



THE CLEANING RAG

South Haven Rod & Gun Club, Inc.



Volume x1, Issue 10
November 2009

Inside this issue:

Club Calendar	2
Opening Day	2
My RANT!	4



But the freedom that they fought for, and the country grand they wrought for, Is their monument to-day, and for aye. ~Thomas Dunn English

It is easy to take liberty for granted, when you have never had it taken from you. ~Author unknown

I think there is one higher office than president and I would call that patriot. ~Gary Hart

In war, there are no unwounded soldiers. ~José Narosky

This nation will remain the land of the free only so long as it is the home of the brave. ~Elmer Davis

Banquet—was a fun time!

Well the Banquet is over and all had fun, or at least there was no complaints that were said out loud. A big hand for all those that were scheduled to help and those that were drafted when they showed up.

This year we were down a few members but the guests made up for it. Total prizes given away was in the neighborhood of \$5000.00. the Club netted a little over \$1000 profit.

Dan said ...he is going to "tweak the deal game, it's ok but we need something more for the entertainment value". However he tweaks it look for the train wreck next year.

Bob pulled off another fine meal with all the fixings and then donated a ham as a raffle prize. So we had the "Loser's Drawing". All the losing raffle tickets were dumped into a large can and then the last chance

to win the ham was drawn.

For those that did not make it you missed out. We only had 43 members show up, if we increased this number by only 10—15 members we could probably double the net donation to the Club. And if you could increase that by 20 members than that would mean more fire-arms to give away.

Just a little food for thought.

Winter Schedule set ??

There was not a meeting in October, not enough officers, so we set part of the winter schedule at the November Meeting. However there was an announcement at the meeting that kind of affects our winter activities.

Our Chef Cook, Walt Harry says he will not be cooking Breakfast this year but he has trained his replace-

ment and with the help of the kitchen staff we should have no problems. He did say he will stop by every once in a while to make sure the quality is up to par. So with that I will say a BIG THANK YOU Walt, for all your years in the kitchen. And GOOD LUCK to the new Chef Cook Kyle Lewis.

And now the schedule;

Youth Archery starts Jan. 2, 10am—12pm

Youth Small Bore Rifle starts Jan. 2, 1pm-4pm

Youth programs run every other week till end of March.

Walt-less Breakfast starts Jan. 3, 9am—11am

Weather permitting Trap will still be on Sundays

Elections are coming!!!!

There was no nominations at the November meeting. We did have one Director say that he would like to step down as he will be spending the winter in Florida. So

with that we will need to hood wink at least one body to fill the spot.

If you are interested in running for office then you might want to be at

the next meeting. And if you are not interest than you might want to show up to make sure YOU are not voted in to an office while your not looking.

Next Meeting:

Nov 9th @ 7pm

Meal:**Orientation:**

Nov. 9th @ 6pm

Remember to get a key to the Building you must attend an Orientation.

Can't make it, email shrgc@comcast.net for weekend meeting.

Opening Day – Bill Daggett

The first hint of daylight sneaks in through the thick forest. The stars are still sparkling as I check the wind with my breath. I hear an owl calling for his mate off in the distance. I've been sitting in the dark for about an hour now, its 30 degrees and a slight chill runs down my neck. The woods are still as I pull up my collar and rub my hands together to warm them. Suddenly the leaves rustle off to my left and the chill is gone. I've waited all year for this moment and my anticipation is high.

This scenario begins long before the actual opening day. Most avid deer hunters begin their preparation for the opener long before the day arrives; they may be out trout fishing or mushroom hunting in the spring, or just out for a hike in their favorite woods. The hunter always keeps his eyes peeled for any telltale deer sign while in the woods. Most of the obvious signs like rub's and scrapes won't appear until late summer or fall, but the narrow paths and obscure tracks near a stream or field are there for the keen eye to see. The hunters ears are also open, listening to farmers or the mailman talking about the "big one" they recently observed in the area.

My thoughts of opening day usually begin when small game season arrives. I'm spending more time in the woods now, beating the brush for grouse, squirrels and rabbits. I spot several fresh rubs and know there are at least a few bucks around. My patience wanes as I realize the opener is still many weeks away. As the weeks turn into days, I hustle about to make everything perfect for the big day. I've already

NOVEMBER 2009

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8 Trap 10am-12pm	9 <i>Meeting 7pm</i>	10 Target Pistol Night	11 Action Pistol Night	12	13 Club Night	14
15 Firearm Deer Season	16	17 Target Pistol Night	18 Action Pistol Night	19	20	21
22 Trap 10am-12pm	23	24 Target Pistol Night	25 Action Pistol Night	26 Thanksgiving	27 Club Night	28
29 Trap 10am-12pm	30					

Opening Day—Bill Daggett (continued)

scouted several areas by now and sighted my gun in and the wait continues. During one of my scouting trips, I found an area that had several nice scrapes. Several well used trails came together in a funnel near where I plan to place my seat. This spot is perfect and in the back of my mind I hope that my secret spot isn't discovered by other hunters. This will be the year that I bag that big buck!

A couple days before the opener I begin setting out all of my equipment. I put a nice edge on my Grandpa's old Case knife, clean my gun, get my shells out and pack all my essentials. I usually hang my hunting coat outside to air out because that's what Gramps always did. The night before the opener, I will pack a nice lunch and clean out the thermos for some hot soup or coffee. I try and hit the sack early knowing I have to get up well before daylight to have a bite to eat and double check my equipment. It's a long hike to my stand and I want to get there at least an hour before sunrise. The night before opening day has always been like Christmas Eve as a small child. I toss and turn for awhile having a hard time falling to sleep from all of the built up anticipation. Finally I dose off only to find myself waking up several times during the night to look over at the clock, worried that I might not hear the alarm go off. The next thing I know I'm awakened with a start! I look out the window and luckily it's still dark. It's time to get up and get it all together. After a small breakfast, I load everything into my truck and head out into the darkness. Daylight is still an hour away. After pulling into my parking spot, I'm pleased that I haven't spotted any other vehicles in my area. It's always more exciting being in the woods alone not surrounded by patches of blaze orange. I load my gun as quietly as possible, turn on my small light and head out through the brush taking my time so I don't spook all the deer in the area. As I step carefully down the path not wanting to snap a twig, a grouse suddenly explodes from a small tree near my head! After swallowing my heart back into place, I continue on towards my seat swearing softly under my breath. Finally I find my seat and settle in.

I've been sitting for some time now and it's almost light enough to shoot. Then I hear the leaves rustle. My adrenaline is dripping now and I feel my heart pounding in my ears. I tell myself to move slowly, don't jerk my head around like I've done before. The sound is getting closer now as I slowly swivel my head to the left and there he is. A big fat fox squirrel digging in the leaves! I let out a big breath and slowly my heartbeat returns to normal as I sit there feeling the fool for getting so excited over nothing. It's nearly full daylight now and I hear a few distant shots. Then the shots start getting closer and closer and I'm on high alert in case someone misses and one comes my way. It seems like they never do. Around 9am, the shooting slows down so I settle back into my seat and pour myself a cup of Joe. I sit there and wonder how many guys have my luck. All these years I've been sitting in the cold with a sore butt and nothing to show for it. My pity party continues for awhile and then I see a Red Tail hawk glide through the woods looking for his breakfast. The Fox squirrel scurried for cover and the woods goes quiet for a minute. A short time later I hear a flock of Snow Geese approaching and soon I see the familiar V as they pass over my stand heading south. As the hours pass, I see more squirrels and chipmunks hustling around packing their food stores for winter which is just around the corner. I can almost feel the "thump" of a partridge as he calls for his mate in the brush. I can hear several woodpeckers pounding away working hard for meager bits and several Chickadees light only a few feet away with their persistent peep peep. I continue sitting and wonder where the deer are that made that sign all over the place.

Around 11 a.m., I hear a twig snap nearby and think it's probably that dang squirrel again. I look around and there is a deer standing about 15 feet away. How in the heck did he get so close without me hearing his approach? He's a little button buck and he saw my movement and is trying to figure out why that stump just moved. The wind is in my favor as we stare eye to eye. He stomps his front foot a couple of times trying to get me to move again but I refuse. After a few moments he starts circling around my tree and soon catches his first whiff of a human. He blows and takes off through the brush. I laugh to myself and hope that he learned a lesson or two. That little encounter warms me for awhile as the shots continue in the distance. The day lingers on as a cold sandwich is washed down with a cup of hot brew. The coffee helps warm me for awhile, except now the fingers and toes are beginning to feel the effect of the mid 30's temperature.

Soon the day fades to twilight as the sun sets leaving a beautiful after glow in the clouds above. The wood's is quiet now and the day ends uneventful. I'm a little sad in a way but happy in another. Another opening day has ended as I walk stiffly towards my truck. Thoughts of all the lucky hunters that bagged their buck today enter my mind. Was all of my time and preparation worth it? Oh yes, it's been a good day. Just to be out there in the woods among nature, to feel the cold on my face and to see and hear all of the wildlife in their domain makes it all worth while. I was one of the lucky ones. Many people never get the opportunity to see the woods come to life, to hear the many calls of the Blue Jay and to see the bountiful wildlife like a hunter does or to experience, Opening Day.

No Rant this month only a few Jokes!

Deer Hunting

Two hunters were dragging their dead deer back to their car. Another hunter approached pulling his along too. "Hey, I don't want to tell you how to do something ... but I can tell you that it's much easier if you drag the deer in the other direction. Then the antlers won't dig into the ground." After the third hunter left, the two decided to try it.

A little while later one hunter said to the other, "You know, that guy was right. This is a lot easier!"

"Yeah, but we're getting farther from the truck," the other added.

Hunting and Talking

Three guys are out hunting and sitting around the evening campfire exchanging their worst experiences.

The first guy says the worst thing that ever happened to him was, he was up on scaffold 7 stories high washing windows when the scaffold collapsed and he fell, breaking every bone in his body and he was hospitalized for six months.

The second guy says the worst thing that ever happened to him was, he was hitch-hiking and a Greyhound bus ran over him, breaking his back and he wound up in the hospital for nearly a year.

The 3rd guy was not saying anything, so one of the others asked him about his worst experience.

He said, "Well, I'll tell you about the second worst thing that ever happened to me, I was out hunting one time and I had to take a shit, so I stepped behind a tree, dropped my trousers, and crouched down into *the* position."

"Yeah? What happened next?" Asks his friend.

"I got a little too close to the ground and -- WHAM -- a bear trap snapped shut on my testicles."

One of the other guys said, "God! If that was the second worst, what in the world was the worst?"

He calmly replied, "Oh, that would be when I reached the end of the chain. ."

Diary of a Deer Hunter

1:00 AM: Alarm clock rings.

2:00 AM: Hunting partners arrive, drag you out of bed.

2:30 AM: Throw everything except kitchen sink into pickup.

3:00 AM: Leave for deep woods.

3:15 AM: Drive back home to pick up gun.

3:30 AM: Drive like crazy to get to the woods before daylight.

4:00 AM: Set up camp. Forgot the stupid tent.

4:30 AM: Head for the woods.

6:05 AM: See eight deer.

6:06 AM: Take aim and squeeze trigger.

6:07 AM: CLICK.

6:08 AM: Load gun while watching deer go over hill.

8:00 AM: Head back to camp.

9:00 AM: Still looking for camp.

10:00 AM: Realize that you don't know where camp is.

NOON : Fire gun for help---eat wild berries.

2:15 PM: Run out of bullets---eight deer come back.

2:20 PM: Strange feeling in stomach.

2:30 PM: Realize that you ate poison berries.

2:45 PM: Rescued.

2:55 PM: Rushed to hospital to have stomach pumped, throw up instead.

3:15 PM: Arrive back at camp.

3:30 PM: Leave camp to kill deer.

4:00 PM: Return to camp for bullets.

4:01 PM: Load gun---leave camp again.

5:00 PM: Empty gun on bug

that is bugging you.

6:00 PM: Arrive at camp -- see deer grazing.

6:01 PM: Load gun.

6:02 PM: Fire gun.

6:03 PM: One dead pickup.

6:05 PM: Hunting partners arrive in camp dragging deer.

6:06 PM: Repress desire to shoot hunting partners.

6:07 PM: Fall into fire.

6:10 PM: Change clothing, throw burned ones in fire.

6:15 PM: Take pickup; leave hunting partners and deer in camp.

6:25 PM: Pickup boils over due to hole shot in block.

6:26 PM: Start walking.

6:30 PM: Stumble and fall, drop gun in mud.

6:35 PM: Meet bear.

6:36 PM: Take aim.

6:37 PM: Fire gun, blow up barrel that's plugged with mud.

6:38 PM: Mess pants.

6:39 PM: Climb tree.

11:00 PM: Bear leaves. Wrap gun around tree.

Midnight: Home at last. Fall on knees thanking Maker.

Next day: Watch football game on TV, slowly tearing up hunting license into small pieces, place in envelope, and mail to Game Warden.

SOUTH HAVEN ROD &
GUN CLUB, INC

Serving the community since 1916.



68611 8th Ave
South Haven, MI 49090

Phone: 269.637.8001
Email: shrgc@comcast.net

www.shrgc.org

Editor pro tem: Richard Pate