



November, 2017

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.

Club Paper Shoot - Dec. 3

President
Joy Hicks

Vice President
Robert McCune

Treasurer
Gwen Blanchard

Secretary

Membership Chairman
Ted Beaupre

Range Officer
Ted Beaupre

Primitive Exec.
Doug Davis

Assistant Primitive Exec.

Cannon Master
Richard Stites

Mountain Man Monthly Editor
Doreen Webb

Regular Club Meeting & Christmas Ornament Exchange & finger foods December 7; 7:00 p.m.

Club Primitive Shoot - Dec. 17

Regular Club Meeting, Wild Game Potluck, Hunting Trophies, and Tall Tale Event January 4, 2018; 7:00 p.m.

Annual Board Meeting; January 9 7:00 p.m. at Joy's House

UPCOMING EVENTS: CSML & Statewide

WHAT	WHERE	WHEN	INFORMATION
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	December 3	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting and ornament exchange	American Legion	Dec. 7; 7:00 p.m.	bring a wrapped ornament and your favorite finger foods.
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	December 17	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting & Wild Game Potluck	American Legion	Jan. 4, 2018	bring your favorite "wild game" dish & utensils; tall tales told
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	January 7, 2018	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
CSML Annual Board Meeting	Joy's House	January 9, 2018 7:00 p.m.	set annual calendar, discuss shoot & flyer, discussions
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	January 21	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
DUES ARE DUE	BY THE END	OF JANUARY	\$25 PER FAMILY!!!!
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	Ft. Melchert	March 4	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
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
To shoot or not to shoot	Ft. Melchert	April 1	This is Easter Sunday/go/no-go
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
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!!!
43 rd Annual Memorial Day Shoot	Florence Mountain Park	May 26-28	annual shoot and event; trader's row, potluck Saturday night

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

**ATTENTION MUZZLE
LOADING HUNTERS**

If you were successful in taking an animal with a muzzle loader this year, you need to provide the details to Joy. In January we will be awarding the big game trophies and you could have the pleasure of taking one home for the year. Your name is added to the plaque and you will become a part of the history of the trophy.

Trophies are awarded for elk, deer, and antelope. We also award the George Bennett Memorial Tall Tale Trophy. This will go to the individual that tells us the best hunting tale.....or makes up the best one. You need to come and hear these tales!

PAST THINGS

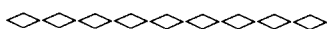
November's meeting was a short one. The best part being the eating of the finger foods and the looking over Dee's craft items.

Notice was given that it is now time to renew our annual dues to the CSML. Dues are due by the end of January. Dues are \$25 for the full family for the full year.

Discussion held on the shoot hot line and the Melchert's Rule. Seems as though some folks forgot about checking the shoot hot line and came to a shoot that was cancelled.

Still looking for a Secretary for the group. This is not a hard position and we would welcome anyone who wants to give it a try.

It was noted for all in attendance that Jock Harmon has stepped into the role of the Assistant Range Officer. We'll get his name added to the masthead of the newsletter, but make Jock welcome! He was sure a great help at the past Bird and Buffalo event. He set up the cover over the chili cooking, made us a wind-break, and helped gather up chairs and tables. We heard that he was all over the place working hard all the time.



**November Paper
Pistol Match**

By: Ken West

The predicted 20 mph winds were only 12 mph for the match - - sometimes the weather forecast is overly pessimistic! Five of us shot pistol. The scores were:

Jim Murray	93-2x
Al Bartock	92x
John Udovich	89x
Ken West	83
Tom Gabor	65

These pistol matches are usually a tight contest between Jim, Al, and John with Tom and I occasionally having a good day when all of them are having a bad day - - or John's daughter showing up and beating all of us. Keeps us all interested but does not create a lot of anxiety! Interestingly, Jim, Al, John and I all shot Pedersoli LePage pistols. I think that the shape of the wrist gives better control. For the first time that I can remember, I did not put a shot in the 5 ring so I feel good about coming in 4th!

**November Paper
Match**

By: Ted "Dances With Deer"
Beaupre

The November Paper Shoot went off with a bang! The weather was nice, sun was shining, and a light breeze was blowing. We had a total of 9 shooters; 2 ladies and 7 men. Four targets were shot; 2 at 25 yards and 2 at 50 yards.

Ladies:

Delores Beaupre

Judy Sterner

Men:

Tony Hecker
 Al Bartok
 Doug Davis
 Steve Sterner
 Ted Beaupre
 Fred LaChance
 Tom Gabor

Jim Murray 12 gongs
 Ken West 12 gongs
 Tom Gabor 11 gongs
 John Udovich 10 gongs
 Steve Sterner 4 gongs

Thanks to all for showing and supporting our club.



Primitive Pistol Match

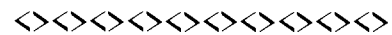
by: Ken West

The usual suspects showed up today for a pistol match in the perfect weather at noon - with the addition of Steve Sterner. For the past few years, we have run the pistol match with each participant putting a dollar into the pot --- the winner gets all of the dollars, which they normally donate to the range fund. For the primitive match we have 10 designated gongs plus the cut-outs of the prairie dog and the (now) tail-less squirrel. (The squirrel was a lot bigger target before it lost its huge bush tail.) If there is a tie, tie-breakers are selected by the participants until all but one miss the tie breaker(s).

The scores were:

Al Bartock 13 gongs

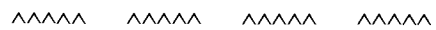
Steve was having a lot of trouble getting his pistol to fire - an excuse I've used many times with less justification. From a second-hand description, it sounds like the pistol had the wrong nipple. The tie-breaker selected was the bowling-pin swing from an arm at 40 yards. Good shootin' Al!



December's Meeting

December 7th will be our regular club meeting. Everyone is asked to bring some type of finger food to share. Finger foods are things that you can pick up and eat with your fingers and do not require serving utensils or eating utensils. Examples are cookies, wings, sandwiches, deviled eggs, and the like.

We will also be participating in the annual Christmas ornament exchange. This is where you bring a wrapped ornament and get to take home a totally different ornament to hang on your tree or somewhere in your home. Since we began our membership with the club, your Editor has always marked the year we received the ornament on the bottom of it. I store all these CSML ornaments in a box of their own. In looking them over this year, I find that I have ornaments dating back to 1982. Somehow doesn't seem that long ago that I got my first one.



Don't forget to check the shoot hot line before you travel to any of the club shoots!!!!

January's Meeting

January 4, 2018 will be the regular club meeting and wild game potluck. This means that you need to bring your favorite "wild game" dish to share. If you don't have wild game, use your imagination and bring something to share. Be sure to bring your own eating utensils as well.

This meeting will also host the annual awarding of trophies for animals taken with a muzzle loader. If you harvested game and haven't told Joy yet, you need to get her the information.

We will also be looking forward to hearing the tall tales that you may have. The one who tells the best tall tale will be awarded the George Bennett Memorial Tall Tale Trophy.

One last reminder that the annual dues are due by the end of January. This meeting would be a great time to renew your dues as well as have food and fun with us.



Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders Regular Monthly Meeting November 2, 2017

The November meeting was called to order with 20 members and guests present. There were lots of good finger foods in the room and we enjoyed sharing them. We thank Dee Beaupre for bringing her craft items to sell. She has lots of good things and her prices are excellent.

The business part of the meeting began with a call to order by our President Joy. We welcomed Roy Grobel and our Vice President's wife, Judy McCune. Nice to meet both of you.

There was no Secretary's report from whomever filled in as the temporary scribe for the month of September. As our Treasurer Gwen was in Seattle visiting her son, there was no Treasurer's report available. presented.

Membership Chairman Ted Beaupre noted that since the last two meetings, we have two new members; one from Camp Alexander Brian Hendricks.

Old Business: It was noted that we made \$439 in proceeds from the Bird and Buffalo auction. We also made a whopping \$10 on the sale of the noon chili.

We still have no secretary so are looking for someone to fill this role for us. It is easy and anyone can do it. If you are interested or even think you might be interested, please contact Joy.

Ted Beaupre noted that the Bird and Buffalo was a success and there was a bit of wind; imagine that. He noted that there was a 4-person potluck breakfast on Sunday in their trailer. After breakfast, they did shoot some shotguns and broke a few birds. He believes that everyone who came to the Bird and Buffalo had a pretty good time over all. We all want to thank Cindy Melchert for her wonderful tipi table decorations. It was noted that someone had put a flickering candle light in theirs and it made it look really good; just like a fire was burning inside the tipi.

It was told that Ron Melchert is home and doing well. He is so happy to be in his own home again. Cindy is doing well in keeping Ron in line and busy with his continued recovery.

New Business: The Membership Chairman reminded us all that dues are due in January. Everyone is reminded to get your dues turned in by the end of January, which is right around the corner.

December's meeting is the annual Christmas Ornament exchange. Please bring a wrapped ornament and your favorite finger foods to share. We always have a good time opening the ornaments and seeing what we can add to our trees this year.

Okay, now was the fun part of the meeting. It was told that the October primitive shoot had been canceled and yet people came to Ft. Melchert to shoot. Doug reminded us all that the Melchert's Rule is always in place for any of our shoots. Melchert's Rule is that if anyone at the Melchert property calls the shoot off, we do not go no matter what. We don't have to know the reason, only that the rule is being enacted. Doug places a call to the Melchert's before each shoot in plenty of time to make the announcement on the website and through an e-mail. We also have a shoot hot line number printed in the *Mountain Man Monthly* that you should check before driving to Ft. Melchert for a shoot. If you are not already on the e-mail list, then send your information

to info@csmlinc.org to get on the e-mail list. Please remember Melchert's Rule and check one of the sources before you make the drive for any of the shoots.

Doug noted that he is the NRA recruiter for our area. He can assist with renewal of NRA dues and if he does, our club benefits from that. Remember that none of your dues go to the political side of the NRA. If it is time to renew your dues, check with Doug.

Announcements of upcoming events were made.

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

Respectfully submitted,
Temporary Scribe Doreen Webb



THE FEMALE BUCKSKINNER

By: Roberta Walker

As involved as my husband was, I was still in the dark about all this buck skinning stuff until I found out **women** attended rendezvous, too. Hesitant at first, I soon jumped in with both feet. I now understand some of the reasons why:

YOU know you're a female buck skinner when.....

- YOU tie your sneakers with a piece of leather
- YOU wear moccasins instead of bedroom slippers
- YOU realize your squaw dress cost more than your wedding dress
- YOU get a rawhide canoe chair instead of flowers for Mother's Day
- YOU want a capote for Christmas
- YOUR favorite fabric is calico instead of silk
- YOU use your best scissors for cutting leather scraps
- YOU consider going to a rendezvous a "normal" vacation
- YOU buy a tipi instead of new furniture
- YOU can set up the tipi quicker than your old

- Coleman tent
- YOU camp next to some strangers and by next week, consider them some of your best friends
- YOU would rather have a heating stove for your tipi than a microwave oven for your home
- YOU let your husband add unpeeled carrots to the stew
- YOU tell your kids that ashes in their eggs gives them extra flavor
- YOU let your husband wipe his greasy fingers on his new buck skins so that they will develop some character
- YOU win a rolling pin in a throwing contest
- YOU make fry bread to serve to company instead of donuts
- YOUR hair still smells like smoke after 3 shampoos
- YOU don't worry about not showering for 3 days because by that time, everyone else will smell just as bad
- YOU collect all the beads your husband has bought at former rendezvous and start your own trade blanket
- YOU get rid of the kids so that you can concentrate on your beadwork
- YOU let your kids use your trade goods to get stuff they want from other skinner's trade blankets
- YOU are asked to show your weaving and beadwork to your daughter's first grade class
- YOU are now convinced that you have lived a former life as an Indian or a bear



Editor's Note: *Perhaps this warning on our part is unnecessary, yet past experience suggest that discretion being the better part of valor, we had best remind our readers that the following article is SATIRE. Martha has given you instructions on how to make black powder -- we suggest you read it, enjoy it, and then FORGET IT! Making black powder, for fun or profit, is serious business that requires a great deal of expertise and a desire for a very short life.*

We publish this article because it is informative and humorous in its implications. We hope our readers will take it in the light in which it is meant instead of attempting to use it as a guide to oblivion.

Meandering with Martha

By: Martha Bradford Strong

Several years ago, for some inexplicable reason, black powder became invisible. Factories closed, supplies dwindled alarmingly, everywhere puzzle muzzle loaders were staring into empty powder horns. Faced with this terrible crisis, a small but determined band of empty musketeers met by candlelight to discuss the ramifications of this emergency. In the wee hours of the morning, after much consultation and a little bit of drinking, or much drinking and a little consultation, it was determined that somewhere, somehow, they were going to have to learn how to make black powder. Chillingly, no one knew how. As they sat there, stupefied with shock, or booze, or both, out from under the pile of rags unnoticed in the corner, crawled a dirty, emaciated, incredibly ancient old man. He staggered to the center of the room and said the fateful words that shook the world, "I can make gunpowder!" And thus, in the dark and dusty recesses of an abandoned cabin was born Lamont Cranston's Better Bang Black Powder Recipe.

For those of you who like to do things the hard way and take a long time at it, this method is a must. If conditions are such that the chemicals and equipment are available to vary the process, well and good. However, we are predicting here that in the event you are starting from scratch and must use what is available to you that the making of black powder is possible, using primitive methods. A word of caution - - **if you attempt this, be exceedingly careful, as black powder is volatile in the extreme. An explosion would remove not only you and your home, but probably most of the neighbors too.** (Neighbors frown on such possibilities.)

Black powder is comprised of three ingredients: Saltpeter (Potassium Nitrate), Sulphur, and charcoal. Saltpeter can be obtained from a chemist or Apothecary, but can also be made with the following process:

Over a designated area, build a roof supported by 4 upright posts, much like a barn with no walls, or a Seminole Indian lodge. A floor is not necessary. Put down a layer of straw about 6 inches deep. On top of this put a layer of manure the same depth. Continue these layers as high as you wish, perhaps to

6 or 8 feet in height. Saturate the pile with all the urine you can get; animal or man. The roof of your structure will prevent rain from leaching away your mixture and the open walls will allow it to dry. When the stack is totally dry, salt-like crystals will have formed on the straw. These are the saltpeter. To liberate them carefully un-layer your pile, separating out the straw. Scrape the crystals from the straw into a tank or container. A flat sheet of metal with the edges folded up somewhat like a large cookie sheet is also an excellent holder. Cover the saltpeter crystals with water, mix thoroughly and set them in the sun. As the mixture is drying, any bits of manure or straw that are still attached will float to the surface and can be skimmed off with a wooden paddle or a screen. Allow the water to evaporate until there is a crusty mass at the bottom of the container. This is the completed saltpeter, ready to be combined with the next two ingredients.

Sulphur is a yellow crystal that may be found around areas of volcanic activity, hot springs, any underground activity, or geysers. When hot it has a rotten egg smell. It can be successfully mined.

The best charcoal is made from willow. To correctly dry it, an oven must be constructed. Volcanic rock should be used as it will withstand the extreme temperature. The oven will have two sections, the lower being an open hearth, rather like a common fireplace with a flue rising above it. On the end of this flue, construct a second oven, but vent the top of this one so that gas can escape. Attach a door at the front so that the oven can be sealed. Put the willow in this upper oven, shut the door, seal it, and build a hot fire in the lower oven to bake the charcoal. When your charcoal is done, grind it up.

Proportions are thus: 76 parts saltpeter, 11 parts sulphur, and 13 parts charcoal by volume. Different proportions of these materials will create different strengths. For instance, if you are using low grade sulphur from the hills, you would need a little more than if you had more refined variety. Some slight experimentation might be necessary to get your product to the strength you want.

Wet your materials in their separate containers. Anytime you mix these together, keep them wet. This is really essential, as one spark from friction and you

might have to go out and find new arms and legs. Wet your materials until they are about the consistency of dough - - - wetter than damp but not wet enough to be stirred like hotcake batter. This mixture, by the way, is not unstable as dynamite would be.

Materials can be mixed in a wooden trough with a hand-mortaring tool, or with a mortar and pestle, or if you have access, a milling or mixing machine.

Charcoal is first, then sulphur and saltpeter. Mix each material as you put it in. Keep the mixture wet at all times and mix until the granules are bonded together. This takes a long time so prepare for some tedious mixing. Even factory powder might take as long as 8 hours.

When the powder is thoroughly mixed, let it dry to the point where you can hold some in your hand and squeeze it, then release your hand and the material will keep its shape. It is now ready to be pressed into cakes. These can be made by mechanical lever apparatus or simply squeezed by hand into the cake shape, or rolled with a rolling pin to about 1/8 inch depth. The idea is simply to compress them. They should still be moist, as there is one more process to come.

Select a flat surface like a board or log that you can pick up, not a chunk of bedrock. Take a mallet and break the cakes gently into granules. Screen these granules into the different grades. Larger granules would be applicable to cannons, the finest saved for smaller caliber guns that need faster burning powder. Commercial factories would tumble these granules with graphite until they are glossy, but it is really not necessary to the usage of the powder.

The most dangerous part of this processing is the packaging, as now the powder is dry. The least spark can set it off. Some containers are wooden kegs or tin cans. Just about any airtight container can be used with the exception of glass, which could break. Some kind of powder magazine should be constructed, with lots of earth and blocks or stone between you and the powder. Black powder, by the way, is usable even after it has been wet. Simply let it dry and then fire it. Powder over a hundred years old has been found to be still good.

Have a bang-up time!

A FOOL AND HIS LIFE ARE SOON PARTED

By: John Woolfolk

The war party sat their horses quietly, ell back in the shade of the lodge-pole pine that covered the bench. Their leader, a well-built young man of no more than 25 summers, was the only one who carried a rifle. Three others carried trade muskets. All of the guns showed considerable age and wear. The remainder of the band of 15 carried bows and lances. All eyes were fixed on the party of horsemen and baggage mules which was slowly wending its way along the bottom of the small valley below.

The leader of the group of whites was only 35 years old but looked at least 10 years older. He swat his horse with the studied insouciance of one who is aware of the effect of appearances upon the inexperienced or gullible. The 11 men he led were just that. Only two of them had ever wintered in the mountains and they had spent that one winter as flunkies at a boosway's fort. The other 9 were as motley a collection of Pilgrims as ever entered the mountains - - a teenage kid running away from a cruel father and a field of corn that forever needed hoeing; two brothers running away from strict religious upbringing, a middle-aged clerk running away from a too-big family and his lost youth; and a passel of fools who were going to get rich quick. Only the boy and the clerk of the whole party could read and write.

The leader was proud of his inability. He had spent only three winters in the mountains himself, each with a different trapping party. His major love was the sound of his own voice. He considered reading fit only for women, preachers, clerks, milksops and other lesser beings but he was also a poor listener because he listened only long enough to catch the topic. Then his mind was occupied with how to interrupt and insert his own and much grander adventure, which he made

up as he went. Thus it was that, while he was full of sound, he was empty of much of the knowledge that meant survival in these mountains. His band of Pilgrims lacked the experience needed to know this. He talked so assuredly that they could not bring themselves to believe he was nearly as ignorant as they.

The leader of the war party could know none of this. He had seen few white men in his life and had fought none, but he had listened well to the warriors around the winter fires. He already knew a bit of wisdom that many of his people would never live to learn. "The white man would fight for many things but rarely for honor. When you fight the whites, you do not count coups; you kill." Watching the party, he counted guns, noting that each man carried along-barreled brass-mounted rifle. He also noted that several pistols were in evidence. He could not see the double-barreled shotgun that the clerk kept tucked away out of the leader's sight for fear of being verbally cut down for carrying a "Squaw-gun." Their mounts were good animals in good shape and the mules were well packed. The leader, from the look of him, was an old beaver-man and had to be treated as dangerous. Yet, why would an experienced mountain man ride into a valley and close to timber without putting a scout out ahead?

They watched until the whites rode out of sight and then cut over the ridge and rode ahead. Time of day and the lay of the land had told the Indians where the whites would camp that night.

A small, icy brook tumbled down from the surrounding hills to join the valley's stream, at which point a patch of timber containing many blow downs made a natural corral. The whites moved in and, with a bit of work, turned the natural corral into an efficient holding pen for their livestock, once the sun was down. Until then, they were hobbled and left to graze under guard. The "old man" had at least learned one lesson well. The horses were kept close to camp, within easy rifle range. A daylight raid would

cost lives. The war party waited.

Most beaver men will tell you that you put your best men to stand guard in the last watch . . . the one that includes the first false dawn, when man seems to naturally grasp at those last precious moments of sleep before the real dawn tells him it is time to roll out and move on. This is the time when the inexperienced will doze off and it is the Indians' favorite time for an attack.

The "old man" assigned the boy and the two brothers to the last watch. He could hardly have picked worse. Children who have run away from home because they resent being told what to do are not to be trusted to follow orders, especially when the orders run counter to one's natural desire for sleep.

The boy had read Cooper's "Leather Stockings" and his imagination was too great for sleep to overcome. He hunkered down at the edger of a windfall, his outline well broken, and fought to control his fears and imagination as he had on other night watches.

The brothers sat on the other side of the camp, nearer to the corral. They were within ten feet of each other, their head and shoulders well above the logs they leaned against, well-outlined against the sky. For a while, they whispered back and forth, making themselves easy to locate. Soon, though, they grew quiet and a short time after that first outline, then the other slouched forward and the sounds of deep, even breathing could be heard.

Less audible were the scraping sounds of two warriors crawling toward the sleeping guards. The even breathing of one brother and then the other was cut short by a few scuffling sounds, a muffled cry, and a gurgle. The sounds carried only a few feet - - not across the whole camp to the boy. The warrior who was to be his executioner was only a few feet from him but could not find any outline or sound to guide him the final distance. Quiet shadows glided among the horses while other shadows removed the barriers on the far side of the corral.

Quickly, the warriors jumped upon selected mounts and waving blankets, sent the whole remuda charging toward the break in the fencing. The young warrior who had failed to find the boy took this as a sign to clear out. As he came erect, he heard the click of a hammer coming to full cock. He had no chance to react. A ball of orange flame erupted only a few feet from his chest and he crumpled.

The "old timer" jumped from his bed, shouting orders. Quickly, he led a rescue attempt. Charging the corral, he fired at a shadow riding a horse. The shadow fell. Other shots were fired. He stopped to pour a fresh charge down his barrel and caught the heavy boom of a trade gun off to his right, followed by a cry of pain. He saw movement ahead and spit a ball into the barrel unpatched. Two arrows hit his erect figure at almost the same instant. His major reaction was surprise. This happened to others, not to him. There was little pain, only a draining of energy. He could feel the driving force slipping from him. He sat down heavily.

The movement in the trees was still there ahead of him. He had dropped his rifle. He reached for his belt pistol. It wasn't there. He couldn't remember where it was. Soon he couldn't remember what it was he wanted or why. He saw the movement ahead of him turn into a man but he couldn't focus well enough to tell who it was. He felt his head jerk roughly backwards but the awareness was a dim one, as though it was not really happening to him, but to another. He was lucky. Final consciousness slipped from him moments before his scalp lock did.

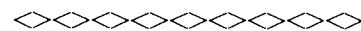
It had been an ambush and it was almost worked perfectly. The group at the corral moved the animals out with little trouble. The whites jumped from their beds and rushed toward their animals and right into the bulk of the war party laying in wait.

It would have been a slaughter if it hadn't been for the clerk. Late in joining the others because he was trying to get his double-barreled

shot gun clear of his baggage, he brought up the rear. He saw the shapes rise from the timber and send a flight of arrows into his bunched companions. Sliding to a halt, he pulled back both hammers and, as the second flight of arrows was loosed, he opened fire with his buckshot loaded 8 gauge. The fight ended.

Dawn found only five white men still alive among the windfalls. As increasing light showed them that the Indians were gone, they slowly crawled from the protecting timbers and clustered together around the corpse of their fallen leader.

One of the group, a man who had dreamed of quick riches in the fur trade, carried an arrow in his side. What to do about this took up much of the first hour. After examining several arrows found in the area, they decided that pulling it back out was almost impossible without tearing the man apart so, because the arrow was only a couple of inches from full penetration, it was decided that the best course of action would be to push it on through. The patient was given a liberal amount of trade whiskey to numb the pain and then the arrow was eased on through. The shaft, cut short and swabbed with whiskey, was pulled on out. The wound was cleansed with whiskey and bandaged with a piece of linen which had been intended as patching for their rifles. They were proud of their "expert" doctoring. Their knowledge of anatomy was as limited as their knowledge of the mountains. They had pushed the arrow through a renal artery. The man bled to death internally in a quarter hour.



Save the Date



Colorado State Muzzle Loading Association

ONE-DAY WINTER CONVENTION and TRADE BLANKET EVENT

March 3, 2018

Ft Collins Elks Lodge 1424 E. Mulberry Street Ft. Collins, CO 80524
(970) 493-3777 (West off I-25 at exit 269B)

Trade room will be open to the public on Saturday, March 3 from 8:00am to 4:00pm
9:00am to 3:00pm Classes and Demos

CSMLA Membership Meeting - Election of Officers 4:00pm Banquet, Awards 6:00pm

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