

EPM

*More Wind from
the High Plains...*

April 2010



*Thought For Today:
The ultimate camping trip was the Lewis and Clark
expedition. Dave Barry*



Hi Members!

Anyone else experiencing difficulty with their first possum of the season? This little guy I've christened "Snarky" moved in a few weeks back and he definitely had attitude in his luggage. I think he was afraid he'd have to share the pizza I'd brought him with myself, raccoons, or other such low life. He reminds me a little of your very own Ed in the pot luck line---but not near as vicious. And don't any of you hunt-for-the-vittles mountain men even think about casually

stopping by so you can place "Snarky" on the next pot luck table. "Snarky" doesn't look like he'd be put in a Dutch oven too easily and I've got big plans to learn him how to "play possum." (You really should have seen that one coming...)

The meeting on April 13 was attended by 12 members, 0 possums, and glorious weather for a change. Once again there was very little business to attend to and most of the discussion centered around work that needs to be accomplished at the range. There is no firewood at all so some will have to be cut and the regular round of grounds maintenance will have to be taken care of. One of our major goals is to get the new bridge built over the creek (Well...duh.) so we don't eventually end up needing to build a raft. Luckily we've had very

little damage to the range during this last hard winter and with a bit more luck maybe we'll escape further damage during any blow-them-down Spring/Summer storms. A let's get-'er-done work party is planned for the weekend of April 25-26 and if time allows there is going to be shooting. I guess I could have worded that in a better way, but I'm not going to... All able-bodied feelin' spunky members are urged to attend and help spruce up the range. It is also highly recommended that volunteers bring along something in the way of "eats" so a pot luck lunch can be enjoyed by all. (Notice there was no mention of "Snarky" vittles.)

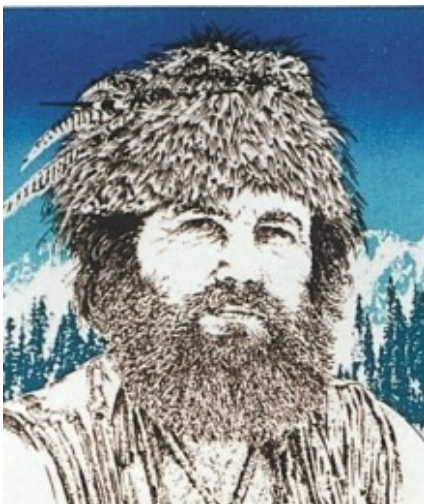


The we-finally-had-it Meat Shoot at the end of March saw the following pound o' burger seeking members; Sean McKown, Butch Appel, Jim Klinger, Cal Griffiths, John & Davis Anderson, Marshall Hohman, Doug Appel, and 2 visitors; Marshall's brother Don

and friend to the President, Matt. Butch ran the shoot with his usual twist-on-the-targets---he actually had these guys shooting at a dead branch conveniently located on a tree. You know this was to save some work party muscle down the road---why take a climb to cut down dead limbs when a muzzle loader can so efficiently take the offender out? I'm thinking its a good thing EPM does not possess a cannon...

V.P. Jim Klinger informs me he was just about to make the best shot of his entire life when the Appel known as "Tater" zoomed in from behind like an out of control spud, jumped on his back, and ruined the perfect once-in-a-lifetime shot. Anyone who knows our sweet puppy has immediately surmised this is V.P. hooley. Nevertheless, the Tater Tot has had a new name bestowed upon him by our disgruntled sure-shot; "Irri-Tater." Yeah---I know it's funny, but it ain't gonna stick...

Butch reports the Meat Shoot brought in a decent profit and hinted at way out of line targets yet to come through the year. Don't bring anything too precious to the shoots folks unless its something you want filled with holes. (If your spouse came to mind---for shame!) Members will please welcome to our club, range, and campfires Mr. Chris Hayes who happens to be a friend of Mr. President Sean. And that's all I know! As is my usual when out of the know I make no excuses with a finesse that ought to be legendary, but somehow isn't yet. I know I can count on the hospitality of fellow members to newcomers and each others



alike, so be sure to give Chris a howdy, offer him your place in the pot luck line, maybe mention he needs a caliber-up in the friend department---and in case anyone's forgotten the EPM golden rule---try not to piss him off! Holy hell, can I write and now I want some spaghetti.

Hmmm...not often you are chosen to partake of such authorship, word speak, Ding Dang prosey, and poetic wit. I leave you to the ponderation of all that entails---

'Til Next Month,

Pat



It always rains on tents. Rainstorms will travel thousands of miles, against prevailing winds for the opportunity to rain on a tent. ~Dave Barry

Somebody told me it was frightening how much topsoil we are losing each year, but I told that story around the campfire and nobody got scared. ~Jack Handey

Campers: Nature's way of feeding mosquitoes. ~Author Unknown

Even in a time of elephantine vanity and greed, one never has to look far to see the campfires of gentle people. ~Garrison Keillor