

October 20, 2011

We had nice weather for the October match for a change. It was fairly cool with a nice breeze on Saturday, and again on Sunday, with the exception that we had a nice shower just as the last Posse was finishing their shooting. The rain may have got some guns wet, but we shore needed it. We only got a quarter of an inch, but the grass sucked up every bit of it and started to green up by the next morning.

Several shooters shot our new Trail Walk and they really enjoyed it. This was something new to some of them and they really didn't know what to expect. We will probably do this for Jail Break 2012 also as a side match. It is quite challenging and becomes easier to do once you have done it. For Jail Break it will be changed and expanded so that no one knows exactly what to expect. Gunslinger and Lonesome Lefty really worked hard on this one. Saturday's winner was Cockleburrerrrr.

There have been concerns expressed by several shooters about shooter observers complaining to the counters about a hit or miss. NO ONE who is not a counter should ever get in conversation with the counters about a hit or miss....Only three people are to decide a hit or miss, and those are the counters themselves. The timer operator will convey that information to the score keeper. To interfere with this procedure will result in a Spirit of the Game penalty. The second time will result in ejection from the range.

Riding for the Pony Express was difficult work. The riders faced the chance of death everyday, rode over rough terrain, could not weigh over 125 pounds, and were paid \$25.00 per week. A famous advertisement was reported to read, "Wanted: Young, Skinny, Wiry Fellows. Not over Eighteen. Must Be Expert Riders, Willing To Risk Death Daily. Orphans Preferred.'

The Weather has turned very pleasant around here, but we still do not have an adequate amount of moisture in the ground to grow the things that the Deer like to eat in the woods. There are very few acorns on the ground this year and we are having to feed corn just to keep them alive. We were sitting in the sun room this morning watching a group of nine eating the corn that TX Alline put out yesterday evening. They sure do enjoy it. The only problem is, that they sure are looking at our fall garden.

A Texan cruises through a stop sign, and gets pulled over by a local policeman. The Texan hands the cop his driver's license, insurance verification, plus his concealed carry permit. "Okay, Mr. Smith," the officer says, I see you have a CHL permit. Are you carrying any weapons today? Mr. Smith answers, Yes I am. The policeman responds, "Well then, better tell me what you got." Smith says, "Well, I got a 357 revolver in my inside coat pocket. There's a 9mm semi-auto in the glove box. And, I have a 22 magnum derringer in my right boot. "Okay," the officer says. Anything else? "Yeah, back in the trunk, there's an AR15 and a shotgun. That's about it." The officer asks, Mr. Smith are you on your way to or from a gun range? Nope says Mr. Smith. The officer then asks, "what are you afraid of?" NOT A DAMN THING, Smith says.

Justa Hand