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RMR Weekly E-News

Hello RMR Faithful!

February is winding down and we are entering into the month of wonder. I wonder if we will get hammered with snow. I wonder how long the cover will hold up (and it is doing fantastic!!) I wonder if the members **remember** that they need to use their hunts before the end of the season if they are a May renewal. Don't let your hunts expire!

RMR member Jon Taylor passed away on Sunday morning from a massive heart attack. Our prayers are with his family during this difficult time. Jon put in his will that he wanted his ashes scattered over the hunting areas at RMR and we will honor his request this Spring.

RMR member Dave Tolhurst is bringing his company out this weekend for their annual team building hunt and Dave told me this morning that he has been battling cancer. It is in his head and he says he is on the mend, but we can all put him on our prayer list as well. Get better Dave!

For those of you who might be in need of a thought or prayer, and for those of you who we don't know are facing similar issues, keep us in the loop. Your RMR family cares and we are happy to let our members know to put you on the prayer list. I think most of you know how I feel about the power of prayer. Your prayers have helped my wife and Mom, and it works!

LAB PUPPIES

There are two sets of puppies to consider:

Bill Belsey has two males left from his litter of 6...one black and one yellow. They are from proven hunting parents and they will be ready to go home on March 12. \$800 each and you can call Bill for details at 719 238 1639.

Tom Meyer bred his chocolate female with RMR's black male Gator and has 3 left. Some males and females and they are all black. \$600 each and if you have had a chance to hunt with Gator, they should be go-getters for sure! Call Tom at (719) 499-5748

THE GREAT GUN GIVE-AWAY

Wouldn't it be great to win a safe full of guns? RMR member George Hess did last year and you might be a luck-duck and win this year! The Colorado Chapter of SCI is holding the Great Gun Give-away again and tickets are just \$100 per chance. The great thing is there are only 150 chances! You can go to the RMR website and print off an entry form and get one of these chances. RMROOSTERS dot com. Drawing is March 13 at their annual banquet and you do not have to be present to win. All money raised from this event stays right here in Colorado for education, conservation and humanitarian projects. Come to the dinner and have some fun! Details are on our website as well. RMROOSTERS dot com

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ORDERING GUNS AT COST

Due to the great response, RMR Guide Rich Reiley is going to continue ordering guns for you at cost. He owns High Tech Customs in Colorado Springs and he will order you weapons...handguns, shotguns and rifles...at cost. You have to pay taxes and the transfer fee which is normally \$45, but for the rest of the RMR season (thru April) the price is \$30 per gun.

Send him an email and in the subject line put RMR GUNS. Tell him what you are looking for and give him good contact info to get back with you. Obviously he will have your email address, but tell him who you are! (I might know, but he won't)

His email address is htcustoms@pcisys.net and his phone is 719-667-1090. It is best that you email so his assistant can get you the info. He receives a lot of calls during the day, so email will be the fastest way to get your answer, and I am out of the loop.

CSU BANS CONCEALED CARRY

Concealed weapons will no longer be permitted on Colorado State University's two campuses in Fort Collins and Pueblo.

The CSU System Board of Governors on Tuesday unanimously approved separate but similar bans proposed by administrators at the two campuses.

Students at Fort Collins who have concealed-carry permits will be able to put their weapons in a storage facility maintained by campus police.

Firearms were already banned at Fort Collins campus housing. Students who live on campus and own firearms can now store them with campus police.

The Pueblo campus doesn't have a police force or storage facilities. Russell Meyer, provost of the Pueblo campus, said students who have a concealed-carry permit may be allowed to keep guns in their cars, but that hasn't been decided.

Both campuses allow exemptions for educational purposes and for people who face a serious threat, if they have obtained a concealed-carry permit.

The CSU campuses were among a handful nationwide where concealed weapons were still permitted. The Senate of the Associated Students of CSU at Pueblo previously endorsed the ban on a 11-1 vote. Steve Titus, president of the group, said the measure won support after administrators offered a clearer definition of "weapons" that did not include Tasers or pepper spray.

The ASCSU Senate on the Fort Collins campus opposed the gun control policy 23-1. The policy at that campus bans Tasers and pepper spray in quantities greater than an ounce.

The sheriff of Larimer County which includes Fort Collins, also opposes the ban. CSU-Fort Collins faculty support it.

YOU CAN CARRY IN NATIONAL PARK NOW

A long-standing ban on carrying firearms in national parks and wildlife refuges ended this week as the new law took effect. The new law allows gun owners to carry if they have a permit in the state where the national park or refuge is located. Congress passed the measure in May, when it was included in a credit-card industry reform bill.

WHO THE HECK WAS KILROY?

In 1946 the American Transit Association, through its radio program, "Speak to America," sponsored a nationwide contest to find the REAL Kilroy, offering a prize of a real trolley car to the person who could prove himself to be the genuine article.

Almost 40 men stepped forward to make that claim, but only James Kilroy from Halifax, Massachusetts, had evidence of his identity.

Kilroy was a 46-year old shipyard worker during the war who worked as a checker at the Fore River Shipyard in Quincy. His job was to go around and check on the number of rivets completed. Riveters were on piecework and got paid by the rivet.

Kilroy would count a block of rivets and put a check mark in semi-waxed lumber chalk, so the rivets wouldn't be counted twice. When Kilroy went off duty, the riveters would erase the mark. Later on, an off-shift inspector would come through and count the rivets a second time, resulting in double pay for the riveters.

One day Kilroy's boss called him into his office. The foreman was upset about all the wages being paid to riveters, and asked him to investigate. It was then he realized what had been going on.

The tight spaces he had to crawl in to check the rivets didn't lend themselves to lugging around a paint can and brush, so Kilroy decided to stick with the waxy chalk. He continued to put his checkmark on each job he inspected, but added KILROY WAS HERE in king-sized letters next to the check, and eventually added the sketch of the chap with the long nose peering over the fence and that became part of the Kilroy message. Once he did that, the riveters stopped trying to wipe away his marks.

Ordinarily the rivets and chalk marks would have been covered up with paint. With war on, however, ships were leaving the Quincy Yard so fast that there wasn't time to paint them. As a result, Kilroy's inspection "trademark" was seen by thousands of servicemen who boarded the troopships the yard produced. His message apparently rang a bell with the servicemen, because they picked it up and spread it all over Europe and the South Pacific.

Before war's end, "Kilroy" had been here, there, and everywhere on the long hauls to Berlin and Tokyo.

To the troops outbound in those ships, however, he was a complete mystery; all they knew for sure was that some jerk named Kilroy had "been there first." As a joke, U.S. servicemen began placing the graffiti wherever they landed, claiming it was already there when they arrived.

Kilroy became the U.S. super-GI who had always "already been" wherever GIs went. It became a challenge to place the logo in the most unlikely places imaginable (it is said to be atop Mt. Everest, the Statue of Liberty, the underside of l'Arc De Triomphe, and even scrawled in the dust on the moon.)

As the war went on, the legend grew. Underwater demolition teams routinely sneaked ashore on Japanese-held islands in the Pacific to map the terrain for coming invasions by U.S. troops (and thus, presumably, were the first GIs there). On one occasion, however, they reported seeing enemy troops painting over the Kilroy logo! In 1945, an outhouse was built for the exclusive use of Roosevelt, Stalin, and Churchill at the Potsdam conference. Its' first occupant was Stalin, who emerged and asked his aide (in Russian), "Who is Kilroy?"

To help prove his authenticity in 1946, James Kilroy brought along officials from the shipyard and some of the riveters. He won the trolley car, which he gave to his nine children as a Christmas gift and set it up as a playhouse in the Kilroy front yard in Halifax, Massachusetts.

So, now you know the rest of the story....just like Paul Harvey used to say!

THE POWER OF PRAYER?

In a small Texas town (Mt. Vernon), Drummond's Bar began construction on a new location to increase their business.

The local Baptist church started a campaign to block the bar from opening, with petitions and prayers. Work progressed right up till the week before opening, when lightning struck the bar and burned it to the ground.

The church folks were rather smug in their outlook after that, until the bar owner sued the church on the grounds that the church was ultimately responsible for the demise of his building, either through direct or indirect actions or means. The church vehemently denied all responsibility or any connection to the new bar's demise, in its reply to the lawsuit.

When the case made its way into court, the judge read over the paperwork. At the hearing, he said, "I don't know how I'm going to decide this! For, as it appears from the paperwork, we have a bar owner who firmly believes in the power of prayer, and an entire church congregation that doesn't!"

TWO FOR THE ROAD

A man walks into a bar, notices a very large jar on the counter, and sees that it's filled to the brim with \$10 bills. He guesses there must be at least ten thousand dollars in it. He approaches the bartender and asks, "What's with the money in the jar?"

"Well....you pay \$10, and if you pass three tests, you get all the money in the jar and the keys to a brand new Lexus."

The man certainly isn't going to pass this up, so he asks, "What are the three tests?"

"You gotta pay first," says the bartender, "those are the rules."

So, after thinking it over a while, the man gives the bartender \$10 which he stuffs into the jar.

"Okay," says the bartender, "here's what you need to do:

First - You have to drink a whole quart of tequila, in 60 seconds or less, and you can't make a face while doing it."

"Second - There's a pit bull chained in the back with a bad tooth. You have to remove that tooth with your bare hands."

"Third - There's a 90-year old lady upstairs who's never had sex. You have to take care of that problem."

The man is stunned! "I know I paid my \$10 -- but I'm not an idiot! I won't do it! You'd have to be nuts to drink a quart of tequila and then do all those other things!"

"Your call," says the bartender, "but, your money stays where it is."

As time goes on, the man has a few more drinks and finally says, "Where's the damn tequila?!"

He grabs the bottle with both hands and drinks it as fast as he can. Tears stream down both cheeks -- but he doesn't make a face -- and he drinks it in 58 seconds!

Next, he staggers out the back door where he sees the pit bull chained to a pole. Soon, the people inside the bar hear loud growling, screaming, and sounds of a terrible fight -- then nothing but silence!

Just when they think that the man surely must be dead, he staggers back into the bar. His clothes are ripped to shreds and he's bleeding from bites and gashes all over his body. He drunkenly says, "Now..., where's that old woman with the bad tooth?"

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"Late again," the third-grade teacher said to little Sammy.

"It ain't my fault this time, Miss Crabtree. You can blame this'un on my Daddy. The reason I'm three hours late is my Daddy sleeps naked!"

Now, Miss Crabtree had taught grammar school for thirty-some-odd years. Despite her mounting fears, she asked little Sammy what he meant by that.

Full of grins and mischief, and in the flower of his youth, little Sammy and trouble were old friends, but he always told her the truth.

You see, Miss Crabtree, out at the ranch we got this here low down coyote the last few nights, he done ate six hens and killed Ma's best milk goat. Last night, when Daddy heard a noise out in the chicken pen, he grabbed his shotgun and said to Ma, "That coyote's back again, I'm a gonna git him!"

"Stay back, he whispered to all us kids!"

"He was naked as a jaybird, no boots, no pants, no shirt!"

To the hen house he crawled, just like an Injun on the snoop. Then, he stuck that double barreled 12 gauge shotgun through the window of the coop." "As he stared into the darkness, with coyotes on his mind, our old hound dog, Zeke, had done woke up and comes sneaking' up behind Daddy.

Then, as we all looked on, plumb helpless, old Zeke stuck his cold nose in Daddy's butt!

"Miss Crabtree, we all been cleanin' chickens since three o'clock this mornin'!"

Brett Axton
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