



RED RIVER BRIGADE

The Trace

March 2014



From The Booshway:

Hello Brothers,

Well it's hard to believe that it's already March!

It seems only a few weeks ago that it was the first of the new year.

We have just finished our annual brigade winter camp.

I want to extend my compliments to

Booshway Eddie Reese, Al, Hobbs and Tim Poteete.

The fellers had a good camp and several good colleges for us to learn, skills and a chance for men to fill some requirements. "Cuz" did a talk about period whiskey of the fur trade era and we were able to sample the contents of several jugs.

Joe Curtis had five beaver that he brought in and some of the men helped to skin the flat tails.

Al Hobbs gave a collage on sign language and help some brothers get that requirement. Eddie Reese did a walk around talking about the various plants and trees as well as some of the wild life in the area. We learned a few things.

There were several guests in attendance as well. We had a good turnout. The weather was great for camping. If you didn't make it ya missed a good-un.

Also at our Winter encampment, the brigade held an auction to raise funds to build a proper roof on our AMM land in Kentucky. Before the auction Gerry "Lucky" Messmer gave a short talk about our new land and just what the proceeds would be going for.

The men of the Red River Brigade donated many fine items of prime plunder. I



Dick Pieper and Pilgrim Dickson Varner enjoying camp!



Joe Curtis demonstrating beaver skinning.

I would like to welcome our newest member to our brigade, Pilgrim Henry B. Crawford.

As we move into spring, I hope many of us will be able to get in a few more camps before the really hot weather sets in. The Bear Lodge Party will have their Spring camp sometime in the next few weeks.

If you have not had a chance to do so, go to the main AMM site and check out our Red River Brigade web site now up and running!

We are always looking for material for *The Trace* so let us know what your parties have been doing or anything of interest to the brigade.

See Ya on th' trail
Yr. Svt.
Kraig

asked Brother Cliff Tiffie to be our auctioneer and he did an outstanding job! At the end when everything was done, the brigade had raised 1430.00 dollars, this with another bit of Brigade money added the total came up to 1576.00 dollars. Well done Brothers! I am honored to be associated with all the men in the brotherhood, but especially the men of the Red River Brigade! Huzza!!



Pilgrim Jason Messmer skinning a beaver.



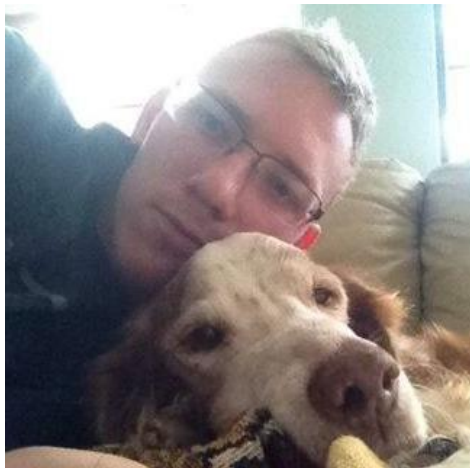
A few of the Brothers at the auction.

Ramblings from the Editor:

Well, it is with heavy heart that I report this month that my buddy of 16 winters has gone on to the happy hunting grounds. My loyal and faithful steed Freckles (Cliff Dweller), the dog from the famous Rescue on the Guadalupe River suffered a stroke during the night of 8 February and lost use of his rear legs and most of his faculties.

My son, and Pilgrim, Jason put it best:

Anyone who has ever known the Messmer family and visited our home knows that Freckles was no ordinary 'pet', a term he lived far beyond. In fact, Freckles is almost synonymous with Messmer, after 16 years of loyalty, friendship and love. Today I lost one of my best and most cherished of friends. Freckles was a



Pilgrim Jason and Freckles.

loyal dog that exceeded his lifespan, doubling his expected age. At 16 years old, Freckles was with me for every memory I can recall in life. I remember picking him up with the family, he was the only Brittany Spaniel with a spotted nose. He was there when I went to my first day of school, and always there when we came back. He was always watching the home, and never ran away when other dogs did, even if he could.

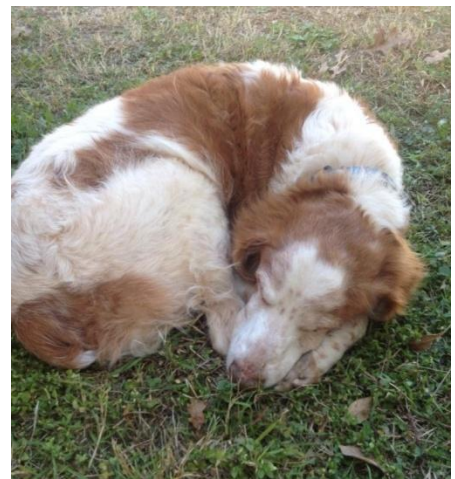
Freckles moved all over the country and waited at the house patiently whenever we left to go away to Camps, see family, basic training, when Dad deployed, Freckles waited around. When I left for college, Freckles always said his good-byes; he's just always been there.

He has had muscle failure, throat cancer, and cancerous tumors on and in him, advanced and unstoppable gum disease and recovered and defeated it all only to battle it again. He's fought off unwelcome dogs, been hit by a car, managed to steal a tub of chocolate ice cream and survived. But none of this took Freckles. He was a Dog determined to live, to be with his family as long as he could be, and he was. At 16, this loyal dog had a stroke and lost ability to use his rear legs, which were previously injured. Freckles crawled, hobbled and fell his way to the doorway where he waited to be let outside. Unable to lift himself any longer we found that Freckles had lost his muscles beyond use from old age. Age took Freckles.

The strongest dog I have ever known defeated time itself and all the diseases that confronted him. While his mind was determined to be with his family and love us, his body said it was time to go. Freckles wasn't a pet, he was a best friend and a beloved member of the Messmer family.



Freckles taking a break during the hot day on the summer fishing trip pack-in with Many Rifles Laster.



Freckles napping in the yard while my oldest son packs his U-haul to move to Ft. Lewis, WA with the Army. Freckles stayed by the truck the entire time we packed it.

Sleeping in Comfort

By Brother Jeff Smith



A handsome dog with his person (Jeff Smith) headed to camp.

Klahowya,

This is Chinook Jargon cordiality used here on the Pacific Slope of the HBC country. Gerry asked me to put together a brief article regarding the PNW. After a shotgun conversation about western migration of post rev-war individuals, clothing preferences, tribe associations, individualism in the AMM, and the importance of regional identity, we realized for this first installment to focus on a trick that I have used while on the trail to help with a sound sleep.

I first found the idea while reading the book Canadian Wilds by Martin Hunter. This is a small book of Mr. Hunter's memoirs while in the service of the HBC 1863-1903 in the interior of Canada. His writings appeared in Forest and Stream to introduce readers of the life of man who started his wilderness education as a clerk and retired as a commissioned officer. His service area included Labrador to Lake Superior; St. Lawrence to the head waters north.

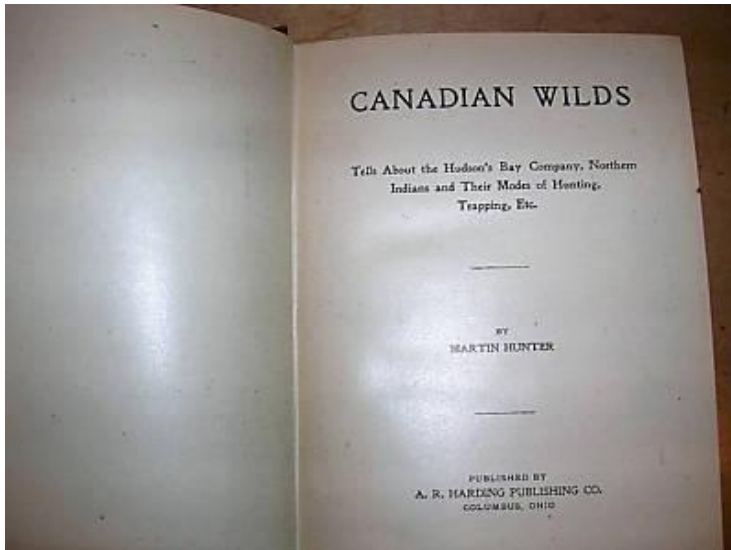
Mr. Hunter was often required to run between posts during winter or foul weather throughout the year. He explains, "During my first years on the Hudson Bay service I suffered like any other new 'hitter' of the long trail, but once started on the tramp there was no giving in. I have often seen the blood appear on my moccasins, working its way through three or four pairs of socks and become so dried and caked that before the shoes could be removed at the night's camp-fire, warm water had to be poured freely upon the moccasins to release the foot."

He notes that his native and half breed/Métis guides suffered not and always awaked refreshed with no foot



Martin Hunter

issues. In Hunter's fifth year of service a Scottish guide took him under his wing and made the



following comments; “The object was to keep the feet from over-heating, and this and the knitted socks is the cause of all your suffering.” He continued to explain that during stops where there were fires to take off all moccasins and socks turn them inside out to dry. Also allow your feet to dry.” Once cooled the guide suggested to flip the moccasins from left to right and vice versa.

At night Hunter was told; before going to bed, get your feet as cold as you can tolerate, stand in snow, then return to the fire and rub them vigorously to return the blood to them, dry off and go to bed. Hunter did as he was instructed and; “made the return journey with ease and pleasure. I made long tramps for twenty years following and never again was I troubled by either blisters or cut feet.”

In winter or foul weather in the field I do the following; heat my feet until uncomfortable, get them cold by standing in snow, wet grass, stream, until uncomfortable, repeat this two-three times, dry off, put on dry socks/mocs then retire to the bed roll.

I hope this idea works for some of you as it has me. From the Pacific Slope I look forward to hearing from you and meeting you on the ground.

Klahowya,

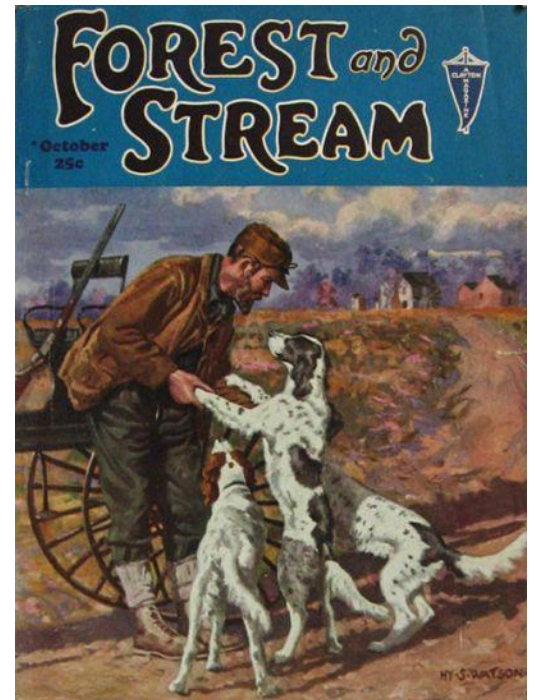
J. Smith

1550

Black River Party

Canadian Wilds by Martin Hunter

ISBN 0-936622-02-4



Brother Jeff DID mean Forest and Stream Magazine.



www.scandinavianmountainmen.se

Each month I will try to include an article from our Brothers in the Scandinavian Mountain Men (SMM) of Sweden. The Scandinavian Mountain Men (S.M.M.) are dedicated to the preservation and study of the frontier people involved in the North American fur trade by means of literary research and experimental archaeology.

From their website:

Purpose and Objective

Our purpose is that of an archaeologist, i.e. to establish facts about historical people involved in the fur trade and their way of life within the different time periods. This is accomplished by experimentation in wilderness situations, using firearms, clothing, and accoutrements authentic to those used by the early frontier people in North America.

The objective of the S.M.M. is to act as a brotherhood for serious fur trade re-enactors/historical trekkers, male or female throughout Scandinavia. Making it possible for members to organize and come together for various treks and gatherings. Historical information and documentation is exchanged as well as useful "how-to" information.



Cliff and Melissa Tiffie with Charlie Blomqvist without hat of SMM at 2010 AMM National



On the left is Charlie Blomqvist and next to him is Sebastian "Char" Scheler both SMM Brothers at 2010 AMM National



Aux Aliments du Pays -2011

By Sebastian "Char" Scheler AMM #2035

Published: 2011-04-20

Category: Treks, Hunts & Rendezvous

April 17-19 Sebastian "Char" Scheler went for a trek a bit different from the regular trek he is used to. Not a single bit of food was brought along. Not even salt. "Aux Aliments du Pays" or "three days and two nights living of the land" is a good description. Here's what happened:

Day 1

Woke up early, and after a greasy breakfast (the last meal for three days) I headed out in the forest. My girlfriend Sofia left me about a mile from where I was planning to camp. The walk was pleasant, the sun shining and reminders of spring time was growing everywhere.

I stopped at a small clearing, made a digging stick and started to collect my evening meal consisting of roots from the cow biscuit* that is rich in carbon hydrates. An hour later, about 30 roots in the kettle and a bunch of worms in another I moved on to Lappsjön, the lake I was planning to camp by.

Camp was made as simple as possible. A bunch of spruce twigs for bedding and a bunch of dead fall spruce logs for firewood and I was done. I immediately prepared two fishing rods and baited my hooks with the collected worms. While waiting for the catch I started to clean and cut my roots into small pieces and started collecting sweet tasting birch sap*.

The hours went by, but not a single fish wanted to come close to my hooks. So I left them there to prepare my meal consisting of pine needle tea (rich in vitamin C and a small amount of carbs) and a stew of water, cow biscuit roots, and a few hands of wood sorrel* for seasoning. I boiled the roots for about an hour to get rid of the bitter taste. After that I added the seasoning herbs and boiled it for another 15 minutes. My taste buds weren't too pleased. But it fulfilled its purpose. I wasn't full and I wasn't hungry. A good result I guess.

As evening closed in I made a large kettle of pine needle tea and rolled up in my buffalo robe quite early.

Day 2

Slept for almost 12 hours, a good way to kill hungry time I'd say. Breakfast was made from pine needle tea and birch sap. Still hungry I packed up my fishing gear, worms and a canteen full of water and walked about a mile to another lake where I hoped fishing would be easier. On my way I collected another day's ration of cow biscuit roots.





After a couple of hours in the sun guarding my fishing rods I gave up. Where was all the fish I had hoped to catch?

On my way back I felt tired and hungry, but still didn't look forward to my meal. The taste of cow biscuit reminding of bitter parsnip was still in my mouth. So to try something different I collected about two liters of ground elder* which can be used similar to spinach but with a slight bitter taste... of course.

Back in camp I prepared dinner, boiled more pine needle tea, and went down to the lake to gather water. To my surprise I managed to catch a crayfish, small but a very welcome taste by this

time.

Dinner was served, stew from roots and ground elder, pine needle tea, and a single boiled crayfish. The taste of the stew almost made me vomit, so after a couple of spoons I left it for breakfast. The crayfish and the tea though were delicious.

After dinner I had a hard time getting rid of the boredom I felt. Wanted to do a lot, but didn't have the energy or materials to do it. So I read through my old journal entries, and studied up on the book on edible plants I had brought along. And finally it was once more time to hit the robe.

Day 3

Another twelve hours of sleep, and a whole day to kill before I would be back at home. Boredom is a major enemy I'd say. Knowing home is only a couple of hours walk away made it hard to concentrate and enjoy the wonderful time I actually had.

Breakfast still had to be made, so I went down to the lake to see if I could find any more crayfish. Instead I caught a frog, if the French eat it so can I.

I made a biscuit from the leftover roots and ground elder and baked it in my frying pan. Made another kettle of pine needle tea and boiled the frog. The biscuit tasted just as horrible as I was afraid it would, but with a lot of tea and a cup of birch sap I managed to get it all down. The frog was actually really good. Not much meat though, probably would have to collect about 20 of them to get a full day's ration of protein.



All I had left now was to let the time pass. I wrote a few more notes in my journal, read more about plants, mended my tarp and tried to sleep some more. At noon I broke camp and started my walk home. Fully packed and with low energy I had to make short breaks and drink water every ten minutes. It took me more than an hour to walk the first mile. There I cached most of my heavy gear close to a road and laid down for about two hours to rest before the long walk.

Later in the afternoon I decided it was time to walk the remaining six miles home. The beautiful weather and summer temperatures made it quite easy. It felt good to do something else than sitting down. I had to make several short breaks to drink, rest and eat whatever eatable herbs I could find.

Meadowsweet* tastes sweet and a bit like peppermint, a very welcome taste. It also contains salicylic acid that works as a simple painkiller. As afternoon turned in to evening I entered my home again. After three days out in the wild a greasy dinner was soon made, guess if I enjoyed it!



Reflections

Swedish forests have a wealth of edible plant, fish and animals that can keep a man alive forever. But without the addition of animal fats and proteins it's harder to get a full days ration of energy.

I chose to do this during spring, a good choice in one sense but bad in another. In spring all the roots are still loaded with energy, and fresh herbs and buds are abundant and still well tasting before they turn

bitter (extra bitter that is). No mosquitoes or ticks are another benefit. Berries and mushrooms though are still months away with the exception of wintering cranberries and a few lignin berries that I didn't manage to find this time.



Swedish gun and hunting laws does not permit hunting with muzzleloader, bow or snares. So land living animals are out of the question. Fish though was where I had hoped to get my protein and fat. But the fish had other plans than to get dragged out of the water. My conclusion is that I probably suck at fishing and have to make an effort trying to learn all the tricks to make it work.

Boredom is another issue I actually had thought of before I headed out. Putting myself in a survival situation by my own will makes the thought of just walking home and eat hard to manage. But I suppose that is a good experience as well. While hungry you want food, while lonely you want company, quite natural actually. I'd say my screaming stomach and my frustrated mind was about

50/50 of the hardship. If I didn't have to save energy I could have walked, made something useful etc.

To finally put all those hours of reading and thinking about survival into practical use is definitely the main benefit. Now I know I can manage, and I know it takes a lot of time collecting, fishing and hunting to keep the hunger at bay. So I'd say it was worth all the efforts persuading my own mind to keep on going and force myself to swallow the bitter roots. I managed to survive and with energy enough to walk home. That's what it takes isn't it?

Would I recommend it? Sure, this was my second time on a survival trek, living from the land. First time was while doing my military service; this was my first time doing it using only pre-1840 mountaineer gear. Putting theoretical knowledge into practical use is needed to know you can actually do it.

*Cow biscuit = Latin: *Anthriscus sylvestris*, Swedish: Hundkex/Hundloka

*Birch = Latin: *Betula pendula* Roth, Swedish: Vårtbjörk

*Wood sorrel = Latin: *Oxalis acetosella*, Swedish: Harsyra

*Ground elder = Latin: *Aegopodium podagraria*, Swedish: Kirskål

*Meadowsweet = Latin: *Filipendula ulmaria*, Swedish: Älggräs



A Quick Note on Horses

Kraig Fallwell has long been pondering a thought about horses and put that thought into a question for Wynn Ormond who gave a great reply. What follows are the question and the answer.

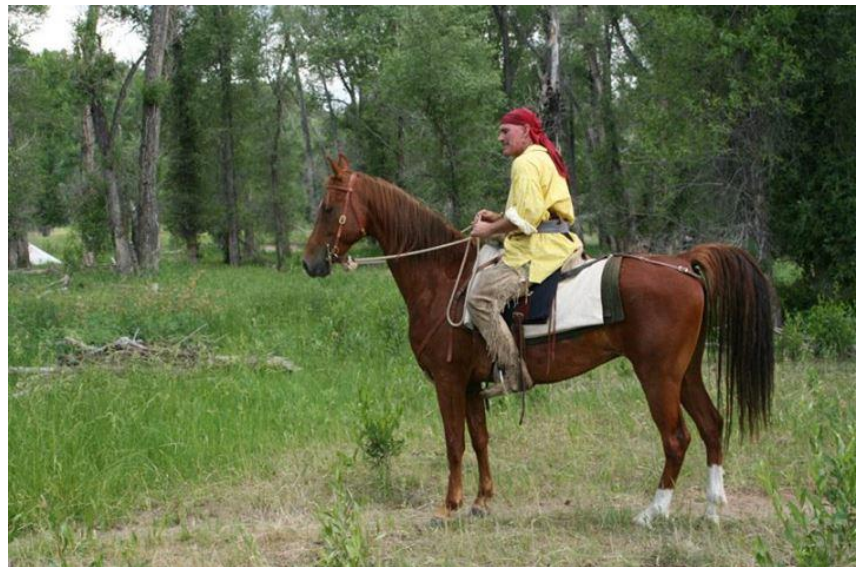
“I have always wondered back in the fur trade days

and beyond, when a party on horseback rides a long distance and stops at a civilized point, they write that they got fresh horses and continued on. How do they do this? Are they trading fresh horses for worn out ones? Do people with the fresh horses take the worn out ones, rejuvenate them and trade them to the next party through? If I own a horse, am I trading that horse and getting ownership to the new horse? Not owning horses, I never knew how that worked. Is there a book concerning this?”

Reply to A question About Horse Travel in the Fur Trade

By Wynn Ormond

The one thing I will caution in answering this kind of question is that we make assumptions that it is always the case when in fact situations were quite different across time and space. For instance, Jed Smith and the other Ashley men had to work very hard to find any horses to proceed on their journey when they opted to ride away from the Upper Missouri. Indeed they walked away from a “civilized” area to get to an Indian village to trade for horses. Later, when he arrived



in California he found that the citizens there organized great roundups of wild horses just to kill them. The horses were so plentiful that they were destroying the graze for game and cattle. (Jed's Journal)

Still, in many of the places where travelers opted to go, horses and mules were in demand. Mules were often more expensive than horses. (The Mule Alternative a good book with lots of first hand quotes about obtaining stock and etc) As economics teaches supply follows demand. Many of the journals start in Missouri and tell of the challenges of getting stock there. Prior to 1824 most men left on the river. After that I am sure the country was scoured for stock. It is quite believable that the local dealers looked to buy up the returning stock as goods were brought in from the mountains, winter them and heal them up and head them west in the spring.

Fresh stock probably meant they looked better than what the traveler already had so one horse might be bought from one traveler as worn out and sold to the next man through. Still I am sure there was some advantage to allowing some recovery. Horses as Kraig can tell you are prone to foot and back issues and weight or muscles loss under hard use. Those types of problems can often improve with good food and rest.

However, don't forget there was certainly loss through attrition. There is plenty of mentioning of eating horses. They had to get new stock frequently. I don't think we realize how big the stock industry was in America. Especially as you moved out of the big cities, raising horses was an important part of life all over the country and especially areas where the travelers outfitted. Once



those animals were around there was networks to get them to markets. Look up the origins of the word cowboy. Also the history of Tennessee Walker, Saddlebred, Kentucky Foxtrotters, etc.

I am sure if you looked you would find evidence of Mormon's driving horses up to the Fort Bridger area to supply the settlers moving West in the 50's. The Ute had big trade routes that included obtaining horses in the South and bringing them north. You didn't have to own a horse to sell it. The Spanish settlements were a big source for stock whether they liked it or not.

So I believe if you looked at this from an economic standpoint I think you can see how stock both circulated and new source were brought in.

Wynn Ormond

Make Your Own Vinegar

<http://www.naturemoms.com/homemade-vinegar.html>

This is a great article/link found by Patsy Harper. For those of us with high blood sugar, vinegar will help reduce it!

Vinegar is easy to make, from a variety of products. And you can make your own mother of vinegar too, although you don't actually need it. All you have to do is add already-made vinegar to apple cider, in a proportion of 1:4. However, to make mother of vinegar, expose a mixture of one-half vinegar and one-half cider to a temperature of 80 degrees for a few days. The thin scum that forms on the surface is mother of vinegar.

Vinegar can be made from apples (cider vinegar), grapes (wine vinegar), berries, other fruits, or even from a 10 percent sugar solution. Most homesteaders who make vinegar make cider vinegar.

The strength of the finished product is in direct proportion to the amount of sugar in the original solution. For this reason sweet apples usually make stronger vinegar than tart ones. Not always, though: Some sour apples actually have a high proportion of sugar which is masked by a high fruit acid content.

Use only fresh uncooked cider or grape juice without any preservatives. Preservatives will prevent it from turning to vinegar. Fill a **one gallon glass jug** to the neck.

The jug will need an airlock. If you don't have one for winemaking or don't care to purchase one in a winemaking supply store, make a stopper from a dry corn cob. Insert a piece of grape vine, sumac, or some similar material with a large pith, lengthwise through a piece of the cob that will fit into the jug's neck. Punch or burn out the pith with a hot wire. Fit one end of a piece of rubber or plastic tubing over the grape or sumac, and put the other end in a jar of water.

With this setup, as the juice ferments the carbon dioxide passes through the tube and bubbles up through the water, but no oxygen can reach the juice. The first fermentation will take four to six weeks at room temperature. It's not necessary to add yeast to start this process, because the wild yeasts which are always present will do the job. The grey foam that forms on the top is excess yeast, which is harmless.

When the bubbling stops, the sugar has all changed to alcohol: you have made hard cider! To make vinegar, you need a second fermentation that will convert the alcohol into acetic acid.

Unlike the first fermentation, which occurs through the liquid, the second takes place only on the surface. It is caused by an entirely different organism. It requires oxygen, and the larger the surface area in relation to the volume, the faster the vinegar will be produced. To have more surface area, divide your brew between two jugs, so the liquid will be below the narrow neck portion.

This is when you add the mother. Actually, wild spores floating in the air will act as a starter, so the only reason for using a mother is to get things going faster. Put a bit on a piece of dry corn cob and float it on the liquid.

Tie cloth over the openings of the jugs to admit oxygen but to keep out dust and bugs.

The time the second fermentation takes depends in part on the spores present. All strains work best at a temperature of 70-80 degrees. They become dormant at low temperatures, but high temperatures will kill them. The time required also depends on the surface-to-volume ratio, but ordinarily, you can figure on anywhere from three to nine months.

This homemade vinegar is much stronger than store-bought. Dilute it with water to taste before using it. But naturally there are many other ways of doing it.

Use the link for additional recipes and varieties of Vinegar.

Great Links:

www.redriverbrigade.com - Our awesome website under construction.

<http://user.xmission.com/~drudy/amm/moreamm.html> - you should recognize this site.

www.turkeyfootllc.com - They have great dried food and other wares of high quality. I have ordered from them in the past and been very impressed with their products and service.

www.powderhornsandmore.com - I have bought many powder horns from here to do scrimshaw work and final finishing for many folks. John is a class act, sends beautiful horns and his customer service is excellent. He won't send a product he doesn't want hanging from his shoulder.

http://woodtrekker.blogspot.com/2013/09/living-off-land-delusions-and.html#disqus_thread - This site lists caloric needs from a hunter-gatherer standpoint for long-term survival in the woods, and lists them for specific animals and specific plants. It might be of good use for folks doing their 3-days-hungry. It is very useful data.

<http://www.historicproperties.com/> - We are your online resource for buying and selling historic real estate. From projects to completed renovations, residential to commercial, west coast to east coast and now even outside the U.S.A., Federal to Eclectic; you can search our database of properties for sale. If you have a property to sell, you can list it for sale using the List a Home form and view it online within three business days.

<http://www.oldlogcabins.com/> - *Old Log Cabins* is dedicated to preserving the spirit of the American pioneer by offering original antique hand-hewn log cabins, structures and materials to our customers. We specialize in locating, documenting, and restoring these historic log cabins, barns and outbuildings. These uniquely American buildings were hand crafted by our ancestors in the 18th and 19th centuries, and their original integrity and character cannot be duplicated.

<http://www.smilingfoxforgellc.com/index.asp> - We at Smiling Fox Forge strive to bring you the highest quality 18th century reproductions you can buy. Therefore they are neither inexpensive nor cheap! We have all discovered "**Real Quality**" must be paid for.

<http://www.naturemoms.com/homemade-vinegar.html> - How to make homemade vinegar.

Upcoming Events

Brothers,

As a reminder from the Capitaine:

Requirement #4 (spending one full week, etc...) can only be met at one of these three (3) annual events:

AMM National Rendezvous	Montana	June 28th - July 6th, 2014
AMM Eastern Territorial Rendezvous	Illinois	October 4th - October 12th, 2014
AMM Western Territorial Rendezvous	Colorado	October 22nd - October 26th, 2014

Local party camps, or even brigade level camps, do not qualify. Details will be in T&LR and Moc Mails as we move into the year and I will re-print them here.

Detailed Info:

AMM Eastern Territorial 4-12 Oct Four miles west of Morris, Illinois on the Illinois River. Booshways: Todd Daggett (815) 735-6664, Jim Alexander (815) 697-2708 or (618) 225-2658. Horses welcome (and riders), river access for canoes, squirrel hunting allowed, fresh meat will be provided, woods walk shoot, whiskey/beer tent, flint knapping demo, beaver skinning demo, brain tanning demo, fly fishing demo.

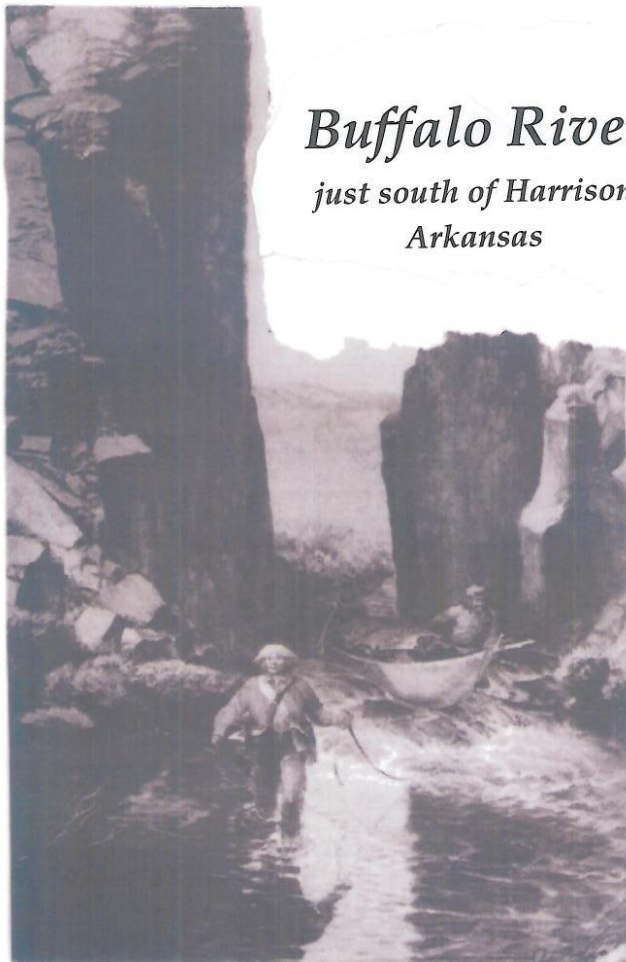
AMM Western Territorial 22-28 Oct Hosted by the Jim Baker Party with Booshways: William Bailey (970) 216-3743 and Jim Sebastian (303) 910-4099 at Bent's Old Fort, Lahunta, CO. There is a planned 2 day horse ride into the fort on Tues and Thurs.

AMM National Rendezvous 28 June to 5 July Hosted by the Montana Brigade with Booshways: Tom Roberts (TROBERTS135@GMAIL.COM) (406) 842-4001 and Glenn Goldthwait (MTFORGE@3RIVERS.NET) (406) 842-7948: to be held in the Pioneer Mountains of Southwest Montana. **This is the year for PILGRIMS! Please bring your pilgrim or prospect to share our camp.** The site is on Beaverhead-Deerlodge National Forest in the Andrus Creek Drainage. Plenty of wood, water and grass. Directions: From Dillon go south on I-15 to Clark Canyon Reservoir (exit 44), then west 19 miles on highway 324, then W-NW 19 miles on bloody Dick Road (becomes FS-181) then right 15 miles on Selway Creek Road (FS-919) then right on FS-7382 to parking. Watch for AMM signs.

Upcoming Events

Five Day Float on the Nation's First Scenic River

May 14th thru 18th, 2014



Buffalo River just south of Harrison, Arkansas

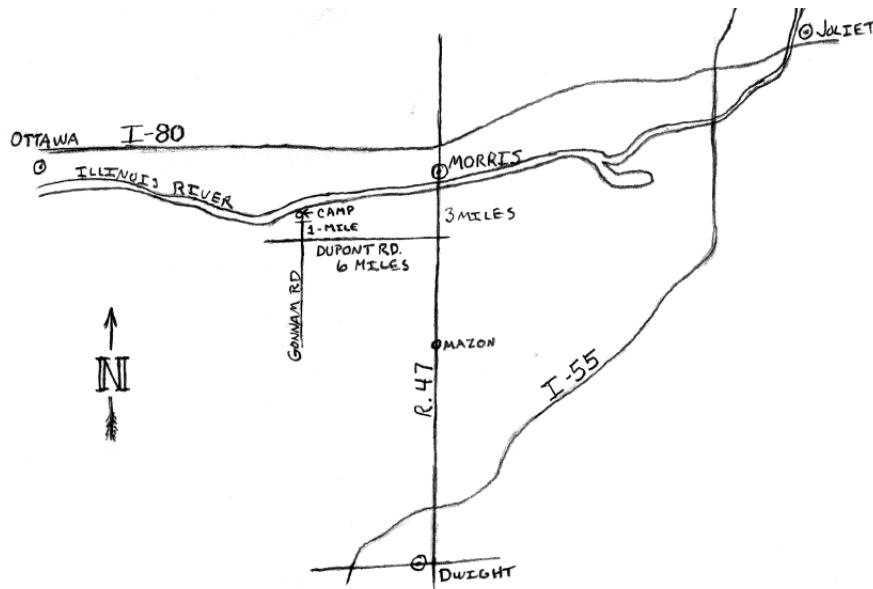
We will begin our travels at Midday on Wednesday, May 14th at Steel Creek Access Point\Camp Grounds. A class on how to construct a Buffalo Boat will begin at noon for any interested members and the boats should be completed by that evening for trial float. Should anyone wish to make the trip in the Buffalo Boat they will be permitted to do so.

From Steel Creek to Mt. Hersey Camp ground is 42 miles. Traveling one of the Nation's most beautiful River. This portion of the river consists of gravel bars that surrounded by willows, fast moving series class 1 and class 2 rapids, the highest waterfall in mid-America and lined with 500 foot-tall cliff walls. If the weather and water are in favor, the float might continue to Woolum Camp ground for a total of 50 miles.

All travelers are responsible for their own food, canoes and floatation vests. The float will end on Sunday 18th 2014 at noon. Wednesday's dinner of meat, corn and biscuits will be provided.

Those interested in additional information needs to contact Bruce Day at legacy.day@cox.net. This float will be for the completion of AMM Requirements Number 8 and 12

2014 AMM EASTERN TERRITORIAL RENDEZVOUS OCTOBER 4-12



Contact Information

Todd Daggett

Ph: (815)735-6664

Jim Alexander

Ph: (618)225-2658

Or email TDaggett to

kjdaggett@gmail.com

Directions

From Morris, IL located at
crossroads of I80 & Rt.47.

~ take Rt. 47 south approx. 3 mi.,
head west on Dupont Rd. for 6 mi.,
take Gonnara Rd. north 1mi. to site.
(look for signs)

The IL, WI, MN Brigade would like to invite everyone to our *Grand Encampment*.

October 4-12, 2014

This Rendezvous will be held 10 miles southwest of Morris, IL on the historic Illinois River.

The Illinois River was a major trade route during the fur trade, as early as the 1680s. The site is just 32 miles upstream of the *Fort St. Louis* site, set up by LaSalle in 1682 as a strategic military stronghold and fur trading post. Interestingly, LaSalle was only able to secure a five year contract from King Louis XIV to trade furs with the natives and only for buffalo hides.

The privately owned rendezvous site is on approximately 800 acres of hardwood forest, grassy meadows and marshlands. This part of the Illinois country is mentioned in Pierre DeLiette's Memoirs in 1687 as being "*some of the most beautiful he's seen since the St. Lawrence River*", sorry Michigan.

- College on Period Fishing, courtesy of Paul Jones
- Various Stages of Brain Tanning throughout the week
- Beaver Skinning College, courtesy of Tom Morlock / Tom Larson
- Flint Knapping College
- Canoe in- pickup/drop off up to 6 mi. can be arranged

- Squirrel hunting & fishing available with proper licenses (call for cost)
- Horses Absolutely Welcome (Yes, riders allowed also)
- Whiskey and Ale tent for those who may need to quench their thirst
- Fresh venison and/or buffalo meat available at the whiskey tent (donations accepted)
- OPEN to the public – Sunday, October 5th. Figure there shouldn't be too many wounded from the shoots or bloodshot eyes from the ale tent this early.
- Numerous SHOOTS going on throughout the week. Better brush up on “ALL” those skills boys, you're going to need them.



We will have plenty of firewood and good drinking water, all we need are bodies. We all have busy lives and the economy is in the crapper. Over the last few weeks I have talked to a lot of brothers who have not recently been out on the ground for one reason or another. Well now is the time! Call your buddies you use to run with, blow the dust off your gear (or not), hire a sitter, borrow your neighbors car, whatever it takes- we would love to see YOU in Illinois in October.

For those of you that use a navigation device in travel, the Daggett Property borders the rendezvous site. If you plug in the address above this should get you within gunshot of the gate and the rest of you... well, look for the signs.

As always an event like this will have some upcoming costs. Anyone that has items they would like to donate for the auction or for shoot prizes (assuming some survive the shoots) please send c/o: Todd Daggett @ 2465 N. Gonnam Rd. Morris, IL. 60450

For more information please contact:

Todd Daggett	Or	Jim Alexander
Ph: (815)735-6664		Ph: (618)225-2658
kjdaggett@gmail.com		

See you all in October!

Your brother,

Todd



COME ONE, COME ALL!

**YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND THE RUCKUS,
THE ROWDY, THE RENOWNED**

30th Annual

SOUTHWESTERN

REGIONAL RENDEZVOUS!



MARCH 8TH- 15TH, 2014

ROCKING S RANCH, LAMPASAS, TX

Scheduled Events Include:

*Rifle/Pistol/Smoothbore Shooting, Knife & Hawk, Archery, Cooking Contest, Fire Starting,
Highland Games, Round Robin Trading, Colleges & Demonstration, And Lots of Kids Activities*

WATER & WOOD PROVIDED – ICE SOLD DAILY

Early Set –up March 5th; Long-Term, Short-Term, Quiet, and Horse Camp areas; Horse Boarding Available on site (limited)

Gate hours: Weekends 8am-6pm, Weekdays 8-10am & 4-6pm; Open to the Public Friday 7th-Sunday 9th & Saturday 15th

FOR MORE INFORMATION: Josh Kuntz, Booshway: 512-619-9216: jgkuntz2012@gmail.com,

Taylor Tomlin, Segundo: 361-319-2287:

DIRECTIONS:

From Hwy 190 East of Lampasas; turn north on CR 3010 at Brown's Store. Follow CR 3010 past the low water crossing over Sulfur Creek to the railroad crossing. Turn right after the railroad crossing onto CR 6. Follow CR 6 / CR 3010 around to the second trestle crossing (concrete) under the railroad tracks. The gate is to the left. There will be SWRR signs along the way. If you have a large trailer (>8' wide or 10' tall) contact the Booshway by March 1st to ensure you are met at the gate over the RR tracks.



Member: Southeastern Colorado Council of Buckskinners Registration

Name: _____ Phone #: _____ Email: _____
Address: _____ City/State/Zip: _____

Pre-Registration (postmarked by February 21st)

Adults _____ x \$20 = _____
Children* _____ x \$5 = _____
Medallion _____ x \$10 = _____
Mug _____ x \$15 = _____
Trader† _____ x \$60 = _____

Registration after February 21st

Adults _____ x \$30 = _____
Children* _____ x \$10 = _____
Medallion _____ x \$10 = _____
Mug _____ x \$18 = _____
Trader† _____ x \$75 = _____

*Children = 12 and under Total _____
Make checks payable to: **SWRR**

† includes one adult registration Total _____
Mail Registration to: SWRR c/o Don Kitlinger, Purser
294 Spur 510, Henrietta, TX 76365



With breathless anticipation, the crowd awaits the unveiling of the Obama statue

If you've ever worked for a boss who reacts before getting the facts and thinking things through, you will love this!

A Steel Company, feeling it was time for a shakeup, hired a new CEO. The new boss was determined to rid the company of all slackers.

On a tour of the facilities, the CEO noticed a guy leaning against a wall. The room was full of workers and he wanted to let them know that he meant business. He asked the guy, "How much money do you make a week?"

A little surprised, the young man looked at him and said, "I make \$400 a week. Why?" The CEO said, "Wait right here." He walked back to his office, came back in two minutes, and handed the guy \$1,600 in cash and said, "Here's four weeks' pay. Now GET OUT and don't come back."

Feeling pretty good about himself the CEO looked around the room and asked, "Does anyone want to tell me what that goof-ball did here?"

From across the room a voice said, "Pizza delivery guy from Domino's."

True Story