



If Wiley E. Coyote had enough money to buy all that ACME crap, why didn't he just buy dinner?

—Dr. Axton, Pheasantologist

Wings and Tails...
 +Brett's Annual Christmas
 Message to the Masses,
 24th in a series of Christmas
 letters to Rocky Mountain
 Roosters Members and Friends

It has been an interesting year to say the least. We have seen many births and unfortunately several funerals. It is truly from cradle to grave in life.

What we chose to do with our lives from when we are born until we die is up to us.

You might have seen the poem about the person looking at the tombstone in an old cemetery and seeing the birth date followed by a DASH and then the date of death.

The DASH in our lives is what matters, not when we were born or when we die...the part in between.

Some DASHES are too short, and they are cut short by things beyond our control.

Some DASHES are filled with things that we wish we could take back and that we wish we would have never done.

We have the opportunity to make our DASHES ones that we can be proud of and that people around us will respect and remember when that final date is on our death certificate.

You can never go back, but you can make a difference NOW. If you think that you can't make a difference, try giving someone some extra time when they need you. Try spending some time with an elderly person who doesn't have any family left. Try taking a young person hunting or fishing or to a movie and really listening to them when they talk. Do something for someone that really needs a hand up, not a hand out.

We have been blessed over the last 24 years to have some of the greatest members that an organization could ask for. The RMR family, and I truly mean FAMILY, has made a difference to many people.

The generosity of our member hunt-

ers and their businesses has been huge over the last two decades.

We are fortunate to have a venue that allows us to host youth and women outdoor programs. Our fantastic members have dug deep to take the men and women in uniform hunting at your club. We have had 7 successful years of a fun shoot that has raised over \$175,000 for 16 different charities (and we are doing it again on February 6th!)

There are so many stories that have been born at the club resulting in renewed relationships with family and friends, and they keep happening.

I want to thank all of you for making a difference, and hope that you keep looking for ways to use your tal-



ents to help other folks. Please know that we are here to help you in any way that we can to make that happen.

The staff at RMR realizes that your recreational time is limited and precious and we strive to give you 100%. We hope that you continue to allow us to serve you...we really do care!

Several years ago, before the movie "The Bucket List", I made a list of things that I would like to do in my life.

Honestly, most of the things on the list were places that I would like to go to hunt or animals that I would like to harvest or at least try to harvest.

The bad thing about my list is that I did it in alphabetical order!

I have deviated from the list over the last few years, and have added to it,

but I have a list.

One great thing about my list is that I now have a wonderful wife, Rebecca, that can enjoy my quest with me. Some of the things on the list are not meant for more than one person, and some of the things are meant for multiple people. At any rate, it is interesting to look at a 'To Do' list and see where you can actually accomplish something and do something for others at the same time.

As I have looked at the list, I have found things that are not nearly as important to me as I thought they were years ago. Time is more important than things or places.

I actually have to take a step back and look at life. When I was younger and single, I didn't have to let someone know when I would be home or tell anyone where I was going. Not that I have to now, but it is the right thing to do. It is still hard to break old habits of going to work at o-dark-thirty and staying at work until all of the fast food joints close. I need to remind myself that tomorrow is another day after all!

This is kind of like 'singing to the choir' and I am listening to the same tune so bear with me. Put off things you can, take extra time for those around you and look for the opportunity to do something for someone else.

Happiness keeps you sweet,
 Trials keep you strong,
 Sorrows keep you human,
 Failures keep you humble,
 Success keeps you glowing,
 But only God keeps you going!

In October of 2009 I finally got the chance to go on a Brown Bear hunt in Alaska with my good friend and RMR member Kent Stevinson. We have been planning this hunt for several years

and since it was on my list of things to do and it was an "A" (or "B"...I don't know which place I had it on my list), I was excited about finally getting the chance to experience the big bruins.

A friend of mine, Danny Dodge from Roadrunner Productions and Living the Wildlife television show, talked to me about going with us to video the adventure for his television show. I was excited about having a video memory of the hunt and it gave him another show for his TV series. We made the arrangements with the outfitter to have Danny tag along and record the events of the hunt.

We flew to Anchorage on the 29th of September to meet Mike Cowan of Cross-hairs Outfitters of Alaska and drove to Kenai and stayed the night there, preparing to fly out the next morning.

With the cameraman following our every move (not all of them) we began to record this historic event....going into the wilderness of Alaska in search of the unpredictable Brown Bear! It was exciting...not only for the upcoming hunt, but seeing what God had created in this beautiful part of the United States.

I have been to Alaska several times, and every time that I have been there I have gone into this area to start my hunts or fishing trips. It really looks different in the fall. The colors were absolutely spectacular and there were not as many people (tourists) since it was basically the end of the season for them.

The weather was good. Only a few rain showers, but we had the right gear for wet and cold weather and I was certain that we would get both. Not to the extreme that we were about to experience, however!

We flew into a remote area across the Cook Inlet in a Super Cub...one person and the pilot at a time. The weather was brilliant and we were able to fly into a remote part of the river with about 90 yards or 270 feet of dry sand bar to land on.

This was my first time landing on such a short runway, and our pilot Doug Brewer did an excellent job of putting down the plane each time to drop off the hunters and our gear. When you are several hundred feet above the earth it looks like a virtual postage stamp to land the Cub on and my stomach felt better once we were on the ground next to the river.

The place that Mike and Doug had chosen for our camp was on a dry sand bar next to a semi-fast running river that was about knee deep to me so about 1.5-2 feet

deep. We set up the dome tents and made a lean-to cook shelter and cleaned up our home for the next 10 days.

You can't hunt the same day you fly so the first afternoon was spent looking at the splendor of the fall colors and planning out our next days of hunting. We got our gear situated and had a wonderful dinner and set out the next morning, headed up river towards an old cabin that was built in the 70's that would overlook the river and which had several fingers that were full of spawning salmon.

It was two days of nice weather with hours upon hours of glassing with binoculars on top of the steep hill to the shack that we called home away from home, looking at the areas that had recent bear tracks and plenty of swimming food for the bears.

Kent was going to shoot first and I would back him up and we would trade off once he shot his bear. The days were shorter due to the fact that we were losing daylight by about 10 minutes a day, and we would move out just at dawn from the base camp so we could see anything that might be on the river and not surprise them and hopefully get a shot with the rifles and our camera!

Day three we saw a bear down river about 350 yards but we could not get a shot at him due to distance and brush. It started to rain that day...not hard but consistent, and more at night than during the day. The temps were OK, but the rain kept coming. We had seen a huge track just below the cabin about 100 yards that was made by a bear that would measure over 10 feet and we were hoping to see that big guy some time during our trip.

Day four and five it continued to rain, and it got harder. The morning of the 5th day we put a stick in the river where we touched down with the plane and when we returned that evening after we hunted the water had risen about 30 yards, and it was getting deeper.

Day 6 we did the same thing and the water had really risen over night. We traveled to the cabin again and now were walking totally in water, no longer were we crossing dry gravel to get to our perch. That 6th day we had a very nice bear come into our lair and it just didn't work out to shoot him, as he was swimming in the river more that he was walking on dry ground.

Wings and Tails Continued

The story of Noah was fresh in my mind as the rain really was coming down. We left early that afternoon, knowing that we were going to be walking in waist deep or higher water. Our markers at camp and along the river were now gone and our tents were on a spit of land now, and the river kept rising.

At midnight we awoke to the river only 5 feet from the tents (when we went to bed it was 40 feet from the front door of the tent). We moved the tents twice in two hours and went to bed at 2am.

At 3:30am the water was running underneath our tents and we were now in survival mode. We packed our gear into our bags and took down the floating tents and moved back as far away from the rushing water as we could.

I cut a small area for a tarp to place our gear so that we could try to keep what wasn't wet yet dry, and we waited for the dawn to come and to call the float base for an emergency pick-up. Doug answered the phone at 8:30am, which was about the time the sun came up and told us that he had not been able to fly for the last 3 days and he would get out to pick us up. He hoped that he could land and if not he would drop a raft to us so we could float the 30 miles to a bigger lake.

He came in with a Super Cub on floats and made 6 trips out off of the raging river that was now close to 5 feet deep. An amazing pilot and when he took off the last time the cook shack and place I cut in the brush to keep our gear dry was under 2 feet of water.

We all laughed at our situation, but knew that a few more hours of the down-pour would have meant many more days waiting for a pick up.

You don't grow old from laughing. You grow old because you stop laughing, but you can not laugh too loud at mother nature! The TV show will be on this Winter some time and even though we didn't get a bear, we have a memory that will last a lifetime!

As I said, the DASH in life is the one that you remember, and we are happy that the last number of our lives were not etched in stone and we can keep adding to our adventures. God willing there will be more!!

Give your dog a kiss and pat your wife and kids on the head for me. Have a MERRY CHRISTMAS!!

Do we have your email address?? If not send it to us at hunt@rmroosters.com



When you book a hunt, remember that if it is a guided hunt we do not allow more than four hunters in a group.

Many people ask why we won't take 5 or 6 hunters in a hunting party. The reasons are simple and we have had the rules for years.

The most important thing at RMR is to have a safe hunt. It is hard for a guide to keep track of more than 4 guns and two or more dogs at one time. His job is to keep an organized hunt and maintain safe shooting situations for everyone involved.

With four guns, everyone gets good shooting. If there are more hunters in a group, inevitably one of the hunters gets less shooting and that isn't fair, and it can be dangerous for the guide and hunters. We want everyone to get plenty of shooting, and that can be done with groups not larger than four.

We can handle large hunting parties, but we will split you into manageable groups. Thanks for understanding.

POOR TIGER.....

Tiger was driving an Escalade, can he blame the accident on his caddy?

Tiger Woods crashed into a fire hydrant and a tree. He couldn't decide between a wood and an iron.

The police asked Tiger's wife how many times she hit him. "I don't know exactly...put me down for a 5."

What's the difference between a car and a golf ball? Tiger can drive a ball 400 yards.

Phil Mickelson contacted Tiger's wife to pick up tips on how to beat Tiger.

The Only Number You Need To Book A Hunt



This is the best year yet for members remembering to call the office for reservations. Some people still want to call the clubhouse, but that isn't the number you need to ask questions or make reservations. Email is a great way to make reservations too!

You have to call the office to make reservations!! Not the clubhouse!

The reason is two fold.

1. Bill and the guides are out in the field and don't have time to deal with the phone.
2. Brett and the office have the master schedule book. We can accurately tell you what is available and if the time you want to hunt is open. The office is the only number you need to call to schedule a hunt.

The phone number is 719-635-3257 and you will find someone in the office usually around 7:30 am to 5pm. You might get our voice mail, if you do, leave a message we will get back to you. Please call the office for reservations, NOT THE CLUBHOUSE!! Everything is working fine and you are doing great!

Used Christmas Trees Needed

Every year we collect used Christmas trees from the cities and counties and put them in the fence rows at the club for bird habitat.

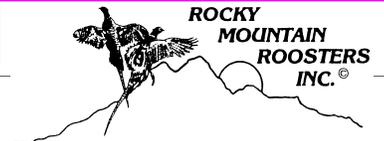
The Christmas trees serve several purposes. By putting them in the fences, they stop blowing snow and that adds water to the ground around the fences. In the spring when things are starting to grow, the ground around the areas where the snow has piled up grow weeds and grasses more readily because the ground has much needed moisture.

The trees also give birds escape cover from predators, as well as holding cover for the hunters. You probably have noticed all of the trees that we have woven into the fences in the different areas. These are places that birds can hide from the owls and hawks as well as the coyotes. This also gets them out of the wind and weather.

We would like to have your help this season by bringing your used tree as well as any you can get from your neighbors. It takes a lot of trees to make a difference, so the more the merrier. Even if you have slashings or cuttings from pruning your trees from the fall, or anytime of year, bring them to the club and we will put them to good use. Talk to the tree lots in your area and tell them we will take all they have left!



Do we have your email address?? If not send it to us at hunt@rmroosters.com



719-635-3257 for Reservations

6 Shot is Smaller than 4 Shot...Nothing Larger than 6's

The new safety signs that are hanging at all areas and around the clubhouse notes that we do not allow any shotgun shells with shot size larger than number 6 shot. This is not a new rule, and one everyone needs to remember.

Many people have asked why they can't shoot number 4 or 5 shot while hunting at RMR. The simple fact is that the larger shot sizes carry farther in the air. If you are shooting at a bird and that shot...even if it hits the bird...will carry for several hundred yards past the bird. At distance, the shot might not be fatal, but if you catch a pellet in the eye or on the cheek, you will know it!

Number 6 shot is plenty for Pheasant and Chukar, and actually have more pellets with 7 1/2 shot shells and just as much power (powder) in most cases.

We continually strive to maintain a safe and healthy hunting environment for everyone and this is another way to make your hunting experience one that you will remember. Make certain that your guests know our policy as well.

Scratch Hunts Available for Members

Every week we have people that come out to train their dogs and just walk the fields to hunt.

This type of hunt is called a "Scratch Hunt". This is for MEMBERS ONLY, NO GUESTS.

You must have a dog and the cost is \$25 per person. You can train and shoot birds and you will pay for any birds you kill. The cost for birds is still \$18 for pheasants, \$17 for chukar and \$9 for quail.

Scratch Hunts are only allowed weekdays and are only available if there is an open area. It is best if you call the office to let us know you want to hunt scratch and we can tell you if there is an open area to work your dog. Scratch hunts start at 8am and 1pm just like the regular hunts.

Remember...this is a privilege for members only and we do not allow guests to hunt scratch. Call the office to schedule a scratch hunt at 719-635-3257.

Military Hunting Bank Continues to Thrive Thanks to YOU!!

Rocky Mountain Roosters and our members continue to offer hunting to the active duty men and women in the military.

The Hunting Bank was started six years ago as a "bank" of day hunts to be used by active military personnel from all branches of service.

We will continue to have soldiers as our guests at the club, thanks to your generosity! If you want to contribute a hunt to the Hunting Bank, call the office and we will take one off of your membership or you can purchase one for the member price of \$100.

Thanks to the great RMR members, we have taken more than 2000 soldiers to the field for a day of upland bird hunting. We had several of our members take the soldiers out with their dogs and the troops have had a memory that was only possible because the RMR family stood up and said "thank you."

These men and women thank each and every one of you for allowing them to be a part of the RMR family for the day and we have really made a difference in their lives...even if it was for one afternoon. They know that we care and appreciate what they do to keep us FREE!!



3 Soldiers from the 43rd Sustainment Brigade enjoy the hunt at RMR in Dec.



EMAIL UPDATES

If you have email you should be receiving the E-News via the Internet. If you haven't been getting the words of wisdom from RMR or just the words...send us your email and let us stay in contact with you via the computer.

If you are not getting our email, you are either not on our list or we are being sent to your bulk or spam folder. Make sure that our email address is white listed as a good guy address. bretta@rmroosters.com is where the emails come from.

We updated our email list again, and if you are not getting the timely updates, email us and we will make sure you are getting them. Some people don't want the emails, and that is fine. This is the way that we stay in touch with our members and their friends that want our news and information. It is much cheaper to send email and info via the Internet, than to send it with the postal service. The down side is that not all members have email!! Look at our new website at www.rmroosters.com



Joel Spoelman with his big archery bull shot in 2009

We are going back to British Columbia again in 2010 for Moose and we would love to have you join us! There are some openings available for '10 and '11. Last year was a tough year due to weather, but the Moose were there, and we consistently do well with Russell Cummins and Jennings River Outfitters.

If you are interested in a quality Moose hunt, let us know and we can get you all of the information about the hunt. The season is basically from September 1st until the middle of October and the cost is \$9000 plus flights and tags.

Brett and his wife Rebecca will be going again this year and you are welcome to join in on the fun in the wilds of Canada. One of the big benefits of going on this hunt is that successful hunters can get their meat back along with the antlers and hides thanks to RMR member Steve Selvig driving a refrigerated trailer from the camp to Colorado Springs. Moose meat is the best eating there is!

Pro and College Sports Every Weekend in RMR Clubhouse

Watch your favorite teams before or after you hunt, thanks to Doug Estrada of Valcom. RMR has DIRECT TV and you can enjoy sports on the big screen TV next to the fireplace.

If you need internet services, satellite TV, web design or any computer help, Valcom can do it and tell him thanks for supporting your hunting club.



108 N Park St
Woodland Park, CO 80863
719-687-8093
valcom@valcomlps.com

Never Lie To Your Mother

Brian invited his mother over for dinner. During the course of the meal, Brian's mother couldn't help but notice how beautiful Brian's roommate, Jennifer, was. Brian's Mom had long been suspicious of the platonic relationship between Brian and Jennifer, and this had only made her more curious.

Over the course of the evening, while watching the two interact, she started to wonder if there was more between Brian and Jennifer than met the eye.

Reading his mom's thoughts, Brian volunteered, 'I know what you must be thinking, but I assure you Jennifer and I are just roommates.'

About a week later, Jennifer came to Brian saying, 'Ever since your mother came to dinner, I've been unable to find the beautiful silver gravy ladle. You don't suppose she took it, do you?'

Brian said, 'Well, I doubt it, but I'll send her an e-mail just to be sure. So he sat down and wrote:

Dear Mom,

I'm not saying that you 'did' take the gravy ladle from the house, I'm not saying that you 'did not' take the gravy ladle. But the fact remains that one has been missing ever since you were here for dinner.

Love, Brian

Several days later, Brian received an email back from his mother that read:

Dear Son,

I'm not saying that you 'do' sleep with Jennifer, I'm not saying that you 'do not' sleep with Jennifer. But the fact remains that if Jennifer is sleeping in her own bed, she would have found the gravy ladle by now.

Love, Mom

LESSON OF THE DAY— NEVER LIE TO YOUR MOTHER

Remember to pick up your emp-

A Dog Story... Man's Best Friend



They told me the big black Lab's name was Reggie as I looked at him lying in his pen. the shelter was clean, no-kill, and the people really friendly. I'd only been in the area for six months, but everywhere I went in the small college town, people were welcoming and open. Everyone waves when you pass them on the street.

But something was still missing as I attempted to settle in to my new life here, and I thought a dog couldn't hurt. Give me someone to talk to. And I had just seen Reggie's advertisement on the local news. The shelter said they had received numerous calls right after, but they said the people who had come down to see him just didn't look like "Lab people," whatever that meant. They must've thought I did.

But at first, I thought the shelter had misjudged me in giving me Reggie and his things, which consisted of a dog pad, bag of toys almost all of which were brand new tennis balls, his dishes, and a sealed letter from his previous owner. See, Reggie and I didn't really hit it off when we got home. We struggled for two weeks (which is how long the shelter told me to give him to adjust to his new home). Maybe it was the fact that I was trying to adjust, too. Maybe we were too much alike.

For some reason, his stuff (except for the tennis balls - he wouldn't go anywhere without two stuffed in his mouth) got tossed in with all of my other unpacked boxes. I guess I didn't really think he'd need all his old stuff, that I'd get him new things once he settled in, but it became pretty clear pretty soon that he wasn't going to.

I tried the normal commands the shelter told me he knew, ones like "sit" and "stay" and "come" and "heel," and he'd follow them - when he felt like it. He never really seemed to listen when I called his name - sure, he'd look in my direction after the fourth or fifth time I said it, but then he'd just go back to doing whatever. When I'd ask again, you could almost see him sigh and then grudgingly obey.

This just wasn't going to work. He chewed a couple shoes and some unpacked boxes. I was a little too stern with him and he resented it, I could tell. The friction got so bad that I couldn't wait for the two weeks to be up, and when it was, I was in full-on search mode for my cell phone amid all of my unpacked stuff. I remembered leaving it on the stack of boxes in the guest room, but I also mumbled, rather cynically, that the "damn dog probably hid it on me."

Finally I found it, but before I could punch up the shelter's number, I also found his pad and other toys from the shelter. I tossed the pad in Reggie's direction and he snuffed it and wagged, some of the most enthusiasm I'd seen since bringing him home. But then I called, "Hey, Reggie, you like that? Come here and I'll give you a treat." Instead, he sort of glanced in my direction - maybe "glared" is more accurate - and then gave a discontented sigh and flopped down. With his back to me.

Well, that's not going to do it either, I thought. And I punched the shelter phone number. But I hung up when I saw the sealed envelope. I had completely forgotten about that, too. "Okay, Reggie," I said out loud, "let's see if your previous owner has any advice.".....

To Whoever Gets My Dog:

Well, I can't say that I'm happy you're reading this, a letter I told the shelter could only be opened by Reggie's new owner. I'm not even happy writing it. If you're reading this, it means I just got back from my last car ride with my Lab after dropping him off at the shelter. He knew something was different. I have packed up his pad and toys before and set them by the back door before a trip, but this time... it's like he knew something was wrong. And something is wrong... which is why I have to go to try to make it right.

So let me tell you about my Lab in the hopes that it will help you bond with him and he with you. First, he loves tennis balls.... the more the merrier. Sometimes I think he's part squirrel, the way he hordes them. He usually always has two in his mouth, and he tries to get a third in there. Hasn't done it yet. Doesn't matter where you throw them, he'll bound after it, so be careful - really don't do it by any roads. I made that mistake once, and it almost cost him dearly.

Next, commands. Maybe the shelter staff already told you, but I'll go over them again: Reggie knows the obvious ones - "sit," "stay," "come," "heel." He knows hand signals: "back" to turn around and go back when you put your hand straight up; and "over" if you put your hand out right or left. "Shake" for shaking water off, and "paw" for a high-five. He does "down" when he feels like lying down - I bet you could work on that with him some more. He knows "ball" and "food" and "bone" and "treat" like nobody's business. I trained Reggie with small food treats. Nothing opens his ears like little pieces of hot dog.

Feeding schedule: twice a day, once about seven in the morning, and again at six in the evening. Regular store-bought stuff; the shelter has the brand.



He's up on his shots. Call the clinic on 9th Street and update his info with yours; they'll make sure to send you reminders for when he's due. Be forewarned: Reggie hates the vet. Good luck getting him in the car - I don't know how he knows when it's time to go to the vet, but he knows!

Finally, give him some time. I've never been married, so it's only been Reggie and me for his whole life. He's gone everywhere with me, so please include him on your daily car rides if you can. He sits well in the backseat, and he doesn't bark or complain. He just loves to be around people, and me most especially; which means that this transition is going to be hard, with him going to live with someone new.

And that's why I need to share one more bit of info with you.... His name's not Reggie. I don't know what made me do it, but when I dropped him off at the shelter, I told them his name was Reggie. He's a smart dog, he'll get used to it and will respond to it, of that I have no doubt; but I just couldn't bear to give them his real name. For me to do that, it seemed so final, that handing him over to the shelter was as good as me admitting that I'd never see him again. And if I end up coming back, getting him, and tearing up this letter, it means everything's fine. But if someone else is reading it, well... well it means that his new owner should know his real name. It'll help you bond with him. Who knows, maybe you'll even notice a change in his demeanor if he's been giving you problems.

His real name is Tank. Because, that is what I drive.

Again, if you're reading this and you're from the area, maybe my name has been on the news. I told the shelter that they couldn't make "Reggie" available for adoption until they received word from my company commander. See, my parents are gone, I have no siblings, no one I could've left Tank with... and it was my only real request of the Army upon my deployment to Iraq, that they make one phone call to the shelter... in the "event"... to tell them that Tank could be put up for adoption. Luckily, my colonel is a dog guy, too, and he knew where my platoon was headed. He said he'd do it personally. And if you're reading this, then he made good on his word.

Well, this letter is getting too downright depressing, even though, frankly, I'm just writing it for my dog. I couldn't imagine if I was writing it for a wife and kids and family. but still, Tank has been my family for the last six years, almost as long as the Army has been my family.

And now I hope and pray that you make him part of your family and that he will adjust and come to love you the same way he loved me. That unconditional love from a dog is what I took with me to Iraq as an inspiration to do something selfless, to protect innocent people from those who would do terrible things... and to keep those terrible people from coming over here. If I had to give up Tank in order to do it, I am glad to have done so. He was my example of service and of love. I hope I honored him by my service to my country and comrades.

All right, that's enough. I deploy this evening and have to drop this letter off at the shelter. I don't think I'll say another good-bye to Tank, though. I cried too much the first time. Maybe I'll peek in on him and see if he finally got that third tennis ball in his mouth.

Good luck with Tank. Give him a good home, and give him an extra kiss goodnight - every night - from me.
Thank you, Paul Mallory

I folded the letter and slipped it back in the envelope. Sure I had heard of Paul Mallory, everyone in town knew him, even new people like me. Local kid, killed in Iraq a few months ago and posthumously earning the Silver Star when he gave his life to save three buddies. Flags had been at half-mast all summer.

I leaned forward in my chair and rested my elbows on my knees, staring at the dog. "Hey, Tank," I said quietly. The dog's head whipped up, his ears cocked and his eyes bright.

"C'mere boy." He was instantly on his feet, his nails clicking on the hardwood floor. He sat in front of me, his head tilted, searching for the name he hadn't heard in months. "Tank," I whispered. His tail swished. I kept whispering his name, over and over, and each time, his ears lowered, his eyes softened, and his posture relaxed as a wave of contentment just seemed to flood him. I stroked his ears, rubbed his shoulders, buried my face into his scruff and hugged him.

"It's me now, Tank, just you and me. Your old pal gave you to me." Tank reached up and licked my cheek. "So whatdaya say we play some ball? His ears perked again.

"Yeah? Ball? You like that? Ball?" Tank tore from my hands and disappeared in the next room. And when he came back, he had three tennis balls in his mouth.



Preparing the Game for the Table

Recipes from RMR Members



From Carl Donner—this came from George Ferrand (former Broadmoor Chef and avid hunter)

RMR Pheasant Fingers

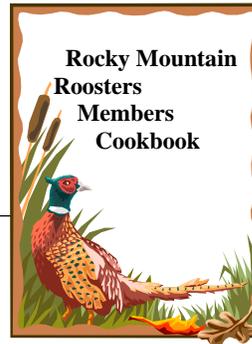
Cut breasts into strips 2-2.5" long and 1" wide.
 Marinate for 20 minutes in well beaten egg YOLKS.
 Roll in saltine cracker meal.
 3 oz butter and 1 tsp vegetable oil in a cast iron skillet over medium heat.
 When the butter is hot and bubbly, put meat strips in pan and cook until nice and brown, turning each piece. Simmer about 8 minutes.
 Pour butter over and serve.

From Gary Patton—Colorado Springs

Smoked Pheasant and Pork Green Chili

4 smoked pheasants, deboned and cubed in 1/2 inch pieces.
 2-4 pounds of pork shoulder, diced in 1 inch pieces, brined the day before.
 2 red onions, diced
 1 bulb of garlic, peeled but left whole in clove form
 1 Lbs of tomatillos, diced
 2-3 jalapenos, seeded and diced small
 4 cups of roasted and diced green chilies (Anaheim, Hatch, Poblano, Pueblo, Big Jim). I use a combo of all. Find the combo that fits your heat level and flavor liking. You can find them frozen, canned or roast them yourself from fresh.
 1-2 "quality" beers. Your favorite microbrew. The richer, the better.
 1 qt of pork stock. I make it from the bone and excess fat plus aromatic vegetables the day before.
 1 qt of chicken stock
 1 qt of smoked pheasant stock
 1/4 cup of very finely crushed corn tortilla chips
 Plenty of flour tortillas for dipping
 Coat the onions, jalapenos and tomatillos in olive oil and roast at 350 degrees for 30 – 45 minutes. Remove from heat and smash the garlic, and then add to the crock pot. Brown the pork in oil, then add to the pot. Add the chilies. Add a little of each of the stocks. The smoked pheasant stock will be strong; a little goes a long way. You can always add but not take out. Save the smoked pheasant until last hour of cooking. That way it doesn't shred during the cooking process. Bring the crock pot to a simmer for about 3 hours or until the pork is very tender. Add a little of the crushed tortilla chips during the cooking process to thicken the chili enough so that it's not a soup but don't make it into a stew.

Pheasant Stock: After smoking the birds I take all the meat off the bones then chop and reserve the meat to the side. It can be frozen in a vacuum seal bag for quite some time. I then take the bones throw them in a stock pot with aromatics (onions, garlic, celery, carrots and herbs de Provence) and make the stock.



From Ellen York—
 Colorado Springs
 Pheasant and Dumplings

Put 3-4 lbs of Pheasant in crock pot overnight on low with a bay leaf and 1/2 tsp of thyme (dried) Let cool and pick meat from bones. I usually have pieces bite size.

Melt 4 tbls of butter in large heavy stock pot. Add 1 1/2 C chopped onion, 3 celery stalks diced, 3 carrots chopped and 8 oz mushrooms and cook @ 5 min. (If I have cabbage on hand I chop a cup or so and add in too) Stir in 1/3 C flour and cook @ 1 min. Add 4 C chicken or pheasant stock, 1/2 tsp thyme (if using chix stock), 1-2 tsp chicken base and pepper to taste. Stir until comes to a boil. Simmer until veggies are done, add pheasant meat, 1/2 C heavy cream and a cup of frozen peas. Stir and heat through, add a squirt of fresh lemon or a few drops of lemon juice. Adjust seasonings.

Dumplings: Melt 3 T butter and 1 C milk. Mix 2 C all purpose flour, 1 T baking powder and 3/4 tsp salt. Add milk/butter mixture and stir with fork until just comes together. Divide in 18 round pieces and place over pheasant mixture and cover tightly. Turn heat to simmer and cook 10 min. Take off cover and serve. Yummy in the tummy!!

I usually use a good chicken stock for a richer flavor. Nice, satisfying cold weather meal.

From Dr Axton—Colorado Springs
 South of the Border Pheasant

Place 10 Pheasant or Chukar Breasts in a large cake pan. Mix 1 can of Cream of Mushroom Soup, 1 can of Queso (cheese) Soup, 1 cup of salsa, 1 tbl Worcestershire, salt and pepper to taste. Pour mix over meat, cover with foil and cook for 30 minutes at 350 degrees. Serve with dirty rice or stuffing. The leftovers are great cold or on sandwiches with relish.

STAYING SAFE AT HOME IS SIMPLE IF YOU THINK!!

THIRTEEN THINGS YOUR BURGLAR WON'T TELL YOU:

1. Of course I look familiar. I was here just last week cleaning your carpets, painting your shutters, or delivering your new refrigerator.
2. Hey, thanks for letting me use the bathroom when I was working in your yard last week. While I was in there, I unlatched the back window to make my return a little easier.
3. Love those flowers. That tells me you have taste ... and taste means there are nice things inside. Those yard toys your kids leave out always make me wonder what type of gaming system they have.
4. Yes, I really do look for newspapers piled up on the driveway. And I might leave a pizza flyer in your front door to see how long it takes you to remove it.
5. If it snows while you're out of town, get a neighbor to create car and foot tracks into the house. Virgin drifts in the driveway are a dead giveaway.
6. If decorative glass is part of your front entrance, don't let your alarm company install the control pad where I can see if it's set. That makes it too easy.
7. A good security company alarms the window over the sink. And the windows on the second floor, which often access the master bedroom-and your jewelry. It's not a bad idea to put motion detectors up there too.
8. It's raining, you're fumbling with your umbrella, and you forget to lock your door-understandable. But understand this: I don't take a day off because of bad weather.
9. I always knock first. If you answer, I'll ask for directions somewhere or offer to clean your gutters. (Don't take me up on it.)
10. Do you really think I won't look in your sock drawer? I always check dresser drawers, the bedside table, and the medicine cabinet.
11. Here's a helpful hint: I almost never go into kids' rooms.
12. You're right: I won't have enough time to break into that safe where you keep your valuables. But if it's not bolted down, I'll take it with me.
13. A loud TV or radio can be a better deterrent than the best alarm system. If you're reluctant to leave your TV on while you're out of town, you can buy a \$35 device that works on a timer and simulates the flickering glow of a real television. (Find it at www.faketv.com)

8 MORE THINGS A BURGLAR WON'T TELL YOU:

1. Sometimes, I carry a clipboard. Sometimes, I dress like a lawn guy and carry a rake. I do my best to never, ever look like a crook.
2. The two things I hate most: loud dogs and nosy neighbors.
3. I'll break a window to get in, even if it makes a little noise. If your neighbor hears one loud sound, he'll stop what he's doing and wait to hear it again. If he doesn't hear it again, he'll just go back to what he was doing. It's human nature.
4. I'm not complaining, but why would you pay all that money for a fancy alarm system and leave your house without setting it?
5. I love looking in your windows. I'm looking for signs that you're home, and for flat screen TVs or gaming systems I'd like. I'll drive or walk through your neighborhood at night, before you close the blinds, just to pick my targets.
6. Avoid announcing your vacation on your Facebook page. It's easier than you think to look up your address.
7. To you, leaving that window open just a crack during the day is a way to let in a little fresh air. To me, it's an invitation.
8. If you don't answer when I knock, I try the door. Occasionally, I hit the jackpot and walk right in.

Sources: Convicted burglars in North Carolina , Oregon , California , and Kentucky ; security consultant Chris McGoey, who runs crimedoctor.com; and Richard T. Wright, a criminology professor at the University of Missouri-St. Louis, who interviewed 105 burglars for his book *Burglars on the Job*

Lunch for the Hungry on Weekends

Bill and I would like to thank all the folks who stay and join us for a hot lunch each weekend. We put a lot of love into each meal and when you buy lunch you help us to be able to go on hunting trips of our own.

Whether it be deer, elk, moose or pheasant we hope you have enjoyed your meals.

The lunches are still only \$6 each and we will always have a hearty game Chili and another main dish to tickle your taste buds! If you have something that you would like on a weekend, just ask us and we can see if it can be added to our menu.

Thank you again, Dawn Eckelberry & Bill Raether



The good Lord didn't create anything without a purpose, But mosquitoes come close.

An old lady was standing at the rail of the cruise ship holding her hat so that the wind wouldn't blow it away.

A gentleman approached her & said, 'Pardon me, madam, I do not intend to be forward but did you know that your dress is blowing up in this wind?'

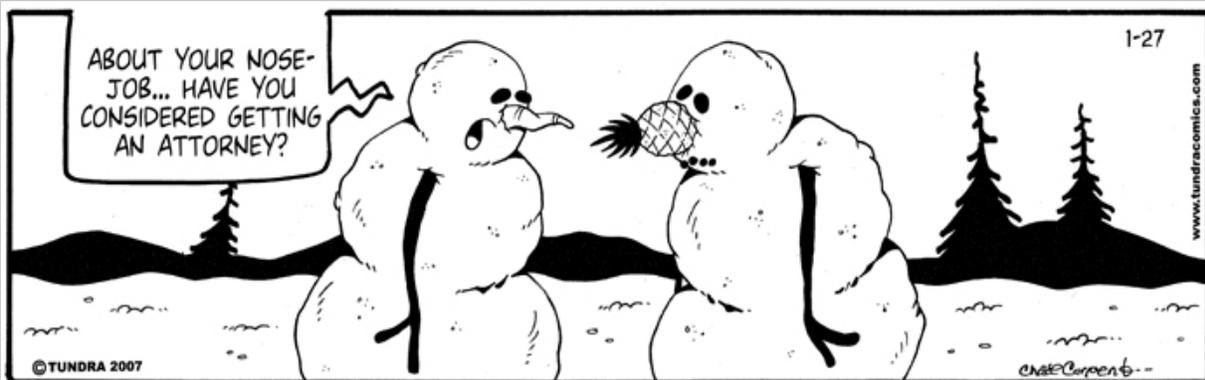
'Yes, I know,' said the lady. 'But I need my hands to hold onto my hat.'

'But madam, he said, 'you must know that you're derriere is exposed!'

The woman looked down, then back up at the man and said, 'Sir, anything you see down there is 85 years old, but I just bought this hat!'

Sport Show in Denver January 7-10, 2010

RMR will be at the Denver International Sports Show again and we hope that you will stop by and say HI if you attend. It is two weeks earlier than it has been in the past, so if you are thinking about going, mark your calendar now. This is always a great time for us to see old friends and make new ones. Make sure you stop by our booth!



Ready for a Party?? RMR is the Place to Have One!!

Rocky Mountain Roosters is a perfect place to have a group meeting and to relax away from the phones and the office. Did you know that four out of five doctors say that RMR has reduced stress in their patients?

If you would like to schedule a date to have your office or clients out for a corporate event, just call the office and lets talk details. The options are endless when you have a party at your club!

RMR specializes in corporate events from 10 to 100! Call today to see what is available for the rest of the year. 719-635-3257



Back by popular demand
....Christmas Breakfast!!

Omelet in a bag...

This works great! Good for when all your family is together and no one has to wait for their special omelet.

Have guests write their name on a quart-size freezer bag with permanent marker.

Crack 2 eggs (large or extra-large) into the bag (not more than 2) shake to combine them.

Put out a variety of ingredients such as: cheeses, ham, onion, green pepper, tomato, hash browns, salsa, etc.

Each guest adds prepared ingredients of choice to their bag and shake, Make sure to get the air out of the bag and zip it up.

Place the bags into rolling, boiling water for exactly 13 minutes. You can usually cook 6-8 omelets in a large pot. For more, make another pot of boiling water.

Open the bags and the omelet will roll out easily. Be prepared for everyone to be amazed.

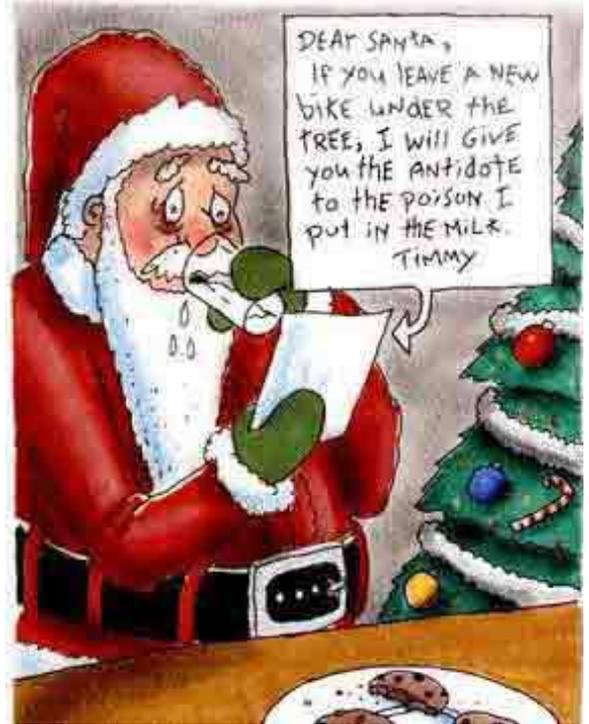
Nice to serve with fresh fruit and coffee cake; everyone gets involved in the process and a great conversation piece.

Merry Christmas from the Entire Rocky Mountain Roosters Staff

Brett Axton, President
Bill Lieb, Manager

Dave Allgood, Rebecca Axton, Herb Barton, Bob Buckley, Dawn Eckelberry, Rick Fitzpatrick, Ben Garcia, Jared Greenwood, Justin Greenwood, Janna Younger, Amy Johnson, Mike Johnson, Kim Lieb, Lee Markowski, Dale Parker, Bill Raether,

Rich Reiley, Dennis Rosenkranz, Jim Slater, Kyle Schomaker, Wayne Schomaker, Paul Warnecke



Remember the Reason for the Season!!

New Mexico Deer and Elk Hunts for 2010

We had a fantastic year in New Mexico in 2009 for



Mule Deer and we will be putting together hunts again for 2010. The hunters that drew for archery Elk had a rough go due to the late rut, but they all saw Elk, and BIG BULLS. The muzzleloader hunters did outstanding again, as usual.

New Mexico is a wonderful place to hunt and the folks that RMR have been going with are fantastic to work with. Roger and Audrey McQueen own and operate Trophy Ridge Outfitters and since New Mexico is a state where all non-resident



hunters have to draw a license in the lottery, they take care of all of the applications and the permit process.

The hunts are fully guided with meals and lodging, but you have to draw a tag to hunt. The Elk hunts are \$4200 and the Mule Deer hunts are \$3500, plus licenses. If you would like to apply to hunt in New Mexico with Trophy Ridge and RMR, call the office and we will get you all of the information necessary to get in the drawing. Applications need to be done by February 25th, 2010.

They also offer some of the best Pronghorn Antelope hunting in the west! You have to have a hunters



safety card to apply for licenses in New Mexico and they take archery, rifle and muzzle-loader hunters.