



April 2013

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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& **Webmaster**
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Mountain Man Monthly
Editors
The Webb's

Monthly Meeting - MAY 2
7:00 p.m.

Last one before the big shoot
NO Club Shoots in May
WORK PARTY May 4; 10:00 a.m.
LaChance home
Lots of preparation work; we need
lots of help! Potluck lunch to follow
Only 22 days to go..... are you ready?
Regular Monthly Meeting - June 6

UPCOMING EVENTS: CSML & Statewide

WHAT	WHERE	WHEN	INFORMATION
Regular Club Meeting	American Legion	May 2	last meeting before the 38 th shoot
Memorial Day Work Party	LaChance Home Penrose	May 4	work starts a 10:00 a.m. Bring a potluck lunch to share.
Heritage Fair	near Ft. Lupton	May 4	contact Jan Clower (303) 423-4887
NO CLUB SHOOTS	IN MAY --- WORK	ON THE 38TH	ANNUAL SHOOT!!!!
Colorado Black Powder Pistol & Revolver Shoot	Ft. Lupton Range	May 11	Ken Kleinsorge (970) 352-7370 Ron Ring (970) 416-5784
Boy Scout Falcon Day Camp	near Big R store in Falcon	May 18	Boy Scout demo; be there by 8:30 a.m. ready for the boys
Outdoor Buddies Demo	Painted View Ranch Westcliffe	May 18	contact Marlin Johnson for details (719) 372-7717
Lancaster's Restoration Rendezvous	Ft. Lupton	May 24-26	contact Hayley Bavero (303) 906-9812
Annual Memorial Day Shoot & Rendezvous	Florence Mountain Park	May 25-27	biggest & best shoot in the state! Come and join the fun & shoot.
Club Paper Shoot	Ft. Melchert	June 2	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
Regular Club Meeting	American Legion	June 6	post annual shoot discussion
CSMLA Board Meeting	Castle Rock	June 8	Village Inn at 10:00 a.m.
Santa Fe Trails Rendez	Raton, New Mexico	Jun 9-15	Kyle Bell (575-27-2444 or www.sftrendezvous.com
Territorial Matches	Ft. Lupton	June 14-16	Ft. Lupton Range
State Knife & Tomahawk Championships	South Fork	June 15-16	contact Earl Wilson (719) 873-1234 or (719) 580-9750
Club Primitive Shoot	Ft. Melchert	June 16- Father's day	pistols at noon; rifles at 1:00 pm
2013 Liberty Encampmnt	near Elbert	June 22-29	Jerry Collins (719) 347-3142
Outdoor Buddies Program	near Tarryall Reservoir	June 22-23	contact Marlin Johnson at (719) 372-7717 for more info.
NO Regular Club	Meeting on July 4 th	Celebrate the holiday	with your family and friends!!!

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

Since your editor was in Virginia for the meeting, I don't have much to report. However, the Secretary's notes indicate that someone thought it was a potluck so there was some elk available to share. Sounds like I missed a good one.

Again the Secretary's minutes note that there were Mountain Man games played, but no one has provided any details. Wish I could convince folks to send me information to share with those that don't make the meetings. It might help encourage them to come if we could give them a glimpse into what we do.

Thank you to all of you who helped sell ads for the shoot book, those of you who purchased ads, and for those of you who helped provide information for the book. The deadline was the April meeting, but we still had a few stragglers that made it in time to get included. We'll see if we made enough money on the ads to pay for the printing of the book. We may have to resort back to the old xerox copies if we can't keep our profits up. Our goal has always been to make the shoot book pay for itself.

Wanted to ask everyone to continue your prayers for our members that are having health issues at this time. We know that Ron and Juanita can always use our prayers; Bob & Gayle Emmons are on the mend but can continue to use our good thoughts, and we do understand that Blake Schainost is back in the pink from his chicken pox bout. Let's all continue to ask that the Great Spirit bless all our members and friends.

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WORK PARTY MAY 4TH 10:00 a.m.

Yes, we need your help at the May 4th work party for the 38th annual Memorial Day Shoot and Rendezvous. We have lots of things that need to be completed and made ready for the event.

We have stand-up and sit down work; some

organizing and arranging, some stamping, some painting, some bead removal and re-stringing, and lots of other things to be done. It is also a chance for us to find out if there is anything that we have forgotten to do. Please plan on coming to Fred and Petra's house and helping out.

After the work is done, we will all take a break and share a potluck lunch. We ask that you bring food to share and your own eating utensils. Should be a good time.

Directions to Fred and Petra's house: coming from Colorado Springs, take 115 just like you were going to Ft. Melchert for a shoot, except don't turn on K Street. Continue on until you see the Gooseberry Patch Restaurant. Take the next left after that and Fred is the 2nd house on the left. If you are coming from Pueblo, then you will take Highway 50 to the junction of Highway 115 in Penrose. Go north on 115 until you see the old Apple Shed Restaurant with the big rocking chair. Take the first right after the chair and again, Fred's house is the 2nd on the left (north) side of the road. You'll see all our cars parked in Fred's yard.

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Colorado Springs Muzzle Loaders REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING April 4, 2013

The CSML membership meeting was held on April 4, 2013.

Joy opened the meeting by welcoming new people in attendance: Bruce who had shot back East, Ken who belongs to the American Legion and was wanting to know what we are all about, Ray from Fountain and he is a flintlock man, Lucas from Iowa who found us at the gun show, Terry who shot in Missouri and Janie who came along with him. Don brought his daughter Karen along who is a Girl Scout Leader and is interested in programs for the Girl Scouts. Richard brought an elk dish to share because his wife told him it was a potluck.

The Secretary's minutes were published in the *Mountain Man Monthly*. A motion was made, seconded, and passed to accept the minutes as printed.

Gwen then gave the Treasurer's report. A

motion was made to accept the report as read. Motion was seconded and carried.

Membership report given by Ted, with 62 members and 12 new this year. They will be dropping member names that have not paid from the 2011 listing. Ted knows that there will be a lot of folks who pay their dues at the Memorial Day event. We always look forward to their renewal at that time.

Primitive report was that it was too windy to shoot. Ted ran the shoot and thanked Marlin and Barb for their help. Doug thanked Ted also.

Doug attended a meeting that included the Friends of the NRA giving the Sheriff's Department a check. Talk about gun control was the main force of the meeting. Doug also made the Channel 5 news at 5:00 and 6:00 p.m. that day as he was the only one that was willing to make his feelings known. Thanks to Doug for speaking up and letting people know about the CSML.

Memorial Day shoot is coming up fast. The ads are due tonight and the work party is May 4th at the LaChance home at 10:00 am., followed by a potluck lunch.

Old Business: Boy Scouts demo at Big R May 18. Ted, Dee, John, Doug, Michelle, Gwen, Todd and Blake are planning on helping but others are more than welcome. There will be lots of Boy Scouts needing our attention. Ted will be bringing a tent for some cover from the weather.

Outdoor Buddies is set for June 22. Marlin and Barb can use help with this. Call them for more information (719-372-7717). This will be a highly rewarding event.

New Business: gun show on May 4 & 5. Women on Target at Cactus Flats on May 5.

Upcoming events were noted. Remember the Squirrel Shoot on April 27 & 28.

Meeting was then adjourned with Gwen having games ready for everyone to play. These were games that the Mountain Men would have played in the day.

Respectfully submitted,
Lois Schainost, Secretary

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PAPER PISTOL MATCH

April 7

By: Ken "Suds" West

We had 11 pistol shooters - - - and it wasn't the good weather that brought them out. Although no targets went over the hill, a lot of staples were used. The scores were:

Clay Vandenberg	87
John Udovich	85
Lon Mehle	84
Al Bartok	83
Mark Serpa	83
Jim Murray	78
Fred LaChance	75
Tom Gabor	74
Ken West	74
Don Anderson	66-IX
Richard Anthony	37

Rich's gun broke midway through the match. Lon did show up and proved that he can shoot in a high wind! Notice that the only X was one of Don Anderson's "fliers". It will be interesting to see what the scores are when the shooting weather is perfect!

THINGS EVERYONE ELSE ALREADY KNEW.....

Goex is selling a new powder; "Olde Eynsford", that they claim improves accuracy - - - I'll try anything! They have dropped their cartridge powder; but will be marketing a black powder substitute which has no sulfur in it - - might improve the smell on a calm day if that ever happens.

I bought a pound of Scheutzen black powder at the match in Phoenix because the shooters around me said that it burned cleaner - - I got a thick deposit of carbon in the sink every time I cleaned the gun after using it - perhaps what goes out of the barrel is cleaner?

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Primitive Pistol Match April 21

by: Ken West

The crews working on the communications tower took a lunch break 5 minutes before the scheduled start of the match, which put to rest a lot of creative plans for an alternative range. The weather was perfect and the shooting was very good. The scores were:

Lon Mehle	12 gongs
Jim Murray	11 gongs
John Udovich	11 gongs
Clay Vandenberg	11 gongs
Ken West	11 gongs

The scores were as good as the weather.

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SANTA FE TRAILS RENDEZVOUS

We received a flyer for the Santa Fe Trails Rendezvous this week. It is scheduled for June 9-15 near Raton, New Mexico and is only about 3 hours away for most of us. Even if you don't intend to go to the rendezvous for the whole event you might want to take a drive on Wednesday June 12 and watch the special event that they have planned.

The flyer states:

"We are gonna' skin, butcher, and cook one whole buffalo. Everyone welcome. Free of charge."

Wednesday is a 'FREE BUFFALO FEAST'

If you want more information, you can contact the Booshway Kyle Bell at (575) 278-2444 or the Sedundo Hands Collins at (575)535-4316. They also

have a website at www.sftrendezvous.com and e-mail at sftrendezvous@yahoo.com.

RAY EZINGA

Those of you who went to the CSMLA Annual Trade Show and Convention know that this group recognized Hez Salsbury and Ray Ezinga with awards for their life-long and many contributions to the spirit and history of muzzle loading.

We were given information that Ray was honored through a newspaper article in the Loveland Reporter Herald. The article was written by Tom Hacker and we are sharing it in it's entirety with you.

Debates in statehouses and Congress concerning the size of ammunition magazines that gun owners should be allowed to buy and own are mostly irrelevant to Loveland resident Ray Ezinga. It's not that he doesn't stand shoulder-to-shoulder with gun advocates that oppose such limits. He does. But "one" is the number that Ezinga thinks of when he considers how much ammunition he needs in a gun at any one particular time.

ONE shot.

"If you only have one, you'd better make it a good one," he said.

Ezinga's string of hand-made, muzzle loading rifles began in 1950, when he was 17 years old.

He can't count how many he has crafted since then -- "I've never really kept track," he said -- but 10 are in display cases just inside the front doors of the Loveland Public Library, where they will be through April 27.

Ray Ezinga spends most of his time in a workshop adjacent to the garage of the log home he and his wife, Jean, built on the west shore of Horseshoe Lake.

The dark, narrow shop contains all the tools, and the raw materials, that Ezinga uses to make muzzle loading rifles that are artworks as much as firearms.

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Blocks of dense maple that will become rifle stocks are propped against the back wall.

Nearby are materials that will become inlays and intricate, decorative plates for the stocks that make each piece, after more than 200 hours of work, one-of-a-kind.

The shop also is a small museum that tracks both Ray's and Jean's histories as muzzle loader sharpshooters.

THE TIE BREAKER

Used paper targets are pinned to the walls, bull's eyes obliterated by holes made by lead spheres, each shot one-at-a-time, propelled by a charge of hand-loaded powder set off by percussive caps.

Jean Ezinga pointed to the two halves of the four of spades from a card deck, split cleanly down the middle, tacked to the wall.

"I did that," she said. "That was the tie-breaker."

The card had been stood on edge, barely visible, downrange from her at the end of a shooting match with a man who surely thought he would win.

Jean became a markswoman shortly after she and her husband met as teenagers in the countryside near Grand Rapids, Michigan.

She has competed against the best, shooting rifles her husband made during most of their 60-year marriage.

"I love shooting against men," she said. "And I love winning."

For Ezinga, his wife, their three children, eight grandchildren, and 13 great-grandchildren, the guns are more than museum pieces. They're tools. They put food on the tables, more than they put trophies on shelves.

DEER DIDN'T CARE

"I grew up hunting," Ray said, recalling his youth in the Michigan woods. A single-shot muzzle loading rifle that he made would be his lifetime weapon of choice.

"The deer didn't know," he said. "The deer didn't care. We shot 'em, they fell down, and we ate 'em."

The Ezingas don't venture far beyond such basics. If they're not at the cathedral-like log home they built on Horseshoe Lake, they're likely at a cabin that sits nearly atop Bull Mountain in Larimer County's northwest corner, about four miles south of the Wyoming line. They hunt elk there, and deer, always one shot at a time.

LEAVING MICHIGAN

They have since the early 1960s, when they discovered Colorado and found that the home they had just built in Michigan "was in the wrong place," Ray said.

Ray, who turns 80 in July, has not much use for modern hunters, those who go into the back country pulling trailers loaded with all-terrain vehicles.

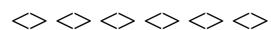
"These fools on these ATVs, racing around," he laments. "They go up here and tear up and down through the meadows, supposedly scouting for elk. Well, the elk get to thinking it's time to move. They go up to the Wyoming border and wait."

Ray and Jean Ezinga walk or, for longer hunts, ride horses.

"When I'm up there, I don't want to see another trace of another person, and I don't leave a trace for anybody else to see," Ray said. "I like to think, when I'm out there, that I'm walking over ground that no one ever has before."

Those of us that have come to know and love Ray, know that what he says is what he believes. He is truly a mountain man in his own right.

Ray and Jean have supported the muzzle loading clubs and the Colorado State Muzzle Loading Association for a number of years in many ways. Ray has built many a custom gun for members and also for prizes for membership drives. He believes in muzzle loading and living it daily.



JOE WALKER

By: Richard Grant

"The first Anglo to set eyes on Yosemite, Walker was the mildest mannered mountain man you could ever hope to meet."

Joe Walker rode into the fur trade rendezvous of 1833 with six trappers and an escort of several hundred Shoshone Indians. The horses were hung with bells, beads, and ribbons, and the Shoshone women were adorned in similar finery. Shamans juggled and warriors in buffalo-horn and feathered headdresses made their horses prance and curvet. Walker rode at the head of the procession, a tall, powerful figure with a hawkish face and a rifle slung across his saddle. He was 34 years old and already a highly respected man among the trappers, fur traders, and Indian tribes of the far West.

The rendezvous that year was held on the upper Green River near the site of present-day Daniel, Wyoming. Some 350 mountain men and 500 Indians, predominately Shoshone, were gathered for the annual trade fair and grand debauch of the Rocky Mountain West. The tents and tepees extended for 10 miles along the river, and immense herds of horses grazed the surrounding plains. There was an unruly carnival atmosphere with impromptu horse races, wrestling matches, bagging contests, and a great deal of roaring drunkenness and random fornication.

Walker stood out among his fellow mountain men. He was calm, affable, and prudent, rather than wild and reckless,. And he took his alcohol in moderation. He projected an air of alertness and complete self-assurance. He enjoyed Shoshone beauties and racing for money on fast stud horses, and sported finely made and ornamented buckskin clothing and feather-plumed slouch hats. The driving force of his life was travel and exploration, and it was to keep him on the move over immense distances for nearly 50 years. It is likely that Walker covered as many or more miles on horseback than any Euro-American.

While the trappers sold their beaver pelts and roistered away the proceeds, Walker spent the rendezvous assembling an expedition. Capt. Benjamin Bonneville, on leave from the U.S. Army, had asked him to explore the region west of the Great Salt Lake,

which was still blank space and fiction on the maps of the day, and go all the way to the Mexican province of California, if possible.

The journey was known to be horrendous, crossing hundreds of miles of desert with no water or game then passing over an immense wall of perennially snow-capped mountains: the Sierra Nevada. Many trappers had died trying to reach California but a few had made it - - and they brought back stories of warm winter sunshine, willing Mexican girls, mission wineries that never ran dry, and vast herds of horse and cattle that could be bought cheap or easily stolen.

Walker rode out of the rendezvous with 40 men and 160 horses, then stopped at Bear River to hunt buffalo until each man had 60 pounds of jerk in his saddlebags. The trappers grumbled. Normally they scorned advance planning and carried no reserve food supplies. Picking up another party of about 20 trappers, they rode on to the Great Salt Lake, where Walker made a careful scout and debunked the last mythical American waterway, the Buenaventura, which was thought to flow out of the Great Salt Lake to the Pacific.

Riding west they entered the vast moonscape deserts of the Great Basin. Spotting a party of Bannocks, Walker had to restrain some of his men, who were eager to take their scalps (scalping was practiced by mountain men and Indians alike). Instead, he invited the Bannocks to sit down, gave them gifts, and asked them about the country further west. This was typical. Walker favored diplomacy with the tribes whenever possible and had no scorn or hatred for Indians. He married a Shoshone woman and chose to live his life more like her people than his own, spurning civilization and establishing himself as a kind of nomadic chieftain.

Taking the advise of the Bannocks, Walker led his party along a river so poorly supplied with vegetation that they named it the Barren; now we call it the Humboldt. Hungry-looking Indians stole from their camps one night. These were Paiutes, and the mountain men called them Diggers because they subsisted on grubs, worms, and roots pried from the earth with digging sticks. Walker gave orders not to shoot, but a few of his men disobeyed him and killed two or three of the thieves. This happened again the

next day. Walker was furious because he knew what would happen next. The following morning they were surrounded by hundreds of Paiutes armed with bows and arrows.

Using sign language, Walker told the Indians to disperse or his men would shoot. The Paiutes laughed, saying they were too far away, and he realized they had never seen guns before. He put on a shooting exhibition to demonstrate, and still the Paiutes came closer. Walker gave orders to charge and, according to his clerk, 39 Paiutes were killed in the melee, with no losses in Walker's party. The bloodthirsty massacre has come down as a stain on his reputation, but the initial threat was real. An Indian could shoot five or six arrows in the time it took a mountain man to reload his powder-and-ball rifle.

Where the Humboldt River gave out in the marshes of the Humboldt Sink, Walker turned south and led his men across the present-day Walker River Indian Reservation, past a large body of water now called Walker Lake, and the next night they camped at the foot of the Sierra Nevada. It was early October and the snow line was already halfway down the mountains. Their horses were thin and weak after crossing the desert, the buffalo jerky was gone, and the men were eating berries and insects.

Soon they were eating their horses. They spent the next month in frozen high-altitude hell, moving along the central crest of the Sierra Nevada, looking for a way down to the west. If that sounds like incompetence, try going up there. Take a look at all those peaks, crags, precipices, cols, crevasses, and snowfields a hundred feet deep. Now imagine getting more than 200 half-starved horses and 60 exhausted men through it. They called themselves mountain men, but they had no experience with alpine mountaineering, no suitable equipment, and they were improvising techniques as they went.

On October 20, 1833, they came upon a spectacle that stopped them in awe and wonder. They were standing on a mile-high cliff above Yosemite Valley, and they were the first white men to see it. They picked their way along a narrow ridge for five more days and then found a steep trail descending to the west. Lowering their horses on ropes, they made it down below the snow line, and the hunters brought in a deer and two bears, which the men devoured in a frenzy.

Coming down the western slopes, they started to revel in their journey, finding plenty of game and marveling at the immensity of sequoia trees. A few days later they reached the Pacific. Most of the men had never seen an ocean and they stood before it mesmerized. Then came a kind of winter vacation on the mission ranches, a balmy time of wine-soaked fiestas, *senoritas*, horseback races, and hunting.

Walker impressed the Mexican authorities, who offered him 30,000 acres of free land in Northern California if he would establish a colony of American craftsmen. Walker had no doubts that it would make him a very rich man, but instead he saddled up and rode east, finding an easier route across the Sierra Nevada, known today as Walker Pass, to rejoin his old wayfaring life.

When we think of the mountain men, the first names that come to mind are Jim Bridger, Kit Carson, and Jedediah Smith. Joe Walker may have been in the field longer than any of them, and among his contemporaries he was considered one of the best, a kind of genius at reading landscape, blazing trails, and leading men through dangerous places. Yet Walker has remained largely obscure. The main reason for this is that he didn't like to brag about his achievements to newspapermen or anyone else, and he had a great talent for avoiding the sort of disasters that grabbed the attention of the Old West publicity machine.

Walker went on to guide the first wagon trains into California and the first gold seekers into northern Arizona. He traded horses, buying them from the Mexican ranches around Los Angeles and driving them east to Bent's Fort, Colorado (1,10 miles); Fort Laramie, Wyoming (1,200 miles); and Missouri (1,800 miles). He hired on as a scout for several different army colonels and captains, including John C. Fremont, the self-proclaimed "Pathfinder" who Walker later described as "the most complete coward I have ever known."

Joe Walker was nearly 70 when he retired from the field. His failing eyesight had endangered a man's life in Apache territory, and this was unacceptable. In nearly 50 years on the Western frontiers, only one man

(continued on back page.....)

JOE WALKER.....*conclusion*

under Walker's command had ever been killed by Indians - - a phenomenal safety record that none of his contemporaries came anywhere close to matching.

He hung up his saddle at his cousin's ranch in Contra Costa County, California. His eyesight was still good enough to read, and he spent many hours on the porch with books. A few journalists came and tried to get his story, but he remained terse and taciturn to the last, and at the age of 77 he died peacefully. The final task he set himself was the inscription for his tombstone. It began with his birth in Tennessee and ended with his greatest memory: "Camped at Yosemite Nov. 13, 1833."