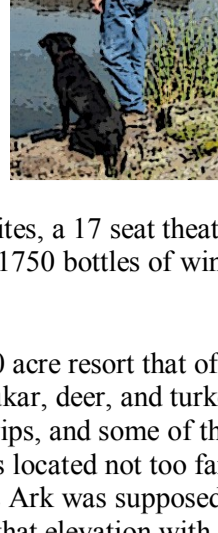


THE FIRST WORD...

Every now and then you get lucky and find someplace special. Without trying to sound like Columbus when he proclaimed he discovered the Americas (which was news to those who already inhabited that neighborhood), I have discovered something special going on between Meadows of Dan and Claudville, Virginia about 2750 feet above sea level. It is Primland's new 74,000 square foot lodge which is scheduled for completion around May or June of 2009.



The Lodge will have a spa, a 72 seat dining room, 26 bedroom suites, a 17 seat theater and 17 seat board room, a two floor wine room which will hold up to 1750 bottles of wine, a ballroom, an observatory and much more.

For those who have never made the trip to Primland, it is a 12,000 acre resort that offers sporting clays, an award winning golf course, pheasant, quail, chukar, deer, and turkey hunting, 5-stand, fishing, mountain biking, hiking, guided ATV trips, and some of the most scenic views in the entire Commonwealth of Virginia. Primland is located not too far from the small town of Ararat, named after the mountain where Noah's Ark was supposed to have docked after 40 days and nights of rain. Having seen the stars at that elevation with so little light pollution, one can easily interpret the feeling as a religious experience.

Primland is located about an hour north of Greensboro, North Carolina, and a little over an hour south of Blacksburg, VA. If you want to do something special this summer or turn a football game at Virginia Tech into a spectacular golfing or hunting weekend, you'd better make your reservations now. They currently have a number of cottages where you can stay and three very nice golf cottages (duplexes with gas fireplaces). Whether you go bird hunting now or golfing next year, you can check out the website at www.primland.com.

Go well,
Clarke

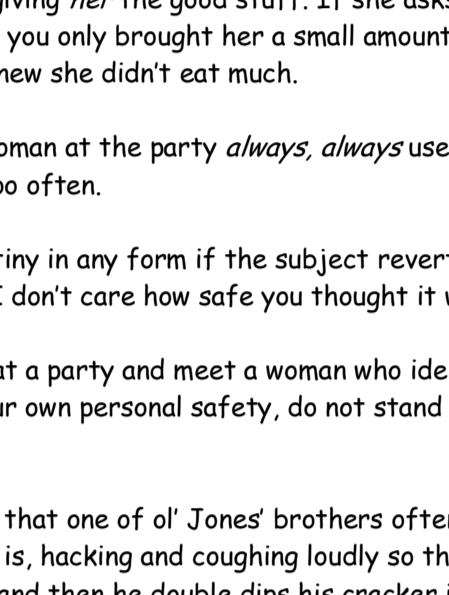


LUKE'S HOLIDAY PARTY SURVIVAL TIPS *

**(for men who are single, would like to be, think they are, or always will be)*

You no doubt will be going to some holiday functions this month, and I would like to pass on a few tips as to how you can enjoy yourself at these festive gatherings.

Managing to have a good time while being a polite guest is sometimes difficult, but here are some ways to make the most of your holiday cheer.



1. Always bring the hosts a gift. A bottle of wine is always nice. It doesn't have to be expensive but make sure it is something you would want to drink. You never know if those who invited you miscalculated how much you could drink and run out of adult beverages.

2. Get there early and offer to help with the coats. You will be the first to know if a single lady has showed up. And, because you have been such a gracious guest, the hosts are bound to introduce you.

3. When you are a little over 6'4" and about 220 lbs, it is hard to get to the shrimp or hot crab dip without looking like you are moving smaller people out of the way. If you stand back politely, all the little people get the good stuff and you starve. If there is a woman in your way, politely tell her to have a seat and offer to bring her a plate of food. She'll be glad to get off her feet, which have been killing her because she stuffed them into to a new pair of a size too small heels. You instantly now have taken over her spot, and you can start eating your fill. In events, you will have to bring her something, but make sure it is the celery, carrots, and fruitcake. No point in giving her the good stuff. If she asks why you only brought her vegetables, tell her you only brought her a small amount of food because she looks so tiny that you knew she didn't eat much.

4. When describing a woman at the party *always, always* use the word *tiny*. You cannot use that word too often.

5. *Never* use the word tiny in any form if the subject reverts back to you. It gives the wrong impression...I don't care how safe you thought it was.

6. If you happen to be at a party and meet a woman who identifies herself as "ol' Jones' sister" for your own personal safety, do not stand between her and any chocolate dessert tray.

7. Never use the tactic that one of ol' Jones' brothers often uses when standing at the buffet table. That is, hacking and coughing loudly so that everyone thinks he has the bubonic plague and then he double dips his cracker into the hot crab dip, leaving other guests with the impression the crab dip is now contaminated. This is very effective in keeping others away from the good stuff but it does embarrass the family.

8. Always send a thank-you note the day after the party. Very few people do that these days and you will get a good reference from the hosts if one of the single girls at the party makes an inquiry about you.

** Anytime anyone admits to actually being related to ol' Jones at a social gathering, they are more than likely intoxicated. Proceed with caution.

Keep a leg up,
Luke

WHINE TASTING

Ol' Jones has been decrying lately, his budget cutback on his favorite red wines. After leaving the corporate world, the days of Caymus, Cakebread, Stag's Leap, and Plumpjack have all but vanished when living on a writer's income.

He used to have a Christmas wreath with all the corks of big name and pricey wines glued to it.

It served two purposes.

One, it impressed the ladies that he knew something about big-named wines even though he hardly bought them. A friend in the restaurant business would save him the corks. Two, when serving wine, some naturally assumed that the wine they were getting was from one of the pricier bottles. Somehow, a Christmas wreath with screw tops glued to it just doesn't have the same effect.

If you are looking for a good wine to serve with turkey or pheasant, you may want to try

a *Thomas Fogarty Pinot Noir* out of Santa Cruz, California, distributed by Cellar Door Importing & Distributing of Richmond.

New Year's Resolution

Be sure to get the January issue of [Virginia Wildlife Magazine](http://www.virginiawildlifemagazine.com)

and read about Virginia's gun and knife engravers whose work is in demand all over the world.



Here is Lisa Tomlin of Evington using the hammer and chisel method that the Italians used over one thousand years ago.

Not signed up yet?
Click [here](#) to receive *LUKE (and Clarke's) EXPEDITION*

OFF THE LEASH

Dear Luke,

My wife loves working in the yard. She is always pulling weeds in her flower garden. She looks at the new plant catalogs, finding new ways to improve the landscape and, I have to admit, she does a very nice job making the outside of our home much prettier. Her problem is...I have two dogs, and while they were adorable puppies, she would overlook most anything they did. Now that they are larger and more mobile, my wife has not been overjoyed when accidentally discovering the souvenirs they often leave behind. What should I do?

Peter C. Augusta, GA

Dear Peter,

Ol' Jones has a similar dilemma now that he has learned Senora Corté della Queso loves to do yard work. She has begun referring to ol' Jones' backyard as "POOT HILL" which I find only mildly humorous. After all, I am housebroken, not outdoor broken. Which I good dog owner who walks their dog in public should also carry with them an accident bag to clean up. It is only common courtesy. After all, you don't leave pre-owned disposable diapers out for everyone to see! Train your pups to go in one particular area outside, thus preventing the "minefield" effect. Ol' Jones trained me to go in our neighbor's yard.

Keep a leg up,
Luke

Dear Luke,

My wife and I have just moved to a large subdivision in a new town. We are small town folks where the firemen knew everyone and my wife is concerned that if there is a house fire the firemen won't find us quickly. How can I convince her we'll be safe and not to worry?

Richard A. Midlothian, VA

Dear Richard,

We do not have that problem because of a backfire in one of ol' Jones' schemes. Senora Corté della Queso had told him she was fascinated by the inventor of lawnmowers (in her country they use goats to cut grass) and she would like to cut his grass for him. He convinced her that she should wear high heels while cutting the grass as this would also aerate his yard, making it unnecessary for him to rent a machine to do that. Ol' Jones was very pleased with himself sitting in the shade drinking a lemonade while the leggy senora was sweating in the hot sun in shorts, high heels, and a skimpy top. That is, until the local fire department trucks happened to come down his street. The firemen slowed, waved, and tooted the horn. The senora smiled at all the nice firemen and waved back. Now, not only does the fire department know where ol' Jones lives, they make regular trips down his street. It also seems firemen have great lines of communication because every civil servant in the county now visits our neighborhood on summer weekends. Believe me, the firemen, policemen, garbage men, telephone men, dog catcher (shudder) all know where our house is now.

Keep a leg up,
Luke



Stocking Stuffer

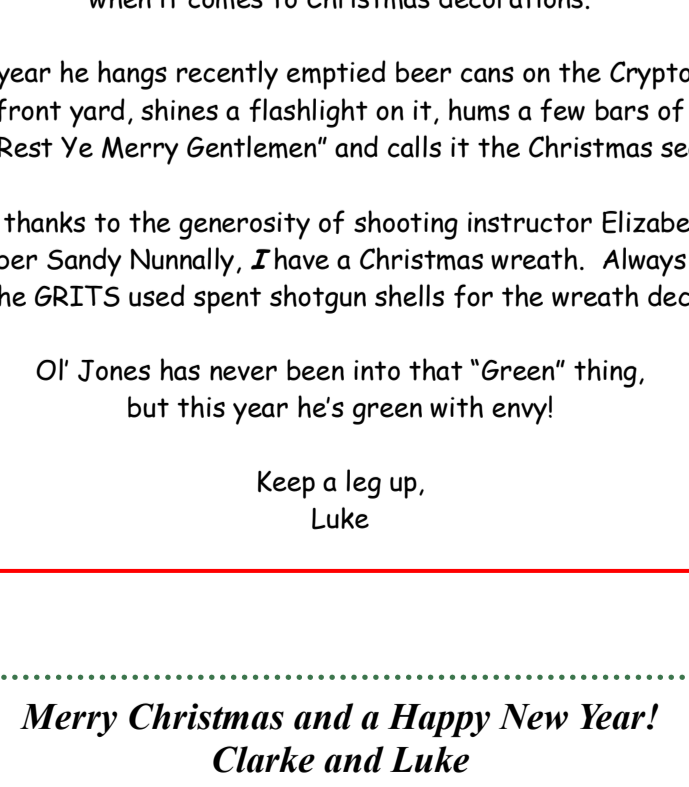


Over a half a century ago, Ol' Jones and his innocent looking siblings made their annual pilgrimage to Miller & Rhoads to see the "REAL" Santa.

Notice the expression of Santa and ol' Jones' two brothers as they realize their sweet, darling, angelic sister has just released a "backside burp" onto Santa's lap.

'57 was a lean year for presents.

LUKE'S FUN TIME



Ol' Jones has been pretty much a bah humbug kind of guy when it comes to Christmas decorations.

One night a year he hangs recently emptied beer cans on the Cryptomeria in his front yard, shines a flashlight on it, hums a few bars of "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" and calls it the Christmas season.

But this year, thanks to the generosity of shooting instructor Elizabeth Lanier and GRITS member Sandy Nunnally, I have a Christmas wreath. Always ecologically minded, the GRITS used spent shotgun shells for the wreath decorations.

Ol' Jones has never been into that "Green" thing, but this year he's green with envy!

Keep a leg up,
Luke

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!
Clarke and Luke

THE LAST WORD...

"And there were shepherds living out in the fields nearby, keeping watch over their flocks at night. And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were terrified. But the angel said to them, 'Do not be afraid. I bring you good news of great joy that will be for all the people. Today in the town of David a Savior has been born to you; he is Christ the Lord. This will be a sign to you: You will find a baby wrapped in cloths and lying in a manger.'

Suddenly a great company of the heavenly host appeared with the angel, praising God and saying,

'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men on whom his favor rests.'

Luke 2: 8-14 NIV