

OWLKILL ROD & GUN CLUB

JANUARY 2016



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

Have you checked out the finest website the Owlkill has ever had???
Check out www.owlkill.org

Monthly Meeting: The Regular Monthly Meeting of the Owlkill Rod & Gun Club will be held on Thursday January 14th at 7:00p.m. All members are invited and encouraged to attend.

Board of Directors: Board of Directors meeting is scheduled for Thursday January 28th at 7:00p.m.

President's Comments:

The Holidays are past and most of us have a brief lull in travels, activities and look forward to the coming year.

The clever deer this season evaded many an avid hunter. My own experience was ... unusual.

I had trekked up and down the mountain several times early in the morning to establish where all the hunters were, then settled up on the top ridge. After all the climbing/descending/climbing, the sun came out and hit my face- I immediately dozed off for a couple minutes to be startled back by a rustling in the thicket. Sure, sure- a deer- two deer, one good size doe deep in the thicket with no possible shot and another **STRANGE** looking critter out in the open in plain sight. Couldn't believe my eyes and thought I was dreaming until I dared to mention it later to my hunting companion who told me I had seen the **'Phantom'** doe many were speaking of in the Waites Hill area- an **exceptionally small** but mature shaped, **very** light gray doe with long feathery whitish hair around the face, ears and flanks. He saw it too. It had been seen and reported around the White Creek woods by several reliable sources. His assurance made me trust my own eyes again as well as my new optician!

I never did get a shot at a deer this year, buck or doe! A strange year for weather and hunting! Optimism suggests a forward look to the year, when hunting is great, we're all good looking and taxes are repealed!

We reviewed the past year in the December Newsletter which was a very busy year- it flew by!

Now for 2016:

This year promises to be a fruitful and busy year as well:

- There are many new members and more are joining / planning to join.
- We have projects in the planning stages that will be coming along when the weather breaks- we will discuss them later as each becomes more imminent and the weather permits.
- The standard fare of events and shoots with some new events in the design / development stage.
- The Lottery has been fine-tuned and tickets are on sale until June when #'s will be drawn daily and all

prizes given out.

- Speakers with information relevant to issues of interest and concern to our Club and us as individuals.

In the near term:

- Board of Directors (**BOD**) **elections** is on an even year- Officers, odd year- and the BOD elections will take place at the February monthly club meeting. All 4 currently serving on the Board (Tim Barry, Dave Langlois, Mark Mahoney and Lance Wang) have agreed to stand for election again. Lance and Dave were voted into BOD in 2015 because it was necessary to fill two open seats. We will vote again this year to get the whole board on the even year rotation. **The Club is very fortunate to have the Board as it is currently configured.** The BOD Chaired by Mark M. has accomplished much and much more is in the planning. **I can heartily endorse all current Board members as we enter the elections.**

- **Hunter's Safety Feb. 6th**. See the description on Owlkill.org as well.

- **'Cabin Fever'** gathering some evening in February, date and time yet to be announced, just for the fellowship during the time of year when we all need it. Coffee, pies and stories.

- **FSAC (Firearms Safety Awareness Clinic): June 4th**. This course is an excellent initiation into the safe use of firearms by those previously unfamiliar with their use. In the course of this week I ran into someone who took the course last year. Her unsolicited comment was: **"The FSAC was a fantastic course!"** See description on Owlkill.org.

This is not a comprehensive list of club plans, there is much more to come!

Come and participate in the activities and the work of the Club!

Congrats are in order again to our Editor Lance Wang for the new position he now officially occupies as Town Councilman in White Creek. He was sworn in on December 30th.

In this issue is a story, for your reading pleasure, that was first printed in The Reader's Digest, December 1964. I found this issue in an antique store several years ago and contacted Reader's Digest Archive Division who gave permission to allow friends to read it, of course crediting the source. We gratefully acknowledge them for their generosity. Enjoy it.

See you at our monthly meeting on Thursday, 1/14/2016

John D'Allaird, President, Owlkill Rod & Gun Club

EDITOR'S COLUMN

Hunting season is over for the most part – the deer and turkey seasons, anyway, which so many of you wait for. This may be the first year I hunt coyote, as I suspect that's one reason that the pickings were slim on my chosen hunting ground (in a year where the pickings seemed slim regardless thanks to the bizarre weather), I think they're going after the fawns and its not helping the situation any. It was the first year that I actually saw coyote as they were coming off "night shift" as the sunlight began to peek through the trees. For an animal which is not typically brazen, I found their confidence a sign that I probably have some work to do this winter, perhaps with some .308 hand loaded 110 grain rounds...

I want to thank everyone for great input to this issue – thanks to our stalwart President, John D'Allaird for his story from the Readers' Digest archives, Rich Allen for sharing his humor and shame, Bob Preble for his "glamor shot," and the overwhelming response to last month's trivia question!

L. A. Wang, Editor

REMINDER ABOUT NEW MEMBERSHIP RENEWAL POLICIES/FORMS FOR 2016

I've published this two months in a row, but the changes are significant enough that I'm going to give it one more go....

1. Dues and renewals are due no later than the 1st of March. On that day, the combo to the clubhouse and ranges changes.
2. Renewals received between 1st of March and 1st of June have a \$20.00 penalty.
3. Renewals received after the 1st of June will be treated as a new membership, which means that the applicant will have to appear before the Board of Directors' Meeting and then the next Membership meeting before approval.

Please understand – *the goal is not that we want to collect penalties or have anyone jump through hoops.* The goal is to get membership renewals in before the 1st of March so we can manage our finances and pay the Club's bills. I'm sure I speak for our Chairman of the Board of Directors and our President when I say we would be happy to collect no penalties next year!

4. For those who are unable to participate in work details and/or committees, we have provided the OPTION to donate an additional \$25.00 with your renewal which will be allocated towards supplies and materials to support our work parties. In other words, if you can't do some of the physical heavy lifting, let Jackson and Lincoln do the lifting for you.
5. As with last year, we are offering the opportunity to purchase Owlkill Lottery tickets for with your renewal. We'll mail the tickets to you with your new membership card.

As always, please sign and date a copy of the safety rules and submit with your renewal form! They have been updated to correct a couple of typos from the earlier edition

2016 OWLKILL LOTTERY!!!

Members can turn in any completed slips and funds at all regular meetings. As always you can purchase tickets on the spot, when renewing your membership or you may pick up folders of tickets to sell over the winter as your time permits. Ticket stubs that are returned are subsequently listed and may be viewed from our [Fundraising](#) page by clicking the [2016 Numbers in Play](#) button. The web page gives club members and the general public a view of how our sales are progressing. Updates to our numbers in play file will regularly take place shortly following monthly meetings starting in January and at other appropriate times as ticket stubs are returned. As always the Club thanks all of our retail vendors and ticket sellers for their efforts in making this year's fundraiser a success.

Tim Barry

TRIVIA

Lots of answers to this month's trivia question! So, let's rehash it real quick:

The .45 ACP Thompson Submachine gun, famed for its use by organized crime and police through the 1920s (with its trademark drum magazine and cliché violin case), and later by British and American soldiers during World War II (Americans with stick magazines, generally) was an elegant design though maintenance intensive, heavy as a Garand, and expensive to manufacture. It was replaced by a decidedly inelegant design at the end of the war – but cheap and easy to manufacture, primarily of stamped metal. This piece stayed in the inventory through the 1980s. What was the replacement for the Thompson?



70 years ago – Marines advancing on Okinawa, May 1945. The Marine in the foreground has the Thompson Submachine Gun. The Marine on the right carries the Browning Automatic Rifle (BAR).

Well, thank you to the following club members for their responses, all correct: Mark Mahoney (first in, probably about ten minutes after the newsletter hit his Inbox!), Bob Preble (more about his response shortly), John Wiley, Joe Ahrberg, and Alex Hills.

The answer was indeed the M3 Submachine Gun, aka the “Grease Gun.” This weapon had quite a bit of longevity

BASIC FUNCTIONING U.S. SUBMACHINE GUN, CAL.45, M3



in the US military seeing service from World War 2 all the way through the 80s and on into Desert Storm, primarily as a sidearm for vehicle crews. One of the Owlkill's very own, Mr. Bob Preble, carried one in Vietnam.



Left: O3, one of my favorite bits of “Grease Gun” lore is what you can attempt with a low cyclic rate and the low muzzle velocity of the .45 ACP round – you can attempt to deflect the round around corners with the right accessories...

Right: Bob Preble and his "little friend," alongside a Cessna O-1 (Observation) aircraft. Low, slow, quiet, and maneuverable, the O-1 was very valuable for adjusting artillery fire, however, when small arms were able to zero in on an aircraft, its survivability was questionable. The US Army alone lost almost 300 of these aircraft in Vietnam. We salute you this January Bob, as our "Thunder-stud of the month."



But enough of the M3, let us move on to this month's trivia question. Technology can be a blessing, making our lives easier. However, it comes at a cost. Sometimes the cost is simply finding that something that we thought would make a simple task easier instead just makes a simple task more complicated, and the user ends up serving the technology as opposed to the other way around. Sometimes it becomes a solution in search of a problem.

Well, Remington found a solution after lots of time and dollars sunk into a revolutionary new system they called the Etronix, and even released a new Model 700 designed to take advantage of the system (granted, with a two thousand dollar MSRP). Well, this hit the market in 2000, and was gone by 2003. So this month's question is – what the heck was Remington Etronix, and why was it gone by 2003?

IN PURSUIT OF THE "HEFTY TOM"

"Absolutely True...." – Rich Allen

One autumn afternoon, as Sean and I ("I" shall be unnamed) were walking toward our favorite undisclosed goose hunting location, Sean spotted a wild turkey some four fields away, (a good distance, even for Sean's eyesight). Using his binoculars to verify this sighting and exclaiming, "**Ooo -- Ooo it's a Tom**" was all that was needed to abandon goose hunting and begin turkey hunting, since the season was still open.

Our plan was to approach the blind side of Ole' Tom situating ourselves one field from his strutting area. **Two hours later**, having meandered through a swamp, a wooded area and the high sides of two corn fields **without detection, our position was secured**. In our final stalk Sean would creep over the last hill as I would low-crawl the lower point putting each within shotgun range. Sean confirmed, "**Ole' Tom is still there.**" We caught our breath; then begun our final pursuit, but as we peeked over our respective positions, our excitement was crushed. You see, Ole' Tom turned out to be a windblown Hefty bag caught on a lone cornstalk in the field...

We named this turkey... "**Hefty Tom**".

Rich Allen

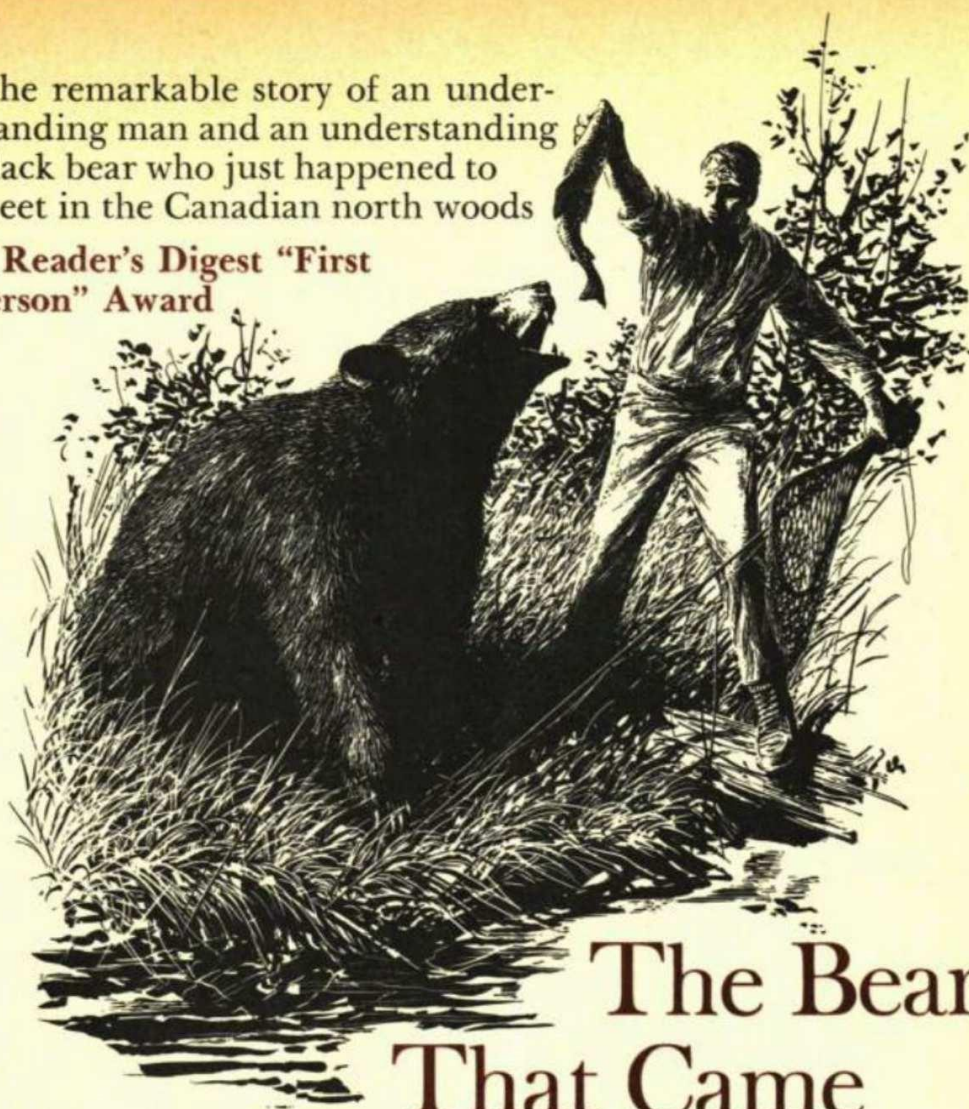
Further Acknowledgement: Fat City Squirt... an 8 yr. old Labrador Retriever and devoted hunting companion who could positively attest to the authenticity of this story. "Squirt" was nearly 2 1/2 at the time, but swore he could remember this happening as if it were yesterday.

AND FINALLY....

Club President John D'Allaird was so enamored by this story from a December 1964 Readers' Digest that he actually reached out to them and got their permission to republish it in this issue of the Owlkill newsletter. I hope you enjoy it as much as we did!

The remarkable story of an understanding man and an understanding black bear who just happened to meet in the Canadian north woods

A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award



The Bear That Came for Supper

BY ROBERT FRANKLIN LESLIE

I MET Bosco in the remote wilderness near Mt. Robson in western Canada. At the end of a long day of back-packing I had made a lean-to in a clearing beside a stream and was preparing to catch supper. Then I looked up—and there he

was: an enormous boar black bear, slowly circling the clearing within 30 yards.

He wasn't Bosco to me yet, and I viewed his presence with trepidation. My provisions were vulnerable if he was in a piratical mood, since I

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was unarmed. However, I decided to go about my fishing. The bear came along.

I've lived with wild creatures for 30 years, respecting their first fear—fast movements—and now I let him see the reason and the beginning in every slow, deliberate move I made. Soon he was sitting on his haunches less than five feet away, intensely interested in my activity. When I landed a 14-inch Loch Levin, I tossed it to him. He gulped it without bothering to chew. And when I flipped out the fly again he moved closer, planted his well-upholstered fanny on the turf beside my boot, and leaned half his 500 pounds against my right leg!

I plied the gray hackle along the riffles and got another strike. Before reeling in, I eased over a yard, convinced the bear would grab fish, line, rod—and maybe me. But he didn't. His patience and dignity were regal as he sat rocking back and forth, watching carefully. When I released the trout from the hook, he bawled a long-drawn-out "Maw!" I held the wriggling fish high by the lower lip, stepped over to my "guest," and shakily dropped the prize into his cavernous, red mouth.

TEXAS-BORN Robert Franklin Leslie teaches French and Spanish in Harvard Military School, North Hollywood, Calif. A lifelong outdoorsman with a particular love for the Canadian Northwest, he has canoed nearly every great western river—often as the leader of groups of boys—climbed the principal mountains, hiked thousands of miles of wilderness (usually armed only with a camera).

When drizzly darkness set in, I was still fishing for that bear, fascinated as much by his gentle manners as by his insatiable capacity. I began to think of him in a friendly way as Big Bosco, and I didn't mind when he followed me back to camp.

After supper I built up the fire, sat on the sleeping bag under the lean-to, and lit my pipe. All this time Bosco had sat just outside the heat perimeter of the fire, but the moment I was comfortably settled he walked over and sat down beside me. Overlooking the stench of wet fur, I rather enjoyed his warmth as we sat on the sleeping bag under the shelter. I listened to the rain thumping on the tarp in time with the steady, powerful *cur-rump, cur-rump* of the heartbeat beneath his thick coat. When smoke blew our way, he snorted and sneezed, and I imitated most of his body movements, even the sneezing and snorting, swaying my head in every direction, sniffing the air as he did.

Then Bosco began licking my hands. Guessing what he wanted, I got him a handful of salt. Bosco enthusiastically nailed my hand to the ground with eight four-inch claws—claws capable of peeling the bark from a full-grown cedar, claws that could carry his 500-odd pounds at full gallop to the top of the tallest tree in the forest, claws that could rip a man's body like a bandsaw.

Finally the last grain of salt was gone and again we sat together. I wondered if this could be for real. I recalled Sam Ottley, trail foreman

on the King's River in the Sierra Nevada, whom I had seen sharing tent and rations with a bear; but Sam's creature was old and toothless, no longer able to live off the country; this monster was the finest prime specimen I had ever seen.

Bosco stood up on all fours, burped a long, fishy belch, and stepped out into the rainy blackness. But he soon was back—with a message. He sat down near the sleeping bag and attempted to scratch that area of his rump just above his tail; he couldn't reach it. Again and again he nudged me and growled savagely at the itch. Finally I got the message and laid a light hand on his back. He flattened out to occupy the total seven feet of the lean-to as I began to scratch through the dense, oily hair.

Then the full significance of his visit hit me. Just above his stubby tail several gorged ticks were dangerously embedded in swollen flesh. Little by little I proved that the flashlight would not burn, so he allowed me to focus it on his body. When I twisted out the first parasite, I thought I was in for a mauling. His roar shook the forest. But I determined to finish the job. Each time I removed a tick I showed it to him for a sniff before dropping it on the fire, and by the last one he was affably licking my hand.

A cold, sniffing nose awakened me several times during the night as the bear came and went. He left the sleeping bag wetter and muddier each time he crawled around over me, but he never put his full weight

down when he touched any part of my body.

The next day I set off again, over a ridge, down through a chilly river, up the next crest, through thickets of birch and alder and down a wide, north-running river canyon. To my surprise, Bosco followed like a faithful dog, digging grubs or bulbs when I stopped to rest. That evening I fished for Bosco's supper.

As the days passed and I hiked north, I used a system of trout, salt and scratch rewards to teach the bear to respond to the call, "Bosco!" Despite his perpetual devotion to food, he never lagged far behind. One evening he walked over to the log where I was enjoying my pipe and began to dig at my boots. When I stood up he led me straight to a dead, hollow bee tree at which he clawed vigorously but unsuccessfully. Returning to camp, I covered my head with mosquito netting, tied shirt, pants, and glove openings, and got the hatchet. I built a smoke fire near the base of the tree and hacked away until the hollow shell crashed to earth, split wide open, and exposed the hive's total summer production. For my understanding and efforts I received three stinging welts. Bosco ate 20 pounds of honeycomb, beebread, and hundreds of bees. He snored most of that night at the foot of the sleeping bag.

At campsites Bosco never tolerated long periods of relaxation and reflection; and, true to my sucker form where animals are concerned, I babied his every whim. When he

wanted his back scratched, I scratched; when he wanted a fish dinner, I fished; when he wanted to romp and roll with me in a meadow, I romped and rolled—and still wear scars to prove that he played games consummately out of my league.

During one particularly rough session, I tackled his right front leg, bowling him over on his back. As I sat there on his belly regaining wind, he retaliated with a left hook that not only opened a two-inch gash down the front of my chin but spun me across the meadow. When I woke up, Bosco was licking my wound. His shame and remorse were inconsolable. He sat with his ears back and bawled like a whipped pup when I was able to put my arm around his neck and repeat all the soft, ursine vocabulary he had taught me.

After that experience I let Bosco roll me around when he had to play, but I never raised another finger toward originality. If he got too rough, I played dead. Invariably he would turn me over, lick my face and whine.

There were times when he spent his excess energy racing around in 100-yard circles, building up speed to gallop to the top of the tallest fir. When he returned to camp immediately afterward, I could detect absolutely no increase above his normal breathing rate. He panted only when we walked for long periods in full sun and he got thirsty.

It is not my intention either to attribute character traits to the bear

which he could not possess or to exaggerate those he had. I simply studied him for what he was, and saw him manifest only the normal qualities of his species, which were formidable enough without exaggeration. Other than calling him Bosco, I never attempted human training upon him; conversely, I did everything possible to train myself to become a brother bear.

Like all sensitive mammals, Bosco had his full complement of moods. When serious, he was dead earnest; when exuberant, a volcano. Being a bear, he was by nature uninhibited; so I never expressed even a shade of the word "no." The affection we developed for each other was spontaneous, genuine brotherly bear; when it occurred to him to waddle over my way on his hind legs, grab me up in a smothering bear hug, and express an overflowing emotion with a face licking, I went along with it for two reasons: first, I was crazy about that varmint; second, I nourished a healthy respect for what one swat from the ambidextrous giant could accomplish.

Although he was undisputed monarch of all his domain, I think Bosco considered me his mental equal in most respects. It wasn't long before he taught me to expand communication through a language of the eyes. How a bear can look you in the eye! Terrifying at first—it grows into the most satisfactory medium of all. Bosco and I would sit by the campfire, honestly and intimately studying each other's

thoughts. Once in a while he'd reach some sort of conclusion and hang a heavy paw on my shoulder. And I'd do the same. It would have made an odd picture, but many times as I looked into those big yellowish-brown eyes, I felt an awed humility as if the Deity Himself were about to effect a revelation through this, another of His children.

Although his size and strength made Bosco almost invulnerable to attack by other animals, he had his own collection of phobias. Thunder and lightning made him cringe and whine. When whiskey jacks (Clark's nutcrackers) flew into camp looking for food, he fled in terror, the cacophonous birds power-diving and pecking him out of sight.

Bosco's phenomenal sense of smell amazed me. Trudging along behind me, he would suddenly stop, sniff the air, and make a beeline for a big, succulent mushroom 200 yards away, to a flat rock across the river under which chipmunks had warehoused their winter seed supply, to a berry patch two ridges over.

One afternoon when we were crossing a heath where dwarf willows grew in scattered hedge-like clumps, Bosco suddenly reared up and let out a "Maw!" I could detect no reason for alarm, but Bosco stood erect and forbade me to move. He advanced, began to snarl—and pandemonium broke out. Every clump of willows sprouted an upright bear!

Black bear, brown bear, cinnamon bear, and one champagne (all subdivisions of the same species).

But these were young bears, two-year-olds, and no match for Bosco. He charged his closest contestant with the fury of a Sherman tank, and before the two-year-old could pick himself up he dispatched a second bear and tore into a thicket to dislodge a third. At the end of the circuit my gladiator friend remembered me and scoured back, unscathed and still champion.

That night we sat longer than usual by the campfire. Bosco nudged, pawed, talked at great length, and looked me long in the eye before allowing me to retire. In my ignorance I assumed it was a rehash of that afternoon's battle. He was gone most of the night.

Along toward next midafternoon I sensed something wrong. Bosco didn't forage, but clung to my heels. I was looking over a streamside campsite when the big bear about-faced and broke into a headlong, swinging lope up the hill we had just descended. I did not call to him as he went over the crest full steam without once looking back.

That evening I cooked supper with one eye on the hillside, then lay awake for hours waiting for the familiar nudge. By morning I was desolated; I knew I should never again see big brother Bosco. He left behind a relationship I shall treasure.

Chance favors the prepared mind. —Louis Pasteur