



MORE WIND FROM THE HIGH PLAINS! DECEMBER 2007

THOUGHT FOR TODAY: We save big money by buying inexpensive lights that were manufactured by 3rd world residents who have no words in their language for "fire code." These lights use special bulbs that are designed to stand up under virtually any kind of punishment except having electricity go through them. **DAVE BARRY**



Keer-rap, Members!
Is it almost Christmas? Somebody fetch me this year's crop of corn whiskey and Excedrin. Sure---I'm almost finished shopping. Hope the recipients of it like toilet paper, dog food, Saran Wrap, and baby wipes. (don't ask...) Guess I should pick up a turkey or ham too. It looks good if there's one sitting in the freezer.



The meeting/Christmas party on Dec. 11 was blessed with a day of atrocious weather, but 16 determined members managed to attend and share all the joy that comes with Dirty Santa. The only settled business for the night was electing EPM officers for 2008. (The excitement of presents is just too much for some kids...) Your new officers beginning in January will be----

(Insert EPM drum roll here)

President: Sean Makown

Vice President: Butch Appel

Secretary: Cal Griffiths

Treasurer: Jim Klinger

Range Officer: Rick McCollum

Each officer was elected unanimously and seemed ecstatically prepared to be of service. The only pertinent officer information members need to retain is that if anything goes wrong, it's still Cal you want to give a holler.



On behalf of EPM members I would like to give a great BIG thanks to our departing (of office only) Treasurer and Range Officer, Fred Rieser and Mike Benham. Each of these fellows has been a constant EPM trooper over the years and deserves loads of appreciation. Fred magnanimously offered his position to me (no alcohol involved) at the meeting. Equally magnanimous (it's called "bellowing" at my house.), I declined on the very real grounds that I don't "do" Math. (except for Wal Mart) As we all know, I'm full of...commentary (gotcha!), not numbers.



Cal presented The EPM muzzleloaders awards to a few more very deserving members. Rick McCollum received the Muzzleloader Man of the Year award. Wendy McCollum is the Muzzleloader Woman of the Year. Our Youngin' of the Year became a tie (and maybe a future war) between 2 sisters of the McCollum persuasion---Brianna & Cassie. (This award your Ed greatly coveted.) Cal says a plaque in honor of

Neil Bucholz is going to be placed at the range with each year's recipients of these awards printed on it. Another cool idea from an officially official office of an officer. I only hope he knows how to spell "goddess" and "omnipotent." Wendy and I want this put behind our names on said plaque. (Carol's sure Neil would want this...)



While we're on the subject of McCollum's, please extend a giant "welcome to EPM!" to Todd McCollum. Members had a chance to meet the latest McCollum (they're everywhere!) at the meeting and he didn't leave the room screaming. I figure he's made of the same tough stuff as the rest of the clan. So---you know what's coming---try not to piss him off!



Butch and Gabe Appel laid rock at the EPM front gate and the culvert somewhere on the premises of our range. (I don't "do" culverts either.) Rick says another huge limb came down on the firing range. Yes, from a tree. I know you're all thinking the question I shouted--- "What the hell! Are we cursed?!" Rick, with a weird gleam in his eye, said, "I'm going to chop it up." Timber! If I were an EPM member I'd avoid the range during this hack-fest surgery. Range Officer McCollum has more than firewood lighting up his mind.



As usual, the X-Mas party brought out the devil in everyone. It's my theory that's why the real Santa doesn't show up. I just can't prove it. Our newer

members had no problem at all drifting into the spirit of Dirty Santa. This kinda worried me especially since one of those new members had shown himself to be gleamingly ax-happy. (see paragraph # 6) But since I came home alive enough to pen the newsletter, I'm going to let this be a rest-of-the-membership problem. Members braving our winter streets to attend the devil-should-care (blatant competition!) party were Cal Griffiths, Jim Klinger, Sean Makown, Fred Rieser, Joel Wentworth, Rick, Wendy, & Todd McCollum, Bob Dube, Carol Bucholz, Wade & Karen Farr, Wayne & Elois VanVoorhis, and the Mr. & Mrs. Ed.



I thought I knew these people. With the joy only true savagery can lend to the season these "muzzleloaders" stole, slithered, and pounced on one another's thought to be safely held gifts. (There was some sneakiness going on too.) Elois was in high form as chief Troublemaker. Her gift was that famous fudge (like we wouldn't guess the cook when it was opened) and all hell broke loose.



After some violent fudge shuffling that kept our waitress away (Ed thirsty!), Cal, supreme victor, (amongst other things), had the honor of taking the boxed divinity home. (Yes, I think you should send him letters.) There was a variety of useful, interesting, or drinkable gifts, but none caused as much trouble as Mama VanVoorhis fudge. Karen brought her equally famous pickle relish and salsa, but she hasn't divulged her

secret recipe yet. Elois and Karen have a plan to take over the parts of the world that eat.



I don't usually take names at the X-Mas party, but I thought it prudent this year. In case of sudden disappearance or death due to "accidental" ax hacking, I wanted police investigators to have a complete roster of EPM "merrymakers." (W, I've had dental replicas of my last 4 teeth taken in case any of you mountain folk wax too froddy.)



In parting, I would like to wish a very Merry Christmas to one and all and a bright, happy, healthy (especially mental), New Year. Wendy and I still want our damn cabin and Carol is sure Neil would want this.

Til Next Month,
Many joys (not the EPM kind) and special blessings.



PAT



THOUGHT FOR TOMORROW:
Christmas is the day that holds all time together.
ALEXANDER SMITH



Ed's Christmas Card

*I wish you all joy,
Through your life-long season,
Warmth, full bellies, family
Laughing for no apparent reason.*

*May you walk with the starlight,
And shine without fear,
Always need one another,
Keep your days very near.*

*I wish for you hope,
Strength, love, and charity;
To accept when you need it,
Return it as thoughtfully.*

*May you dream in lazy campfire,
Live fully as a forest wood,
Cherish the wealth in friendship,
As only an EPM member could.*



*Merry Christmas to all,
From your very own Ed,
I'll see you next March,
When I get out of bed.*

*Ding, Dang 'Y' all!
The angels sing, "Hark!"
"Ed begins the new year,
With a job at Hallmark!"*



ED

THE YEAR IN REVIEW AND SHOUTS OF APPRECIATION



EPM has had a hell of a year, if you don't mind my swearing so.

Someone taught trees to attack, all the bees on U.S. soil ended up at our range, we found out fire does not mix well with matches, gasoline, tents, or Sean, the hooters turned traitor and became French, the newsletter began swearing like a sailor, and no one is sending yours truly to Europe to interview some "real" mountain men. Surprisingly, it's some of our newest members that have made this one of our best years in a long time. Not surprisingly, the several members who can always be counted on to keep things going have come through for members again. EPM membership at this year's end stands at 37, with 3 Honorable Memberships. (And I think every one of you owe me money!)

NEW to EPM this year were Carol Bucholz, Wade and Karen Farr, Carl and Val Johnson, Rick and Wendy McCollum, Wayne VanVoorhis, Kevin Terrell, Edward Belter, Joel Wentworth, and Todd McCollum. Having Honorable Membership are Richard Mougey (That's your landlord, folks.), The Coleman's, and Elois VanVoorhis. If I've missed any new members I apologize for the unintentional slight. My records start in April and anyone joining from Jan-March I wouldn't be aware of. (I'm not aware enough to remember what I named my kids. That's if I have any.)

AFTER having no newsletter for nearly a year, EPM officers got their collective butts together (Now there's a picture, Fred!) and "hired" a goddess they found roaming the prairie to produce a monthly newsletter once again. If our last Editor, Grant Geiger, has been reading the new "Ed offerings" on our website, more than likely he drowned himself in his ink pot. Back in April I begged for patience and expressed hope that with each month the newsletter would improve. I delivered what you're stuck with instead! Hope ain't what it used to be... I'd like to take this opportunity, though I've done so before, to thank Karl Lindholm for all his help this year and for never once letting on he knew what a total doink he was

working with. There is no way I would have made it through the computer forest without him and if he was any kind of mountain man he'd come find me 'cause I'm still like... way lost. The entire EPM membership also owes Karl a debt of gratitude for related issues. Karl is EPM's Web dude and keeps our website current, classy, and far away from me. By the by, any complaints about the newsletter may be sent to Cal Griffiths @ www.I.B.'N.CHARGE.dot.www.com.

FALLING trees distinguished themselves this year by falling all over EPM range in the most inconvenient places. Apparently they didn't hear about the "Going Green" craze. Or maybe they did and it was a tree's way of "flipping" us off. EPMians retaliated with language that withered bushes, caused squirrels to fly, and little sparrows to burrow. Then everyone calmed down and got to work. For 4 damn weeks! The work still isn't finished. Our labors were rewarded by another tree crashing down on the firing range. Anyone wanting a nature walk around the range ought to do it from Omaha. It's safer...

WHILE we're on the subject of work, honorable mention should be made for exceptional donations of time, energy, work, expenses, and actual physical items you can see and use at the range. (Try to get there before a tree falls on them.) These members are a constant source of help at work parties, events, shoots, etc. Please give a huge "thanks" to: Cal Griffiths, Jim Klinger, Sean McHown, Mike Benham, Nick Syracuse, John and Davis Anderson, Rick, Wendy, Kaleb, Brianna, and Cassie McCollum, Karl and Angela Lindholm, Carol Bucholz, Ron Greenlee, Wayne VanVoorhis, Joe Ronemous, and Butch, Pat, and Gabe Appel. (Oh, that looks cool.) If I've overlooked anyone please feel free to call Cal and chew him something new.

OUR biggest events of the year, the Spring and Fall shoots, were great successes even if we didn't pull in the mega bucks. What we did pull in was a wonderful time and maybe too many hooks in one place. You people sure are entertaining. Both events are a lot of work, but I'm looking forward to seeing everyone get together same time, next year. I'll wave to y'all from my motel room.

NO EPM year can be reviewed without bringing to member's attention the service of its officers. I can't say enough times how lucky we are to have this particular group attending to club business and fun. They are a diverse section of humanity who perversely works well together. (Elect them again anyway.) For my (Wal Mart) money, they're the BEST. Newer members will have no idea how in the past several years EPM has suffered such low participation and help there was thought of disbanding our lively personalities as a club. Well, I just filled you in. (The reporter in me never rests.) Thanks to their joy, hard work, imaginative swearing, enthusiasm, and a refusal to give up, each of us is able to call themselves an EPM member. I love these guys! (Just enough to keep their wives/sweethearts from harming me.) So... Cal! Jim! Sean! Fred! Mike! Karl! Nick! Butch! (Do I have to harm myself if I go after this one?) On behalf of EPM members I'd like to say, "Thanks For a job well done!" May the wood gods keep the trees off your heads. We need you next year...

TO my Fellow members I thank you for the good times, good food, laughs, not suing me, and I hope to see all of you at the range next year.

'Til Next Year,

PAT 



IN MEMORIAM

Big Elk has gone to Hooter Heaven,
Now he communes with the Big Potty in the Sky,
Angels sit on his noble seat,
And God cleans his one big eye.

1ST MEETING 2008-JANUARY 8 PERKINS 72ND ST.
JAN. 19- WORK PARTY (BUT I WOULDN'T COUNT ON IT)
JAN. 27- CLUB SHOOT