



October, 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.

**Regular Monthly Meeting
& annual craft show
& finger foods**

November 2, 7:00 p.m.

**Daylight Savings Time ends
November 5!!**

**Club Paper Shoot - Nov. 5
Club Primitive Shoot - Nov. 19**

**Christmas Ornament Exchange
& finger foods**

**December 3rd Meeting
7:00 p.m.**

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

UPCOMING EVENTS: CSML & Statewide

WHAT	WHERE	WHEN	INFORMATION
Regular Club Meeting and annual craft fair	American Legion	Nov. 2; 7:00 p.m.	bring your crafts of any kind and plenty of money to buy them up.
DAYLIGHT SAVINGS	TIME ENDS	NOVEMBER 5	CLOCKS BACK 1 HOUR!!!!
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	November 5	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	November 19	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
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
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

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

PAST THINGS

Well, your Editor missed the October meeting due to a well-fought volleyball tournament, which by the way, my great niece and her team won. I had hoped that the games would be over in time to allow me to drive to the meeting, but ties and overtime ran us over the time limit.

With no reports and no Secretary, I can't brief you on what took place. Hopefully, nothing important was done so that those of us who did not make it don't miss out.

Results of the annual Bird and Buffalo event are elsewhere in the newsletter. Despite Mother Nature's best efforts to blow us away, we did pretty good for the few folks that participated in this. Thanks to all of you who came, ate, shot, ate again, bought, and ate again. It was a fun time!



UPDATES.....

Ron Melchert has returned to his own home and his own bed!!!! Ron has made great strides in his recovery and therapy. He is now walking with a cane and reports are that he is happy to be sleeping in his own bed. Cindy is sure glad to have her dad back home with her.

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!

Bird & Buffalo Pistol Match or A Gathering of Old Friends

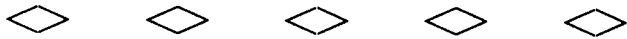
by: Ken West

The wind was 26 MPH on the pistol range and only three of us wanted to shoot pistol. Knowing that a regular paper match was impossible, we finally decided to make up our own match. I have a .36 cal. "10-ring" center-fire muzzle loading pistol which I bought at Friendship in September. This looks like a .22 target pistol, the breech-plug is the nipple and the grip looks like a piece of modern art in black walnut. This is the type of pistol shot in the national matches by those folks who think that a 99-5x is a poor target. We got a paper target to stay up by putting the legs in the frame for the knock-down targets. Marks were noted on the paper target as the aiming point and the ranking for each shot was based on the distance from the center of the aiming point. Four shots were fired by each of us with the grouping of the three shots from three different people using the same gun being within an inch. The tie breaker was at 50 yards - - hit only by Al Bartok. Al Bartok won three of the five matches, Jim Murray won two, and I came in a very close third on most of them!

The stock of this gun seems to have been designed for two-handed shooting - - which helps account for the tight groups with

a 26 MPH wind!

Had a long talk with Ron Melchert, who was allowed to visit and is looking forward to getting to go home. As the group of us who attend these events shrink, the friendships become closer. We are no longer a club, we are a gathering of old friends - - - and the chili seemed especially tasty this year!



Dear Guys and Gals,

The Bird and Buffalo is now behind us. It was a nice day for shooting; maybe a little wind. I had a total of 7 shooters on the line this weekend; 5 men and two ladies. Shots were fired from 25, 50, and 100 yards and 14 steel targets. After the smoke cleared and people fed, prizes were awarded.

- 1. Jock 176
- 2. Fred 120
- 3. Tony 117
- 4. John 110
- 5. Steve 46

- 1. Delores 141
- 2. Petra 113

We broke for lunch and enjoyed the witches chili with all the fixens and the potluck went well as always. The evening ended with the auction. It was a great time. Thanks for coming!

Ted "Dances with Deer" Beaupre

P.S. Back to hunting camp. This time as cook.

2017 Bird & Buffalo One Last Report

By: Your Editor

Well, as has been reported there was some wind at this year's bird and buffalo. However, we are a hardy bunch and didn't let it get us down. We kept re-lighting the stove to cook the chili and managed to get it done in pretty good order if I do say so myself. A great big THANK YOU goes to Jock Harmon for bringing and staking down his awning for us. The shade was such a relief. Jock also helped improvise a wind-break for the stove which helped immensely.

The price for the chili this year was upped to \$7.00 but it still bought you all-you-could-eat with Fritos, onions, cornbread, sour cream, tortillas, and cookies for dessert. We sold a bunch at lunch time and jarred up 12 quarts of mild and 12 quarts of spicy chili for sale at the auction. This year's proceed from the noon sale of chili was a whopping \$10.00 above the cost to produce it. We are always happy to at least cover the cost of the ingredients.

Cindy Melchert had put her design skills to work and made the best looking leather tips for table decorations. They were the most hotly contended item. We also had pumpkin scented candles in jars with fall foliage on them. Winners were allowed to choose their centerpiece and those were Joy, Carol, Randi-Rae, Dee, Al, Ted, Pat, Ken, Tony, and Doreen.

As noted elsewhere, Ron Melchert was able to join us for lunch. He was chauffeured from his temporary abode to the shop for chili and cookies. Ron really enjoyed visiting with the folks but was soon tuckered out and Cindy returned him tired but happy to his temporary abode.

The evening's potluck brought forth ham, meatballs, scalloped potatoes, macaroni salad, sausage and peppers, chicken and noodles Waldorf salad, dressing, chocolate cake, pumpkin bread pudding, pineapple cake and cherry pie. Lots of scrumptious food for all.

It was announced that on Sunday morning after breakfast was done, there would be shotgun shooting and it was acceptable to use any type of shotgun you brung.

The day's guessing game, a jar of candy corn, was won by Petra LaChance. She guessed the exact amount of 163 which brought questions from the floor as to how long she was alone in the shop.

Our evening's auctioneer was Lon Mehle and we thank him very much for volunteering to take on this task. He worked hard to sell all the stuff that was brought and some of the items were real treasures. Some sculptures, lead, chili, cookies and blankets were top sellers. Total profit from the auction was \$439.00 which will be given to the Treasurer for deposit into our account.

Thank you all who came and participated in this event. While our numbers were small, our fun was large and the friendships shared were priceless!



DUGOUT CANOES

By: Tom Strohfeldt

Although the bark canoe is the one most celebrated in narrative and legends of the American frontier, the pirogue or dugout canoe seems to have been the primary means of water transportation from the Ohio River and its tributaries south.

The best description of a journey in one of these craft that I've ever read is that of Nicholas Cresswell, an Englishman visiting America from 1774-1777. I think you will enjoy these excerpts from his journal, which are the ones pertaining to pirogues.

Thursday, April 13, 1775. Captain Stephenson advises me to build our canoe here, provisions are cheaper than at Fort Pitt. Rice professes to be a carpenter and understands the building of them, is acquainted here and will undertake to have one finished in a fortnight.

Friday, April 14, 1775. This morning Rice and another man began to cut down a tree to make a canoe. Have left it entirely up to his management.

Thursday, April 27, 1775. Got our canoes

finished and our provisions collected together. Intend to set out tomorrow.

Yaughany River, Virginia - Friday, April 28, 1775. Launched our canoes. One of them we call the Charming Sally, the other Charming Polly. They are 30 feet long and about 20 inches wide, made of walnut trees, dug out something like a manger.

Ohio River, Tuesday, May 2nd, 1775. Proceeded down the River. Our canoes are so heavily loaded that we are in great danger of upsetting, the water is within three inches of the gunnell which adds to the exceeding crankiness of our vessel and makes me uneasy.

May 3rd, 1775. Agreed to lash our vessels together and float all night. The River is very high and rapid, suppose we can float two miles in an hour.

Saturday, May 13th, 1775. Camped at the mouth of Sandy Creek. Employed in fixing our canoes together by two beams, one athwart the heads, the other at the stern setting the canoes about one foot apart. In the middle of the aftermost piece, I fixed a strong pin, on that hung the rudder, made something like an oar, but bent down toward the water and projected about two feet astern of the vessel, rigged her out with four oars and called her the Union. Some of our company laughs at it and declare she will not answer the helm. But it pleases me well and hope it will deceive them.

Tuesday, May 16, 1775. After breakfast attempted to rig a sail in our vessel but the wind soon blew up the River which rendered it useless.

Wednesday, May 24, 1775. Camped at a place where buffaloes cross the river. In the night were alarmed with a plunging in the river. In a little time Mr. Johnston

(who slept on board) called out for help. We ran to his assistance with our arms and to our great mortification and surprise found one of our canoes that had all our flour on board sunk, and would have been inevitably lost, had it not been fixed to the other. We immediately hauled our shattered vessel to the shore and landed our things, though greatly damaged. It was done by the buffaloes crossing the river from that side where the vessel was moored. Fortunately, for Mr. Johnston he slept in that canoe next the shore. The buffaloes jumped over him into the other, and split it about fourteen foot.

Thursday, May 25, 1775. Repairing our vessel by putting in knees and caulking her with the bark of the white elm pounded to a paste, which is tough and glutinous, something like budlime and answers the purpose very well.

Monday, Jun 19, 1775. As we sat at dinner, saw two buffalo bulls crossing the river. When they were about half way over four of us got into a canoe and attacked them in the river. The rest went alongshore to shoot them, as soon as they came ashore. The river was wide and we had fine diversion fighting them in the water. The man in the head of the canoe seized one of them by the tail and he towed us about the river for half an hour. We shot him eight times, let him get ashore and he ran away. Our comrades ashore very angry with us and they have a great right to be so.

Another good mention of an early dugout is that of the Indians who participated in the killing of Jacob Greathouse and his party near the mouth of the Scioto in 1791.

“Found three dead Indians about one half mile above the Scioto on the Indian shore, there found the Indian pirogue - fully fifty feet long - in which a barrel could be rolled from one end to the other....”

Daniel Boone’s final removal from Kentucky was in an enormous dugout described here by Boone’s biographer, John Bakeless:

“Daniel Boone cut down a huge tulip poplar growing on the bank of the Big Sandy, and made a dugout canoe sixty feet long, capable of carrying 5 tons. The poplar stump was still being pointed out in 1851 - a by no means impossible survival In 1857 one old man still remembered that he had seen Boone cut down the tree to make the canoe, and had later seen him start for Missouri.”

SOME COMMENTS ON CAMP COOKING

By: Thomas B. Henderson

Every so often I read about cooking under the ground, and making of jerky. One does not have anything to do with the other. The first time I ever saw any thing cooked under ground was about 1914. Papa ran a pretty good sized cow outfit and we were on a fall cow work. There was a cook, horse wrangler, and fifteen cowboys. Since there was lots of beef, that was what was used to feed the crew. It took a beef every other day. By beef I mean a weaned calf.

One evening the cowboys dragged a beef up to the chuck wagon and the cook came out with an ax, dish pan and a big butcher knife. The beef was knocked in the head, stuck and allowed to bleed good. About then the cowboys gathered ‘round, whetting their knives - - pocket knives, they were.

In a few minutes the beef was skinned, gutted and quartered. Usually the cook came out with his axe, some husky cowboys lifted up the beef by the hind legs and the cook chopped right down the back bone. It was a neat job. The head was never skinned, just cut off and left for the coyotes to feast on.

This time a couple of Mexican cowboys begged a tow sack off the cook, another got his shovel

and dug a hole about 20 inches wide and 24 inches long by about 26 inches deep. They dug up a bunch of Cat Claw wood and maybe some Mesquite that was dead and very dry. They started a fire in the hole and filled it up with firewood. It took a while for it to burn down. By the time it had burned down the cowboys had wet the sack, wrapped the head up in it, shoveled out all the fire from the hole, put the sacked head in the hole and then and then shoveled in all the live coals. They then piled up on the hole all the dirt that had come from digging it.

There were some comments about the sack being burned off and the meat burned, with all that fire on it. NOT SO! The chuck wagon did not have to move the next day and the cowboys came in about sundown, unsaddled and waited on the cook to holler "Come and get it!" The Mexican cowboys went out and dug up the beef head. The tow sack was barely scorched and they soon peeled the hide off with their pocket knives. One dug out an eye ball, put a bit of salt on it and devoured it in about three bites. Another did the same with the other eyeball. One pulled out the tongue, skinned it, grabbed up a piece of pone bread cooked in a skillet, and in a very few minutes the skull was picked clean. That was time for a Mexican to get the axe, chop open the brain cavity and a mad rush was on, digging out the brains. Some of the old-timers said you could find meat that tasted like pork, chicken and other flavors. After burying it you forget it for twenty-four hours, or a bit less. I never cooked a beef head, but have seen other fellers do it many times.

I know the cowboy cook that was in the movie "Giant" and he cooked a beef head under ground this way. You may not remember the show, with Liz and Rock Hudson.

It is not just beef heads that can be cooked in the ground. I remember one Christmas my wife was awful busy on school doings, as she was principal for 41 years in the Mexican school. So I told her I'd cook Christmas dinner for her. I killed 50 Blue Quail and got her to make a dishpan full of dressing. I stuffed each one with dressing, then wrapped it in foil. I got me a wet gunny sack or tow sack, put them all in the hole. That was about noon on the day before Christmas. About 11:30 Christmas morning I dug them up. All she had to do was set the table.

We had a bunch of company and I think all of

them were expecting to be served turkey. Well, they got something better. I would not trade a mess of Blue Quail for any turkey I ever say, or chicken either.

Another time we had a bunch of folks let us know they were coming and Mom wondered how we would take care of them. I went down and got a 16 pound ham and a bunch of sweet taters. The ham was wrapped up in about 3 wrappings of paper. I never had to do a thing to it. I washed the taters, greased and wrapped each in foil. Had my fire ready, dug it all out quickly, dropped in my wet sack with the ham and taters, then hurriedly covered it up, piling all the dirt over the fire pit.

The company came, all with a long, empty gut. We poured down about a gallon of egg nog and set them down to ham and sweet taters. I reckon they liked it, there was not a thing left for supper. Some call it dinner, we called it breakfast, dinner and supper.

Another time I cooked a 15 pound rolled roast and 35 quail, prepared as before. The good thing about cooking under ground is that you do not have to fool with it every time you turn around,

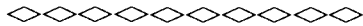
For successful cooking under ground, the secret is in the wood. It has to be a solid, well-seasoned, hard wood. In the Big Bend of Texas, where we live, we use dead Mesquite or Cat Claw. Iron Wood is another, but you may have to go 45 or 50 miles to find enough. It is very scarce.

I used to know all the law men in the country, as they were always stopping at our ranch for the night, just to eat Momma's cooking. They carried everything on a pack horse, or more generally, a pack mule. I have heard them tell of a camp that they used in their patrolling the Rio Grande. They would stay all night and next morning put a big bucket of frijole (pink) beans on. Be gone all day and come next night and the beans would be cooked and hot, when they dug them up. I expect there is a bunch of good things that can be cooked under ground. I am too stove up to do much camp cookin' any more but I sure like it. A good 12 inch skillet (with the 3 legs, of course) now sells for \$25, if you can find one. We have some Dutch ovens and 3 skillets we use when camping. You can make bread in about 20 minutes. Build a fire and put your skillet and lid on and start your bread. When your bread is made, your skillet is hot. Put

some coals off to one side, set on the skillet, take a dab of grease and run it around in the skillet and drop in your hunk of dough, flattening it out with your fist, knuckles down, out the lid on and fill it to the rim with live, hot coals. In about 10 minutes holler "Chuck!" Set the skillet off to the side, pour off the coals on the lid. After everyone gets some bread, set the lid back on to keep it warm.

This is larrupin bully good grub. We are not buckskinners - - - we are RAWHIDERS. I am a life member of NMLRA and NRA. I carry card number 245, issued in 1942 by the NMLRA.

Sometime I will write to you about Texas jerky. We do not put that worm medicine goop on it like Lea & Perrins Winchester sass.



BOOK REPORT

By: Fred Johnson

Fools Crow, by Thomas E. Mails, Assisted by Dallas Chief Eagle with Illustrations by the Author, Doubleday and Company, 1979, 266 pages including Appendix and Notes. Avon pocket book edition, 1980, \$3.50.

This book concerns the life of Frank Fools Crow, the highest ranking traditional Chief of all the Teton Sioux, spokesman of his tribe and highly noted holy medicine man. The reader will quickly notice Thomas E. Mails, author of **Mystic Warriors** fame as well as several other volumes on various tribes, Mr. Mails adds a number of his photographs and drawings that depict instances in the life of this noted Chief, which no doubt explains the rather steep price for a pocket book (\$3.50). Despite the price, the book is well worth that much even without the sketches and photographs.

The subject of the book speaks very little English so he was interviewed by the author through the assistance of his "spiritual son" and interpreter, Dallas Eagle Chief. The first meeting of Thomas Mails and Fools Crow took place in 1974 and the interviews continued through 1977. This meeting and the resultant book were actually preordained as Fools Crow was told in a vision of his meeting with an

author so to give the story of his life, his healings and his medicine.

This book fulfills that vision quite well as the author not only provides the reader with the chronological events of the Chief's life, but also relates a number of previously unpublished newspaper and magazine articles that discuss the early reservation days - - - a period that scholars have virtually neglected until this book brought it to light.

Mr. Mails begins by acquainting the reader with the history of the Sioux nation up through the massacre at Wounded Knee. He then presents his post-1890 history in order to explain why the Sioux were "willing to risk their very lives" in the 1970's. This history is then tied into the life of Frank Fools Crow as a boy, a youth, a husband, a holy man, and a civil chief. Instances in the life of the subject are also correlated to the first hand accounts of the periods discussed through the authors' "Notes" - - which further verify the word of Fools Crow. It was during this period that Fools Crow studied under the well-known medicine man name "Stirrup" and was given great powers by **Wakan Tanka** through all 405 Stone White Men (the good spirits).

The bestowal of these powers has given Fools Crow the ability to perform "miraculous" healings - - many of which are described throughout the book - - including diabetes in the author! They have also made Fools Crow a very holy man who lives a very religious life - - instances of which are also described throughout the book.

First and basic to the Sioux religion is the use of the medicine pipe. With this in mind, Fools Crow takes a good deal of time to explain the different types of pipes, their use and care as well as their meaning to the Sioux. Included in these discussions, are Fools Crow's experiences with the Sioux's most Sacred Calf Pipe. In conjunction with this, the author relates a highly interesting lecture by the present keeper of this sacred pipe.

In addition, all Fools Crow's visions are discussed by the subject. Many of these are important to the future of the Sioux people. And of all the dances discussed in the book (both social and religious) the most important is the Sun Dance - - which Fools Crow describes in detail and in which he

participated for five decades as the ‘intercessor’.

Finally, the title of Ceremonial Chief of all the Sioux was bestowed upon Fools Crow by the traditional people of the tribe. In this position, Fools Crow has been instrumental in not only religious functions, but political as well - - including Fools Crow’s role in settling the Wounded Knee incident in 1973 and his role as spokesman in 1975 and 1976 before the Congress and the President in Washington, D.C. In this respect, “the hard road” that the Sioux people now walk is described by Fools Crow as well as his solutions - - among which is a repeal of the Treaty of 1868 and the return of the Black Hills sacred land to the Sioux nation,.

In this reviewer’s opinion, **Fools Crow**, by Thomas E. Mails, is the most important book written on Indian religion and Indian reservation life since **Black Elk Speaks** by John G. Neihardt. Anyone interested in reservation history, Indian lifestyle and its clash with the white culture and, most importantly, the religion of the Sioux nation and its highly respected Ceremonial Chief, Frank Fools Crow should definitely read this book by the celebrated author Thomas E. Mails.

Editor’s Note: Since this book report was taken from a source published in 1981, I searched the internet to determine if the book is still available. According to the internet, there is no e-book available but the book is available from the University of Nebraska Press, Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Books - A - Million, and IndieBound.

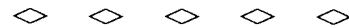
Frank Fools Crow, a spiritual and civic leader of the Teton Sioux, spent nearly a century helping those of every race. A disciplined gentle man who upheld the old ways, he was aggrieved by the social ills he saw besetting his own people and forthright in denouncing them. When he died in 1989 at the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota, he was widely loved and respected.

Fools Crow is based on interviews conducted in the 1970s. The holy man tells Thomas E. Mails about his eventful life, from early reservation days when the Sioux were learning to farm, to later times when alcoholism, the cash economy and World War II were fast eroding the old customs. Because Fools

Crow lived joyfully in this world, he also recounts his travel with Buffalo Bills Wild West Show, his happy marriages, his movie work, and his tribal leadership.

Note: Thomas E. Mails is also the author of “Mystic Warriors of the Plains” (1972) and “Sun Dancing at Pine Ridge and Rosebud” (1978).

Guess that next time I’m in Barnes and Noble, I’ll be checking this book out.



Don’t forget to bring your crafts and lots of money to the November meeting.

December’s meeting will be the annual ornament exchange and finger foods. Be sure to bring a wrapped ornament and you’ll get an entirely new one to take home for your Christmas tree.

January’s meeting will be the annual wild game potluck, hunter awards, and tall tales. Even if you don’t have wild game, you can make something up and bring it to share with the gang. Be thinking about your favorite hunting tall tale to share with us. This is always a fun time and provides us with much needed laughter and smiles.

+++++

**HAPPY
THANKSGIVING
TO ALL**

ƒ ƒ