

HARRODS CREEK FIELD & STREAM CLUB

P.O. Box 22592
Lyndon, Kentucky 40222



SEPTEMBER MEETING, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15
7:30 pm NORTH OLDHAM LION'S CLUB

SEPTEMBER MEETING SPEAKER: Our meeting speaker this month is the head deer biologist for the Department of Fish and Wildlife. He is traveling from afar to tell us about the deer herd and most likely give us the odd tip or two as to how to outsmart these critters. As for myself, I saw four deer Tuesday night within 2 miles of my home. Last deer season, I saw none in the woods. I'm going to be out to see what this expert has to say. I can use the help. You should too.

RAFFLE TICKETS: Please be certain to bring your sold or unsold raffle tickets to this meeting. For those of you who do not know about the raffle, we are have a Thompson-Center Renegade rifle as a raffle prize. With this monster, you will be ready for the early muzzle loader season. Buy them tickets!

WAMZ BASS TOURNAMENT: As in the past, we are doing the boat launch for the WAMZ bass tournament. This consists of backing the competitor's boats into the water. We need about 15 volunteers to be at Cox's Park at 6:00 AM on Sunday, September 25. The launch is done in an hour. We also need some folks at the ramp at the tournament's end to help out. This is just a little bit of work for which we get paid a lot. It pumps up the club treasury and helps to keep me from whining for money. Come on out and give us a hand.

THANKS ANNA MILLER: We had one of our most interesting speakers of the year last month, Anna Miller of the Oldham Civic and Nature preserve. Ms Miller brought a nice display of birds which the Center has had sent to them. We sent the center a nice check in appreciation of Ms. Miller's time and effort. If you would like to help the center, give them a call. They can use money (always) and a host of other items.



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

NOMINATIONS: Nominations for officers and directors of the club will be held at the October meeting. WE NEED YOUR HELP! THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS HAS BEEN ON THE BOARD FOR AT LEAST TWO YEARS. WE ARE NOT POWER MONGERS. WE ARE TIRED. WE WANT TO SPEND SOME MORE TIME IN THE WOODS AND ON THE WATERS. WE NEED SOME FRESH TALENT. PLEASE STEP UP AND DO YOUR DUTY TO THE CLUB!

MY TURN: This month, Ray Frye, Jr. heard the call of the pen. Here is his contribution to sporting journalism:

It's late and I really should be upstairs in bed with what I once thought was my worthless but ever-loving companion Lucy. For your information. Lucy is my three year old French Brittany and not some brazen beauty. I have just received my new copy of Cabela's fall catalogue, and while browsing through the pages and gazing upon all of my wish items. I have decided to take the time to write this long awaited MY TURN column.

After what seemed to be an eternity, hunting season has finally arrived. All of the warning signs are here. The crickets are singing in the basement. Cabela's has issued two catalogues in the last thirty days. Dove loads should be ordered from the manufacturer's warehouse, because all of the stores are out of them.

What a great time of year! For me it's the planning and anticipation of successful days afield which sets my heart on fire. Chasing bunnies on the family farm, wing shooting woodies in the hallowed Carlisle County swamp and gazing into a Henry County hollow for a freezer bound whitetail are just a short list of my future days with Mom Nature.

With hunting season barely started, something happened last weekend, (September 4), which surely has upstaged all of my future hunts, no matter what. More prized than a \$100 bird band on a fully plumaged drake pintail in Arkansas or a B&C trophy whitetail. What in the world, you ask? It was the dog's first trip afield.

I took my largely house kept dog, Lucy, out for the first full weekend of dove hunting. I had obtained permission to hunt on a field in Elizabethtown from one of my clients. This was not just any field. It had a crop consisting of soybeans and corn which had been cut three weeks earlier. The doves were swarming this thirty acres like mad bees. Three friends (witnesses) accompanied me to this expedition.

We arrived at 3:30 and began shooting. I shot miserably. I was averaging four birds per box of shells. When the first bird fell, I lead my leashed house beast to the feathered prey. Without hesitation, she picked up the bird, only to

drop it immediately after receiving a mouthfull of feathers. The sent of fresh bird and the unbridled curiosity of my my tailless friend, she quickly picked the bird up and brought it back to me. Even though she dropped the bird fifty feet away from our shooting site, I was encouraged. Several shots later the play was acted out again, and then again. Finally on the tenth or so bird, she made a solo retrieve. Since I have no clue as to the proper method of training her, words could not describe how I felt at that moment.

The following weekend we headed back to the field. This time I harvested a limit of birds. Lucy retrieved nearly all of them. It was really fun to watch her subdue wounded birds and to retrieve them. I was impressed by the tremendous instinct that this animal possess. Her most impressive retrieve was on a downed bird. Lucy saw the bird and headed out after it. The bird got up and flew about three feet off the ground for a hundred yards. Alone, this would have been a lost bird. With Lucy, it was the optimum puppy challenge. She chased, subdued and retrieved. I guess all of the Purina Hi-PRO I've been shoveling her has not been wasted.

Friends, I have enjoyed sharing with you one of the most significant experiences of my hunting career. I certainly hope that you are as excited about the upcoming season as am I. Experiences afield are unique to every one. Please make these experiences positive by hunting safely. Also, come on out to the club meetings and describe your hunting successes or misfortunes. Who knows, somebody might learn something. Just do it. See you Wednesday!

Thanks, Ray.

BULLY PULPIT: Last week I sold my old boat. The purchaser was a fellow with whom I am working on a very large project. We did not choose to work together. Circumstances brought us together to work. During our time on the project, there has been no love lost between us. Without going into details (which are more boring than anything else), we have been at odds. The animus was so great, that I was reluctant to sell him the boat. I figured it would be a problem. He heard that it was for sale and asked me about it. Since he was willing to pay my asking price, I had to consider the proposition.

We met on a Sunday morning to give the boat a test cruise. We left early and took a cruise up river to Westport, so I could show him the hallowed O'Neil Wildlife Preserve. We cruised down river to the fountain and then up Harrod's Creek. My colleague had never explored the river to any extent. Through our discussions on the trip, I found out that he liked to fish a good deal. We shared common stories of fishing. He fishes at Taylorsville frequently, but has never fished for hybrids. I filled him in on a bit of how to

go after the mini stripers. He fishes for catfish on Taylorsville a lot. He shared some of his catfish spots and tips with me. We spent a really pleasant morning cruising and talking. The subject of our business did not come up. I found that he could be a really pleasant guy when his nose was not to the grindstone. I hope he felt the same way about me.

I had never spent any quality time with this fellow. Up to this point, it had all been business. It will probably remain all business. Chances are, he and I will never be fishing partners. We both lead different lives. I feel, however, that knowing that each of us share a common interest will help make it easier for us to work together to complete our project. We both now understand that we have a common interest, a shared motivation. No, it won't make us the best of buddies. We will still likely have our differences. I cannot speak for him, but at least I will look at him as being one of the larger fraternity of people who love to hunt and fish. This should make our differences a whole lot more tolerable.