



HARRODS CREEK FIELD & STREAM CLUB

P.O. Box 22592
Lyndon, Kentucky 40222



JUNE MEETING
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1992 @7:30 PM
NORTH OLDHAM LIONS CLUB

VICTORY EDITION

WE WIN: As you might guess from the heading and the headline, we have won something. Specifically, we were chosen to be honored as the Conservation Club of the year. As you read this letter, we will likely be accepting the trophy at the League banquet. We won this award because we were singled out from other clubs as the one which has worked the most diligently toward the ends of conservation. I want to digress for a moment. Many of you older members can remember when our club was considered a drinking society, a beer and bass club, a deer and ducks club, a poacher's society and a group of renegades. At one point the members, officers and directors of the club made a decision that we would be a club for all sportsmen and that our club would shed it's negative image forever. Ladies and gentlemen, we've done it. I feel that this award is tangible proof that a group of people working together can change things, and that some things are worth doing. I believe that each and every past and present club member should puff their chest with pride for the good work we have done. We will have the award at this meeting. Come on out and see what you've done.

CATFISH DERBY: It's almost a shame to receive the award mentioned above in the same month as the Catfish Derby is scheduled. It sort of steals the Derby's thunder in the newsletter. I think that all of us can deal with this embarrassment of riches. At any rate, the Catfish Derby will be held on the weekend of June 19, 20 and 21 at the O'Neil Westport Ranch and Sporting Retreat. The entry form and the rules are enclosed with this newsletter. A few things are going to be different this year. Most notably, the club will provide the usual fish fry. We would ask everyone to bring salad, vegetables or dessert in a covered dish. We would also ask you to bring whatever you would like to drink (sodas, beer, tea, water, etc.). We will have some adult and kid games. We are planning to set up a volleyball net, have SUPERVISED air gun shooting for the kids and other games and fun. All of you old regulars know how much fun the Derby and the fish fry is. Those of you who have never been to the Derby should give it a try. You don't have to fish to have fun. If nothing else, come on out for the fish fry. No, we don't use river fish in our fryers. We won't do so until the Feds say that it is safe. Also, in order to preserve our relationship with David's neighbors NO DOGS. Leave Fido at home.



In Cooperation with League of Kentucky Sportsman (3rd District),
National Rifle Association, National Wildlife Federation



CATFISH DERBY WEAR: Our designer Catfish Derby shirts will be available and on sale this meeting. This is our 13th annual Derby, so bring out your dough and buy a "Luck 13" to complete your collection.

CATFISH DERBY CLEANUP: Some of your brave and true compatriots came out on Saturday June 5 to clean up the hallowed fishing grounds. A huge tree and root ball was moved off of the docks to allow plenty of free parking for your craft. Grass was mowed, weeds were whacked, trash was picked and fun was had. Hats off to the sweatogs who came out to clean up so that we can have a more pleasant Derby:

Jack Foote	Bruce Goodman
Kevin Foote	Charlie Hann
Brad Breeland	David O'Neil
Bruff Breeland	Benny McDonald
Hugh Adamson	Lee Stokes
Norm Worful	Terry Sullivan

Please forgive me if I missed anyone. You really make a difference.

ERRORS: Due to a significant lack of eye/hand coordination I did not collate the last newsletter correctly. This caused some of a brilliant column by Jed Edinger and the Bully Pulpit to be incomplete. These will be run in their entirety in this letter. I also forgot to honor Ted Schnurr for his help at the Duck Chuck. He was there throwing them ducks with the best of us. I apologize for these errors.

JULY MEETING: The program for the July meeting will be archery and archery hunting. We will have experts in the field on hand to demonstrate, instruct and answer questions. All of you nimrods with a silent stick should come on out for this meeting.

AUGUST MEETING: The August meeting will be held at the Jefferson Gun Club. It will feature a round of sporting clays, food, a slide show and a chance to expose ourselves (figuratively) to the potential members who shoot sporting clays. More next month.

LOTTO JACKPOT: Last month's lotto jackpot was won by a most deserving member; me. I donated the money to the League's fight fund. I hope they use it well. This month's jackpot is back to \$20.00. Come on out and win it.

MY TURN: This month's MY TURN column is by Jed Edinger. Ever thoughtful and usually witty, Jed submits the following:

My Turn, aptly named. Who among us has been tapped for this duty? Terry must have gotten his jollies by inviting the one boastful, vain and cocksure protagonist stupid enough to take the bait. Sure in the knowledge that Mr. Sullivan's word processor would correct my spelling mistakes and fortified by some of St. Louis' finest, I rose to the fly and returned to my lair gut hooked. Not since my college days have I had the latitude to select my topic as well as argue for the necessarily just cause. What a cush job. Hmm....uh like I said, gut hooked.

Two hours have elapsed between sentences. The ice cubes in my Forester are much rounder now. Perhaps the muse is upon me. Choose the question! Where do we come from? Is their life after death. Does the time line representing infinity run both ways or in a circle. Is an episode of deja vu merely a trick of the mind or is it a glimpse of a separate reality? Will Rick Pitino renew his contract in '94? These are all easy! Let us turn to one of my all time favorites. Why do I do this crap?

At least twice a year, sometimes more often, under some mental or physical duress I ask myself this question. Some years ago, on the Ohio river I was forced to spend the night on an island near Rising Sun when the river froze. This event followed the finest day of waterfowling I have ever seen. Some of my older buddies remember that day and that night. It was not only the finest day of hunting, it was the luckiest. I will carry the memory of that day forever. Why do I do this crap? We all ask ourselves this. When you fish all day without success (often), crank a motor that refuses to start on what promises to be the only good day of the season afield, you will ask the question. What normal person wants to judge bird dogs or chuck ducks, at a field trial? Who enjoys trudging along in march with a seeder putting in food plots, often in the rain? Burned axle bearings, bent props, lost dogs, hooks stuck in your thumb, long drives home. Why?

Why indeed. Self styled intellectualists ask why we journey afield. They claim we no longer need to hunt and fish. Modern society has progressed so far that such activities are no longer necessary. This same society has given us electricity, a welfare state, check kites who know no remorse, rap music and drug abuse. I'm sorry, but the canine teeth in my jaw bear witness to the millions of years of predation. Can anyone truly believe that millions of years of our particular cultural adaptation (aka affliction) can be erased? They cannot know our being. We are more than they know. They are but steers in the herd. They contribute nothing to the next generation. They merely occupy space and consume resources.

When they ask why we do this crap, they deserve no answer. Their modern society has provided the party line "Hunting and fishing are blood sports playing only to the uneducated. There is no such place for such barbarism today"

They could never know the answer. You and I who have followed the hounds and bird dogs and have witnessed their art know why. We know in our hearts what Rudyard Kipling meant in "True Romance"

Enough for me in dreams to see
And touch thy garment's hem
Thy feet have trod so close to God
I may not follow them

Why do I do this stuff? How could I not?

Wow, Jed. What stuff! You might want to consider taking over my job.

BULLY PULPIT: This month, I would like to tell you about a truly great American, Jay Norwood Darling. Popularly known as "Ding", Darling was an editorial cartoonist for various Midwestern newspapers, the New York Post, The New York Globe and in syndication. The stuff of Darling's cartoons was conservation. (Think about it, newspapers actually printed editorial cartoons decrying the abuse of our natural resources. They printed editorial cartoons holding out hunters and fishers as the champions of conservation. Boy have times changed).

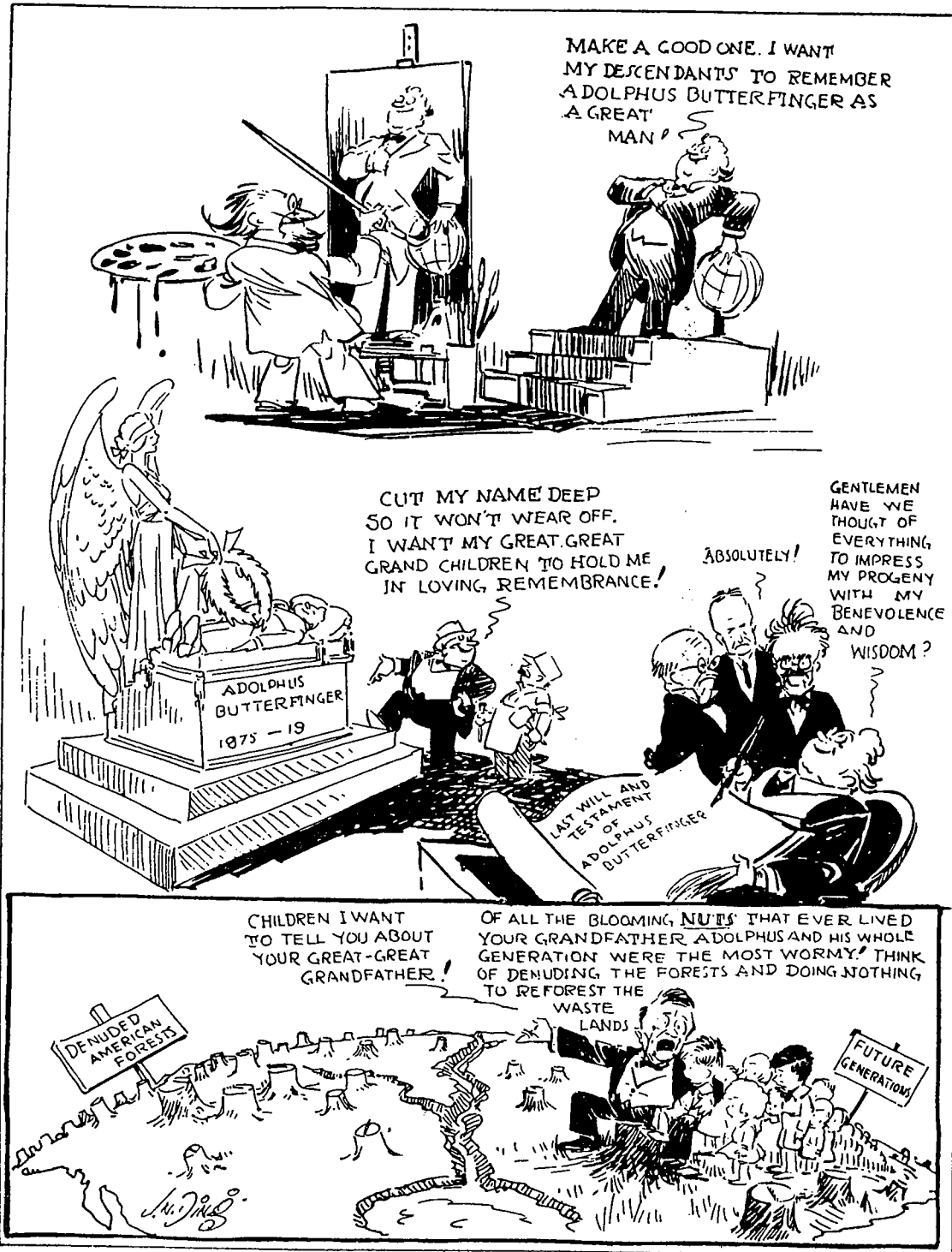
Darling's early attention to our eroding resources focused the nation on the problems of encroaching civilization and the abuses of our soil, water and air. He had a gift for putting his thoughts into cartoons which elegantly expressed his concerns. The beginnings of the modern conservation movement can be traced directly to his works.

Darling was at his best when he was angered by the debasement of our resources. He drew many cartoons which fiercely lampooned polluters, developers, game hogs, poachers and politicians. I can only imagine that he would have reserved a special spot in his comic hell for animal rightists, had they existed in his time. He used this talent to motivate the public. Many of the topics he examined in his works are very relevant today. His drawings are timely and timeless.

In 1940, Darling was given charge of the National Biological Survey. This is now know as National Fish and Wildlife Service. During his tenure in Washington, he conceived the idea of the duck stamp. It was Darling's () efforts that brought about the passage of the Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp Act. Since the inception of the duck stamp program, over one hundred million duck stamps have been sold. In addition to the duck stamp, Darling was the father of the National Wildlife Federation. The Federation is still going strong today. In fact, our League of Kentucky Sportsmen is affiliated with the Federation.

Darling wintered in Captiva Island, Fla. He was so impressed with the subtropical habitat and the tidal swamp, he spearheaded the formation of a 5000 acre wildlife refuge on this tight little island. To this day, the refuge is one of the premier bird watching locations in the US. It was designed by Darling to be user friendly long before the term came into vogue. Upon his death in 1962, the refuge was named the J. N. "Ding" Darling Wildlife Refuge. If you are ever near it, you must stop by for a visit. It is something.

I hope that you have enjoyed my little discussion of this great man. Ding was an avid hunter, fisherman and naturalist. He recognized the need to protect our endangered traditions years ago. Along with the likes of Theodore Roosevelt, George Bird Grinnell and Gifford Pinchot, he ranks as one of the titans of 20th century conservationism. I really wonder who is going to fill their shoes. I will be including one of his cartoons in each newsletter until my supply of cartoons runs out or the copyright police nab me. If field and stream clubs had patron saints, I would certainly put Ding up for nomination as ours.



Providing For The Future

18 Often Ding combined actuality, probability and satire to emphasize what was being done by public men who did not realize -- or maybe did not care -- what they were doing to posterity.

