



# BIG TIMBER

## RIFLE AND PISTOL CLUB

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www.btrpc.com

March 2024

### Range and Event Schedule

- Mar 2 Work Party  
9:00 am-3:00 pm. All ranges closed  
Contact: Mark Mills, 541-410-0530
- Mar 2 Range Orientation  
9:00 am-10:30 am  
at the Range Classroom  
Contact: Lurlyn Patrick, 541-270-0785
- Mar 5 New Hire Firearm Training  
6:00 am-4:00 pm  
Classroom and Pistol Range/Shared  
Contact: Chris Miller, Logical Response  
541-272-1770
- Mar 9 .22 Rimfire Challenge  
9:00 am-12:00 pm  
at the Pistol Range  
Contact: Mark Mills, 541-410-0530
- Mar 9 CHL Class  
8:00 am-4:00 pm  
no range closures  
Contact: Chris Miller, Logical Response  
541-272-1770
- Mar 12 OHA Meeting  
5:30 pm Dinner, 6:00 pm Meeting  
Rogue Public House, Newport  
contact: Todd Thompson,  
OHALincolnCountyEditor@gmail.com
- Mar 13 BTRPC Board Meeting  
6:00 pm, Classroom  
Contact: Jim Patrick, 541-270-2767
- Mar 16 Precision Rifle Match  
9am-3pm, Rifle Range  
Contact: Dan Geisert 971-241-8658
- Mar 18 BTRPC Membership Meeting  
6:00 pm, Timbers Restaurant, Toledo  
Contact: Jim Patrick, 541-270-2767
- Mar 18-  
Mar 22 LCSO  
Pistol Range Closed  
Contact: Mark Mills, 541-410-0530
- Mar 30 .22 Rimfire Challenge  
9:00 am-12:00 pm  
at the Pistol Range  
Contact: Mark Mills, (541) 410-0530



"When you make a wee wish on a green four leafed clover, may your belly stay full and your cup runneth over."  
—Richelle E. Goodrich

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### Range Manager's Notes

The work party on March 2nd will primarily be reorganizing the #3 shipping container. We need to move a stack of cement blocks to pallets outside and reorganize the lumber left over from the rifle range construction. Also will be taking the pile of fire extinguishers and putting them in some totes. All help is appreciated and will make this job go quickly. Thank You.

Mark Mills

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### President's Message

We are six months into our budget year. We are not quite thirty percent over on income and four percent under on expenses. We look good to start the 50 yard range shed in April or May. Looking to get the poles set and the roof on in the middle of spring. Will do the concrete in August. Have quite a few projects that don't involve a lot of money but are waiting for better weather. Check the website for any range closures and work party requests. Going to be mailing our our next year's applications in May and will be installing the new year lock at that time. You will be able to pick up your new key at Wesley's Trading Post or at a meeting after paying. We will mail those that are unable to pick up locally. Looking forward to better weather.

Jim Patrick

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## RIFLE AND PISTOL CLUB

MARCH 2024

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1	2 Range Day 9am-3pm Range Orientation 9am-11am
3	4	5 New Hire Firearm Training 6am-4pm	6	7	8	9 CHL Class 8am-4pm Classroom .22 Rimfire 9-12 Pistol Range
10	11	12 OHA Meeting 6pm, Rogue Public House	13 BTRPC Board Meeting 6pm, Range Classroom	14	15	16 Precision Rifle Match 9am-3pm Rifle Range
17	18 LCSO Pistol Range BTRPC Member Meeting 6pm Timbers Rest. Toledo	19 LCSO Pistol Range	20 LCSO Pistol Range	21 LCSO Pistol Range	22 LCSO Pistol Range	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30 .22 Rimfire 9-12 Pistol Range
31						

## The Negligent Discharge - Stupid Human Tricks

By Brent Wheat, Guns Magazine

Off the top, let me say there is really nothing funny about a Negligent Discharge (ND), aka "Accidental Discharge." Seriously — nothing funny there. (Insert sound of sheepish giggling.) Stop it! I'm serious.

It has been said there are two types of shooters — those who have had a negligent discharge and those who will have a negligent discharge. My own experience has borne this out. No matter how careful you are, at some point an unintended bullet or shot charge will exit your firearm when you didn't mean for it to happen.

Fortunately, in the vast majority of cases, nothing transpires except some profound chagrin and maybe a brief burst of anger and frustration. Occasionally a tragedy occurs and the first paragraph in this tirade is proven true, but we're going to move past those instances and focus on those times where the only damage is to ego. We'll go down that road to illustrate the idea it can — nay, will — happen to you.

### Terms Of Endangerment

Before we get started, I would like to address the matter of nomenclature. I subscribe to the "ND" acronym because unless a firearm is malfunctioning, guns do not go off without some kind of human intervention. This means in 99.99% of ND cases, somebody did something dumb, i.e., negligent.

If you insist on calling such instances an "Accidental Discharge," it euphemistically sounds almost okay because you didn't really mean for something bad to happen; it just did. Saying "Accidental Discharge" seems like an attempt to justify the whole thing as a wholly understandable accident — you spilled your milk, you opened the car door into an adjacent vehicle or you got somebody just a little bit pregnant. However, as hard as it might be for some testosterone-infused cool guys to admit, you — not the gun — did a dumb and dangerous thing. This is why I call it a Negligent Discharge.

Of the many NDs I've been around, one instance served as perhaps the ultimate case study in such matters. Fortunately, no one was harmed in the making of this story and the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

*As The Sun Rose ...*

The incident started, stereotypically, on a beautiful Sunday morning. None of the bosses were around the

police station and the mood was relaxed. The streets were calm because the majority of miscreants were still sleeping off the night before. This gave our shift a few hours of relative quiet to complete paperwork, catch up on emails, clean rifles and other administrative tasks, which tend to get put off while the public is actively harming itself.

I was the ranking officer in command at the time and this one single gunshot I'll describe herein shorted my lifespan by approximately 10 years because I was sure 1) some or all of my coworkers had been killed and 2) Boy-oh-boy, there is going to be a lot of explaining to do. This meant lots of paperwork, interviews, accusations and the inevitable determination everything was my fault even though I wasn't present when the gun fired.

Preparing to do some paperwork myself on this peaceful morning, I was walking down the long main hallway of the police station and passed the squad room. Inside I saw two of "my" guys — a patrol officer and one of our firearms instructors. They were fiddling with a Glock handgun but I gave it no thought whatsoever as the instructor was present and I knew both men to be competent, experienced and trustworthy.

I acknowledged a greeting and headed down the hallway, then turned the corner down another long hallway. At the end, near the locked public entrance to this part of the building, was a gumball machine. I have a long-standing weakness to cheap bubblegum and thought I'd grab a couple of penny's worth to gnaw on during my administrative chores.

Happily, a bright yellow orb — ersatz "fruit," my favorite flavor of all time — had just rolled out of the metal chute when I suddenly heard a single loud pop. In the tachypsychia (the concept of time slowing down during a crisis) of the moment, I had the following internal conversation —

Inner Voice #1: "Hmmm, that was an unusual and very loud noise coming within the mostly unoccupied building. It almost sounded like a gun shot."

Inner Voice #2: "Why yes, I agree. It did sound like a gunshot and came from the general direction of where your two officers were last seen messing with a handgun."

Inner Voice #1 & #2 in unison: "Hmmmm. I think we can all agree it was most likely ... a GUNSHOT!!!"

I immediately sprinted down the empty dark hallway and turned the corner. My heart fell like a broken vase

when I saw a whisp of smoke emanating from the doorway to the squad room. Moreover, I heard ... nothing. No sounds — not a single cry, scream, admonishment, curse words or anything. It was literally silent as a tomb.

I ran down the 30 feet or so of hallway with all the speed I could muster. During what seemed to be 20 minutes, though actually about three seconds, I rehearsed my immediate-action drills for gunshot wounds and prepared myself to see two of my officers inexplicably deceased from a single gunshot. I even considered the possibility one had intentionally shot the other and was lying in wait, even though I immediately dismissed this idea as I knew both men — and their families — very well.

Skidding around the doorway like a cartoon character, I stopped short and was shocked at the scene I found.

### Unbelievable

I saw my friend, the firearms instructor, typing away at a computer while the other officer sorted through some mail from his mailbox. The Glock was sitting serenely on the counter. However, I could smell powder smoke so I knew I hadn't dreamed the whole thing up. "WHAT THE %@\$&\*! HAPPENED?!?" I shouted.

Both of them casually turned their heads toward me as if I'd asked for the weather report. After a short pause, the firearms instructor quietly said, "Why? What did you hear?"

To this day, in my six decades of life, law enforcement and shooting experience, it was the most well-played catastrophe I've ever seen.

What had happened was the officer, despite repeatedly being warned the gun was loaded, inexplicably decided to check the trigger pull. To this day he still doesn't know why he did it. The trigger worked precisely as designed.

The round went through the desk next to a computer, ricocheted off the wall, gouged the linoleum tile and finally came to rest under a TV. It had missed the firearms instructor by less than a foot.

I'd nominate my buddy a sterling example of coolness under fire. He knew I'd come running after hearing the gunshot so he simply pushed an adjacent desk blotter over the hole and resumed nonchalantly typing.

I wish I could think so fast in a crisis.

### Aftermath

Ultimately, no one was harmed, some inconsequential letters of reprimand were issued and the whole thing was added to the annals of police station lore. As it were, in sober moments, everyone realized how close we had come to a tragedy. Fortunately, the result was more darkly humorous and served a perfect teachable example of how intelligent, trained and capable people occasionally do imprudent things around firearms. Therein lies the lesson — yes, it can happen to you.

We will close the sermon by paraphrasing a famous civil-servant Spokesbear: "Only YOU can prevent Negligent Discharges."

<https://gunsmagazine.com>

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### 2023/2024 BTRPC Officers:

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*"The greatest gift of Easter is hope." --Basil C. Hume*

