to sort out the strange emotions I was feeling, I was forced out of deep thought by a voice which seemed to come from so far away.

I looked up to discover my hunting companion back from his short jaunt. "I said, who are you talking to?"

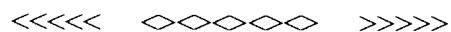
"Him." I said, point at the figure disappearing in the mist.

"Who?" he asked, staring at the trees as if there was nothing there.

I watched the mist clear up and give way to the bright autumn sun, wiping away all traces of my visitor, no movement, not even an overturned leaf to attest to his presence.

I dug a small hole in the ground with my heel, deposited the cigarette butt, stood up and stomped the spot several times. I searched the trees once more for some sign of the Old Man. Feeling a strange quiet enveloping my being, I suddenly realized who he was.

I started off down the hill, and without looking at my partner, whom I knew would never understand, I said, "Oh, Nobody. It was just the wind."



Don't forget your white elephant for the meeting on February 1.

Remember the new shoot/no shoot rules. Shoot will be determined by noon temperature in Penrose.

Get your reservations in for the CSMLA Winter Convention.

If you haven't renewed your dues, please do so now. Cost is only \$25 per family per year. Thank you for your support.