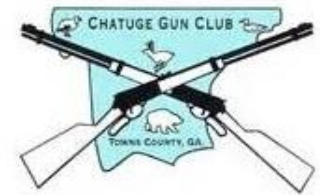




Chatuge Gun Club, Inc.

P. O. Box 86
Hiawasse, GA 30546



Volume 24 **Issue 6** **June 2020**

The next meeting of the Chatuge Gun Club will be ? (No one knows at this time)

Location: The Towns County Civic Center, 67 Lakeview Circle (upper level), next to the Library in Hiawasse.

Meetings are (normally, not this year) held 4 times a year, on the third Tuesday of meeting months, January, April (Annual Meeting), July and October.

We hope to get back to our meetings soon.

CLUB OFFICERS

President	Ed Jones	(706) 896-1783	edjones@brmemc.net
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Past President	Art Douville	(706) 374-2634	artdouville@tds.net
Range		(706) 896-4065	

>>>>> IMPORTANT <<<<<<

Chatuge Gun Club, Inc Disclaimer & Range Entry Procedures 29 May 2020

1. The range will begin conducting matches after 1 June. **Read Disclaimer, last page of this newsletter.**
2. A disclaimer will be read and signed by all, prior to entering the range.
3. An infrared, forehead thermometer will be kept in the storage building with the defibrillator. All individuals entering the range will have their temperature measured and recorded upon arrival.
4. Those who are not members will have name, address and phone number recorded with temperature.
5. Social distancing between people will be conformed with. In instances that distancing is not possible, masks will be used. Scarfs may be used for masks.
6. Conformity with these requirements will be the responsibility of the Match Directors.

Sometimes it can be funny and or interesting to be in law enforcement!

Disclaimer: Police officers sense of humor is drastically different than that of the general public. We often joke about bad things that happen as a coping mechanism.

I went to a house to arrest a guy with warrants. I found him asleep in a bedroom that by the looks of the clothes scattered around; he was not the only person that lived there.

It was the usual,

Me: Where's your shirt, he points to one.

Me: Your shoes, he points to a pair.

Me: Which pants, he points.

Prior to giving him his clothing, each article of clothing is searched.

In his pants pockets are his keys, his wallet with his ID and a baggie of marijuana.

THATS NOT MINE he says.

Me: Today it is.

Coming into work, an officer on the midnight shift was requesting assistance in picking up a suspect from an earlier incident. We arrived at the residence and the door was answered by the suspect, who had just woken up. He was cooperative and I escorted him to his bedroom to obtain clothes. After he dressed he advised me that he was ready to go. I asked him to grab the 3 marijuana plants growing on his windowsill and bring them with him. He just sighed and hung his head.

I was one of a handful of deputies who didn't mind getting calls about snakes in people's houses or on their property. I was often found with a venomous snake in the car, transporting it to a less populated area for release. Black snakes, rat snakes and such, I tried to educate the homeowner on the benefits of these animals. The exotics, Burmese pythons, Ball pythons, reticulated pythons, I either kept or dropped off at a pet store.

One morning, I pick up a Ball python and he rides around on the dash of my patrol car for most of the day. I stop by the office and another deputy needed something from my car. I tossed her the keys, forgetting about the snake. I could hear her scream from inside the building. I almost got in trouble for that one. Another time, a supervisor threatened to shoot me as I was walking up to his car to show him the Diamondback Rattlesnake I had just caught. I guess some people don't like snakes.

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A couple discovered a thief in their home Saturday after the man told a joke and heard laughter coming from upstairs.

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A new and highly educated Secret Service agent was covering a high profile protective with a code name "Evergreen". She was discussing a legal matter with an associate when she sighted a legal precedence. The agent corrected her giving the correct legal statute. Evergreen responded in her usual foul tongue, "where the f--- did you go to law school?"

The agent replied "Yale, same place you did, Mame.

Needless to say the agent was working in the Middle East within 72 hours.

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The weather is hot and you have had a busy day, you sit down to grab a bite to eat and it happens . . . Someone walks to you and says "I hate to bother you, but . . . can you tell me how to get to Bush Gardens?"

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Throughout my 28 year law enforcement career, I only wound up going to the emergency room or walk-in clinic because of an on-duty injury six times. I consider myself very lucky. Three of those times were due to animal bites. The first time, in 1980, I stopped a motorist for an expired inspection sticker which Tampa/Hillsborough County had until the mid 80s. The sticker was only expired a couple months and if the driver was nice, I would usually write a warning for the violation. I stopped a female motorist on "Easy St" in NW Hillsborough County, which is where the "Big Cat Rescue" is located, recently brought to fame in the Netflix documentary, "Tiger King." She stopped in her front yard. The driver got out of the car and said her information was in the glove compartment and she couldn't reach it from the driver's seat. OK, I followed her around the car, watching her hands, etc for "Officer Safety." Just then, a Bassett Hound with those cute, big floppy ears came running toward us. I bent down to pet it and it bit me on the shin, above my boots, breaking the skin. I don't remember drawing my .357 magnum S&W (but I did) and told the lady to "Get the dog away from me, or I'll shoot it." She screamed, picked up the little dog and put it in the house. I was so mad I just told her to get the car inspected and went 10-8 (back in service). Then I had to let my Sgt know what happened and off I went to the ER for trip #1. The second animal encounter was at the scene of a business fire in N. Tampa, around 1985. The FD got it under control and so I was about to go 10-8 again, around 2 AM. There was a beautiful white horse in a corral next door. It came to the fence so I went over to it and said "Nice Horsey" and reached out to pet it on the nose when it bit me on the forearm (short sleeve shirt). If you've never been bitten by a horse it feels like a vise grip closed by a very strong person. My forearm swelled up like a watermelon, twice it's size. It barely broke the skin but it was another Injury report I had to do (Hey Sarge, guess what happened?), and get checked out at the ER, per SOP.

Fast forward to January, 2, 2000 on my 50th birthday, 4 months before I retired. I was dispatched along with EMS to a residence in Odessa, NW Hillsborough County, in reference to a female homeowner down in the driveway from a possible heart attack. I arrived along with EMS at the same time. An elderly lady was in the driveway being comforted by neighbors. Her dog, a pretty Australian Shepherd was lying next to her. EMS asked if I could get the dog away so they could work on the patient. I grabbed the dog's collar and led it to a spot on the lawn about 15 feet from EMS, where it sat down. I'm a dog lover, and Australian Shepherds are a very nice breed, smart and friendly. EMS got the lady on the stretcher and headed for the hospital. A neighbor said he would take care of the dog. I went to pet it to say "Goodbye" and it bit me on the hand, breaking the skin. Another injury report and "Hey Sarge, guess what happened?" I went to the ER and got a tetanus shot. The dog had it's shots so I wasn't in any real danger. The lady recovered and spent a couple days in the hospital. Now I know that every ten years on my birthday, I'm due for another tetanus shot!

The other three times I had to go to the ER was for getting cut by a suspect while I was a Hostage Negotiator (long story, very minor injury); pushing a car out of a flooded roadway, and in unarmed defense training when an over zealous partner bent me over to knee me in the chest, causing a back sprain.

I was very lucky to have never been seriously injured while on duty. I had co-workers who were shot and others killed on duty in car crashes. Too many died from cancer (including my best friend at the SO, age 49), and heart attacks before they could retire. I loved the job and the excitement, but retirement suits me just fine!

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Police charged a man with driving a stolen vehicle after the man reportedly stopped to ask police for directions.

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Police are looking for a man who tried to rob a Wendy's while wearing a plastic bag over his head. Police said that the man pulled up to the drive-through window, pointed a handgun at the server and demanded money. The server closed the window and walked away.

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Early on I'm my police career I was working in Detroit. My partner, Dave and I were working the midnight shift on a cold and windy winter night. There was very little traffic on the road due to the weather and the only folks on the road were either bar patrons or burglars. While patrolling we observed a vehicle oblivious to a traffic signal drive through a solid red light. We conducted a traffic stop and my partner approached the driver and found that the young, attractive female driver had forgotten her license at home. A license tag check revealed that the tags did not belong on the car and at the time that was a criminal offense. As a result the vehicle was impounded and some heroin was

found. The young lady was arrested and needed to be transported to the Wayne County Jail.

On the way to the county jail my partner who was the arresting officer sat in the back seat of the police vehicle to obtain the necessary information for the arrest affidavit. Now my partner Dave was a very religious person and on the entire way to the jail he talked to her about her personal choices and how she was destroying her life. He learned that the lady was a stripper and had two children and worked as a stripper to support her family. Dave told her she was a very attractive woman and could do better than dance in a bar and sell drugs and she owed it to her kids to straighten her life out. By the time we reached the jail she agreed she needed a career change and would seek a better way of life.

At the jail we took the elevator up to the women's floor and turned the prisoner over to the female deputy along with the paperwork. Procedures were that we had to remain until the paperwork cleared the booking desk which only took a few minutes. Sure enough after about five minutes the female deputy came out with Dave's prisoner. With a straight face the deputy told Dave that his prisoner was a he and not a she and he needed to go to the men's floor dress, high heels, lipstick and all. In this case the prisoner gave Dave a false name and never gave the slightest hint by looks, voice or dress that she was actually a he.

The moral of the story in this case is that the clothes really did make the man a woman. We still have a good chuckle about this incident forty-five years later.

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Recently, a woman in Fresno, California, was stopped at a DUI checkpoint for being soused. Ever helpful, she offered up this info: "My husband's right behind me, and he's even drunker than I am."

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Let me set the stage for this incident. It really Happened.

It occurred at the Orange County (FL) Sheriffs Office in the late 1960's on a winter midnight shift when the agency was still deploying two man units. As most folks will remember, this was the era before take home vehicles and Plymouth Fury's were a common law enforcement vehicle. The two deputies, both experienced LEOs and were assigned to Zone 42, Sector 4 in the area of Holden Avenue and South Orange Blossom Trail, for those familiar with the Orlando, Orange County area.

The two deputies had gone 10-8 at about 23:00 and arrived in their assigned patrol area after a short drive from the Sheriff's Operation Center. The passenger in the cruiser told his partner that he needed to pick an item from a friend who lived in the patrol area, so they stopped by the friend's house and the passenger retrieved a burlap bag from the friend. He asked his partner to "pop" the trunk

and he tossed the bag in the trunk and they resumed their patrol.

As was common back in the 60's, things really calmed down after midnight and the pair settled into a rather routine night with few calls for service and rattling a few doors. As conversation tapered off and boredom set in the passenger dozed off as the clock neared 03:00. Even though they were in FL, temperatures can get rather chilly at three a.m. during the winter months, so heater was keeping things nice and toasty in the passenger compartment of the cruiser as they approached the traffic light at Holden Avenue and the Orange Blossom Trail. The traffic light was red for Holden Avenue and the driver eased the cruiser to a stop, his passenger now sound asleep.

The driver glanced to his left as a natural reaction to check for traffic. Not seeing any, he turned his gaze to his right to check that direction. In that split second he saw something his mind had difficulty processing. In the dim light of the interior of the patrol car he saw something he was terrified of. It was the head of huge Indigo Snake slithering up onto the dashboard. Instinct took over. He screamed SNAKE, slammed the gearshift into park and exited the drivers door while drawing his sidearm. His partner abruptly awoke to the scream and six rapidly fired gunshots from a .357 magnum revolver. The end result was the snake was neutralized as was the windshield of the cruiser, a Motorola radio and his partners ear drums.

The passenger was more concerned about the killing of the snake which he had picked up from the friend and intended to sell. Apparently the snake had escaped the unsecured bag in the cold trunk, and worked its way into the passenger compartment which was warm. Of course after the smoke cleared, the real issue became how in the hell they were going to explain this to the Patrol Commander.

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Did you hear about the bank robber that left his driver's license on the counter?

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As two men waited in line at the coffee shop to pay their bill, a third cut in front of them. He threw a drink at the clerk and demanded all the money from the till. Temporarily surprised, the men quickly recovered and handcuffed the crook. Apparently, in his rush the criminal didn't notice they were police officers—in full uniform.

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A woman in Dacula, Georgia, contacted police when her Chevy van went missing. Later that day, the woman called back to report that the vehicle had been found. It was in her yard, hidden behind tall weeds.

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A squad mate of mine was heading to the jail one night with a drunk driver. Just shy of the train tracks, he was met by red and blue lights from a deputy's patrol car. The deputy stopped and asked the trooper to hold there for a bit as they were bringing the animals across the road for the circus that was in town. As the parade of animals began, the drunk woke up in the backseat and said "trooper, trooper there are lions out there," squad mate responded "hey buddy, relax we are just waiting for the train to go by." Few minutes pass and drunk wakes up again... This time even more emphatic says "trooper, trooper there are bears out there" trooper responds "buddy, go back to sleep, you really are drunk." Few minutes more and drunk wakes up again and only says "ah hell." My buddy asks him "what's wrong?" Drunk replies "they told me if I didn't stop drinking I'd be seeing pink and purple elephants." I imagine this guy went for a plea deal!

Have a firearm for sale or looking for one, check out the Tradin' Table always on the website.

NOTICE - S&W M&P Owners Safety Notice

Please go to this [web link for info.](#)

The next page is the Waiver you will be required to sign when you get to the range if you are there during a match or training.

Please take the time to read it.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT, RELEASE, WAIVER

AND COVENANT NOT TO SUE

The undersigned hereby acknowledges that he/she desires to enter upon the firing range and use the facilities of Chatuge Gun Club, Inc. (hereinafter "the Gun Club") located on Owl Creek Road in Towns County, Georgia, for the undersigned personal, recreational purposes which may include participation in an organized sport shooting event which involves the handling, loading and discharging of firearms, and that the misuse or mishandling thereof can result in injury to property and persons, including serious injury and death. The undersigned further acknowledges that he/she is aware of the procedures for the safe handling of firearms, specifically including shotguns and has been furnished a copy of the Chatuge Gun Club Range Safety Rules by which the undersigned agrees to abide, will promptly obey all commands given by the Range Safety Officer(s), and that the undersigned knowingly and voluntarily accepts and assumes the risks associated with the handling and use of firearms by participants and operators of the event.

The undersigned represents that he/she is over the age of eighteen (18) years, is in proper physical condition to participate in the event and to safely and properly handle and use firearms; is not a convicted felon, has not been adjudicated mentally incompetent; is a citizen of the United States or registered legal resident therein; and is not otherwise unqualified to be in possession of a firearm under all applicable State and Federal laws.

Additionally, the undersigned acknowledges and is aware of the fact that it is up to the undersigned to exercise personal safety precautions, including but not limited to social distancing and the appropriate use of personal protective equipment (PPE), for protection against the spread of the novel coronavirus COVID-19 to and among those present at the firing range. The Gun Club does not provide any specific PPE items to members or guests at the range and it is the personal responsibility of each member and guest to take such precautions as they deem necessary and appropriate under the circumstances, in the exercise of their own best judgment, in regard to protection from contracting or spreading the COVID-19 virus.

Upon the foregoing acknowledgments and representations, and in consideration of the right to participate in use of the firing range facilities, which is a sporting/recreational activity, the undersigned, for himself/ herself does hereby waive any and all claims, for himself/herself, and his/her executors, administrators, heirs and successors, for damages to persons or property, including damages for illness or injury, which may directly or indirectly result from the undersigned's participation in activities at the firing range; and the undersigned does hereby release and covenant not to sue any sponsor or operator of the activities, including but not limited to Chatuge Gun Club, Inc., its officers, directors and agents, and the United States of America, acting by and through the U.S. Forestry Service, or otherwise, from and for any injury or damages sustained by the undersigned arising directly or indirectly from participation in the activities. The undersigned acknowledges that this Acknowledgment, Release, Waiver, and Covenant Not To Sue, may be relied


The undersigned acknowledges that this Acknowledgment, Release, Waiver, and Covenant Not To Sue, may be relied upon by the Gun Club and any directors or sponsors of activities at the firing range in their decision to authorize the undersigned to enter upon and use the facilities, the undersigned having specifically requested such authorization.

DATE OF THIS RANGE VISIT: _____

If the participant is a NON-MEMBER, take from his/her DL: Name, Address, Contact Number on a separate sheet.

PRINTED NAME TEMP MEMBER? SIGNATURE:

Y / N 1. _____



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