



# EPM

More Wind From the High Plains...

JUNE 2007

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NEXT MEETING: JULY 10!

**THOUGHT FOR TODAY:** Politics is the art of preventing people from taking part in affairs which properly concern them.

PAUL VALERY

HI MEMBERS!

Much to my chagrin I have to start this month's newsletter with a correction. This must be done before I have time to forget. And I'll need the extra time to screw up again. In last month's newsletter I informed members that club shoots were on the 1st Sunday of every month. NOT SO!! They are on the 4th Sunday of every month. Which is why I thought it strange when mentioned at the meeting they were on the 1st Sunday. I asked officers twice to confirm. Turns out, they were talking Indian Cave speak, and I was inquiring in EPM speak. Mountain man meetings get so confusing. I was mistaken in what I was hearing, which officers (no names here...) readily agreed to, mistakenly believing I was

correct (as I usually am) which caused another mistake to be made, which I'm not taking credit for and now I look like a big DORK but they still let me write the newsletter anyway. And now you all know what happened. This reporter intends to always make things clear as possible for readers.

Well, the newsletter's over now. That retraction took all the available space...

Sixteen members attended the June 12th meeting. Cal was so shocked, he almost could eat. Last minute details for the upcoming SANDS event were discussed. Club membership now stands at 28 strange little souls. EPM rent may be going up

(Cal needs Cabelas' money...) which I'll report on later down the trail when officers have more details. (which I'm bound to screw up anyway...) Nick is going to gear his marketing skills towards folks who might want to use EPM range to camp, but not necessarily be interested in shooting. This would bring in much needed revenue. The plan is to advertise a little, and Karl will make mention of it on our website. Club members also voted unanimously for the presence of a "donation can" at feasts during open club shoots. A lot of clubs already do this and it helps a little with the costs of feeding the mountain man nation.

Attendance at the May 19th work party was disappointing. Only 6 members altogether showed. Despite the stretch for manpower, mowing and potty cleaning were completed. The range looked splendid after the manicure and cosmetic touches.

I heard Cal singing this song at the work party and thought I'd pass it along for your entertainment:

Hi ho, hi ho  
We're mountain men you know,  
From EPM and woodsy gyms,  
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho

Hi ho, hi ho  
Off to the range we go,  
We pick up sticks, mow, gather ticks  
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho

Hi ho, hi ho  
We trim the trees just so,  
A wayward bush, we hack to mush  
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho

Hi ho, hi ho  
Snakes fear my glance y' know,  
It's just as well, I'm smart as hell  
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho

Hi ho, hi ho  
To the wilderness we go!  
Where bugs are king, coyotes' sing  
Hi ho, hi ho, hi ho

I'm a little worried about Cal. I think the skeeters laid a nest where he can't get to. And thank Jeremiah Johnson that song is over. One more "hi ho", "I would've had to slap myself.

It has occurred to me I could do some really great stuff with this newsletter. Like insert some of those subliminal messages I'm always hearing about. And you'll never know it! Send Wal Mart money. Lucky for you I don't even know what "

subliminal message " means. Sounds like a new sub sandwich that could possibly be e mailed to you. You want to donate to the Appel family Wal Mart fund.

Summer's here! So let's discuss loincloths! Don't do it. If I wanted to see such an unnatural sight in the woods, I'd just walk through my own front room without the bother of travel. The great outdoors is no place for almost naked creatures. What is it about the male--- species we'll call them--- that makes them want to strip when the temperature reaches 90? Don't they know important things ( to them ) could be burned beyond salvation?( Are you listening to this, Sean? )

What if you get some of these important things snagged in a tree in a most unpleasant way? Guys! Spare Bambi, the turkeys ( peeping toms! ), and all the little sparrows from a " nature " heart attack. Remember, if God wanted us to know about certain parts of anatomy, we wouldn't insist on ignoring them. Besides, the fashion statement you make from your own special chair is startling enough.

( Don't send me letters about how " fashionable " women over 45 look from across the room. I already have this information. )

With this most important advice of the summer delivered, I'm outta here 'til next month. Gotta go put on my bikini!

PAT

**THOUGHT FOR TOMORROW:** Don't let your mouth say nothing your head don't understand.

**LOUIS B. ARMSTRONG**

## & FUN HISTORY FACT

From the 150 0's  
Courtesy of the Lindholms... .

The ancient Romans, who, by the way, never dreamed one day they'd be considered "ancient," called Scotland "CALedonia." So it follows the citizens were called "CALedonians." Those Romans were sharp! This was Scotland B. C. (Before Cal)

When the Romans realized this land was populated by Scots able to blow out a "tune" on bagpipes, they got out of there fast. (at least within 100 years)

The Scots, being street smart, said, "What the hell kind of name is CALedonia? Hey! We're Scots! Maybe we ought to call this Scot Land!" CALedonia was no more. And Scotland was born.

In conclusion, if you hate the sound of bagpipes, it's probably Cal you want to blame.

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Taken from "Facts From the Past" off the Internet

Doesn't that pluck the heartstrings, members? Any June anniversaries in the vicinity of this newsletter? I know Cal & his wife Yolanda are celebrating their 30th. For me & Mr. Editor it's the 29th. When we were young, on our anniversary I usually said something like, "Get off my hair!" Though older now, the romance remains. Now it's, "You gonna get off that box of Cheez - Its and let me have some?!!" Sorry folks. I didn't mean to stray so sentimental. Stay sweet smelling!

PAT