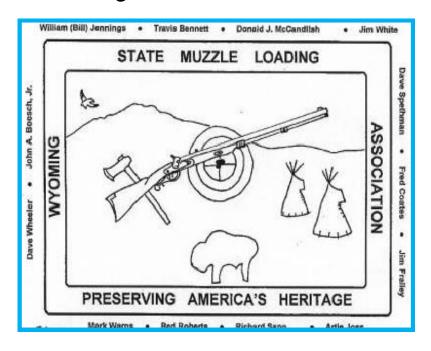
Wyoming State Muzzleloader Association's News December, 2022



PRESIDENT'S LETTER:

December 29, 2022

Greetings,

Well, it is almost the new year. It's amazing the older you get the faster the time goes.

Anyway, I am looking forward to the new year.

Thanks again for your support of your local, state and national muzzle-loading clubs. Without your continued support they would cease to exist.

See all of you at the convention.

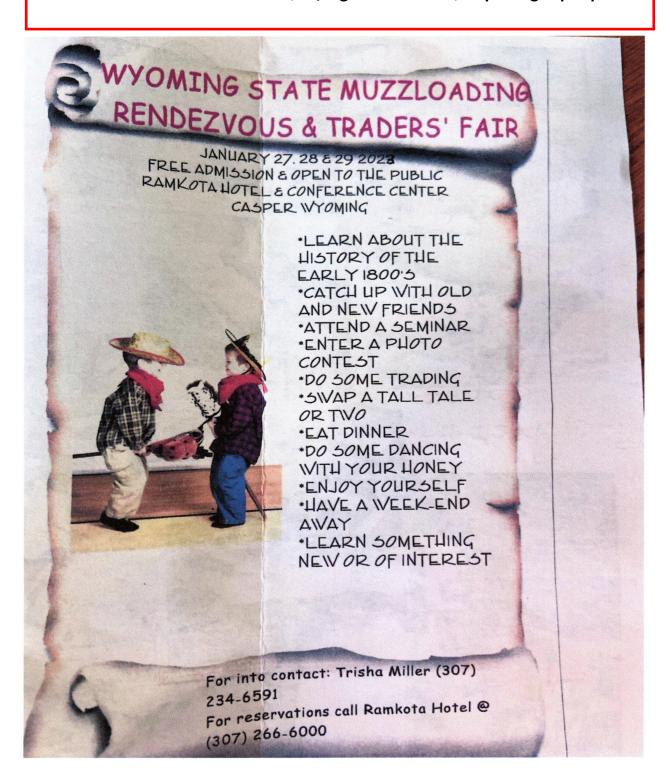
Frank

WSML STATE CONVENTION AND TRADERS FAIR JAN. 27, 28 & 29, 2023

RAMKOTA HOTEL CASPER 307-266-6000 FOR RESERVATIONS

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS NOW FOR THE 2023 WSML ANNUAL CONVENTION AND TRADERS FAIR

When calling the Ramkota for reservation mention you are attending the convention for a discount rate of \$79/night + tax. Plus \$20 per night per pet.



DEER CREEK MUZZLELOADERS WINTER CHALLENGE 2023

Special discount rate for this event at the Ramkota.

DEER CREEK MUZZLELOADERS WSMLA/GEORGE WALKER WINTER CHALLENGE SHOOT FEBRUARY 17,18 & 19 2023

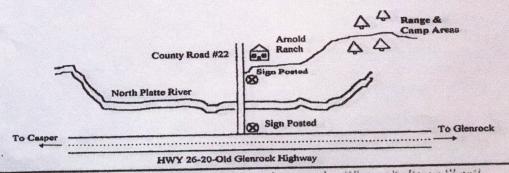
Attention Muzzleloading clubs and individual shooters:

The Deer Creek Muzzleloaders challenge you to form your best teams of men and women to join us for a fun weekend match. Enjoy the late winter muzzleloading shoot! Bring a team or come on your own, and we will add you to a team. Men's teams are 5 people. Women will shoot against each other on their own team. This is a WSMLA-sanctioned shoot. Each shooter must be a member of WSMLA. You can join or pay dues at this shoot.

Matches & Entry fees: Entry fee per shooter is \$20. This will include a packet of 10 targets. Lunch will be provided to shooters Saturday, and leftovers on Sunday. You are more than welcome to bring food to share. Medallions are awarded to 1st,2nd, and 3rd place teams. Shooting matches are at 25,50,100 and 200 yards. You must use a traditional muzzleloading, hunting-type rifle with open sights, Black powder or black powder substitute, and a patched round ball. NMRLA scoring rules apply. You can also use a one-target re-entry for \$5.

<u>Camping:</u> The DCML range on the old Arnold Ranch offers primitive and modern camping areas in the cottonwoods. Wood is provided, but you will need to bring your own water. Dogs are allowed in camp but must be leashed, in the control of an adult, and kept a safe distance from the range, south side of the road. NO HORSES. Come have a winter rendezvous and burn some powder with us.

Saturday, Feb 18 Open range 8-5, Potluck Lunch
Sunday, Feb 19. Range open 8-12 Awards 1:00
Information: Trish Miller-307-234-6591. Shawn Rothmeyer 307-267-4879



Total Coors of Runckow (307)260-6020 Spacial rate when marking Wines Challenge Shoots

BLAST FROM THE PAST WSML NEWSLETTERS

THIS ARTICLE WAS PUBLISHED IN THE DECEMBER, 1989 EDITION



THE CHRISTMAS FEAST

Klatch! Boom! The flintlock bellowed sending a cascade of echoes down the ravine and in a heartbeat the strutting gobbler had fallen to the ground. The old trapper's furrowed face cracked a faint smile as he limped the 40 yards or so to the fallen bird, grasping trees along his path to steady himself as he trudged through the forest, blanketed in glistening, drifted snow. He could still shoot with the best of them, he mused; "a head shot, no less". He plodded along and then grimaced as his mocassin struck a log buried beneath a drift. He paused, givng-in to the painful throbbing for a moment and cursed his wretched leg.

He would soon have time to heal the ailing limb, he thought to himself. It would be two moons yet before the beaver would be prime, so a winter with it propped up by the fire and using an old Sioux poltice to reduce the swelling would see him as fit as the spring day he first came to these high plains. A few more steps and he'd reach the fallen turkey and in less than an hour he'd be back at camp. Soon he'd have a bed of cottonwood coals glowing brightly and the fat turkey would be roasting on the spit. Even though he was all alone on this Christmas Eve, he would set a table fit for the King of England himself. Save for his constantly aching leg, it had been a good year. The next would be better, he reckoned. He'd celebrate his thankfullness and his hopes with a feast.

Of course, the old man had no such thing as a table, mind you; he traveled light, and the meal would be simple as well. And until his leg mended he didn't feel like traveling at all. No, he'd journeyed himself as much as he was going to for one year and it was time to lie low and reflect on the seasons to follow. He'd found some wild gooseberries the whitetail hadn't harvested and there was flour for biscuits. He'd drench them in a rich buffalo marrow gravy and wash it all down with several cupsful of strong, black coffee. Yes, he thought, 'twould be quite a Christmas Eve feast for a tired old man. He would celebrate the birth of the Christ child along with his own hoped-for regeneration.

He added another log and turned the spit. The succulent bird was starting to turn a golden brown. The biscuits were beginning to rise in the dutch oven and the old man's mouth began to water as he savored the fine feast in his mind. Even his leg had stopped its incessant throbbing. Propped up on one elbow, the old man thought back to the senselessness leading up to the injury. If only he hadn't been so careless. Still, in a few weeks he'd look back upon the whole affair as a learning experience. The memories suddenly caused him to chuckle. He had even had fun.

Thinking again of his solitary existence on this Cristmas Eve, he remembered that for the first time in years, he hadn't had that gnawing lonliness that seeped through his capote every January. 5,

BLAST FROM THE PAST WSML NEWSLETTER DECEMBER, 1989

(CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

He'd met so many other mountain men; more than he dreamed made their life's way in these parts. He wondered if he'd return to their doin's; it would depend on whether he was able to travel that far. The Platte River valley was a good day's trek, he recollected. At any rate, the smell of biscuits wafted through the night air and the old man's thoughts turned to the feast. He would see how he felt come January 12th and if the good Lord saw fit to it, he'd pack what finery he had left and head for the waters of the Platte and the WSMLA convention at Casper's Holiday Inn. It would be good to see the gang again and this time, he promised himself, he wouldn't dance himself plumb lame like he had last year.

Stands-in-Ants



6.

RON ABBOTT OBITUARY

GARY:

HERE IS THE OBIT FOR RON ABBOTT. I KNEW RON BACK IN 1979 AND SHOT WITH HE AND JAY SMITH EVERY CHANCE WE GOT. I COULD NOT SHOOT AS WELL AS RON OR JAY. THEY KEPT ME AROUND FOR LAUGHS.

I'LL BE 91 THIS COMING JULY AND GAVE UP SHOOTING. I COULDN'T HOLD TIGHT NOR SEE WELL. I HAVE BEEN A MEMBER SINCE 1979 AND STILL RUN OVER TO GLENROCK ONCE IN AWHILE OR GO TO A SHOOT IF I'M IN OR AROUND THE LOCATION. I WENT TO THE FIRST NMLRA SANCTIONED RENDEZVOUS OVER NEAR JACKSON HOLE IN 1980. .

IN FACT JAY SMITH, RON ABBOTT, AND I WENT TOGETHER. JIM O'MEARA PUT THAT RENDEZVOUS TOGETHER.

JIM O"MEARA DIED A COUPLE YEARS AGO. HIS OBIT IS STILL ON THE INTERNET. HE DIED IN CHEYENNE, WY.

TELL GARY MILLHOUSE HELLO FOR ME AS WELL AS THOSE WHO MIGHT REMEMBER ME.

JIM ARCHIBALD

A well known Wyoming black powder shooter, Ronald Abbott, age 73 has died from Kidney failure in Houston, Texas, on 11-16-2022. Abbott was born in Hot Springs, SD, and spent his younger life in Upton, Wyoming. He was a graduate of the University of Wyoming and served four years as an officer in the USAF. He was a member of the Platte Valley Muzzleloaders and also regularly shot with the Deer Creek Muzzleloaders between 1979 and 1985. He was a Wyoming Champion during that period.

After moving to Texas he was also a champion shooter and was inducted into the Texas Muzzleloader Hall of Fame in 2022. He also scored high at the Friendship National Matches in Friendship, Indiana. Ron is survived by two sons, Michael of Salt Lake City, Utah and Steven of Portland, Oregon. His body has been cremated and his ashes will be buried near Inyan Kara Mountain in the Black Hills.

WYOMING STATE MUZZLE LOADING ASSOCIATION 2022 BOARD OF DIRECTORS

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PHOTO CONTEST

Mike Johnson (Magic)(2025) 1532 Grass Creek Rd Casper, WY 82604 (307) 265-3256 magicm@vcn.com

Year Membership Form Wyoming State Muzzle Loading Association

NAME:	
NAME OF SPOUSE:	
NAMES OF CHILDREN	: (living at home)
ADDRESS:	
CITY:	STATE:ZIP:
PHONE:	CELL:
E-Mail Address:	
NRA#	EXPIRATION DATE:
NMLRA#	EXPIRATION DATE:
LOCAL CLUB AFFILIA	ATION:
Membership fee is \$25	\$20 if 65 years or over Make checks out to the WSMLA
Active Military Members	hip Free
Junior and Sub-Junior Sl	hooters Free
(You still need to fill out t	he form listed above and request membership in the WSMLA.)
I wish to receive the news	sletter by postal service YES NO
The WSMLA newsletter:	is now available for your convenience online at: zleloaders.com

If mailing, please complete the above membership form and send along with your check to:

WSMLA Attn: Crystal Gillen PO Box 1871 Saratoga, WY. 82331

Updated 12/20/21