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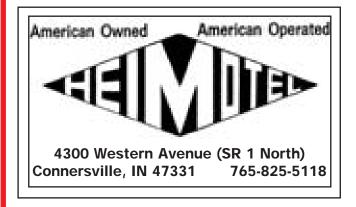
**Top Left:** Brandon picked him off still hunting along the base of a ridge. He said it happened super fast. He didn't have much time to judge. Just a good ole' Monroe County, Indiana buck, taken on an awesome hunt. (Photo by Brandon Butler)

**Top Right:** In 1965 work began on the Brookville Lake Dam. The gates were closed on January 22, 1974. In this picture 61 boats line the Mounds Beach shoreline in anticipation of the start of the 2009 Richard T. Gaston Tournament. See pages

8-9 for Part 1 of a series. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)

Bottom Left: Johnny Elder. age 10. a homeschooler from Anderson caught this 12 pound catfish while fishing in a pond owned by his neighbor Jay Chambers. Johnny's favorite past time is fishing. Johnny use to love bass fishing until he caught this cat. See pages 28-31 for more game photos. (Photo submitted by Vickie **Elder**)

**Bottom Right:** At left U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps member Esther Lindholm from Wentworth SD and at right Jim Kaucher from Richmond, IN, at the time a U.S. Army Air Force pilot in training. For their story see Pages 14-15 (Photo of the photos by Ray Dickerson)









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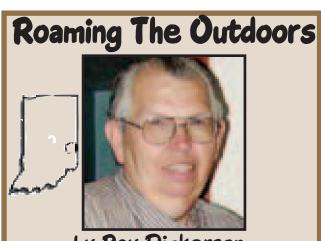
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by Ray Dickerson

## **MISSING WRITERS WILL BE BACK!!**

Jake Biltz, Ray McCune, Joe Martino, Alan Smith and Dick Dunnucks columns are not in this issue, but they will be back.

Ray McCune (Kampfire Kookin') had to make an emergency run to West Virginia, his brother had heart surgery and he needed to be there.

## SPORT SHOWS JANUARY & FEBRUARY

I will have a booth at both the Cincinnati and Indianapolis Sport shows again this year.

The full Cincinnati Travel, Sports & Boat show will be at the Cincinnati Convention Center from January 17th to the 24, 2010. I will be set up only for the five day Cincinnati Hunting & Fishing show from January 20th to the 24, 2009, this show will be in west end of the building, I will be in Booth #467. See more about this show and the Columbus Sports, Vacation & Boat Show Feb 11-14, 2010 on page 16 of this issue.

The Indianapolis Boat, Sport & Travel show will be held at the Indiana State Fairgrounds February 19th thru 28th, 2010. I will be in Tackle Town again. There has been a change to my booth number, originally I was going to be at the same location as last year but have been moved to Booth #436. I believe that is where I was two years ago. This may be my last year to go to Indianapolis Sport Show. See page 17 for more information on this show.



Sergeant First Class Joey D. Knapp and his wife Heather attending a Formal Ball in 2002. (Submitted by Pat Smith)

WELCOME HOME SGT JOEY D. KNAPP

and daughter Kimberly; and at home in Helmsburg, Indiana a very happy mom and dad, John and Patricia Smith, who has been in contact with me ever since Sgt. Knapp went to Afghanistan a year ago. Joey has been receiving The Gad-a-bout since then in Afghanistan. Sgt. First Class Knapp has been in the Army for 20 years. He joined the Army on June 6, 1989. Took Basic Training at Ft. Fort Leonard Wood, MO, Received his MOS of 67V, Scout Helicopter Repairer at Ft. Rucker, AL, has served at Ft. Hood, TX, Hanau, Germany, Ft. Lewis, WA, Desert Shield, Desert Storm, Bosnia Operation Joint Endeavor, Operation Desert Thunder, Operation Joint Guard and Kosovo Operation Joint Guardian II.

Its good to have you back safe and sound at home here in the United States. God Bless you and your family, have a Very prosperous and Happy New Year!

## 2010 RICHARD T. GASTON MEMORIAL WALLEYE & CATFISH TOURNAMENT **SEPTEMBER 18, 2010**

The 12th Annual Richard T. Gaston Tournament will be held on Saturday, September 18, 2010 at the Brookville Lake. At the time of this writing everything else will remain the same.

Registration begins at 7:30 am and the weigh-in is at 3:30 pm at the Mounds Beach

You can put your boat in at any of the 11 ramps around Brookville Lake, but you must register and weigh-in your catch at the Mounds Beach.

All proceeds from the tournament benefit the Gaston Memorial Fund which awards five \$2,000 scholarships to graduating seniors of Franklin County High School.

You can register ahead of time or you can sign up at the Mound's Beach the day of the tournament.

I have a correction to a picture I had in the November Gad-a-bout of the Indiana State Troopers who helped at the tournament. The first one on the left I had Jeff Cully's name under the photo, it was Eric Thumb. Sorry Eric, I got all of your names on my tape recorder, but when I got home the recording was blank.

For more information stop and visit Jeff and Dianna Koester at Parkside Marine and More or by calling them at 765-647-4619 or e-mail them at pmarine@-wwvremc.net. Hope to see you this year. Maybe I'll take your photo standing beside your new boat.

## MORE ON OUR VISIT TO KENTUCKY

This was our fourth visit with Jim and Brenda Eubank in Richmond, Kentucky at the end of October and beginning of November. We had been meeting at the Blue Licks Battlefield State Park since I discovered Jim's name on an Internet website entitled, Rusden.org, which belonged to a veteran and his wife who was stationed at RAF Chelveston back in the 1950's. On the site they had a page where you could leave a message to see if other G.I's you hadn't seen for a long time might see your message and get in touch with you. In our case I recognized his name and sent him an e-mail telling him about my being at RAF Chelveston in England from 1960-61 and remembered seeing him in Warehouse 104 across from Base Supply. I was transferred to RAF Alconbury in 1961 and came home in 1963. Jim



HAPPY NEW YEAR

PAGE 4

Sergeant First Class Joey D. Knapp who has served 4 Tours in Iraq and 1 Tour in Afghanistan, returned to the United States from Afghanistan just yesterday, Sunday December 6th to Clarksville, Tennessee. Greeting him home was his wife Heather

contacted me, when we found that we weren't too far from one another, we set up a get-together **CONTINUED ON PAGE 28** 



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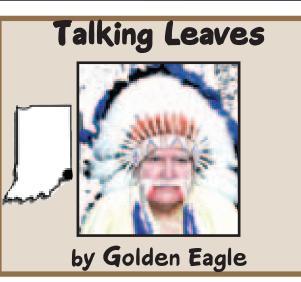


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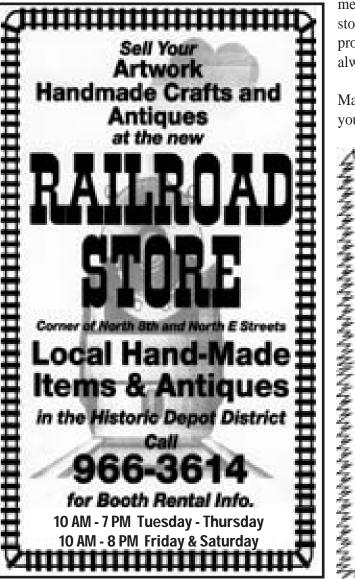
# Living in the past . . . .

And so we begin another year. The first decade of the Twenty-First Century has swept past us.

Being a person who enjoys living in the past, I can't help but think about two other New Years 1810 and 1910. In 1810 America was just beginning it's Age of Expansion. The Native People, who had been getting used to a few Europeans coming into their land, would soon be inundated by the great migration from east to west. A migration, that, by the end of the century would see them go from great independent nations to defeated remnants of a people living in poverty. By 1910, we had survived a great Civil War and would in the next decade fight a World War, a war to end war, and we're into the Industrial Age. Except west of the Mississippi where you could still breath clean air, our nation was being suffocated by smoke and pollution.

Oh how I miss my weekend journeys into the past. Whether it was 1862 with the Union Army tracking Morgan's Raiders; the Battle of Mississinewa 1812; attacking a militia camp near Treaty Line Village or any other adventure. It meant the smell of gun powder, good food cooked over an open fire or in a cabin fireplace, and late night sessions smoking my pipe and exchanging stories with my friends. Some of them have made the journey into the mist but I hear from others now and again.

Blue Sky Woman used to say that I lived in the



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past and she was so right. I do even more now

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with my memories. The signs in nature are all predicting a mild winter. I don't mind that too much although I do enjoy having one or two nice snow falls. Of course I can enjoy them from the picture window of my villa cottage, while you are out shoveling snow and trying to start your cars. My friends in Colorado have already had a good snow storm. Of course they are used to it in mile high Denver.

I hope you have your freezers packed with venison and other fruits of the hunt. I still remember a buffalo steak cooked over a bed of coals or a rabbit turned on a spit over an open fire. Then there was salmon, filleted and cooked on a plank up in Canada.

One of the things that makes me very sad is that I often cannot remember people's names. In my life I have met many people as a Scout and Scout leader, as a soldier, and when I am telling stories or giving talks about the people. I often see faces that look familiar and so I'll smile at them. I find that smiling is a good thing because most people smile back even if they are strangers. I particularly like to smile, make faces, or wave to little ones I see in restaurants and malls. Sometimes I'm afraid I will get in trouble because people are overly cautious of the little ones these days. As well they should be. However, I can't help doing it. I also smile or wink at older kids, especially if they are looking at me as though they know me. I can't even begin to count the number of young people I have met in schools and at gatherings since 1950. Each year I now look forward to meeting someone from my past. Sometimes they stop at our table in a restaurant or see me at a program. If you do, please stop and say "Hi!" It's always great to be remembered.

I hope the New Year is good to all of you. May the Great Spirit continue to bless you and your families throughout the next decade.



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# **Lessons From The Pro's**

Fishing is supposed to be fun and normally it's a blast. There's two things which can really slap fun in the face when fishing, those being having to catch fish and not catching any fish.

I've had some excellent days outdoors not catching any fish, but the winds better be gentle, the sun warm and the company exquisite for me to call a fishless outing an excellent day. When I go fishing I want to catch some fish. I don't have to limit out, I don't have to catch a record-sized specimen, I don't even have to catch the kind of fish I set out to catch-but I do like to catch something.

Worse is having to catch some fish--as in plunking down a healthy entry fee and heading out for some competitive angling. That's why you don't often see me plunking down an entry fee and enlisting a tournament crew to test our skills against the other contenders. I'd rather just go fish and hope I have an excellent day.

Still, there are plenty of guys who think fishing a tournament is the best kind of fun and others who are tournament fishermen who consider their entry fees an investment. A \$100 ticket can win a thousand bucks. Quite an investment.

I respect those guys-though I might not want to be on their boat. To head from port to port, to fish in whatever conditions Mother Nature deals out and to place towards the top of the pack consistently is a skill few can master. But is it totally a skill?

A good portion is skill. To be able to read the water, the electronics and to have and employ the knowledge and strategies that puts fish in the box no matter what the conditions is a skill. The rest, however, is more than skill. It's attention to detail and that's the lesson all of us, whether out fishing for a prize or just for the fun of it can learn from the tour-nament pros.

**LESSON 1:** Don't skimp on gear. The pros know their best value is to own and use the best quality rods, reels, line and other gear. Not only will it not fail when being tested by what might be a tournament winning fish, chances are it will keep on working year after year while "bargain" gear would need to be replaced regularly.

**LESSON 2:** While it's impossible to have a spare "everything," there are some logical items to have stowed away–just in case. Some of those include downrigger weights, landing nets, rods, reels and most of all, lures. There's an old joke that says never buy 2 of any lure. If you have one, it'll work. If you have 2, neither will work. Wrong. Pros buy their favorite lures by the dozen and don't experiment much with odd or new patterns.

**LESSON 3:** Establish a game plan and stick to it. Most pros "pre-fish" an area to determine where the fish are and what it takes to get them to bite. They also have a network of friends and accomplices with whom to compare notes so on the day of the tournament, they have a plan. It's not so easy for the weekend angler, but there are plenty of Internet sites with fishing reports, friendly tackle shop operators, DNR offices and others where accurate information can be obtained and used to develop a plan. Then stick to the plan as long as there's no reason to change.

**LESSON 4:** Keep a tidy boat. Have enough rod holders, net holders, tackle holders, drink holders that nothing is just laying around in the way. Not only will things not get lost or broken, but more importantly when that 2nd or 3rd fish bites there will be enough confusion without people tripping over things, looking for tools and generally adding to the pandemonium.



Whether a cooler of fish is the culmination of a good day of fishing or is vying for prize money, certain lessons need be followed. (Photo by Capt.Mike Schoonveld)

LESSON 5: Have a positive attitude. None of the pros are working the tournament trail because it's easy money or just another job. They enjoy fishing as much as you do and just plain like being on the lake and trying to catch fish. One captain told me each minute there isn't a bite is one minute closer until the next bite happens. Enjoy the lake and the experience of trying to catch the fish. That attitude will automatically increase the number of times you get to enjoy

actually catching fish. The End

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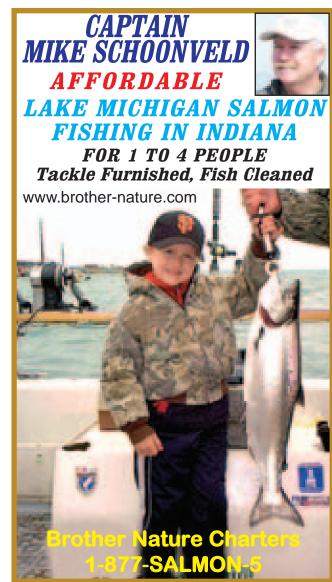
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PAGE 6

# **QUAKERTOWN MARINA** On beautiful Brookville Lake, Indiana "Anchor in Paradise"

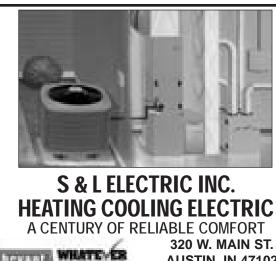


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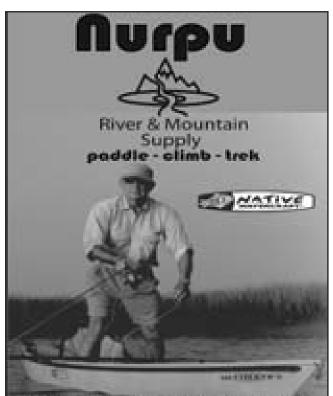
VILLAGE



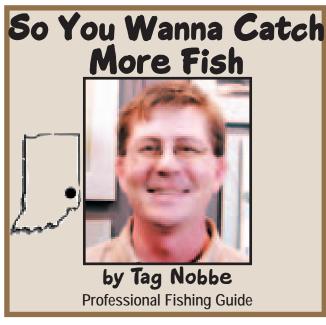
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# Winter Walleye Hunting

You should look for good walleye fishing spots, justlike you look for good deer hunting spots. Walleye move around in a lakefeeding and resting just like deer move around on a piece of property grazingand resting. I believe that walleye have certain places they feed, certainplaces they rest and certain trails they take to get there. The only problemis that certain things interrupt their patterns. Like thunder andlightning, rising or falling water levels, east winds, cold fronts, the full moon,the dark of the moon, the list goes on and on. Over the years of deer huntingand walleye fishing, I have learned that the two are pretty similar. The onlydifference is one is called hunting and the other is called fishing.

In the winter when you launch your boat the very first thing you need todo is turn on your depth finder/fish finder/GPS unit. What you are looking foror hunting for is fish, any kind of fish. Don't even think about getting apole out yet, unless you just want to cast it. A good place to start your huntis main lake points. While deer hunting I have noticed that deer like to layon points right at the top just over the edge. I believe they do this so whenanything of danger comes their way they can be out of sight in a flash. On theother hand I believe the walleye use points to feed. When a unsuspectingschool of shad comes swimming down the trail and around the point, Bam, two orthree of them are gone before they even know it.

In the summer fish live shallow but in the winter fish live deep where the water temperature is warmer. On the surface in December the watertemperature could be 35 degrees but at 50 feet it could be 45 degrees. Notwarm by any means but warmer then 35. This is when your fish finder is yourbest tool. Just pull up to a point watching your fish finder, if you don't seeany fish or any bait fish on your fish finder don't stay move on to the nextpoint. As your doing this keep a look out for the sea gulls. Sometimes theshad will get pushed to the surface by feeding fish and the birds will attackthem from above. Other places to look for walleye are steep drop off ledge, walleye love to hold on these places because they can move up and down in thewater column and still be next to cover. Another good spot is a deep waterhump. The top of a hump is usually hard



Rich Kaufman with a nice walleye. (Photo by Tag Nobbe)

have yourfish ID turned off bigger fish will show up as arch's, and bait fish willshow up like clouds. If you see clouds of bait fish and arch's underneath themclose to the bottom this could be feeding walleye.

This is when you stop hunting and start fishing. The fishing pole that like to use is a medium heavy spinning pole with 15 lb test green calcutta braided line, but if your a bait caster fan that will work just as well. Thetackle you need varies from heavy jigs tipped with minnows to spoons to bladebaits to swim bait. Most of the fish you see on your fish finder at this timeof year are going to be deep, like 50 feet deep. When buying baits stick with stuff <sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> ounce to 1 ounce inweight. What this does is let you fish effectively. The way you fish is youhold your boat directly over the fish watching your fish finder while usingyour electric trolling motor to hold your boat in a hover position. From herelower the bait to the bottom. Once your on the bottom just raise and lowerthe bait varying the hight of the lift and the speed of the lift till you geta strike always trying to keep a sum what feel that your bait is close to thebottom. This can be relatively easy until you factor in 30 degree temperature and a 25 mile an hour wind in open water. But hey as soon as you catch a 8to 10 lb walleye it makes it all worth it.

Good Luck, Tag Nobbe

If you need more info e-mail me at tag@tagnobbe.com or go to the website: www.brookvillelakeguideservice.com or call my cell phone **765-265**-**3238.** I guide fish for walleye, striped bass, and crappie starting mid April tillmid December, 7 days a week on Brookville Lake. We fish out of a 2007 LundPro V 2025 with a 225 Honda motor. I supply everything all the way down to cleaning the fish. I can take 1 - 4 people.

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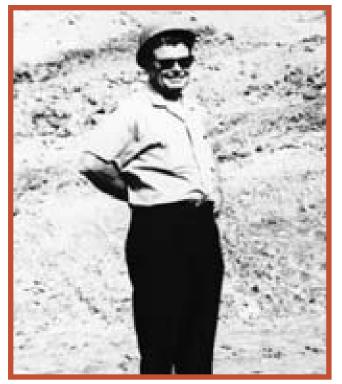
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Bueford (Bob) Barton, Project Engineer for Guy H. James Construction out of Oklahoma City, OK who was the Prime Contractor of the Brookville Lake dam project 1970-1975. This photo of Bob Barton was taken by Clifford Morningstar from Hamilton, OH on July 5, 1972 at the Brookville Dam site.

## **Story of Brookville Lake THE BEGINNING 1965-1974 Part I of a Series**

## Originally written by Ray Dickerson in 1974 in the Whitewater Valley Gad-a-bout

Three words stirred the hearts of outdoorsmen, especially fishermen in 1965 — The Brookville Lake. At that time, nine years ago, I looked forward to the project coming into our area as much, if not more, then others.

(Note: There was a far better reason for building the Brookville Dam than recreation. A memorial stands south of the Brookville Corp. line on US 52 1000 ft. that reads, "This memorial is dedicated to the flood victims of Whitewater Valley. From this spot



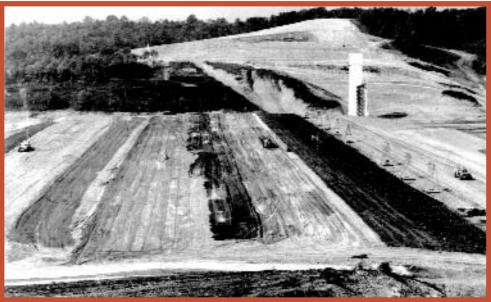
Pam and Bobby Barton. Bobby is the son of Bob Barton who was the Project Engineer who built the Brookville Dam. He came to Brookville with his dad and attended school here. He left and worked on dams too, but returned to Brookville and married Pam in 1978. They opened Barton's Bay Boat Storage and Service in 1986.

which marks "The Fries Homestead" on March 25, 1913, were lost. Mrs. Margaret Fries, Her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Seiwert, Her granddaughter, Hedwig Seiwert, Her son, John A. Fries, His wife, Adelaide,

and their 3 children John, Paul and Mary.")

It is only this year, 1974, that the Brookville lake is becoming a reality.

The day of my meeting with C.J. Walter Corps (Army of Engineers - Resident Engineer) bloomed in sunshine, after two weeks of bleak ice and snow misery. I parked



top of the dam a pay loader sat idle. It looked only to be a couple of feet long from where I was standing. Before going into the Corps of Engineers office I stopped for a short chat with Michael Graham, the Reservoir Ranger. After entering the office building I was greeted warmly by Nan Shipman, Administrative Assistant. She escorted me to the office of Mr. Walter. (Note: C.J. Walter has passed away since I wrote this in 1974) Mr. Walter was a young man of 65 and very per-

my car at the base of the dam outside the office area of the Army Corps of Engineers. The huge dam arising above me dwarfed everything before it. At the

sonable. (I was to find out one week later that he was also a very energetic and trustworthy man.) I immediately felt at ease talking with him. He was born in Gary, Indiana, but he calls his home, Lanesville, Indiana. Before coming to the Brookville project he had been Resident Engineer on the dams of the upper Wabash River -Salamonie Lake - Mississinewa Lake -Huntington Lake. Prior to that he was located at the dam project at Markland, Indiana on the Ohio River.

In 1965 the bids for the dam were made on November 4th. The contract was awarded on November 17, 1965.

From 1965 to July 1967 the outlet works was formulated and executed. Everything was going fine. The tower was built and then the rug was pulled out from under the project. All monies to the project was frozen and the fishermans paradise for the Whitewater Valley slipped off to never-never land.

Between 1967and 1970 about the only project



According to the 1913 flood report, this view of Brookville, IN was taken from the county jail at 4th & Main Streets. It is looking toward the NE and shows a general view of high water in the valley. It shows that the one-story houses and buildings were nearly covered. Some people who lived in two-story houses went to the second floor when the water rose and were rescued by boat later. (Postcard History Serices, Photo Reprinted with permission of Author Donald L. Dunaway)





that gained in completion was the building of the new State Road 101.

Work resumed on the dam itself on March 31, 1970 under the watchful eye of C.J. Walter. Seven million yards of earth was moved and worked into the 182 foot high dam. Three million-five hundred thousand yards was removed from in front of the dam. The dam construction began initially in May 1970 and the top was leveled off in September of 1973.

The total estimate cost of the project when completed was forty million dollars. The lake was filling, the gates officially closed Tuesday, Jan. 22, 1974, at 10:20 A.M. The impoundment of water behind the Brookville dam will create Indiana's second largest lake.

The Brookville dam impounds a minimum length pool of 10.5 miles, a seasonal length of 15 miles and a flood control length of 20.8 miles. The dam is comprised of earth and rock. (See illustration of dam structure.) Gravity or weight of earth keeps the dam in place. Overflow is handled over the spillway, elevation height of 775 feet. The elevation height of the dam is 809 feet, and the tower is 843 feet.

Because of the dam foundation being predominantly sand and gravel to depths of 130 feet, an impervious blanket was constructed varying in thickness from 10 feet at the dam to 5 feet at the upstream end 2500 feet from the dam center-line. The compacted impervious blanket ties into an existing clay area to form a continuous impervious blanket over the entire upstream area to impede the flow of impounded waters through the sand and gravel foundation.

To control the water flowing through the foundation under the dam a system of 32 relief wells emptying into an underground gallery was designed along the downstream toe of the dam. The gallery empties into the concrete portion of the .retreat channel below the dam.

I didn't get to go up to the tower to photograph the area that day, but I returned one week later for that event. It happened that I arrived at the dam per prescheduling with C.J. on the very day they closed the gates. However I wasn't there for the exact occa-



sion which took place that morning. Our meeting was planned for one P.M. in the afternoon.

C.J. greeted me in his usual warm manner and he proceeded to tell me of the closing.

He handed me a hard hat and we started our trek up the mud trail to the top of the dam. His pick-up truck was a standard transmission job with posi-trac only and snow tires. He stopped on top of the dam for me to take pictures and we then proceeded to the west-end of the dam. Once there, he stopped and we got out. I looked down to where the base of the tower was 182 feet below us and half convinced myself that he would never go down there because of the mud. We walked over to the spillway and he explained to me the various cuts and projects under way. Walking on the clay and limestone mud was very sticky, to say the least. Several times my foot came up without the boot or shoe. Each foot seemed to weigh fifty pounds. C.J. motioned me back into the pick-up. As I said before, I expected him to back up and take me back to the office. He said abruptly, "Hang on, here we go!" I looked at him in disbelief, and said, "We're not going down there, are we?" He didn't have to answer that last question as we started moving down what looked to me to be a mud slide. If I had been driving we would have surely been the first guys to swim in the reservoir. He guided the truck down the slope around the curve at the bottom and stopped it near the base of the tower. Shakily I

extricated myself from the truck.

Once inside the tower we rode the elevator up to the control area at the uppermost elevation. I took several pictures and then changed the film in the camera before we took the elevator down to the base of the tower. He showed me the huge steel columns which houses the mechanism which operates the gates. There are four columns. As we were riding back up to the top so he could turn off the electricity for down at the base, I asked him what was secured in a panel at our feet. He opened it and showed me a safety belt apparatus which he explained was to be used in case the elevator stuck in the shaft. In such a case each of us would don the belts and we would climb out a trap door in the roof of the elevator car. Once out on top we would descend or ascend depending on the location of the car on a steel ladder erected the total length of the tower adjacent to the car secured in the wall. Also on the belt was a safety strap that was secured to the ladder while you climbed. This safety belt would catch you if you slipped and fell. You would only fall so far and it **CONTINUED ON PAGE 19** 



# You'll Shoot Your Toe Off

One of the biggest mistakes made by those who like to trade firearms or buy one that looks like it's just what they've been wanting, is not being familiar with whatever they end up with. Like me, for instance. Over the years I've bought and traded with and from guys whose only purpose in life is to get rid of that balky mule that has done nothing but eat hay and fertilize the barn, so to speak. Marketing people know that most buyers of automobiles base their decision on how the car looks, not how it performs or its past mechanical history. Guns are in the same category.

Some years ago my brother called to tell me that a local dealer was offering a special price on a particular .22 caliber semi-automatic hand gun. Together, we visited this dealer and ended up with each of us buying two of the things. Boy, they looked good in satin chrome finish, ribbed sight ramps, and small enough to fit in a pocket. However, their didn't seem to be any provisions for a safety setting, but the dealer laughed and told us to carry with an unloaded chamber. "You could shoot you toe off", he said as he put the money in the cash register.

On the range (actually on my brothers minifarm) we discovered that it would be a good idea to make that first shot count because there wouldn't another to follow. After clearing a jam I asked, "is the casing supposed to look this wrinkled?", or, "why does the bullet have that big hickey on its side?" Maybe it was because the first round from the clip would chamber manually, but any following rounds that depended on the skunk of a gun would seek greener pastures elsewhere. Finally, I asked my brother if he would mind throwing a clay target in the air. I would take one shot at it and then throw the gun at it for a follow-up as long as it was within thirty yards. Don't get me wrong. I couldn't hit a full grown African elephant launched from a trap, but it seemed like a good way to get rid of those chrome plated beauties since I didn't plan to clean up the range afterwards.

Over the years I've learned that if it has a great big hole in the end of the barrel, you're probably going to get the tar kicked out of you when you JANUARY 2010

pull the trigger. I discovered that at an early age after a trade for an old side-by-side double in 12 gage that should have had a plaque on it by the Environmental Protection Agency warning the shooter about potential class D felonies that could result from shooting it. Apparently, time dulls such memories. When my brother (I know he hates me) offered me a chance at his Remington in .300 Win Mag., all I looked at was the hole in the barrel and completely ignored the size of the hole in the breech. I should have known what was coming when he handed me the first round. Now I know that you he-men who shoot something like the .416 Rigby or the .338 Win Mag think I'm a wuss. I don't care! It's all a matter of recoil tolerance. My tolerance level doesn't extend much beyond .270 level and I'm not ashamed of it. My philosophy is, I can shoot my toe off just as thoroughly with a .270 as you can with something that will take down a cape buffalo. That shooting session was not pleasant and I vowed to stick to something in the range of .22 magnum or smaller.

One thing that impresses me is someone who practices safe gun handling. I suppose this comes from past experiences where I served as the poster boy for not practicing what I preached. On a hunting trip with a friend (former, not present), as we clumb a steep incline, I carried my shotgun with the muzzle down. As I stumbled up I tripped the trigger and blew a hole in the ground not three inches from his left foot and the same distance from my right. It took ten minutes of apologies and promises to get him down out of that tree. In another incident I broke the rules and carried a loaded shotgun into the house. Then, I proceeded to put a load of #5's through the ceiling and out through the roof. I have to admit that I learned the roofing trade as a result as my dad supervised the replacement of shingles while coordinating the repair by pointing the shotgun and saying, "Lay another shingle there. Get the overlap right now, you hear."

It has taken a long time to convince me that it is possible to remove a part of your anatomy or heaven forbid, someone else's by the careless handling of firearms. I've watched a trap shooter let off a round into the ground while waiting for his turn to shoot. I've seen black powder shooters wave their loaded and primed rifle around like a fishing rod and then set the muzzle on their shoe and lean on it like a cane. I've also seen unin-

formed first timers waving a loaded handgun around like some actor in a cheap Hollywood thriller. As for me, I'm going to try to remember that a load of powder behind a lead projectile is intended to go in only one direction and that is not through your fathers roof or through your size twelve Nikes. 

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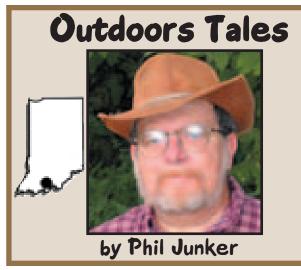
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# Catfish, turkey fun to prepare, eat

Years gone by, when the weather turned cold, it was time for winter hikes, ice fishing and a duck hunt. Today as the years add up, I'm more inclined to turn to a good book or have thoughts of cooking up some special dishes.

With luck I have fish in the freezer, or I can purchase a nice turkey at the market.

Catfish are not only fun to catch, they also are good to eat.

Fishing guide Jeff Williams not only know how to catch catfish, he also can cook the tasty fish.

The following are some of Jeff's tips on cooking catfish, plus some of my thoughts on cooking cats.

From my perspective, flatheads are the best eating, followed by blue cats and channel cats. For fun catching, think big, but for eating, think small.

According to Jeff, if you intend to fry or bake the fish whole, with the skin on, fish in the three-quarters to pound-and-a-half range are best.

If intending to fillet and cook in a variety of ways, fish in the two-to-six pound range are fine, but Jeff recommends taking pictures of catfish weighing over eight pounds pounds, Have fund catching them, but then release the fish.

Taking care of your catch is important to good taste. Put fish on ice immediately after catching them or keep alive until cleaning. If you decide to keep them for later use, freeze the fillets in containers filled with water. That will avoid freezer burn. I always use a Food-Saver vacuum sealer, but freezing in milk cartons or zip lock bags works well.

There are numerous commercial fish batters that work well on catfish. They come with a variety of seasonings, providing for a wide range of choices. For do-it-yourselfer's, Jeff suggests using corn flour instead of corn meal. Salt and pepper to taste. Frankly, I've never tried corn flour (finer ground) as corn meal works well for me.

Jeff recommends to at fillets with a towel or paper towel to remove excess moisture. Doing so allows the batter to stick to the fillet instead of the water on the fillet. Then roll fillet in batter. However, I usually first dip the fish in a mixture of milk or beer and egg, then batter. My fishing buddy, Don Griffin contends it is best if the beer is stale.

Grease or cooking oil must be hot, maintaining a temperature of around 350 degrees. I prefer canola oil, but many people like old-fashioned lard.



Whether catfish are deep fried or smoked on a grill, they can be mighty tasty. Hush puppies and cole slaw make it even better. (Photo by Phil Junker)

Cook hot and fast for the best results of holding batter and maximizing flavor.

There are numerous other ways to prepare catfish. The fillets can even be smoked on a charcoal grill.

However not matter how prepared, add some hush puppies with fresh green onion and cole slaw and you have a great meal.

#### ####

MORE COOKING -- Turkey is an important part of many people's holiday table. Many people prepare a bird for Christmas. some like a turkey for New Year's, and others enjoy it anytime of the year.

Ham also is near the top of the popularity list, and families like mine often have both.

There are many ways to cook a turkey for the table. Most require considerable prep time, including a number of hours roasting in the oven.

My brother-in-law, Paul Cooper has several methods he prefers. One of his keys is going to the effort to purchase a farm raised bird that hasn't been frozen, and doesn't have chemical additives.

Paul has two specialties -- one is smoking the bird, and the other is deep frying. Either way, the cooking takes places outdoors come rain, shine, wind or cold. The result always is a great turkey.

My friend Jeff DeRitter utilizes another method, I enjoy. It is not only turkey cooking, it is fun and socialization. In his case, it is a way to pass time, while the ladies are preparing the rest of the meal inside.

Jeff calls it trash can cooking. It requires a clean large metal trash can. -- the type most people used before plastic versions began to take over. It can be done in winter weather, if decent weather is forecast.

On a level site where you can make a bit of a mess, drive a large metal stake vertically into the ground. The stake must be able to hold a turkey, and the portion above the ground can be no longer than the trash can is tall when it is turned upside down.

At the base of the stake place a couple of bricks wrapped in aluminum foil. When the turkey is placed on the stake it may slide down to the aluminum foil, but will be protected from touching the ground.

Jeff does very little seasoning of the turkey, but it can be seasoned to taste.

The trash can is placed upside down over the turkey, fitting evenly to the ground.

A sizable amount of charcoal is started burning in er with fillets. Cooking too advance. Coals are placed on top of the trash can much like they are placed on the top of a dutch oven. Coals also are placed surrounding the base and touching against the can.

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Don't overload the cookmany at a time will cool the grease, slow the cooking process and cause the fillets to absorb more grease.

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 25** 

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by Gene Clifford

# It's about Hardwater' **Fishing Time Again**

Even though we've only had crust ice a few times this year here in NW Indiana, I start thinking about the lonely sport of ice fishing again when I see the ice skim over my birdbath. The reason I call it a lonely sport is because if you're not catching any, it's very cold and lonely out there on the ice, but once you land a few, other ice fishermen gather around like seagulls at a feeding frenzy.

Last September the remnants of Hurricane Ike swept through Northern Indiana dumping 10" to 13" of rain in 2 days, with lowland flooding closing Interstate 80-94 for almost a week. At the Porter Co. Conservation Club, where I've been a member since the late 60's, the heavy rains raised the level of our wetlands, which is fed by a creek, to where the vertical 16" overflow pipe could not handle all the water that accumulated, and subsequently washed out the earthen dam that was holding the water in place. The damage was phenomenal. You could have buried 2 full sized pickup trucks in the hole of the dam that was washed out. Emergency repairs were made in the rain and the few days after, but more costly permanent repairs were needed. After much hand wringing and discussion at subsequent meetings, the idea of an Ice Fishing Derby to raise funds for the dam repair was headed by Dave Bobrowski. He proceeded to post the idea on www.IceShanty.com about Nov.1, 2008. By Christmas time that year, ice fishermen from the Midwest and northern Indiana were letting it be known that they were planning to attend. The date set for the Derby was Feb. 7, 2009.

Arrangements for hosting the visiting ice fishermen were put in place with updated notes being posted on <u>www.IceShanty.com</u>.

As it turned out, there were 85 paid entries from 3 states, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan. There were numerous gifts and door prizes donated by Gander Mountain, Bass Pro Shops, and Cabela's who donated an underwater camera. There was a \$5 general entry fee, and \$5 to get into all 5 fish categories, being bass, bluegill, crappie, perch, and redear. \$50+ was given out to the big fish in each category at the warm meal of hotdogs, pancakes, and biscuits and gravy after the check-ins were completed.

The big fish winners were, Bass---2lbs 8oz---Mason Addis of Valparaiso. Big Bluegill---8 1/2 "--



.39lbs---Justin Keyt of Hobart, IN. Big Crappie---12.5 -1lb 5oz---Mike Bednarek of Highland, IN. Big Perch---10.5"---.5lb Ken Stout of Ft. Wayne, IN. Big Redear---10.5"---.83lb---Rich Caudillo of Portage, IN.

Go to www.IceShanty.com to get an update on next year's Ice Fishing Derby at the Porter Co. Conservation Club. It is anticipated that it will take place sometime in middle to late Jan. 2010. More information about PCCC can be gotten by going to www.conservationclub.com.

While on the subject of ice fishing, I am still selling the Ice Kicker #1. This ingenious device enables a hand powered ice auger to be transformed into one of the most practical, comfortable, and not to mention affordable power augers on the market today. Not only



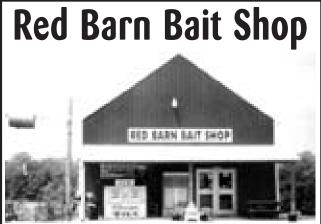
ICE KICKER #1 (Photos by Gene Clifford

does it not use smelly gas or oil, but, with the power of a 14.4v or 18v (preferred) portable battery operated drill, you can actually have fun drilling holes right inside your shelter.

And as any knowledgeable ice fisherman would know, if you get gas or oil on your hands or gloves then touch your line, lure, or bait, you're done catching fish for that day.

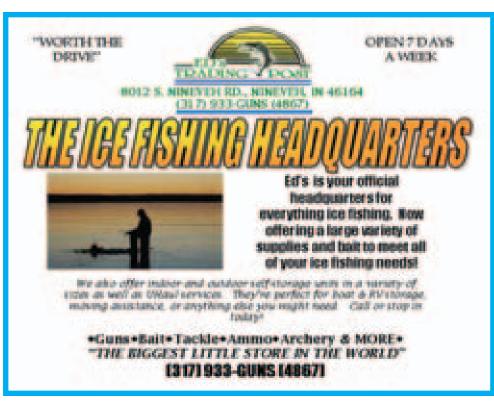
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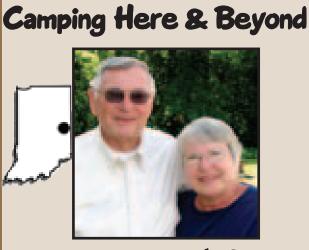
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by John and El McCory

# Views From Here and On The Road

For the January Gad-A-Bout (Views From Here andWe've had our campground closed for the winter since October 15, and looking back, we don't remember much happening in June, July, August, or September, except Independence Day, the 44th Portland Antique Tractor and Gas Engine Show, and Labor Day.

Most of our campers have paid their storage for the winter or have paid a deposit for the 2010 season and have taken their units home to put in barns, garages or other buildings. Thankfully, campers in general are a pretty tidy group and like to see their site "cleaner than the ones on either side of them." Some campgrounds we visit during our off season have contests, with outside the park judges and offer incentives to the campers to fix up. Some of these are monetary, or percentage off next months or next years rates or items from the campground store, and in the bigger and usually more expensive parks and/or resorts we've seen tickets to events and even travel packages. These larger prizes are given usually at seasonal or at franchised RV resorts.

By the time you read this edition of the Gad-A-Bout we will have traveled and camped in several southeastern states and took time out to take a 14-day cruise in the Caribbean. We not only go to see our family members scattered throughout the country, but to stop and see what other campgrounds are up to both privately owned and public (meaning city, county, state and federal) facilities. You've probably heard about or have been a work camper where campers from various walks of life, and usually retirees, camp for a month or a season at a facility and get their campsite free or reduced in exchange for work done in the campground or resort. In some parks they also get paid and this helps bring them back year after year. An ideal situation is to be able to camp throughout the country where you want to see the natural features and/or go to various local festivals and events yet actually get your campsite at a reduced rate. We've run across many full time campers who plan extensively from one ear to another to not duplicate many of the locations and/or events so they can get a good cross section of the good old U.S.A. Some actually go back to the same parks year after year and usually get a warm welcome from the owners/managers and their seasonal campers.

We've heard of some work campers who fall into the trap of being the only ones who "get to" clean the restrooms or the swimming pool each and every day. These are tough jobs but very much appreciated by the campers. My wife contends she has more degrees than any campground restroom cleaner in Indiana. And, our seasonal campers and our overnight campers will attest to the fact that they've not seen any cleaner in their travels. Thanks, El, those A pluses in Tidypot 101 and other advanced courses have paid off. Actually if there is more than one couple work camping, it's only fair to spread the jobs around and switch off on a regular schedule, unless of course, they choose to do certain jobs. Some like to mow and weed wack and are good at it. Others are handy at carpentry and/or plumbing or electricity.

In giant parks and resorts there usually several work campers. This affords them to have their own area of the resort to watch over, from checking people in to going around taking care of questions as to what there is to do in the area or where can I get my favorite dinner. They do all the clean up or fix up jobs yet have time off having evenings out while having someone with the same type of training step in and sub for them. We've seen work campers who "float" and take over in case of illness or if other work campers get family visitors and want some time off. This is difficult in small campgrounds and usually owners/managers get to substitute. In taking campers to their site the work camper can spot things that don't look just right, get the tools and do a quick fix-up while the new over night campers are setting up camp. New campers appreciate the extra mile and the extra effort and this might entice them to return and/or to tell others of their experience. On the other hand, we've been handed a site map and pointed in the direction in which we're supposed to find our site. When we've reached or site for the night we're noticed one or more problems with water, electricity, un-level sites, trash left by someone days ago, dirty fire pits, broken picnic tables (I know, I've got some to repair before next season.), etc., etc.

Most people like to find out about the territory, history wise but the most important question they ask is "where can we get a good meal? We're bushed and just don't feel like cooking tonight." That's when a display of up-to-date local restaurant menus comes in handy. You might suggest this to campground owners/managers if they don't have a display and a local map for shopping, hospital, restaurants and things to see and do.

Again, if you have any item about camping you

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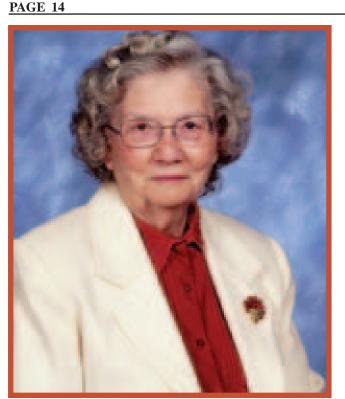


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WWII U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps Member Esther Lindholm Kaucher. (Olan Mills Photo)

# Veterans Day Parade Richmond, Indiana

## by Ray Dickerson

The Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW) Kirk Little Post 1108 moved their Veterans Day parade to Saturday, November 14th in order to give more Veteran groups, school bands, organizations, businesses and individuals more of an opportunity to participate in the parade. Their idea was a huge success, 65 units marched, walked, rode and drove from 14th Street & East Main Street to 5th and Main Street.

Thanks to the Richmond Police Department, Wayne County Sheriff Department, Richmond Street Department, Richmond Parks Department, National Guardsmen, and gobs of volunteers who helped with traffic control, the parade was completed without incident.

Parade Marshall's were Al Good, a World War II Veteran who served with the 82nd Airborne Division 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment and Paul Richert who was a Veteran of the Battle of the Bulge.

The VFW wanted to honor members of the World War II U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps who were graduates of the Nurse Corps and lived in this area. Most of them took their training at Reid Hospital, except for Esther Kaucher who got her training at Sioux Valley Hospital in South Dakota. Those taking their training at Reid Hospital included Doris Stephens Tillson, Mazella Wright Knight, Ruth Goebel Hellwig, Rachel Funk Bresher, Ceinwen Phelps Clark, Barbara Williams Tubesing, Genevieve Lacey Duke, Evelyn Eadler Alexander and Christine Evans Roberts.

These ten U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps members rode in the Veterans Parade. Four rode in a GTO convertible and the others in a city bus. After the parade they returned to the VFW for refreshments and they received a booklet with all kinds of information on the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps put together by Avelyn Chilcoate and Barbara Goebel.

See Page 26 for some photos of the Veterans Parade.

# Cadet Nurse The Girl With A Future

In the ensuing days of World War II it became clear that the United States would face a critical shortage of nurses. As the war continued, the demand for nurses couldn't be met and as predicted the nurse shortage became acute.

What was needed were nursing students who could receive accelerated training facilities with access to a hospital and their services used while they were in training. This way, more graduate nurses could be freed for military service overseas. These plans meant that civilian and military communities received substitute nurse care from student nurses on the home-front.

Congressman Frances P. Bolton of Ohio introduced a bill to establish a special government program to train nurses. The Nurse Training Act (known as the Bolton Act) passed through Congress unanimously. The bill was signed by President Roosevelt on June 15, 1943, and became effective as Public Law 74 on July 1, 1943.

The Cadet Nurse Corps was administered by the United States Public Health Service (PHS). The Division of Nurse Education was established in the PHS to supervise the Cadet Nurse Corps and was answerable to US Surgeon General Thomas Parran, Jr. Parran appointed Lucile Petry, an actual registered nurse (RN), Director of the Cadet Nurse Corps.

The Act "designated student nurses as having answered the call of their country for this vital work" by stipulating that they complete their education with 30 months and pledge themselves to serve in military or essential civilian nursing throughout the war.

In return for taking on this obligation of becoming the Cadet Nurse, the government paid all reasonable tuition, fees, and other training costs and provided a distinctive uniform.

Word of the new opportunity for girl graduates of high schools to enter into the nursing field was spread by the use of posters, pamphlets, radio, movies and newspapers.

Esther Lindholm was a senior at Wentworth high school. She walked a mile everyday to and from school. Before and after school she helped on the family farm near Wentworth, South Dakota.

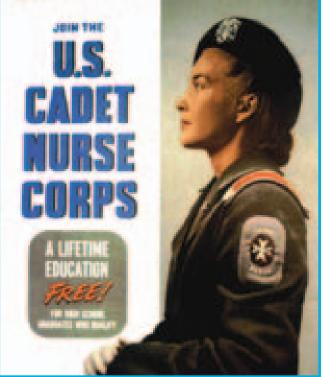
Esther read in the local newspaper about the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps and was very interested in nursing. At 18 she was looking forward to her future and the U.S. Cadet Nurse Corps sounded like a great opportunity.

In March 1944 she

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After the Bolton Act was enacted posters such as the one shown above began to appear around the country along with pamplets, radio, movies and press releases.

began her training, her and eight other girls from the local area, at the Sioux Valley Hospital in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. It was 45 miles to Sioux Falls from Wentworth, she couldn't walk there, so her brothers saw to it that she got to and from the hospital.

Before they were accepted into the Cadet Nurse Training Program they had to attend Augustana College in Sioux Falls to study Anatomy, Physiology, Microbiology and Chemistry for three months. Then if they passed an exam on these courses, they went on to the hospital for three years of on the job training plus classroom sessions. Their work schedule revolved around their curriculum and hospital requirements.



Left, Cadet Nurse Corps member Esther Lindholm, Sioux Valley Hospital in Sioux Falls South Dakota. Right, James Kaucher stationed at Sioux Falls Army Air Force Base, home of the 335th Army Air Force Base Unit where he was attending Radio School. The two met at the Sioux Falls USO Club in 1944, they married in 1947.

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Specially invited Cadet Nurse Corps members arrived at VFW Post 1108 in Richmond, Indiana to participate in the November 14, 2009 Veteran's Day Parade. From left to right they are Doris Tillson of Richmond, IN; Mazella Wright Knight of Greens Fork, IN; Ruth Goebel Hellwig of Woodridge, VA; Rachel Funk Bresher of Richmond, IN; Ceinwen Phelps Clark of Richmond, IN; Barbara Williams Tubesing of Richmond, IN; Genevieve Lacey Duke of Richmond, IN; Evelyn Eadler Alexander of Richmond, IN; Christine Evans Roberts of Richmond, IN; and Esther Lindholm Kaucher of Centerville, IN. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)

In her first month of nurses training (see photo of her in photo below), Esther visited the USO Club in Sioux Falls, nearby was the Sioux Falls Army Air Force Base. She met Jim Kaucher from Richmond, Indiana, he was stationed at the air base. Jim was in school learning to be a radio operator. Originally he had signed up be a pilot (see photo of him in his flight gear below). He had learned to fly okay, but while doing acrobatics training in his plane he passed out due to a sinus infection. He was grounded and sent to surgery to have the problem taken care of, he was in the hospital for a couple of months. After being released from the hospital he was told he wouldn't be able to fly a plane anymore. So he was sent to the Radio School at Sioux Falls, South Dakota to become a radio operator.

When Jim finished his schooling at the Sioux Falls Army Air Force base he was sent to the Azores. Jim was discharged at the end of the war in 1945. He then returned to his job at the Belden Manufacturing Company in Richmond, Indiana.

In 1947 Esther graduated from the nurses training school, then had to take the State Board exams for two days.

Jim returned to South Dakota soon after Esther had graduated and took her exams.

The two were married on July 5, 1947.

Once in Richmond Esther applied for work at Reid Memorial Hospital. The very next day she went right to work at Reid. Her first position as a graduate nurse was on F2, second shift.

In October she received notice that she had passed the State Board and was officially a Registered Nurse. She continued working on F2 for three years.

In 1950 she became a Public Health Nurse, her responsibilities included VD Clinics, TB Clinics, School Nursing and Patient Home Care.

On December 31, 1956 she quit public nursing, their first daughter, Jeannie, was born on March 10, 1957.

When Jeannie was one and a half years old Esther went back to work as the part-time nurse for the Centerville-Abington School System.

In 1962 after their second child was born, Becky on September 24th, she went back to work at Reid Memorial Hospital until May 31, 1987 when she retired from nursing. Today Esther still lives here in Centerville, she volunteers at the Senior Center a couple days a week.

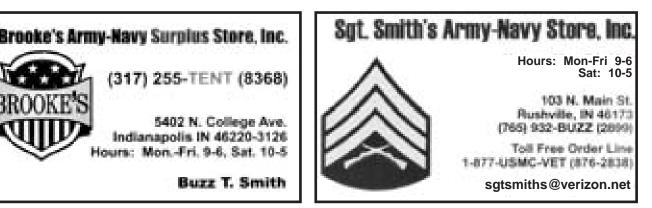
**Editor's Note:** Probably in about 1955 when I began working at Ford's Regal Market in Centerville I visited a friend, Roger Allen, who lived across the street from Jim and Esther Kaucher in Centerville. Roger introduced me to them and through the course of my high school years I visited them quite often.

Many times after I got off work at Ford's I would stop by Jim and Esther's house for coffee and lots of conversation. I attribute many of my distinct views on world affairs and my determination to get my point across, to Jim. We talked about everything back then.

Jim passed away on January 17, 1992 at age 68.

This past Thanksgiving Day Esther invited Sherry and I to have dinner with her and her family. We had a wonderful time visiting with Esther, daughters Jeannie and Becky, Roger (Jeannie's son), Bob (Becky's husband) and a friend of the family, Julisa Candelaria.

We feasted on turkey and all the trimmings, I had to temporarily put my diet on hold.





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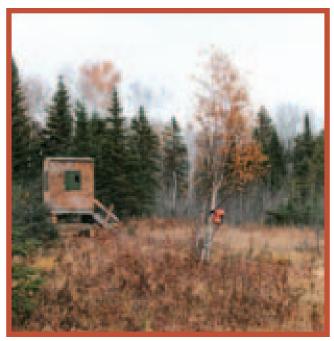
# Hunt for a Canadian Buck

The huge ten point buck was about 50 yards out, standing broadside. The fine, but definitely smaller, nine-pointer was feeding 20 yards from my stand. Do I try the questionable long shot at the monster, or take the easier one for what is still a large buck? I make my decision, tap my release button, and hear the arrow hit the target.

Last year, I met Larry Johnson, who lives down the road from my brother in Northwest Ontario. He asked me if I wanted to come to his place and bowhunt for big deer. Since I don't hunt in Indiana because I have no available private property and seldom hunt public land, I

thought I'd make the drive and try for a trophy buck. Non-resident deer season in this area is the month of October, and I was unable to work an opening in my schedule to go up. He invited me again this year and I was able to fit it in my calendar the last week of season.

Larry was born and raised in this corner of Ontario, just a few miles into Canada across the border from Baudette, Minnesota. He and his family have hunted this land forever and own over 6,000 acres surrounded by



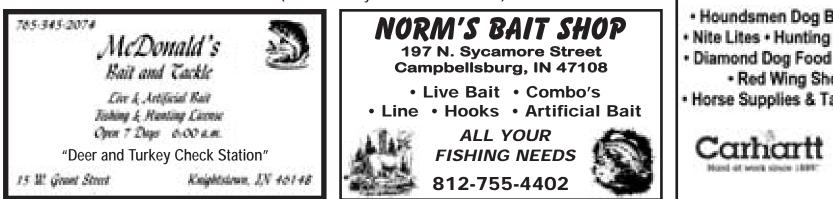
My "Blind" on the left, Bushnell Trail Camera on tree in middle and bait site to right of camera. Since there are few trees large enough to support a tree stand, they use ground blinds. (Photo by Rich Creason)

Crown land. Since Larry is not a bowhunter, he has catered strictly to gun hunters in past years. I was the first archer to come to his camp. No competition!

I arrived at the border crossing just after noon on Sunday. As usual, I had no problem crossing. (You need a passport, cannot have a handgun with you, and must not have a felony record. In Canada, this includes a DUI.) Larry told me



and own over 6,000 My nine-pointer in the background looks small compared to the 10-pointer which acres surrounded by came in with him. (Photo taken by Bushnell Trail Camera)



where to stop to get my hunting license. About 10 minutes later, I arrived at camp.

He put me up in a mobile home with all the necessities on the property. I quickly unloaded my truck as Larry explained the operation. I donned my camo clothes, grabbed my bow, trail mix and a Pepsi. We headed down a well marked trail to my blind. This was about a six foot square wooden house on a stand which put it about five feet off the ground. (Trees up here are much smaller than at home and won't accommodate a tree stand.) Inside were a padded swivel chair, footstool, and a small propane heater if I got cold.

This section of Ontario allows hunting over bait and the ground was littered with hay, grain, turnips and zucchini. Overlooking the feeding area was a Bushnell Trail Camera. He showed me pictures of the many deer which had visited the area with a time stamp on the photo showing when the picture was taken. The does were as big as Indiana bucks, and many of the bucks had wide racks with tall tines. Unfortunately, the camera showed the bucks had been coming in after dark.

The blind (set up 20 yards from the food source) didn't seem to bother the deer. Several large does came in before dark, but my license was for a male only. I returned to the stand about 90 minutes before legal shooting time next morning. As I approached the blind, the camera flash went off and when we checked it later, two large bucks





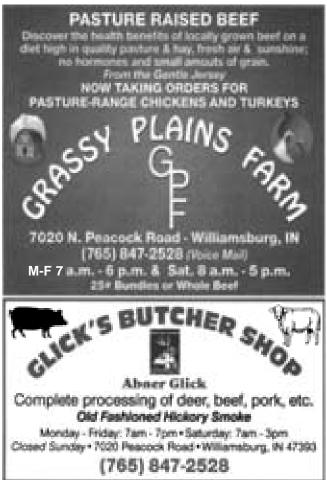


Another Canadian deer who wasn't camera shy. (Photo by Bushnell Trail Camera)

appeared on the film. I had chased them off when I arrived. After daylight, does again wandered in to feed. The timer on the camera showed at least four different bucks had been photographed between 10 PM and 6 AM. I left the stand around noon and returned around 2 PM. I saw two white tails bouncing through the brush as I arrived. I couldn't tell if they were bucks or does.

The next two days were repeats. Large bucks showed up on the camera all night long, while the females, a fox, several grouse and many other birds kept me company during the day. Each morning, the camera flashed as I arrived and the bucks left. I was going to have to figure out a different strategy.

On my third and last morning, I headed for



my stand at 3:30 AM. I figured if I chased the deer out, they would have four hours to return. The camera didn't flash. I closed the door, opened the shootwindow, ing and relaxed in my swivel chair. Over the next several hours, the flash alerted me to the presence of numerous deer. As the sky lightened, my excitement grew. I could see two bucks walking toward me.

The nine-pointer mentioned earlier began feeding on the turnips, but the bigger one stayed back. My watch

said four, five, six minutes past legal shooting time. Take the close shot, or wait? Then, the 10 pointer started walking away. Too far! The smaller one turned and began following. I had to shoot. He was quartering slightly away and moving slowly. My arrow flew and I knew I had hit him, but in the dim light, I couldn't tell where.

I waited 30 minutes and climbed out of my stand. I found my arrow with blood and hair the entire length. I returned to camp to get Larry and we talked another hour before trailing. In five hours, we found one tiny area with just a few spots of blood. We finally gave up. I had to head home.

Larry called before I got back to Indiana. His camera revealed my deer returned that night, with a blood spot on his side just behind the front leg, eating turnips, with no apparent major damage. (One of his gun hunters shot this same deer a couple weeks later. The arrow had entered behind one leg, crossed and exited in front of the other front leg.) Apparently it had traveled just low enough to miss all vital organs.

For more information, or if you would like to set up an archery hunt (or gun hunt) next fall for a big buck, contact Larry at **807-852-4286** or email <u>wanda jhnsn@yahoo.com</u>. He also has wolf hunts. Since he is usually out, leave a message and he will get back with you. Now is a good time to schedule while he still has openings. I am definitely returning next year.

The author may be reached at eyewrite4u@aol.com.



# **BROOKVILLE LAKE** CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

would stop your descent abruptly. The elevator traveled very slowly and after hearing what had to be done if it should stop suddenly, I began to wish I was back out on terra firma again.

Shortly we started back for the truck and in reaching it, I asked, "We're going to have to walk up the hill aren't we?" C.J. just replied, "Hang on, cause here we go!" I thought to myself, "he'll never make it." I was right the first time. We moved real good for the first 30-40 feet then the back wheels started spinning and the back-end slipped to the left. I looked to my right and we were parallel to the water at the bottom of the dam. He stopped there, put it in reverse and very rapidly backed down the dam. I thought to myself, "this is it!" Once back at the bottom and around the slight curve, he shoved her in low and told me to hang on again. Again we made it half-way up and started slipping sideways and again he popped her in reverse and sped back down to the bottom. I thought again to myself, "he's some kind of a nut, he'll never make it!" The third time was the charm. She faltered when we got half way up and we kept moving slower and slower, but we made it to the top. I utterly couldn't believe my eyes. All I could do was manage to sit there with my mouth hanging open. At that moment, if he had told me we could drive up the middle of the reservoir, I would have went with him.

This experience was new to me, but to C.J. Walter and all the others there, it was their job and they had been driving in muddy conditions for three years.

When most visitors arrive long after the Army Corps of Engineers have vacated the dam area, the only thing they'll see is the water resting up against the dam. They won't see the toil and work put into the construction. This will be forgotten as they enjoy the fruits of the finished product.

**Editors Note:** I want to thank Pam and Bobby Barton for their assistance in helping me put this information together and providing me sources for needed photos. There will be several parts to this series. The second part will be in the February 2010 issue.

Pam and Bobby Barton own Barton's Bay Boat Storage and Service located on SR 101 just east of the entrance to the Bonwell Hill Overlook and Ramp access to Brookville Lake. Bobby is originally from Dallas, TX. He came to Brookville when his father, Bob Barton (Project Engineer for Guy H. James Construction) moved to Brookville to begin construction of the new Brookville Lake Dam in 1970. Pam is a Brookville Native, the daughter of Jim and Eileen Hyde. Pam and Bobby were married in 1978, they opened Barton's Bay in 1986. See their ad on page 8 for more information.



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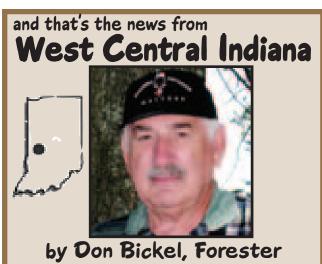
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# **The Mis-adventures** of a Threesome

Deer hunting has been placed on the back burner, primarily since the Hoosier firearm season will have come and gone while I am in Florida. Poor timing you say. However, if we were to spend Thanksgiving with daughter and grandsons in St. Pete and so some "Dad's List" around her house - deer hunting will wait.

My 16 foot Sylvan Navigator and Evinrude outboard is winterized and covered for whatever this Hoosier winter will bring. For me, fishing is over until the ice comes - hopefully there will be enough hard water for at least a couple of weeks of hole drilling and prospecting for bluegill. I write this on a day when the Florida sunshine is falling by the bucket-full off and on all day.

To fill the space alloted to me, I will relate these adventures from the past. If you have read these stories previously, I apologize.

Back a few years - the mid 60's to be exact - we lived in Bluffton, IN. Three of us hard working fathers decided to make a fishing trip to Canada. This was a camping venture - my memory provides little clue about the equipment used and who provided what. The three of us - Lucky J., Don H. and myself, Don B. - decided at some point in the planning stage we would go to a lake called Red Cedar in Ontario. This body of water was and I'm sure, is, located east and north of the Soo.

At the lake, we rented a boat and motor from a family and received directions to a portion of the lake which was likely to produce walleyes. The "fishing hole" was located, but regardless of our efforts, the catch was rather meager. In our concentration on the angling effort, we failed to take into account the storm darkening sky.

When we finally realized it was time to "get the h---out of Dodge", darkness was quickly approaching. It may have taken some effort to return to the starting point in broad daylight, but night-time darkness added immensely to the problem. With outboard gas running low and only a small, rather dim flashlight, we determined the best route was to follow the log strewn shoreline.

In this predicament, even a 10 minute lapse of time seems like an hour, we felt as if we were making little progress. At every probable shore landing, we would run into a jack-straw jumble of down trees and logs. Add to this; rain, thunder and lightning, the prospects for a solid footing landing was looking rather dim. Then - I kid you not - there was a very bright flash of lightning and light reflected from a northern Michigan, in the metal roof. Now, we had a destination. With little additional light, but relying on the lightning, we aimed toward the elusive metal roof. A roof unseen except when the

lightning flashed, then we bumped into the dock, but we knew we were home.

Solid footing greeted us as we walked up to the building set back from the shoreline. The door and windows were boarded-up, but desperate times require desperate measures. This also reminded us we were in bear country. So pull the boards off and walk in - luckily there was no lock on the door.

Inside, we found Coleman lanterns and fuel for light, bunks and bedding sufficient for a night's rest, and canned food, varied and enough to feed the three of us that evening and the next morning. However, we could not find any item which would give us a clue who owned or used the cabin/house.

When morning came and with the daylight, we found gasoline and oil for the outboard. Stoked with food and fuel, we quickly found our way back to the point of beginning and turned in the boat and motor. The folks there commented with reference to our over-night, but decided the weather was too rough to come looking for us.

Prior to leaving and having no idea who owned or maintained the cabin, we left a note explaining why we had broken-in. Also the note referred to the food and fuel we had used. With my address, we asked that they/someone tell us what we owed. Several months later, actually at the beginning of the Ontario deer season, I received a letter saying we owed absolutely nothing. The members of this deer camp were pleased that in their absence, the cabin was there for our use.

Now, recalling another adventure/mishap which occurred on Martiny Lakes in central Michigan. Again three of us - this time Leo S., John F. and myself Don B. were fishing/camping on this small chain of lakes. John owned a canvas boat which disassembled, folded and stored in a zipper storage bag. John, being a Purdue Ag Engineer, thought this craft was a wonder to behold. Those of us who fished with him, thought it was a wonder we were dumb enough to set foot in it.

This craft - I'm not sure of the manufacture - was constructed of a series of metal ribs, several metal rods the length of the 12 foot boat and a couple pieces of plywood which formed the floor. The canvas skin was heavy duty and when all the pieces were connected it did resemble a canvas boat.

On the occasion of the Martiny Lakes venture, the 3 of us decided to fly fish late afternoon and evening. With a small outboard, we motored from one likely place to the next along the shoreline. Now, 3 guys fly fishing in a 12 foot boat - canvas or sheet metal - is a recipe for a problem. And as might be assumed within a short time of fly casting, the three of us made a back cast at the same time and of course 3 lines tangled.

Now with 9 foot fly rods, the tangle was 9 foot from the boat not matter where the rods were held. So, John, the ag engineer, said he would just stand up, mid-ship, and untangle the lines. John, being a bit over 6 feet, more than a bit over 200 pounds and the boat as stable as Jello - John went overboard.

It was summer, so the water temperature was not unbearable and we were not a long way from our campsite, but John attempted to get back in the boat. No matter where he tried, when he grasped the canvas craft, that portion would bend toward the water while the remainder stayed upright and dry. We solved the problem by rowing in while John held onto the transom and motor. And then there was the time Herb K. and John fished the Peier Marquette river, McCLEERY'S canvas dory when John snagged a lure underwater **DOG CARRIERS** in a log jam - But that's another story. 1/2" Treated Floor Walls & Top Insulated **Custom Built Boxes & Trailers** 



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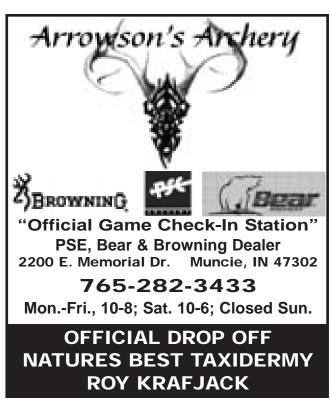
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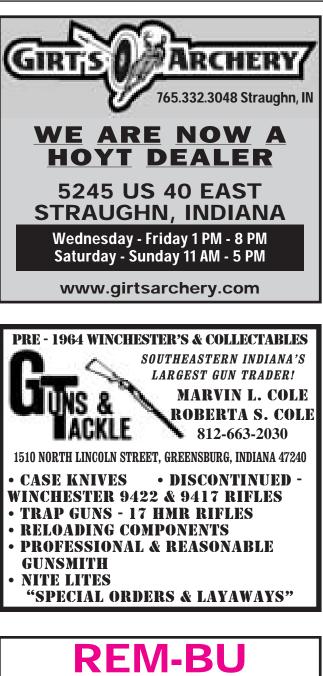
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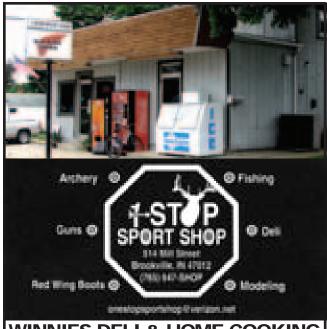


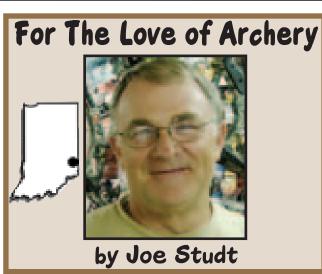


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# Looking to Become a Deer Hunter

It was pre-season rut, early November, I was going hunting in southern Indiana on my uncle's Dairy farm. My cousin Ray who is my uncle's second son was just a little older then myself, whom at that time didn't hunt deer yet. His son Ray Jr. or known as Rayboy was almost thirteen years old, he was a small thin young boy who loved the outdoors and hunting with his grandfather, whose name also happened to be Ray.

When I stopped in with my buddy Mingo to bow hunt on the farm, we talked to his dad about hunting at the farm. Rayboy was really interested in deer hunting, he asked me if I could take him hunting too. Mingo and I said we would enjoy taking him with us, the farm was down the road about three quarters of a mile.

We were staying in my truck with a camper shell on the back. It was just big enough to sleep in and everything else was with Mother Nature, if you know what I mean? It had gotten down into the high teens that night, we had told Rayboy we would be going to the woods about six thirty a.m. I was really amazed to find Rayboy asleep on my truck tire, lying on the ground that morning. The frost was heavy and to find Rayboy asleep that way, imagine how much he wanted to learn about hunting deer to ride his bike down to the farm and get there before we even got up. Then to lay down and go to sleep as cold as it was that morning!

Rayboy never said anything about being cold; he was ready to go hunting for deer. Mingo and I never had time to go over with Rayboy about the hunt. I sent Mingo one way in the woods where I suggested he hunt, I took Rayboy with me. Rayboy new the farm better then I did, but he listened to what ever I said. I told Rayboy I didn't have a tree stand for him, even if I had one I wouldn't have put a young boy in one, those days. I told him I knew where there was a fallen tree top, that would be good for him to have some natural cover. He wasn't wearing any camo. I tell you, I don't know if I would go and just sit in a tree top to see if deer would come around, at his age, just to see if I would shoot a deer. Rayboy being raised by his parents and close to his grandfathers farm spent a lot of time in the woods when he was with dad and grandfather. So I guess we can underyounger than Rayboy.

Back to the hunt of the day. The day before in this same area I had seen doe's around my tree stand and close to the tree top where Rayboy was sitting. Mingo came closest to a Buck the day before where had set up. Well we all got set-up in our hunting spots. Rayboy got down in the middle of the fallen tree top and I was about 40 yds away in my tree stand. Rayboy sat quietly and didn't move for about 3 hours.

Unfortunately we didn't see any deer that morning. Rayboy was happy just to go into the woods that morning, and I enjoyed taking him.

I told Rayboy's story of that day to a lot of my hunting friends. You never know what a young boys' desires are and what he will be willing to do, to fulfill that desire. But a boy like Rayboy is special. As he grew up I got to hunt with him again and later, his father got into deer hunting too. They both have been a lot of fun to watch as they became hooked on deer hunting. Rayboy has taken deer with a bow and has gotten Turkey with his gun since he has grown up. His father also is hunting more deer.

Rayboy is a grown man today with a family of his own and he is still going to school to better his life. I'm sure the day will come when he may be able to help a young person learn to hunt and to teach them what he knows about the woods, that his grandfather passed on to him long ago.

Deer hunting is more then just hunting that deer. It will change the way you think, teach you to listen, pay attention and love the woods that God has created with all its beauty and glory.

I want to thank all those who have helped me through the years, for memories of the woods and outdoors as Rayboy and Mingo did that special weekend in early November on a dairy farm in southeastern Indiana.

You know many hunting seasons have come and gone for me as I become older in years, I have met so many friends who hunt and enjoy archery to this day. The one sure thing I can say today is that I still enjoy hunting and shooting my bow, but to hear the excitement in a young persons voice, see his face after his first encounter with a whitetail in the woods, it is so special to know that I may have had just a little bit to do with putting that person in God's great and glorious woods, that He has given to us to enjoy for a lifetime of excitement.

Keep flip pin' sticks, Joe

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stand why he likes the woods, has the desire to hunt and spend time in the woods.

His parents are really nice people they take special time with their two children and family. They have a daughter who's name is Charla, who is the

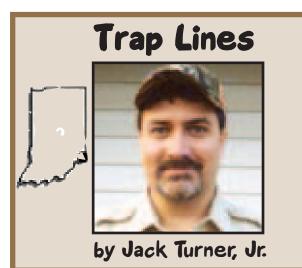
Stop by The Gad-a-bout booth #467 at the Cincinnati Sport Show and booth #436 at the Indianapolis Sport Show. See pages 16-17 for more info on shows.

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#### THE GAD-A-BOUT 1990 - 2010



# **Running the Line...** When the Weather Gets Tough

You'll be reading this article in December and January when the weather turns bad. Temperatures are consistently below freezing causing frozen ground conditions and turning ponds, small lakes and creeks into areas more suitable for ice skating than trapping. At this point, we have two choices. We can call it a season or take measures to keep our lines in operation.

I'll start by telling you that just like with mild weather all types of traps and most sets can be utilized in the dead of winter. One exception may be the slide wire drowning system.

When it comes to trapping furbearing animals on land, some trappers elect not to utilize foothold traps and will stick to snares only. There are few, if any, disadvantages to using snares in the middle of winter. Rain and freezing temperatures will not put them out of commission. They are in operation 24/7. Snares are already placed in the line of travel. Lures are not utilized so there is no threat of rain or snow washing away or covering scents. Only during a heavy snowfall (two or more inches), snow won't put snares out of commission except for skunks, opossum and raccoon. And these three species won't be traveling much, if any, through heavy snow. Of course, if you are trapping fox and coyotes, the snare is hung higher above the ground.

For those that choose to continue to use foothold traps on land there are some things you'll need to do to keep those operational. Two things that quickly come to mind are to have antifreeze and dry dirt accessible. When making sets on land such as the dirthole, flat or post set, you'll need the dry dirt to help bed and cover the traps. Dirt at or around the set may be frozen or very wet making it difficult to use on the trap.

Once dirt gets moist and the temps drop below freezing your traps are locked in. To keep this from happening trappers seem to prefer one of two choices for an antifreeze at their sets. These are calcium chloride chips or a 50/50 mix of water and glycol in a spray bottle. For years, I have used calcium chloride chips at my sets with good results. You can use non-iodized salt if you are unable to locate calcium chloride chips. The salt is extremely cheap, but you'll use quite a bit. Remember that salt products will rust your traps so have your traps dyed and waxed. Dyeing and waxing traps also helps conceal them and will allow them to fire quicker.

Water trappers aren't necessarily out of luck when the ponds, lakes and creeks freeze over. Bottom edge sets armed with conibear traps are often successful for mink and muskrat. A bottom edge set is a set where a conibear trap is placed at the bottom of a waterway along the edge. That part is simple. The "secret"



grassy hummocks, trees, brush and old

is to put the traps up The pocket cross, made of plastic against a root system canvas and yarn, have found their such as sod clumps, way to many troops serving in foreign countries. (Photo by Jack Turner, Jr.

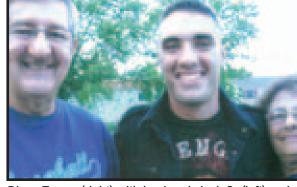
stumps. In addition to mink and muskrat, beaver and otter are caught hugging the edges of these underwater areas. Location and targeted furbearer will determine what size conibear you will use.

If you enjoy trapping muskrats, another popular set to use is the pushup set. A pushup is simply a resting and/or feeding area comprised of vegetation. The muskrat enters these areas underwater. These pushups are hollow inside. The best way to describe it would be to say that it's an igloo for muskrats. In this situation, trappers need to use a hatchet or trowel and cut out a "plug" a little bigger than the size of a man fist. Then place a foothold trap inside the pushup. The trap is pre-wired to a wooden stake on the outside of the hole. After the trap is placed inside, the plug must be put back in the exposed hole. This set will continue to stay operational.

Sometimes trappers get so wrapped up in running traps in fields and along waterways they neglect to see some obvious areas that can literally save the season, especially those trappers that run small lines. Often overlooked in the dead of winter are barns, horse stalls, or other areas where an animal may take up shelter and/or find food in extreme weather conditions. Cage traps, a.k.a. live traps, work great in these areas. In my cage traps I frequently use white bread with several drops of a sweet lure sprinkled on it. Some use dog food as bait. I stay away from fish and chicken because of cats and peanut butter because of squirrels. You could even use table scraps as bait. If there are raccoon, opossum and skunks residing inside or coming inside these buildings, you'll catch them. And I have no problem with catching and skinning a \$3.00 opossum. I skin, flesh, stretch and sell every legally caught furbearing animal.

Just because the weat-her turns bad doesn't mean that

trappers have to "close up shop". Yes, we may need to work a little harder to keep our sets in operation, but it will allow us to continue to be outdoors as well as to put a few more dollars in our wallets at the end of the season. Go out and create memories that will last a lifetime.



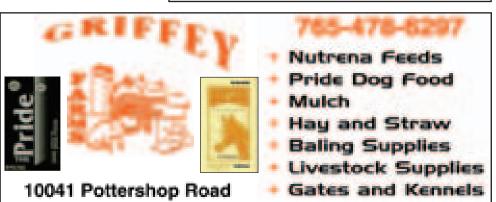
Diana Turner (right) with husband, Jack Sr (left) and grandson, Lcpl Jonathon Turner (center). (Photo by Jack Turner, Jr.)

# **Grandma On A Mission**

Long before Diana Turner's grandson left for boot camp in June 2008, she was a big supporter of American troops serving on foreign lands. She remembers vividly how U.S. troops were shunned and spat upon after returning from the Vietnam War. While over the past three decades support of U.S. troops serving abroad has significantly increased, she wanted to do her part to make sure U.S. troops not only have her support, but that they feel there is a higher power they can turn to during their most difficult days.

Diana Turner, a sixty-two year old mother of three and grandmother to six, started a mission more than seven years ago. That mission was to make and send pocket crosses to American troops. Turner admits that the pocket crosses were not originally her idea. She remembers that a lady some time ago made the original pocket cross with attached prayer. But that woman has since passed away. One night Diana had a dream of a soldier cooped up in a foxhole, alone and scared. In the dream the soldier reached into his pocket and







pulled out a homemade pocket cross. At that point, he felt comforted that God was with him.

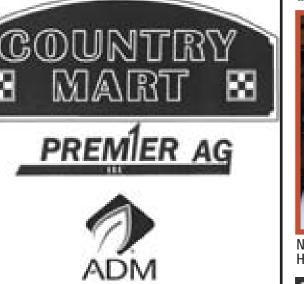
Over the past seven years, Diana, along with occasional help from her husband, mother and mother-in-law, has made an estimated 5,000 pocket crosses. Some have been given out locally, but most have been given out to troops serving in foreign countries.

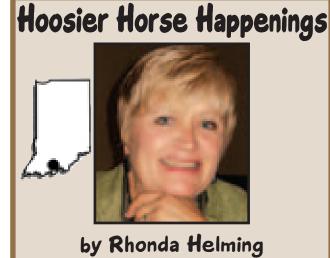
Turner's grandson, Marine L Cpl Jonathon Turner, is currently serving his country on foreign grounds. He is scheduled to return in April 2010.

If you have a son or daughter serving in the military and would like for her to send a pocket cross to them personally, you can e-mail her at JTurner4607@cinci.rr.com. She is also willing to send a few dozen crosses to military personnel for them to pass out to the members of their unit.

Diana Turner plans to continue her pocket cross mission as long as she can. She feels that her time and expense is marginal to what the American troops sacrifice for our great country.







# **Barrel Race at Crossroads Arena**

It's a great feeling to just be able to pack up and head out for a weekend of nothing but barrel racing!

About two or three weeks ago I got a call from Laura. She tells me I need to go to a barrel race with her at Cloverdale. This is where Crossroads Arena is located and I had never been there before. I tried to tell her that I really wasn't wanting to go. "Oh yes, she says, you really need to go." "I haven't ridden Sucha since September", I tell her. Well you have two weeks, so get on her and get her legged up. I get to thinking about going, my daughter says go-ahead mom I will be home and take care of everything. Then my other friend Nat calls and says she is thinking about going and I should really go. Well they talked me into it!

I am on a mission to get my horse legged up and in shape in two weeks. I started her off slow riding or lounging her every night and with the help of my wonderful daughter, we got her whipped up in shape. So I was good to go.

I took Friday off work to get everything packed. When you go for a weekend you have to pack for yourself and your horse. So I had two different piles of things I needed and a pile of things I had to take for Sucha.

We hit the road around 3:30 pm Friday afternoon; it's about a 2-1/2 hour drive from my place. We got to Cloverdale around 6:00 pm, head inside to get checked in and get our stalls. What a neat place! Everything you need right inside the arena! Showers, stalls, concessions, and office! Did I mention that this place was heated! That is a big plus for me. Laura was riding Friday, so we had to hurry up and get the shavings put in the stalls, hang the water buckets and bring in the hay. We wanted to watch Laura run.

There were around 180 head of horses running on Friday. Laura was last. She had a good run, but crashed the 3rd barrel. Oh well, we had Saturday and Sunday to



Sucha was so thrilled to be barrel racing! Can you tell! (Rhonda Helming Photo)

make up for that run. After we watched her run, we were off to get some sleep. Saturday would come early.

Saturday morning we get up take care of the horses, clean the stalls, then go and enter up for the weekend. Nat drew 4th, I drew 62nd, and Laura drew 133rd. There were 250 head of horses running in the Open 4D barrel class that day. We all had great runs, and Nat got a paycheck on her run. I lost my stirrup coming out of the first barrel! I couldn't tell you the last time I lost a stirrup, and let me tell you it's a pretty scary feeling. That cost me some major time, but I completed my run. I came out of that class laughing, what else could I do? I knew I wasn't in the money. The next class we had entered up in was the Master's, Laura can't run in this class yet, because she's too young! But Nat and I could. Nat had another awesome run, I had a good run also, but again I fell in the cracks as we call it in barrel racing lingo. That means no paycheck for me. We got done with the Saturday runs, time to relax and visit with people we knew.

Sunday morning we are up and at it early, the show starts earlier on Sunday. There weren't that many people entered up for the Sunday part of the show. Nat drew 57th, I drew 115th and Laura drew 107th, so we were able to watch each other's runs. Again we had great runs. My horse decided to buck on the way home from the 3rd barrel, what the heck is up with this?! She is supposed to be old enough not to do this! Laura has the run recorded and you should see my face when Sucha does this. Well again I didn't get a paycheck but Laura and Nat did. I guess it was just their weekend. I can tell you right now I will be heading that way again in the near future.

I would recommend going to this place to run barrels anytime. The ground was excellent; the grounds crew was right on top of things. They were running about 55 head of horses through in an hour.

I may not have gotten a paycheck this weekend, but I had so much fun. I am so glad that my running buddies MADE me go, because it was a blast. I ran into so many people that I knew and hadn't seen for years. It was great talking to them and catching up with everyone.

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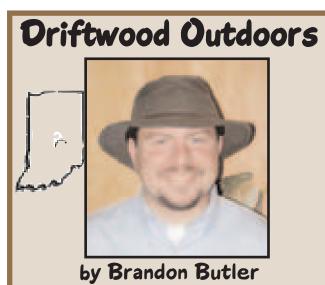
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Natalie, Rhonda and Laura at the Crossroads Arena! My traveling buddies! (Rhonda Helming Photo)

As always, if you have any questions, email me at thehelmings@psci.net. Until next month, stay safe!





# Check stations -Bring hunters together

Being assigned to work at a check station on opening day of Indiana's firearms season for deer, stunned me as if I were a child who'd been told there'd be no Christmas this year. Upon coming out of shock, I put on my creative thinking cap and got to work on figuring out how to make the best of the situation. In the end, the assignment turned into one of the most fun and rewarding days I've had in awhile.

My assignment was to greet hunters arriving at Gun World just outside Corydon, and to ask them if they'd be willing to donate a portion of their deer for scientific purposes. I had to be there at 10 a.m. With sunrise around 7 a.m., I had time for a short morning hunt. Having never hunted the Harrison-Crawford State Forest before, I figured my chances for success were slim. I was wrong.

On Friday evening, while my wife and daughters enjoyed the playgrounds of O'Bannon Woods State Park, I slipped a couple hundred yards deep into the forest and hung a treestand. I saw one doe. A disheartening turn out. Saturday morning, I was determined to be the first in the woods, so when other hunters began tromping to their stands they would run deer my way. The plan worked to perfection. From before sunrise to 9 a.m., when I had to get down, there were deer around me, including a pretty nice 9 pointer I chose to pass on. Come January, I may really be regretting doing so.

Feeling satisfied with my state land experience, I hurried back to our cabin to prepare for work. Arriving at the check station, I was greeted by a slew of familiar biologist faces. It's a shame that the general public isn't more aware of the incredibly devoted and highly skilled wildlife biologists we have working for the state. These guys and gals love the outdoors as much as anyone, and they work hard, often behind the scenes, to ensure Indiana's fish and wildlife populations remain healthy for the rest of us.

Hunters were already rolling in. Bucks, big and small, and does filled truck beds and trailers. The parking lot at Gun world, which is probably 75 yards long, wasn't nearly large enough to handle the number of vehicles showing up. Trucks and SUVs were scattered along the road and in neighboring fields. Happy hunters and interested observes milled about the store and the grounds. Fathers and sons, mothers and daughters, best friends and complete strangers; everyone was talking hunting. It was awesome.

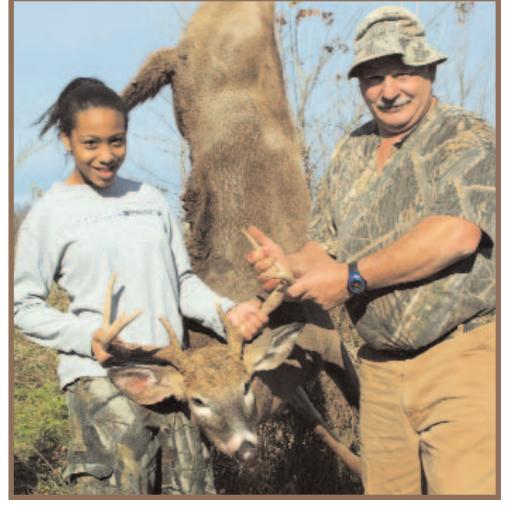
Hunting has changed so much in the nearly 20 years I've been at it. What was once only a sport, or tradition, is now referred to as an industry. When I first started as a youngster in the early 1990's, my family didn't even have cable, let alone the Sportsman's Channel or Outdoor Channel. There were fewer magazines, as well. Hunting had yet to experience the commercial explosion that has taken place in the last decade. Whether you embrace or despise the

way hunting has changed, you must admit there are positives and negatives related to the industry's growth. Exposure and financial strength are helping to recruit and retain hunters, but it also has created a sense of competition in the woods. When there is competition, there is failure, and in reality, you can not fail in hunting. Every time you step outdoors you win something. You receive a gift from nature. Whether it be a massive buck or simply the memory of a blue bird perched on a limb closer than normal, you take something home.

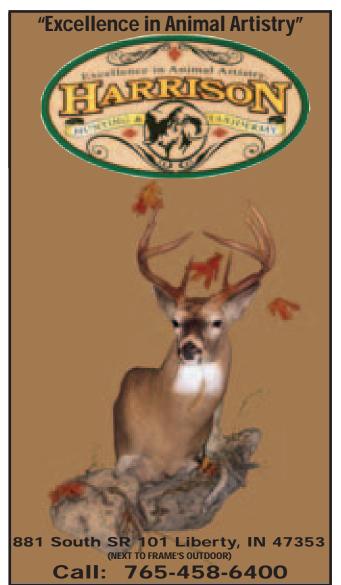
The majority of my friends are trophy hunters, meaning they only choose to shoot mature, big bucks and does. What I experienced at Gun World last Saturday was an eye opening revelation as to the number of hunters who haven't bought into the whole marketing plan of the hunting industry. They aren't concerned with being in a magazine, or videoing their kill. They don't spend days upon days in a treestand holding out for a buck worthy of the record books. They plan all year to hunt opening day of gun season with nothing more than the hope a legal deer will show up, and when one does, boom. They fill their tag, and thus their freezer. To these hunters, it's not about antlers. It's just deer hunting. Nothing too serious.

It's hard to put into words how much I enjoyed my time conversing with hundreds of hunters. Most of them were just good ol' Harrison County country folk going hunting on opening day with no more expectations than the hope of killing a deer, any deer. It was a prideful for day for Hoosier hunters. For me, it was refreshing.

See you down the trail...



Demi Griffey took this nice 6 point buck, she is from Harrison Cty. (Photo by Brandon Butler.





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Joyce and Lewis Farmer from Economy, IN. Lewis was a member of General MacArthur's to Fort Meade Training Honor Guard in Tokyo, Japan from Nov 1945 to Aug 1946. (Photo by Ray Dickerson) Center in Maryland. At

# **Corporal Lewis Farmer** General MacArthur's Honor Guard

On Saturday after meeting and photographing the Cadet Nurses at the VFW in Richmond, IN, we all went inside to wait for the nurses' bus to get ready for them to board for the parade. We were just sitting there talking when a lady emerged in the doorway asking if this was the place for her father, 83 year old Lewis Farmer from Economy, who had served on General MacArthur's Honor Guard in Japan, to board a bus for the Veteran's Parade? As a member of the VFW got up to help the lady, my ear's perked up at hearing the part of her father serving on General MacArthur's Honor Guard in Japan.

I followed them out to her van. Inside sat her father Lewis and mother, Joyce. He took one look at me and said, "We lived just down the road from your sister Wilma's home just west of Economy." "You're



Call: 765-458-7227 855 South State Road 101 Liberty, IN 47353 Website: www.framesoutdoor.com E-mail: framesoutdoor@aol.com the fellow who writes The Gad-a-bout, Ray Dickerson."

I asked him if I could find out more about his being a member of General MacArthur's Honor Guard in Japan. He told me his story.

Lewis Farmer graduated from high school in New Castle, Indiana in 1944. Shortly after graduation he received his draft notice, "Greetings."

He was sent to Camp Robinson in North Little Rock, Arkansas for his basic training. When he finished his basic training he got a ten-day furlough back to Indiana.

Next he was to report Fort Meade Training

hoto by Ray Dickerson) Center in Maryland. At some point after arriving at Fort Meade he was walking up a gang plank, they were reading names off in alphabetical order, when they read his name, he was pulled out of the line.

Once out of the line, Lewis was given a ticket to go to Washington D.C., from their he went to Camp Rucker, Alabama for advanced infantry training. He was told the United States was concerned about the invasion of Japan and he would be spending three months at Rucker to receive the advance infantry training.

While still at Camp Rucker across the Pacific Ocean on August 6, 1945 in the early morning hours a B-29 bomber named the Enola Gay took off from the island of Tinian and headed north by northwest toward Japan. The destination was Hiroshima Japan. At approximately 8:15 a.m. pilot Colonel Paul Tibbets released "Little Boy" a 9,700 pound uranium bomb over the city. Three days later, August 9th, at 3:47 a.m. a B-29 named Bock's Car lifted off from Tinian carrying the plutonium bomb nicknamed "Fat Man," was dropped on Nagasaki Japan.

Shortly thereafter the whole Company was shipped out of Camp Rucker, except Lewis. He spent the next two weeks all by himself in his barracks. The only other Army personnel at the Camp was some Non-Coms, he was given no explanation as to why he was still there.

At the end of the two weeks a military train stopped at Camp Rucker, he was given orders to board the train. It was the middle of Summer and it was hot. The train was crammed full of troops on their way to Fort Ord, California. They traveled west through New Mexico, at Needles it was 115 degrees in the passenger cars. There was no fresh air, no bunks and no escape from the heat. Lewis said it was the most miserable ten days of his short Army career to that date.

Lewis was only at Fort Ord for 3-4 days, he then took another train to Seattle, Washington. From there he boarded a ship for Japan. The ship went up the Inland Waterway, he said he didn't know what beautiful country was, coming from Indiana, until he saw the spectacular scenery along that route. He told his wife he hoped they would go there someday. They arrived at Japan and was supposed to off load at Nagasaki. They sat in the harbor for two days waiting to unload. The city was still smoldering. They weighed anchor and traveled to a nearby port, where



Insignia of MacArthur's Honor Guard Members.

they unloaded the ship setting up in a silk factory that made tube socks. He was there for one night.

The next day he heard his name come over the PA System, "Lewis Farmer please report to headquarters." After arriving at headquarters he was told that he had been selected to serve on General MacArthur's Honor Guard. It was strictly voluntary if he didn't want to volunteer, he didn't have too.

Lewis accepted the assignment, he was instructed to take an L-Train to Tokyo (all by himself), it was still 1945 and report to General MacArthur's headquarters.

(Comprised of men hand-picked for the assignment, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur's Honor Guard was one of the most important and visible parts of the General's official family during the closing months of World War II and throughout the Occupation of Japan. The members of this elite unit were selected based on their military bearing, intelligence and physical stature. Every combat Division was of the U.S. Army in the Pacific was represented in its ranks. They were the best of the best. They had to be - General MacArthur would accept, no less than the best, for the men entrusted to provide security, not only for himself and his Headquarters, but for his family as well.

The Honor Guard was formed in May 1945 and served the General until his relief during the Korean War in April 1951.)

Lewis Farmer was one of the 1,500 men who served in the General's Honor Guard.

Lewis said he spent seven tremendous months in General MacArthur's Honor Guard, guarding his office, his residence in the American Embassy, his aides, Mrs. MacArthur, their son, Arthur and his office building. At the time there was 125 men in the Honor Guard (All Army). He attained the rank of Corporal and received an Occupation Medal.

At the end of the seven months he returned home.

## **Outdoors Tales** CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Surprisingly, it takes only a couple hours to completely cook a 20-pound turkey. It will be delicious.

Once the charcoal is placed on the can, another important function takes places. With lawn chairs in place, it is like sitting around a campfire.

Tales are told, coffee sipped, and maybe even a touch of adult beverage consumed.

No matter how you cook your turkey, in a crock pot, oven, skillet, BBQ grill, or a trash can, enjoy. #####

<u>out-</u>

Contact writer Phil Junker by email at: doorscribe@yahoo.com



### JANUARY 2010

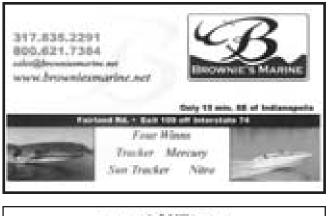
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Military Heritage Honor Guard: Left to Right, Mike Davis, Yaun Bandy, Unknown, Jim Disney, Sue King, Randy Raper and Dennis Rigsby. Mark Stover is trailing and calling cadence. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)



Here four of the ten World War II Reid Cadet Nurses ride in a 1966 Red GTO. In the front seat is Esther Lindholm Kaucher from Centerville, (driver unknown), in the back seat from left to right is Mazella Wright Knight from Greens Fork, Ruth Goebel Hellwig from Woodridge, VA and Ceinwen Phelps Clark from Fountain City. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)





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Vietnam Veterans Association - 1946 Willys Jeep driven by Ron Hill (Wayne County Honor Guard), on his right is his granddaughter Taylor Hill, sitting in the back at left is Frank Towns and at right Wally Dudek. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)

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Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter 777 Richmond, Indiana, A 1951 Dodge Power Wagon driven by Joe Goebel. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)



The Blue Regiment of Centerville High School - Directed by Charles Roesch. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)



Toys for Tots, sponsored by the Marine Corps League (Photo by Ray Dickerson)

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Hmmm, who set this camera up anyway? From left to right, yours truly, me, Sherry Dickerson, Jim and Brenda Eubank. I thought that guy on the left was on a diet. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)

## **Roaming The Outdoors** CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

for Nov. 2007 at Blue Licks Battlefield State Park in Kentucky.

This time though we spent the weekend at Jim and Brenda's home in Richmond, Kentucky. We really enjoyed the weekend. They have a really nice home in Richmond and only a stone's throw from lots of restaurants and shopping areas.

On Friday evening after arriving we rested for a bit then I set up an 8mm ancient movie projector for us to view some films I took when I was in England and Spain. Afterwards we looked at photographs, then we sat and talked about England, our former buddies over there and our families here at home until it was time to hit the sack. The next day, Saturday, we ate breakfast at a nearby restaurant, then Jim took us all on a sightseeing trip to the Renfro Valley and Berea, Kentucky area.

Jim told us we had to stop at Aunt Polly's Cabin, she sold the best homemade ice cream. He was right, it was delicious.

From there we stopped at the The Kentucky Artisan Center at Berea, it is conveniently located alongside Interstate 75 at exit 77, just 40 miles south of Lexington, KY, and only 2.5 miles from downtown Berea, the "Folk Arts and Craft

Capital of Kentucky." The Artisan Center was crammed full of interesting and unusual craft items. From there we went back to their home. Brenda prepared a wonderful supper and following that we watched some TV, then we were introduced to bowling on the TV screen, Wii game or something like that. It was fun, I found that the ball wasn't nearly as heavy as the real thing and I couldn't throw it any better.

Sunday morning we awoke to the smell of bacon and coffee, Brenda was cooking breakfast. We had a scrumptious meal. We spent a nice enjoyable day reminiscing and resting, what a change for us, it was great not having to be somewhere else or working on the paper. But before we knew it, it was time to hit the road back to Indiana.

We thanked Jim and Brenda for inviting us into their home and treating us like family. What a treat. We said our goodbyes and headed for Centerville.



JANUARY 2010

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CURTIS F. HODGES January 12, 1940 — November 9, 2009

## **CURTIS F. "SARGE" HODGES**

I only knew Curtis F. Hodges as Curt, when I first saw him folding the American Flag that had been draped over my brother Bob's casket last January. I got to know him better from August thru October 2009 as I attended several Veteran's military funerals for a special Veterans section in my paper for the November issue, at all those burials Curt and Ron Hill or Jim Hall performed the Flag folding ceremony. The above photo of Curt was taken at a Military Funeral at Fountain City cemetery for Elmer "Bud" Woodruff.

This day though, Thursday, November 12, 2009, Curtis F. "Sarge" Hodges was to be buried with full military honors in the Veterans Field of Honor at the Earlham Cemetery in Richmond.

Curt was born in Bluefield, West Virginia to B.F. and Vada Hammlet Hodges, he was a resident of Richmond for most of his life. Top Photo: Curtis F. "Sarge" Hodges being carried by his family of friends to his final resting place in the Veterans Field of Honor. Bottom Photo: Wayne County Honor Guard members Ron Hill and Jim Hall fold Curt's American Flag while his buddies watch over him.

He served his country in the Marine Corps from 1957-1960 and retired in 2000 from the U.S. Army as a Sergeant First Class. He served for six years on the Wayne County Honor Guard. He was a member of the Marine Corps League, American Legion Post 315 and Amvets.

Survivors included his military family and friends, including Frank Gross and Carl Buchholz.

Visitation for Curtis F. "Sarge" Hodges was from noon to 2 p.m. on Thursday, November 12, 2009 at Doan and Mills Funeral Home in Richmond.

Burial followed the service in Earlham Cemetery in the Veterans Field of Honor with military honors by the Wayne County Honor Guard.

Wayne County Honor Guard members Jim Disney, Ron Hill and Jim Hall performed the Flag Ceremony, it was followed by a 21 gun salute.

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Johnny Elder, age 10, from Anderson, IN caught this 12 lb cat-fish in a neighbors pond. Johnny loves to fish with his dad, John Elder. (Photo by Vickie Elder)



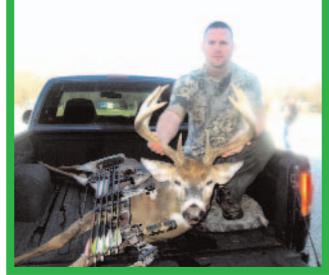
Mickey Brown took this 12 point, 190 lb. Buck on 11-06-09. (Norm's Bait Shop Photo, Campbellsburg, IN)



Paul Jensen, 12, of Wells County, nephew of Ray McCune, took his first squirrel with one shot with his .22 rifle. (Photo by Ray McCune, Kampfire Kookin')



Shelby Hall,14, with her dad Ric, from Knightstown. She took this 10 pt Buck, her first deer in her 2nd year hunting. Can you see how proud dad was of her? (Photo submitted by Randy)



Kevin Eltzroth - 10 pt buck that weighed 197 lbs and killed in Wabash County. (Bozarth Country Store Photo, Lagro, IN)



Ray Kersey of Brookville took this 16 point, 178 lb FD Buck with a shotgun opening day. Being mounted, not scored yet. (52 Pikup Marathon Convenience Store Photo, Brookville, IN)







Jesse Barton took this 8 point Buck on opening day of shot-gun season. (Pam Barton, Barton's Bay Boat Storage & Service, Brookville, IN)

Jeremy Day, age 17, fromRichmond, Indiana took this his first deer, a 10 point Buck. (Photo submitted by grandpa Terry Day)



Wayne Lunsford took this 10 point, 194 lb. Buck in Wayne County. (Frame's Outdoor Photo, Liberty, IN)





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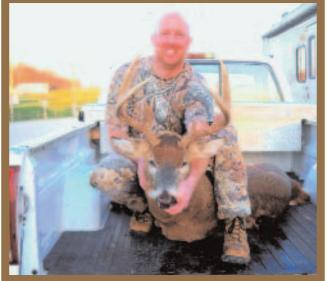
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THE GAD-A-BOUT 1990 - 2010

JANUARY 2010



Mason Bowling from Scottsburg, Indiana took this 10 point, 200 lb. Buck on 10-19-09. (Tolliver's Hunting & Fishing Supplies Photo, Vallonia, IN)



Keith Reece took this 9 point, 210 lb. Buck with a bow in Union County Indiana. (Dave's Triangle LLC Photo, Liberty, IN)



Tim Delaney took this 18 point Buck in Scott County Indiana on 11-15-09. (Scotts Ace Hardware Photo, Scottsburg, IN)



Melody Coffman took this 9 point Buck in Jefferson County on Monday, November 16, 2009. (Photo submitted by Randy Coffman, Edinburgh, IN)



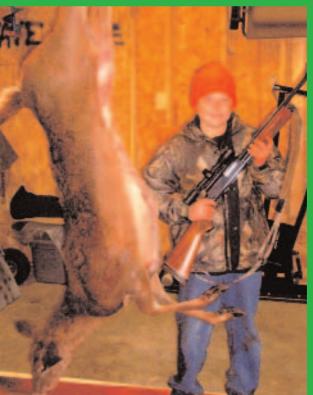
Lori McCall took this 17 point Buck on November 3, 2009. (Ed's Trading Post Photo, Nineveh, IN)



Tim Lee took this 11 point, 256 lb. Buck at 8:35 a.m. on 11-19-09 in Jennings County Indiana. (Photo by Wife Angie)







Thomas Wilhelm caught this 70 lb. Flathead Catfish on 10-04-09 at Lenior, TN, Camping for the weekend at Norris Dam on a trot line. Thomas is the grandson of Tom Johnson of Brookville. (Noble Boys Furniture Photo, Mound Haven, IN)

Steve Hughes took this 11 point, 187 lb. Buck with a muzzleloader on 11-28-09, it was Steve's first buck ever taken by him. Gross Score 170 3/8 and Net Score 163 1/8. (Photo submitted by Maya Hughes (Wife) ((Frame's Outdoor Photo, Liberty, IN)



Blake Hidbrader, age 10, went hunting on 11-18-09 with his Papaw (Randy Kieft) down in Greene County, IN. Blake shot his first deer, a doe at 90 yards, out of a ground blind. (Submitted by Joe Hedges, Bloomington, IN)



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### THE GAD-A-BOUT 1990 - 2010



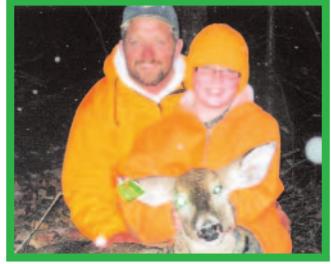
13 year old Bradlee Gwinnup & his 8 year old brother, Andrew, each took their first buck early on 11-15-09 shotgun season in a woods in Fayette County. (photo submitted by a proud dad)



Daniel Cochrane too this his first deer of the season, a doe on 9-26-09. (Red Barn Bait Shop Photo, Salem, IN)



Mark Ginder from Dillsboro, IN wanted to share this picture of the buck he got this season. (Submitted by Mark Ginder)



Ashleigh Nuce, age 11, took this, her first deer, a doe in Nov 2009 while hunting with her father, John, in Iron County, Wis. (Nuces Tire and Auto Service Photo, Anderson, IN)



Mike caught this 5 lb., 2 oz. Smallmouth Bass on a Shiner Lure on 10-11-09 in the Mississinewa Reservoir. (D & J's Corner Mart Photo, Mt. Etna, IN)





Clay Pinkston from Sullivan, Indiana took this 14 point nontypical, FD 210 lb. Buck. Sullivan, IN) (Trotter Sports Center Photo,



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Bryson Lutz, age 8, from Fayette County Indiana took his first deer on Nov. 21, 2009, a 150 inch, 200 pound, 10 point buck. (Photo by Scott Caldwell, Submitted by Blake Tressler)

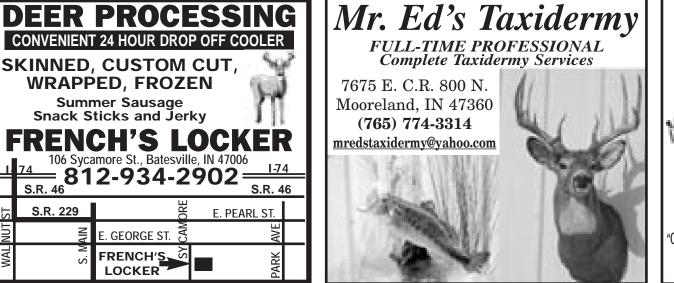
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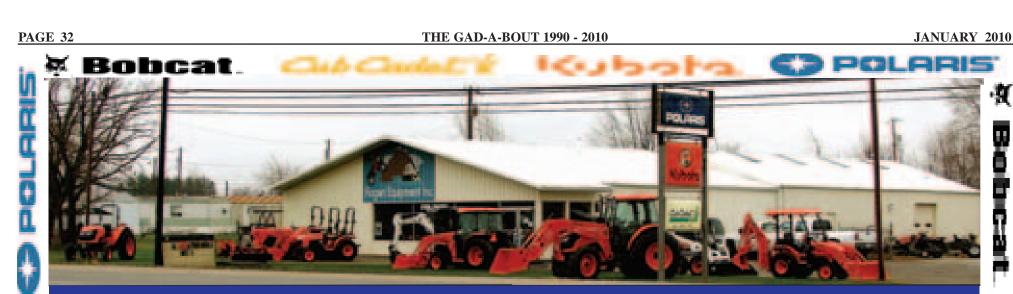


Chase Thompson, age 8, from Liberty, Indiana took his first deer during the Youth hunt of 2009. (Photo submitted by Chase Thompson)





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