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Tom Cottingim 859-533-8896

President's Corner

By Bill Blackburn

As we start our new fiscal year, I feel the most optimistic about our league than anytime I can remember. We have certainly had trying times since February. We have dramatically improved safety on our ranges by adding range officers [as well as having many volunteer range office hours by our members]. Construction of baffles has begun and will continue as weather and finances permit.

We have just completed several important events:

1. Our air gun division has just hosted Air Gun Nationals and other than having the remnants of Ike blowing through, it was a success with good food and good times had by all.
2. Southland Christian Church was here for their annual Outdoor Days. They had over 300 participants and were welcomed to the casting, archery [and tomahawk throwing], squirrel rifle, air gun and trap venues.
3. 4-H was here for their annual competitions. They were competing at muzzle loader, archery, pistol, air pistol, air rifle, and .22 rifles. The youth division provided lunch and breakfast for over 600 participants.

Interestingly, the Southland event and the 4-H event were held on the SAME day. All of the people who have participated in these events are blown away by our facilities and wonderful volunteers. A big Thank you to Ben Riffell for all his extra work and planning which allowed us to pull this off. Jim Gaddis and Matt Jewel insured that all of our ranges were safe and our new safety rules were followed.

See you at our club! Bill

From the BGS� Chaplain

by Rev. Tom Cottingim

The first time I remember my parents buying a new car was the summer before I entered the second grade. My father traded in a 1947 Ford on a 1954 model. As far as I know, that was the first time he had ever indebted himself; he had to borrow some money to have enough to make the trade. Dad and Mom had a car payment of \$60 per month. Within three months they were both *very* unhappy with having to make a payment on something they already had. My father began working more hours than he really wanted to so they could get rid of this horrible thing called debt. They swore to one another they would *never* do that again.

My parents were married 54 years, ending with my father's death in 2001. They bought six more cars during that time and paid for all of them with cash. They never had a second mortgage, personal loan, or a credit card. Mom and Dad operated by a simple economic rule: if you don't have the money to buy something it means you can't afford it and you can't buy it. This rule was underpinned by another: live within your means; that is, *needs* come way before wants. Dad made his living with his hands doing mechanical, welding and machine work. My Mom worked as a waitress. They were not wealthy people, but they provided a good life for me.

In America today, the average car loan is almost \$13,000. For those households with credit card debt the average is near \$10,000. Since most, but not all families have both auto loans and credit card debt, the overall average non-mortgage debt is pushing \$20,000. While car loans are amortized to be paid by a predetermined time, credit cards are not. For instance, on an average card, if you

make minimum payments on a \$1,000 charge it will take 22 years to repay and will cost a total of \$3,300. How could that possibly make sense to so many people?

As I write this there is a terrific debate going on about spending 700 billion dollars to bail out our country's financial institutions. There is currently more discussion and more concern about the economy of America than at any other time in my memory. I have been reading and listening to those who claim to know how to fix all of this, including the Presidential candidates, but so far no agreement has been reached. The whole thing is more complex than I can even imagine and I am praying that a good solution will be found soon.

So, besides a home loan, how much do *you* owe? I hope your answer is zero. It does not matter if we are talking about a national debt problem, or personal ones; they need to be fixed. I, personally, can do very little about the national economic crisis. But I can keep my own finances in order. So can you. Even if you are in debt, you can fix it. Depending on how large your debt is, it may be a painful fix, but you can master it. Just like my Dad, I have a simple rule for getting rid of debt: stop spending money you don't have and pay off your debt. Period. Sell expensive cars and buy, with cash, one you can afford. Change your lifestyle to fit your income. Teach your children to do the same. You will live better. And don't worry about the credit card industry, they have been making nearly 50 Billion Dollars a year in fees. Hope they saved some.

Don't you hate it when preachers start meddling? See you at the club.

Blessings,

Tom

Morgan's Meanderings

By Terry Morgan

Most of us adult males and an awful lot of females have had to deal with someone called a personnel director at some point in our lives. That position is now more commonly called a human resources director. The more vague the job description the easier it is to shuffle answers, make excuses or palm off responsibilities to some other official. Not only have we had to deal with someone in this kind of position, but in many instances, we have had to function in this kind of position. You who have had to fill this function know how tough it is to get good people, the right people, people who can do the job you need done, people who want to do a job and do it right in order to move the condition forward. Well, how does this concept apply to BGSL?

I have mentioned on these pages many times the need for volunteers to fill certain functions in order to move the club forward in some area or another. A month or two ago I mentioned that Rollie Beers was looking for volunteers to do some work on the clubhouse. Floors, leaks, and block sealing were among the items needing attention. Rollie sent out several requests to get help in getting volunteers to help with maintenance on the clubhouse and got very few responses. Well, I am going to tell you how to get this job done in just a few minutes.

First, I want to make it understood that I am in no way discounting the effort that Rollie has put in to try to get work done on the clubhouse. Many of you probably don't remember that Rollie recently lost his wife to cancer and in addition to that, has had a terrible problem with his knees and his ability to perambulate. He is one of the few members who have a special license from the

board to operate an ATV on the property because of his infirmity. Here is a guy who, amid all sorts of personal problems and mishaps, has continued to work for the club. Thanks Rollie. I just don't want you to think, because of the following information, that I am trying to say that Rollie failed in any way. It is just that he was not equipped with the right assets to pull off the caper; as you will see.

Less than a month ago, another call for volunteer help to seal the block on the club house went out over the "blast" system. This appeal was sent out by an enterprising fellow named Daniel Boone Logan (wife's name is Eunice). The call claimed that with the right turnout, the work would be done in 4 hours (one Saturday morning) and that the rewards for this effort would include Subway sandwiches and specially baked fruit pies by Eunice herself. (It is a well known secret that Eunice is the world's best pie baker; she makes a flaky crust like Grandma used to make. Perfect). Those of us who have benefited in the past from Eunice's ability fell for this lure right off the bat. I was involved with Orientation of new members that morning so I arrived a little late, but I made sure that I was there before lunch so that I could participate in the pie orgy. Because I was late, they nominated me to be the "cutter" man. That is the guy who gets to do all the work around the windows and other tough spots that the roller guys don't want to fool with.

Now here is where the guile of this "human resource" manipulator becomes evident. As the noon hour approached, questions began to be heard in the air waves like; "when is Eunice going to show up?" Well, Boone did not want to lose any credibility here and have guys wandering off to do "mommy's jar job" and such so he would get out his cell phone and pretend to call Eunice and then he would announce something like; "she is on her way and ought to be here in about 15

minutes". He did this a couple of times and then switched tactics so as not to get caught in a desperate maneuver to keep noses to the grindstone. The next tactic was to make a call and then announce that she had a flat tire and would be delayed. We all voiced our compassion for her problem and continued applying gray paint to who laid the rail.

Now let us stop and reflect on what has gone on here. Boone has managed to get seven people to paint in blistering hot weather for around 6 hours without stopping. On top of that, Aaron Logan and Mike Kass were up on the roof painting stuff on that hot metal. I will add here that neither one of them fell off the roof despite the horrendous noises they created at various times. About noon, Richard Gehlbach showed up but instead of painting with us, he went off to do his thing on the wireless network and got it going in new places on the property. I mention this because he deserved to participate in the pie orgy and did so. If you think about his management skills, you might consider Boone to be inordinately clever or just plain underhanded. Just about when everyone was fading from heat exhaustion Eunice showed up with the sandwiches and pie. Cheers of appreciation and relief from everyone (including Boone) were given and the pig feast began. It just goes to show you the amount of misery and agony some of us will go through in order to get a good meal.

Well, Eunice's pies did not fail our expectations and we all forgave Boone for his manipulative efforts. Now I know why I should believe it when somebody responds to the question: "Hey, how come Boone isn't shooting tonight?" and the response is: "I think Eunice was cooking something special for dinner tonight". Thanks to Harold Moore, Aaron Logan, Mike Kass, Bill Hubbard, Pat Barbera, John Ruland, Boone Logan and Richard Gehlbach for a good days work. Others had helped with this job at other times but I don't have their names so I cannot list

them here. I do know that Bill Blackburn and Rollie Beers have helped in this effort as well.

Some of you might be familiar with the acronym SASS and some not. For those of you that indulge yourselves with "Peacemakers" and such, you know that it stands for Single Action Shooting Society. That is the foundation for our Cowboy shooting activities on BGS� and is a fine organization to be affiliated with.

One of the fellows who writes stuff for the SASS newspaper, called "The Cowboy Chronicle," carries the pseudonym "Colonel Dan". He writes some good stuff and has given me permission to publish his work. The following is an article written by Colonel Dan which I thought might be particularly appropriate during this political season. It seems pretty obvious to me that most sportsmen lean toward the conservative side and that is definitely where Colonel Dan leans.

America's Child

by Colonel Dan, SASS Life # 24025

Have you ever watched a small child as they reach a point where they're "brave" enough to wander away from their mother a few yards, striking out on their own? They no longer feel the need for the security Mom provides. They're ready for the world-until something frightens them into reality again and they scurry back-returning immediately to the security of their roots and what they know makes sense in the world. Millions of Americans were no different after 9/11.

As America incrementally "matured" over the years and became "enlightened" to the more modern ways of liberalism, many struck out on their

own, leaving behind both the roots of colonial traditionalism as well as those who remained loyal to the old ways.

The ways of our beginnings were antiquated and not reflective of modern man nor tolerant enough of our growing diverse culture. Our 18th Century values just didn't belong in the 21st Century. A new, and freer day was dawning in America and the 'freedom' that came with modern liberalism was indeed the wave of our future. "We must be tolerant of everything and everybody and avoid judging anyone or anything." [Sell Americans on that philosophy, and you can get away with anything].

Political Correctness was the superficial concept that would ensure no feelings were ever hurt, multiculturalism was the compassionate approach, and "tolerance for all," which really means no standards whatsoever regardless of behavior or beliefs, was the demand.

Illegal aliens should be given amnesty, health care, welfare benefits, education, and medical treatment and be registered to vote, of course.

God was out of favor; free expression was in favor as long as that expression wasn't so free as to include God. The state or any place public was not the place for Him or anything related to Him-religion was simply not to be tolerated in public.

Guns were evil-for individuals-therefore the Second Amendment was being reinterpreted as pertaining only to state sponsored' militias-it was never intended to be an individual right-that is until the Supreme Court, by the slimmest of margins, ruled otherwise on 26 June. Sound familiar?

Then, witness the events of 9/11. What happened to that brave little child of America's enlightened age? Many were seen scurrying back to the values of our

colonial past rejoining the millions of us that had never wandered from those ways.

Religion was suddenly again in vogue. People who hadn't seen the inside of a church in decades were making their way to services and learning how to pray again. God was called upon in our moment of need and distress-as He has always been in times of strife.

There was a run on the sale of guns-even by, some of the most devout liberals. Self-defense was back in style, and if you noticed, there was hardly a call for more gun control-at least immediately after 9/11.

No calls in support of illegal aliens were heard. In fact, just the opposite was the cry throughout the land. "Why have we allowed so many undocumented people in this country? We've left ourselves wide open and vulnerable."

Some of my fellow pundits were even declaring that "political correctness" was dead! Tolerance and multiculturalism were temporarily relegated to the back seat.

In other words, when the chips were down, more Americans were scurrying back to the security of our colonial roots. They were frightened and returning to what they knew would provide a solid foundation for their souls. It was the values of colonial traditionalism that once again made sense in their lives and to which they returned-if even for a short while.

I've seen this before in soldiers. They say there are no atheists in foxholes, and that is about as on target as any statement can be. When life is on the line, man always grasps for that which he knows will unquestionably sustain him and make sense of his out-of-control world'

This phenomenon should have clearly shown all America where the solid foundation really is - for this country, and it isn't found in modern 'liberalism. Rather, it's firmly entrenched in the original ways of our Founders and traditionalism. When people felt threatened, millions wanted to return to those roots of our past where authentic and lasting values can always be found.

What does this really prove, if anything? Probably nothing if you are looking for court-of-law type proof. What it proves to me, though, is something I've been writing about for years. The illusion and lies of modern liberalism are just that - illusion and lies. Colonial traditionalism, however, is founded upon substance and truth.

Modern liberalism has no foundation or substance in which man can find anything that will sustain his soul-in good times or bad. It's nothing more than an illusion of enlightenment and a way to sell America on a philosophy that will more easily allow its followers to impose their will on America.

Immediately, after 9/11, the traditional values upon which this country was founded, however, were again shown to be unshakeable and undeniable and will remain so throughout eternity-regardless of liberal spin.

Whether that little child of modern American liberalism chooses to accept this fact, or chooses to deny these basic truths and stray again when their fears subside was never a question of "if," but "when" and "how far" as we've plainly seen in the few short years since 9/11.

At some point however, America's child could venture off too far, unable to find his way back when the next tragedy strikes. At that point, he may indeed be lost ... particularly if we elect a radically liberal government in 2008.

Just the view from my saddle