

OWLKILL ROD & GUN CLUB

APRIL 2015



President: John D'Allaird

Vice Pres.: Bret Seiler

Board of Directors: Mark Mahoney (Chairman), Tim Barry, David Langlois, Lance Allen Wang

Treas.: Randy Burgoyne

Secretary: Tom Duclos

*** www.owlkill.org *** Visited our website recently?? *** www.owlkill.org ***

Monthly Meeting: The Regular Monthly Meeting of the Owlkill Rod & Gun Club will be held on Thursday April 9th at 7:00p.m. All members are invited and encouraged to attend.

Board of Directors: Board of Directors meeting will take place at 6:15 p.m. prior to the regular membership meeting on April 9th.

WANT TO SEE WHAT ELSE IS ON THE CALENDAR? GOOD NEWS! WWW.OWLKILL.ORG NOW HAS AN ONLINE CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES!!!!

President's Comments: JOIN IN! Yes, the obvious first: **Spring is here, after a L-O-N-G winter!** We have weathered it and now we shall thrive. We will head outdoors with intrepid haste and enjoy the fresh air and nature's soothing acoustics.

Trout season is open and since we are a '**Rod**' and Gun Club many of us yearn for the mellow sounds of flowing water- the only good reason to enter a cold, springtime New England stream. Catching trout is 'almost' a bonus.

Plans for the new 'Pistol Line Shed' are moving along well, thanks to Mark Mahoney's efforts with the architect and necessary Town/County permits, code and regs. Soon ground will be broken, adding this useful asset to the club. Mark will be the coordinator on the job so eager volunteers will be assigned by him as we move on.

Another great benefit coming soon to the club's archers is the new archery target backstop being made by Bill Zeppetelli from old fire hose! Cool re-purposing! It will stop your arrows gently- no chasing them in the woods!

Spring also brings necessary maintenance and tuning of the physical plant. We can all join in and accomplish this easily, together. A spring Work Day will be announced soon by the Grounds Committee and the more the merrier- many hands make light work. All are welcome!

This and the standard fare of skeet- rifle- pistol and archery range(s), Silhouette shoots, special courses, events and guest speakers make us eager for the coming fair-weather months. **DON'T MISS OUT-COME AND JOIN IN!**

Kudos to Tim Barry for our web-page, owlkill.org, which carries details of upcoming events, courses, seminars, a club calendar, Lottery status, Newsletter archives, lots of pics and all things o' the Club. Speaking of the **Lottery**, Tim chairs that too and **extremely well**. Tickets are still available and the

drawings start May 1st. Good luck!

Last but not least, **a hearty thank you goes out to our Editor, Lance Wang for this Newsletter** which we all receive as fruit of his efforts. I enjoy it every month and look forward to the Trivia Question and stories, as well as the monthly news. This takes lots of time and effort and it shows as time well spent. Thanks Lance!

Enjoy the Spring, with the refrain of **'Gone Fishin'!**

John D'Allaird, President

EDITOR'S COLUMN

First of all – THANK YOU! Not only have we got the President's Comments and the regular "Big Hunt" feature from Gary Danforth, but also stories from Bob Thomas and David Langlois. The more we make this a team effort, the more it reflects our Club. So thanks to all of you for giving this issue some character.

I also want to offer regrets on behalf of Chief George Bell, who was unable to make our meeting as he ended up having to make an unexpected extended distance prisoner transfer last month. HOWEVER, we will reschedule the Chief for later this summer, AND we have Chief Paul Doucette of the Bennington PD coming in May, and he will talk about three issues that immediately came to mind....

"What is all the rumbling in Vermont these days about new gun control laws?"

"How does NY's [un]SAFE Act impact what a New Yorker may purchase in VT??"

"Why did the Bennington Police Department switch back to the .45 ACP?"

All things I'd like to hear about, and I hope you will too. Have a great month!

L. A. Wang, Editor

THE OWLKILL LOTTERY

We are going to build on the success of our lottery – and hold it in the Spring this time. The month of May will be prize-a-day drawings – and yes, we're changing up the roster of prizes. Different gift certificates, different firearms, different swag. Buy tickets. Sell tickets. You can even pre-purchase them with your membership renewal. Support your club!!!! April is the last month for ticket sales!!

MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL

We have new membership application and renewal forms. Make sure you use the new forms! And make sure you include signed safety rules with the forms! You are required to recertify your understanding of these rules annually. Be safe. Protect yourself. Protect the Club. Everybody wins.... Remember, if you don't get your renewals in soon, you won't get the new combinations and will find yourself locked out.

TRIVIA

Trivia question from last month. Owlkill President John D'Allaird is on a roll, he's nailed in twice in two months..... As you recall, last month's question was:



By far, the most enthusiastic hunter amongst our Presidents was Theodore Roosevelt. He had a huge collection of firearms and equally huge collection of trophies. On his famous African safari of 1909 he singled out one of his firearms as "Big Medicine." What was the rifle, and what did he consider it a "cure" for?

Well, folks, the rifle was the Winchester 1895 lever-action, the first rifle with an internal box magazine. The internal box magazine was revolutionary, as for the

first time, a lever rifle could fire the more accurate “spitzer” tipped bullets, that is to say bullets with pointed tips. In the past, the tube magazine which most lever action rifles had had rounds loaded nose-to-tail, and well, a pointed tip bullet up against the primer of the round in front of it in the tube magazine... kind of a recipe for disaster when combined with heavy recoil. Theodore Roosevelt was a big fan of the 1895. When he was a Lieutenant Colonel in the 1st United States Volunteer Cavalry (aka the “Rough Riders”), during the Spanish-American War, he purchased Winchester 1895 Saddle Ring Carbines for the officers in his unit, chambered in the then Army-standard 30-40 Krag (also known as .30 Army) which was, incidentally, also the first smokeless round that the US Army used. When he went on his famous 1909 African s safari, it was a no-brainer that he would take the Winchester 1895 rifle. The round that he used was the .405 Winchester. Roosevelt, who is one of my two favorite Presidents, was also a prolific writer, and in the book about his expedition, he wrote:



“But as we stood, one of the porters behind called out “Simba”; and we caught a glimpse of a big lioness galloping down beside the trees, just beyond the donga...Tarlton took his big double-barrel and advised me to take mine, as the sun had just set and it was likely to be close work; but I shook my head, for the Winchester 405 is, at least for me personally, the “medicine gun” for lions...”

NEXT MONTH’S QUESTION:

OK, let’s have a little fun here. I’ll show you a picture, and a hint.... What is the firearm in the first picture, and what is the significance of the hint picture on the right?



Because I feel especially generous, I’ll even offer you a second hint. The second hint is that the firearm displayed on the left, although it perhaps “could” be, should definitely not be used to hunt the critter on the right.

Good luck!



Board of Directors member David Langlois now takes a few moments to echo the point from our Club President that we are a “rod” and gun club with the following memoir....

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN GRAND SLAM
 A Fly Fishing Story
 By David Langlois

One day after work in the late spring of 2013 I went fly fishing with my friend, Kyle. We decided to try our luck on the Mettowee River near the Vermont/New York border.

Having been there many times before, it always treated us very well.

As we drove from Manchester along Route 30 to our fishing hole, we talked about the flies we might use. After all the discussion we fell back to our tried and true bead head pheasant tail nymph. Parking the truck we both strung up our rods. My friend had his new Orvis Hydro 9 ft. 5 wt. rod and I brought my rod, hand crafted by yours truly, a 7 ft. 4 wt. bamboo rod.

It was a hot evening so we didn't need waders, just shorts and sneakers. Off to the river we went. Reaching the river at our favorite hole where a small stream runs into the main river my friend said, "You fish here and I will go up stream and fish that run."

We still could see each other and we started to fish. I don't think he made two casts when I heard him yell "fish on!!!" Just my luck, I thought. I watched him reel that brown trout in and he said 16 inches. Made me hang my head like an old dog you know. Things slowed down then and cast we did! I bet you I cast this hole thirty or forty times and was getting ready to move on when I got a bite. I gave a big yank and missed it. My friend said he was moving that there was nothing left in the hole he was fishing in, but with that bite I had to stay just a little bit more. So after a few more casts, luck changed and I had my first fish on. By this time my fishing partner had made his way back to the hole I was fishing. We both laughed with excitement as no one was going home empty handed this night.

I had a nice 14 inch rainbow trout landed and then I picked up my rod and gave it another flip into that hole and to my amazement I had a second fish on. A brookie! By now, Kyle was all smiles and a bit nervous as he only had that one giant brown to his credit, and I had two nice fish in the net.

We sat on the bank a bit after that, and Kyle said, "You know Dave, if you're feeling it I'd make a few more casts into that hole and you might get the Green Mountain Grand Slam." I turned and looked at him and asked him what he was talking about. He said an old man he met on the banks of a Vermont river one day told him this: "Son if you ever catch a brookie, a rainbow and brown trout in the same hole the same day, that's a Green Mountain Grand Slam."

After hearing that, IT WAS ON!

I rose and made a few more casts with that bead head pheasant tail nymph, even though it was pretty well torn up. I was thinking this would NEVER happen. That old man was just having fun with Kyle and he with me. Then it happened! I couldn't believe what I felt on the grip of that bamboo fly rod. I had a fish on and it was putting up the fight of the night.

Well you know I went home with the biggest smile on my face you could imagine. I had just gotten the first Green Mountain Grand Slam of my life. My friend Kyle had the biggest fish but in my mind, that 12 inch brown trout was just huge!

Just so you know, this was a catch and release trip. So if you are ever fishing up on the Mettowee, cast a line in. You never know...

And now a word from 4-H Shooting Sports, which the Owlkill Rod and Gun Club proudly sponsors!



Note that there will be 4-H Shooting Sports activities taking place at the Club on April 4th, 18th, and 25th. This means that some club resources may be unavailable on these dates, as priority goes to the youths. However, the good news is that there are plenty of opportunities to volunteer. For information on 4-H, our involvement, and opportunities to support, please reach out to club member John Wiley.

And now, of course, a regular feature, "The Big Hunt" by Gary Danforth, this month apparently featuring an Arisaka rifle....

THE BIG HUNT

By Gary Danforth
As told to me by Ron Danforth

Preface: These monthly hunting stories are written by Gary Danforth as a means to keep the memory of his late brother, Richard “Dick” Danforth alive. Dick loved the woods, hunting and planning hunts. He hunted for over 55 years using bow, rifle and muzzleloader. To keep these stories going and to keep the memory of my brother alive, I will need the help of others. I will need folks to furnish me with information and stories of their own to share. Everyone who furnishes me with a story will receive a framed copy of their story as a thank you, which can be used as a conversation piece for years to come with family and friends. If you would like to furnish me with a story you can see me at a monthly meeting or call me at 686-5586. This month, thanks to my other brother, Ron Danforth, for his information about his first successful deer hunt. I hope you enjoy the story and continued healthy hunting.

It was November 15th, 1965. Ron Danforth recalled how he had skipped school his senior year in high school to go hunting with his Dad, Forrest, on the opening day of deer season. They headed to North Petersburg, New York to hunt up in back of Ernest Yerke’s sawmill, just off Route 22.

Forrest, a World War II navy gunner’s mate veteran, had seen extensive action in the Pacific theatre. He had brought a 7.7 millimeter Japanese rifle back to the States with him at war’s end. The bolt action rifle, which Ron had cut a portion of the long stock away to expose more of the barrel, was carried by Ron on this his first day of deer hunting.

The third deer which Ron saw that morning came down with one shot at approximately 9:30 am. The deer was a four point “fork horn,” meaning one side of the antlers folded around and underneath like a ram’s horn. “The deer weighed about 125 pounds,” said Ron. “I was sitting on a cold, wet rock when the deer came along. After shooting the deer I called out to my father, Dad’, Dad’, but there was no answer.

I had never field dressed a deer so I thought, ‘it’s just like a really big squirrel or rabbit, which I had done many times. I successfully “gutted” the deer and proceeded to drag it to my father’s truck, about a half mile away.” Ron said there were about two inches of new snow and leaves on the ground. If he had gotten a deer he had promised to give the liver to his father and the heart to Glenn Rowland, a friend of Forrest’s. Ron thought back with some amusement how he had put the heart and liver in the deer cavity and dragged the deer the first couple hundred yards before learning the heart and liver had slipped out of the cavity. He back tracked on the logging road he was dragging on and retrieved the parts. This occurred two or three more times before he reached his father’s truck.

Ron remembers using “rotted” rope he’d found in his father’s truck to tie the deer unto the back of the truck. He then had the idea to go across Route 22 to the Pink Rose restaurant for a coffee and English muffin. While over there, he quickly said he realized that he’d left his deer unattended and scurried back “so neither my father nor other hunters would see how dumb I had been (it was still there).” In summing up his first successful hunt Ron had this to say, “I could have been more wise and savvy but did okay for a 16 year old. When my Dad appeared hours later, he was elated that I had gotten a deer.” Like most hunts, it’s the memories, which last a lifetime, which are most important.

And lastly, but certainly not least, Bob Thomas recalls his first pistol, a .38 snub. Try transporting a pistol like he did back in the 1960s today, and you’d find yourself on the “no-fly” list so fast it would make your head spin.... Now then:

MY FIRST PISTOL

By Bob Thomas

Before being discharged from the Air Force in July 1966, I went to the Ecuadorian consulate in San Antonio to get a visa to enter Ecuador. I was planning on doing some gold panning in the interior. Also, I went to a

local department store and bought a Smith and Wesson .38 Special. I had a friend who was on the base pistol team take me to the pistol range so I could get familiar with the gun. I shot off 30, maybe 40 rounds.

Upon discharge, I headed for the airport. After taking care of business at the ticket counter, I informed the ticket agent that I had a gun, and asked what I should do with it. "Just give it to the stewardess." So onto the tarmac and up the stairs I went. The stewardess greeted me and I told her I had a gun and was to give it to her. "I'll give it to the Captain," she said, "He'll watch it for you." I went to my seat and we took off. After getting up to cruising altitude, the stewardess comes to me and asked me, "Are you with the FBI?" "No I'm not," I replied.

After landing in Quito, Ecuador, I went through customs. The agent asked how much the gun cost me. "75 Dollars," I told him. He then explained I had to deposit \$75 with customs to get my gun back. I asked if I get my money back when I leave the country, to which they replied, "Yes."

END OF PART ONE

Editor's Note: You think I'm not going to take advantage of this break? Of course I am! Not only am I going to go grab a cup of Joe, but I'm also going to give you a preview of a big event coming up. On June 6th, the club will again run its "Firearms Awareness Clinic." This activity, which we treat as a public service, provides an introduction to firearms and firearms safety to non-shooters. This effort is being headed up to Bill Zeppetelli, and I know, for a FACT, that he is looking for help for us to put on this one-day course. The day is half classroom, half range, and all hands-on. It is a great introduction for people, and it has brought us both good publicity and new members. Above all, it's the right thing to. There will be more information in the May newsletter; however, Bill is trying to put the team together now.

MY FIRST PISTOL, By Bob Thomas, PART TWO

So, I was staying at the Hotel Quito while making arrangements to go into the interior. I was able to take a bus to a small town right on the edge of the interior. I found a young missionary couple there and I was able to rent a room. They inquired with the locals about guiding me into the interior. When I found out how much it would cost me, I only had enough cash for one day's travel in, and one day's travel out. So I came all the way to Ecuador for nothing!

I stayed a few more days and took a bus back to Quito. The highlight of staying in Quito was watching a Spanish movie outfit film scenes for a Spanish version of a James Bond-like movie. After 2 weeks in Ecuador, it was time to go home. I arrived back at customs and asked for my \$75 back. "Oh no," the official declared, "Once the money is in the Treasury, it stays there!" I mentally pictured my hands firmly around this person's neck. In effect, I just paid twice for my gun!



I got through customs in New York ok, and I headed home. I went to Cohoes to live with my mother, because I had exactly ten dollars to my name and no job. Anyway, the next day I walked to the Cohoes Police Department to register my gun. The desk sergeant asked me for my permit. "What permit?" I said. "I just flew in from South America yesterday!" Anyway, he took my gun and gave me a receipt for it. Fast forward and a year later I got married. I let my wife know about the gun – she did not want it in the house. I didn't have the money to get a gun permit, so it stayed at the Cohoes Police Department. Fast forward

again, and it was the late 1980s, and I went to the Cohoes Police with no receipt to see if they still had my gun. "No record of it," I was told....