



**June, 2015**

# 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.

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Todd Schainost

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Ted Beaupre & Marlin Johnson

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Doug Davis

**Assistant Primitive Exec.**

Tony Hecker

**Womens' Primitive Exec.**

Dee Beaupre

**Cannon Master**

Richard Stites

**Mountain Man Monthly Editor**

Doreen Webb

**Mother Nature Continues  
to Win!!!!**

**Ron, Get Well Soon!!!!**

**Grainger Primitive Camp Out  
July 18-19th**

**Dues are way past due now.....**

### UPCOMING EVENTS: CSML & Statewide

WHAT	WHERE	WHEN	INFORMATION
Regular Club Meeting	American Legion	July 2	club business; who knows what!
4 <sup>th</sup> of July Parade	Monument	July 4; 9:00 a.m.	Bring lots of parade loads
High Country Hideaway	near Kremmling	July 15-19	state Shotgun Shoot; lots of fun!
Grainger Primitive Camp Out	near Victor, CO	July 18-19	annual club camp out & chili contest; lots of shooting
Buckhorn Skinners Schuetzenfest/Eagle Shoot	Buckhorn Skinners lower range	July 19	40 <sup>th</sup> anniversary; shoots start at 10:00 a.m. Registration fee of \$15.00
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	August 2	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	American Legion	August 6	who knows what?????
Paper Grainger Campout	near Victor, CO	August 15-16	potluck on Saturday night
Regular Club Meeting	American Legion	September 3	election of officers
<b><i>No paper shoot</i></b>	<b><i>September 6<sup>th</sup> due to</i></b>	<b><i>Labor Day</i></b>	
Muzzle Loading Hunting Season/deer-elk-moose	draw only	September 12-20	specific game management units (GMU's) per the draw
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	September 20	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	American Legion	October 1	plan for bird & buffalo shoot
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	October 4	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Annual Bird & Buffalo Fall Shoot	Ft. Melchert	October 17-18	long distance shooting, potluck, auction, and more.....
<b><i>DAYLIGHT SAVINGS</i></b>	<b><i>TIME ENDS.....</i></b>	<b><i>NOV. 1 SET YOUR</i></b>	<b><i>CLOCKS BACK ONE HOUR</i></b>
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	November 1	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	American Legion	November 5	annual craft fair; free tables
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	November 15	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	American Legion	December 3	annual ornament exchange and finger foods
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	December 6	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	December 20	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm

For CSML scheduled shoots; CALL SHOOT HOT LINE (719) 632-7690 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*

## PAST THINGS

Well, we did our best to tell everyone that the 40<sup>th</sup> Annual Memorial Day Shoot was canceled but there were a couple of folks who drove down and found out. The city of Florence asked us not to come as the weather had made the area inaccessible. Mother Nature won again. Sorry that we were unable to host this event but the good news is that everything we did will be ready for the 41<sup>st</sup> Annual Memorial Day Shoot in 2016!!! We will try again.

We want to thank Jane Clark and Ted Beaupre for stepping up to fill the vacancies as the Secretary and Range Officer. We miss Lois and Todd but also understand that things change and we must as well. Be sure to keep Lois & Todd in your prayers AND support Jane and Ted as they begin their new roles.

The primitive shoot on Father's Day (June 21) was off and then on again. Once the NMLRA Territorial Matches were canceled in Ft. Lupton it was decided to go ahead with the primitive shoot. If you didn't get the message then you need to get with Doug Davis and make sure he has your e-mail information. He is very good about posting the information and changes on the CSML INC website as well. Good habit to get in to checking this site before you drive.

One last reminder for all of you who normally renew your dues at the annual shoot. You are now late and need to get your dues in to Ted. Send him your check today and stay on the mailing list so you know all the happenings of the CSML.

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### Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders Regular Monthly Meeting June 4, 2015

The meeting was called to order by President, Joy Hicks, on Thursday, June 4, 2015. New and old faces were acknowledged and welcomed by President Joy.

No Secretary's report was submitted. Janie Clark was welcomed as the new Secretary.

Treasurer's report given by Gwen Blanchard,

stating a current balance of \$6,331.42. A motion was made and seconded to accept the report. The motion carried; the report was accepted.

Membership report given by Ted Beaupre. Currently we have 59 paid members. Members are asked to please pay this years dues as soon as possible. If not current, the member will be dropped from the list. It was felt by several members that most people usually pay their dues at the Memorial Day shoot which had to be canceled due to weather/grounds conditions.

**Old Business:** President Joy thanked everyone for their hard work preparing for the Memorial Day shoot. We will be able to use everything next year. We are invited back next year by the city of Florence.

No other old business was reported.

**New Business:** President Joy introduced the new range officer, Ted Beaupre. The group congratulated him on acceptance of this position.

June 19-21 are the Territorial Matches at Ft. Lupton, Colorado.

No range officer is available for the June 21 shoot and it is also Father's Day. A motion and seconded to cancel the shoot. The motion carried and the shoot is canceled. The information is to be posted on the CSMLINC.org website.

July 4<sup>th</sup> parade at Monument was discussed. Nine members volunteered to participate. Information to be posted in the newsletter as to where to meet and at what time. The theme this year is the Civil War. Volunteers are asked to wear proper attire and to use parade loads.

July 11 and 12 is the gun show at the Rustic Hill Event Center. Volunteers are needed to take care of the table and distribute information.

Discussion of the Grainger's primitive camp out and primitive shoot. Doug Davis explained to the newer members the events: gong shoot, Saturday night chili cook off/potluck, fun and Sunday pancake breakfast/potluck. Also there will be Sunday morning shotgun shooting after breakfast. We can go up anytime on Friday, July 17. Just remember to leave the gates as you find them. The event dates are July 18 and 19.

Upcoming events:

June 7 paper shoot at Ft. Melchert

June 19-21 Territorial Matches at Ft. Lupton

July 2 membership meeting; Roy Crouse is  
in charge  
July 4 parade at Monument  
July 5 paper shoot at Ft. Melchert  
July 18-19 Grainger primitive camp out

A motion for adjournment was made and  
seconded. Motion carried and the meeting was  
adjourned. Next scheduled meeting is Thursday, July  
2 at 7:00 p.m.

Respectfully submitted,  
Janie Clark, Secretary  
Temporary Scribe

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## Paper Pistol Match June 7, 2015

by: Ken West

Only had four shooters. I think that the  
good weather is luring them into other  
outdoor activities. The weather was as good as  
it gets. The scores were:

|            |     |
|------------|-----|
| Jim Murray | 85x |
| Tom Gabor  | 82  |
| Doug Davis | 78  |
| Ken West   | 77  |

Doug wished special mention to e made  
of his self-induced handicap - - using a flint.  
My handicap was poor shooting; it would have  
been much worse with a flint!

## THANK YOU ALL

I want to extend to all my friends and fellow  
CSML members a huge thank you for your support  
and participation in the Santa Fe Trails Rendezvous  
June 14-21. Without your support I don't think I  
could have made it through.

The 2015 event had a total of 75 camps and  
lots of kids who played and had more fun than the law  
allows. We had shooting events and lots of  
prizes....which no one complained about. While there  
was rain every evening, it didn't last long and we were  
able to continue with the events although they were a  
little bit on "mountain man time" and not on schedule.  
The rain also allowed us all to have a campfire and  
who doesn't love a campfire at the close of the day.  
The stars were magnificent and the flickering of the  
fires was a total calming effect at the end of the day.

Ted and Dee, Fred and Petra, Terry and Janie  
Clark, Steve Sterner and Al Bartok all came down and  
had a grand time. Dee sold a few things and everyone  
who shot won a prize or two.

I am so proud to be a part of such a caring  
organization and do so much appreciate each and  
every one of you. Thank you all for buying raffle  
tickets which help to support the 2016 rendezvous.  
The winner of the Ray Ezinga rifle was a young man  
about 12 years old by the name of Ben Bell. He was  
so excited and whooped and hollered his way back to  
the truck to take his prize home. That excitement was  
worth more than words can tell.

Again, thank you all for your support,  
donations (Fred, Petra, Dee, Gwen, Tombstone), and  
participation in this event. You'll never know how  
much it meant to me to know you all had my back.

Doreen "Rainfeather" Webb

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## 4<sup>th</sup> of July Parade

Dress in your best and bring at least 50 parade  
loads and join Don Stoner in the Monument 4<sup>th</sup> of July  
parade. Line up will be at the corner of Lincoln and  
Jefferson Streets at 9:00 a.m. Our group is the first

group to march following the children's parade. Everyone loves us and wants to "pull the trigger" on our guns. Be sure to hold the gun securely for the participants and shield their eyes and ears from the blowback. No flinters only percussion caps, please. Doug plans to have the cannon on site as well.

Call Don Stoner if you have any questions.

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# Primitive Pistol Match June 21

by: Ken West

A bit hot but five of us shot. The scores were:

|               |          |
|---------------|----------|
| Ken West      | 12 gongs |
| Jim Murray    | 11 gongs |
| Andreas Thurn | 8 gongs  |
| Connor Thurn  | 6 gongs  |
| Joy Hicks     | 4 gongs  |

I could not hear one of my shots hit; but Connor assured me that he did hear it. To have hearing that good again! Joy was trying out a "Patriot" with a trigger-pull in pounds far in excess of the trigger-pull of my LePage in ounces - - time to get out a stone file! Notice that I did not include a special "youth" group; haven't done that for Jim's grandsons since Andreas out-shot me in a match!

### ***Things everyone else already knew.....***

Trying to tighten up my group (the score above doesn't count - there was no group!) I ordered a brass bullet mold for a .353 ball from J. J. Tanner. Using a mold without a sprue cutter is a whole 'nother experience. Dropped my casting rate by two thirds. The bigger balls did tighten up my group (at 15 yards). Jay Rathman suggested that I increase the thickness of my patch to 0.015 inches (cotton twill),

which also tightened up my group - - and reduced the number of patches that burned to zero. Could not determine if combining the .353 balls and 0.015 patches helped (even at 15 yards, I'm not that good)! I tried "seasoning" my round-ball mold (holding the cavity over a candle flame to smoke it). This may have helped in releasing the balls from the mold - - might have worked better with a tallow candle.

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## Rocky Mountain Roosters Event Report

By: Ted "Dances with Deer" Beaupre

Saturday, May 2, 2015

We packed up our wagons and headed out east to Rocky Mountain Rooster's who were sponsoring the Mule Deer Foundation's Youth Day activities. We arrived and set up a range consisting of gongs for the kids to shoot at (Doug calls it instant gratification). It's fun to watch the kids faces light up when they hear the loud ding after they pull the trigger.

The day was nice for shooting and we had a total of 110 kids. 21 came back and shot again plus 27 parents for a total of 148 shooters.

This event could not have been possible without the help of the following members:

Ted and Dee Beaupre  
Terry and Janie Clark  
Tony Hecker  
Ray Reeves  
John Gloyd  
Tyler O'Rourke  
Bob McCune  
Todd and Blake Schainost

Thanks guys and gals for all the help!

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## Grainger's Primitive Camp Out

Don't forget to mark your calendars for the

July primitive Grainger's camp out near Victor. There will be plenty of shooting and a tie breaker. We will also have a chili cooking contest Saturday night along with the camp potluck. Sunday morning will be a pancake breakfast so be sure to bring some grub to share with the group.

Plans include a shotgun shooting (whatever make/model/form) time right after breakfast. Time to see if you can hit some of those birds.

This event is July 18-19 but you can come up to the site any time on Friday. Just be sure to leave the gates as you found them.

You might also want to bring a little rain gear as we seem to draw the rain on Saturday night just before the potluck meal!!!!

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## Badger on a Stick

By: Storyteller

"Stoves can't cut their own wood.," With these words of encouragement our mom sent my brother Dave and I out; one cool fall day to cut firewood. (This would be similar to asking today's youth to remove their earphones and clean their bedroom.)

We harnessed our burro Alex to a small cart which could haul a half cord of cut wood. A full cord makes a pile 4 feet high, 4 feet wide, and 8 feet long. Our other supplies consisted of a trimming saw, a double bladed axe, an axe sharpening file, one gallon water jug, and two pieces of fried chicken. We proceeded disgustedly on our way. From our home to a good cutting area was two miles.

Once into the cedars we began cutting limbs of dead wood from standing trees. Each in turn worked the axe: the other trimmed with the saw and stacked the stove sized pieces into the cart. The wagon was half full when we spotted a badger nearby under a small pine tree.

When our eyes met he ran to a rock. The stone was the size of an ironing board and about ten inches thick. He began digging frantically and moved a foot of dirt until he hit bedrock! Being boys and having a trapped animal we began throwing rocks in his

direction. Mr. Badger's situation was hopeless; so he charged.

In self-defense, Dave struck him with the axe. It was not a killing blow. One *very* angry badger was stuck on the head of the axe. His hissing, spitting, and squalling told of his disdain for small boys. While holding the axe and pinned badger at arm's length, Dave begged me to come to his aid with a piece of the cut firewood. I replied "It's your turn with the axe.....he's all yours!"

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## Beads, Buckskin, and Blackpowder in the Bayou Salade

by: terry c. johnston

(Continued from April, 2015).....

Jim Beckwith, or Bonner's Beckworth, moved south into the Colorado Rockies with a Crow raiding party during the 1820s, heading for the headwaters of the Arkansas. Beckwith states that the party was 300 miles from their village, about 200 miles from Crow country, when they saw a small group of men approaching them in the valley with a herd of horses. The Crows hid themselves below a hill top in the Park, waiting to ambush the herders. Their surprise effective, Beckwith's raiding party took home the horses, two scalps, one rifle, two battle-axes, a lance, bow, quiver and arrows tipped with flint.

"Ol' Solitaire," Bill Williams, pushed his bony frame, knees stuck high along the saddle, toward the Rockies north of Taos in the spring of 1830. Accompanied by his sometime-trapping partner, Jesus Archuleta, Williams headed north over Raton Pass, and near present day Manitou Springs, Colorado, the pair swung around Pike's Peak to drop into the Bayou Salado. Over several weeks, the duo trapped the streams until they worked themselves north out of the Park. Their route out of the north end of the valley is not definitely certain, although it seems likely they may have gone eventually as far north as Williams Fork of the Upper Colorado River.

Leaving the prairie, the main company of the Bean-Sinclair party moved along the Arkansas River, then turned north along the Front Range. They

followed Fountain and Monument Creeks, most likely, to cross the Divide to drop down to the South Platte and the Bayou Salade. The group pushed on to trap many of the streams which form the headwaters of the South Platte.

Here in the Park, the men found an abundance of game, able to dine every night on a combination of fish, elk, buffalo and bird. It wasn't long before the comfort of the valley lulled the trappers into a false security. Soon, a small war party picked off two men who moved out in the early morning light to set their traps as the snow began to fall with an early winter storm.

Without much more persuasion, the group headed for ore hospitable regions. After caching their traps in the Bayou Salade, along with much of their trade goods, the Bean-Sinclair party headed south for Taos. Along the way, several trappers defected, most to return to the valley, while the main party continued on from Taos under Bean to eventually reach southern California.

The groups that turned back to the Park was led by Alexander Sinclair. AS next we pick up this party, it is in the summer of 1832, as the group of 15 men drop into the Pierre's Hole Rendezvous. In the battle with the Gros Ventres which marked the 1832 Rendezvous with an epitaph of blood, Sinclair was killed while approaching the brush breastworks the Indians had hastily thrown up. His death, witnessed by William Sublette and Robert Campbell (who also approached the breastworks making their wills to one another), was not mourned for long, the trappers splitting up to travel with the various parties moving into the high country for the fall hunt.

In February, 1832, John Gantt had applied to the New Mexican Governor for permission as an American to build a trading post near the confluence of the Arkansas and Purgatoire Rivers. Bent's Fort, already close to the Mexican border, caused alarm enough for the Governor. To Gantt the answer was no. He turned north again, returning to the Laramie River to discover that over twenty of his men had deserted over to Tom Fitzpatrick, taking the furs along with them.

Despairing of any hope of success for the spring hunt, Gantt rolled south to meet his partner Blackwell coming from the east with supplies. His small depleted party turned their faces west and rode

into the Bayou Salade, where they built some log cabins, surrounded by a wooden-picket stockade, then settled in for the winter of 1832-33.

Spending what could be termed a comfortable winter in their log shelter, the party was joined in the Park by Kit Carson and his three companeros. Nine head of the Carson-Gantt horses were run off by a wandering band of some 50 Crow warriors, but Carson and 11 others were able to recover most of the stolen stock before the Indians escaped out of the valley.

That spring, the party cached over 400 pounds of pelts and headed for the Laramie once more. One morning along the trail north, Gantt awoke to find that more men had deserted, heading back to the Bayou Salade to lift the cache of beaver fur. Gantt, Carson and other were slow to put the plot together in their minds, so were unable to over-take the deserters. They again spent another month in the Park after their arrival told them the thieves had left with the season's catch. They remained within their stockade, venturing out only for hunts, waiting for the annual summer supply train led by Blackwell.

One of the more famous stories revolving around Kit Carson took place in the valley of the Bayou Salade. Carson, along with Joe Meek, a man named Mitchell and three Delaware Indian trappers (Manhead, Hill and Jonas), were on a hunting foray out a ways from the stockade when they found themselves descended upon by a war party of Comanches. As Carson barked the order, the trappers dropped from their horses and mules, slitting the animals' throats to form a crude breastwork for protection in the sudden attack. With the fresh blood upon the spring breeze, the Comanche's horses would not venture close enough to the trappers for the attackers to make an effective shot. It was not until after dark that Carson and the others made their way back to the relative safety of the stockade.

The spring's trapping was very poor for the beleaguered party. Carson left, taking several more of Gantt's men with him, making a trail to Colorado's New and Old Parks for some free trapping. Gantt did not last long in the trapping end of the fur trade, as more and more free trappers found the Bayou Salade a very favorable place to work the mountain drainages.

He was later reported to be selling whiskey to the Indians in trade for pelts before finally dropping out of sight.

During the following spring of 1834, the trapper who spoke with the thick, short and guttural dialect of German-accented English, Henry Fraeb, brought a party of free trappers into the valley of the Bayou Salade. At the height of a very common but sudden spring thunderstorm, a bolt of lightning struck the crude lean-to used by Fraeb and a man named Guthrie. As Fraeb himself was not in the tent, he joined the rest of the camp who came rushing over to the smoldering shelter following the deafening crack coupled with a generous splash of fireworks. Looking in on the crumpled body of his friend, Fraeb spoke in his broken German dialect, "My God, who did shoot Guthrie?" Whence spoke John Hawkins, who replied, "God Almighty, I expect. He's firing into our camp!"

Cryptically, Jim Beckwith describes his "second winter with Sublette in Cheyenne county," which places the event around the middle 1830's. The trapping party had left Fort William (later Fort Laramie), heading down to the South Platte and entered the valley of the Bayou. It was after they had built a sturdy camp, and sent several trappers out to work the many streams, that Beckwith heard that they Cheyennes of the Arkansas River were anxious to trade. This was a tribe Beckwith had met up with before, so he set out to bring them into the Park to trade with Sublette.

He found them along the Arkansas, very eager to trade as it had been a long and hard winter for the Southern Cheyenne. Without much persuasion, Beckwith convinced the tribe to follow him back to the Bayou Salade to barter with Sublette rather than take their robes to the Bents' Fort.

During the trip to the valley, Cheyenne scouts discovered a party of Pawnees, crossing the Divide between the Arkansas and South Platte Rivers. Hurriedly, a group of Cheyenne warriors made ready their attack, and swept down on the outnumbered Pawnee. As it turned out, only three of the intruders were killed, but Beckwith tells us he counted ". . . Coo (coup) by capturing a rifle." The tribe continued on its way to the Park where they commenced their spring trade with Sublette's party.

"Uncle" Dick Wootton had traveled west a

latecomer, not arriving until after Bents' Fort was enjoying the heights of its prosperity in the middle 1830s. He learned quickly, however, and became renowned as one of the bigger name Taos trappers.

"Old Bill" Williams, that plug-chewin, tobacco-spittin, ex-circuit-ridin' preacher from Missouri, came west already an old man by many a standard. "Ol' Solitaire" liked to do things his own way, usually trapping and hunting alone, soon becoming the free trappers' free trapper. Bony knees, high and whiny voice, with a crusty and earthy vocabulary that marked many changes from his days of Bible-totin', fire and brimstone sermons, "Ol' Sol" had come many a mile to embrace much of the Indian brand of "religion."

When Wootton and Williams met, they felt an instant and deep kinship, respect, and trust for one another. Often was the time they wandered through the Colorado Rockies together, and under many a sky fiery with the blaze of the high country's nighttime canopy, they threw their buffalo robes around the same fire in the Bayou Salade. For both men, both wanderers and searchers, both terrifically independent men who found it difficult to work for any man for long, the valley of the Salt March held a special hypnotic sway over them.

One such evening during the late 1830s we find Wootton and Williams gathered around a small cooking fire, the sun having gone down over the western peaks with the purple glow of the Rocky Mountain evening seeping into each man's blood. Such an evening-time in the high country was a special hour, when each man and animal alike enjoyed the moment's peace which the dim glow of the western sky seemed to paint within this small bowl of the Colorado Rockies. Tranquilly, a large herd of elk grazed contentedly not far from their encampment, over by the side of the valley. With full bellies and big hearts, the men had put their feet close to the fire, leaned back on their robes, and filled their pipes, slowly sucking in the long breaths of inner peace that few today will know.

As each man's eyes were cast upon the elk, Old Bill spoke softly in his nasal voice, but which nonetheless carried the solemnity of his words as if he were preaching his own eulogy at his own funeral.

"Hyar ye now," he started, then took a long



puff on the pipe, sending a light-blue circle of smoke upward among the tree branches, "when I go under, me soul'll come back ter earth in the body of a bull elk-right ch'h yar in the Bayer Salade."

The men all sat quiet for a few moments, transfixed on the herd of beautiful animals, grazing magically close to their camp. After a long sigh, Williams continued, "Ah'll look a lot like that big ol' bull over thar, but ah'll hev one right antler broken off so's ye'll know me." Showing his trust and respect for the others around the fire, Bill was making sure they would never shoot him, should they run onto such a bull in the valley. "Ah don' wancher ter burn eny powder tekin' a bead on me."

Old Solitaire, like few other mountain trappers, said volumes with a few words. In a brief statement he had told them of his belief in a life after death, a belief in reincarnation, told them how happy and contented he was and would always stay in the Bayou Salade, and was also sadly forecasting the demise and ruin of the mountain fur trade in a very symbolic manner. By speaking of his own death, Williams told the story of the Rocky Mountain trapper whose soul wold never rest beneath the soil, or be content for eternity back in the settlements under a cemetery marker. Their souls would live on there among the lodge-pole pine, the quaking aspen, and rich grazing grasses, forever to share the joy of looking left and right to gaze upon snow-capped peaks, forever to know the inner peace that ran deeply through a man when he threw a bed-roll down in the Bayou Salade.

Near the end of the fur-trade period in the late 1830s, free trappers set down many a moccasin in the mountain valley. Charles Kinney had tried it as one of the Lupton's men in an ill-fated attempt to wrestle control of the Colorado Indian trade from Charles and William Bent. When Fort Lupton was abandoned to weeds, wind and wild winter storms, Kinney turned south to work briefly as an Indian trader at the notoriously drunken and brawling run-down "Pueblo" trading fort. He was soon to leave their employ to work out of Fort Laramie as a supply-base, becoming leader of a band of free trappers who haunted the Bayou Salade for several years.

We next pick up the thread of the Park's story as it weaves itself through other men's lives within

the Rocky Mountains. One of the men along with Fremont's second expedition through the mountains, Theodore Talbot tells of his meeting Friday, the Indian youth, on July 13, 1843 in the mountain valley. Friday had been adopted years before by Tom Fitzpatrick, who carried the Arapaho orphan along with him through the Rockies before sending him back east for an education.

Here in the Bayou, within sight of the South Platte, Fitzpatrick was Fremont's guide this trip. On that hot July day, the expedition met up and traveled with a band of Arapaho warriors. Among them was 19 year old Friday, recently reunited with his people and his native homeland. What a joyful reunion it was for both Fitzpatrick and Friday, following many moons of separation, each sadly aware of the differences between them, but each with the full heart of their father-son reunion. But, we will allow this Theodore Talbot to tell the story:

"We were accompanied by many Indians in our travel today. Among others a handsome young Indian came dashing up to Fitz, and cordially shaking his hand expressed in the best English terms the great delight it gave him to meet Fitz, with a thousand kind interrogatories, as to his health, purposes, etc. We were much surprised at this unusual Indian salutation, until we heard its cause explained."

With Fitzpatrick's and Friday's bidding, the explorers and warriors rode together for the next three days, father and son out ahead of the long caravan, catching up on lost time, remembering fondly the earlier years. On the morning of the fourth day, the two sadly spoke their words of farewell to one another, the expedition maintaining its course while the Arapahoes turned off to continue its mission of revenge against the Utes.

Fremont had become enchanted with the Bayou Salade, so returned to the valley during his return trip to the States. The expedition's course brought it back through the Uintah Mountains, Brown's Hole, then into New (North) Park, to drop through Old (Middle) Park down to the Bayou valley on the way to Bents' adobe fortress.

*(Continued later.....)*