

NORTH TEXAS DISTRICT
LONG TOM

April 1993

President's Message

Greetings from the Roadrunner! Only a few (about 22) men and boys came out to brave the cold at Brush Poppin. There were lots of games and activities for those who could get away from the warmth of the fireplace.

I had a good time at the National Council. There was a great emphasis on reaching boys in the inner city. Also the National Office is getting ready to do another pathfinder missions trip. There is also a new award for those who go on a pathfinder missions trip. Hope to have some information about a project we can do as a chapter before this newsletter goes out.

Hope to see you at the next event!

Sherman "Roadrunner" McDaniel



Look What's Happening . . .

FCF WORKDAY

May 8 @ Lake View

There will be an FCF workday May 8 at Lake View Camp. The person heading this workday up is Ken Harris. Our main objective is to work on the headquarters building and some other things that might need help. Please come and help... We need you. For more details or questions of what to bring call Ken @ (817)295-3461.

Royal Ranger Pow-Wow

June 17-19

Come be a part of our big doins @ Lake View Camp in Maypearl. I hear there's going to be something very special this year!

Local-Non-FCF Rendezvous

If you would like to attend any of the non-FCF rendezvous with other FCF folks (so you can let your little light shine) or would like to know more about them, please call Sherman McDaniel (214)660-1117 or Gary Bierschwale (214)442-1325. Most Camps require pre 1850 dress and campstyle.

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Territorial Rendezvous

July 22-24

The last Territorial Rendezvous in New Mexico was GREAT and this one will be even better! Make plans now to attend, you won't want to miss it. If you need a ride or just want to go with someone else call Sherman McDaniel or Gary Bierschwale.

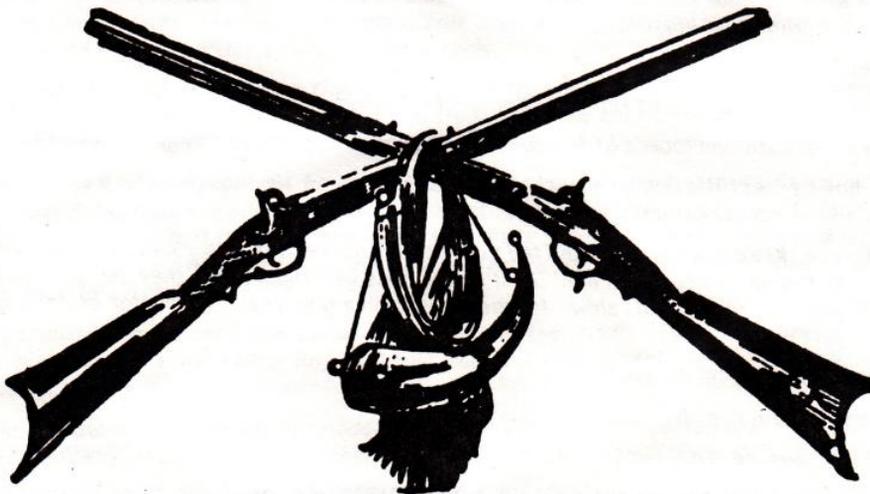


What a Rendezvous!

by Gary "WildWind" Bierschwale

If you missed the TBM Outdoor Fellowship that was held April 16-18 at Dead Horse Creek, Aquilla TX, you missed a great time of fun and games and just down right good fellowship with christian folks.

It seems that John "Still-Life" Bullock is trying to start a christian family black powder group that can have good clean fun with their family. They had shootin, knife / hawk throwin, fire startin, skillet thowin, and brush arbor meetins at night. The idea is to get a bunch of folks that can go to the other rendezvous and do the same thing (kinda like bein a light in the dark...). It seems that our own FCF group walked away with a lot of first place prizes.



The right to keep and bear arms

The WILD WOOLIES

by Jeremiah Tailor

The Storyteller sat out of the smoke, but near enough to the fire for warmth. He pushed his hair from his face again, and the breeze pushed it back. For now he was alone, but that never lasted long. He always had a story, and folks came to hear. Sometimes His tales sent heads away shaking, but nobody who wasn't a witness knew whether he was reciting history or making up fables. Didn't much matter, it was entertainment either way.

He got around more than most folks. He'd been from Mexico to Canada and claimed he'd seen both oceans. The iron arrowpoint lodged in his knee kept him from walking far, so he rode his mule mostly. When the weather turned cold, or before a rain, it hurt. Those days he stayed closer to the fire, and his stories got shorter, but he didn't gripe about the ache. Complaints didn't bring new gossip.

Greybeard was a celebrity and local legend, and since the winter he'd hid out from Blood Hawk up in the Palo Duro, he'd been... well, different. He wouldn't tell about it, even when asked straight out. Some Comanche seemed a little skittish whenever his name was mentioned. About all they'd say was that many widows shed many tears for a long while. Greybeard McGraw had strong medicine, and could be plenty dangerous, though he didn't look it. Crossing his trail with fighting in mind was about as smart as slappin' a grizzly's snout.

One greenhorn called Joe Buckler, though some folks suspected that wasn't his name, stepped over and stood nearby, but not too close. His eyes never stayed still, and he seldom looked right at a fellow. He said, "How's th' leg, Greybeard?"

"Been Better."

He wanted a conversation, so he kept on, "Comanche do that to you?"

McGraw took a breath and looked at the sunset. "Y' reckon it'll freeze tonight, Buckler?"

"Can't say, but I expect it's colder now than it was this dawn." He thought, *It's a darn sight warmer than your conversation.*

"Yep. It'll freeze. Knee says so." He shifted his position nearer the fire. Greybeard knew what Joe wanted, but he thought to toy with him. That's how folks get important: they get something others want and then play it out, slow. It was time to give a morsel. "Ever hear of Jeremiah Tailor?"

"That shirt-maker east of Austin?"

"Yeah, the one what made this jacket."

"I heard of him, but we ain't met."

"Just as well. He talks too much, anyhow. Always preachin' 'bout one thing or another. Don't even ask permission, neither. Did you hear about the night we camped north of the Brazos by Maypearl the February of the big ice storm? That was, oh, three maybe four years ago. That night him and his long underwear had a wrestlin' match and he 'bout lost."

"No sir, I don't reckon I have."

"Ah, you don't want to hear it. Ain't nothin' you'd like." He knew how much line to let out, and when to set the hook.

Buckler was caught. "That so? Well, I reckon I'll stop you if'n I get bored." He sat down a respectful distance away, and poked at the fire with a stick.

The old man cleared his throat. "Well, he was at camp with a whole crew, Roadrunner, Grey Eagle, Wildwind, Ramhorn, and maybe forty, fifty more. It was one of those mornings when the sun come up clear, with them thin ice cloud rainbows, and we that was smart knew it'd be mighty cold by nightfall. Tailor had his bedroll all laid out neat, ready for when the coffee ran out. It weren't cold in the day, so he'd laid his longjohns out on his blanket. That way he could slide into 'em before log sawing. It's a good idea to get things ready, you know."

"Uh-huh." Buckler thought, wonder what he wore before he put them longjohns on, but didn't ask.

"Well," Greybeard continued, "we's all sittin' there around the fire, singin' and tellin' tales, and gettin' reacquainted with the old timers we don't see much, and it took chill after sunset, and one by one most was headin' for their shelters. Now I reckon me and Tailor was about the last ones out, and it started to rain. Not hard, just misty rain. Almost fog, but more persistent. Ever seen that kind?"

"Sure, just last week, down south ninety miles, why I was along the Navasota River..."

Greybeard cut him off with a saber stroke stare. "Yeah, well, like I said, Tailor is a talker, and he was goin' on about some thing or other, I don't remember, and I was his only victim. It was about three or four hours til dawn, I figured, and time to put it to bed, so I said so. We was gettin' wet anyway, and that wind made it feel plumb cold." He paused for effect, not asking a following question. It's impolite to interrupt someone's tale and he wanted Buckler to know the rules. He fastened his good eye on Buckler's face, daring a reply.

"Now this next bit is partly my own figgerin', and partly how he told it the next time I saw him. See, I was camped down near that oak that busted in the ice storm. Not under it, of course, I didn't get old by bein' stupid. I was next to a bush, sorta out of the wind.

Well, I said Tailor is a preacher, but he can stick a knife about where he wants to usually, and he is strict about doing things proper. You know, modest. Sometimes that gets in a feller's way, and sometimes not. This time, it did. The men in his tent were spread all over, and they'd left a candle lit so nobody got stomped on til the last one was in. That was Tailor of course, and some of them bucks was snortin' already.

"He says *goodnight* to the ones still awake, and blew out the candle. Then he skinned off them wet clothes to put them long underwear on, you know, the kind with the trapdoor. You know what I'm talking about?"

Buckler thought about answering, but nodded instead. The look he'd gotten last time was enough for a while. Anyway, it made sense, so there wasn't any need. Everybody knew about longhandles.

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Chapter Affairs

Reaching the level of Wilderness in FCF is not an easy task, and my apologies to David Villalpando for not including him in the last announcement with David Wills and David Kellum. Yes, there were 3 Davids attending the Pow Wow in South Texas working on their Wilderness advancement. The most deserving was the one I forgot to mention, David Villalpando, considering the fact he's been in FCF longer than Fred Deavers. **NOT!** Just kidding Dave, congratulations.

A hearty congratulations to the individual mentioned above for his hard work in obtaining the advancement listed. The advancement trail is something we should all be striving for. If you have something you would like to report for our Chapter please call Gary Bierschwale @ (214)442-1325 so we can get it in the next *Chapter Affairs*.

The Wild Woolles

CONTINUED

"Tailor was in his birthday suit, and it was cold as ice in the tent, so he was gettin' a mite cool. Now the way he tells it, he got both feet in pretty easy, and the first two or three buttons done up before he found the problem. Nobody admits it, but somehow, one of them sleeves had got turned inside out. Now that makes it a trifle hard to get 'em on. See, unless you get all four ends right, it just don't work at all. So he peels them back off, and one leg gets turned inside out, too. Now he wouldn't ask anybody to lend a hand, I mean, if a man can't get his own underwear on, well, word gets around, and that ain't a great reputation.

"There weren't any fire in the tent, of course, so he either had to run out like a wild man in the rain, to light the candle or make do there in the dark. The fire was flooded anyway...he looked out the tent door... and it was rainin' for true by then, and there was no sense in gettin' any wetter. Not even fools look for firewood in the rain, lest they have to, and I said he was a preacher, not a fool. Now you got to picture the scene... no, maybe it's better if you don't... but he's shivering real good by now, teeth snappin' and everthung and that makes it that much tougher. He said he had to get under the blankets a couple of times and warm up so he could carry on. Now me, I'd tossed them pesky pants aside and wrapped up in the blanket and said 'forget it till morning'.

"Not Tailor. He just kept on twistin' and turning them things different ways, and finally, after 'bout twenty tries he done it just before sun up. He's that kind of fellow, he is, he'll keep on something even when everybody says it's a waste of time or even impossible. Now according to him, there was some varmit who snuk in there and turned the first sleeve. But nobody let on nothin', so he just ain't never gonna know." Greybeard paused and shifted his bad leg, venturing a sly smile. "So that's the time the longjohns fought back, and that's the way it happened. You just look Jeremiah up, he'll tell you. Only I tell it better. He ain't no storyteller. He's a passable shot with a longrifle, though, an' that's worth plenty if you be up against bear or worst in the woods, so keep that in mind. If you're traveling with him, stay out of earshot, but within rifle range."

"That's some tale, Greybeard, where did you say this was?"

"I don't think you was listenin' boy, I told you it was at Maypearl. By the oak the ice storm busted. You ain't addled are you, boy?"

"Well, no sir, I ain't, but I don't want to get the facts wrong. I spect I'll see if I can scare up some grub. Thanks for the yarn, Greybeard, be seein' you." Joe buckler walked away thinking, What was Tailor wearing all day before he put on them longjohns?

You Cannot Delete The Unknown...
G. Bierschwale 1993

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