

EASTERN PLATTE MUZZLELOADERS

More Wind From the High Plains!

November 2007 Happy Thanksgiving!!

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NEXT MEETING!! DECEMBER 11, 2007 Perkins 72nd St.

THOUGHT FOR TODAY: It's about not being afraid to make mistakes.
And I believe that the average person shows great courage just by leading a normal life. CLINT EASTWOOD



Gobble, gobble, obble, gob spit, gobble, Members!

(I was going to go with "Ding, Dang Y'all!" but I need to save that for really important stuff.) Is everyone licking their chops in anticipation of Turkey Day? At the Appel Hunting Lodge, Thanksgiving means we splurge with the large can of Spaghetti's. Well, I have oodles to impart (some of it's even printable) so let's get busy with business.

The meeting of November 13 was attended by 11 members whose main concern was the new pumpkin items on Perkins Fall menu. Election 2008 (not the gov't doofs) was the top priority issue of discussion. Fred Rieser has decided to relinquish his office of Treasurer. (You're breaking up the band, Yoko!) Someone probably drove him nuts to bolts over the club Wal Mart fund. Fred has served as EPM's Treasurer twice with his most recent term lasting 4 years. When I get over the rejection I'm going to thank him very much. So--- after much banter, argument, and "hell no's!" I am able to present members with the final nominations for officers in 2008:

PRESIDENT: Sean McKown VICE PRESIDENT: Butch Appel
SECRETARY: Cal Griffiths TREASURER: Jim Klinger
RANGE OFFICER: Rick McCollum

By way of assumption it was assumed Karl Lindholm would stay on as our Webmaster. Let's hope he assumes our assumptions are right. Your Editor was told to continue writing the newsletter. So I'm going to. No one is to forget that down the road when I become poetically, prosy licentious. Election of new officers will take place at the December meeting. If one of the current officers particularly bugs you, now is the time to get him reelected.

The December 11 meeting should be entertaining as it is also to be the EPM Christmas party. Yeah--- that means Dirty Santa. (AKA the true viciousness and alternate meaning of X-Mas) I'm not fully explaining how Dirty Santa works (or the therapy costs) because it would take too long, require thinking in the specific, use lots of words, and I have enough words to write about already. I will tell you that the #1 rule for Dirty Santa is to leave your guns at the door. If you'd like to participate (and who wouldn't after the enticing advertisement?) all that is required is to bring a gift. Gifts usually, but by no means, pertain to black powder interests. Club etiquette states that gifts should be in the \$10.00 and under range. Gifts may also be a homemade item. In the past we've had powder, balls, pouches, knives, lanterns, candles, select bottles of hooch, candy...you get the idea. For Santa's sake, don't be afraid to join in over concern for an "appropriate" gift. We're pretty loose. The EPM X-Mas party is good family fun and encourages back stabbing and stealing; very American traditions!

Members will please welcome Joel Wentworth to EPM and hail him a howdy at the range. Your Editor-on-the-spot was introduced to Joel at the meeting courtesy of Jim Klinger. Joel is a "computer guy." (technical term for the profession) I immediately began to hound his computer expertise with my exceptional lack of it. He talked to me anyway! So the rest of you--- better have this memorized by now--- try not to piss him off!

The Sight In on October 20 didn't quite get the attendance officers hoped for, so it was promptly canceled and recycled as a work party to prepare for the Fall Shoot. Members gracing the day with their company were Cal Griffiths, Sean McKown, Mike Benham, John & Davis Anderson, Karl & Angela Lindholm, and the Mr. & Mrs. Ed. I'm not sure what went on in the woods, but the hooters were thoroughly drenched with a pleasant French oy-duh-pu-fume called Orange O-Roma. As soon as I could breathe again, I penned a letter to my Congressman to complain about the monumental injustice and I'm going to mail it when I find out who my Congressman is. (please don't let it be Cal...) I added a postscript about the historical certainty that men are doody heads he ought to find interesting.

Angela made the BEST homemade chicken noodle soup for our sup-do-lunch. And get this--- the noodles were rolled out with her very own hands. Don't worry, gentle readers. I took care of this sacrilege for all of us. In between mouthfuls of those perfect noodles, I told her she was (choose a swear word) nuts. Just so it would look good on her certification papers she also had homemade bread and apple butter on the table. And rolls! Your goofy (I sure can cook!) Editor brought beans 'n ham and cornbread her husband promised to deliver. Well, I'm not bitter. I'm going to visit

Angela at the Cook's Gone Mental Hospital when they allow her "feed the cooking impaired" visits.


Another Special Report is about to seize your attention so best cozy up to your comforts. You know how "windy" these things can get. Let me take you back to the month of Halloween when some really scary creatures were roaming the woods (mainly Cal) in pursuit of the EPM Fall Shoot.

Members attending the Fall Shoot on Oct. 27-28 were Cal G., Jim K., Sean & Ashlynnne McKown, Fred R., Elois & Wayne Vanvoorhis, Kevin Terrell, John & Davis Anderson, Mike B., Rick, Wendy, Kaleb, Brianna, & Cassie McCollum, Carl & Val Johnson, Nick S., and Butch, Pat, & Gabe A. There were 9 campsites to decorate the woods and we had a nice group of unexpected campers who I hope are not sorry they visited. Elois's daughter, grandson, and sister from New Mexico joined us along with Joe Terrell and "uncle" Doug Appel & wife Patty. Each camp received an EPM potholder that I'm sure will be worth a lot of collectible money someday. By the way, I've finally had the honor of meeting the McCollum "crew." All are very bright, happy, rambunctious kids. They look like they could lose old dad in the woods and keep it a secret for a very long time. My kind of people!

Our shooter tally for the entire weekend was 18 shooters for competition, 5 for Sight In, and 2 busy "practice me up" young ladies, giving us a grand total of 25 shooters. On Sunday, 5 of the shooters were visitors from Woodbine. There was a door prize after the shoot on Saturday. It was an EPM birdhouse made lovingly and with lots of swearing by yours truly. Wayne was the big winner and Mama Vanvoorhis immediately confiscated his treasure. (The bill for giving birth is never paid in full Wayne.) It was a stunning surprise having all these campers and shooters after such low participation the last few years. Sean tied Cal to a post for awhile to calm him down.

The food served at the Fall Shoot is a newsletter in itself and you're going to hear much ado about it from here on in. (It is Thanksgiving!) I can't remember the last time we had so much good food aplenty on our pot luck menu. For Sat. lunch Mrs. Ed spread the usual chili feed with corn muffins and an apple crisp. Elois put a vegetable beef soup on the table that I'm sure she stole from not payin' attention angels. The Johnson's brought over a roast and potato dish nesting in a Dutch oven that caused a few partakers to reel and slap away the next person in line. (okay, it was me) The kids in camp ate in such a frenzy it kept the coyotes away. Everyone getting the point? Ding, Dang! I wish I doed better with the words so I could adequately describe how wonderful this feast in the woods was.

After lunch, 13 shooters who could still move took part in Sean's Mountain Man walk. Sean scattered 10 targets through the woods to aggravate trees and participants. Your roving reporter went into the woods to watch the competition. Guess what's in the woods? More woods! No one told the city girl. When I tired in the nature and had to sit on a log for a few minutes, I was seriously mauled by a thorn bush. Our event leader saw me wrestling with it and had himself a hearty laugh. I'm calling my lawyer. I saw Fred sneaking around in the woods with his camera like a



National Enquirer forest spy, so I'm sure members will be receiving a picture of the thorn bush war real soon. What the hell was this paragraph about before I digressed into my own particular woods adventure? Oh yeah, the Mountain Man walk. (Sean can keep on walkin', far as I care...) To win the competition, a shooter had to hit all 10 targets. (What? No wrestling with thorn bushes?) He or she also had to avoid all the nature hazards that are supposedly natural to the woods. (and me) Participants did very well when you consider 13 and a few more went into the woods and 13 and a few more came out. I'll announce the winner of the Woods Walk in a later paragraph because Cal doesn't give out the prizes until the end of the newsletter.

And then the Saturday night fell.

'Twas a weekend of a full harvest moon and the specter of Sean and Shadow loomed large in the woods. Coming together in the spectericious (Hey! The moon makes up words!) moonlight were some very chilled and hungry (can you believe it?) people. Sean figured it was a good time to serve his spicy deer chili and blueberry muffin in a Dutch oven. Rick put a pork roast in the smoker that we couldn't attack until 10:30 PM, but the old folks up past their bedtime thought it well worth the wait. It was simply out of this world. Only after I told him how good it was, Rick informed me the roast was "made with genuine creek water." I said, no, I bellowed, "Oh yeah, and for the first time in EPM history you guys probably peed in the woods!" (genuine creek hooter) It didn't halt my progress on a second slab of roast...

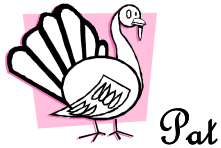
Cal held a candle shoot after dinner and our dead eye dudes did do pretty dude damn good. Sean was winner of this extremely cool night shoot. We didn't have our traditional bonfire, but Cal and Jim's tent caught fire, which I went running (yeah, right) over to check out because I thought it might be the bonfire and it was sore chilly. Much to my disappointment, as I've already stated, it was just Jim and Cal's house burning down. I tried to help by warming myself next to it, but they bade me leave... Actually, those of you who know me better know I was magnificently freaking out. It's easy to joke about now because it was caught early and (thankfully) no one was hurt.

Sunday morning dawned sure that somebody had to make breakfast. Cal, Sean, and Butch busied themselves in the dew frost preparing pancakes, eggs, and bacon for all who had strength enough to crawl to the community fire. Doug Appel sent over some absolutely delicious cinnamon rolls. Your Ed stumbled out of her camper (!) not looking as cute in the woods as she did on Saturday. Cal said, "Good morning!" and really put me in a foul mood. Everyone knows morning is not the proper time to be arising.

While breakfast was nourishing and reviving us to something resembling "hardy," Elois put ribs over her campfire to feed the multitude when the dinner bell rang. Jim Klinger said it all with, "I think from now on when we have a shoot we should leave our guns at home." Amen, wise one. Most wood folk over 40 (you know who you are) just want to eat, talk about it, sleep, then eat some more.

Following the Sunday afternoon shoot cash prizes for the competitions were given out. For participating and decidedly good effort Ashlynnne McKown was

awarded \$5.00, Brianna McCollum \$10.00, and Davis Anderson \$15.00. (Davis, my man! Wanna do Wal Mart?) The Mountain Man Walk was a 1st prize only shoot and Doug Appel "walked" away with it. (Good thing he offered us cinnamon rolls that morning.) True to their very selves, Cal and Butch called this collection of campers, shooters, overeater's, and their activities a great success. I expressed my idea of success (afternoon everything) very clearly, but no one heard. There was a stampede to Elois's place in the circle because she whipped out a couple of tins of her famous fudge. (The very same we used to fight over at the Christmas parties) What else can I say? (Not much. Mouth full of fudge...) The salt of the earth, the best time you can have without the law becoming involved, (we could see the fire department put in an appearance though), good food, good friends, and the Spring Shoot just around the corner...
Til Next Month,
Thanksgiving Too!



UPCOMING EPM EVENTS

November 25- Club Shoot

December 11- Next Meeting, Elections, CHRISTMAS PARTY!!

December 15- Work Party

EPM WEBSITE---

www.epmuzzleloaders.com