



RED RIVER BRIGADE

The Trace

November 2013

From The Booshway



Howdy My Brothers of The Red River Brigade

I hope that you are once again in the woods hunting for meat and getting your traps ready. The weather is starting to get a chill here in the Piney Woods of East Texas. I have been casting a few bullets for my favorite flinter in hopes that it will once again make meat for my good woman and I.

I have just returned from the Kaintukee country and the AMM Eastern 'vous. More about that later in the pages of this Trace.

I look forward to seeing many of you around the fire and on the trail in the near future. The Bear Lodge party will have a camp in a couple of weeks on my land and we will have two men from the French Territory of Louisiana as our guests. Perhaps they will like what they see and may lead to being prospective members.

Congratulations to our Brigades newest Bosslopers:

Randy Muirhead, # 2057

Steve Carson of the Cross Timbers party, #2059 and

Al Hobbs # 2060. Congratulations Brothers!!

So, until next time, I hope yer traps will be full and and yer aim will be true!

Your Humble Servant,
Kraig



Ride To 2013 AMM National

By Kraig Fallwell #1659 Hiv.

This year several of the Red River Brigade decided to make a ride into the national. It had been talked about and was planned during our winter brigade event, in Pawnee Oklahoma this February past. Several members took to the trace and after a long journey, (it took us about 20 hours) finally arrived at the designated spot.

In our group, we had three trucks and trailers hauling stock. Dick Pieper, Dickson Varner, Jim Branson, Cuz, and WFTs Patsy Harper, Steve Carson, and myself, Kraig Fallwell. On the way, dark and very early, Jim Branson had a run in with an Elk. His vehicle was messed, up and he lost the lights on one side. At least, no one was hurt and the horses were all alright too. The rest of us happened upon them and continued on to the 'vous.

We had planned to leave early before the rendezvous started. We were to make a ride through the Medicine Bow area for about five days and come back early in the week and have several days to spend at the rendezvous. Well, as luck would have it, we didn't get to leave out on our ride when we had planned. After a couple of days, we were able to ride out. After a few miles, we find a likely watering hole in form of a small lake. We water the horses and decide what direction we want to go. We cross a ditch and climb up a hill. After traveling this way for a mile or so, we come to a locked gate and are forced to turn back.



We made about 12 miles or so the first day and found a suitable camp near an old abandoned cabin. There was water and grass so it was decided this was the place. After unloading our pack animals and saddle horses, we filled our canteens and made camp. Supper for me was some venison jerky, dried fruit and some nuts. During the night the wind picked up and we had lightning. We expected rain, so we covered our gear and slept under the sky.



Morning comes and no rain. Our two Pilgrims on this trip, Steve Carson, and Dickson Varner were busy and in short order, had a nice fire going and coffee set to boil. We breakfasted on bacon, corn dodgers, and coffee. After breakfast, we put our fire out and began to make ready to leave. We are enjoying some nice country. As we ride along, the sun is hot and everyone is really drinking a lot of water. We are always looking for a spot to fill or canteens and water the horses. We ride along and come to a bog and Steve Carson's horse sinks up to his belly. I am more fortunate and am able to get out with not much trouble. A few more miles and we find a spot to noon and two men ride on further in search of a suitable camp site. After about an hour or so, they return with news that a possible spot has been found about a half hours ride from where we are. As we head out the sun is really hot.

We arrive at the spot and although it is not as nice as our last camp it does have some water, shade and grass. Tonight we rest up and our supper is some keepsake biscuits and jerky. I fill my canteen and drink the cool water. Morning comes and we are up early, I had trouble getting comfortable last night. The nights have been really chilly and the days hot. After we saddle up and ride out, we come upon some men herding cattle and we inquire as to the best route for us to take. They pass and in a short distance we come upon



several riders and we determine that they are from the main camp at rendezvous, they are on an overnight ride to scout out the area. I recognize some of them and we converse a little by sign talk. We pass and continue on our way. We wanted to ride up on Battle Mountain. We finally get near and talk over which way would be the best. We ride for an hour or so and as we climb up the brush and thickets are very dense and almost impossible to get through. We turn back and find another trail. It appears that it may lead us to where we want to go.

Again after an hour or so the trail disappears and we are fighting our way through. We have made it about two-thirds up the slope and again have met a wall of obstacles. We decide to find a camp for the night and talk it over. We ride down off the mountain and cross some deep grass and ride towards some Cottonwood trees near a wide flowing creek. It looks like just what we need and we dismount and began setting up a camp for the night. we have a good time sitting in the shade and cooling off. The horses are put out to graze and a few of us decide to take a bath in the cool flowing water. This is Battle Creek.

Night is once again chilly but I sleep well and listen to the sound of water running over the rocks. As the morning sun peeks over the mountain the camp begins to come to life. I get my coffee kettle from the pannier and one of the Pilgrims start a fire. After breakfast and hot coffee we make plans for our days ride. After some discussion, we decide to leave our pack animals here and attempt to one again make it to the top of Battle Mountain.

The six of us start out and try yet another way to make it to the crest. After we ride for about two hours, two of our party decides to turn back. After they go, we continue on still farther up the slope. We are met with extremely dense brush and it blocks our way. We have to duck our heads and forcibly ride through it as it rips at our clothes. We are at one point forced to chop our way through. We make it past this barrier to a small high spot fairly clear. We are within about five miles from the top. The view from here is very beautiful! We can see the valley far below.



After looking at our options from this place, we see that we will have to go through a small cut and then through some more thickets. Now we are in conversation about what to do. Two are determined to try and go on. One man says that it is getting late and he is not prepared to spend the night on top. He elects to turn back. After a few minutes thought, I decide that he should not go back alone through the thick brush, and if he should become hurt, we would not know where to even look for him. So I decide to go back with him. We split up and the other two continue on. My partner and I are thinking we are going to have at least another two hours fighting brush, but after a short fight having to duck down our heads, we come upon a trail that leads us to a vantage point and we can see the clear way below. We ride for just over an hour and we are back to the creek and camp.



We are concerned that our friends may be out and not come back tonight. The rest of our party busies ourselves doing camp chores and making repairs to items. Several more hours pass





and I hear our horses snicker and we look up to see the two men riding back to our camp. At first we are unconcerned but then we see one of the riders is slumped over the saddle. It is obvious that he has been hurt somehow. We help him from his horse and learn that while trying to make it to the top, his horse lost his footing and both horse and rider took a big fall.

The rider was pretty banged up but was able to get back on the horse and turn back. He had considerable pain and after we tended to his needs we made him as comfortable as we could. Other than being bruised and having some pain from the fall he seemed to be alright. The night was spent in camp and we had decided to ride back to rendezvous come the following morning and get whatever medical attention he may require. Morning arrives and we are up pretty early and readying ourselves to travel. We hastily pack things for a quick departure.

After everything is made ready, we ask the injured rider if he thinks he can ride. Yes is his reply, so off we go. After we ride for about a mile I am told that he is in much pain so we stop and get him off the horse and sitting down. We leave him with a full canteen of water and promise to return within a half hour. We get someone to come to his aid and he is taken to be checked out by medical professionals.

The rest of us ride into rendezvous sad that it cannot be all of us. We are greeted in the true rendezvous style! Many friends come to welcome us in. After I make a short ride through camp my pack horse has other plans. He commences to bucking, kicking and proceeds to un-pack himself! Of course, this is in full view of the entire camp! Oh what fun we have!

After friends help me calm and collect my frightened horse, I tie him up and collect my plunder that has been strewn about the camp! I have always heard when dealing with equines, it is not IF something may happen, it's just When! Well after my show, I sit down to palaver with old friends and we all have a good laugh and some spirits. As evening approaches, I am invited to supper with a friend "Tracker", and we enjoy good stories, music, singing and more good drink. We sit long around the fire and one by one we all go to our blankets for the night. I must depart early in the morning so I hope that I will not sleep too late. This was a fine rendezvous, hosted by the Colorado brigade.



I would like to thank each and every member for making it all first class. Our Red River Brigade had by my best count, sixteen (16) members present. My only sad feeling was that I did not have more time to spend in Rendezvous with my friends! As morning dawns, I peek from under my blanket and see that the sky is beginning to turn light, so I roll up my bed roll and grab my rifle and shot pouch and make for the trail, back to the settlements and my own trapping ground. Special thanks to the Booshways Tom Karnuta, Brad Bailey, Gabe, and to Bill Bailey the horse camp booshway.

It was a Shining Time Fer Sure!!!!

WAUGH!

Projects

Making an 18th Century Powder horn

By "Lucky" Gerry Messmer, #2046 Boss.

In the September issue of The Trace I showed a project of mine, "Making the Mayfield Pouch from Muzzleloader Magazine." I made the pouch for a friend of mine, a future AMM Pilgrim, and had to add a powder horn to it for him. First off, I don't make horns, bags or any accoutrements with the intent of being a "professional". I make stuff because I enjoy it and I want to see things in people's hands being used. Bottom line is I make stuff for fun! I never want to get paid for it or sell it as a trader as that would make it more of a job and take away the fun.

I have made other horns and bags to include one with the USS Constitution and one with the 1830's West Point crest. This particular horn was made to match the Mayfield Pouch, a simple yet personal design for the owner, a Texas Native.

I started with a horn from Powderhorns and More, Inc, John Shorb, owner. I have started with raw horns and done the drilling, polishing and plugging myself, but have been buying horns with all this done from John for a while now. John does great work, provides first class horns that are perfect for scrimshaw and his customer service is awesome. A raw horn of his looks like the picture on the right.

As you can see, this is a great horn for scrimshaw work. This sample picture shows an acorn tip on the plug. The one I am reviewing in this project has a simple staple in it.

The next step for me is determining the artwork for scrimshaw. This is a long process for me as I search and search until I have samples of what I want to do. I am not very artistic, believe it or not, and I do not



have an imagination where I can picture an idea and then transfer it to a drawing or painting. In fact, most of my life has been devoid of artistic ability, but I am trying to change that! Each project has to fit the personality of the recipient. In this case, the recipient, a close friend of mine, is a guy who likes Eagles. So, the next question is how to get a period correct Eagle on a horn? Searching around I saw the design that is pictured here in the first stage of scrimshaw production.



I draw the design on the horn with a pen or pencil, several times, until I get it where I want it on the horn. In this case, I wanted the center “flash” with his name to hang as the center point when the horn is worn, then working the design in around that focal point. After initial etches with a sharp tool to get the outline done, I then focus in on the detail work inside the boundaries. After that I rub ink into the etching to define the artwork and determine where



I need deeper scrimshaw work to define it.

Close examination shows that I am not that great at scrimshaw, but then again, neither were they! Very few people could afford to commission someone to

make a fancy powder horn. Nearly all scrimshaw work was done by the owner with a nail, leather awl or some other tool around the fire at night or evenings. Each its own work of art and of the liking of the creator and owner, and that’s what I try to recreate!

After this initial step I dye the horn two colors. The tip I dye brown and the main body a yellow to start the “aging” process as seen here. This also helps define the scrimshaw better.

After the yellow stain I then work a multi-step process to age it more and add some “patina”. To do this, I heat the horn with a heat gun and brush on dark walnut stain with black powdered tempura paint mixed in. I heat the stain with the heat gun to dry it to almost a permanent color, then wipe it off and repeat until I get the look I want. This mixture and the entire process come from the book, Recreating the 18th Century Powder Horn. This step really adds the aged look to it and again, darkens the scrimshaw work and makes it stand out.

You can do several different things when “aging” the horn. Some folks drip powdered black paint on it and dry it in for a “dirtier look” and some folks add scratches to the horn for a more used look. Personally, I like to “age it” but leave it for the owner to scratch up and add the “field wear” to it.





Here is the final product married up with the Mayfield Pouch.

Historical Blast from the Past

This is a reprint from the MOCCASIN MAIL, VOL. IV, No. 1 – January 1981 on our AMM website I thought folks would find interesting. His points are as relevant today as when he penned this in 1981, 32 years ago.

CAPITAINE'S REPORT

Brothers, I feel it is time we again review the reasons our brotherhood, The American Mountain Men, was formed.

Originally we were formed as a small survival association (1960's) known as "The Brotherhood of American Mountain Men". The idea that we are a survival association has never been "officially" dropped, something which becomes obvious if you will take the time to reread our objectives and code. It was not then and is not now our intent to become a costume club or a weekend shooters group, there are many other fine organizations for that. We took our name because we realized that the greatest survival experts the world has ever known were that bunch of rugged individualists known to history as "The Mountain Men".

At first we were not strictly Black Powder, we allowed modern tents, firearms and about anything else we then "thought" would be necessary in order to survive. It did not take long to realize that most of this junk was actually unneeded, in fact most would not be available in a survival situation, that the best thing we could do would be to copy



Eastern 1982



1982 National

those we took our name from. Research into their ways started and with it more and more of the needless junk was disallowed. In due time it was decided to go all the way, to copy the ways of these men as closely as possible, firearms, clothing and all. We started to become what we were called, Mountain Men.

Just who were these Mountain Men we decided to attempt to copy? They were those trappers and explorers who were in the ROCKY MOUNTAINS between 1810 and 1840. Many were Bordermen, Longhunters, farmers, storekeepers, preachers (one was even a Pirate) before they went West, but none were Mountain Men before they reached the Rocky Mountains, not according to history at any rate.

Why do I bring this up? Because it seems that we are getting many now, both West and East, who would like to bring other historical types into the brotherhood.

Others would like to see us drop the rugged individualist and survival concepts altogether, becoming another costumed weekend shooters club. If this is your idea there are other, as I said before, groups who would love to have you, I suggest you join them and forget about The A.M.M. We have a firm statement of objectives and a code, again I suggest that each and every brother reread these and then decide if this brotherhood is what you really want. If you find that it is not it is then just a simple matter to just not pay your dues, you will be drooped from membership, no hard feelings.

This brings up another point; the Hiveranno Degree needed to hold national office. I hear a lot of gripes about this, "it is too hard" "I haven't the time"; "it is too much like Boy Scouts". These are excuses, not reasons. Brothers, the Hiveranno existed in the days of the original Mountain Men, he was the old timer who, had been through the mill, the man who could be looked up to for experience and leadership in time of need.

When the brotherhood was first formed it was our feeling that anyone interested in national leadership should at least have enough interest in our objectives to accomplish the few simple Hiveranno requirements. I still feel this way. If these requirements are too hard, then national leadership or office is too hard, way too hard. If



1982 National

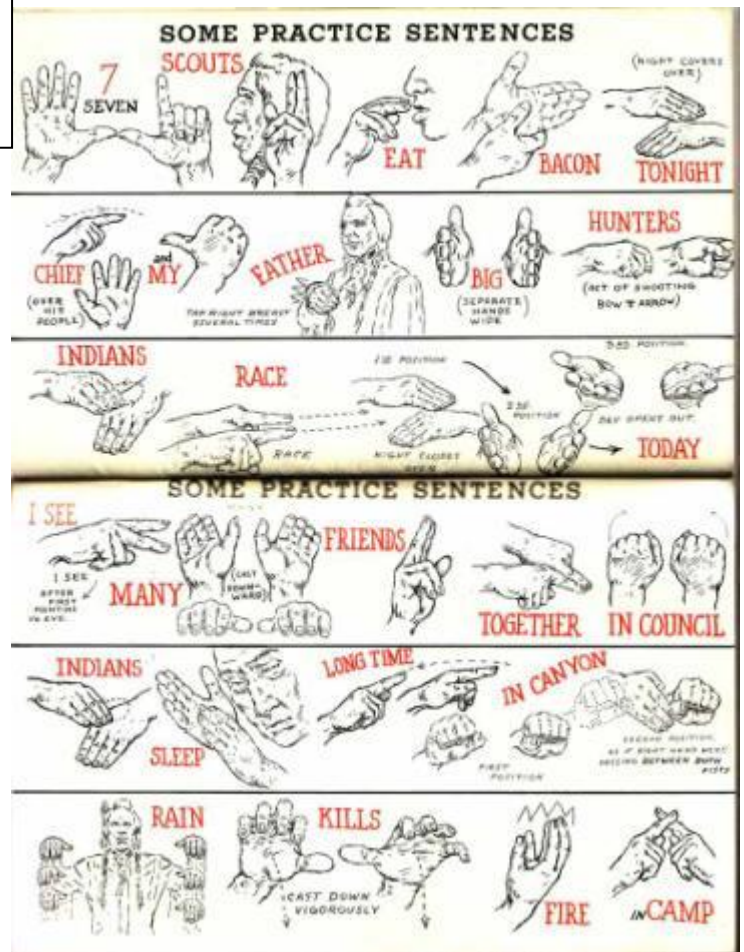
you haven't the time, then you are a slave and no Mountain Man was a slave. As for Boy Scouts, our nation might be a lot better off if more of our young boys went through their program. As stated in one of our fliers, we want rugged individualists who can face any odds without breaking down, not milk-sops who start looking for excuses when faced with a challenge that might be a bit difficult!

Brothers, perhaps I am a dreamer, but I still see The American Mountain Men as being unique, just a bit above all other wilderness organizations. I see it as becoming a true brotherhood of rugged men, men who believe a handshake is as binding as a witnessed signature, men who believe their word to be a bond that is unbreakable, men who still believe in honor, and men who can set their mind on a goal and then achieve it, no matter the odds. I see it as becoming a brotherhood of a type of men who will survive and keep alive the ideals and traditions which made our nation great. A dream? Perhaps, many have told me it is. But need it be? Not if every brother develops and holds the same dream!

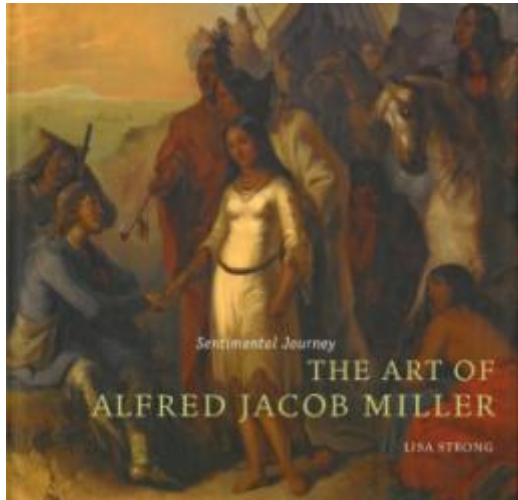
The best to all of you, may you come through the New Year with your scalp (them what still has one on your head) and your cache full!

Yr. Ms Capitaine, A.M.M.

Don't forget to practice sign language using the book, Indian Sign Language, by William Tompkins.



For our Pilgrims-the work of AJ Miller is the "holy grail" of accuracy since he is the only known person to make sketches AT a rendezvous. Seek out books with his artwork.



Joseph Reddeford Walker



The Greeting



Breakfast at Sunrise



Indian Girl Swinging



1837 Rendezvous



Trip to the 2013 AMM Eastern

Writ by the hand of Kraig Fallwell

On the 25th of October, about 9 PM Gerry "Lucky" Messmer and I, (Kraig Fallwell) met at my place near Linden Texas and loaded our gear on to Lucky's "Mustang" and started out on the trace to Kaintuckee. After a long ride, we finally arrived at our destination just an hour or so after dawn. After we gathered our plunder and prepare to follow the trail into camp, we spy a man driving a team or mules and he offers to take our burden in for us. What good fortune!

We come into an opening and see the camp spread out before us. We have been told that experienced trappers and woodsmen were wanted to join in the grand encampment for the formation of a company of men preparing to depart from St. Louis on a trapping expedition to the Rocky Mountains come first thaw. This hyar was music to our ears. Waugh !

As we set our packs and plunder down, we were met by the booshways of this station. They informed us to find a suitable camp site and rest up. We see men from all over and many that we are acquainted with. Lucky and I soon find a spot that suits us and we busy ourselves with pitching our oil cloth tarps and laying out the bed rolls. We are told that another man that we know is here. His name is Tim Austin. A while passes and one of our brigade men comes in, Lanney Ratcliff. He is a sight for sore eyes, as we have not seen him for quite some time.

A young man called Travis McQuady stops by and asks if we have everything we need and explains that he is from these parts. We invite him to set up his camp with ours. As we visit and learn about this place, a call is heard from the camp cook that supper is ready. It is chili, not as spicy as us Texicans are used to, but good. As evening turns to night, we spend the



On the left is Travis McQuady "Honorary Texan" and on the right is the Booshway and land donor, David Menser

hours at our fire and soon drift off to sleep in the cool night.

During our stay the men have devised a few games of skill. Some shoot their guns at targets; others try their luck with the bow and arrow. In anticipation of contact with some local Indian tribes, a few of the men practice their sign language.

Most nights here at this encampment find us visiting around the fires and sometime listening to music being played by men that have brought instruments. Most nights find many of us gathered at the tavern, where we all congregate and share drink and much merriment.



Tim Austin, Sunkasapa and Lucky in the Tavern

There are a few men trading equipment and my friend Gerry makes a deal on a nice rifle from a feller called Wild Bill.

28 Oct. 2013 we make a scout of the surrounding area and find a small creek that I will later use to bathe.



Brother Lanney Ratcliff relaxing at camp with Lucky

more are leaving out to head to their new trapping grounds. The camp cooks have some really good grub here. We have dined on all types of delicacies. We have quite a bit of fresh venison also. This will be our last night in camp and after supper we once again head off for the tavern but we are told to expect some really bad weather. We tighten our shelter in anticipation of the coming storm. After a few hours at the tavern, we all head back to our respective camps. As we trudge along the dark, muddy road, we try to keep our feet dry, which is impossible. We have just made it to our camp, when the rain hits and comes in really hard. We slide under the canvas as far as possible. Our fire is out due the heavy rain and we wrap up in our blankets and drift off to sleep.

1 Nov. 2013

Dawn comes and I awake to see heavy fog and puddles of water all around our camp. It is a cool crisp morning. We are told that a tornado had been spotted some twenty miles distant from our



Dan! deep in thought

location. We, however, managed to stay safe and dry.

I once again start our fire. I dry out my moccasins and get some hot coffee. Our breakfast this morning is hen's eggs, sausage and warm tortillas. Today it is our turn to head out back to the trail. As we visit our friends and bid them farewell, we are a bit sad to be leaving, but are also anxious to once again be on the trail. We have seen old friends and made many new ones too.

The men from the Kentucky/Tennessee brigade hosted a fine event. We spent seven days here. We all were made welcome our hats are off to everyone that put in so much hard work to make this encampment a most memorable one!

HUZZA !!

28 Oct. The weather here has been pleasant, cool at night sunny days. Tonight after I go to my bedroll, rain comes and I listen to the sound it makes hitting my oilcloth as I drift off to sleep.

30 Oct. I awoke at dawn, as has been my custom since being here to find that our fire has been drowned out by the heavy rain. I will have to start it again and go about the wet area searching for material to burn. Lucky Gerry and I take the new rifle out to see how it will shoot.

31 Oct. dawn comes and rain continues. I hang a kettle over our fire and boil some hot coffee. So far, our best count is about 110 souls that have been here and a few



Our Capitaine with his beautiful family!



Kentucky and Tennessee Brothers Secure land for AMM!

By "Lucky" Gerry Messmer

This past week Brother Kraig Fallwell and I made the journey to a small town called Dawson Springs in western Kentucky to attend the Eastern National Rendezvous with our eastern brothers. What a great experience! While Brother Kraig has touched on the doins' I would like to spend a few minutes of your time talking about the land we now have in Kentucky

for ALL of us to use. Again, this is OUR land and as the Brothers there stated over and over, it is not Eastern AMM land, Kentucky or Tennessee land, but AMM land for us all to use and enjoy!

The parcel of land is about 35 acres of prime wooded land just north of the small town of Dawson Springs, Kentucky. The property is tucked back in off the roads and was donated to AMM by Brother David Menser. The access road back to it is about a mile long and accessible by car, even my 2005 Mustang could make it in and out!

There are some very unique things about the land that I must tell you about that are quite amazing. First, in the process of clearing and preparing the land for this year's rendezvous the Brothers were called by a local farmer that was about to bull doze down a house to put in a barn. Inside the house was a log cabin that he wanted John Street and the brothers to check out to see if it was salvageable. Not only was it salvageable, but quite an amazing historical find that they are preserving on our property.



This cabin is a one room, typical cabin of the time. However, this one has firing ports on all four walls for defense. It is about 20 by 20 with a great fireplace and now three doors due to the way it was incorporated into the house. But what is unique is the mantle over the fireplace. It is

a huge piece of sandstone that has been hand cut with a Holy Bible, the family name, a poem and the date April 1787. 1787 was a very bloody time in western Kentucky and the fact that this cabin was not burned by the Indians or burned to recover nails is simply amazing. The best part...AMM now owns it...we all own it! Research is being done on the stone carving.

The land has a spring on it as well that when the parcel was being surveyed; they made sure we got the spring. Due to some economic development upstream, water flow has been reduced in



the stream, but Brother John Street was a park designer for over 30 years and knows all the right steps to get the water flowing again for us. He has plans to potentially dam up an area for a pond with fishing.

There are several natural fields on the property that were fields many, many years ago used by local farmers that have been cleaned off and mowed for larger camping areas, shooting areas

and a horse camp. The horse camp will be located nearly 180 degrees from the main area, but on the backside of the property a very short distance from the cabin/tavern. And best of all, the walk from the tavern back to the horse camp will be downhill so we can roll back to camp if required!

The Eastern National Rendezvous Invitation was what have been a local posting for woodsman and trappers to meet/assemble at Tradewater River Trading Post to join in the forming of a company of men preparing to depart from St Louis on a trapping expedition come first thaw. That being said, the intent is to develop this land into the Tradewater River Trading Post. Future plans include 1-2 more cabins to house a functioning blacksmith shop, perhaps a leather tanning shop and an actual trading post where folks can bring their plunder to sell or trade.

The vision for the land is excellent and the work they have done simply monumental. Rest assured, they are moving forward in accordance with the bylaws of AMM and in concert with National leadership. Both Jim Hannon and Dan'l B Cripps were there to see it firsthand.

The possibilities for our land are endless and I am excited about going back with a Pilgrim to do his "aux aliments du pays" while I enjoy a nice fire and a cozy spot in the loft of the cabin for the weekend!

Tobacco in the Fur Trade

by Catahoula Bill Vannoy

Most Indian tribes grew some form of tobacco. Commonly it was *Nicotiana rustica* or *Nicotiana attenuate*. A "wild" tobacco mixed with various plants to form what we call Kinicnic. The primary tobacco grown in the Americas for sale was *Nicotiana tabacum*. As early as the 1640's this tobacco has been used as a trade item. But what was the Trapper getting at Rendezvous or at the Forts? Where did it originate and how was it packaged? Tobacco generally falls within two categories. Loose and formed. Let us take a look at what the Mountaineer had available.



Nicotiana Rustica plants

Loose Tobacco

Loose leaf tobacco had its advantages in shipping because of a volume factor. You can cram more tobacco leaves in a barrel than you can twists of tobacco. One of the earliest forms of shipment was the Hand. Loose leaves of tobacco were gathered into a bundle then wrapped with a covering leaf. This was then tied with cordage. Weight varied with the Hand ranging from 1 ounce to 1 pound. These were then placed in a hogshead for shipment. Merchandise delivered to the Northwest Company in 1813 included 245lbs tobacco leaf.

Unfortunately, during shipment, the tobacco would crumble. This proved troublesome when part of your shipment was a powder. An alternative to the hogshead method was the Carrot. This was a cheap and efficient way to transport tobacco to the mountains. The manufacture of these is as such "by laying a number of leaves when cured on each other after the ribs have been taken out. Thick in the middle and tapering to both ends, The Carrot must then be rolled up in Linen and afterward well tied together with a line and other canvas over this."

The end user would unwrap and distribute the tobacco as he saw fit. The Upper Missouri Outfit included 300 carrots of tobacco for trade purposes in 1827. The "Trappers" pipe was in wide use during the fur trade. This necessitated the "Carrot" be rasped or chopped to be smoked. Fine by the common man, but the more "refined" preferred a smoother smoke. Fort Union and Fort Pierre kept a supply of Cavendish "cut" tobacco on hand. This was probably a commercial smoking tobacco in paper packages. Being a luxury item, one can assume the packages were quite expensive for the time. For the ultimate in cosmopolitan usage, we must turn to the American Fur Company. In 1819 the Company ordered from Albany, New York, 9 - one gallon kegs of Rapee snuff. I guess some enterprising New Yorker found a use for the dust at the bottom of the hogsheads!

Formed Tobacco

Formed tobacco has an immense footprint in the Fur Trade picture. A little more difficult to transport, but easier to see the quality. One of the largest selling types is the "Twist". Called a pigtail by Americans, this form was manufactured both in London as well as New York. To form the twist the tobacco was dressed with water, molasses and anise seed oil for color and flavor. Sizes ranged from 2 oz to 1lb. A major trade item, it was shipped west by the ton. American Fur sent 19 kegs of twist tobacco to Fort Union in 1835. Bent and St. Vrain ordered 10 boxes of 1lb. twist and 7 boxes of ½ lb. twist in 1838. Total weight is recorded at 2,613lbs!



A tobacco "twist"

The U.S. Office of Indian Trade regularly purchased "twist" tobacco as annuity payments. In 1837, 2,251 pounds of "small twists" were used as a part of payment to the Sioux Nation. Usually one will see in ledgers the distinction "NW twist" as opposed to simply "twist". This refers to the "North West Company and was produced in Albany, NY. The NW Twist dominated the tobacco trade along the Great Lakes for many years. J Astor had a role in this widespread distribution. Many 90 pound kegs were shipped to Flathead and Spokane House posts between 1808 and 1820 for trade. As the Americans moved westward, they found the Indians were well acquainted with the Twist and

requested it as a gift.

After the War of 1812, American made goods were in demand south of the traditional British fur fields. To counteract the twist form of tobacco, Americans developed the Plug. Still treated much the same as twist, the plug was formed by compression into an iron mold. Typically used for chewing, it could be shaved for smoking. Using "Bright Virginian" burleys allowed for sweeter tobacco due to the Burley's nature of absorbing sugars. This allowed for more variety. Due to marketing and cost, this form came to dominate the American Fur Trade west of the Mississippi. To combat the Hudson Bay Company, American Fur trade houses carried 174 lbs of New York plug in 1820. In the 1830's, The Upper Missouri Outfit requisitioned 143 pounds chewing plug, 7640 pounds "regular trade" plug, and 300 pounds of Cavendish plugs for Fort Union. Being that the requisition includes "superior steel mounted rifles", "best quality traps" and Butcher knives, one can assume this was intended to outfit trapping brigades. In 1825, William Ashley brought to Rendezvous 2 kegs tobacco and 2.5 kegs American tobacco (weight 150 lbs). No definite notation of "plug" but the weight and "American" leads to speculation. In 1826, Ashley sold out to Rocky Mountain Fur but did furnish goods for the 1827 Rendezvous which included "First quality James River Tobacco" shipped in 1 pound plugs. Even Bent's Fort had a goodly supply on hand with 15 boxes 1lb plug tobacco in 1830.

Of special note are the formed tobacco products of the Southwest. Mainly pipes were used to smoke tobacco across America. It was re-useable and could handle any variety of tobacco be it leaf or plug. The pipe is strangely absent on the Mexican frontier. Here we find quantities of Cigars and cigarettes. This is not saying the twist or plug were absent, just not in the quantity of the "cigarrito". Americans were making Cigars by forming cut leaf tobacco into molds and wrapping with a "wrapper" leaf in the early 1800's. Like today, the leaf could hide suspect tobacco, but that generally was not the case. Different styles were available at the time. "Factory-made" hand rolled was usually of a more consistent quality and torpedo shape whereas the "Cottage industry" provided more of a tapered blunt.



The Whalen cigar of today traces its roots back to the "Factory-made" cigars of the early 1800's. The Backwoods brand cigar is an almost exact copy of cigars excavated from the S.B. Arabia shipwreck in Missouri (sunk in 1856). The Spanish had similar but called them "puros" or pure tobacco. In 1840 the American Fur Company ordered "Segars" both American and Spanish from New Orleans. Jed Smith's southwest expedition in 1826 included American Cigars. These were included in his trade goods. While on this journey, Smith encountered the cigarro or cigarrito. He was given a "bunch" of paper-wrapped Cigarros from the corporal of the guard at the Mission San Gabriel. Josiah Gregg defines the cigarro or cigarrito as "applied to those made of cut tobacco rolled up in a strip of paper or corn husk. The latter are by far in the most general use in New Mexico, even among men, and are those only smoked by the females. In this province cigarros are rarely sold in the shops being generally manufactured by everyone as they are needed". Apparently many of the upper class preferred paper over the corn husk. On inspection of Missions in New Mexico in 1776, Fray Atanasio Dominguez

found Father Guzman of the Santa Ana Mission had used books of burial records to roll his cigarritos. Also, alcaldes of other Missions were guilty of the same offense.

In order to find "Factory" made cigarritos one would have to travel to at least Villa Nueva where in 1826, Capt G.F. Lyon reports "a government run company which employs around 750 people making 1000 cigarritos each a day. These are made of rasped tobacco wrapped in paper. They are placed in pasted paper packages called cajas". The primary tobacco on the Spanish frontier is the Nicotiana attenuate which still grows wild today. This wild tobacco was considered fragrant "especially adapted for cigarros and cigarritos".

In conclusion, we have covered tobacco in many forms. Loose "hands", "carrots", snuff, twist, plug, cigars, cut smoking tobaccos, and even paper wrapped cigarettes. The Trapper of old had much more variety than just the stereotypical twist tobacco. Hopefully this sheds some light on what we might carry for trade. For those who partake of the Nicotiana tabacum, enjoy.

(When I re-printed the footnotes were lost. All data was properly referenced.)

“For alcohol was the beverage of the mountaineers.”

Joe Meek

Shrub

Of all the different drinks in history, I can't think of anyone who doesn't appreciate shrub. I believe I have sampled a few recipes of shrub, and this I did not mind. I started my own recipe last year and I would like to share. I've heard no complaints of this recipe, and owing to the class of people I eagerly entertain, this is saying a great deal.

Traditionally Shrub is made with citrus fruits, and rum is the normal active ingredient. Today there is more variety and personal touches to shrub, any fruit may be used. I often choose blackberries. It is better to use fresh blackberries, but frozen berries will work just fine.

- In a large pot mix 2 pounds of blackberries with 6 cups of water.
- Keep a real low heat for 20 minutes, don't let it boil.
- Mash the berries with a tater masher.
- Add water as needed, don't let it get thick.
- Turn off the heat, let it cool if necessary, but strain this through cheesecloth as soon as you can handle it. (Cheesecloth is best, if you use just any cloth you can expect it not to strain.)
- Add the juice back to the pot, add water if necessary to keep it thin.
- Add 1 cup of sugar
- Add ½ cup of lemon juice.
- Stir and simmer until the sugar is dissolved.

- Let this cool down, you are now done with juice.

BEFORE FILLING BOTTLES

Don't forget the most important step; this is a good time to add your rum. I used Captain Morgan's spiced rum. Of course everyone has their own taste, and the better advice here is to try them all until you find the one you like the most.

I usually add between 3 and 4 shots of rum to each bottle. I find that if you add much more than this you lose the berry and lemon taste. Even more so with stout rum, the Captain Morgan doesn't seem to rob the fruit taste as much.

I might add here, *Jigger* is a term that sounds good for the amount of rum to add. In 1753 it meant to pour freely. Apparently it's a standard measure for a smaller amount today. We may want to go with history on this one.

You can keep your bottles in the refrigerator; shrub gets better after a week of chilling.

The best thing that really brings out the flavor of good shrub is sitting around
a campfire with the brothers;

This is the key ingredient that you don't want to leave out.

Allen Harrison

AMM #2054

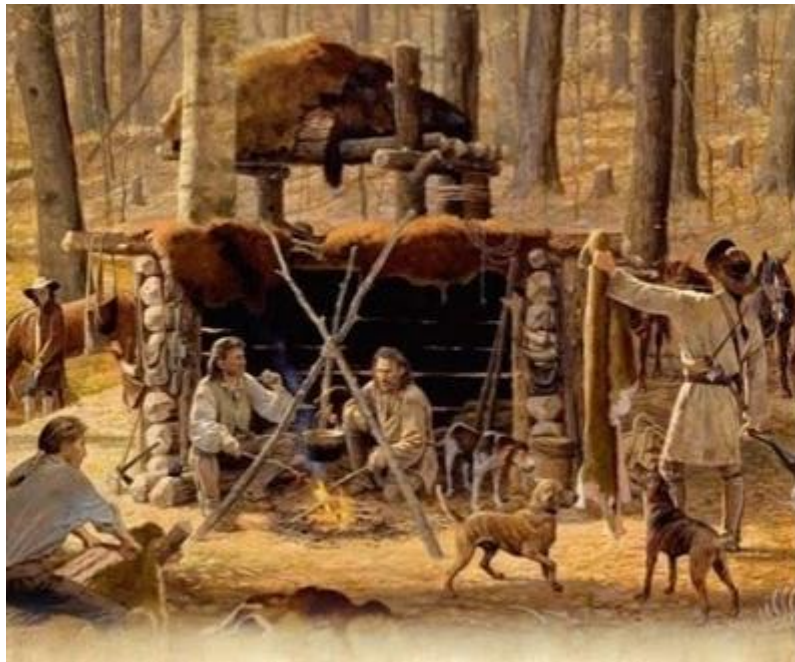
Great Links:

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

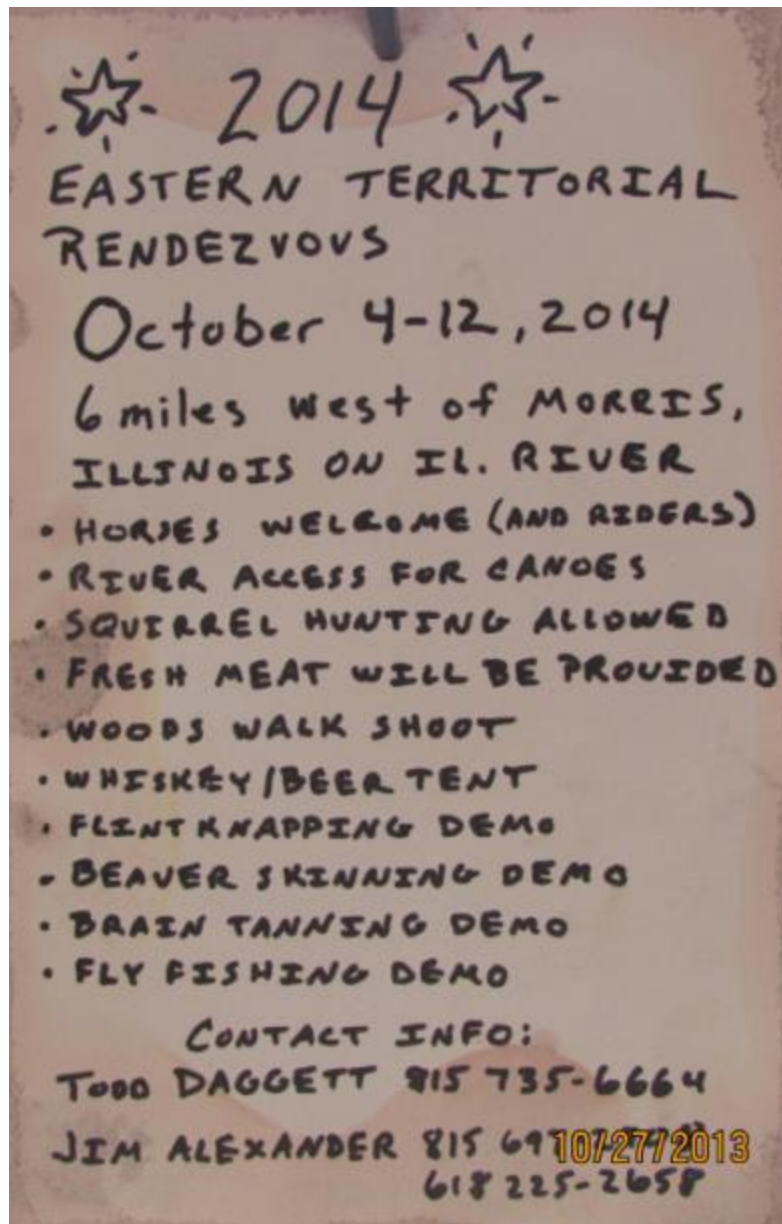
www.turkeyfootllc.com - They have great dried food and other wares of high quality. I have ordered from them in the past and been very impressed with their products and service.

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.



Upcoming Events



Todd Daggett: 815-735-6664

Jim Alexander: 815-697-2708 or 618-225-2658