

January 2007 NEWSLETTER

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2006 DICK LOSEE MEMORIAL CHRISTMAS PARTY SHOOT

By Al Anglace

And a merry Christmas celebration it was!!! Bill Donaldson, Peter Wright and the entire volunteer staff of the Mid County Rod and Gun Club were full of Christmas Spirit as you could hear more than a few Ho, Ho, Ho's while they flawlessly orchestrated the Travelers' 2006 Dick Losee Memorial Christmas Party Shoot. I'd also go so far to say they also managed to hang more than a few of our stockings out to dry by the fire with their devious scrooge-like target settings. Club member, Bob Hauser, once again recorded many of the festivities with his trustee digital camera for our archives and posterity. From the full breakfast to the Shrimp Cocktail and Prime Rib luncheon, crowned by the special New York Cheesecake desert, the late Dick Losee surely had a big broad smile on his face as he looked down on the proceedings in his honor.

Under clear skies, which I'm also sure Dick had something to do with, our one-hundred-eighteen members and guests agreed that the targets exhibited a fluid progression through the sixteen interesting stations ranking this holiday course among the best of the best of 2006. As you will notice as you peruse the shoot results, there are always a few who try to upstage Santa by shooting remarkable scores. They will be sure to receive nothing but coal in their stockings next Christmas: Just ask Lavert Cypher, the 2005 Champion whose 93 was bested this tournament by Russ Tagliarini's 95. Russ sure earned this win and Lavert came second over all.

Shooting was almost secondary to the rest of the day's activities. The Wassaic Fire Department Women's Club "Toys for Tots" Holiday program felt the love from the CTSCA with generously donated bikes, stuffed tigers and boxes and boxes of toys to fit every needy kid's Christmas. Clarice Murphy and her staff do a great service to their community and we are honored to be involved with this annual effort.

The highlight of the day was the announcement of the "CTSCA Sporting Sportsperson of the Year" Award for 2006, the highest recognition to honor an individual, or club that has made a significant impact on the Traveler's and our great sport. The person who best typifies the values and virtues of the Travelers' mission statement, our 2006 Honoree is most deserving of this award as she has devoted many tireless hours for countless years, officiating our shoots as well as doing the same for other clubs in our area. She is always very supportive of our juniors and always makes sure they received proper enthusiastic recognition for their participation.

Flanked by many previous Honorees, Bruce Galotto was honored to announce that his wife, Donna Galotto, was the honoree for 2006. A much deserved standing ovation greeted her as she accepted the symbolic Elk recognition award. She immediately took charge, scoffing at using the microphone; she was in good voice as she sensitively thanked everyone for bestowing this honor to her. Congratulations and Thank You Donna!!!

The tradition of giving at this time of year was personified; over sixty door prizes were drawn much to the delight of the attendees. A special presentation of a framed Buck print was made to the Mid County Club as recognition for their special consideration to our club.

SHOOT RESULTS:

HOA	RUSS TAGLIARENI 95
CLASS 1 CH	LAVERT CYPHER 93
CLASS 1 R U	JIM MULLER 91
CLASS 1 THIRD	MIKE CANALE 91
CLASS 2 CH	BOB REPELLA 87

CLASS 2 R U	ED MORITT 84
CLASS 2 THIRD	GEORGE MASEK 83
CLASS 3 CH	JIM HENION 83
CLASS 3 R U	TONY SCHNEIDER 82
CLASS 3 THIRD	CHARLES SZABO 79
CLASS 4 CH	MAX HACHMANN 80
CLASS 4 R U	JOE SPROVIERO 76
CLASS 4 THIRD	VINCE BATTAGLIA 75
CLASS 5 CH	ED AHERN 68
CLASS 5 R U	DAN MAHONY 66
CLASS 5 THIRD	ROBERT HOLTZMAN 64
CLASS 6 CH	ALAN COSTA 66
CLASS 6 R U	MARY TALBOT 58
CLASS 6 THIRD	PATRICK SLATER 55
LADY CH	PAULA MOORE 76
LADY R U	KRISTEN CANALE 76
LADY THIRD	OLIVE LAWLOR 71
VETERAN CH	PAUL ELIA 89
VETERAN R U	BRUCE GALOTTO 87
VETERAN THIRD	MIKE STEINER 83
SR. VETERAN CH	AL ANGLACE 85
JR CH	KRISTEN HACHMANN 58
JR R U	BRANDON HORN 58
JRTHIRD	ANTHONYBATTAGLIA 53
JR HON. MENTION	PHILIP BATTAGLIA
GUEST CHAMP	STEVE QUAGLIANO 86

The Club Historian

John M. Hachmann

The holidays are finally behind us. Soon to come... the credit card bills to remind us of our joyous Christmas Past. Aren't the holidays fun?

Last January our "Mid-Winter Martyrdom" was held at Mid-Hudson sporting grounds in New Paltz. If memory serves correctly, I and probably many other's who registered in advance, failed to show. I recall waking at 5:00AM, showering, dressing, and looking out of the window to a literal BLIZZARD. In excesses of 6" of snow was already on the ground and looking out my front door I could barely make out the faint dim coming from the walkway lights across the street. Wow was it snowing! Normally, on a dry day Mid-Hudson is a two hour ride from my Long Island home. However, in a blizzard and pulling a trailer, it was anyone's guess how long it could take. An hour and a half later, I finally boldly made the decision to stay home.

Those of you who did attend--those brave fools—I mean 50 to be exact--found out that up North was not nearly as bad as Long Island. I remember Al saying "...the roads were clear, you should have come". Somehow I just couldn't visualize "clear"! Perhaps the snow was not a major factor in New Paltz, but the temperature, or should I say lack of temperature *was* a factor! This is how Phil Steinkraus described it in the Feb. 2006 shoot report... "Fifty shooters with more enthusiasm than common sense endured temperatures so cold that even The-Lone-Canadian put on a sweater!"

That is all behind us now. This January will hopefully be a picture-perfect day for all to enjoy. Unfortunately my family and I will not be able to attend--I will be recovering from back surgery. Perhaps by the February shoot, I will finally be able to walk straight again, only time will tell.

Here is a look at the class winners from that brutal day in January 2006. After suffering and excelling I feel that they deserve another moment of glory in the spotlight.

HOA	Preston Moore 95
Class I	Lavert Cypher 91
Class I RU	Phil Steinkraus 89
Class II	John Mohler 78
Class II RU	Lou Greenberg 77
Class III	Martin Blanchette 74
Class III RU	Dean Anglace 73
Class IV	Ken Ericson 68
Class IV RU	Lans Christensen 67
Class V	Fred Meeker 59
Class VRU	Jim Henion 58
Class VI	Ken Lion 54
Class VI RU	Chester Onuma 53
Lady	Paula Moore 85
LadyRU	Donna Galatto 70
Vet	Bruce Galatto 86
Vet RU	Godfrey Shelton 78
Junior	Jason Lenhart 69
Junior RU	Amber Kiryilak 50.

HAPPY PLACE DAYDREAMS

By Phil Steinkraus

Editor's note: Back when I used to be a magazine editor, I quickly learned the first rule of publishing is "deadlines wait for no man". Writers lie all the time about being "almost done" with a piece and you never know when the day for an article for a rainy day might suddenly arrive! For this reason I always found it prudent to have something ready to go--just in case. I wrote this piece 10 years ago for just that purpose and never wound up using it. Though many of the facts regarding my life have since changed, I still think it's pretty entertaining and hope you enjoy it.

Most people have a happy place; a warm, fuzzy daydream in the background of their psyche where the pastures are greener, the beer tastes better, and the girls are prettier. It's the promised land of milk-and-honey just over that next rise. It's the American materialistic ideal: It's that next thing you need to buy to make your life perfect. For some it's the new bird dog, or shotgun, for others it's the bamboo fly rod or fishing boat--if they just had *whatever*, all would be right in the world and they could finally achieve that perfect life equilibrium; nirvana.

My happy place actually is a place--in New Hampshire. It is some land by a lake that my older brother and I bought several years ago and involves my perfectly trained Brittany asleep at my feet after a long day in the field. I sit in a rocking chair smoking a cigarette--make that a pipe--staring out onto that beautiful stretch of clean water while an as yet unknown beautiful, refined young lady cooks up a game dinner of ruffed grouse in a secret recipe her grand-mother handed down. She and I would have just enjoyed a long day of hunting and she would not resent cooking our dinner--She would actually enjoy it! When that daydream fails--even I have lapses in creativity--I settle for a day out with my Brittany, my older brother and his dog!

The New Hampshire place came about by chance. I was enlisted to drive my younger brother's car up to college one fine September day. After attending a party that night, a friend and I were to head back home together. One night turned into five; apparently no one went to school for that first week of classes. We hiked and swam and chased girls. Crisp mornings were followed by golden summer afternoons and

make-out-with-that-cute-co-ed-around-the-campfire nights. It was a magic couple of days and I came away from it with the strongest wish that if I ever had the chance I'd like to get a place up there in God's country. The Lord works in mysterious ways and as it turned out someday came a lot sooner than expected.

My older brother found it. The piece of land was unique in that it was large, contiguous, and had an entire lakefront--less two 1/4 acre lots, all to itself. And it had timber which would not only provide some small income but also largely render the place self-sufficient. (What does any of this have to do with hunting dogs you ask?) Last but not least, the surrounding area had great grouse cover and most of it wasn't posted. We bought the place.

That was five years ago. Today, after building more than a mile of gravel road, constructing an 8-foot bridge and laying pipe and drilling a well, the place is finally starting to resemble the picture I had in my head. The traditional sight-built log cabin is awaiting finishing work in the spring, and hopefully Miss America will be appearing shortly thereafter.

Unfortunately, I haven't used the place these last years as much as I should have. For one thing, I've never been that big on camping out. Even though it boasts a small bunkhouse, I still don't regard it as really do-able during hunting season. You can't cook in the place as it is and a jump in that lake in frigid November to get clean is only for the bravest of heart. While mice in sleeping bags and crapping in the woods doesn't particularly throw me, bringing anyone else into this remote gulag of a hunting camp is out of the question. So I've waited and done other things. In order to hunt grouse you're definitely going to need the gun and the dog so I figured I'd start there.

The gun came first and was far and away the more expensive of the two. I was lucky in that I wasn't starting from scratch. My father had given me his first English gun, bought used back in the early 60's. It's a 26-inch 16-gauge, semi-pistol-grip, double trigger, splinter-forend, Birmingham boxlock by John Harper and it was tired even back when my old man first laid eyes on it. As the years passed, his tastes grew more sophisticated and his billfold thicker, he moved onto bigger and better things and left the sorry old Harper to his kids. The result of this was the gun that came to me most resembled a spiral-cut Virginia ham. Its stock had been shortened incrementally, by cutting two inch sections off the butt stock. When you put all those various sections back together in the correct order with an 1 _ inch recoil pad and very long screws, it was barely long enough for an adult to shoot. It was also as loose as Dean Martin with a martini in each hand and it frequently doubled when the back trigger was engaged first. It needed to be rejoined, reblued and the action needed recase-hardening.

The first job was to hunt down suitable wood for restocking. I'm a chronic gun shop browser and I live in a great area of the country for this. I knew which of my local dealers had what, and for how long they'd had it. My friends at Safari Outfitters in Millbrook, NY, in addition to dealing in the very highest-end English and continental shotguns and rifles, also had several blanks lying around the store. Two of these looked likely candidates. The butt piece had some figure and lovely tiger striping but it wasn't so over-the-top as to be out of character with the functional nature of this particular firearm. The forend blank also looked fine to me. If memory serves, the total price for both was something like \$250. While this isn't exactly pocket change for two blocks of wood, I figure I got off easy. I've seen less attractive blanks at \$500.

I delivered my spiral-cut, ham-stock shotgun and new blanks to Mitch Schultz of Gunsmithing, Ltd. in Fairfield, Conn. He looked at the wood and informed me the forend block wasn't well matched to the butt. Something about a different variety and density of walnut that wouldn't look right in finished form. He left me standing at the counter with my mouth hanging open wondering where in hell I was going to find a suitable blank without first assembling a regular bonfire of \$100 rejects. He quickly returned with a forend blank from his own collection. An even-Steven swap was proposed and accepted and then those magic words, "six months," passed his lips. Six months to: A slimmer figure, better sex life, spiritual enlightenment, and one rejuvenated old shotgun.

How slowly those weeks and months ticked by: My happy place now became the nooks and crannies of inletting inside that old shotgun. It was in the hand-cut checkering and forend iron, it was in

the sublime figure of that solid block of wood which encased my Venus de Milo. If I just had that shotgun, I knew I could be a better, happier, more fulfilled person.

Six months stretched to nine and then a year. Then I lost patience and bought a surrogate shotgun until my true love--my one best girl--could be returned with a face lift and tummy tuck. One grouse season was lost and then another, and then, when I was finally convinced the bitch was out of my life forever, Mitch called me and announced the job was done and to come along and bring a checkbook.

We all know the feeling of running into a long-lost love after not seeing them for many years. I recently went through it myself with an old-girlfriend and I still get the heebee-jeebees just thinking about it! (Sometimes, the romantic daydream about what might have been is far better than the reality--take my word for it!)

But there it was, the Harper: My first shotgun and trusted childhood friend--And I wasn't disappointed. It was a miracle: It was actually a nice gun again. The receiver had been recase-hardened, the barrel and trigger guard had been reblued and the stock and forend were, well... appropriate to each other. She was stunning. Perhaps, not a traffic-stopping, ravishing beauty but attractive in a way that you'd be thinking about an hour after you met her. I put it up, it was perfect. I wanted to take it home and make love to it!

There were still some minor details left to sort; Getting the pitch right (the angle of perpendicular at the pad in relationship to your body) and some minor adjustments to the locking bolt, but the gun was done. I put her away and there she slept while I went to work on the dog.

Kelly is her name and as I write this she's driving me nuts with the new squeaky toy I gave her for Christmas. She's now three and to be frank she's a better dog than I deserve. Kelly is an orange-and-white Brittany field-trial cast-off. The trainer told me when I looked at her that she didn't run big enough and wasn't showing the kind of independence he wanted to see in an All-Age dog--Ironic as I now seem to have the biggest going Brittany anyone around here ever saw! While Kelly responds well to the electroshock-stimulation method of reining-in her wander-lust, I think she would just as soon have me up on a Tennessee Walker riding hell-bent to leather from covey to covey down in Texas. She is the fastest Brittany I've ever seen--turn your head for a second and she's a half mile away-- definitely not a dog you'll ever have to worry about tripping over in the field.

Kelly was a year old when I got her and I felt strongly that as she was my first dog, I should seek professional help in her training. I chose local trainer Dan Lussen to do the heavy lifting. Dan is primarily a flushing dog person training and field trialing Labs, Goldens and a metric ton of Springer Spaniels. When I approached him about working with my Brittany, he admitted that, while he hadn't much experience with pointing dogs, he was willing to have a go. Kelly would be only his second pointing-dog client, their first being a gray-ticked Shorthair.

How crazy must I be to place my green Brittany with a Springer person? I subscribe to the theory that a good dog person is a good dog person, regardless of whether they even bother to field trial or hunt test retrievers, spaniels or pointing dogs. I had gunned in training sessions for Dan on several occasions and it was clear to me he was a consummate professional. What finally sold me though were his kennels: Spotless and well ordered, in short *professional*. I felt more comfortable with these flushing dog people than any of the pointing dog trainers in my area. So Kelly went with them, on and off for nearly a year.

Now my happy place was with Kelly. She had a sweet disposition and showed so much promise: Outstanding nose, an excellent natural retriever and very bright. As she progressed I would periodically take her out to inspect her in action. To be honest she had good days and bad. On her best days she was better than my brother's and father's very seasoned Brittannies. On her worst days she looked like she had no training at all! Much of the problem was eventually solved with a call to Tri-Tronics, the electronic collar people.

So now I had the gun and the dog. I was ready to hunt, or was I? Well the house wasn't really done for this past season and then I took some writing jobs just as hunting season was starting. November, that would be my big month. Days--no weeks in the field with my beautiful, deadly gun and my stylish, under control Brittany. So what happened? I spent one weekend in New Hampshire this entire season; one

lousy, delightful weekend. Sure, I did hunt preserve birds a lot and am just as I write this in the process of packing for a family quail hunting trip to Georgia, but I still feel like I missed out on the important thing. That dream remains, playing slow-motion in my sleep.

I guess my happy place is now in the details, all these wonderful elements finally coming together in one place: The house, gun, dog and the company of that good woman-to-be-named-later. I am blessed. My dream is alive and well and very near at hand which is a lot closer than most people ever get to their dreams. As long as there's a next season for me, there's always next season. Right now Kelly's going to pay a short visit to the trainer and I'm on my way to Georgia with my stunning new old shotgun to shoot quail! Come to think of it, I suppose I should start looking into pipes and rocking chairs.

Epilogue: It turns out it's Miss Germany doing the cooking and not Miss America. I finally quit smoking and still have that grouse gun though my wife nearly stole it away from me. Kelly sadly dropped dead of a massive heart attack at just age six back in 2001 and the cabin, finally complete, still doesn't see nearly enough use!

CONTACTING THE TRAVELERS...

CTSCA Home Office: Al Anglace, email aaa738@aol.com (by far the best way) or telephone 860-354-9351 if you absolutely must.

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Guide Book advertising and other questions contact Dick Orenstein at email oren@umich.edu or call 203-226-5251.

Past issues of *Reload!* are available online at www.ShotgunReport.com.

- - - 2007 CTSCA SHOOTING CALENDAR - - -

JAN. 21 – “MID WINTER MARTYRDOM” Mid Hudson Sporting Grounds, New Paltz, NY

FEB. 18 – ANNUAL MEETING, Mid Hudson Sporting Grounds, New Paltz, NY

MAR. 18 – “MARCH MADNESS” To be announced.

MAR. 31, APR. 1 & 2 – EASTERN SHORE SPRING TOUR

APR. 22 – “TAX TIME REVOLT” Ye Old Newgate Coon Club, Norfolk, CT

MAY. 19 & 20 – “20th Anniversary 300” Clubs to be announced.

JUN. 24 – 2007 SPORTING CLAYS CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS, Mid Hudson Sporting Grounds

JUL.15 – “SUMMERTIME, SUMMERTIME” Orvis/Sandanona, Millbrook, NY

AUG. 10, 11 & 12 – GREAT EASTERN LOBSTER CLASSIC, Addieville East Farm, Mapleville, RI

SEPT. 16 – “SEPTEMBERSCHUTZENFEST” Millbrook Rod & Gun Club

OCT. 5, 6 & 7 – Fall Tour, Rhode Island Area Clubs

OCT.21 – SMALL GAUGE CLUB CHAMPIONSHIPS, Fairfield County Fish & Game, Monroe, CT

NOV. 18 – “SALUTE THE COLORS” Ye Old Newgate Coon Club, Norfolk, CT

DEC. 16 – DICK LOSEE MEMORIAL SHOOT / X-MAS PARTY, Mid County Rod & Gun Club

**2007 CALENDAR IS TENTATIVE AND WILL BE CONFIRMED AT
THE 2007 ANNUAL MEETING.**

- - - OTHER 2007SHOOTS OF INTEREST - - -

Always call ahead to confirm.

May 6th 2007 FCF&GPA NSCA Registered Fun Shoot

June 10th 2007 FCF&GPA Annual FITASC 100 Bird Shoot

Saturday August 4th FCF&GPA 2007 The Crucible
Aug.25 & 26 2007 FCF&GPA Connecticut State Shoot For information contact Dom Uliano
Email, domblklab@charter.net or 203-526-0352

THE UPCOMING *CTTRAVELERS* MONTHLY SHOOT

“MID WINTER MARTYRDOM”

Mid Hudson Sporting Grounds
New Paltz, New York
Sunday, January 21 , 2007

Registration and continental breakfast open at 8:30 AM. Shoot begins at 9:45 AM. Entry fee: \$65.00.
Guests are welcome at this shoot.

A LUNCHEON WILL BE HELD IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE COMPLETION OF THE SHOOT AT VILLAGE GRILLE, LOCATED AT THE INTERSECTION OF RTE. 299 AND OHIOVILLE ROAD.

REGISTRATION APPLICATION

--- Your application must be received by Wednesday ,January 17, 2007 ---

DIRECTIONS: New York Thruway to Exit 18. Continue to Rte. 299 at end of the exit. Turn right onto Rte. 299 and proceed to traffic light. Turn left onto No. Ohioville Road and go 2.7 miles to club entrance on left. Phone: 845 255-7460.