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Editorial-

This is the first issue of The TMA Journal, a historic event. The Editorial is where the editor generally rants and raves about some topic or another. We'll leave that to the experts.

I think the TMA is an important organization in that it has at its heart a philosophy of tradition. Not only with traditional firearms, but a tradition of values and morals. We're not all saints here, but the common denominator is a respect for other members not often found in a group or organization of this size.

I personally would like to see the organization flourish into a large national organization representing a group of like minded folks. I won't condemn other groups, organizations or philosophies, they have their agendas and we have ours. If you like what you see here you'll stick around, if not, you'll leave. It's not for everyone. But, it's for me.

The good thing about this Journal is that, for the time being, it is an online publication. That translates into very little overhead for the organization. Hopefully we will be able to continue on like this for a while until we get on our feet a bit more.

Well, like I said this is the first issue, Vol. 1, No. 1. Save it. It will be a collector someday.

I hope you will find this Journal interesting. I have. I've put a few hours of work into it myself, editing, correcting spelling, grammar and things like that. I'm sure there are some errors that got by, but do your best to get through it. There are a lot of members that put a lot of their own time into it was well. I hope to see more input in the future. Anyway....enjoy the first issue of:

THE TMA JOURNAL

--Bob McMahon--aka Firewalker

Coming Events-

TMA Shooting Contest

One of the things needed when forming the TMA was a shooting program for our members. This is why we came up with the Monthly Postal Shoots, and our Annual National Postal Shoot, the two of which we declare, Monthly Champions, and our Annual National Champions.

I feel we have done well with this program, and the interest seems to be growing as we move along. It's a good feeling knowing we have an outlet for our members to come together for some friendly competition, and we're able to invite non-members to join us in the Monthly Postal Shoots whereby they too may some day become a TMA Member and help support this fine organization though membership.

Most of us are miles apart, but these shooting contests help us to connect with each other, and through these we get to know some of our fellow members. I feel this program has helped in making us who we are today, and what we'll be tomorrow, along with how we will grow as an organization over time.

I will close for now with one final thought;

An area I would very much like to see us get involved in is, Traditional Archery. We have talked some about this, but as of now we have not worked out the details needed. If someone with a keen interest in this field would like to take the bull by the horns and help to create such a program for the TMA, I believe it would be as successful as our muzzleloading shoots, and only add to the flavor of our organization.

I hope everyone has an enjoyable summer, and I hope to see lots of TMA targets turned in from our Postal Shoots!

Ohio Joe
TMA National Match Director

History-

Kemps Korner of History

by Gordon Kemp

Hello to all! And welcome to the first issue of the TMA Journal. I am pleased to have been asked to contribute some articles to be used in the journal. My hope is to write of subjects relating to history, the development of black powder and the weapons made to use it. If the members who read them find it to be interesting, I feel my goal has been achieved.

This is YOUR journal! I welcome any suggestions, ideas or comments that you, the members, convey to me.

The great thing about muzzle loading is there is no limit to the variety of subjects that relate to it. There are hundreds of different items, time periods and objects to explore.

In this first article, let's look at an overview of black powder and the weapons and implements designed to put this power to use. There have been thousands of discoveries and inventions over the centuries that have propelled mankind forward into this 21st century. Some of these would be the first knapped, flint tools spear points and knives. The flat bows, long bows, cross bows, battleaxes and spears, also, such things as the incline plane, lever and fulcrum, the wheel and the screw, all of these made it possible for man to move up the ladder of civilization. These were important to the movement of mankind to a more civilized position. The discovery of black powder and the subsequent development of the gun, served to move mankind forward faster than any other tool or discovery. That is how I view the muzzle loading weapon, the ultimate TOOL

The development of the muzzleloading firearm, also spurred the quest for better methods of manufacture and the tools that made this possible. The idea of interchangeable parts was one of the most important steps in the manufacturing of weapons and other equipment. The engine lathe and turret lathe were others. Metallurgy was advanced by the quest for stronger and more stable metals. The long list of ideas and inventions and manufacturing processes developed to produce military weapons, in my opinion, was the spark that ignited the industrial revolution.

We have touched on but a few of the advances brought about by the evolution of the muzzle loader. There are volumes written on these and other subjects that have a direct relationship to muzzleloading. For the most part, any future articles will be discussing the muzzle loader and its accoutrements from the period of 1700 to 1900. It appears this is the time period chosen by most of the members of the TMA. This time span will cover the period of transition from flintlock to percussion lock.

I feel a brief historical account might be of interest. It should be remembered that until the Declaration of Independence was issued, the English Colonies were subject to the laws, taxes and all other regulations issued from England. The population was subjects of the Crown.

In order to maintain control of these Colonies, the sponsoring country (England), felt it best to discourage too much independent enterprise within the Colonies. It was favorable to the sponsor to keep the Colonies dependent on goods and materials supplied from manufacturers and dealers in England. This was true of arms and munitions in particular. (Governmental Gun Control is not new) This is one of the main reasons the construction of firearms in North America, didn't start in earnest, until well into the 1700s. The weapons that were supplied to the Colonies were the smoothbore type. There

were small numbers of weapons from other countries such as Spain, France and Germany. The arms issued from England were kept in armories, along with the powder and shot in most instances. England kept strict control of iron products along with most other commodities shipped to the colonies. The more restrictions imposed the more control the sponsoring country maintained.

The restrictions imposed by the sponsor, no doubt, being the largest factor in the span of time before the construction of weapons began in North America. There were others! There were no smelters in North America for many decades. The making and storing of gun powder was not an acceptable idea to the Crown. The list of things that made it impossible to construct weapons in the Colonies would be more than can be listed in this article.

The area of North America we will be discussing at this time will be the Eastern Seaboard of what is now the United States and the eastern part of Canada (New France). One of the first iron smelters in the New World, was constructed in Three Rivers, Canada, this was about 1730. When the first smelter was functioning in the area of the English colonies I don't know. There is no doubt that copper was used by the colonies, it is one of few metals found in the pure state in nature. The Native Americans were using copper found in the great lakes region.

One of the biggest resources available to the colonists was wood. Even this was controlled by England, the Crown claimed any and all timber that was suitable for shipbuilding, in particular trees suitable for masts. The Colonist devised many items of home and farm use from the extensive types of wood available to them. In most cases the land plows had only a metal tip, the frame being of oak and other strong woods. Right up into the 1800s old houses and barns were burnt to the ground, and the ashes sifted to reclaim the metal nails, hinges and strapping. One resource used by the early settlers was hemp. The main item made from it being rope. It was also used to make fabrics. There used to be traces of hemp trees around many old farms and settlements. I don't know if they are still there, but up till a few years ago some huge hemp trees were still growing on the grounds of the Schuyler House, located near the village of Schuylerville N.Y. (Old Saratoga). This was the country home of Gen. Schuyler, located on the banks of the Hudson River.

Getting back to when the first guns and other implements of iron were made in North America. Most of the English Colonies did not welcome other than English immigrants into their settlements. It wasn't until Wm. Penn opened His Colony to immigrants of countries other than England, that the first Germans arrived in large numbers. Among these Germans came the gunsmiths and ironworkers of the Old World. When and by whom the first entire gun was constructed, lock, stock & barrel may never be known. I think it would have been in this area that it happened. This first weapon eventually evolved into what we know as the Penn. /Kentucky Rifle we prize today.

Ultimately these Germans migrated down through the costal colonies Maryland, N.Carolina, S.Carolina, Tennessee and Georgia.

One item of History I find interesting is, that the Holland Dutch were the first Europeans to trade guns to the Native Americans. This occurred in about 1640. This shows that the Iroquois Confederacy had a long education in the use of firearms by the time of the French & Indian war. This also explains why the Iroquois were able to maintain such a strong hold on their geographic area. If we examine the battles of the

Revolution, the Penn. rifle really played a rather small but sometimes important part. Most of the battles were fought with smoothbore weapons, and these were imported from England, France, Spain and Germany. They were of the Brown Bess and Charville types. There were some weapons constructed in America for the patriots. Guns commissioned by the Committees of Safety they were few in number and many used parts from other guns.

I feel that there is no other gun that compares to the Penn. rifles for beauty of form and artwork combined with function. It proved itself in the hands of the longhunters and frontiersmen of the 1700s well into the 1800s. The need for a weapon of shorter barrel and heavier caliber became apparent as the country expanded westward. The long barreled Kentucky served well for men who traveled on foot for the most part, but it was a little hard to manage on horseback. Sometime around the early 1800s the short barreled larger bore plains rifle appeared. As the Fur traders and Mountain Men penetrated the western mountains, the plains Rifle became the Mountain Rifle often referred to as the Hawken style. During all this evolution of the Rifle, the Smoothbore seems to have remained the most common gun amongst the early settlers and pioneers of this period. There were several reasons for this. Most pioneer families of the time couldn't afford the cost of a new rifle. There were many older smoothbore ex military guns available after the Revolution and war of 1812. It didn't take a great marksman to be effective with a smoothbore loaded with shot, buckshot or buck-n-ball. With a little practice, they were effective with patched round ball, out to 50 yards or so. The vital area of a deer sized animal was within its ability, out to this range. The smoothbore also made a great defensive weapon, even loaded with small shot it was deadly at close ranges.

What I have written here only scratched the surface of the complexities of the development of the Muzzleloading firearm. I hope this simple information reminds people of the importance of the Muzzleloader in the development of the United States.

When I handle and shoot my front stuffers these are some of the images that come to mind. To me, the Muzzleloader represents the ultimate symbol of freedom. Without it, most people would never have experienced the individual freedom most take for granted. Then, as now, there are individuals, governments and organizations that would wrest these freedoms from us. This is why I feel it so important to pass on this information to later generations. The TMA's ideas and ideals need to be supported.

There are other items that were very important to the expansion of this country. I would like to take a look at some of them. One of the least spoken of, but extremely important of these is the axe and hatchet, both as a weapon and most importantly as a tool. Most people understand the importance of the knife, but not many think beyond the tomahawk. I find the history of the axe to be extremely interesting, and hope you will too.

Firearms/accouterments- **Smoothbore vs. Rifled**

With Spring Turkey Opening just around the corner it's time for me to tune in that Turkey Gun and ask all you rifle shooters to take a close look at the versatility of the

Smoothbore rifle. When I first got started in this, step back in time dress up thing, the first thing I did was run out and buy a .50 cal. Hawken rifle after all isn't that what every respectable Mountain Man carried? (Not that there is anything wrong with the Hawken. I still have mine and love it like all my others.) But it didn't take me very long to realize that there were a lot of other weapons used back then. That's why I say, "Take a good look at a Smoothbore." If I were allowed only one gun it would have to be a Smoothy. You are able to start in the spring with Turkey, move into summer and then fall with rabbit and squirrel and then off into Pheasant, Back into Turkey, Duck, Goose, Grouse, and then finally into big game. I can't think of any other Muzzleloader I can do that with. I can shoot a round ball or shot and if I were in a pinch I could load it with just about anything I could stuff down the barrel. OK, OK, I wouldn't, but my point is, I could if I had to. I have been an avid Turkey hunter for some time now and with my smoothbore I no longer have to count on the modern shotgun anymore. It's just another step back in time for me and a way to loose this fast pace ole world for just a little while. They come in all shapes and sizes to fit everyone, from short barrel to long, English, French, or Indian Personas. There's even some for the Company men. I have several muzzleloaders, two of which are smoothbores and they tend to be the ones I use consistently. This year will be my first to dress totally primitive for Turkey season, the smoothbore completed that. I know if you're looking for distance in a shot you can't out do the rifle, but if you're looking for versatility and 50 to 75 yard shot then think about a Smoothy. I'm not trying to talk anyone in to letting go of their rifled smoke poles so don't get me wrong. I'm simply saying, "**HECK JUST ADD ANOTHER TO THE COLLECTION.**" That'll surely make the little woman happy.

Book reviews-

The Rifleman by John Brick

An excellent read. Written in the early '50s. The editions that I have seen were 1953 by Doubleday. This book is currently out of print, but can be found on Amazon or ebay. A search through Abebooks or Addall would probably net a few copies as well.

The book is the story of Tim Murphy and his friend Dave Ellerson and their lives during the Revolutionary War. Tim Murphy is thought to be one of, if not the finest shots in the American army. Eye witness accounts credit him with 300 yard shots. The story tells of their life in the army and of all trials and tribulations of life in the late 1700's. It brings to light the personal side of Murphy and his relationships with others.

The author also discusses firearms, dress and living conditions in the war years. How factual and accurate? Who knows? I can say its all fact and the next person will say it's all wrong. I would bet its pretty close. At any rate it's an interesting book to read. I would recommend locating a copy and reading it.

--Bob McMahon--aka Firewalker

Fiction

The Find
by

Dave Poss

CRACK! The sound made Pete turn around sharply to find his hunting companion with one leg sunk down to the knee in the rotted floor of the old cabin.

“Damn, this is a good place to break a leg!” John said, withdrawing his leg from the hole. As he pulled free, though, his woodland style moccasin slipped off his foot.

“Great! Just great,” he said in disgust. John started prying up some of the decayed boards to retrieve his ware when he saw that his moccasin was not the only thing under the floor. He pulled up a few more of the old planks to reveal a long cloth and pitch covered object and a sealed crock.

“Pete, come-mere, look what I found,” he said as he knelt to remove the articles from their hiding place.

Pete cautiously made his way toward John stepping on boards that he felt would hold his weight. They had been hunting in a new area the last couple of days, and finding and exploring the ruins of the centuries old log structure was a link to the past that they tried to depict when away from modern life.

By the time he arrived, John had already made a circular cut around the protective cover of the old crock with his patch knife.

“What’s in it Jerky?” Pete guessed.

“No, it’s apiece of paper.... looks like a letter!”

Pete edged closer as John carefully unrolled the aged document and began to read aloud.

“THIS DAY BEING 22 JUNE 1782, I MAKE NOTE OF A TRAGEDY THAT HAS BEFALLEN THIS HOME. AT SUNRISE AN ATTACK BY SAVAGES TOOK THE LIVES OF MY BELOVED WIFE AND SON. I TOO AM MORTALLY WOUNDED AND EXPECT TO SUCCUMB THIS NIGHT. CHANCE THAT I WILL BE WITH MY FAMILY IN HEAVEN TO VIEW THE LIGHT OF TOMORROW. BE IT KNOWN THAT MY BEST WAS DONE TO PROVIDE A CHRISTIAN BURIAL FOR MY LOVED ONES, THOUGH I FEAR THEIR RESTING PLACES ARE RATHER SHALLOW DUE TO MY WANING STRENGTH. I HAVE TAKEN DUE CARE TO HIDE THIS LETTER AND MY RIFLE GUN THAT DEFENDED US WELL. I TRUST THAT YOU ARE WHITE AND CHRISTIAN AND THAT THIS RIFLE WILL SERVE YOU IN YOUR QUESTS AS IT DID ME. THIS IS ALL I HAVE TO LEAVE. PRAY FOR US THAT HAVE DEPARTED.

IN YOU DEBT,
JOSHUA CRAIG”

For several seconds the two men starred at each other in disbelief. Then without a word, John picked up the long linen bundle and reverently began to cut away the pitched cloth. Their eyes widened when the faultless etching on a brass patch box became visible. As more of the aged linen fell to the deteriorating wood floor, the rifle showed itself to be in near perfect condition.

“It looks like it was put here yesterday” John said in awe.

“Yeah, you can still see powder residue on the lock where it was fired in the battle.”

The rifle appeared to be a near mint condition Pennsylvania Flintlock that would take little effort to clean and restore to shooting condition.

“Let’s go, I can’t wait to show this thing off!”

“Wait a minute! Why don’t we see if we can find the graves? He may have buried something valuable with the bodies.” Pete suggested excitedly.

“Are you crazy? That’s grave robbing!”

“Come off it; those people have been dead 200 years. Nobody even knows they were here, and besides, they won’t care.” Pete grinned.

“I can’t believe you’d really do that Pete. It doesn’t matter if they’ve been dead 200 years or 2000 years or 2 days! If anything was buried with them, it was NEVER meant to be seen again.” John paused, then added, “Forget it man.”

Angrily Pete snapped back, “It’s easy for you to walk away, you’ve got a gun worth thousands! I’m going to look around for the graves, with or without you.”

“Well, it’s going to be without me. I’m not going to mess with a grave.”

“You scared of ghosts or what?” challenged Pete.

“Hell no! It’s the principle of the thing. This guy Joshua, buried his whole family here. How’d you feel if some treasure hunter dug up your family?”

There was a moment of silence then Pete said defiantly, “Go ahead then, I’m going to look around some.”

John took the letter and the rifle and started to leave, but turned to plead once more, “Come on Pete, let it be.” His words fell on deaf ears.

Soon Pete was alone and began his search for depressions in the earth that could possibly be the graves.

“Let’s see,” he thought, “this farmer couldn’t have gone far. He was about dead himself, and the Indians must have still been around. The graves have to be close by.” He started to systematically circle the cabin widening his search each time. Shortly, he located two slightly sunken areas.

“This has to be it.” He said aloud. He looked for something to dig with and soon found a sturdy board from the cabin floor. With it and his tomahawk, he began his task.

He had only dug a short time before his make-shift shovel uncovered a small white bone. His heart quickened as he started removing the loose dirt with his hands. Soon, another bone was revealed, then another. A large rounded bone was abruptly exposed and he knew immediately that it was the skull. Fascinated, he continued to dig until it was fully uncovered. His hands were shaking as he picked up the skull and examined it. “Was this the wife or the son?” he thought. “Must be the woman; looks too large to have been the child.” A cold chill ran up his back causing him to nearly drop the macabre relic. Shaken, but persistent, he laid the skull to the side and resumed his search.

As he was sifting through some of the rich soil, a dull glitter caught his eye. Breaking away the soil from the object, to his excitement he discovered that it was a charm on a broken chain. He cleaned it further by pouring water on it from his tin canteen thus showing it to be an oval gold locket. It bore an inscription; ‘Yours for all time’ Joshua 1768.

Pete was examining his “find” when he heard a noise behind him. Turning quickly, he found nothing except the evening wind whining through the trees. As he turned back to the hole, his eyes met the empty cavities of the skull that were once lit

with life. Again, he shuddered. The darkening sky made him realize that it would soon be night.

His nerves were on edge and the thought of spending the night at this spot was not a pleasant one, so he hastily pushed the skull back into the hole and covered it with earth.

Clutching his find, he left the area to its former solitude, but just a few miles from the cabin, darkness forced him to make camp. Although exhausted, he experienced a restless night. His sleep was interrupted by strange dreams that left him shaken and drained. He awoke several times thinking that he heard voices.

“John, is that you?” He called. But only the night sounds answered him.

Finally, morning light allowed him to escape the woods and return to his home.

Everyone in the small town was talking about the rifle and letter that John had found, though he wouldn’t tell anyone exactly where the cabin was, for fear they would go there and disturb the site. Pete meanwhile showed off the locket and lied about finding it in the ruins. John knew the truth, but out of loyalty to his old friend he kept quiet.

Time passed, but troubled nights were the norm for Pete. Nightmares and strange occurrences kept him hollow-eyed and nervous.

One night, while he was forcing himself to eat, his long rifle that he had lovingly built, mysteriously fell from its hooks above the fireplace breaking the stock at the wrist. Shortly after that, his workshop was nearly destroyed by fire. Sunlight filtering through a window had caught the lens in his tobacco tin and had somehow ignited a spark in the rag bin. The resulting fire claimed most of his primitive gear before the blaze was extinguished.

The two men had not spoken since the day at the cabin, but Pete’s ragged appearance caused John to voice his concern about the health of his friend. After Pete explained what had been happening recently, John said, “It’s the locket. You can laugh if you want to, but if it were me, I’d take that thing and put it back where I found it.”

Pete tried to convince himself that none of the “accidents” or sleepless nights were related to acquiring the gold charm. After several more tormented nights though, he made a decision to return the locket to the grave as John had suggested.

By mid afternoon, he wished that he had asked John to go with him, but he knew that what he had to do; only he should do.

His pace slowed as he neared the cabin, and he realized that his trembling was not due to the cold. It was fear! Soon the ruins were before him. On unsteady legs, he made his way to the violated grave. Somehow, it seemed different than the way he had left it and his first reaction was to throw the locket down and run. Instead, he took a deep breath, knelt beside the depression, and began removing the loose dirt. Pete was startled when his hand again touched the cool smoothness of the skull. Nervously, he took the locket from his pouch and gently placed it where he had first discovered it. His task completed, he pushed the dirt back around the disturbed remains and softly patted it down.

“You have back what belongs to you now. I...I’m sorry that I...” He didn’t finish his sentence because, somehow he felt “she” knew what was in his heart.

As he rose, it seemed a heavy weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

Pete stood there a moment surveying the surroundings where a battle for life had been fought and lost so many years ago. As the days final red glow of the sun shown on

the cabin, the inscription on the locket dwelt on his mind....."For all time..." He smiled, and to the wind he whispered "rest in peace; Joshua's wife"

And the wind heard him.

Epilogue

Sometimes things are lost and the finder is the benefactor. While other items are hidden or placed to be found at a later time, as the rifle in this story. However, things that are buried or put away with the intent of forever remaining unseen is, in this writer's opinion, best left undisturbed. Your conscience and the Law is all there is to govern your actions if a similar situation ever arose. Chances are that in many remote areas, the law would not be a factor. So, it boils down to your conscience. Is it acceptable in your mind to dig up an old grave? Most people would dispel even the thought, but some of these same people feel that going into an Indian burial mound or grave is permissible....that's Archeology! I wonder how the Indians feel about this. Do their burial customs and the fact that we "defeated" them give us the right to desecrate their ancestor's graves?

I cannot speak for anyone else, but my answer to this question is a very adamant "NO". A grave, be it red or white, is a Final resting place on this earth, and the contents of it were never intended to be viewed again. Any objects in a grave were placed there by someone who loved or respected the deceased. I feel that we are morally bound to honor this memoriam.

Trivia-

A wee bit of historically accurate trivia:

There was a man by the name of Oleander Renolds or Reynolds, spelling depends on where you read this, who was a tinsmith in the early colonies. His son did not want to follow in the footsteps of his father, but instead wanted to fight Indians and Frenchmen. When Oscar, son of Oleander and Hilda, was 17 he joined the local militia. Eventually he became one of the renowned Rogers Rangers. Through diligence and hard work he was elevated to the rank of lieutenant. Lieutenant Oscar Reynolds spent many long weeks in the wilderness on scouts with the Rangers, many times skirmishing with the French and or Indians. Often times they would travel for days to ambush a French supply wagon or to harass a French scouting party. On one of his trips home to see his parents they commented on how thin he looked. They thought he should eat more. He replied that on his frequent forages they had very little to eat. The food in their haversacks often got wet and inedible after crossing a stream or spending a day in the rain. Oscar, after eating a big meal and weary from his long journey, retired early. His father went into his shop and could be heard hammering away until the wee hours of the morning. Later, the next day as Oscar prepared to leave, his mother presented him with a Haversack of food and a second bag of tin. Oscar looked in the bag and saw several square parcels of tin and in the second bag several layers of the same tin material. He asked his parents what they were. Hilda said they were roast beef sandwiches for the journey back north. Oleander told him that he was up all night hammering tin into very thin, pliable sheets that could be used to

wrap sandwiches and other foods to keep them safe. The second bag had a goodly supply of the foil.

--So when you are on a scout or trek or at a rendezvous it is perfectly acceptable and PC/HC to use Reynolds Wrap for your food and cooking. Just keep a copy of this historical trivia with you at all times and show it to the PC police. There will be no further questions.

--Bob McMahon--aka Firewalker

Reports—

A great day in the woods

Tim “Griz” Sanner

It was a bitter sweet day in the fall Pennsylvania woods, sweet because the weather was a chilly 36 Degrees in the morning and the high for this sunny day was only 40 degrees but with the beautiful blue sky it warmed the soul just to be out amongst the trees and friends. It was a bitter day because we all knew that it was the last shoot we would have for a couple months, our last shoot for the season. The commitments start to take priority, with bear season, deer season, Thanksgiving and Christmas coming up we know we will have to miss a few months and wait till we have our freeze fest shoot in the winter. The turn out was a fair one with 12 shooters showing up to enjoy the day. Our group has a total of 23 guys and our average shoot attendance is 14.



We had ham and bean soup on the fire cooking for our return to base camp after our event in the woods was done and we were off for one of the 2 ranges. I and two of our

members own large tracts of land in which we hold our shoots and I am hosting today's shoot. All 3 have made woods walk ranges on them for our group to enjoy, so we rotate each month and it really adds to the variety of the shoots.



The woods walk ranges that we are using today are about 1/3 mile each and they both consist of 13 targets that I sometimes change around just to keep everyone on their toes. Most of the targets I have are 1/2" metal gongs hanging from trees but I like to slip novelty targets in where ever I can, like a bowling pin at 50 yds, those pins are really tough and will easily last a season (not that they don't get hit). I have 2 axes in a log that you need to split the ball and take out both clays, a helium tank at 100 yards that really has a nice ring when it gets hit, a tire iron hanging from a chain at 30 yds, and the favorite of all is the propane tank that is 120 yds. down over a 60 foot high rock cliff that you can see Tom (no powder) Faidley making smoke from the rock perch, plus many others.



All of the targets are placed so that they have a good ground backstop so that safety is our first priority. After our opening prayer given by our Chaplin, Bill Seifert, and the usual safety speech given by one of the ranks, we head out for some shootin' and guaranteed ribbing when any one does something like loading 3 balls without powder (not to mention any names). It sure is a good day when you can get out into the woods with like minded fellows to spend a day smelling that ole white smoke. After we get through with the shootin section of the day we head back to the base camp to throw the hawk and knives and to be timed at starting fire with flint and steel.



It is best to keep a sharp eye on some of our members since accelerants like steel wool and maybe even a little kerosene have been known to be used but only in fun because our group is not a competitive bunch and no one gets excited, our high is just being out there in the woods with the long rifles and good friends. While the range master adds up the scores, our Chaplin says grace with the group and then we get to eat our fine meal cooked over the fire. We will settle in with a fine cup of coffee that has been simmering over the fire all day and wait for the reading of our scores and the picking of the prizes. It really is hard to leave in the evening; no one wants to go home.



If only life could be slower and more relaxed. When we show up in the morning at the grounds for a shoot, it really is amazing how all the troubles and worries stay out at the gate by the main road. It really is amazing how the woods will relieve all the tensions of everyday life and make all seem right with the world and when you go past that gate at the entrance to the grounds. Then, when nightfall comes, we all have to get back to the 21st century no matter how much we don't want to. I really enjoy the days spent in the woods, for the biggest reason, my 18 years old son Josh tries to make all the shoots he can, when work permits. There is something special about being out there with a fine young man that is your son. It really makes your chest swell up and enjoying the day with him is always special. God has truly been good to me and blessed me well with friends

and family to share time in the woods with. I hope that everyone enjoys shootin black powder as much as I do and can find a bunch of good friends like I have, it sure does make for a great day in the woods.

How-to-

Building the Double Barrel Shotgun

by Captchee

A few months back a friend of mine said, “Charlie, have you ever built a double gun?” That started the ball a rollin. Now I can’t say this enough if you plan on doing this, get Bill Brockway’s book “Recreating the Double Barrel Muzzleloading Shotgun”, as there is a lot more to it then I will print here .

Step one was to find a stock. Fred’s mountain name AKA Daisy Toe Thumb the Travelin Man, “LMAO don’t ask lol”, showed up with a piece of black walnut that he had out back of the barn. She had been resting out in the weeds for going on 6 years so I decided to give her a cut and see what we had.



Now there has been many questions on building stocks from scratch here on this forum in the last month or so and some have ask about how to get striping or heavy grain. Mostly

that's done by what's called $\frac{1}{4}$ sawing which is different then the way lumber is cut. I didn't have a round big enough to $\frac{1}{4}$ cut so IMO the next best chance you have is a center cut. What this does is give you a plank that is out of the heart of the log/round. This doesn't give you the best character but it is better then nothing. You will, however, lose character as you cut a plank to each side so remember that you get one good stock this way. The rest will be less and less.



Ok, notice the grain, how it runs down the grip and into the butt of the stock. You have to pay close attention as to how you line up the grain as the wrist is the weakest point, you want the grain running through this area, not ending here or you WILL have a fracture / crack at some time start here.

Here you will also notice that we have a modern pommel on the roughed out stock . This was deleted after fitting, not without pressure from yours truly. This was cut with a band saw into a rough shape 2 7/8 wide.



Ok, so now we have a rough stock outline and need a set of barrels. I chose a set of Damascus twist breach loading barrels in 12 gage for this job. Now this takes some looking but if you keep an eye out you will come across them with very good bores , none to very little pitting , shiny and no dents. I found a set at a local gun show and snagged them for the cost of 10 dollars.

Now what we have to now do is thread and breach these barrels. For this I chose a $7/8 \times 1\frac{1}{4}$ tap and ran threads down to the forcing cones. It's pretty easy to tell once you have gotten down that far as the tap will refuse to move. At this point don't force it or you may spread the bore, just back out and finished with a bottom tap. I them turned the pugs out of 1 inch bar stock" for more info on this and the total building of a SXS muzzleloader check out Bill Brockway's book "Recreating the Double Barrel Muzzleloading Shotgun". A word here, be sure to follow his advice, he knows what he is talking about, don't cut the hooks on the breach yet but go ahead and fit the breaches being sure to use and inlettting compound to check that you have a good seat on the face of the breach .



Ok now here I jumped ahead and inlet the barrels with breach into the stock, I then cut out the breach hooks and fit them to the standing breech and inlet the standing breach, before doing a rough shape of the stock.

BEFORE you start rasping make sure to read the entire chapter about building a stock, you need the center line, offsets and drop as well as pull. Get this all marked out before you start to inlet and you will be fine. Make sure to stay away from the lock areas, you want these left flat for inletting and will shape them later.

At this point I started inletting the locks, this turned out to be a bit more work then I was used to as these inlets "MUST" match. This was achieved by stripping the locks and laying the lock plates on the areas left flat for the mortises of the locks. I then used an alignment jig in the drill press and drilled the hole for the lock bolt that would hold the two locks together. Using a longer screw I tightened the lock plates down and started the inletting.

A word here as well, when you add a piece back to the lock plate for inletting, inlet that piece on each lock before going to the next piece. I found this will save you a problem by allowing the locks to be inlet at the same rate and depth. If you do not do this you may end up with the sears touching.

Here is the shot of the rough in work on the right side lock. Notice I have not inlet the final shape of the lock plat but am about 1/8 inside the line on this shot.



Ok so now once the locks were inlet and the sear whole drilled we set the locks in to check the fit and alignment to the breach plugs in this photo you will see I have outlined the area to grind out for the nipple seats . The locks are aligned and hammers are setting on the tumblers but not screwed on ...



The locks have been on and off about 150 times at this point.

Also, notice the work around the locks have not been done yet. You will also notice that I have deviated from Bill's instructions as to the breach design. To complete the center rib back on the breach area I used a European design here. By saving the piece of barrel that is cut off during the sizing and breaching of the barrels you will find a short section of the center rib is left on that piece. I simply removed it with heat, drilled and tapped a $\frac{1}{4}$ 20 hole and drilled up between the breach plugs and screwed the one inch piece of center rib into this area from the bottom using a brass screw. This came out real clean and saved a lot of lathe work. After finished and the barrels being brown this left a nice round brass inlay here.

From here on out I found the building of a double much the same as any other rifle or smoothbore. For instance inletting of the triggers, guard, barrels and butt plate.





And here is a shot of the happy new papa Daisy Toe Thumb the Travelin Man AKA Fred.



Once again I left out a lot here that is covered in Bill Brockway's book like the engraving and finish work as well a full detail on building and setting the breach plugs and very good descriptions on stock design that will transfer over into the building of all weapons. I highly recommend this book to everyone beginner and expert alike.

If I had to say there was a draw back to Bill's work, do not follow his over view of the building order. That, however, can be a good thing as well as it forces us to take a good look at his total information before starting.

Over all I would have to say that building this double has been one of the most interesting projects I have ever done. It created a new challenge and instilled some old lessons that I had forgotten back into my mind.

I give it a 9 for content and a 10 on the project scale.

Total cost of shotgun minus hour's labor

locks, standing breech and hardware bought off E-bay for 45.00

Barrel local at local gun show 10.00

Stock NC

Total time to 327 h

Fun meter MAXED

Making a Pouch

By Eric Campbell

Today I am going to explain to you how to construct your own hunting pouch from materials that are inexpensive and easily obtainable locally. I will also explain to you different methods to help you make a hunting pouch durable and period correct.

The first thing you will need to do is design a style of pouch you will like. Some things to consider in a hunting pouch is what you will put into it. Some people try to put the minimum while others need more space. Once you have decided what you will need and what style you will like you can trace your pouch on a piece of paper or a scrap piece of cloth. Remember to leave about one fourth of an inch on all sides for your stitches.

Now you will need to buy your materials. You can get some cloth from and old linen sheet or cotton sheet for free. If you don't have any material around your house you can go to your local craft store or dare I say Wal Mart and get some. At Wal Mart you can find some chamois cloth that is a cheap source for leather and looks like brain tan buckskin. Chamois is made from sheep skin most of the time. This material is thin and stretches a lot so you may want to line the strap with cloth or stretch it out until it will not stretch anymore.

Not all hunting pouches were made from leather! There are many period descriptions of cloth hunting pouches not haversacks. I can think of one or two surviving originals in museum collections. So, at Wal Mart or your local craft store you will be able to find either cotton, pillow ticking, hemp, or linen fabric. One yard should be enough to

make at least one hunting pouch. I like to work with pillow ticking so that is what I have chosen to make with this article. This is my first cloth hunting pouch as well. I have made plenty of leather hunting pouches and haversacks before, but I have never made a cloth pouch, so I am learning with you. You will see my pouch from start to finish.

You can use a piece of leather from your hide for the strap if you are working with leather. Or, you can sew two pieces of your cloth together to fit the strap length you need as well. Sometimes fabric stores will have some cotton webbing. Some merchants also carry webbing such as blue heron mercantile. Also some of you may wish to have a button as well. You can buy pewter buttons from Wal Mart or make your own using a dowel rod and a drill. The same goes for antler or bone. Many merchants carry them as well as buckles of all kinds. Such as Blue Heron, Crazy Crow, Track of the Wolf and many others. You may also be able to find a correct looking buckle and other household things as well! In addition you will also need a good needle and some linen thread. You can also use cotton thread if that is all you have.

Let's begin! Once you have got your pouch all cut out to the shape you want to begin sewing it. We will start by using the running stitch and return back through with a saddle stitch which is very strong. You will want to start hemming the top of your pouch and the flap. Fold over the edge either once or twice to keep it from fraying. Start with a simple knot. Then begin to stitch over to the other side and keep it straight and don't let it gather. Once you have reached the other side, continue back with the same way and that creates the saddle stitch. Then you can use a simple knot or make a lock stitch. If hand sewing is too hard or you do not have the time you could also use a sewing machine.

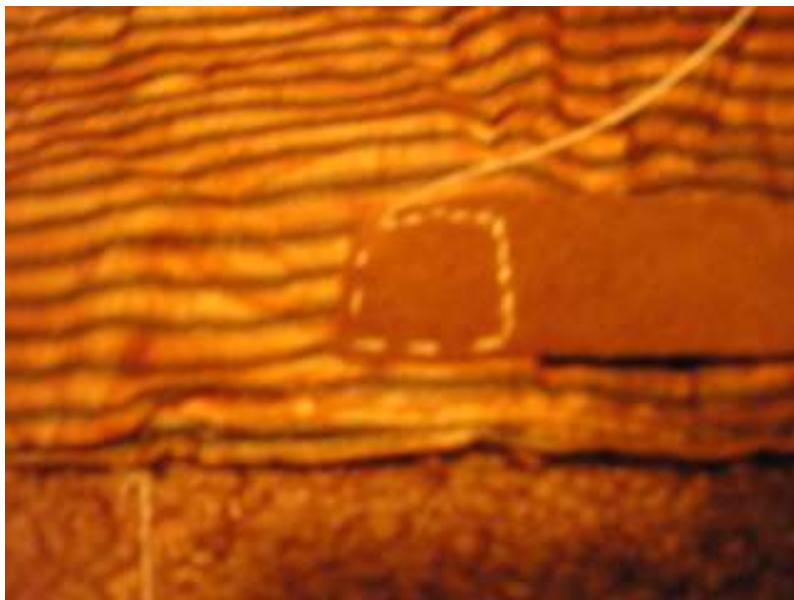
Now once you have the flap and the top of the pouch hemmed you will want to start to sew the main body of the pouch. You may want to double line a cloth pouch for added strength. The sides you want on the outside need to be facing each other so when you are done stitching you can pull it inside out so you won't see the hem line. Once again you will want to use the running to saddle stitch. When you have completed that turn it inside out!





Next you will want to attach the strap. If you are working leather always pre punch your holes with an awl. Never use big leather hole punches unless making the holes for the buckle .Again you will want to use the saddle stitch. You will want the strap to be stitched on a little lower than the top of the pouch on the back side .Go around in a square in the saddle stitch to give added strength. Make sure that if you are not using a buckle to measure the strap to how long you desire. Like I mentioned you can add a button to it and other attachments you may need such as an extra pocket on the inside for flints etc.





You may leave your pouch as it is or you may want to age it a bit. You can stain it in tea and/or coffee for cloth. You can use leather dye or walnut dye if you wish. There are many natural dyes you can make. However, the best way to age it is through good hard use! You can also take it out and smear some dirt on it and different stains that may get on a pouch. A good hole patched with another piece of material looks good too! I would suggest that you practice on a scrap piece of material. Keep in mind some ways of aging never stop and eats away your material. Your imagination can come up with countless ways to make your pouch unique!



I hope you have enjoyed this article and I hope you learned a thing or two. I have tried to explain it as best I could and I hope the pictures will help too! But if you

still need help you can contact me (one feather) on the TMA's official website.
Enjoy.....Eric Campbell

Other Stuff-

Non-Hunting

There has been some recent discussion of the merits and demerits of hunting.
There are alternatives. I'll tell you of one of our **Adventures with Jack**.

Many years back a couple of friends and I did a lot of hunting together. Because the hunting season was not always long enough to suit us, we went on a lot of weekend scouts. I hesitate to use the term "trek" because it seems like a term overused in the popular media that is used in reference to PC correct outings and reenacting.

Bearpaw(Jack), Tallwater(Chuck) and I would wear what period things we had, mostly mountain man stuff back then, and off we went for the day.

One particular scout comes to mind that is one of my favorites. We went out to the nearby school forest, about a 160 acres, with a ridge running down the middle, about 150 feet or so high. Most of this was wooded and situated out in the country, far from the city noise.

It was after hunting season, maybe in January or February. We each brought a prize and each brought a target. The idea was to just scout around and investigate. At some point one of us would say "Well, it's time for a shootin match." I had brought a section of 3/8 rope and I told the other two as I cut this into 3 sections that the idea was to cut the rope. You tie it to a tree branch, get back a ways and shoot at the rope until you cut it. The first guy to cut the rope wins the prize I brought. It's not as easy as it sounds. It takes a few shots.

Then, on a ways further, Tallwater told us it was time to shoot some more. Out comes 3 blocks of wood and we have to find a stump about 25 yards off and shoot the 4x4 blocks. If everybody hits them the first round then you find the biggest piece left of your block and shoot it again until somebody misses. Then he's out and so on until there's a winner.

Last was Bearpaw. He had raw eggs on a string that he hung from tree branches.

Well, by this time Tallwater and I were all practiced and figured we'd have no trouble hitting an egg. Bearpaw says, "You gotta cut the string in 2 shots or ya suck the egg!"

Well, lucky for us it was so cold the eggs were frozen. I did manage to be the first to cut the string, though, after more than 2 shots. I still have that string of the ugliest colored vomit yellow beads you ever saw. But, it's the best prize I ever won.

After that we crawled into a makeshift shelter we had on top of the ridge. The wind was blowing and the snow flying. We started our fire to warm up and made some grub.

Bearpaw pulled out a frying pan and fried up some deer heart. Yuk!

This is one of my happiest muzzleloading memories. It may not be absolutely *perfect* to detail, as this was at least 20 years ago or more.

Bearpaw has gone under these many years back at the ripe young age of 35. Tallwater, who I still see now and again, and I miss him dearly. But, good ol' Bearpaw lives on in our memories.

--Bob McMahon--aka Firewalker