

The Buckhorn Skinners Newsletter



www.buckhornhornskippers.com

July 2014

Notes from the Scribe:

Many Hides



Greetings:

It is Sunday July 27th, 2014, I thought I would be in Ft. Lupton today for the "silhouette" shoot. I loaded

everything yesterday to be ready to get up and go in the morning. Trouble is sometimes I find my get up and go has got up and left. I found myself thinking "I wish I didn't have to go today as there is so much to do here". The newsletter you are reading won't write itself, and many other necessary things need to be done to start the new week. So, here we go and I hope it is worthwhile, the notes from the meeting won't be much this month so I have to find something, hmmm.

Clearly, when one is going someplace we just get ready and go-right! So, when I find myself questioning if I want to, it's time to just stay home.

This month Ken Wee aka Medicine Bow has volunteered to be shoot host with an assist by Flatfingers in place of Gutshot

originally scheduled for reasons that escape me, but there must be one someplace. Myself and Gutshot sat out the competition but were in attendance for the business meeting. My reason was the heat: I get all I want at work and was facing another hot week so I sat this one out, just wasn't curious enough to ask old Gutshot what his was.

Anyway, the five members plus two shoot hosts came off the hill and awards by Ken were commenced. I will say that Medicine Bow was very generous with some help by Deacon I'm told and the group made many trips to the prize table. I also learned that Bloodymuzzle wasn't just hot - hell, he was on fire, hardly giving anyone a chance to win anything. He is usually not that selfish, I don't know what got into him, but I was glad I didn't climb the hill to get a whuppin like that. I mean there wasn't a big crowd but he got past some really good shooters. If it is going to be hot today maybe that would have been a wasted trip if the Muzzle is going.

Captain calls the meeting to order marked at 1:10 pm and since we were missing our treasurer no report was available. As such we went right into old business.

Question arose- should we purchase the hooter mentioned by the Mule, Peter in favor just moving ahead with the purchase but others engage in much discussion on how it would be set up and utilized.

Ideas range from modifying and mounting on a trailer, modifying and placing over a dug hole to setting it down and only using it once per year for Squirrel Shoot and paying \$60.00 to pump as well as building a surround to make it less unsightly.

In the course of discussing matters in the business meeting setting there seems to be a flow of information that is all going in one direction, just with a need to iron out the wrinkles and most are voted and approved almost unanimously or rejected again almost unanimously.

In this instance Manyhides requested we table the motion to approve for further consideration with a larger member audience.

The hope is to settle the issue of how it would be deployed and in what format and if the opportunity is lost to purchase this particular one it would not be that

difficult to construct one and it would not be necessary to build a surround to hide the plastic.

The next item of business was about trying to accommodate the Green River Collectors with use of the facility. Since Pat was in attendance the initial statement was to inquire if she had any objections since it is really up to her about land usage and by who. I think the issue was once brought to Scott's attention by Ken W and he brought the issue to our attention via internet.

Informal discussion had taken place and always headed in one direction that Skinners would have to be in attendance to assure nothing could jeopardize our existence here by someone else's actions relative to gates or range safety etc.

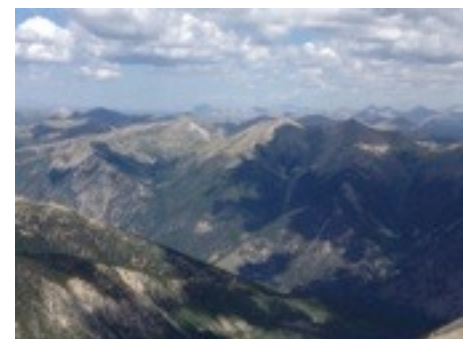
It was decided that they would be welcome to join us for either Buckfest and/or Squirrel Shoot where we would be in control of all activities. I suppose it would be possible to do a monthly shoot with them but that is not what was decided.

Originally, Capt. wanted the Scribe to draft a letter to that effect but on consideration since Ken was the instigator he would communicate our response.

Efforts of the weed pull crew were acknowledged and a

continued discussion of the upcoming dual weekend in August ensued whereby we would accommodate and honor Ray Ezinga and his family for the long term contribution to the club by donating prizes for Squirrel Shoot and other activities in the muzzleloader community by holding our monthly event on Saturday using squirrel shoot targets.

A pistol shoot originally planned for August would be retained and held on Sunday however subsequent to the meeting it was discovered that Standing Moose would not be here for the August event as scheduled so he would need to re-schedule and someone would have to "volunteer" to fill the void. In addition there wasn't a person committed to host the pistol shoot on the original shoot schedule. Since reporting by Ken thru Manyhides an e-mail was sent and to no ones surprise hands go into the air to cover both events so, it may be informal but will get done.





One remaining item for old business is Smokin'Toes reports previously he has a design in mind and will procure material to construct a ball puller fixture for installation on our range probably on the west end. We would be the first as far as I know of existing facilities to further promote safety in this manner and we thank Mr. Toes for his efforts in our behalf.

In new business, Capt. thought it would be a good idea to construct or possibly purchase for price comparison a portable range bench. Such an item could be useful on our range for a variety of reasons and Capt. will bring an example of an existing bench he owns and possibly material estimates or purchase price for a comparable unit.

Next item of business brought up by Dr. Horse Dr. that we need to perform a

lead pick up on the August weekend dual event.

Manyhides requests the pistol shoot be moved to the lower range to allow for tailgates and tables for loading purposes and general safety and no objections were raised other than because the normal monthly event was moved to Saturday on the upper range the pick up should be Saturday since we will already be there and not need to complete the pistol course of fire and then go up the hill just for the pick up----amen.

This decision in turn led to the need to re-build the temporary back stops near the trailer that we often use in winter. Again Mr. G steps up and offers to handle that detail, many thanks. He will also be in search of the plastic cardboard and to identify a source and cost for future reference.

Finally, Bloodymuzzle



reports the Skinners end of state shoot will be to assemble target packs as well as other duties we know. Ron is to post notification of a future date to get together via e-mail at the luxurious Ring estate to do so, be sure to apply for security clearance soon.

Hey, I though I said this wouldn't be much of meeting note report, it's time for me to get out of here and move to shoot results and maybe a little more.

Thanks in advance to all that step up and help when needed, bye for now.

JULY 2014 SHOOT RESULTS

NAME	<u>MATCH 1</u>	<u>MATCH 2</u>	<u>MATCH 3</u>	<u>MATCH 4</u>	<u>MATCH 5</u>	<u>MATCH 6</u>	<u>MATCH 7</u>
	5 coin	bill/coin	postal	4 flags	100yd 4 flags	tie bker	185 yd gong
Peter	0	17	42	45	46	2.7mm	1
Deacon	0	15	36	43	40	2.6 "	2
Bloodymuzzle	1	22	44X	50X	44	.6 "	1
Horse	1	12	43	44	39	4.5 "	0
Hawkdancer	0	10	30	32	0	7.0 "	0
Aggregate Scores	Bloodymuzzle		162XX				
	Peter		151				
	Horse		139				
	Deacon		136				
	Hawkdancer		72				

Additional comments- Ken did an exceptional job of orchestrating a different shoot format, the score sheet is neat as a pin and was very generous on shoot prizes with help from Deacon. See you next month, keep your calendar open for both days if possible, be safe and be good to yourself and others.. Manyhides

Who am I ?

I was born some say 1798 and others 1800 in Virginia. My family moved to Missouri in the early 1800's. When I got a little older I apprenticed with a blacksmith but a dispute with him some time later caused me to leave home and join an expedition to the lead mines in the Fever River area. Upon my return to St. Louis and in search of adventure I joined William Ashley and others for a fur trapping expedition to the upper Missouri.

Some reports say I was captured by the Crow indians and other say I was there to further trade for Ashley and the American Fur Co. I resided with the Crow for several years and learned their ways. I also learned "Crow" was the white mans word for their tribe by either a mis-

translation or malicious intent, the actual names are either Absaroke or Sparrowhawk people.

Some of the tales I have told are questioned but many were witnessed by other mountain men. No man could stay with the "Crow" for all those years without assimilating into their culture and adopting their ways, which was a warlike one. I rose to the level of "War chief" which could only be attained thru courageous warrior behavior on the battlefield.

By striking an enemy, leading a raid, capturing a picketed horse in an enemy camp or taking an enemies bow or rifle.

The summer of 1836 brought to a close my career with the American Fur Co. and the Crow. The Crow did not like the trade going on by the company with their

enemies so I returned to St. Louis to learn my father had returned to Virginia and had died a year earlier.

In 1837 I returned to the Crow but was charged with bringing smallpox into the area which killed thousands so I went back to St. Louis which I no longer liked because it wasn't the wild town I had known previously.

Introduced by William Sublette to General William Gaines I was recruited to be Muleteer to go on to the Seminole war in Florida.

I thought this might be a chance to achieve fame and fortune but in making the trip by ship we were caught in great storms and since we had not secured all the horses in the hold many were killed and injured as we shipwrecked and awaited rescue.



Upon our arrival Col. Zachary Taylor (would become later General and President) pronounced anyone on foot was to be dismissed without pay. I stayed around for 10 months but tired of it and returned to St. Louis whereupon I was contacted by Andrew Sublette and Louis Vasquez for a trip to Colorado on the Platte where Ft. Vasquez is located and close to Charles and William Bent's territory.

Once there I was given the agent-in-charge designation at that post. After bragging about killing a Crow chief I relocated to the Bent's operation further south.

I quickly bored with the existence and moved on to Taos where I partnered up and married Louisa Sandoval but again after a time in 1842 I moved on to Colorado and myself and others established what we called Pueblo which promptly ticked off the Bent's because now I would be there competition. The mexicans were also in an uproar over the situation between Texas and Mexico.

Moved on to Pueblo de Angeles in California and engaged in trade but before long word came of the war between the United States and Mexico. Myself and 5 others departed and on the trip gathered 1800 horses from area ranches claiming this was war not theft.

Back in Pueblo, Colorado my wife re-married, I claimed she had been deceived and she agreed to re-join me but I did not pursue it and returned to California just in time for the gold rush in 1849. I pioneered a trail thru to Marysville but due to a large fire never got paid and started a trading post, ranch and hotel.

In the winter of 1854 and 1855 T.D. Bonner stayed at the hotel and I told him my life story, I was going to be famous and get 50% of the proceeds from the sale of the books. The books were published in 1856 but I never got paid.

In 1859 I went back to Missouri briefly but moved to Denver, Colorado later that year as storekeeper and indian agent. My experience

with the Cheyenne brought Col. John Chivington to my door from the 3rd Colorado volunteers militia so I was hired as scout which ultimately led to the sand creek massacre.

The remaining Cheyenne stopped trading so I went to work for the army at Ft. Laramie and Ft Phil Kearney. It was while guiding the military on a trip to Montana that I was stricken with horrendous headaches and a nosebleed that would not quit, I died in a Crow camp on October 29, 1866.

If you have not already figured it out my name is James Beckwourth, a black mountain man.

Sources by TD Bonner-- Adventures of James P. Beckwourth and Elinor Wilson--- Jim Beckwourth

Mark Bradley Design and a website hosted by Sutter-Yuba Internet Exchange.

Additional info from Wikipedia