



Eastern Platte Muzzleloaders

More Wind from the High
Plains!

NOVEMBER 2008

Thought For Today: If the only prayer you said in your whole life was, "thank you," that would suffice. Meister Eckhart



Hi, Members!

You've caught me in the middle of the "multi-tasking" I hear so much about on TV. As I write, (Some people would call it that...) I'm also downloading songs every person of taste needs off the "Innernet," washing a load of clothes, feeding 3 dogs, a possum, 2 stray cats, and a husband who thinks he needs to eat every day. And all the while I'm "defragmenting" and rehashing my youth. (That shouldn't take long...) If the 'puter doesn't blow up, I will. So— fair warning— if I report the possum's through washing, give you an update on "Ahab, the Arab" when I only meant to sing along, ask you if you'd like more salt, pepper, arsenic, and me to damn eat it for you too!, unconsciously insert a memory about when I was "free" years old, and announce the "defragmentation" didn't cure one second of your imbecility, remember— the tasks are multi, but there's only one me. (Watch it!) Oh— and should you hear a loud yelp, it means one of my multi's kicked a dog instead of the hip-hop oriented washing machine.



Members attending the November 11th meeting did so in weather that was an exact repeat of the October meeting. Cold, drizzly, constant rain ushered 11 members to a warm dinner and discussion of club business. Also attending to "check us out" was visitor Steven Pharr, a very nice, pleasant man as it turns out. Treasurer Jim Klinger's monthly report included the fact that insurance for our range is now over \$1100.00. I mention this to give an idea of club expenses to members not so familiar with the cost of club upkeep. Lately, expenses seem to be off the charts.



Secretary Cal Griffiths gave a report on the Fall Shoot concerning competition costs and profits. EPM profit for putting on the shoot and Sight In was \$12.00. (Yeah— you read that right and whoop-dee-do-we're-in-the-money now!) President Sean didn't have the exact figures with him, but says final raffle tallies appear to have us at least breaking even. Profits are probably akin to the shoot profits... Most members present spoke in terms of continuing the raffle next year. Ideas have already been tossed around for making the raffle a bit more "Jr. friendly," so those particular members will leave us alone.



Final nominations for Officers 2009 were decided without much shocking surprise. Members will elect new officers at the December 9th meeting. Nominated for the EPM Board 2009 are the following as luck would have it people's:

President: Sean McKown Vice President: Jim Klinger Secretary: Pat Appel
Assistant Secretary: Cal Griffiths Treasurer: Butch Appel Range Officer: Rick McCollum

Webmaster duties (hopefully) will return to the shoulders of Karl Lindholm and you'll never guess who the Newsletter Editor will be! Members wanting to put in their 2 cent vote but unable to attend the Dec. meeting can call any presently officiating officer and let their preference be known.



Yours truly reminded members the Christmas party was soon to be attended and we needed volunteers to donate centerpieces for the tables. The main point of my reminder was the fact that I'm on strike and sick and tired of making all the centerpieces by myself. (Yeah, that got a round of applause...) Annette Brink and Ranger Rick have graciously offered to help in the task and between the 3 of us some interesting centerpieces are bound to be had. Routinely centerpieces are auctioned off as part of our Christmas party and the proceeds deposited in the club bank account. (Whoa— another \$12.00 bucks!) If anyone else would like to donate a center treasure for the party bring it along to said party, slap it on a table, and watch your fellow members try and outbid, outwit, and relive their "terrible two's" when hampered in obtaining their chosen "center treasure."



While I'm on the subject of the Christmas party I'll pass along for new members benefit what goes on at our year-end celebration. First on the agenda is the normal meeting lasting anywhere from 30-45 seconds. Nobody cares about club business when presents are piled nearby. It takes roughly 10 seconds to go over old and new business, another 10 to elect officers for 2009, the next 10-15 seconds people inevitably carry on about how they wouldn't have let the nomination stand if they thought they'd actually be elected, and in the last varying from year-to-year seconds present hungry mountain folk chant insistent hints presents are waiting and the meeting has gone on too damn long already. (You know that was Cal.) Why everyone is in such a hurry to snag a present is beyond this Editor. You see, it's not so easy snagging a present at an EPM Christmas party. The torturin' #!#!*# play a game called "Dirty Santa" and it mostly involves someone taking presents away from you. No Ho-Ho-Ho here's a gift for no reason from these #!#!*#. The story of Christmas and maybe an actual Santa biography ought to be placed in our by-laws as mandatory reading and requisite to becoming a member. Anyho-ho-ho, as I stated last year, I'm not 'splaining exactly 'n extravagantly how Dirty Santa works. It's too much to 'splain out and as you can see, I'm already in the middle of a long rant. All it takes to participate in Dirty Santa (besides a predilection to evil) is your own version of a gift. It is usually advised a \$10.00 limit should be set on gifts and most are muzzleloader or period oriented. But they don't have to be. We have no rules engraved on the granite and members are encouraged to give what they will. (not good...) Anyone who'd like to pitch in a party treat, because hey, we're already in a restaurant and there may not be enough food, can bring one to share with the starving mountain man nation or for bribing the Perkin's staff into letting you sneak out the back way.



President Sean announced he would be attending the UNMLA (United Nebraska Muzzleloaders Association) Convention in Kearney over the weekend of January 16-18, 2009. Sean inquired if there was any interest in joining him there. Quite a few members who annually attend Convention have opted out over the last few years due to gasoline prices. The end result of hashing out this dilemma was several officers deciding to car pool, truck pool, or duck pool (for all I know) together so more may attend Convention. Anyone else interested in joining the wagon train to Convention can give Sean or one of his fellow officers a holler.



For those unfamiliar with the UNMLA itself, I'll scratch the surface for details. The UNMLA Convention is the place to get information on muzzle loading events through the coming year. Joining the organization entitles members to the UNMLA handbook and The Powder Horn Press magazine which is filled with interesting articles about muzzle loading, up to date with state decisions, and the most important dates for events statewide. The Convention itself also has a large trade show with black powder guns, knives, attire, and crafting supplies. I'm able to only touch on UNMLA and Convention details here (need rant room), but they do have a website for your further information and if I'm not mistaken there's a link to it on our own. Check out their full agenda, seminars, meetings, and craftsmen of every talent. The UNMLA Convention is one of the biggest muzzle loading events of the year and is also a great time.



Club business was wrapped up with a discussion of next years shoot calendar. The big shoots— Spring, Summer, Fall, and Winter Meat Shoot— are the top priority worries for scheduling. Sean and Cal usually put their heads together and try to pick not only a convenient date, but one that does not fall on another club's scheduled "big shoot." Believe me, it's not an easy task to carry out. Sean is giving members the chance to offer suggestions before it's too late if they've a mind to do so. Call now or forever hold your peace! The shoot schedule must be finalized by the new year so we are advertised with all the muzzle loading clubs and associations.



The beautiful Fall weather will soon be disappearing and winter requires, nay, demands stories. For our purposes, I think a slab of anecdote from club history sufficient—————

Once Sean was burning way too many buffaler' chips in the community camp fire when Cal happened to come along. Well— you know what Cal always says, — “If you butter you're biscuits on both sides, your hands are gonna get greasy.” And he said it, Out loud. Sean, taking great offence, replied to this, “Bubba, I think you dipped your tater chips once too often in the French onion dip.” Cal, insulted as a tater chip would be if it was dipped in French onion, says, “There used to be a tree right over there!” All hell broke loose then and

(EPM version of a Soprano ending.)



Fall Shoot 2008 was a rainy, nippy, damp, sky draining affair that surprisingly turned into a semblance of balmy climes by Saturday afternoon. Testing their endurance and mental stability for encountering continuous damp weather were campers Sean, Ashlyne, and Shadow McKown, Butch and Buster Appel, Cal Griffiths, Rick, Wendy, Kaleb, Brianna, and Cassie McCollum, Carl & Val Johnson, John & Davis Anderson, and Doug & Patty Appel. Josh Mather, Wendy's nephew, also camped with “the crew,” and Brie's best friend Dallis spent the weekend most unfortunately, in the near vicinity of EPM members. Saturday happened to be Brie's 14th birthday and like teenagers everywhere, decided to celebrate it by torturing her best friend with strange old people. Adding to this digression (Yup, they're famous!) I'd like to say how much everyone enjoyed Dallis's company and personality. She had no problem at all mixing in with our strange brew of mix 'n sue. Being the hard-nosed reporter I am, I insisted on the spelling of Dallis's name, which is a good thing... I would have spelled “city.” But I

failed to get her last name which is probably Cal's fault. Eloise VanVoorhis set up camp with grandson Jackson, but when it rained for 3 days she refused to live at her weekend retreat and ended up on the “Visitor” list. Other just-visiting-thank-you-very-much members were your Ed, Jim Klinger, Wade & Karen Farr, Bill & Annette Brink, Karl & Angela Lindholm, Keven & Kathy Guarino, Joel Wentworth, Todd McCollum with fiancée Jess, and Wayne VanVoorhis who had to work all day but fought— I mean —joined us for dinner. Our landlord Richard stopped in to say “howdy,” and check double-sure your Ed was toting pens, not guns. And last, but not least, Ben Ream visited once again and signed up for the shoot competitions.



Eloise made the gift for campers this time around; a set of dish towels and handy canvas bag. I don't know how fellow members put their bags to use, but mine was filled with choice goodies taken from our pot luck to tote on home. Don't anyone tell— I'm tired of being busted for petty crimes. Junior members were each given their very own EPM coloring book with crayons by yours publish truly. These turned out to be a really big hit and if our budget allows it down the road I'd like to “publish” them again.



Members trying their luck 'n pluck at the shoot competition were: Sean, Butch, Cal, Rick, Brie, Doug & Patty, John, Bill, Joel, Todd, Keven & Kathy, visitor Ben Ream, and a Dallis a 'practicin'. Entering the Mountain Man Wood Walk were: Sean, Doug, Patty, Bill, Joel, Cal, and John. We had 3 non-members join our day for the Sight In— known only as Jon, Bob, and Steve. If these gentlemen possess last names I hope they already know them because they won't find the needed info in any record EPM wizzes keep. Shoot results will be posted on our website for the just-have-to-know or those continuing the quest for a last name...



Before I report any further on our excitin' Fall event, I'd like to give big thanks once again to all our bridge builders. Every last participatin' people appreciated not having to wade the creek to reach the firing range. The weather was wet and chilly enough for most of us without the extra soaking. “Barn Red” is a picturesque little wonder and adds to the ambience of our range setting. Pictures of “Barn Red” are on our website for those who weren't able to meet him (Don't ask... I just know.) in person.



And now for the only troublesome appendage to our “Barn Red.” Ranger Rick and I are in big trouble for failing to mention his worthy son Kaleb as one of the bridge builders in last month's newsletter. Rick and I both blame Cal... Kaleb took off a day from school specifically to help his dad in the “Barn Red” endeavor and unfortunately only the trees, turkeys, deer, and maybe the authorities took notice. So— Kaleb, my bud! We do most rightly, honorably, and sincerely apologize and offer member thanks

for your labors to our benefit. You're a great kid and if the "authorities" nail you with a skip school charge, we're all going to pitch in to pay for a cab to Cal's house and force him to spring you from skipper's jail. Thanks again, Wunderkind! (That's a German word meaning; "The kind that skips school and gets nada kudos for it.")



And now back to the Fall Shoot (which a lot of fully grown (way grown) adults skipped) and the most important reason to have it at all; the food! Our pot luck was a glorious feast and extravagant by any standard that folks may have for pigging-out in the woods. Lunch had been planned as a simple partaking of hot dogs and sausages 'n chips until Angela put a very hearty stew on the fire with fresh sweet rolls beside it. She also had a container of her famous "monster cookies" and another one filled with chocolate chip cookies hubby Karl unsuccessfully tried to hide. (Never take your eyes off the Webmaster...)



Directly following the Mountain Man Wood Walk toward evening the EPM raffle was (finally!) presided over by President Sean. Junior members were put in charge of drawing the winning tickets and calming adult losers. (Not one of those kids carries around the corn whiskey needed for just such a task!) Winners of the top gun prizes were Butch Appel and Jim Klinger. (Hell, yeah! The Appel Hunting Lodge needed one more gun!) Another big hit with winners were the Wade Farr, Cal Griffiths, & John Anderson knives. Cal and Jim's names were called over and over 'til I had to get ruff with a few kids and force the sense of picking other names into them. (You're welcome, members!) To their credit, warm hearts, and sense ('lot of that going around...) of generosity Cal, Jim, Butch, Karl, Bill, Karen, and probably others I'm failing to name, passed their winning tickets to either a spouse or a disappointed looking Jr. member. Miss Brie was passed winning tickets several times in honor of her birthday. For those wanting to know who won what and if any violence was involved, a list of winners, almost winners, and people I don't know are on our website. Also on our website is a list of donors and their donations. Lastly, but most importantly concerning Raffle 2008, thanks, thankee, and thank you to one and all who bought, sold, organized, or helped with the raffle in any way. If it wasn't a HUGE financial success we have the excuse of it only being the first attempt and it was more fun than a mountain man locked in a hooter.



The October darkness was falling before even the raffle could be finished so it follows dinner was served in the complete dark which leads me into my excuse for not having every particular about who served what or sat this on the tables. I do know we all ate with an abandon that made the cave men look like the Vanderbilt's of their time. I'm going to test the forgiveness capabilities of a few members, but I'll try and do better next year from my camper in Italy...



Jim Klinger raised lots of interest with his 2-day marinated venison that was then wrapped in slices of bacon and cooked in the smoker with oak chips. This was very popular with our venison lovers and maybe we could prod (or just send Cassie) Jim into posting his recipe on our website. Ranger Rick cooked his specialty pork roast in the smoker. The Double R could be a rich man if he served these up for a living... John Anderson made a wonderful pork stew that really hit the spot in darkness with its cooler evening temps. Karen Farr served stuffed hot banana peppers that were just excellent. Some of the peppers were very hot. I got lucky somehow choosing the milder ones, but President Sean got a hold of a real hotty (Hope he got her name!) and we got to watch (even in darkness) his face turn red, puff out grandly, and then blow off. Thanks, Karen! How often is a dish delish and entertainin'? Karen also made a zucchini bar desert that was out of this world. (No faces lost.)



From here on in things get iffier. I'm sure I made a carrot cake. I'm also sure I ate some to assure myself it didn't taste like dinosaur dropping. (A little habit of mine...) But there were muffins and cookies I know not from which host produced their glory. I know the fudge came from Eloise! And I think Eloise was responsible for the white chili VP Butch was a little too excited about. There were plates of sliced ham and turkey absolutely stunning for tenderness that I think can be attributed to the kitchen of Carl & Val Johnson. (If not, take credit for it anyway!) I heard somebody mention a chocolate cherry cake made by Sean in one of those soul stealing Dutch ovens, but I couldn't confirm it with the Pres himself as his face was visiting folks in another county. (He's such a gad about...)



This Editor could not be at the last day of the shoot on Sunday because she was attending a Halloween zoo event with the grandbaby's. (Talk about scary...) (My costume was "Editor.") I've checked around with people supposed to be in the know and nothing really special happened on Sunday. Officers didn't even make their traditional breakfast in the woods. You can see what

happens when your Ed is absent! Actually, I think they may have had so many leftovers that cooking one more time became redundant.



On a final note belonging to a day I do know something about, I'd like to relate another one of those "interesting conversations" I always seem to be having with Davis Anderson. I noticed (you know how sharp I am) all day Saturday Davis was peacefully reading a book (Yeah, they still exist!) instead of shooting. So I say, in my best conversational polite, "Davis, ya little Peter Murphy, why aren'tcha shooting today? I'm so glad to see you're reading! Kids don't read anymore. You're all a buncha computer smart maroons! But you can read any time— this is the Fall Shoot! Go shoot something! Aim officer, miss Editor!"

And do you know what Davis said to me? "I can shoot any time. It's enough for me just to hang out with all you nice people (spreads his arms wide as he says this) and enjoy the day."

Tom's turkey, his parents oughtta be tarred 'n feathered for raising such a child...



I can think of no better way to end a report on the Fall Shoot or our Thanksgiving newsletter for that matter. To each and all a Happy Thanksgiving. May your turkey be as good as the one the Johnson's are taking credit for, your pies the golden brown of Eden biscuits, your blessings so many you need another table, and your thoughts as special as Davis.

'Til Next Month,
Gobble, gobble, obble, gob spit, gobble!
(Thought I forgot, didn't you?)

ED



EPM CALENDAR

December 9thMeeting, CHRISTMAS PARTY!!!!

December 20thWork Party

December 28thClub Shoot?

EPM OFFICERS

President: Sean McKown 650-7770

Vice President: Butch Appel 290-6852

Secretary: Cal Griffiths 669-0292

Treasurer: Jim Klinger 292-2464

Range Officer: Rick McCollum 298-8738

Webmaster: Karl Lindholm: 734-2018

Newsletter: Pat Appel 933-7186

THOUGHT FOR TOMORROW:

Soon the corn came up and the Europeans decided to celebrate by inviting all the Indians over for a big Thanksgiving dinner, then sending them off to live in reservations in North Dakota.

Dave Barry