

SWAP SHEET

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ANNOUNCING:

The H.E. "Judge" RESLEY CELEBRATION

STATE CHAMPIONSHIP SHOOT



Judge Resley in his shop in Fort Stockton, Texas, 1952, with some of the rifles he has made.



TMLRA Shoot at San Angelo, 1958, H. E. Resley 3rd from left, top row.

The TMLRA announces a special celebration to honor a man who, more than any other man, represents the TMLRA and the goals it strives to perpetuate. The Judge was present at the birth of the TMLRA and through these many years his support has been a major reason the TMLRA has advanced and survived. I will not try to tell of the esteem we all hold for this man.

It is self evident in the way people listen when the Judge speaks, it is obvious in the way people go out of their way to say hello to him when he comes to Brady.

The man lives in his work and no one has the right to be more proud of his work than the Judge. For 30 years, he has pursued the art of the Muzzle loading rifle. To quote John Barsotti, from "Firearms, traps and tools of the Mountain Men":

- "Judge H. E. Resley of Fort Stockton, Texas is a most successful barrel maker and he has produced numerous copies of the Hawken Rifles. His testing of his Hawken - type rifles extended over several years. Some of the shooting was done in the Texas Muzzle Loading Rifle matches; some on a range near Fort Stockton."

A man should be recognized in his lifetime. To do that we respectfully dedicate this volume to a great man, Judge H. E. Resley.

ANNOUNCEMENT

There will be a special match, open to any competitor, to be shot with rifles manufactured by the Judge or built on a barrel produced by the Judge. The exact time and place will be posted on Range house.



Fort Stockton, Texas, 1961.



They went thataway.

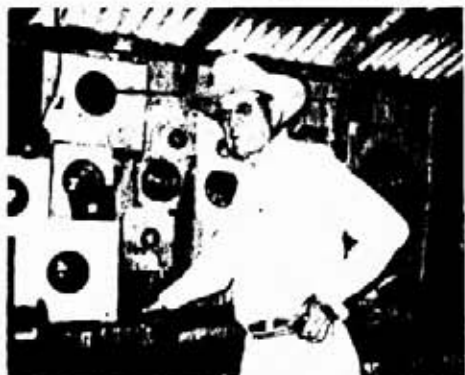
Judge Resley and Cecil Brooks, Mr. Hawken and Mr. Kentucky, Marietta, Ohio.



Late in the evening the tales sure do get tall.



P. A. Keplinger, Richard Hart and Earl Hunter receive their Eagle Feather Awards from Judge H. E. Resley. June 1973.



1975 TMLRA Shoot in Brady, Texas: (left to right) "Judge" Resley, John Brown, Red Kreyenbuhl.



Judge H. E. Resley and Durrell Haynes check the score sheet. Judge Resley won the Over 60 Aggregate. June 1974.

Recollections of the "Judge"

By Elmer E. Templeton

I first met "Judge" Resley when I was a young engineer with Phillips in Odessa. I was writing all over the country for help and advice on working on muzzle loaders. I was told by Bob Chadwick at Chatsford, Pennsylvania, that one of the best men in the business was in Fort Stockton. I called the "Judge" and asked permission to visit. We spent the afternoon together; we had a good time. He was almost too good to be true. It was difficult to believe that people that sincere still existed. Over the years, I think we were there about three years, Ruth and I went to Fort Stockton at least twice a month. A lot of it was for the companionship. I learned to appreciate what a genuine person he was but a lot of it was damned good apprenticeship for a guy that was interest in muzzleloaders.

I remember one time I was talking to Ernest about coming down in two weeks or something and he says, "Oh yes, you want to come down in two weeks. Mama is coming." And I innocently asked whose Mama and he seemed to be offended because he threw his head back, "why," he says, "My Mama, God damnit don't you think I got a Mama." It never occurred to me that a man approaching seventy would have a mother trucking around someplace that he called Mama. Of course, I went to Fort Stockton with great enthusiasm that week because it would be a rare treat to meet Mama. It was a surprise and a pleasure, she was a tiny woman, bright and alert, nothing like Ernest in size, in demeanor, in personality, she was quick, sharp, a little wren. We discussed her early life, the wagon train trip, having the children with her mother to help, isolated cabin in the mountains; it was an insight into Ernest to have met his mother.

Over the years, our trips to Ft. Stockton for Saturday dinner became a tradition. In spite of a great deal of Ernest's grumbling Ann was usually able to get a white shirt on him and between the time she finally got him dressed and the time we got to the restaurant, he had normally blown at least a tablespoonful of charred tobacco ash all over the front of that white shirt and smeared it effectively with his sleeve up and down the shirt. It was an awful lot like a mother who had dressed her boy for church and was mad that he had mud on it when we got there. I think Ernest enjoyed the attention and she seemed to enjoy the growling so it was a delight to be with them both.

The shop was always a joke. The forge is a masterpiece of inefficiency; it's covered by a hood large enough to brood 10,000 turkeys and then it has an exhaust pipe that goes to the roof that is just big enough to handle a couple of turkeys so that most of the smoke finds its way outside the hood and fills the shop to a density that makes it very difficult to see beyond five feet. It usually took me till Wednesday to blow out all the soot from my nose and sinus cavities, and I told Ernest many times that it would be absolutely impossible for a healthy bat to survive in that environment, that if there was anything in that building at all that was dangerous or harmful, the smoke would kill it, all we had to do was fire the forge once a week and it was the finest fumigating system in the world. From the house, of course, you could see the smoke rolling out the door. Normally there was more smoke going out the door than ever went out that vent or out the roof.

Another thing that always amused me was the location of the urinal in that particular shop. It turned out that the urinal was a corner of a door

and there was nothing stealthy about using it because you may feel protected from the inside but from the outside it was always this amber stream trudging down through the alkali dust toward the curbing and anyone driving by couldn't help but notice the dark spots in the dirt.

I remember a fondness that Ernest always had for old Rudolph Weidebush. I don't know where Rudy is but Ernest really loved him and, of course, you wonder why men are as fond of other men and it didn't take long to find out that Rudy knew of Ernest's fondness for that Wild Turkey juice. When Ernest had a little more Turkey than he needed, Ann was quick to detect it. He told me one time that "if his wife were a bird dog he could live a whole year on what he could rent her out for during bird season because she had the best damned nose in the world for liquor."

You must understand, that as a young engineer fresh out of college with my graduate degrees, I was convinced that I had lots of smart. Unfortunately I didn't realize I didn't have much good sense, and much of Ernest's shop was a joke to me. You just haven't lived until you have watched him temper a sight in a skillet of lard or temper a knife in that bucket of solidified linseed oil. Everything was so primitive and everything was so crude and I just couldn't conceive of how anyone could make anything with things so rough. Yet the longer I worked and the more I listened the more I began to appreciate that he was doing it like they did 200 years ago. I think at that time the only power tool in the shop was a homemade drill press that consisted of a quarterhorse motor strapped to a shaft. He brazed his parts and forged his parts; I have a hunting knife that he made from half of a Model T Ford magnet.

In time I began to appreciate that a lot of people abused the "Judge." There were a lot of people who borrowed things and never took them back, that got things that they never paid for, or that used him and he could be used. I don't think I would have to tell that to anybody in West Texas that knows him or any member of the Texas Muzzle Loading Rifle Association. He gives without a thought of repayment; he gives without a thought of exchange; he gives for the joy of giving. It is a trait so rare among the people we deal with today.

Sincerely,
Elmer E. Templeton

Tales from the Ranch

In 1963, I went through Oak Creek Canyon and while looking around and eyeballing the land I found an inscription carved on an old oak tree. The carving was done with a very heavy knife and it read, "Not one single virgin left to this time of cuttin on this tree". Made me think of Dan'l Boone and what he cut on the Beech tree.

Then at Friendship, Judge mentioned riding a hoss through that canyon. It was very rough and wild as he recalled. Since old Judge is such a mean lookin' critter and a bad eyeball, I feared for my safety and never ask the solemn ol' Judge if'n he cut that tree. I did hear that the next generation of Indian Wimmin were tall and sober lookin'.

-Bill Large-

Costume Contest

In our continuing effort to "accentuate the positive" we announce the June Costume Contest. Bring yer fixins' and come on down. Time and place will be posted on the Range house.

ANNOUNCEMENT

There will be a Director's Meeting Friday, June 9, 1978 in the Chamber of Commerce building at 7:30 PM.

ONLY THE BEST . . .
IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU . . .

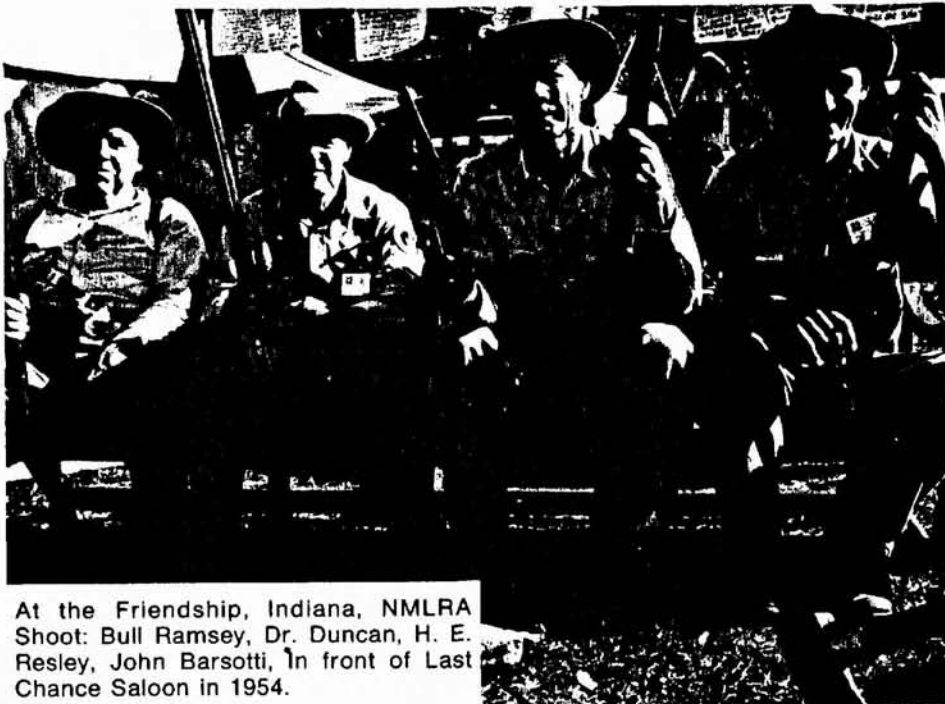


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At the Friendship, Indiana, NMLRA Shoot: Bull Ramsey, Dr. Duncan, H. E. Resley, John Barsotti, In front of Last Chance Saloon in 1954.

Judge Resley, A Biography

H. E. "Judge" Resley was born May 9, 1897 in Llano, Texas to George and Kathy Resley, both native Texans.

He attended Elementary school in New Mexico. "Started the first grade when I was 8 years old. Took me three years months to learn to read, so I got advanced to the 4th grade. While I was in there, we got a new teacher. Didn't like the teacher so I went trappin' ". He returned to school when he was 11 and attended till the 9th grade.

Judge joined the army Sept. 1, 1918. "Funny people. They give you a little bitty thin rice straw pallet and two blankets. They wouldn't let you sleep in your uniform so you could keep warm.

"Went to Waco for training. Just as they got ready to ship us out, I got the Measles. The doctor put me in segregation camp for 9 to 10 days. Didn't stay though. Most of my company was good of mountain boys so I slipped onto the train. Stayed with 'em to Arkansas. Contaminated the whole damn train.

"They dumped me off in Pine Bluff, Ark. The First Aid People came to pick me up but since they didn't have an ambulance, they brought the hearse. Had a couple of boys come up to see the 'dead man'. Heard one of them say, 'Yup, I c'n see his buttons.' Got out of the hospital on Armistice Day."

After his discharge the Judge went to Arizona "to become a cowboy". He worked with Angora goats until 1920. Next went to New Mexico. "Had myself a right nice little apple orchard in Roswell".

Wanderlust took the Judge to the Rio Grande Valley where he farmed for two years.

Ann Resley says "After two years he found it wasn't a quick nor an easy way to make a living."

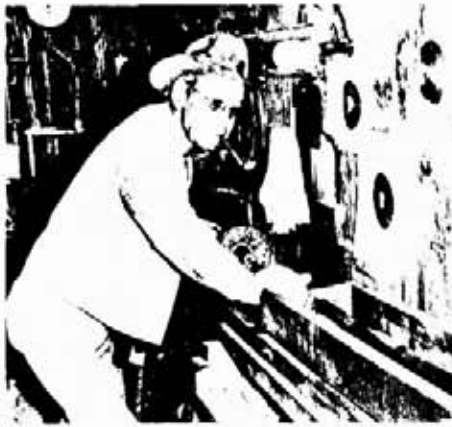
He returned to Arizona to work on the largest sheep ranch in Arizona, the Grand Canyon Sheep Ranch, near Prescott.

The Judge's feet got to tingling then he found the cure. He became a Mountain Man. "For two years I rode horseback, packed mules and hunted wild varmints. If I made \$300 a year I was doing great. I would trap all winter then bring the skins to the Wells Fargo Office. They'd ship the skins back east. I'd wait about 10 days to get my pay back. I'd get \$1.75 for a coyote, or a fox, \$2 for a Skunk, and \$5 for a cougar. Had the record in Arizona for the largest Mountain Lion hide (9 ft. 3 in.). That was the free-est time in my life."

In 1928 he moved back to West Texas to work in the oil fields.

Judge was 7 years old when he saw his neighbor with a Sharps Rifle. "It was a beautiful sight. Sure made a believer out of me". His first exposure to muzzleloaders was a friend, D. V. Rolls who used to make his own guns. He remembers seeing D. V. shoot a rabbit at thirty yards. He was amazed.

"The Judge went to visit his family in Las Cruces. While visiting on the farm Ernest met Ann Boulter (me) for the first time. He also



The Judge, "doin' what he does best."

found that the new farm his parents had bought adjoined the Boulter farm and that the two families had been friends many years before in Mills County, Texas. Through the years they had lost track of one another. It was a delight for both families to renew old friendships."

"During the summer, Ernest and I dated occasionally, but finally went our separate ways. Ernest returned to West Texas, first at Pyote, then at Fort Stockton where he operated a filling station. During this time I was living in Carlsbad, N. M. working for the Western Union. We corresponded and kept in touch over the next two years, seeing one another from time to time. Finally, we realized that we cared enough that we wanted to spend our lives together. So, in July 1930, we became officially engaged and in Dec. of 1930 we were married and settled in Fort Stockton."

-Ann Resley-

Judge ran his filling station and grocery business till 1940 when he sold the business and accepted an appointment as a Deputy Sheriff in Pecos County.

With the war, the Judge accepted an appointment in 1943 as Chief Guard of Pacific Training school. He remained chief until the end of the War when the base was phased out.

In the fall of 1946 Ernest was appointed temporary City Judge of Ft. Stockton; a position he held until June 1971 when he retired. The Judge says he "gave out 19,500 fines during his term in office but I let the purty ones go!"

In 1951 Ann Resley realized that their son, George, was kindergarten age and there was no kindergarten in Fort Stockton. Ann decided to open one, so with the help of a friend, who was also a former teacher like Ann, they opened one. This was the beginning of what Ann described as, "20 years of wonderfully rewarding experiences working with little children."

Since his retirement the Judge has devoted full time to his "Hobby." He made his first muzzleloading rifle in 1944 and has continued to make them ever since. His real fame, however, lies in his barrelmaking and he admits that it has

the most appeal for him. His enthusiasm is just as great now, as it was when he began to make the first rifle 35 years ago.

The Judge started rifling barrels on a wooden rifling machine. He estimates that he made around 1945 barrels on that first machine. The original machine is now owned by Don Morgan. He had a second wooden rifling machine which he "cut up to make ramrods." He now uses a steel rifling machine but Judge says "they aren't any more accurate."

Judge built his first rifle in 1945 and won his first Championship with it in 1947. He also won the championship in 1948 with the same gun. He won his third State Championship in 1955.

The Judge estimates that he has won 1 or 2 matches at every meet attended since 1945. . . . He thinks he has won between 75 to 80 trophies over the years.

The final statement should be left to Ann:

"The years Judge and I have been together have not always been easy or overflowing with material goods, but I've learned and taught our children, as we find in Proverbs, to "trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all they ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." Thus we have found our home and pathways rich with love of family and friends, and Fort Stockton a warm and caring community in which to live."

President's Message

Well, boys and girls, it is time to gear up for the June shoot again. This will be our 32nd championship shoot. We have, as an organization, almost outlived our founders. This shoot, as you now might have noticed, is dedicated to a very outstanding founder that is still very much with us, "Judge" Resley.

When I first "discovered" shooting muzzleloading rifles, "Judge" Resley was one of the first names I heard mentioned. Over the years as I have gone to shoots out of state, I am always asked by people I have never seen before, "How's the "Judge"?" He is a hard man to ignore both in camp, around the fire or on the firing line. I would like to see every member of the TMLRA make a point to be in Brady in June to give the Judge the biggest round of applause as a token of our appreciation for what he has done for us and our club.

SPECIAL NOTICE

**NO BB GUNS
OR PELLET GUNS
WILL BE ALLOWED SHOT
IN CAMP AREA**

This a very dangerous activity that may result in the loss of an eye. All BB guns and pellet guns will be treated as any other firearm from the time they begin to arrive until everybody is gone.



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