

Plunder and Possibles

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The Newsletter of the Jefferson Longrifles, Inc., an NMLRA Affiliated Muzzleloading and Reenacting Club

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Club Rendezvous

Co-Booshways Lori Ashe and Beth Bloomquist did a great job organizing the 2003 Ochlockonee River Rendezvous, which was held for the fourth year at beautiful Grey Fox Farm on February 20-23. Once again, the pig roast, drawings and the competition events proved to be the high points of the event.

Jackie and Johny cooked up a great meal.

Several campers made camp right after the Tallahassee Colonial Faire. On Thursday the weather was beautiful as other campers started trickling in. The days events consisted of rifle and archery shoots and a hawk and knife throw. The archery shoot was fun and unusual. One small target, a dozen or so archers armed with one arrow each stood at the line together, and when the word was given the poor little woodchuck was caught in a down pour of arrows but remained unscathed except for one arrow. After the days activities Bob and Sharon in-

vited everyone over for a grand dinner of venison with all the trimmings.

Fridays events started early, a first time situation archery woods walk at 8:00, the pig was being fetched for Saturdays feed, more campers arrived, and burritos were being made at Mama's Kitchen. The flys were erected in hopes



that musicians would come and I was elevated (ask Denni and Buck). Note: tie fly to center beam before raising it. In the afternoon the women's games started and Opal sure can toss a mean pancake. The rifle woods walk was going on, and so was hawk and knife. At 4:00 happy hour started with appetizers and many consultations on how Buck's diamond fly should face for the upcoming bad weather. Later in the evening the ceremonial pig stuffing and wrapping took

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North Eastern Rendezvous

Many LongRifles attended the Northeastern in Maine this summer. There were around 800 campers. Those club members who attended were Duane, Lori, Hannah, William, Kathryn, Wills, Pat, Charlie, Leroy, Frannie, Shawn #1, Burl, Shawn #2 (Burl's wife), and their daughter Emily, Shawn #2's parents and her niece and nephew, Craig, Tammy, and Tony Long Eagle. Lisa flew up at the end to tour Maine with her folks and Shawn #1.

The voo was in Freeport, Maine, on the coast. Freeport is a tourist town, home of L.L. Bean. We were only 200 yards or so from the water but couldn't see it from the site. The weather was great, in the low 80's, and down to the 50's and 60's at night.

As usual, no one went hungry! One evening we dined on Maine Lobster cooked in William's "custom made" copper lobster pot. Sixteen lob-

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John & Gary's Small Adventure

*The following is taken from the piece I wrote in October 1996, entitled:
"Step Back Into The Past" John L. Cole*

Do you remember when you were young? For some of us that is quite a stretch, it means kicking out some cobwebs. If you will think back into the past you may recall a time when you were sneaking through the woods with your Dad? Grand Father? Uncle? or your older brother, on what you thought was a Safari. You were on the hunt for squirrels or maybe rabbits. Of course, your older partner had you there to teach you the skills of stalking, and introduce you to the world of "fair chase" and ethics. You know that you could have been put into a deer stand and lost all enthusiasm, never learning the art of hunting. Instead, you walked side by side with your teacher, encouraged to put the sneak on the critter you were after. If you made a mistake, so what! You learned from it and just had to walk a little further to find another critter. You got to enjoy the company of your companion a little longer. The day was long, eventful and enjoyable. When you went to sleep that night you dreamed of the sights and smells of the adventures, and could hardly wait for the next trip into the woods.

Time has long since cast deep shadows across your thoughts to obscure the memories of your youth. In the desire to be sophisticated, you have progressed into the level of "Big Game Hunter". Long hours of solitary stalking or tree stand sitting. You have arrived, yes? To what, boredom? While I do spend a lot of time setting up on whitetail deer, it is a challenge, I do not consider it all fun and relaxation. For fun I now step back into the past. No, not with 22's or shotguns. That would diminish the challenge. I said: "step back into the past!"

For many years I have hunted with black powder muzzle loaders. For the most part, it has been with .45 cal or larger, for deer and wild hogs. Jamie Levy and Scott Pickett have started off the hunting season with small bore rifles hunting small game. But on the whole, most of the members of my black powder club, the Jefferson Longrifles, who hunt, hunt big game. It was on one of those big game hunts with my pal Gary Tehan, that the macho deer hunter image was broken.

It was late November 1986, that Gary and I found ourselves in the Apalachicola National Forrest hunting for deer and wild hogs on the opening weekend for black powder season. We were camped at Whitehead Landing, and were expecting Dave Anderson and Scott Pickett to join us, as the weekend progressed. By 10:00 a.m. on Saturday morning I was going stir-crazy, sixteen feet up a pine tree. Seeing nothing but squirrels and woodpeckers all morning, I climbed down, cradled my heavy .50 cal. underhammer and proceeded to camp. Upon my arrival I found Gary had been there also, but had run back home to pick up something. He would not be back for several hours. So, I poured some coffee, sat back and reflected on the scenery and the morning's hunt. I had to call for re-runs.

It is twelve noon. I was still alone. No one else who said they would come had made it yet. I am going to step back into the past! I went to the truck, retrieved my .40 cal., Southern Mountain rifle and loaded it. Putting on my haversack and hunting bag, I proceeded on a little adventure stalking squirrels. It was a beautiful morning. There was a faint breeze out of the northwest.

Before too much time had elapsed, my thoughts ran back to an earlier time. I had run so hard into manhood that I had forgotten a thrill of my youth. I had been missing something for too long. With each four of five steps a new forest panorama appeared. My enjoyment of the scenery was only interrupted by a barking squirrel, agitated that I had encroached into his territory. In each occurrence, I would carry my presence closer, raise my rifle and put an end to his defiant badgering. Sometimes, I would even hit the critter. Before I knew it, I had made a full circle and was back at camp, with game in my bag and had spent three wonderful hours doing it. I was invigorated beyond imagination. What an afternoon it had been!

John & Gary's Small Adventure

At 3:30, Gary got back and found me finishing the cleaning of the "camp meat." I told him what I had been up to in his absence. I suggested that he might consider picking up a small boar for next year's season. He pondered my suggestion with polite restraint as he suited up for the evening hunt. We soon parted company. Gary headed for his tree stand and I headed for mine. We each had plenty of solitude for reflection. I climbed down from my tree when darkness fell. I removed my tree stand and walked back to camp. I would not be in a tree with the tomorrow's daybreak.

Gary was in camp, lanterns lit, fires stoked, and was starting to cook supper when I finally stumbled into camp with all my gear: tree stand, chain, lock, backpack, and the heavy, old .50 cal. under hammer. "And just think...until this afternoon, I thought that this was fun," I sighed under my breath so as not to let my companion know age was catching up to me. He's about 8 years my junior and I won't give him more license to prod me. After two hours and two plates of food, we sat back by the fire talking about the events of the day and the plans for tomorrow. At daybreak Gary would be 16 feet up a tree and I would be sipping coffee by the campfire. As soon as it would be light enough to see I would again be in the woods, .40 cal. Southern mountain rifle in hand, looking for squirrels.

The next morning I was awakened to the sound of Gary hastily leaving camp to get to his tree stand. He was late as usual. I, on the other hand, arose leisurely, put coffee on to heat, ate a breakfast roll, and warmed myself by the fire. I glared at my tree stand leaning on the tree next to my truck; I had no regret. Soon the light would increase in the sky and the tree tops, would show their eerie black profiles in contrast. The owls would cease their hooting and the jabbering of the forest birds would begin. Then it would be my turn to set out.

At 7:15, my rifle gave its first report. When the billow of the white smoke was still hanging in the air, there was the sound of limbs cracking and the squirrel hitting the ground. The dull thump it made upon its impact to the ground seemed to echo in the still morning air. "There's one," I thought to myself. "I wonder if Gary is having fun yet? I wonder if he heard me shoot?" The delights of the morning continued much as they had the day before except for another fascinating wildlife encounter.

It was nearly 11:00 and I sat down to take a break. I examined the tree tops for movement, when I heard a noise almost under my left elbow. It was a Florida box turtle that had retreated into its shell when I abruptly plopped down on the ground next to him. I was unaware of his presence until he thought it was time to go. I watched him lumber away only to hear and then catch sight of an even larger turtle walking up behind me. "Oh, boy! Turtle races!" It is likely I would not be seeing this from my tree stand. I returned back to camp around noon thoroughly refreshed and with four more squirrels in my sack. Gary was there. Yes, he had heard my shots. No, he hadn't seen any bucks, and he was ready for squirrel stew for lunch, called "dinner" for those of us from the south.

The weekend had been wonderful once I decided to leave the tree stand and the big game hunt. I stepped back into the past and rediscovered my lost world. One that was more enjoyable! Y'all ought to give it a try. Gary did. My stories of the forest encounters got to him. He built a full stock Tennessee mountain in .32 cal. and joined me in the forest the next hunting season...but that's another story for another sitting.

A couple more club members have been working on building smallbores for the upcoming hunting seasons. I'm sure that they will enjoy the hunt much more this time around. It is my hope that after you read this that you will join Gary and me, as well as others in the club by ... stepping back into the past.

- Jm

Club Rendezvous

place to properly prepare it for its burial. The pig was lowered into a deep bed of hot coals and covered with dirt everyone knowing good and well that it would rise again out of the ground the next day roasted to perfection.

Saturday morning the rains came, with threats of high winds and heavy rain. Abandoned by our husband/ father as the rain set in, Hannah and I found shelter under Bucks diamond fly. Enjoying the warmth of the fire and the conversations furthering Hannah's education as only Pete, Buck, and Denni could. As the morning went on the rains subsided allowing everyone to prepare for the camp feed. At Mama's kitchen the roasted pig was unearthed and carved, and the tables were filled with covered dishes. The weather held out until we sat down to eat then a steady mist set in but with such fine victuals I don't think anybody took notice or cared. After eating, the benches were move to under the flies where the grand raffle took place. OOOOH what prizes there were.

This year we gave away 27 prizes in the drawings, highlighted by the grand prize of two Tony Bell bows. Ann Lacrosse and Jamie Levy won the bows, Cheryl Gibbons won an Edgar hawk, William Wilson won a Levy powder horn, and Katherine Wilson gave Jackie Shaffer the "Beth Bloomquist" quilt. Many more items were awarded and Brianna drew her own name for the mystery gift from

Fugawee Co. (it was a period necklace, not a n___ ring).

Thanks to everyone who donated their time and talents. After the raffle there was an archery blanket shoot where Tony Long Eagle broke many a arrow and then at the shoot off he was able to brake one on command. Back at camp rumalaide was started and as I took part my fine husband was at our camp doing the dishes -what a man. As night fell the sky was clear the stars were shinning, groups gathered around various fires throughout camp and the air was filled with the sounds of good times. Sunday came what a beautiful day. The morning was filled with more competitions. Maria competing at here first event took first place in lady's hawk and won a Edgar hawk. I think we might have created a monster! When the Competitions drew to an end the saddest part of the rendezvous started. Camps were being broken down and folks were leaving some were home-ward bound others on to other events . With all good byes said and the chickens gathered up we too headed home with fond memories of another great JLR rendezvous.

Our main Club event of the year continues to grow, so mark your calendars now and make plans to be part of this great Longrifle event next February.

North Eastern Rendezvous

sters met their end. A few folks opting out had shrimp or steak. We all brought our tables together in one long line and it was quite a site to see all the lobsters on everyone's plate! Another evening William made lobster thermidor along with mussels that Lori and Duane cooked. Another evening Leroy, Frannie, Burl, and Shawn #1 invited everyone to a wonderful

seafood gumbo. Pat & Charlie changed it up a little bit, and cooked thick pork chops, fresh green beans and yellow rice.

Leroy, after arriving to the site, couldn't locate his "infamous" straw hat. Everyone that rode up with him kept pointing the blame at someone else. Anyhow, the hat never turned up but the mystery of the missing hat kept on. One evening after dining in Burl's camp, Leroy left to visit Glenn, the booshway. We were all sitting around talking when the subject of Leroy's hat came up (again). Then here comes William walking up

North Eastern Rendezvous

“..carrying the remains of clan founder, Ian Hungwell.”

wearing a straw hat, which gave Charlie an idea. He disappeared and comes back wearing Pat's straw hat embellished with a pink and purple feather. Now everyone goes to their camps coming back wearing straw hats. If you could only have seen Leroy's face when he walked back into camp, everyone sitting around the fire wearing straw hats, except for Leroy, of course!

During the time we were waiting for Leroy to arrive, a lively discussion ensued due to the style of Charlie's hat, thus, Clan McForeskine was born! We all decided to become a clan and enter the Scottish games. Can't exactly remember how it really got started, as we were well into the sauce by then, but it sure got more interesting as time went on. The guys all wore kilts (some from material taken from the surrounds hiding the hooters). The JLR women sewed rosettes for everyone to wear made from a plaid material obtained by Shawn #2 and Emily. Shawn #2 also created the design. During the Scottish parade, several LongRifles marched as a clan. Charlie and William led the clan with William as the flag bearer, carrying the historic remains of the clan founder, Ian Hungwell. Among clan friends and supporters were those who researched the beginnings of the clan at Castle Scrotum, those being Boomer and his close associates, Rick and Fred. Research was accomplished through liberal doses of Sheep Dip at Boomer's camp. Mysteriously absent the morning of

the parade was Leroy, Shawn and Burl! Frannie gave full support by wearing the clan rosette and displaying Leroy and Shawn's rosettes while minding the store! During the games, our main cheer to inspire our competitors was, "Who's yo daddy?" The clan song was "Rise & Shine."

The voo provided standing archery, gun, hawk and knife events daily. Also archery and gun woodwalks. JLR obtained many prizes in various events including the Scottish games. Leroy, Burl and Lori all placed in the aggregates.

The Wilson's, Powell's, and Ashes went together and pooled items to sell in a store (tent provided by Leroy and Frannie). It did real well. We also sold raffle tickets there for the bow and hawk to raise money for the club. William and Charlie went all out walking from camp to camp selling tickets the day of the raffle. About \$500 profit was made for the club.

Paul and Ann camped about three camps down from the JLR camp. Most of us went down each morning and bought donuts from them. Pat and Charlie, and the Wilson's stayed overnite with them at their "remote" cabin in New Hampshire on their way to Maine.

Everyone had a super time, and most stayed a few extra days to tour Maine. Thanks to Glenn Dickey and his staff for a job well done. NRLHF in Colorado next year????????????????

Flying Dutchman Colonial Art

Pete and Lisa realized a dream by establishing a shop in Historic St. Augustine. Located at 59 Cuna Street, club members Art and Nancy, Dave, Sara, Brianna, and Jan accepted their invitation by attending the Grand Opening on July 19th. Congratulations Pete and Lisa. Pay them a visit on your next trip to the City.



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Club Events and Schedule

Since the February meeting we have approved the following members:

Tony "Long Eagle" Alkevicius, Richard Iverson, William and Letha Schaubel, and James Benslay. Welcome to the Club, guys and gals!

Our competition program continues to gain participants. Even during the hot summer months, members braved the heat, bugs and rain showers to

participate.

Charlie has succeeded Deni as the Competition Director, but there are several event persons to share the tasks.

The July 4th. meeting at the Johnson's river home went well, with a good number of Longrifles attending. The meeting was short, the feasting was great, and the fireworks display was something to see.

Work days have been going well, and improvements to the site are progressing well.

Club Schedule

Aug 7 Club Meeting
Aug 10 Club Shoot
Sept. 4 Club Meeting
Sept. 14 Club Shoot
Oct. 2 Club Meeting
Oct. 12 Club Shoot
Nov. 6 Club Meeting
Nov 8 Squirrel Season
Nov. 9 Club Shoot
Nov. 14-16 Squirrel Camp
Nov 27 Deer Season
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