



January, 2020

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.

**Next Club Shoot - February 2
Host is Jack Durbin**

**Regular Monthly Meeting
TUESDAY, February 4, 2020
7:00 p.m.**

**White Elephant Gift Exchange
& finger foods**

**March Club Shoot - March 1
Next Meeting Date - March 3**

**DUES ARE DUE!!! Deadline
is January 31, 2020**

President

Ted "Dances With Deer" Beaupre

Vice President

John "Semi-Savage" Gloyd

Treasurer

Gwen Blanchard

Secretary

Membership Secretary

Marilyn "Wounded Thumb" Stites

Cannon Master

Richard "Singe" Stites

Club Shoots

1st Sunday each month

Pistols at 12:00 p.m.

Rifle at 1:00 p.m.

Always looking for new
members, shooters,
shoot hosts, and folks
wanting to have a good time!

Mountain Man Monthly Editor

Doreen Webb

UPCOMING EVENTS: CSML & STATEWIDE

WHAT	WHERE	WHEN	INFORMATION/DETAILS
Monthly Club Shoot	Ft. Melchert	February 2	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 p.m.
Regular Club Meeting & White Elephant gift xchg	American Legion #209	February 4	bring finger foods and a white elephant to give away and see what you get!!!!
Monthly Club Shoot	Ft. Melchert	March 1	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 p.m.
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	March 3	who knows; come and see!
Daylight Savings Time	BEGINS again	March 8, 2020	set clocks ahead 1 hour!!!!
CSMLA Winter Convention	Elks Lodge Ft. Collins	March 14	tables of trade items, elections, awards, banquet, lots of fun.
Hunting License Apps	Denver	April 2	deadline for license application submission
Monthly Club Shoot	Ft. Melchert	April 5	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 p.m.
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	April 7	club business and fun
Monthly Club Shoot	Ft. Melchert	May 3	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 p.m.
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	May 5	club business and fun
Club Memorial Day Event	Cheyenne Mtn. Shooting Complx	May 22/set up May 23-24	shooting, camping and fun for club members and invited guests
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	June 2	club business and fun
Monthly Club Shoot	Ft. Melchert	June 7	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 p.m.
Monthly Club Shoot	Ft. Melchert	July 5	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 p.m.
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	July 7	come and see what's up
Grainger Primitive Camp Out	Grainger's near Victor	July 18-19	camping, shooting, chili cook-off; potluck, and lots of fun.
Monthly Club Shoot	Ft. Melchert	August 2	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 p.m.
Monthly Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	August 4	monthly business meeting
Grainger Paper Camp Out	Grainger's near Victor	August 15-16	shooting, potluck supper, elections, potluck breakfast, and loads of fun!!!
Monthly Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	Sept. 1	annual meeting and new officers presented
Monthly Club Shoot	Ft. Melchert	Sept. 6	Labor day weekend/shoot or no shoot????
ML Hunting Season	Statewide	Sept. 9-22	good luck to our muzzle loading hunters

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

PAST THINGS

The January meeting and Wild Game potluck went off pretty well. We had the meeting first and then ate, which is a little out of tradition, but it worked. There was lots of good food and everyone seemed to enjoy it. If you missed this, you missed a good time.

Joy was unable to stay for the meeting due to illness, but she did deliver some of the information we needed. There also was lots of lively discussion about a shoot we are working on for the Memorial Day weekend. Some of our guys are working with the Cheyenne Mountain Shooting Complex to see if we can do a larger club shoot there for us and our invited guests. Details will be announced as they are firmed up. At this time, it does look like there will be multiple disciplines and lots of shooting, but cannons have not yet been finalized. Keep your fingers crossed!

We were saddened to hear of the passing of Don Marianni, one of our many supporters and fans. Don died of complications of leukemia. Please keep his family in your thoughts and prayers at this time.

Check the minutes of the meeting for further details that were shared at this meeting. Make plans to attend the February meeting which will also be our White Elephant gift exchange.....loads of fun at that one!!!!



Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders Regular Monthly Meeting January 7, 2020

Twenty-one of us were present when President Ted Beaupre banged the gavel and called the meeting to order. We then pledged allegiance to our flag and the meeting began.

Since there was no newsletter in December, Ted asked for a reading of the December meeting minutes. Doreen complied and read the minutes. There were no corrections or changes at this time so

a motion was made, seconded, and unanimously passed for acceptance of the minutes.

Treasurer Gwen was back with us and we were glad to see her. She noted that she is feeling much better and glad to be back. Gwen noted that our yearly insurance will soon be arriving and need to be paid. This is the biggest check we will need to write on the limited funds that we have remaining. There being no questions on the report or the bottom line, a motion made, seconded and passed to accept the report as presented.

Membership Chairman Marilyn Stites noted that she has received 18 renewals to date. She gave all a reminder that we need to get out dues paid now as the final due date is the end of January. If dues are not paid, you will be purged from the mailing list and won't know what is happening. Remember that dues are only \$25 per family and it will help keep you informed. Motion made, seconded and passed for acceptance of this report.

Old Business: Gwen noted that there needs to be a correction to information in the minutes from December. The CSMLA Muzzle Loader of the Year nominations need to be sent to Ron Mann and not Louis Silva. Louis doesn't have any electronic media so Ron is helping him out. All took note of this correction. Reminder given to all that we need to get these letters of nomination done and sent in to Ron as quickly as possible. They are important and we all know someone who should be considered.

Don Stoner noted that we will be participating in a gun show this month. We will have a table for the club and a sale table for items that you may want to sell. Contact Don if you want to work this event or if you have things for sale. The event will be held at the Rustic Hills Event Center.

No shoot in January due to the 50 degree rule. We are still looking for monthly hosts for the upcoming shoots.

New Business: We learned of the passing of our friend and gun show partner, Don Marianni. At this time, we have no further details but ask that you keep his family in your thoughts and prayers. He will be missed.

Ted announced that we are still looking for demonstrations, discussions, book reports, ideas and things to present at each monthly meeting. We would

like to have something interesting for our members and also present things that they can learn from. There are unlimited topics that you can share or speak on including hunting, fishing, archery, cooking, sewing, any number of things and nothing will be rejected. Please volunteer now to help us keep our meetings interesting.

Several of our members have been working on arranging a shoot for the Memorial Day Weekend. No not the regular big shoot over the whole weekend, but a 2-day event to be held at Ft. Carson. Camping will be allowed and even if you don't want to camp at the site, there is a campground just across the road from the range. While the cannon shooting has not yet been finalized, they are at least considering allowing it as well. We can do shotgun, pistols, and rifles and the ranges are already set up.

This event will be held at the Cheyenne Mountain Shooting Complex which is south on I-25, take exit 132, and go left at Gate 20. Plans are for this to be a multi-discipline event including black powder, black powder cartridge, in-line, and pistol caliber rifles. Ranges 6, 7, and 8 have been allocated for our use. We have access to the shotgun range but we will need to supply our own equipment and biodegradable clays for this discipline. We have also been given room for our knife and hawk blocks. Also noted was that there will be no issue if vendors want to come and bring their wares.

The most important thing that was brought forward is that we must have 10 people per day to work this event in order for it to happen. Fees are being discussed and will be shared as soon as we know. There are still some logistics to be worked out but we know that set-up will be on Friday, May 22 and shooting will be on Saturday, May 23 from 0800 to when we stop and from 0800 to 1400 hrs. on Sunday. There will be no shooting on Monday as the complex is closed on Mondays and Tuesdays.

Jack Durbin volunteered to host the February shoot at Ft. Melchert, all things permitting.

Territorial Matches are still being worked on and is up in the air at this time. As soon as we know about them, we will share the information.

Doreen brought up a discussion that she had with Joy. Because funds are getting low and postage

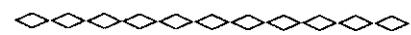
is going up, we would like to try a bi-monthly newsletter rather than monthly. Additionally, if we don't have monthly shoots there is not a lot to report and filling the newsletter is a real chore. Again we want your membership to provide something but we also want to conserve our funds and efforts. We are always looking for information to publish and asks that those of you who read provide book reports and those of you who write, send us an article for publication. We are always looking for information. After some discussion the group agreed that we will try the bi-monthly publication and see what happens. First newsletter will be January, 2020 followed by March, 2020 and so forth.

Thanks given to Doug Davis for his electronic notifications of events and shoot information. This helps us all to plan and know what is happening and going on. If you are having issues getting the electronic information, check your spam and junk folders and talk to Doug about the servers that we are using.

Upcoming events were noted.

Motion made, seconded, and approved to adjourn the meeting. So done.

Respectfully submitted,
Temporary Scribe Doreen Webb



Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders Membership Dues

By: Marilyn Stites

CSML Membership,

Dues are due by January 31, 2020. Dues are \$25.00 per member family. Make your check payable to CSML. Once received, a membership card will be issued to you.

Please mail your membership money to:

Marilyn Stites

6205 Powder Puff Drive

Colorado Springs, CO 80918

Questions call (719) 598-6576 or (719) 351-1404

e-mail: mmssewer@comcast.net

FEBRUARY'S MEETING WHITE ELEPHANTS

Just in case you didn't know or forgot, the February 4th meeting is the annual White Elephant gift exchange. This means that you go find the wildest, weirdest, wackiest, thing you have or can discover and wrap it up and bring it. This is the opportune time to get rid of that ugly thing that was gifted to you and just don't know what to do with it. There are even some long buried secrets (the man-hole cover; Humphrey the humping dog) that may just make an appearance; there is no telling.

Also, bring you favorite snack food to share and we'll eat while we trade White Elephants. It is always a good time and lots of fun. Plan to come and join in on the fun!!!!

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CSMLA WINTER CONVENTION 2020

The Colorado State Muzzle Loading Association's annual Winter Convention is rapidly approaching. The date is March 14 and will be held in Ft. Collins at the Elks Lodge. Registration forms for tables need to be submitted to Gwen or Joy by February 16. The first table or trade blanket is free if you are a CSMLA member. Additional space is only \$10.

This year's dinner is a buffet and cost is only \$30 per person which includes the tip and gratuity. The food at the Elks Lodge has always been good so plan now to attend this buffet.

If you haven't done so, you need to send your CSMLA Muzzle Loader of the Year nominations to Ron Mann as soon as possible. These need to be all inclusive letters and state why you believe your candidate is the best one for this award. Judges do not know us or anything about us so the more detail you provide, the more chances your candidate will have to win.

Let's get out and support this CSMLA event. The State Association is our only link to the DOW

and hunting and things related. We have been successful in bending their ear on the muzzle loading season as well as other issues that affect us as hunters, anglers, and archers in the State of Colorado. Be sure to come and support the group.

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Editor's Note: The following information is taken from The Buckskin Report, Volume 4, Number 12 from September, 1977.

The Healer and the White Buffalo

By: W. B. Wilson (Chief No Heart)

The American Indian was a careful observer of nature and pretty well accounted for all the four-leggeds, fly-through-the-airs, and even the crawl-on-their-bellies. He knew the Cougar and the Bobcat belonged to the same tribe, jut different warrior societies. He knew the relationship between his camp dog and the Wolf or Coyote, and even the Weasel to the Mink.

A few things threw him, of course; he thought the porcupine was a beaver being punished by One Above, and the also thought the great white mountain goat, with his high shoulder, sloping back, beard and rocking horse gait was a small rock dwelling Buffalo. In truth, the big goat does look more like a Buffalo than anything else and even one of the early Spanish explorers, Ullibari, reported a small species of Buffalo in the high mountains.

Right or wrong, the White Buffalo of the mountains held a special place in the Indian's esteem, and was second only to the great White Buffalo of the plains on the "Big Medicine" lists.

To those who will say the mountain goat never falls, I can only say that maybe it was suicide that caused the piles of broken bones seen occasionally in the back country of the high mountains.

The Author

The sun was starting its daily journey across the sky, and two Magpies in a Juniper bush, loudly

demanded that the Indian sleeping under their home go elsewhere on the mountain.

Underneath the hubbub, Broken Boy stretched painfully and sat up. "Truly" he cried, "You must be the camp crier for the Magpie tribe. "Your wind is as strong as the frosted bears." As he spoke he massaged his leg with one hand, trying to bring it back to life faster. It had been ten summers since the Crows had surprised his camp, but the scars from the two lead balls that had crippled him and killed the mother holding him, still gave him much pain on cold mornings.

The Crows had a black white man with them, and their guns were in top shape with good British flints. The Blackfeet had only two guns, well patched with rawhide and equipped with native flints. The fight was short and many Blackfeet died that morning, and more died during the winter, without the robes, blankets and supplies burned by the Crows.

Risingi painfully, Broken Boy limped over to the spring hole and dived in. After a few trips around the edge he scrubbed himself with sand, climbed out and headed for his small collection of possibles under the Juniper. Reaching down into his food bag he drew out a handful of dried corn and a hand-sized piece of jerky. Carefully building a small altar he sacrificed a few grains of corn and a small piece of the jerky to the Ones Above for his safe night. This taken care of, he settled back against the bush, chewing slowly and pondering again the wisdom of One Above.

In former years he had cursed the Ones Above for forcing hi to live in such a painful, broken body, but as he experimented with native medicines to relieve his pain, he became a better than average healer without realizing it. As he heard of new medicines and remedies he eagerly tried them out, discarding or keeping them according to the results. In sharing his findings with family and friends, his gentle hands and patience with pain gave him a "bedside manner" previously unknown among his people. At first the older Shamans feared him as a witch, but as time went by and they discovered his unselfish devotion to others in pain, they began to offer him their cures and to recommend him to others of knowledge.

Being a semi-orphan he could travel freely between the various related camps, learning as he went and gaining in reputation until now he was living

with Hump Back Bull, the greatest of all the Shamans and a man known even to other tribes, for his power and his success in healing and dream interpretation.

Hump had finally come to the end of his instructions and had notified Broken Boy that the time had come for his medicine dream to acquire a name and a totem. He explained that One Above as too proud to talk to a mere man directly, so he gave his commands through selected fly-through-the-airs, four-leggeds, or even crawl-on-their-bellies. Thus a Shaman mut achieve his medicine dream because only in a vision would the Great One reveal his message.

Twice last summer, he had climbed the mountain to find his vision, and twice he had sen it, but never clearly. Both times it had been a white buffalo, but Hump read the second vision as a warning that he was not ready and should wait until the following Spring.

The winter had passed slowly for the young Blackfeet but he had used his time well. To plan his strategy he had spent many hours talking to the best hunters and trappers, gleaning all the information he could, for if his vision came clear and was again the White Buffalo, he would have to capture one to ensure his future success.

The balance of his time was spent weaving a horsehair rope and becoming proficient in its use. By Spring, the rope had become a live thing in his hands.

Broken Boy broke off his daydreaming with a start, wondering what had disturbed him, then smiled as he saw that the two magpies were off down the canyon, discussing the legitimacy of a pair of Coyote pups, and it had been the quiet that had startled him.

Painfully he started his climb to the high country, the tallest peaks were the ones where the white buffalo made his home. Peaks that could only be reached by brave men and the white buffalo. Although Indians could and did kill and eat the white buffalo, he was highly respected as a spirit animal. His natural shyness, plus his ability to disappear at a single bound, further enhanced his reputation as a spirit animal.

Much later in the day, when the Sun was almost home to his sister Moon's house, Broken Boy was forced to stop and rest. He had climbed steadily for six hours and his twisted leg was quivering with pain. As he took a drink from his buffalo gut canteen,

he felt as if he was being watched. He was sure that he was alone on the mountain but he could not shake the feeling of being watched. Looking slowly around he watched for movement instead of objects but saw nothing. He went to a bush to rest and, leaning back, he saw the eyes, six of them, dark brown, set under jet black horns and surrounded by white fur. White Buffalo - - three of them, not ten bow shots away. He turned to see them better but all he saw was a flash of white, then empty rocks. He laughed out loud; "Surely", he said, "My last vision will be a fine one! What a wonderful omen! I must remember the number three!"

Collecting his robe, food, and equipment, he started climbing again. The pain was terrible but his vision lodge was only about twenty bow shots away, and his renewed enthusiasm would not recognize pain. Just at sundown he reached his lodge, climbed over the edge and lay face down on the warm stone, exhaustion overcoming elation.

Several heartbeats later the scream of a late hunting Eagle brought him back to reality and he started to prepare himself for the vision. First he white clayed his Buffalo robe and stretched it out facing East. Then he combed and re-braided his hair, relieved his bladder and sat on the robe, facing East. After getting as comfortable as he could he white clayed his face and took out the pipe Hump had given him. After he had smoked once to each of the Grandfather Winds, Mother Earth, and One Above, he said his evening prayer and lay the pipe beside him, bowl facing East.

All night long he sat fighting sleep, pain and thirst. He thought of lying down, which was permitted, but brushed the thought aside in favor of the stronger sit up vision. Slowly the Sun came up, sending arrows through his swollen eyes. With the warmth came the insects which had to be tolerated, because no life could be taken at the vision place. Slowly the Sun ceased torturing his eyes, but the heat on the flat rock was starting to drain the moisture from his body.

All day he sat in the Sun, head pounding, lips cracking, his crippled leg jerking from pain and cramps, and still no vision came. He was almost delirious now but still in control enough to remain sitting. Long after Sun had completed his journey, he

saw lightening in the Northwest but since he heard no thunder he knew it was far away. Something small and furry ran across his leg but he barely felt it. Closing his eyes stopped the pain for a while, but the huge white-gold circles that seemed to be painted on the inside of his eyelids soon made him open them again.

About midnight he finally heard thunder and the first cool breeze running ahead of the storm caressed his face. He could fight no more; slowly his head sank forward and he was asleep.

About an hour later a scarlet bolt of lightning hit the mountain top and a golden white ball rolled down to the vision ledge. Its light was more brilliant than anything the boy had ever seen, slowly its light dimmed and there stood the grandfather of all White Buffalo, watching him closely. Suddenly it charged, stopping just short of the Indian, then lying down it rolled over and got to its feet again, laying on the ground the great white, shimmering fleece. Reaching inside its new fleece it drew forth its largest rib and taking a bow drill from a secret place it drilled six holes along the upper edge of the rib. Taking six of its toe caps he fastened them through the holes with sinew. When he finished he bowed his head three times and placed it on the fleece. He next removed the black horn caps from his head and, using a piece of the fleece, fashioned a horned bonnet. Once more bowing his head three times he pushed the gifts toward the astonished boy.

Broken Boy reached forward to accept the gifts and received instead a face full of shocking cold water. Gasping and shaking, he opened his eyes, enraged at such a trick. The Bull and his gifts were gone and a cold rain pounded the ledge. Slowly Broken Boy realized that his vision had come and gone and truly it had been a great one.

Falling eagerly on his small store of food and water he eased the pain in his belly, then rolled up in his wet robe and went to sleep.

When he awoke the next day the Sun was high and had started to make a sweat lodge out of the wet robe. The cold rain, food and sleep had done wonders for the boy's broken body and he sat up and smiled at the new world open before him. The first order of the day seemed to be breakfast; his small store of food was exhausted and he must now see what the One

Above would provide. Using some muddy water from last night's rain, he washed off the white clay, then he combed and rebraided his hair, tying it with two bits of red yarn. As the last knot went into the yarn, he heard the whistle of a Rock Pig or Marmot and knew where his breakfast was coming from.

After breakfast he made a small altar of stones and placed the liver and one leg of the Marmot on it, thanking his little brother for the use of his flesh and asking forgiveness for the necessity of his death. Taking one last look around, he kicked out the fire and started climbing higher and further up to the sleeping place of his quarry.

Three days later, the sun looked down on a thoroughly exhausted Indian. He had been eight days out of camp now, and poor food, lack of sleep and difficult travel had reduced his body to the bare minimum. He knew he should start back while he could still make it but he also knew it could be another year before the signs were right for another expedition. If he could only make his capture now he would have meat for strength and a skin for his medicine. Taking out his precious pipe he filled it with the last of his tobacco and prepared to make the last pipe prayer he could make on this trip. He knew he should have Sweet Grass and Sage for the fire to ensure attention from the Ones Above but he would just have to trust to his own wording to hold their attention.

Since there was no cottonwood tree close he decided that an ancient pine anchored to the ledge would do because it was obviously very old and must have the favor of the One Above. Digging deep into last night's fire he found a coal and lit the pipe. Letting the first smoke rise up the pine branches he asked each of the grandfather winds to aid him. Then he presented the pipe to One Above and asked that help and special powers be his so he could return to his people a powerful healer. After completing his prayer he replaced the pipe in its beautiful bag and secretly hoped the Ones Above were not playing the hand game and so be too busy to hear his prayer.

Rising up, he winced with pain but he had to stay up in order to hunt for some food. He took one step toward the back of the ledge and three shots shattered the quiet of the mountain. Falling flat immediately he looked about the mountain but saw

nothing. Edging over to the rim of his ledge he looked down and saw five men gathering around a downed deer. They were busy gutting the deer and did not even suspect his presence. Drawing back from the edge he was suddenly petrified by something he saw with a side glance to the left.

On a small ledge, not four man lengths away, were the three bulls he had seen on the first day. All were watching the men below and had not seen him. Heart pounding like an Antelope's, he examined the situation. No weapons could be taken on a vision quest and that left him with nothing but his hands and a forty-foot rope of horsehair. He thought of dropping a stone but decided that the horns and heavy hair would deflect it. His mind raced back over the stories the hunters had told him but nothing seemed adequate. He had planned to use a dead fall or Antelope pit as his means of capture but there was no time for that now. In desperation he decided to try the magic circle. A Mexican captive had taught him its use but he could not stop a running horse with it as the Mexican could. He knew he had but a few moments before the bulls were gone; the circle was all he could think of.

Tying one end of the rope to the old tree he leaned out over the ledge with the loop in his hand. The three bulls were still fascinated by the action below, but were getting nervous and ready to leave. Gauging the distance as best he could, he flicked his wrist and dropped the spread loop down toward the bulls. He braced himself for the jerk he knew would come when the big bull felt the rope but the rope hung limp, one man length above the bulls. Quickly he drew the rope back up for the second cast but when it dropped the second time a gust of wind blew it onto a branch between the two ledges.

Almost crying out in frustration he frantically drew the rope up for the third try. The two smaller bulls were stomping and pawing, wanting to leave, but the big bull still stared down. The third cast headed for the big bull, straight and true but at the last moment the wind caught it, throwing it to the side where it struck the smallest bull. With a loud bleat he turned to face his attacker, shaking with fear and surprise. At the commotion the big bull whirled around. The rain-weakened gravel at the edge of the ledge gave way and dropped the big bull's

hindquarters over the edge. Wide-eyed and pawing desperately with his front feet, he hung for a moment, then dropped to the rock outcrop below, breaking his back at the pelvis.

Far, far below, the men heard the rock slide and looked up but saw only two bulls scrambling higher up the rocks. Watching for a moment they went back to their butchering. Broken Boy lay face down on his ledge, peering through the branches of the Pine. The White Bull had recovered from his first shock and was pulling himself along by heart and front feet. One look at his dragging hindquarters told the boy that the bull was his unless it pulled itself into a hole or crevasse.

Broken Boy yearned to hurry down the mountain side but he knew he would be a tempting target to the men below. Moving crabwise to the left of the ledge he snaked over the edge and slid to the one below. Laying flat, he peered over the edge of the second ledge and saw the bull still trying to regain his feet. He would paw frantically forward a few feet, then look back at his trailing legs, unable to comprehend what had happened, yet knowing that he must move out of the open.

The whites below had loaded their kill on a horse and were moving on down out of sight. Broken Boy waited until they turned behind a rock fall and then fell, slid and limped down to the bull. When the boy landed in front of him the bull renewed his struggles but to no avail. He was exhausted now and his great heart thumped like the drumming wing of a grouse.

Broken Boy looked wildly around the area until he found a Basalt boulder with a point broken on it. Seizing it with both hands, he worked in behind the crippled animal and, darting forward, struck with all his strength, right at the base of the skull. Twice more he struck before the bull dropped his head to the ground and was still. Walking around in front of the animal, Broken Boy watched the eyes glaze, then fell to his knees, raising both hands to One Above. When his short prayer of thanks was over he addressed his brother on the ground in front of him, asking forgiveness for taking his life and vowing now that they were brothers he would never again hunt or eat any part of a White Buffalo. He also vowed that the whole skin would be on the pole at the next Sun

Dance.

Finding a piece of Jasper, he struck off a long flake with his killing stone and, turning the animal over on its side, began to take its skin. First he took the head; the skull and horn cores would hang on a pole in front of his lodge, the horn shells would make his cap.

After fileting the kill he took out the liver and cut it into six pieces, two large and four small. The four small pieces were for the four wind grandfathers for not carrying his scent or sound to the bulls. The largest piece was for One Above and the other large piece he ate himself for the power in it. The kidneys, penis and testicles were laid on the altar for his brother bulls on the mountain, so that they might retain his mighty seed, ensuring many more bulls to come. At last he was ready to respond to the rumblings in his belly.

Broken Boy dug a hole in the ground and lined it with small stones. While the wood was burning to ashes and heating the stones, he cut the tenderloin from one side of the bull and spearing it on a stick, propped it over the ashes. While it was popping and sizzling over the fire he watched a Magpie hopping around the butchering area. Suddenly it darted over to the altar and seizing the liver set out for One Above, flew up into a tree and swallowed it in one gulp. "Ah he", said the boy out loud. "The black and white thief is to be my messenger from One Above. It is clear. I am pleased!"

Broken Boy turned back to the fire and checked his meat. He decided it was done enough and slashed off a piece, using the stone knife he had made. As he worked his jaws over the tough meat he decided that it was not quite as tough as lodge cover, but almost so. At least the flavor and hot juice was far better than rabbit or marmot.

A full belly and a sinking sun started to work their charms on the boy and he began to nod and yawn. He wrapped the white hide around some large rocks so it would dry and at the same time be safe from some prowling four-legged. Finishing this chore, he wrapped himself in his robe and, smiling, fell asleep.

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