

# Dumb Activist vs the Mountainmen

One year during the mountainman rendezvous I was attending somewhere in the Rockies, a guy wearing cut-offs and mud (the mud was apparently intentional) suddenly rode his dirt bike into camp and into the rather active shooting range, between the shooters and their targets.

Shooting paused. Mountainmen grumbled, laughed, and watched to see what the idiot would do next.

As he rode back and forth he was screaming and yelling that we were killing Mother Earth with our lead and smoke (but somehow she was immune to his dirtbike?).

It was suggested he leave before an unfortunate incident occurred, but he didn't seem to have much of a sense of self-preservation- which might have had something to do with either some recently partaken mind-altering substances or an unrelated mental condition.

Coincidentally, at the same time in another part of the camp, some forest circus rangers were "visiting" to make sure everyone was all "legal" and whatnot. (*"Of course that's a turkey feather. Can't you tell the difference?"*) They heard the change of commotion and moseyed over to get involved. They grabbed mud man and his bike and as they escorted him from the area, they told him to leave our camp and stay away; that he should be grateful they were rescuing him, and if he was dumb enough to come back they wouldn't rescue him again.

He didn't come back.

That was the only invasion of our camp while I was in attendance, although another year some mountainmen snuck into someone else's camp to give them a lesson in neighborliness. (Which actually worked out well.)

There was always talk of PETA or some similar group planning to raid our camp to complain about our clothing or something, and to try to splash us with red paint. The talk around camp was *almost* hopeful. You don't raid an armed camp and come out ahead. At best you'll come out even... if you are really lucky. And sometimes there will be no one on hand to rescue you from your poor life-choices.

Good times.