

SEPTEMBER 1993

PRICE: \$10.00 YEAR

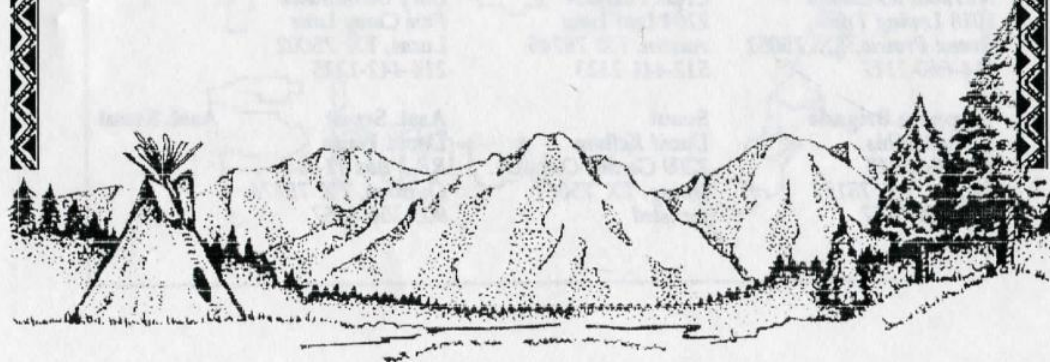


T·H·E L·O·N·G T·O·M

Life and times of the North Texas Shawnee Trail territory

FAMILY DAYS UPDATE

DOWN IN THE MOUNTAIN





Family Days : Oct 29 - Oct 30

Winter Camp : Nov 19-20

Christmas Gathering : Dec 11

BRT : Feb 25-26, 1994

Brush Poppin : Mar 11-12, 1994

FRONTIERSMEN CAMPING FELLOWSHIP OFFICERS

**FCF Chairman
District Commander
Leonard Ward**

President

*Sherman McDaniel
1018 Loving Trail
Grand Prairie, TX 75052
214-660-1117*

Vice President

*Clyde Poldrack
2204 Lear Lane
Austin, TX 78745
512-441-2323*

Scribe

*Gary Bierschwale
Five Carey Lane
Lucas, TX 75002
214-442-1325*

Historian

Trappers Brigade

*Terry Mathis
P.O. Box 518
Palmer, TX 75152
214-449-3867*

Scout

*David Kellum
2209 Garden Oaks Dr.
Irving, TX 75061
unlisted*

Asst. Scout

*David Watts
RR 3 Box 11-A-5
Quinlan, TX 75474
903-356-4357*

Asst. Scout



Family Days

Yes! Its time for that great family get-together with games, fellowship, food and fun! Its happening Oct. 29-30. Ladies bring an unfinished craft to show and demonstrate to the other ladies along with your favorite recipe to share. There will be a trace for the men Saturday afternoon. Judging will be done on best craft and quilt block (Yes...bring your quilt block. See back page for details.). Everyone come expecting a wonderful time and lets make this camp a great success! We are going to be camping in FCF village so we will be fairly close to showers, restrooms and water. Camp fee will be \$8 for members, \$6 for non-members and \$4 for children.

Congratulations

We had a grand time in the mountains of New Mexico at the Territorial Rendezvous.. The weather was right, competition was good and the company was great! We had a good crowd from North Texas and won most of the prizes! We also had our own David Kellum elected to assistant Territorial Scout! Congrats to all those that participated and especially David!

Greetings from the Roadrunner

We had a great time at the Territorial Rendezvous! It was great to get up in that cool mountain air and get away from this Texas heat for awhile.

Our District Scout, David Kellum, was elected assistant Territorial Scout - congratulations to him. He is excited about promoting FCF in the Region and in our chapter.

Hope to see many of you at the upcoming events. I appreciate those of you who support our Chapter by paying your dues and attending the events.

In His Service,
Sherman McDaniel



Note: Anyone who would like to attend the Comanche Peak Rendezvous on Oct. 7-10 in Alverado, call me.

Note: I decided to open Phase 1&2 this Fall by doing the Phase 2 at Family Days. If you know anyone who would like to join send an application in by Sept. 25.

Note: Our funds are low. We donated over \$400 to help with the projects on the Campground. We would appreciate a donation or pay ahead on your dues. Lifetime membership is \$150.

Down in the Mountain

by Jeremiah Taylor

"No, Mule, I didn't say it did me any good to get my eye poked out, I said it saved my life one time. Ain't you listening, or are you just taking up tent space?" Greybeard got peeved easily these days when folks didn't pay close attention.

"No harm meant, Greybeard. Just sounded a little funny, that's all." Mule wondered how anything good could come of losing an eye. Especially from a boyish game of mumble-the-peg. That's how he'd committed the crime of interrupting the storyteller. "Sorry."

"Well, if you want to hear the rest of this, then set back and be still. Otherwise, take your chances with the lightning out there. I ain't told this one often." He scanned the faces in the flickering firelight. Nobody moved, and a few younger men even held their breath as MacGraw's good eye raked over them. Greybeard was a formidable character, even at over sixty years old, and it hadn't been long ago that the strongest mountain man would have looked for other occupation than tangling with him. Even now, everybody knew he was the kind that just kept on coming back, and was wily and mean as a sow grizzly. The only sound was rain sliding down the tepee skin, and the snap of cedar in the fire.

"It was some wilder then, and Blood Hawk was around, and on the rampage. He skinned out a couple of sodbusters just for fun, and thought he could pretty much come and go as he pleased. Well, a few of us took out after him, up around the Palo Duro. We split into two groups. Me and mine went into the canyon, since we figured that's where a reprobate like him would hide out, and we was the best trackers. We was right, and we was wrong, but I'll tell about that later.

"Now we knew that we'd be spotted ten miles off if we was to come into sight in daylight, so we hid the horses in a grove of willows and tied them up on a long, loose rope where they could reach the water. That way, even if we were gone for a few days, we'd still have something to ride when we got back. We laid around and rested until after dark, and then set out for that canyon. Don't know how many of you have walked ten miles or so into the arms of a fired up Comanche picket line, but I can tell you it will grow you up in a hurry. "Specially if you do it at night. There wasn't any choice, though. The only way we could have rode in there by daylight was if we'd had a couple of hundred troopers coming in from all directions, and buzzards to tell us where they was a hiding.

"We was only five men, myself, two good trappers, and ex-Army sergeant, and one greenhorn. Peterlin, or Peterson, something like that, was his name. Don't much matter now. Rupert Baker was with us, and he told the greenhorn that taking him along was like losing two good men. He kept on sayin' "How can we expect to corral that Blood Hawk with only three men?" and such as that. The sergeant finally told him to shut up, so he did. It was time to be quiet anyway, and we stayed just close enough to each other to see by the starlight. We made it up the backside of a bluff, into some rocks, about an hour before dawn, and decided to hole up there. Maybe do a little scouting around the next morning, and see if it was safe to move in more." Baker went up to the top of the ridge to sniff for smoke and see if he could get any signs of fire or whatever. He'd been gone a pretty long time,

and it was getting light, so Peterkin, or whatever his name was, went up after him. Last we ever saw of either of those two. Turns out we'd got past the outer sentry without even knowing it, and there were about thirty of them Indians spread out within a quarter mile of where we was.

"Naturally, if we'd knowed that, we'd have come up by some other route, but it worked out. We missed the guard, like I said, otherwise, we'd been skewered right at the bottom of the hill. Now there was me, the sergeant and a trapper who went by the name of Willowstick. He looked like one at that, tall, skinny and straight up. Had to use elk for his britches, since there ain't a deerskin big enough to go from his waist to the ground. He was a good sort, but he was always quotin' Scripture, telling us we ought to repent and serve God, mend our ways, and suchlike. He could shoot the whiskers off a rabbit quicker'n anything, though, so he was good to have along."

Greybeard shifted his weight and handed his cup over to the next man.

"Say, Bill, how about passing over some of that coffee. Ain't fair for you to be sendin' up that smell and not pouring." His tin cup made the trip around the ring of men and returned, near full and steaming. "Thanks. Well, like I was getting to, there was three men left, and we decided that it would make more sense to lay low a little longer. When Baker and the greenhorn went out, we'd agreed they'd not come back to the cave in the rocks after first light. That way, those left inside would be able to hide if that was what it took. Turns out, it was. Kind of rough on them two, I'll warrant.

"Now directly, we heard Comanche spoken not far away. Couldn't see them, nor make out what they were sayin, but it was plain they was just outside the cave. I took off my bag and knife, and crawled as quiet as a grass snake to the entrance, and looked out through a bush. There they was, a dozen or so of them, gambling over Baker and Peterson's clothes and possibles.

"I skinned back to the others and told them what was up. That settled the matter of what to do for a while. The sergeant and Willowstick took up watch at the bush there, and I set off down the cave to see if it had another entrance. We could feel a breeze from inside, so we knew it had to go somewhere. This time, though, I took all my gear. Didn't know but what I might need something down there.

"There ain't many places darker than a cave, and after a while, I could almost taste it. Heard it, too. Sounded like wind, but it was just as strong if I covered my ears. Didn't like it. Now and again, I'd strike my flint a couple of times and try to see a little, then crawl some more. When I'd been about an hour, I came to a place where the floor dropped down into a crack, and I couldn't tell how deep it was. I tossed in a rock, and it skidded way down before it hit anything solid. It was wider than I could feel across, even with my rifle, so I decided to turn back. That's when I heard the shooting. Comanche had found the cave. My partners kept on shooting, and I figured to help them. It was certain sure nobody could get around behind us without my knowing about it, and the rocks were pretty steep up above the cave, so it was a good defense as long as the powder and shot held out. Best we had, anyway.

"I was turning around to go on back, and I stood up too fast. Hit my head hard on the rocks above and fell right over into that crack. I come clattering down, and dropped my pistol, but held onto my





rifle. I was skinned up some. I checked out my gear by touch, and nothing was broken or missing, not even this canteen Ol' Cooper'd made, though I was surprised at that. Glad for the water, though. There was dry bones all over the place. Up top, there was still shooting, and men were hollering, but I couldn't tell anything more, and I couldn't get back up the scabble. The shots got fewer, so I figured one of them had gone under. After a while it was all quiet."

Greybeard looked at the embers for a bit, and it seemed like his good eye misted up some. When he spoke again, it was a little softer at first. "Well, there wasn't any going back the way I came, even without the Comanche up there, and when I saw some lights coming, I decided it was time to move on. There was room to crawl both ways, so I picked the one that put the wind in my face and set off.

"It took about a half a day, but I found the way out, down near the bottom of the mesa. Just a narrow door behind some big rocks, you'd have probably missed it if you was passing by. Couldn't help but remember ol' Willowstick saying to 'enter by the narrow gate, for the wide road leads to destruction' or something like that, and it sure was true that day. There was warriors all over the place, celebrating their new clothes and smokepoles they'd got from my compadres.

"There was eight dead Comanche laid out in a row there, so them boys had made them pay a high price for their hair. By then, the excitement over the shooting had died down some, and there were a few trackers prowling around, looking at the prints we'd made going up the hillside the night before. It's sort of hard to cover your trail when you can't see it, you know, and I was pretty sure they'd figured there was one of us left. Me and the sergeant was wearing boots, see, and they'd only found one pair up on him. They knew I was around there somewhere. That's one reason I always wear moccasins anymore. Don't leave marks on the ground.

"Well, it was a hard time in that canyon, but the part I was starting to tell you was this: for a day and a night, I'd move up into that cave and call up the crevice. Told them in Comanche I was the spirit of the white men they'd killed and I was going to get revenge. At night, I'd call the same thing out the door in the rocks. I had some of them pretty spooked, since they couldn't figure where I was, and the superstitious ones thought it was bad medicine. They weren't interested in looking too far into the cave, either.

"Then on the second day, one of the roughest looking warriors you'd ever want to see came up toward the doorway at the bottom. He'd been chanting and carrying on with a half dozen of his friends all day, and he'd stripped off most of his clothes and painted his face all white, like a death's head. Acted like a medicine man or somesuch. He was carrying a 'hawk and a rifle, and singing an Indian song, maybe his death song, I don't know.

"I'd seen him coming, and squeezed back into the cranny where he couldn't see me, but I could see him. I called out the same thing again, but he just spit both ways and slipped his 'hawk in his belt. Then he lit a torch. Didn't take him long to do it, neither, and he wasn't looking a bit scared. I scurried back into the cave a good ways, listening from time to time as he came in. I could hear him singing, and I could see the light kept on up the crawlway. The draft brought the smoke from his torch in, and I could track him that way, too. Directly, I found out that the other direction from the scramble was a dead end, but I found my pistol there. Meanwhile, he just kept on coming. He knew I was in there, and aimed to get a notch on his medicine stick and my hair on his saddle horn.

"I laid down and got as small as I could. I could hear him breathing now, and I figured he could hear me too. He came around the bend, where I had a good view of him before he could spot me. I fired my rifle, but I couldn't see the sights, and I missed. The sound of the shot and the ricochet caused him to jump and he let fire with his rifle. The ball hit right beside my head and threw slivers of rock and lead all over the side of my face and into this blind eye. Ripped a place in the back of my shirt, too.

"Then he sets down his rifle and came up with his warhawk. I was crowded into a little nook and couldn't stand up, not that I had anywhere to go, you understand. I knew I had one shot, and that with an unchecked pistol that had been dropped, but I let him get to two paces before I give him a third eye between the other two. So that's how my blind eye saved my hair." Greybeard took another sip of the coffee and leaned against the lazyback.

Nobody else would, so Mule broke the uneasy silence by asking, "OK, I see you got that warrior, but how'd your eye make any difference.

"Because of this." With his one hand, Greybeard spread his eyelid wide open. He took his other forefinger and touched the eye, center and side. "there ain't any feeling in it at all. If there was, I probably couldn't have shot that fellow. I'd been laying there holding my face and hollering when he took my hair." He pushed his eyelid closed and grinned. "So, like I said already, we was right in thinking that canyon was where Blood Hawk was, and wrong in thinking we was the better trackers. Them Comanche can read a whisper on the bark of a tree, so it weren't no trouble finding my heel prints on soft ground."

Mule hadn't learned when to quit. "Yeah, but, how did you get out of there?" MacGraw was not predisposed to help him out.

"Mule, you want the whole ox. Can't you be happy with just a steak? I'm talk-tired now. Maybe some 'nother time."

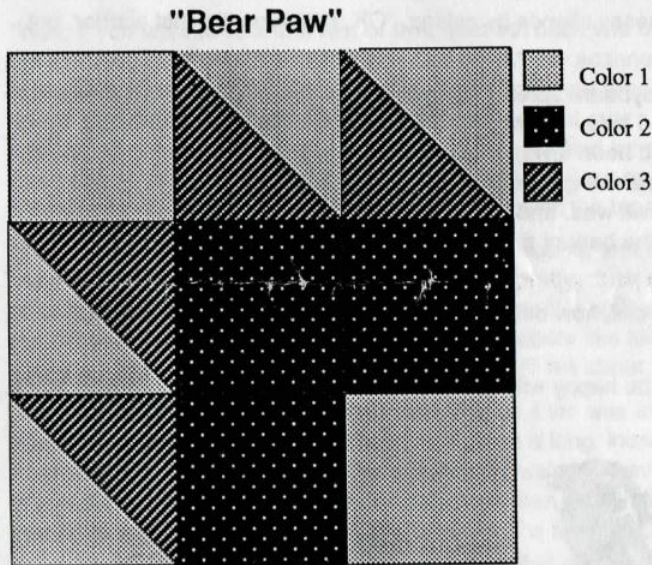


1993 Quilt Auction

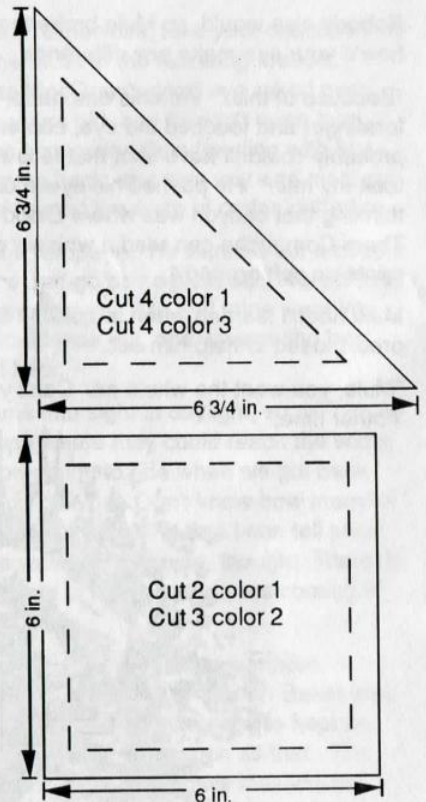
Once again this year, there will be two quilts to be auctioned off at the Christmas banquet.

As always, the first block will be the FCF family block. Embroider your FCF signature in the center of the block and the family members names around the edges (see next page). This block should be 12 1/2 inches square when completed.

The second block should be completed as follows:

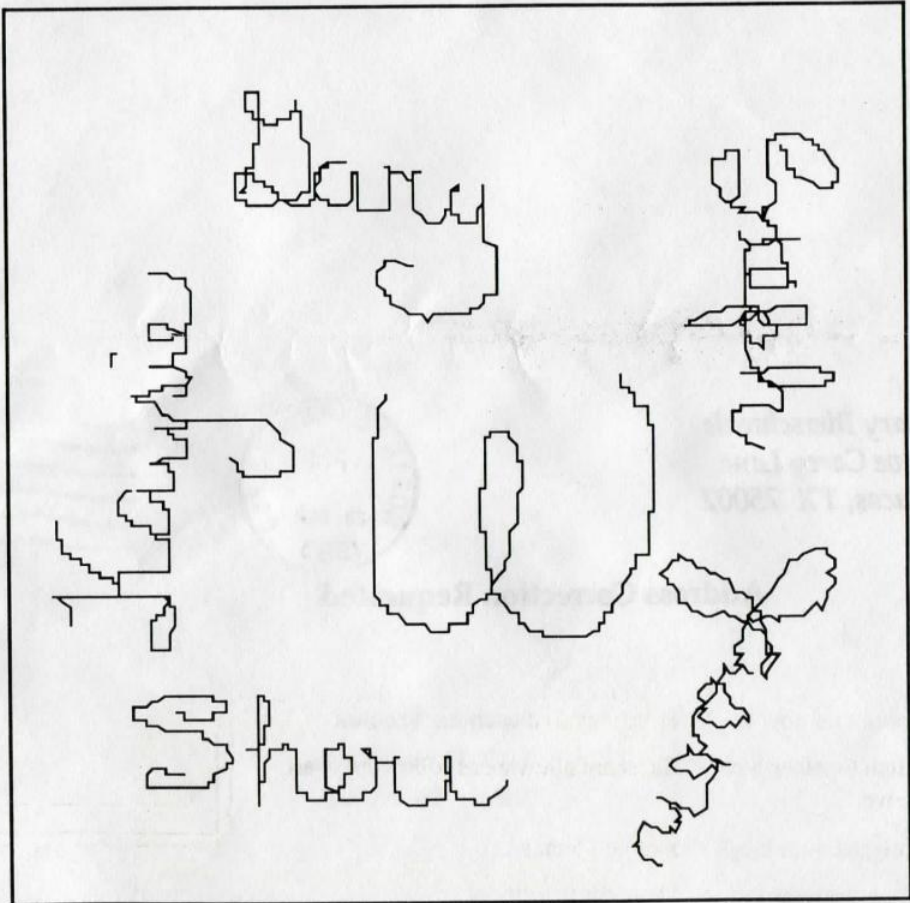


- Enlarge pattern pieces to sizes indicated.
- Cut out number of pieces indicated of each fabric color.
- Stitch together with 1/2 in. seam allowances following chart above.
- Finished quilt block should be 15 in. sq.
- Use autumn colors for a beautiful quilt!
- Color 1 should be solid off-white fabric.



FCF Family Block

Should be 12 1/2" square.



Gary Bierschwale
Five Carey Lane
Lucas, TX 75002



Address Correction Requested

Jonathan Trower
3112 Pioneer Circle
Waco , TX 76712

