

Trails

The Newsletter of the Permian Basin Outing Club

Date: August 2011

Summer Mummers

August 2011 Trip Report

by Andy Price

The PBOC (Permian Basin Outing Club), has done it again. We went, we saw, we prevailed. With constant temperatures at over 100° in West Texas, the club decided a trip to Summer Mummers was a winning combination. Top notch entertainment, a break from the heat and support our local theater. It was great fun as usual with the Outing Club. A little background on Summer Mummers is listed below and is a direct quote from the web site Wikipedia.

“**Summer Mummers** is a yearly production presented at the historic Yucca Theater in downtown [Midland, Texas](#). Running for three months out of every year (Mid-June, July, and August), Summer Mummers celebrated its 60th year in 2008. There are typically 30 performances each summer. The nightly show consists of a locally-written [melodrama](#), followed by the Olio. The profits from Summer Mummers directly benefit Midland Community Theatre, even though Summer Mummers is a separate entity from Midland Community Theatre. It is estimated that 25% of Midland Community Theatre's budget is provided by the success of Summer Mummers.”



In Front of Yucca Theater-down town Midland

Some of us met at a local restaurant before gathering at the Yucca Theater. We were surprised to see Richard Galle present knowing the night before he had hiked and camped over 11,000ft. high, at the peak of Elk Mountain in New Mexico. We ask him how the trip was and he said “It was nice. The lightening storm Friday night was exciting but a few of the lightening strikes were a little to close for comfort.” Saturday Richard hiked down Elk Mountain, drove back and came out to our Summer Mummers event. The guy is hard core but I must admit we did nudge him a couple of times at dinner to keep him awake.

The theater was abuzz with everyone shuffling around, getting refreshments, visiting with friends in our group and friends we happen to bump into. Then we went to our seats. The club president, Brandon Hawkins and his wife Jessica, made sure we had seats right up front in the “pit area”. We weren't going to miss anything. Our group wasted no time at all and quickly purchased numerous bags of popcorn. The play was similar to the old 30's shoot em up western movies. You know, the good guy wore a white hat and had a trusty sidekick.

Special points of interest:

- *Mummers reported to be a blast*
- *Independence Creek Preserve scheduled for September*
- *Remembering a friend*

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The villain dressed in black and was always trying to mess things up. The play had just started when I felt somebody dumping handfuls of popcorn down the neck of my shirt. The party had begun.

Troy Welch (one of our newer members), was good at dodging crossfire and ducking from Amanda LaPlante's stupendous fast pitch as she defended us from our neighbors. The villain dressed in black and was always trying to mess things up.



Troy is dodging Amanda's fast pitch

The play had just started when I felt somebody dumping handfuls of popcorn down the neck of my shirt. The party had begun.

The band was immediately in front of the table where we sat. So the music was nice and loud. We cheered when the good guy was on stage, and we booed and threw popcorn at the villain. A shower of popcorn continued through out the evening amidst laughter and applause. We tried to keep up with our outlaw friends and neighbors who were throwing popcorn at us or dumping it down our shirt or over our heads. Either way, it was an old west shootout and lots of fun. Some of our more experienced members, who have survived several of these skirmishes before, took empty popcorn bags and made them into battle helmets. Oooh such bravery.

Perseverance -

"The courage to ignore the obvious wisdom of turning back."



Brandon & Jessica with battle helmets
Brandon tossing popcorn at the next table behind

Intermissions were a good time to mull around and visit with everyone, get more refreshments and restock popcorn ammo. Some people mingled around outside.



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The play was over and the good guys and gals won in the end. Then the **Olio** began. This is a variety of comedy short skits/acts with music and dancing. This was the liveliest part of the evening. It was great fun and good to be among friends. So good in fact, some of our club members decided to dance along with the music and the actors.



Jessica – getting down – cool hat



Amanda & Andrew doing "Walk like an Egyptian"

Yes indeed it is true. The Outing Club has a good time either in the wonderful outdoors or hanging out in our local events. If you don't believe me just ask Brandon Hawkins.



Brandon and Jessica making up after the popcorn war was over.

"When the going gets tough, the tough get going. The smart left a long time ago."

Sorry I don't have photos of other members (that I can share with you). I didn't want to be disruptive during the show and move to our other tables to take photos. If any other photos are floating around out there and are not being used to black mail anyone, please forward to Richard Galle, our infamous leader and he might show them at our Christmas party. It is neat, how he comes up with photos and little details about club members, and then shares them with all of us at the end of the year. All in good humor of course. Well, as Roy Rogers and Dale Evans always said, Happy Trails to you until we meet again in that wonderful experience called the Permian Basin Outing Club.



We lost one of our members and good friends last month; Pat Barber. Pat lost his battle with cancer but passed on with Sharon by his side. I had the honor to talk to Sharon, Pat's wife, earlier this week and we did a lot of remembering. Sharon said that Pat always liked the image of being a bulldog driving a Sherman tank...after all, Pat was an attorney and you've got an image to maintain! But for those of us that really knew Pat knew the gentle side of the man and the incredible dedication and passion that he had for his family and friends. Every year that the club went to Pat and Sharon's ranch, Pat threw everything that he had into making sure that everyone had everything that they needed to be comfortable and safe and despite that tough image that he liked to demonstrate, Pat was a gentle man with a nurturing spirit. I was humbled when Pat called a few weeks ago to let us know how the outdoor club had enriched his life. I know that I can speak for all of us that had the privilege of knowing Pat when I say that we will all miss him. We send our thoughts and prayers to Sharon and Pat's family.

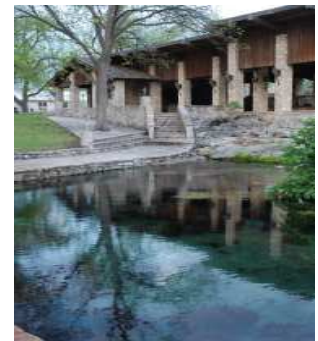
September PBOC Meeting

The September PBOC meeting will be held at our usual digs at Murray's Deli at 3211 W. Wadley in Midland, on Tuesday, September 13th at 6 p.m. Sean will have all of the information that you need concerning our September 16-18 trip to Independence Creek Preserve. I urge you to attend the meeting even if you're not planning to go on the trip....just so you can see us.....I mean.....come on!

September 16-18 Trip—Independence Creek Preserve

Sean Patty has us all set up to go to Independence Creek Preserve the weekend of September 16-18. The last time that we were there, the weather was questionable and it ended up being only Sean, his two boys, and I. I was shocked at the beauty of the place! It's not that far from the Permian Basin so I wasn't expecting much. What I found was a large flowing spring, trees everywhere, wildlife, three large ponds/small lakes, bass fishing (at no cost or need for a license), incredible vistas, archeology, an oak mott that looked like something out of Lord of the Rings, and opportunities all over the place to explore. I guess what I'm saying is, you shouldn't miss this trip if you have a chance to go! The preserve is scheduled for us only and the opportunities for adventure or just laying around and resting are abundant.

Camping is "primitive" if you don't count the large "visitor center" with its bathrooms, bar-b-que pits, etc. There are large open fields if you want to toss a ball around or just run around in circles flapping your arms and uttering nonsense....a PBOC tradition.



The main "pond" - photo by Richard