



**July, 2019**

# 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 Monthly Meeting**  
**TUESDAY, August 6, 2019**  
**7:00 p.m.**

**Club Primitive Shoot - Aug. 4**

**Grainger Paper Camp Out**  
**and Elections**  
**August 17-18**

**CO Masters Open**  
**CSMLA State Shoot**

**Saying Goodbye . . . . .**

**President**  
Joy Hicks  
**Vice President**  
Robert McCune  
**Treasurer**  
Gwen Blanchard  
**Secretary**

**Membership Chairman**  
Ted Beaupre

**Range Officer**  
Ted Beaupre  
**Assistant Range Officer**  
Jock Harmon

**Primitive Exec.**  
Doug "Moose Milk" Davis  
**Assistant Primitive Exec.**  
Tony "Tenderfeets" Hecker

**Cannon Master**  
Richard "Singe" Stites

**Mountain Man Monthly**  
Editor  
Doreen Webb

## UPCOMING EVENTS: CSML &amp; Statewide

WHAT	WHERE	WHEN	INFORMATION
Colorado Masters Open	Ft. Lupton	Aug. 3-4	Duane Jones: 720-320-6313 or Larry Webster: 303-823-6985
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	August 4	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	August 6; 7:00 pm	regular club meeting & stuff
Paper Grainger Camp Out	Grainger Ranch near Victor	August 17-18	potluck Saturday night; lots of shooting; elections
CSMLA State Shoot	Ft. Lupton	August 30-Sept. 2	Camp fee \$20; csmla.net
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	Sept. 3	club business and such
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	Sept. 15	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	Oct. 6	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	Oct. 8	club business and who knows???
Annual Bird & Buffalo Shoot	Ft. Melchert Penrose, CO	Oct. 19-20	long-range shooting; potluck Saturday night; auction; & stuff
<b>DAYLIGHT SAVINGS</b>	<b>TIME ENDS ON</b>	<b>NOVEMBER 3</b>	<b>SET CLOCK BACK 1 HOUR!!</b>
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	November 3	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	November 5	club business and such
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	November 17	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	December 1	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	December 3	annual ornament exchange; finger foods and fun!
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	December 15	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	January 5, 2020	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	Am Legion #209	January 7, 2020	wild game potluck & award of trophies for animals taken
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	January 19	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	February 2	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting & white elephant gift xchg	American Legion #209	February 4	bring finger foods and a white elephant to give away and get!!!

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!!!

# PAST THINGS

Well, your Editor totally forgot to go to the meeting in July, so we don't have any past information for you. My son and daughter-in-law came in for a surprise visit for their 25<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary and we just got caught up in the time. On Tuesday, we had ridden the train through the Royal Gorge and toured the area since it has been over 8 years since Jon was home. When we stopped at 8:00 p.m. for supper someone said "Tuesday....." and it dawned on me that I had totally spaced the meeting!

This also means that I don't have any minutes from the meeting to report. I waited until the deadline for the newsletter and nothing appeared in that cyberspace mail box so nothing to report.



## Saying Goodbye.....

We have received word that Betty Newcomb, wife of Fred Newcomb passed away on July 15 in the morning. Fred and Betty were married for 55 years. They were both big supporters of muzzle loading and our club as well. Fred had his own muzzle loading shop for a time.

Services for Betty are scheduled for August 2 at 10:30 a.m. at Lifebridge Christian Church in Longmont. The church is located just West on Ute Highway off of Highway 287.

Fred notes that if anyone of our group would like to travel to Longmont and attend he would be honored. A nice lunch to follow

# TIME FOR SERIOUS THOUGHT AND DECISIONS

While I was not at the Grainger campout, I have been told that Joy reminded the group that it is rapidly approaching a time when we as a club will need to make a decision about what we are doing and will continue or discontinue doing. I echo her sentiments and offer my humble opinion of how I see things.

We have traveled the same train for a long time now and unfortunately, none of us are getting any younger. We have and continue to work to bring younger individuals into our group, but so far, we just don't have the results we would like. We are not a popular thing with the younger generation.

While it broke Joy's heart to advise that she can no longer continue as President, she is not the first nor the last to have to do this. We lost our Vice President due to a move and we haven't had a Secretary for over a year now. When you read the Primitive Report elsewhere in the newsletter you will find that Doug is tendering his resignation as the Primitive Exec as well. I have long been saying that I am ready for someone else to be the newsletter Editor - - - I have done this for approximately 25 years. If we don't get replacements, that leaves a very small board of Ted and Gwen. So far, they have not indicated any plans to step down.

Mother Nature in all her glory, put an end to the 44<sup>th</sup> annual Memorial Day Shoot, which may have just been the best thing for us. We were all sweating the set-up and tear down for the event as well as our own preparation to go and stay. The hours on the ranges and the walking up and down the hillside. It takes a ton of preparation to host the biggest and best shoot in the state. The last couple of years have been extremely hard on all of us. Additionally, we have not made as much revenue as in the past but the costs to host this event still continue.

I don't think that we need to fold the club, but I do think that we need to change our structure a bit. I think we need to do what our membership wants to do and enjoys and make it memorable for the group.

I believe it is time to give up the annual shoot. We already have set records in that we have (technically) planned and hosted 44 of the biggest and best shoots in the state. Our number of participants has always been the highest in the state. People who attended have always stated their pleasure at how well the shoot went and what a good time they had. The labor and money are just not there to continue this event. I don't feel that the city of Florence or the Florence Mountain Park is the issue. I am sure that if we went early and got on the Florence city council's agenda, we could help them understand what we do and how it helps out their city. Finding another venue is a very difficult and time consuming job. I don't personally know of any other area we could go that would be better than what we have. Any place we go will have both positive and negative aspects.

We still have lots of other shoots available to us to participate in (Squirrel, Big Bore, Masters, State Shoot, High Country Hideaway, Santa Fe Trails, etc.). We can continue to host our own club shoots. Maybe instead of two a month, we combine them and only do it once a month. We can have more fun shoots and hopefully, it won't be too much work for the range staff and participation will be better. Our shoots have always and will continue to be open to anyone who wants to come and shoot with us. We always have invited guests as part of our plan.

Everyone enjoys our Grainger camp outs and the fun we have there. We can continue these as well as our annual Bird and Buffalo event.

While there are several of the board members who are stepping down, it does not mean they are disappearing or won't be available to help mentor, answer questions, or just to help. Some of us are just physically at a point where we cannot continue the pace we have in the past. We need a break or we will be worse than ever and possibly unable to participate at all. We need someone willing to head up the group and lead us forward. I am sure that all of us will do all we can to help that individual.

Carefully consider what you want from your membership in the Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders and what you are willing to do to achieve that. Share your information and help us to decide what is our future. It is *your* club and you have to help make the decisions.

## THANKS FOR THE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY PARADE

By: Don Stoner

This year, 2019, we again were able to pull off the 4<sup>th</sup> of July parade in Monument. We had 11 participants, down from 14 that we had last year. I should mention that my sister and Ted's daughter are not active members of the CSML but helped us out anyway. Also Jim Murray's grandsons.

The parade was a little different this year in that we were requested to withhold firing the first block as there would be animals following close behind. They were oxen pulling the descendants of the original pioneers and a couple of horses honoring fallen warriors. As such, we were given a 15-minute head start. This worked well as the animals didn't catch up until the last block. Unfortunately, one of the horses couldn't get used to the noise and we were asked not to fire any in the last block of the parade. Problem being was that we were loaded and needed to clear the weapons at the end. I'm sure the officials will be considering this turn of events in the future.

Again, we had many kids that wanted to "pull the trigger" and "light the cannon" that weren't able to. With 3 people on the cannon and two carrying the CSML banner, that left only 6 of us with rifles and 2 of those were not active members. You do the math.

Carrying the banner:

Margaret Stone (my sister)  
Toby (Ted's daughter).

Cannon:

Doug Davis  
Carol Gloyd  
Ken West

Rifles:

Tony Hecker  
Ted Beaupre  
Don Stoner  
Jim Murray  
Conner Thurn (Jim's grandson)  
Andreas Thurn (Jim's grandson)

Thank you all for coming and helping with this parade. It really was a good thing and we are always highly anticipated at this event.

## JULY PAPER SHOOT

By: Ted "Dances with Deer" Beaupre

The day was hot and calm. I had a total of six shooters at this one on July 7. We shot 5 targets; two at 50 and one at 100 yards.

Jock Harmon  
 Ted Beaupre  
 Doug Davis  
 Tony Hecker  
 Steve Sterner  
 Al Bartok

Remember the Grainger shoots this month and in August. July will be steel targets and the chile cook-off. August will be a fun shoot. Don't forget to bring a shotgun as we will be shooting clays after breakfast.



## JULY 7 PAPER PISTOL MATCH

By: Ken West

Five of us enjoyed a beautiful day to shoot pistols. We were joined by Tennessee's grandsons Connor and Andreas, who gave us some lessons! The scores were:

Al Bartok	92x
Connor Thurn	88-2x
Jim Murray	86-3x
Ken West	76
Andreas Thurn	60

Thank you all for coming to this shoot.

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**Primitive**

## Chapter News

by: Doug "Moose Milk" Davis

The July Primitive Camp-Out, shoot and chili cook-off had beautiful weather, along with the obligatory rain shower around 5:00 p.m., which stopped at the traditional 5:55 p.m.; in time for the potluck. It didn't matter to Mother Nature that we had decided to eat an hour earlier at 5:00 p.m. since the shooting was completed early enough for people to fix their contributions to the dinner. It was to be at 6:00 p.m.!!!!!!

The following are the scores:

Men:

Jock Harmon	32
Ted Beaupre	29
Randy Ruyle	27
John Udovich	25
Bruce Parner	24
Tony Hecker	23
John Gloyd	21
Don Stoner	18
Al Bartok	15
Jay Rathman	14

Ladies:

Dee Beaupre	14
Darlene	12

Juniors:

Isabel M.	23
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Men's Pistols:

Jim Murray	17
Al Bartok	17
Andreas Thurn	14

Ken West	13
John Udovich	8
Jay Rathman	8
Junior Pistol:	
Connor Thurn	9

## PRIMITIVE CAMP-OUT 2019

By: Joy Hicks

**NOTES:**

Andreas opted to join the men's division in lieu of Intermediate.

Jay Rathman shot his pistol in the rifle division, but didn't shoot all the targets. Rain shower interrupted his plan.

Thanks to all who helped set up and tear down!!!!

Lastly, I have decided not to seek re-election as Primitive Executive Officer. I have been in this position for quite a few years. Thank you to all who have assisted me over the years.

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In past years when I would call to ask permission of the Grainger's to use their beautiful land, I was told "Sure you can come; we need the rain." Well it happened again. Friday night was rain, Saturday started out with a perfect sunny day; not too hot, not too cold. Everyone finished shooting around 4:00 p.m. When the range was put up, Mr. Primitive (Doug), who always says we are eating at 6:00 p.m. not 6-ish, asked if everyone would like to eat at 5:00 p.m. It was agreed that would be a great change. We got back to camp and the sky opened up! Dinner was postponed to its original time. The rain continued to fall until 5:55 p.m. when it stopped. We then had a great dinner (Hmmm, how many times has that happened?) Mother Nature has scheduled us for her time at 6:00 p.m.

The chili contest results are:

tastiest	Ted Beaupre
hottest	Jock Harmon
mildest	DougDavis(what?)

As usual, there was lots of good food and fellowship with 24 friends present. Prizes were awarded and Primitive Names were opened up. Ashlyn Morris (Richard and Marilyn Stites' grand-daughter) was presented to obtain her new primitive name. There was a story about a trip to Estes Park, trying to kill a bug, and clearing the cabins with bear spray (Ask Laura). Sooooo, Ashlyn will now be known as "Bear Mist". We had a great camp

### FOR SALE

18 foot tipi with poles, liner, door, and ropes. Asking \$550 for all. Contact me at:

720-935-5550  
or  
wmichaelcody44@gmail.com

fire with lots of marshmallows. Jim Murray's grandsons, Connor and Andreas, brought the makings for S'mores.

Sunday morning brought the sun and a great breakfast with eggs by Ted and Isabelle (Richard and Marilyn's other granddaughter), amazing fried potatoes (five pounds worth) by Dee, and buttermilk pancakes by Joy. Sausage, fruit, doughnuts and more provided by everyone else. Thank goodness for Richard's coffee!

Breakfast done and cleaned up. Some went to do shotgun.

What a great weekend. Don't know how we can ever repay the Grainger's for allowing us to use their land.

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### Colorado Masters' Open

The Colorado Master's Open shoot is scheduled for August 3 and 4 at Ft. Lupton, just part the "Fort" at 2001 Historic Parkway. Duane Jones and Larry Webster are the hosts for this event.

Registration open at 8:00 a.m. and ranges open at 9:00 a.m. Range closes at 5:00 p.m. on Saturday and 2:00 p.m. on Sunday. There is a \$10 entry fee.

Targets will be shot at 25, 50, and 100 yards and will be 10 shots at each range.

Make plans now to attend this and check up on Duane and Larry.....these are the guys who say "pets and small children must be on a leash!" They need us to keep them in line.

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### 2019 State Shoot

This year's state shoot will once again be held at Ft. Lupton and is scheduled for August 30 through September 2. Camp fee is \$20 and there is a camp potluck dinner Saturday evening. Lots of matches for

this event. The flyer notes that eye and ear protection are required. Additionally, all matches except Musket and Revolver, must be shot with patched round ball.

Ron Ring and Joy Hicks are the contacts for the event. If you have any questions or need more information, feel free to contact either of these individuals. See you there!

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Don't forget that elections will be conducted at the August Paper Grainger Camp Out. The train has been derailed and we will need people to step up and fill the positions that are vacant.

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### MUZZLE LOADING ACCIDENTS ALSO HAPPENED BACK THEN

Nebraska State Medical Society  
Sixteenth Annual Session

#### EXTENSIVE WOUND OF SKULL AND BRAIN

By: Marshal D. Bedal, of Blair, Nebraska

July 23, 1882, Mr. M. K., living eight miles northeast of Blair, was out hunting. It was late in the afternoon, and he was using a double-barrel muzzle loading shotgun. He had just fired, and was in the set of reloading the empty barrel when the other barrel discharged, striking him in the forehead. He was looking down towards the muzzle of the gun, and the charge of shot struck him between the eyes, fracturing and carrying away a part of the frontal bone two inches wide and two and a half inches in length from the supra orbital arch towards the coronal suture. The membranes and brain substance were torn and bleeding, the scalp being loosened and torn back to the middle of the skull.

The left eyeball was penetrated by the shot, and ooze running out of the orbit. The right eye was also injured to the extent that complete and permanent

blindness immediately followed. He was immediately conveyed home and medical assistance summoned.

Dr. D. B. Taylor and myself immediately responded to the call, and arrived at the house of the patient about ten o'clock in the evening. We found the patient injured as just described, and lying in a semi-unconscious state. The attendants stated that before our arrival he had convulsive twitching of the limbs. The sight of the wounded man was truly sickening. The face blackened and burnt with powder and the wound gaping wide and bleeding. The wound was dressed by placing the torn fragments of the scalp in position and holding them with stitches. Fragments of bone and shot were taken from the membranes of the brain, and the wound cleansed with cold water. The wound was then covered with absorbent cotton soaked in carbolyzed water, and directions left for the dressings to be frequently changed.

The patient was seen the following day. No change except return to full consciousness and some pain and uneasiness. Beef extracts and milk were given as diet, and strict attention given to keeping the wound cleaned. The patient was seen from day-to-day, and no unfavorable symptoms appeared. The anterior portion of both cerebri protruded through the wound, constituting a true hernial cerebri. During the first ten days there was but a slight amount of fever, the pulse never going above 90.

The protruding portions of the brain had a blackish and greenish color, and discharged a thin, offensive fluid. Thirty-four days after the injury the surface of the wound began to slough off, and the edges of the wound began to heal. At this time we discovered a sharp triangular piece of bone pressing in the brain. This piece of bone was sawed off and the edges made smooth; after this the wound cleansed more rapidly, and a month later the surface of the wound was covered with clean connective tissue. At this time we grafted four small pieces of skin from the arm into the wound. The grafts all took and formed new cutaneous centers. Four months after receiving the injury the wound was healed and the patient able to walk about.

We think this a remarkable recovery from such an extensive injury to one of the vital organs. Another feature is that the injury did not produce a cerebritis or meningitis, and that no constitutional effects were

produced beyond general prostration. The patient is attending to his business today. He is completely blind, and the sense of smell is lost.

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## THE LONG LEGS

By: Christopher Cooper

The sun had shone from a cloudless sky when he left his base camp in the Brooks Range of Alaska. He was an electrical engineer by the name of Owl Friend on a hunting vacation from his job in Fairbanks. He wore a pale red jacket and heavy woolen pants. His boots were in the western style as was his hat. He was expecting clear, mild weather.

His plan was to head due south for a few miles in the hope of encountering some portion of the vast caribou herds that were migrating through the area. He carried a fifty-four caliber cap lock rifle in a leather holster along the horse's right flank. The old gun made him feel closer to the land.

A storm was raging to the north, and by late morning its dark presence loomed behind him. Glancing over his shoulder, he clearly read the danger in the sky. A return to camp would take too long, but he knew of an old, deserted mining shack just a short distance further on and decided to make a run for it.

By noon, still in the open, the cold claw of the wind had caught him. It brought a lashing rain which quickly turned to snow; it became a blizzard, obliterating the rolling tapestry of the tundra. Sitting hunched over the thick mane of his horse, his clothing frozen to his flesh, he was a twentieth century Cheyenne Indian caught in a timeless storm. He suspected that he was lost but continued to press on in the direction of what he could only guess was the shack.

It wasn't until much later that he saw it. Through the swirling mist of the storm he made out the shape of a teepee. At that moment, his horse savagely reared, throwing him to the ground. The animal then whirled and vanished back into the white wind. Owl Friend lay on his side, his hip badly bruised. He tried to call to the teepee, but the wind



blew his words away. Painfully struggling to his feet, he limped the short distance to the tent.

The four Indians turned as one from their fire when he parted the entrance flap. Their amber eyes were piercing as they held his gaze.

"Welcome, our brother," said the nearest man. "It is lucky that you found your way in this bad weather. It will be with us many days."

"Enough talk," said another. "Come sit by our fire and remove those wet clothes."

Owl Friend did as he was told and was soon wrapped in the dense warmth of wolf furs. His clothing was hung to dry by the fire.

They looked like the old Cheyenne Indians, he thought. They dressed in winter furs as his ancestors had and they spoke in their native tongue, an language he took pride in knowing - but who were they, really?

The hot broth he sipped from a wooden bowl helped ease the shaking of his hands. It wasn't long before he drifted off into a deep sleep. His questions could wait.

The snow continued to fall for days, just as the Indian said it would. It drifted high along one side of the teepee as the wind buffeted the skin walls of the fragile enclosure. During this time Owl Friend regained most of his strength and learned much from these men. His questions, however, were seldom answered. They called themselves "The Long Legs" and sang songs that were strangely familiar. They told him of their hunting techniques - of ways to secure meat without the lance or bow.

He sat entranced for hours listening to their tales of past hunts and territorial battles. Periodically, other men would enter the teepee to say hello and see how Owl Friend was getting along. Their concern seemed genuine. These men too had amber eyes.

On the fourth day, an old white haired Indian entered the tent. He called himself "Man Who Wears His Robe Hair Out", and said that the storm would soon be finished. He sat down next to Owl Friend and spoke to him in a tone of great seriousness.

"When I was just a young boy," he began, "a warrior from your band killed my father. It was such a senseless act. He shot him through the neck with a bullet and then took his scalp. I hated your people after that, but I have grown in wisdom. I no longer carry the lance of war against your kind. It would be futile. I once misunderstood you. You still misunderstand me.

"I don't understand," replied Owl Friend, totally confused by the old man's rambling. "You talk in riddles."

"Please," said the Indian, his face clouded in deep sadness. "Your questions will all be answered in time.

Allow me my time now, of which I have so little."

Owl Friend felt embarrassed in the presence of this ancient Indian and kept his silence.

"We are not killers," continue the old man, "at least not in your moral sense. Our hunting methods may appear cruel to you, but they are the only ones we know. They are effective."

"Once, many years ago, we stretched out our hands and the earth trembled. We were the greatest warriors the world had ever known. But that time has passed. We have been pushed from our hunting grounds to these cold lands of wind and snow. Today, there are only a handful of us left. Our children are crying but few of your kind will take the time to listen."

"Remember us, Owl Friend, and tell your children to remember that once there were those such as us, who were neither good nor bad, but who sought only to survive. Tell them this so that we may be remembered for what we really were."

The old man was crying into his furs. Anguish racked his frail body. He was a broken man - a man without dreams. He finally managed to compose himself, wiping the tears from his eyes. "Sleep now my brother," he whispered in a detached voice as he gazed into the smoke of the fire, "and think on my words and on the words and things you have seen here these past days." With that, "Man Who Wears His Robe Hair Out" rose and left the tent. Through the parting flaps, Owl Friend caught a glimpse of the sky, and the sparkling stars that were in it. The storm had passed.

Owl Friend awoke the next morning to find the sun on his face. He was lying in the open, on the cold hard ground of the tundra. He sat up, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, when his breath caught in his throat. Encircling him, their gaze intent upon him, sat a pack of wolves. Fear and confusion gripped him. He dared not move again lest the beasts fall upon him in their fearsomeness. One of the wolves, an old white one, rose onto its long legs and trotted toward him. It quickly gripped Owl Friend's right forearm in its powerful jaws, but applied no pressure. Releasing its grip just as quickly, it turned and ambled off across the tundra, the others following behind.

Owl Friend sat holding his arm. He wasn't mistaken, nor would he ever forget. For the fleeting moment that the old wolf had held his arm, Owl Friend had seen tears in its amber eyes.