



RED RIVER BRIGADE

The Trace

October 2013



Is this what they mean by gnawin' ugly?

From The Booshway

Howdy Brothers!

Fall has finally made it to our neck of the woods and we have had some much needed rain. The leaves are just starting to turn color and the hot oppressive weather is starting to fade. This is the time of year that I look forward to. Time to scout out possible hunting spots for deer and squirrel. Also its time to get our seasonal camps planned. There is nothing like sharing a hunting or trapping camp in the company of trusted men.

Time is drawing near for the AMM

Eastern Rendezvous. Several of the Red River Brigade men have committed to attending. I have been hearing from the men of the Kentucky / Tennessee brigade and it sounds like we will be in for a prime doin's this year. As most of you already know, it will be held on our AMM land in Kentucky. It seems that there will a lot to see and do. I look forward to going and hope many Red River men will be able to attend. I have not been to but one AMM Eastern event in the past, but remember it as being really good. I'll get to meet men that I have not camped with yet and rekindle friendships with others that I have not seen in a while.



Peace and quiet on the plains



The beaver that did this would make a nice plew!

I also would like to ask that you please consider writing something up, about a camp that you have had, some project that you're working on, anything. It takes content to put together *The Trace* and Gerry needs your input with "sketches" if you have them. It can be most anything. We all want to hear what is going on among our Brothers.

I have reviewed a couple more applications for advancement recently and want to encourage men that are working on requirements to get them done and remember when turning in your requirements give all of the information that you can, especially names of others that were there, and the location of the camps, dates Etc, and a

detailed account of exactly just what you did to fill that particular requirement. For

men that are Bosslopers, come on, get those last few requirements done and send 'Em in and get that Hiveranno degree!

Finally, Party Booshways, Time is nearing and I will need your yearly party activity report. I need to send in my brigade report to the Western Segundo by December. In addition to this, I would appreciate a complete roster with contact information of men in your party.

Thanks!

See Ya' On The Trail

Yr. Svt.



Tall tales bein' spun!

Kraig



A Trappers Journey

By Jason "Coon Ass" Mays

News of rendezvous in the Rocky Mountains found me in the lands just east of the Red River. My good woman and I packed our plunder and climbed out of the Swamp for the journey. We were looking forward to rendezvous and seeing brother mountain men but also the coonass in me loves fish. Tasty scrumptious morsels they are and cold water fish are a rare treat.

The journey was long and tiresome. Traveling northwest out of the swamps, through the plains and foothills, then crossing over the top of the Rockies peaks. We dropped down into a valley where the grass was tall and green and the water cold and clear. We are close now!

Not so purdy...

28 June '13

Arriving in the valley at such a late hour we camped where our heads hit the ground. We are too tired to sleep and toss and turn. Becca is enduring the trip very well. Exhausted, we finally sleep and I dream of cold water trout in my pan.

29 June '13

I awoke to the clamor of a scouting party readying to leave out. They were headed out to scout Battle Mountain and I recognized several of them. Red River Brigade most of them. Dick Pieper, Cuz and his good woman Patsy, Allen Harris, Dawg and his person Blackpowder Jim, and Kraig Fallwell. As they left, we saddled our horses and made our way into camp to make our presence known.



A good time was had by all!

Having three days to scout and fish for rainbow trout, I was excited. Becca and I introduced ourselves in camp and were

headed back out to scout a fishing hole when my horse spooked and I received a pretty serious injury to the groin. Having my fishing side lined by horsefull exuberance, we decide to camp where we were cause we weren't going any further. I comforted a cup or three of rye whiskey for medicinal purposes, of course. Becca is understandably disappointed but not much can be done. We enjoy the peace and dark and try to sleep. Perhaps tomorrow I can fish.

30 June '13

Not a restful night. Pain doesn't allow it, and subsequently not for the person next to me listening, and now I have a cough. We both get up at dawn exhausted and take care of camp chores and water the horses. I hobbled around camp and met most of the men here. It's good to meet new people and see a few old friends.



Purdy...

Becca is enjoying the experience of it all greatly. She is a much better cook than I am and prepares dinner. I have no complaint of her menu. I retire to our humble camp for the medicinal drink of choice and to listen to the river close by. I bet there are trout behind every rock in that creek waiting for me to cast a line. Never the less, still no fish.

1 July '13

Still not much sleep, and even less for Becca who I awake with every groan of discomfort and cough during the night. We are going out with a scouting party this morning. Smiling thru it all, we saddle up and take the winding trail up and around the mountains. Becca is having a blast and I smile like I'm good.

The scouting party is led by Bill Bailey accompanied by Vic Barkin, Gabe, Tracker, Becca and myself. We noon in an aspen thicket overlooking a valley. Jerked meat and water for me and water and jerked meat for Becca. We saddle up and try to make our planned camp in the upper Battle Creek by night fall.



The horse looks bored from the stories

Upon arriving at the camp site, we set up between some downed logs, watered our animals and tied them to graze. Leave it to my knot head to get tangled to where cutting my best lead rope would be the only option. In setting our camp and arranging our plunder and fixn's, I notice the canteen Becca had carried on the trail was lost. It was a loss I didn't care for but I wasn't back tracking for it. Out here, one canteen for two people can be a challenge.

I fix a dinner of jerked meat and water and Becca has her water with jerked meat. The discussion of past hunts and tales of adventure carry us through the night til exhaustion takes us all. My mind drifts back to the taste of trout, but my injury still keeps me from doing much about it. Still no fish.

July 2 '13



A safe crossing

Slept very little last night. Cough is worse and the horse closest to me pawed at the ground all night. The fire is doused, canteens filled, horses are saddled, and we are on the trail again. Climbing up out of this valley to the top of an adjacent mountain following the ridge showed us how beautiful this area is to visit. We dropped off the ridge to a wide fast river and spent some time finding a safe place to cross. The thick brush takes its toll for a while. The trail winds around the foot hills and narrows on the mountain side then drops downs into a creek and then a valley. Waist high grass greets us there along with the occasional shade tree.

We nooned under the trees next to the river. Tracker, Becca and I keep an eye out while the others sleep a bit. I had my usual jerked meat and water while Becca has her water and jerked meat. Can't wait to get back and see if I can talk some of those trout into my pan.

Saddling up to head back to rendezvous, the trail is clear and easy travel. Upon arrival, I get the impression that my horse was as glad to unload its injured cargo as his cargo was to get his injured groin off that saddle. After we finished the camp chores, I hobbled down to the creek. I didn't get much fishing done. Becca waded around fishing and got a bite but with no result. Still too hobbled to fish. We returned to camp to relaxed a bit and enjoy the

evening. The fire dies down and dark finds me in our bed roll. I heard it's been tough fishing but I bet they'll bite for me tomorrow.



July 3 '13

Slept a little better and walking a little better, I join Becca who is already up to do camp chores and water the horses. The first scouting party is returning in a hurry. It's Kraig Fallwell, Cuz, Patsy and Allen. Seems a man and his horse tumbled down the side of Battle Mountain and is in need of a doctor. I learned it was Dick Pieper and he is on his way to a doctor and will heal well.

We settle down and exchange stories of the trails and

mountains and cook a fine meal of elk and fixn's. After eating our fill, we relaxed with drink and talk til the sun set. Kraig Fallwell recollected his bottle of mondavi back at his mule. We, or at least I am, are already feeling 10 foot tall . In true mountain man fashion we strike out after it. Almost there, I miss step in the dark, and what will be confirmed at a later date, have broken my right foot. I thought for a moment about the sharp burning pain and decided to worry about it tomorrow. We retrieve the bottle, and Kraig and I make our way back to the fire for, at this time, more medicinal drink.

After many stories and much laughter we all begin to retire to our individual camps. I was fine right there on the ground but Becca got us up and helped me hobble to our bedroll. I lay there with numb foot, a slight cough and the stars spinning quiet beautifully. I sure wish I had caught a trout. I'd roasted him on a spit ... I bet he'd been good. Still no fish.



July 4 '13



I wake and crawl out of the bed roll and crawl some more to meet the first rays of the sun peaking over the mountain tops. There still snow up in the end of that high alpine lake. I stood there taken in by the beauty of the morning. I'm hobbled on my left side and a broken foot on my right with an ever growing case of consumption in my lungs making every breath painful and shallow along with fever. This will be our last day at rendezvous.

We thanked the booshway for his great hospitality and began the 1,300 mile trek back to the swamp. On the trail and across the range with the Rockies growing more distant behind me with still no fish, I think of what is ahead. If I hurry, I can get back and heal up just in time to pursue some squirrel gumbo. Squirrel boiled off the bone and smothered in rue and poured over rice... Tasty scrumptious morsels they are. Hopefully I will fare better hunting!



Freckles relaxing in the shade

A Dog in Distress-the Legend of the Daring Nighttime Rescue on the Guadalupe

By Paul "Many Rifles" Laster and "Lucky" Gerry Messmer

When Many Rifles and I left on our journey for our fishing pack-in we had no idea we would become legends with a daring night time search and rescue operation in snake infested woods and high cliffs along the Guadalupe River.

We were lying under our oil cloth lean-to enjoying the good conversation and the twinkling of fireflies everywhere around us. All the while kept company by my loyal dog Freckles. Freckles has been my loyal companion of over 15 years. He is always by my side and even though he is not an overly affectionate dog, he does stop by once a day to make sure I still love him. He is a dog's dog, a fierce and loyal dog that has always protected me and my family. Little did I know that on this particular evening it would be Many Rifles and I who would protect him!

It must have been close to midnight when in the middle of conversation we heard the most horrible whining and yelping of a dog in distress. A sound so disturbing that it made our blood curdle. Sitting up and looking around us took note that Freckles was missing from camp. Being a spaniel, Freckles has always loved the water and no matter how hard you try to stop him, he always finds his way to the water to swim. He will swim until he is exhausted only to rest up and swim some more. So, it was not uncharacteristic of Freckles to go on a walk-about in the middle of the night for a mid-night dip to cool off and get a drink of fresh water. That's exactly what he had done.

My immediate fear was he was hurt and possibly under attack by hungry Indians, a pack of coyotes or worse, wild hogs tearing him apart! As I heard him yelp visions of white hair and blood everywhere went through my mind. The idea that my loyal friend was out there alone and without protection from us in his hour of need was disturbing, a thought that will haunt me forever. However, one thought both Many Rifles and I had and voiced aloud was, "what a way to go out". To die on the field of battle, outnumbered against a superior force in your twilight years is the thing legends are made of and Freckles was just that caliber of dog for it! I can just see the action, the biting, and the twisting and turning of the engagement as they fight to the ground, fight to the death. We have all read about men fighting grizzlies and surviving and here was Freckles in the fight of his life against an unknown enemy! Would he win, could he win?

Many Rifles and I leapt from our place of rest and sprung into action right away. Not knowing what dangers lay in wait we armed ourselves with our rifles, shooting bags and a candle lantern to make our way through the woods. Our response was fearless, knowing our loyal companion was in need we did not hesitate to put our lives in danger to help him. I took the lead with the candle lantern studying the trail for sign of Freckles and looking out for copperheads, water moccasins and rattlesnakes. We were in prime snake territory walking at night through tall grass where the strike of a snake would come fast and furious and out of view, we would never know what kind had bitten us. We would be bit before we could even respond, but no sacrifice is too great when a brother is in need, even a brother of the canine sort!

The trail we followed was along the edge of a cliff with at least a 75 to 100 foot drop to the river. Dirt and rocks slid off the edge as we worked our way closer to the sound of Freckles. Our moccasin clad feet just mere inches from the edge as we used our woodsman skills to navigate the terrain and close in on the rescue. After about 300 yards along the cliff the yelping stopped. Had Freckles been killed? Did he fall from the cliff or had hogs or coyotes devoured him in a feeding frenzy after what would have been an incredible fight? We did not know, yet we kept moving forward relentless in our search.



Cliff dweller eyeballing my massive catch!

Determined to rescue him or exact revenge, we continued down the path until we descended upon the river. Along the river he could have encountered poisonous snakes as well. If he had he been bitten it would explain the horrible yelping followed by the subdued muffled sounds and finally the silence as the poison over took his body for a grotesque demise in the dark of night along the Guadalupe River. As we reached the water we looked up and down stream under the light of the moon and did not see any movement nor did we see a lifeless carcass floating in the water. Were we too late? Would the Guadalupe be forever haunted by

Freckles the fearless companion that died in a brutal engagement or was he still out there? Was there still time?

Then, after several minutes of searching the waterline we heard another yelp to the west and looking up the rising wall of the cliff we could see his white outline silhouetted in the dark half way up on a ledge. Freckles had not been attacked and looked to be uninjured. He was holding fast in a very precarious and dangerous position on the cliff. Being unfamiliar with the area it looked as though he took a wrong turn in the dark of the night and was in an unfamiliar area his nose could not work its way out of. He did not have a scent trail to gauge his progress and had become lost in the dark of night. Being of higher intelligence than most dogs and an experienced woods dog, his yelp was the equivalent of firing three shots in the air, a call for aid by his loyal companions, Lucky and Many Rifles, who responded with lightning speed and deft skills in the dark of night to rescue their friend and companion.

The last bit of the journey to get to Freckles was every bit as dangerous as the first part. He was stranded on a very small game trail 50 feet above the river in thick perilous grass with unknown dangers. At that point Many Rifles held the lantern for as much light as he could give me as I inched my way down the trail to meet Freckles. It was a dangerous climb down. Eventually I was out of the reach of the faint candle light and moving by feeling the ground with my feet and hands. As I closed in on Freckles he moved slowly and carefully towards me allowing me to grab a tight hold on him to keep him from falling off the edge. As I did so, I realized that any moment, with one wrong step we would both plunge to the bottom, split open on the rocks and far from Many Rifles. Worse yet, the strike of a snake could come rapidly in the night and get me right in the neck or extremities as I crawled down.

Upon arrival, I checked him over and to our relief, did not find any injuries or blood on him. He was, of course, soaking wet from his swim in the river and looked very frightened as he himself knew the dangers of the woods and what an ugly end he might have met! I was able to secure him under one arm and crawling back toward the faint glow of the candle lantern I worked my way back up until I could hand him to Many Rifles while I hoisted myself to the top of the cliff.

Once secured at the top Freckles checked himself out as well to ensure he was not injured and with the pride and loyalty of a faithful friend he took the lead on the trail and led us back to camp with his keen nose and sure footed ability to show his appreciation, getting us safely back to camp was his way of thanking us in his own special way for what we had done and risked. At camp all three of us sat, rested and enjoyed some jalapeño jerky and a drink of water with the peace of mind knowing that all three of us had returned safely and that Many Rifles and I had come to the rescue of our faithful friend, who now earned his camp name, "Cliff Dweller".

A Report from the Cross Timbers

September 7-8, 1832

Saturday, September 7, 1832. Four friends convene near the upper reaches of the Deep Fork River at a base camp deep in the woods of the Cross Timbers. Trappers in the southern beaver fields in their youth, they survived their numerous forays into the wilds and lived to have prosperous careers in the territories. Captain Steve spent his career as a ranger, as authorized by Congress following the Black Hawk wars and had served his entire career in the pursuit of ner-do-wells in the Cross Timbers. Antoine, a French half breed from the Obion River country, sometimes known as Marvin, was a scout and guide throughout the southwest, having served time in the northern beaver fields stationed in the Shining Mountains. Ed, a pilgrim and rural postal rider in the eastern part of the territory, served as a ranger with Captain Steve and, recognizing the inherent dangers, had

retired to a more sedentary life in the woods west of the Arkansas border. This author, being from Texas, having left home at 18, was always moving out in front of the settlements and found much solace in the woods alone, or with a close knit group of likeminded men.

The purpose of the gathering was to enable Ed to meet a summer camp requirement and at the same time share a meal or two, practice woods skills and enhance our shooting abilities. The day had dawned bright and hot, and despite the cooler summer days, we found ourselves deep in the woods with virtually no breeze and the summer heat rising. I was the last man to arrive on foot, as we had previously lost our cayuses to local hostiles. I approached camp along some ancient trace maintained by the current tenant and quietly, from the edge of the clearing that constituted the base camp clearing, observed the men as they went about their chores. As Captain Steve prepared to leave camp to check on my where-about, he spied me and I entered camp with a hearty "Hello the Camp". After greeting each other, I unpacked my gear and immediately was offered a hot cup of coffee, as is the custom in these parts.



The author afield



Trace into Camp



Captain Steve and Pilgrim Ed Tending the camp fire

Settling in to the comforts of camp, a lively discussion followed wherein we discussed the proposed activities of the day. Due to the oppressive heat we now found ourselves in, and not knowing the exact location of a band of hostile natives rumored to be afoot in our general vicinity, we decided to keep a quiet camp and enjoy the company as we went over current events of the day. Captain Steve had been notified of a scout out of Ft. Gibson that was to leave in early October and would include several guests accompanying Captain Jesse Bean. Colonel Matthew Arbuckle commanded Ft. Gibson at that time and would likely

disperse Bean and his Rangers to scout northwest to a point to be determined by Bean, then ride south through the wooded area known as the Cross Timbers; and thus return to the fort by way of the north fork of the Canadian River. We surmised that Bean's travel would ultimately bring him very near our base camp. After much thought and discussion, and owing in large part the presence of Bean's uninitiated guests and our statesmen status, we determined that we would leave the scouting and hunting to the younger men already in the employ as Bean's rangers.

With the heat rising throughout the afternoon, Antoine observed the insects leaving the tree canopy above us as the temperature climbed. This observation served as a reminder that we needed to drink plenty of water from the cool spring next to camp. We kept the spring's source covered with an old tarp to keep the cool in and the insects out. As the day's sun set we could occasionally feel a light breeze and as the dampness from the sandy soil rose, it offered a cool respite from the day. Several delicacies had been previously procured from the settlements as we were able to enjoy tinned oysters and sardines as appetizers. Dinner consisted of venison stew, complete with taters and onions, and the ever present hot coffee. The merits of various caliber rifles versus smooth bores in heavy woods engagements were argued back and forth, with no clear argument being made for either. As we each settled on top our bedrolls, we struggled to fall asleep due to the ever present heat, which, by that time, had caused ample discomfort to a man. Camp grew silent as we drifted off to sleep one at a time, with only the glow of the campfire to keep us company. As the night wore on, we found we had to cover ourselves with a partial wrap from our bedroll to ward off the night's cool air.



Sunday, September 8. Dawn came as we slowly roused, with Captain Steve and Ed tending the fire and beginning to prepare breakfast. Bacon, eggs and the ever present hot coffee were soon ready; I did not



Captain Steve shooting the hostile

pilgrim. All shooters took their turn, save this child, as I was busy recording their actions for prosperity. With the cool of the morning, several misfires were experienced as there was more moisture in the air than anticipated, flints broke and chipped, all the while a healthy exchange of friendly banter transpired between the participants. Following the contest it was determined that each man had successfully shot the course, and so, with a three way tie, all wagers were off.

As the heat from the day built, we allowed the fire to burn low, straightened camp so as to obliterate any chance of our sign being discovered by hostiles, packed our gear and entered the trace back to the wagons. Once we arrived at the meeting place we off loaded our aching backs and struck out on another wagon trace leading to a small clearing; here we observed several animals that would serve to provide ample target practice on our next foray into the Cross Timbers. Buffalo, wild pig, deer, bear, turkey and even

inquire as to the origin of these staples knowing well the ability of these men to forage in adverse conditions. Following breakfast we determined to prove our worth on the line and the shooting and wagering soon ensued. The game at hand was to shoot progressively smaller steel plates at increasing distances from an embankment 30 feet above an erosional gully, which was fortunately located at the edge of camp. Once the plates had been successfully hit in the proper order, the last shot was at a charging hostile partially hidden by an innocent



Antoine on the line

a catamount were found to be present. We each anticipate returning and tracking these beast of the woods and prairies in their respective habitat on another scout into the woods. Once we knew there would be ample time at a later date to find these great beasts, we returned to the circle of wagons, and in good mountain man fashion, hugged each other and said our good-byes until the next time. Thus the adventure will continue.

Respectively and most humbly submitted, G. Phil Spurlin

NOTE: I am republishing this from his website because it gives realistic information about what it takes to live off the land. It really puts things into perspective. This can be very helpful for people doing their aux aliment du pays requirement.

Living Off The Land: Delusions and Misconceptions About Hunting and Gathering

By Gilmore Ross (republished with permission from Mr. Ross)

Ah, living off the land. Thriving in the wilderness with the use of your skills. It is the ultimate goal of many bush crafters and survivalists. Numerous posts have been written on forums about this subject, and as soon as one ends, another is started. Of course, actual evidence is rarely presented. We often fall back on positions such as “our ancestors did it, so clearly I can do it”, or “I was out last week and saw a bunch of cattails and barriers, so my food sources are secure”.

The problem is not made any better by so called experts in the field, who fuel the myth that they are feeding themselves in the wilderness. I vividly remember watching Andrew Price, host of A-Z of Bushcraft in one of the episodes, waking up in the morning, walking a few feet next to camp, gathering a few berries, and then turning the camera and saying “breakfast is served”. Ray Mears, aside from his excellent series, Wild Foods, has numerous instances where he gathers meager resources and then implies that his food requirement has been met. Of course, none of them ever bother to calculate or present actual caloric values, or discuss the long terms consequences. Similarly, people like Dave Canterbury, who discusses at length hunting in wilderness living conditions, never actually do the math of how much game has to be killed to justify the weight of that shotgun being carried, or whether the numbers would work out at all.

For the past year I have been attempting to gather some actual numbers on the subject, so we can have a more meaningful conversation about what it would take to sustainably feed a person in the wilderness, and consequently, what tools may be suited for the task. I must admit, I have been slacking with the project because of its tedious nature. Last week however, a reader referred me to a source related to the Chris McCandles post, which provided me with some of the information I was searching.

Samuel Thayer, author of the books Forager’s Harvest and Nature’s Garden, wrote an essay related to the starvation of Chris McCandles titles Into the Wild and other Poisonous Plant Fables. While much of the essay focuses on disproving theories of poisonous plants, the last section discusses actual caloric requirements for a person living in the wilderness, and what resources that would require.

So, let’s assume a scenario where a person will be going into the wilderness with the intention of living off the land. He will practice wilderness self reliance, he will thrive in nature, and whatever other cliché you want to insert here. Let’s also assume for the moment that there are no hunting or fishing regulations that we have to comply with, and let’s assume that the person has all necessary equipment, including hunting and fishing tools. What would the person need to procure each day in order to live in a sustainable manner for a prolonged period of time?

Well, the first piece of the puzzle is the required calories. Citing Michele Grodner’s Foundations and Clinical Applications of Nutrition, Thayer calculates that a male who is physically active under wilderness living conditions would need approximately 3,300 calories per day. This number seems consistent with calculations done by long distance backpackers, who usually aim for a bit over 3,000 calories per day. So,

to maintain one's physical condition, and prevent weight loss, the person in question must consume about 3,300 calories each day. Of course, there are other nutritional requirements, but at a very basic level, to prevent death from starvation in the long run, this caloric minimum must be met.

The above caloric requirement for wilderness living should not be confused with accounts of short term survival, where a person stays in the wilderness, slowly losing body weight, until they are rescued. We have plenty examples like this from series like *Survivorman*, *Naked and Afraid*, etc. Those are not examples of sustainable hunting and gathering situations, and we should not have any delusions about the long term applications of such a starvation diet.

So, sticking with the 3,300 caloric requirements per day, what would it take to meet these caloric needs?

Sources of Calories

Meat

First let's look at animal products, something to which I will jointly refer to in this post as "meat", but should be understood to include both protein and fats. Meat can vary in caloric content anywhere from 40 calories per ounce for lean meat like squirrel and rabbit, all the way to 60 calories per ounce for very fatty meat like salmon. Using these numbers, we can roughly calculate the caloric value of each animal, and how much of it we would need to meet our daily caloric requirements.

Red Squirrel: as Thayer calculates, at an average of 2.8 ounces of meat per squirrel (*Michele Grodner's Foundations and Clinical Applications of Nutrition*), it would take 25 squirrels per day to meet the caloric requirements, or if also eating the internal organs and brain, about 16 squirrels per day.

Rabbit: at about 16 ounces of meat per rabbit (*Michele Grodner's Foundations and Clinical Applications of Nutrition*), you would need about 4 of them per day, or 3 if eating all of the organs and brain.

Salmon: assuming you are catching Sockeye salmon, they average 6 pounds (96 ounces) (*Kenai Peninsula Borough Commercial Fishing Industry State Records, 2012*). Since salmon meat is rich in fat, we can assume 60 calories per ounce (*USDA SR-21*), which would mean one salmon would give you 5,760 calories, or a little less than two days of food.

Clams: clam meat varies in caloric density from about 33 calories per ounce to about 42 calories per ounce. (*Interstate Shellfish Sanitation Conference, 2013*). To satisfy the required 3,300 calories per day intake, you would need about 5 pounds of clam meat per day (using 40 calories per ounce for the calculation). In order to get 5 pounds of clam meat, you would need about 320 medium size clams. For each ounce of meat, you need about 4 medium size clams. (*Interstate Shellfish Sanitation Conference, 2013*)

Raccoon: while many people would not eat raccoon meat due to its high content of parasites, it is technically edible. The meat is fatty, averaging about 72 calories per ounce. (*USDA SR-21*) The weight of raccoons varies widely from 10 to 25 pounds for adults. The average listed size is about 25 pounds for an adult. That should provide approximately 10 pounds of meat once it is gutted, skinned and deboned. At 72 calories per ounce, such a raccoon will provide about 11,520 calories. However, keep in mind that these numbers reflect the calories if the animal is cooked to preserve all of its nutrients. In order to

make it more palatable, people usually cook raccoon meat to remove most of the fat. If you do that, the caloric content will drop significantly. Assuming you save all of the fat however, a 25 pound raccoon should provide sufficient calories for 3.5 days.

Turkey: a good size turkey will yield about 10 pounds of meat (160 ounces) when processed. The caloric value of processed turkey meat is about 45 calories per ounce (*USDA SR-21*). Therefore, a turkey will produce 7,200 calories in total, or a bit more than 2 days worth of caloric requirements.

Deer: a mature buck typically yields about 70 pounds of meat (1,120 ounces) (*University of Wisconsin study 2006*). Venison is a lean meat, with about 53 calories per ounce (*USDA SR-21*). The meat of a mature buck will therefore give you 59,360 calories, which will be sufficient for 18 days of food at the 3,300 calories per day requirement. If you are eating the internal organs as well, that will probably get pushed to about 20-21 days of food.

Black Bear: a large black bear will produce about 100 pounds of meat (1,600 ounces) once processed. Bear meat has about 43 calories per ounce. (*USDA SR-21*) So, a large black bear will give about 68,800 calories total. That would be sufficient calories to satisfy the caloric intake for 21 days.

The table below gives a general summary of the results. The numbers you see in the last column for animals needed each day to meet the caloric requirement, the number in parenthesis represents what is needed if internal organs are preserved and eaten as well as the meat.

		Meat		
Type of Animal	oz of Meat/Animal	cal/oz of Meat	Total cal/Animal	Animals/Day
Squirrel	2.8	47	132	25 (16)
Rabbit	16.8	47	790	4 (3)
Salmon	96	60	5,760	0.57
Clams	0.25	40	10	320
Raccoon	160	72	11,520	0.29
Turkey	160	45	7,200	0.46
Deer	1,120	53	59,360	0.056 (0.05)
Black Bear	1,600	43	68,800	0.047

Plants

Now, let's move to plant sources.

Cattail Roots: cattail roots, will yield about 8 calories per ounce (USDA SR-21; *Revedin, A., et al. Thirty thousand-Year-Old Evidence of Plant Food Processing, 2010*). This means that about 413 ounces or 26.5 pounds of cattail flour would be needed to meet that daily caloric requirement.

It should be noted (as pointed out by a reader in one of the comments) that [Table 2](#) of the above study, *Thirty thousand-Year-Old Evidence of Plant Food Processing, 2010* provides that cattail (Typha) rhizome flour contains 266 kcal/100g, or 75 calories per ounce. That is much higher than the 8 cal/oz provided by the USDA and other sources. It appears the difference occurs because that table speaks of the caloric value of already processed and cooked flour. The article specifies that "*The flour would have undergone a multistep processing involving root peeling, drying, and finally grinding using specific tools. After this, the flour needed to be cooked to obtain a suitable and digestible food.*" Cattail rhizome contains large portions that are inedible, such as the spongy layer covering the rhizome as well as the fibers from which you have to remove the starch. As such, the numbers don't appear to be contradictory. You may very well have a caloric value of 25 kcal/100g (8 cal/oz) for cattail root and 266 kcal/100g (75 cal/oz) for processed cattail root flour where the outer casing has been peeled, the fibers have been removed, and the resulting starch cooked. In the table here I have used the number for unprocessed cattail root, and the quantity you would need to get the necessary calories.

Parsnips and Similar Wild Roots: according to Thayer, at approximately 23 calories per ounce (*Michele Grodner's Foundations and Clinical Applications of Nutrition*), about 9 pounds would be needed per day to meet the daily caloric requirement of 3,300 calories.

Blueberries: again, according to Thayer, at about 16 calories per ounce (*Michele Grodner's Foundations and Clinical Applications of Nutrition*), you would need 13 pounds of blueberries per day to meet your caloric requirements.

Lingonberries: at about 5 calories per ounce (USDA SR-21), you would need about 41 pounds of lingonberries to meet your daily caloric requirement.

Acorns: once processed into a flour, after leaching out the tannic acid acorns will provide about 110 calories per ounce (USDA SR-21). That would mean that 30 ounces, or a little under 2 pounds of acorn flour would be needed per day to satisfy the caloric requirements.

	Plants	
Type of Plant	cal/oz of Plant Material	Pounds Per Day Needed
Cattail Root (Unprocessed)	8	26.5
Parsnips	23	9
Blueberries	16	13
Lingonberries	5	41
Acorns (processed)	110	2
Burdock Root	20	10*

Burdock Root: at about 20 calories per ounce (*USDA SR-21*), you would need about 165 ounces, or 10 pounds of unprocessed burdock root to meet your daily caloric requirements. If cooked, a large amount of the water removed, the pounds one needs to consume may be significantly reduced, but would still constitute more than what a person can eat in a day.

The above represent average numbers, both for the calories required per day, and the amount of food which must be consumed to provide those calories. Variations should be expected. Even so, it is evident that a person attempting to live alone off the land in the wilderness has a serious challenge on his hands. The amount of food required seems absurd, but as Thayer explains: *"If this seems like a high volume of food, that's because it is. We have sought, developed, cultivated, and become accustomed to calorie-dense foods for so long that most of us have never been without them. We've never had to eat food in volumes like this. When you realize that a stick of butter has as many calories as two and a half quarts of blueberries or seven pounds of broccoli, you can see why the innate human desire for calorie-rich, low-fiber food developed."*

A big THANK YOU to Patsy Harper for sending this website of great information!!

AMM Objectives and Code

(Great review for Pilgrims and old-timers alike)

AMM Objectives

The specific and primary purpose is to establish and maintain a permanent association for research into and study of the history, traditions, tools, mode of living, etc., of the trappers, explorers, and traders known as the Mountain Men.

Further purposes are:

- Establish and maintain a permanent museum and research center to house and make available books, artifacts, films, speakers, etc.
- To provide a means for the dissemination of information related to our purposes and objectives.
- To provide a continuous program of living history.
- To teach the skills and help develop the abilities which were actually needed and used by the original Mountain Men.
- To help preserve the right of all free men to keep and bear arms.
- To help preserve our native wilderness and wildlife by teaching and practicing realistic conservation.
- To help establish brotherhood and trust between our members.
- To help our members find deep affinity with nature that is a basic and necessary trait of all true Mountain Men.

AMM Code

- I shall at all times consider a man's private life none of my business unless he wishes to make it so.
- I shall at all times strive to be a self-reliant individual, asking for help only if and when it is necessary.
- I shall at all times consider my word a sacred trust, a bond which is not to be broken.
- I shall at all times respect the personal property of other members, considering thievery an act deserving contempt.
- Before entering any camp or lodge I shall first make my presence known, then enter only if invited.
- I shall at no time fire any firearm in camp or give any other false warning of impending danger.
- During any survival situation, I shall be willing to divide any food and water I have and give any other assistance to people found in need.
- I shall take from nature only what I need or can actually use, practicing good conservation of our native wilderness and wildlife.
- At any association activity I shall follow the rules set forth by the Booshway in charge or leave of my own free will.
- I shall at all times strive to improve myself, my wilderness abilities and my knowledge of nature's law.

Upcoming Events

2013 EASTERN TERRITORIAL RENDEZVOUS

The KY/TN Brigade requests the presence of experienced trappers and woodsmen to join us at a 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.

We will meet October 26 through November 3, 2013 at the Tradewater River Trading Post on the AMM property north of Dawson Springs, KY. This is YOUR property! Come camp on it and enjoy some great Southern Hospitality. See the directions below.

Each man will be required to furnish your own equipment, to include a smooth gun or rifle gun, bed roll and clothing necessary for an expedition of no less than one year. You will be able to replenish your clothing and equipment at Rendezvous in the mountains the coming summer.

To cover some of the upcoming costs, we are asking for the donation of items to be auctioned or given for prizes during the encampment.

If you bring good money, libations will be available for purchase at the tavern. All morning and evening meals will be provided. There will be a bucket for donations at the cook tent. There will also be additional shelters set up for anyone wishing to fly into Nashville, the closest large airport, which is about two hours away. We will co-ordinate two (2) arrival and departure times, and will provide shuttle service to the rendezvous site.

For information, call Larry Mayes (Co-Booshway) at 615-330-7401 (home) or 615-330-7401 (cell), or David Menser (Co-Booshway) at 270-841-7689 (cell) or John Street (Brigade Booshway) at 561-758-6789 (cell).

DIRECTIONS

Take West KY Parkway to Exit 92 – Dawson Springs.

Take KY Hwy 109 North 3.8 Miles.

Turn right on Sixth Vein Rd. Go 1.1 Miles to Bull Joint Road.

Turn right and go .7 Mile to Copperhead Road.

Turn left – Go .3 Mile to Camp

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.

Trade Blanket:

Wanted: Rifle, .50 cal, not fancy, of the right size for both horse and foot travel, can afford as high as \$1500. Contact Wes Walker (210) 264-1387.