ABOUT THE COVER PHOTOS SEE PAGE 3

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CANOE FEST 2012 IN BROOKVILLE, INDIANA JUNE 29-30, 2012 - SEE PG 16-17

GREAT LAKES OF THE WABASH RIVER SALAMONIE CARRIE - SEE PG 8

BATS ENDANGERED BY WHITE-NOSE SYNDROME WORLDWIDE SEE PG 27

WWII CBMU #624 SEABEE BUDDY HOWARD STORY 1944-46 - SEE PAGE 18,19 & 28

ADVERTISER'S INDEX & PICK-UP PTS PG 2 & 31 • ABOUT THE COVER PHOTOS SEE PAGE 3

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IN THIS ISSUE

SPECIAL FEATURES
Canoefest 2012 June 29-30, 2012 Brookville, IN by Ray Dickerson & Jim Subre.................. Page 16-17
Edgar “Buddy” Howard U.S. Navy Seabee WWII 1942-46 by Ray Dickerson.......................... Page 18-19

REGULAR FEATURED OUTDOOR WRITERS
Roaming The Outdoors by Ray Dickerson (News, Coming Events, USAF Museum, Seabees, etc.)........ Page 4
So You Wanna Catch More Fish by Tag Nobbe (June is Flats Fishing Time).............................. Page 5
News from the Indiana State Police by Sgt. John D. Bowling (CYED, Growing Season for Illegal Farmers) Page 6
IDNR News by P.O. Gary Catron (Got Npft?, En Garde, It’s Free)........................................ Page 7
Great Lakes of the Wabash River-Fishing News by Ryan Pershing (The Weather Can Make a Difference) Page 8
For The Serious Shooter by Terry Stover (Sighting Aids)....................................................... Page 9
Mistires and Snags by Dan Gravies (FISHING EQUIPMENT)..................................................... Page 10
Talking Leaves by Golden Eagle (MOON OF STRAWBERRIES).............................................. Page 11
The Order of Red Men by Malcolm Greene (Red Men National Chiefs meet in Virginia).............. Page 11
Fishing Lake Michigan by Curt. Mike Scholzcheid (Fishing With Otto).................................... Page 12
Indiana Slub Masters by Ross Bilberry (Festy Tournament)..................................................... Page 13
Camping Here & Beyond by John and El McGry (Through Greece and Southern Yugoslavia)....... Page 14
Bass Fishing Techniques by Bill Embry (Big Marks Bait & Tackle on Lake Monroe)........................ Page 20
Outdoor Tales by Phil Junker.................................................................................................... Page 21
Happenings in Metamora, Indiana by Janice Hunsche............................................................. Page 22
News from West Central Indiana by Don Bickel (In the quiet of the natural world)................... Page 23
Indiana Outdoors by Joe Martin (Turkey hunting at its finest).................................................. Page 24
Looking Downstream by Paul McCLOUD (Crappie: Favorite Fish of the Midwest)..................... Page 25
Indiana State Trappers Association by Dr. Fred Philips, DVM (Fishing Canada & Ltr to ISTA Mbrs) Page 26
Outdoors with Rich Creason (White-nose Syndrome Still Expanding)...................................... Page 27

GAD-A-BOUT DEPARTMENTS
2012 Distribution Area Map listing Advertising Salesmen contact information ......................... Bottom Half Page 1
Advertiser Index, Advertiser Supporting Pick-up Locations & Developing Area Pick-up Locations ... Page 2 & 31
Rate Sheet, Contract Form ........................................................................................................ Page 31
Gad’s Corner (Readers and Other Fish & Game Photos, Send in your Photo or other) ............... Page 30-31

THE COVER PHOTOS
Top Left: Bats represent around one fourth of all mammal species on Earth. White-Nose Syndrome threatens their very existence. See More on Pages 27 (Marvin Moriarty/USFWS Photo)
Bottom Left: Tony Colgan Caught this nice crappie on the Salamonie Reservoir. See more on Page 8 and Gad’s Corner page 30-31. (Photo by Ray Pershing)
Bottom Right: At left John Matias from Summit, Illinois, center Buddy Howard from Forsyth, Georgia and at right Leslie Lee from Bellevue, Illinois all serving in CBMU #624 at Kadena Airstrip on Okinawa 1945. They are standing in front of a F4U Corsair Marine Corps plane. See more on page 18-19 & 28. (Buddy Howard Photo)

GAD-A-BOUT NEWS

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HARRIS Flotebote

16-17. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)

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Roaming The Outdoors

by Raymond E. Dickerson

THE GAD-A-OUT IS FREE

At Advertiser locations and Advertiser support locations (see advertisers index on page 2 and support locations on page 31) and read The Gad-a-out on website: www.thegadabout.com

JAY BIAS HAS PURCHASED THE FORMER MIDLAKE TRADING POST

Jay Biais (former manager of J’s Dairy Inn) has purchased the former Midlake Trading Post located on Old SR 101 (Fairyland Ramp Road).

The business name has changed just a little bit, its name is Jays Midlake Bait & Tackle.

Stop in and say “Hi,” he will be glad to see you. While you are there you can buy your bait, groceries, ice, drinks, snacks and more in one easy visit. Oh, too he has LP Gas exchange and Boat Storage too.

Also he is now accepting Credit and Debit cards. You can keep up with Jay and his new business by reading The Gad-a-out each month. Jay is a hard worker, an asset to the area, with many years of service to the public when he managed J’s Dairy Inn in Liberty. I was very happy when he called and told me about his buying Hud and Diana’s store.

Jay’s address is 1908 W. Old SR 101, Liberty, IN. You can contact him by calling 765-458-7554 or e-mailing him at jaysmidlake.baitandtackle@gmail.com.

Editor’s Note: The former owners of Midlake, Hud and Diana Ozbun, can now really enjoy their retirement. Good Luck you two, I’ve really enjoyed working with you over the years there at Midlake Trading Post. We have a lot of memories. I won’t mention when Hud, Bill and I got stranded over in Wolfe Creek on my deadline weekend. Oops, I already did, sorry Hud. See you soon. Ray

A RECLUSE SPIDER BITE CAN BE DEADLY

I got an e-mail from Ray McCune a while back concerning the Recluse Spider, which is in Indiana thanks to vacationers bringing it here several years ago. I have a former owner of Triangle, at the north end of Brookville Lake, was bitten on his foot by a recluse spider when he went to his wood pile for some wood. He had to sit in a chair for the longest time with his foot elevated, as his foot went through the stages of deterioration from the bite. He survived the bite, but it wasn’t a pleasant experience for he or his wife at the time.

The e-mail said the following: At this time of year, this is worth seeing. Study these pictures to your spouse, your kids, grand kids, family, and friends. It could save their lives. Remember what this Spider looks like and be careful while cleaning. It’s almost summertime and cleanup is going on. Be careful where you put your hands. They like dark spaces and woodpiles.

Also cool areas in the attic...

Go to page 31 to see the graphic photos of the recluse spider bite that accompanied the e-mail. Warning - the photos are very detailed.

REMININDER OF ACTIVITIES COMING HERE: JUST A FEW LOCAL ONES

First up is the East Fork Fishing Expo for Kids and Stayin’ Alive 12th Annual Family Fun Day, both taking place in the Brookville, Indiana Town Park on Memorial Day, May 28, 2012. Both activities are for anyone who wants to come and have fun. The initial Stayin’ Alive Family Fun Day began in 2001. The event is focused around families by providing them with an alcohol and drug free community event to participate in on Memorial Day. I attended the event in 2011 and what a wonderful time I had and hundreds of others had, they had lots of booths, exhibits, kid activities, demonstrations, food, games and more. The times are from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m., 3 hours of family fun. In 2010 they added the East Fork Fishing Expo for Kids, it is sponsored by 52 Pick-up Marathon & Convenience Store.

The Fishing Expo is open to all kids near and far. Parents, bring your kids so they can learn how to fish, eat and have lots of fun on Memorial Day. Kids are encouraged to bring their own fishing poles and must be accompanied by an adult. If they don’t have their own equipment, a limited supply will be available for them. 52 Pick-up supplies the bait. A shuttle service is available from the park to the Fishing Expo. Be a part of “the largest gathering of people with no alcohol” at this year’s Family Fun Day.

Next up is CANOE FEST 2012, which will be held on June 29 & 30, 2012. The most popular canoe race to me seems to be the RECREATIONAL CANOE RACE, here are this year’s details on this race.

The Recreational Canoe Races will be put into 2 Waves, the first at 9AM, and the second at 11:00AM on Saturday, June 30th starting at the Tailwaters of Brookville Lake and racing down the East Fork of the Whitewater to a finish just below the confluence with the West Fork. A run that is popular with both the families and novices, and the experienced paddlers alike.

2 Person Teams
Price: Teams with at least 1 racer age 17 under: $15 Pre-Reg / Day of Adults: $25 Pre-Reg / $40 Day of - 2 person teams (Canoe Included)
Class C-2 includes Adult/Youth or Mixed Couples or Seniors or Mixed
Grudge Matches or Juniors or Womens.

Wave 1 - 9:00 A.M.
Adult/Youth; Mens; Women; Seniors; Lawyer Grudge Match.

Wave 2 - 11:00 A.M.
Juniors; Fleddging; Mixed Couples; Banks Race; Media Race; Realtors Race; Hairdressers Race

Times subject to change!

Check back closer to Race Time.

These races are intended for the novice, first-time or even the weakest of weekend warriors—perfect for couples, parents and children... or those just in
June is Flats Fishing Time

June is the month where fish make a transition from the banks to the flats, or should I say the middle of the lake.

In the spring of the year, from about May 1st to the end of the May, most all the fish are on the banks. There are some fish laying eggs in the shallow rocks on the banks. There are some building nests in the sand, on the banks and there are some fish taking advantage of the potential food source on the banks. But in June that all changes.

Once the spawning cycle is over and the water temperature starts to heat up, the fish are on the move. What they are looking for is a home area, were may not be feeding on these spots in the middle of the lake all day, every day, but I can assure you they will not move back to the banks till the fall when the water temperature starts to cool off.

Good Luck, Tag
If you need more info E-mail me at tag@tagnobbe.com or go to the web site by Tag Nobbe Professional Fishing Guide

So You Wanna Catch More Fish
by Tag Nobbe
Professional Fishing Guide

JUNE 2012
PAGE 5

June is Flats Fishing Time

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Good Luck, Tag
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CONTINUED ON PAGE 28
Each month I like to highlight one of the many specialties or divisions in the Indiana State Police. This month I’ve chosen the Commercial Vehicle Enforcement Division or CVED as we call it. The Commercial Vehicle Enforcement Division (CVED) is responsible for enforcing all state and federal regulations pertaining to commercial motor vehicles (CMV’s) operating within the state.

The goals of the division are to reduce the number of CMV crashes, and therefore the number of injuries, and fatalities related to CMV crashes. As well as, to reduce the damage to Indiana’s highways and bridges caused by overweight vehicles (for every ten percent increase in vehicle weight the damage to our highways is increased by forty percent).

The Indiana State Police CVED Program, headed up by Major Jeff Walker, Captain Wayne Andrews and Lieutenant Mel Davis, has been named the BEST Commercial Motor Vehicle Program in the country for an unheard of five years in a row. The latest award was received on April 25th in Seattle Washington from Administrator Ferro, who heads up the Federal Motor Carrier Administration. This division was ranked number one in the nation last year for truck inspections, traffic enforcement and reducing the number of crashes involving commercial motor vehicles by the American Transportation Research Institute.

There are 41 Motor Carrier Inspectors who work at the scale houses weighing and inspecting trucks, and 81 troopers who work the road weighing, inspecting, and enforcing state and federal laws on commercial motor vehicles.

The division is also responsible for inspecting school buses and commercial buses, inspecting 15,864 buses in the state last year. They are also national leaders in bus inspection, with that sector being headed up by Sergeant Steve Whitaker. Their hard work in stopping and inspecting food shipments was the driving force for the passing of Indiana’s “Hot Food Truck” law. According to Captain Wayne Andrews, “Essentially the new law allows us to take enforcement action where we had no authority before.”

“In our CMV inspection duties we could inspect the load only. If it was food, we could not deal with the fact that the sanitary conditions were acceptable or not since the Federal Code we were authorized to write did not cover it. The issue became difficult for the local board of health or state board of health since they were not geared to respond to the transportation of food product.”

But now officers have the equipment and authority to take spoiled food off our highways before it is delivered. I personally was involved in a couple of those stops where I saw some pretty nasty thawed and cross contaminated food. I was glad our guys had stopped the trucks before the spoiled food was delivered to unsuspecting restaurants all over Indiana. These stops got national attention on NBC’s Today Show thanks to the Channel 13 News in Indianapolis doing stories on the troopers and their stops.

In addition there have been several major drug confiscations already this year made by CVED personnel. Earlier this year January 31st a CVED Trooper assigned to the Pendleton District found 37 Kilos of Cocaine in brick form wrapped in grey duct tape in the cab of the truck. A search of the trailer yielded 17 more Kilos bricks, resulting in a total of 37 Kilos found in the truck and trailer. The Cocaine, Meth and Heroin had a street value of just under four million dollars.

The men and women in the CVED Division not only have to know state laws, they also attend classes for weeks learning the many Federal regulations dealing with Commercial Motor Vehicles. As you can see, they are a highly trained, highly motivated group of people.

While the Indiana State Police are not currently taking applications, if you think you might be interested in a career with the Indiana State Police, maybe even in the CVED Division, you can go to https://myvsp.in.gov/ISP/Recruitment/ and fill out a pre-application. This will insure you will be notified when the next selection process begins.

Growing Season for “Illegal Farmers”

With the warm weather here many of us are preparing plants and planting vegetables for our gardens. Farmers are planting or already have planted most of their fields. Unfortunately there are other growers out there using farmer’s fields and our woods.

Marijuana growers use this time to take marijuana plants they started indoors and plant them outdoors. They plant them in fields and wooded areas and “tend” them just like you or I care for our gardens. They will often have well worn paths into their illegal “crop” where they go in to water and fertilize.

A well tended plant may reach 6-12 feet tall and be worth $1,000 to $4,000. With this kind of money involved, it is no wonder our officers find grow operations with a bevy of booby traps? Things like fish hooks suspended by monofilament line at face level, and shotgun shells rigged with a trip wire and detonator, among others.

These “illegal farmers” are robbing you and me of access to woods and valuable farm land. Whether it’s a crop of a few plants, or a few hundred plants, growers will often times protect their crop as if their life depended on it. Heaven forbid that we or a family member “stumble in” on their operation.

The Indiana State Police Marijuana Eradication Section needs your help to combat the marijuana problem in Indiana. Many of the grow operations we find come from tips provided to us by you, the public. The Indiana State Police encourages anyone with drug information to call the Indiana Drug Tip line at 1-800-453-4756. Please remember tips can be made and kept anonymous.
The DNR Division of Fish & Wildlife wants to hear your ideas on fishing, hunting and trapping regulations in Indiana, and it doesn’t require attending a meeting to give your input.

Call it a “virtual” open house. From May 15 to June 1, the public will be able to use a convenient online form to contribute ideas and suggestions as well as provide input on issues the DNR has identified for consideration.

To find the online form, go to wildlife.IN.gov and click on the “Got INput?” box near the middle of the page. The form will be available for use beginning May 15.

“This is an opportunity for people to let us know what changes they would like us to consider,” said Gregg McCollam, assistant director of the Division of Fish & Wildlife. “This process also allows us to get much needed feedback on issues that the division is interested in moving forward.”

The online form allows people to comment quickly and easily and enables DFW staff to organize the public input into categories.

Input on fishing, hunting and trapping regulations also can be mailed to:

DNR Division of Fish & Wildlife
Attn: Proposed Regulatory Changes
402 W. Washington St., Room W 273
Indianapolis, IN 46204

After compiling the input, DFW staff will evaluate the comments and suggestions and come back in mid-summer with a second round of feedback both online and at open house meetings before proposing rules to the Natural Resources Commission.

En Garde

Warning! They swim, fly, creep, crawl, and sometimes just grow: invasive species. Most often the spread of these is not the result of natural population expansion but largely due to human activities associated with the ‘traveling man’.

With our relative ease of world-wide travel we’ve got to be careful now, more than ever, we do not in advertently provide transportation for the invasive hitchiker.

The invasive emerald ash borer, a little beetle that in numbers can kill a forest of ash trees, is one such hitchiker. As a duty to conserve forested areas and combat the spread of the emerald ash borer, the Indiana DNR has implemented a new ‘firewood management rule’ (law). The establishment of detrimental populations of this little beetle has been directly linked to the transportation of firewood. Public and private forested areas are at risk.

The firewood management rule allows only certain types of firewood to be brought into DNR areas.

Can a person bring their own wood into a state campground or picnic area? Yes. If all of the bark has been removed prior to it being transported. It is preferred that ½” of sapwood under the bark also be removed as extra insurance that under-the-bark dwelling pests are not present.

Is it permitted to bring kiln dried construction lumber to burn as firewood? Yes, kiln dried lumber is permissible. The process of kiln drying construction grade lumber makes it safe to transport. Kiln dried lesser grades of construction lumber that may have a small bit of bark and sapwood remaining would also be safe.

Can a person bring firewood from out of state into Indiana? Only wood bearing a compliance stamp from the United States Department of Agriculture is allowed to be transported in this situation.

Is firewood purchased from a business or a firewood vendor allowed to be brought to a DNR area? As long as the firewood has an Indiana or state of Indiana compliance stamp, it is allowed.

How can I locate a vendor that sells firewood with the Indiana compliance stamp? A listing of these vendors can be found at www.in.gov/dnr.

Firewood purchased at a DNR property camp store will have the state compliance stamp.

Should I be concerned if I purchase firewood that still has bark on it that carries a USDA or state of Indiana compliance stamp? Firewood with bark remaining may exhibit the required compliance stamp due to it being properly fumigated or kiln dried to destroy any possible threat of it harboring an invasive pest.

Regarding firewood, campers are encouraged to ‘burn it where they buy it’ and ‘burn all of what they buy.’ DNR property personnel will be able to direct patrons to where they can purchase firewood and assist in other firewood related matters.

There are at least 140 known pests and pathogens that can be transported from one place to another in firewood. It’s up to all of us, as stewards of this vital resource, to do our part to reduce their spread. Visit www.in.gov/dnr for more information on invasive species and how to combat their spread.

IT’S FREE!

The Indiana 2012 free fishing weekend is almost here. During the weekend of June 2-3, Indiana residents do not need a fishing license or trout/salmon stamp to fish Indiana waters. All other fishing related laws and regulations still apply but the licensing is a "freebie" during this weekend.

Many DNR properties host fun activities like fishing derbies for kids and clinics on various fishing related topics like knot tying and fishing cleaning. Some locations may require pre-registration so make sure you contact your favorite property for complete details.

For information about where to fish, lake maps, tips for fishing with kids, and fishing regulations visit www.in.gov/dnr.

Start planning now to take advantage of the free fishing weekend to introduce Hoosier family and friends to fishing.
Great Lakes of the Wabash River - Fishing News

by Ryan Pershing
Mgr of Bozarth Country Store

The Weather Can Make A Difference

With the spring season and warmer weather now upon us many individuals can’t wait to get outside and take advantage of the many opportunities that present themselves. Here at the Great Lakes of the Wabash River many outdoor enthusiasts have taken to the woods to hunt mushrooms and turkeys, ventured to the lakes to fish, and gathered family members to enjoy time with each other. This is an exciting time for everyone in the area as we all look forward for the chance to enjoy all the great experiences the outdoors provides us.

One issue we are dealing with has to do with the unexpectedly dry spell that has hit the area. As mentioned in my previous piece; the Salamonie, Huntington, and Mississinewa Reservoirs are all flood control lakes so their main purpose is to help contain any flood waters that may hit the area. Each lake is held at winter pool as long as needed to enable them to capture the heavy rains that normally are associated with the spring season and thus help prevent flooding downstream. With the early dry spell that has hit the area this has resulted in the lake levels being drastically lower than average. As of May 2nd the lakes range from seven to eighteen feet from summer pool. These numbers can be found by searching the Louisville District Daily Lake Report on the Internet. We all hope to get a little more rain on the lake this summer and allow everyone to enjoy the fishing, boating, and other recreational activities on the lake this summer.

The up and down weather has also made it difficult on the mushroom hunters this year. Every warm day we received would produce little to no rain and every rainy day was accompanied with cooler weather which resulted in very unfavorable conditions for the morel hunters. The season got started out great as many hunters in the area were finding mushrooms as many morel hunters. The season got started out great every rainy day was accompanied with cooler weather which resulted in the aforementioned on the upcoming schedule that will be taking place. On June 2nd and the Indiana Slab Masters will have their 7th tournament of the year on the Salamonie Reservoir. This is followed by the Crappie USA Tourney which is held on the Salamonie and Mississinewa Reservoirs on June 9th. Then the month concludes with the Bozarth’s Crappie Tourney held on June 23rd.

Following are other important dates to mark on your calendar of events in the area. On May 26th there will be a “Saturday for the Birds” which is a program that helps to get kids turned onto bird watching. On June 2nd the DNK will host a Kids Fishing Derby on the Salamonie and Roush Lake. Fishing is from 8:30 to 10:30 and is for ages 2-14. Then on July 28th there will be the 2nd annual Wabash River Clean Up, which is an event planned by the Wabash River Defenders to help clean the river from pollution and other trash. The first year nearly 350 volunteers participated and helped to remove over 40,000 lbs of material from the Wabash River! I feel this is a great event and would encourage anyone wanting to help to get on board. For more information about this great project visit www.wabashriverdefend.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

Top Photo: Tony Colgan Caught this nice crappie on the Salamonie Reservoir. (Photo by Author)
Bottom Photo: Kenny Westerfield caught these nice crappie on the Salamonie Reservoir. (Photo by Author)
Sighting Aids

Most of us are blessed with good vision when we are born and keep it usually into our early thirties when it starts to decline. Due to this normal occurrence it begins to be harder and harder to maintain a decent sight picture when shooting, especially handguns. It's obvious to those of us with failing eye sight how frustrating it is when the front sight is fuzzy and hard to get a good sharp hold in the notch of the rear sight. If you are among those who are aware of it, you have 20-20 vision and don't require using any kind of aid like these. It's very easy to let your eye wander from the sights to the target or somewhere in between without being aware of it. It just seems natural when you start shooting to believe you need to see the target clearly to hit it. Not true. As I said in my previous article if you're not looking at that front sight and keeping it lined up top and sides in the rear sight notch you're certain to shoot poor scores. If you're shooting a hand gun in a 50 yard slow fire match I can almost guarantee you'll be lucky to even hit the back board let alone the target. Some shooters when sighting use what is called center hold, meaning they put the sight picture center of the bull's eye. I've tried that but due to the bull being black and the sight being black also, it's hard to see the front sight and the light around it on both sides in the center hold. I have the 6:00 o'clock hold as do most shooters, meaning you set the bull on top of the front sight and hold there. When you hold there the lighter part of the paper the bull is printed on shows through more and it makes you aware of it. It just seems more natural when you start being aware of it. It just seems more natural when you start between without being aware of it. It just seems natural when you start shooting to believe you need to see the target clearly to hit it. Not true.

As I said in my previous article if you’re not looking at that front sight and keeping it lined up top and sides in the rear sight notch you’re certain to shoot poor scores. If you’re shooting a hand gun in a 50 yard slow fire match I can almost guarantee you’ll be lucky to even hit the back board let alone the target. Some shooters when sighting use what is called center hold, meaning they put the sight picture center of the bull’s eye. I’ve tried that but due to the bull being black and the sight being black also, it’s hard to see the front sight and the light around it on both sides in the center hold. I have the 6:00 o’clock hold as do most shooters, meaning you set the bull on top of the front sight and hold there. When you hold there the lighter part of the paper the bull is printed on shows through more and it makes you aware of it. It just seems more natural when you start being aware of it.

Getting back to the aids mentioned above, I’ve included some pictures of a few for your consideration. These are flip up glasses that are made exclusively for the pistol shooter. They come in three different magnifications. I’ve found I need the 1.5 sph as the 2.0 was too strong. They attach to your glasses and positioning it where you can get the best sight picture. It works like a jeweler’s loupe by attaching to the shaft of your glasses and positioning it where you can get the best sight picture. These come with three lenses ground to different intensities of magnification to suite your particular need.

Well I hope this might help someone out. It’s much more fun to shoot when you can see the sights again.

I want to urge everyone to always vote pro-gun and to join the National Rifle Association. I know we wouldn’t have the right to own a gun at this time in our history if it weren’t for the NRA! There are some other really good organizations that have come into existence in the past few years but the NRA is the daddy of them all and the one who is carrying the BIG stick when talking to representatives of our government.

Keep your powder dry.

Terry

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FISHING EQUIPMENT

Some days it just doesn't pay to get out of bed. After the past five or six weeks I've seriously considering giving all my rods to my wife to use as tomato stakes and making mobiles of all my tackle to hang from the trees in the yard. In spite of a previous column describing the advancements that have been made in the evolution of fishing gear, I'm having a hard time proving that the effort was worth it. For all of man's modern technology, it takes a ham fisted, wind whacking lubber like me to prove that “This thing will take anything I can do to it” to prove that we have a long way to go. On the other hand, I can't understand why six inches of a rod tip would shear off after simply being caught in a car window being rolled up.

It all started a month ago (after the car window incident) while Rollin and I were crappie fishing on the lake. I had re-attached the rod tip with duct tape and it seemed to be working fine. That is, until I hooked a muscle bound eight inch bass that promptly stretched the rod tip at a ninety degree angle to the rest of the rod. If you've never tried to reel in a fish on a rod with half a foot of the rod pointing down at the water and the line trapped under duct tape, you're in for a treat. I landed the monster by using the old bail type reel combination, the line made the tic tic widget of some unknown use rattling around the top of the reel spool. Under that was a plastic cap and the widget both flew overboard, and if it hadn't been for pollution regulations over water and with residences right on the edge of the lake, your spicy temper tantrum might get local security called on you.

After cutting off half my line I cast again and watched as a plastic cap of a size of a silver dollar bounced across the deck. It had popped off the top of the reel spool. Under that was a plastic package of unknown use rattling around on top of the spool. I pushed the cap back in place, tried the rewind and it worked. On my next cast the plastic cap and the widget both flew overboard, and if it hadn't been for pollution rules at the lake, the rest of the reel with the rod attached would have followed. Just two days ago while using another rod and bail type reel combination, the line made the “SPPPHHTT” sound followed by a strange object sliding down the line. It was the top guide with about an inch of rod tip attached. I found out that it may be somewhat hazardous to throw a foot stomping, hold your breath until your face turns blue hissy fit on a boat, but it can be done. To add insult to injury, a friend took pity on me and bought me two reels at a yard sale. For fifty cents apiece. It took less than a half hour of work in the garage to dump them both in the trash can.

All attempts to loosen the lock nut that held on the offending cap failed. The “nut” was a weird looking thing that no tool in my inventory would fit, so out of desperation I used a cutoff wheel on a Dremel tool to remove it. With the cap off I found that the line had worked its way down the spindle into the gearing of the reel. No amount of mechanical persuasion would allow the rest of the reel to be dis-assembled. Then, I looked to see where the #$@^% thing had been made and finally understood. I dropped it in the trash. That reel was replaced with an open bail model on which I had just wound new line. Anyone using one of those type knows that they require a little more attention to detail when casting. Hold the line firmly against the rod base with the first finger of the right hand, flip back the bail and cast while releasing the line at the precise moment. To start the retrieve, crank the handle to flip the bail back before the line releases too many loops off the spool. Yeh, right! New line hasn’t yet taken on the shape of a curly perm and tends to uncoil off the spool quickly. Then, when you start winding, one of the loose loops gets trapped under incoming line and stands out like a finger on the spool, just waiting for you to try the next cast. If you don't correct the trapped loop your next cast sounds like “SPPPHHTTT!” and forty yards of line come off in a gob while winding itself into an impossible mess to untangle. Keep in mind that sound carries a long distance over water and with residences right on the edge of the lake, your spicy temper tantrum might get local security called on you.

After cutting off half my line I cast again and watched as a plastic cap of a size of a silver dollar bounced across the deck. It had popped off the top of the reel spool. Under that was a plastic package of unknown use rattling around on top of the spool. I pushed the cap back in place, tried the rewind and it worked. On my next cast the plastic cap and the widget both flew overboard, and if it hadn't been for pollution rules at the lake, the rest of the reel with the rod attached would have followed. Just two days ago while using another rod and bail type reel combination, the line made the “SPPPHHTT” sound followed by a strange object sliding down the line. It was the top guide with about an inch of rod tip attached. I found out that it may be somewhat hazardous to throw a foot stomping, hold your breath until your face turns blue hissy fit on a boat, but it can be done. To add insult to injury, a friend took pity on me and bought me two reels at a yard sale. For fifty cents apiece. It took less than a half hour of work in the garage to dump them both in the trash can.

I'm going back to a willow stick, a line made of buffalo sinew and a hook carved from a bone. That old saying of, “What goes around, comes around” is all too true. I don't care what people think when they see me fishing from a dugout canoe, wearing a loin cloth with a spare bone hook through my nose. Now, what could go wrong with that?
Recently my daughter, Dark Eyes, and I took a journey down memory lane. We exchanged memories of when she and her brother, Sharp Claw, were children, and we lived at the LaBoiteaux Woods Outdoor Ed Center in northern Hamilton Ohio. After she left I remembered a story that would be perfect to tell this month. In 1966, the Teton Lakota Dancers were challenged by a Boy Scout Troop to spend a weekend at the woods playing a Capture the Flag Type Game, which would use of the entire 58 acres of the preserve, and their Native American skills against the Boy Scout Skills. It was a great weekend, the ‘Indians’ won. The story of the strawberries happened because there were patches of wild strawberries growing in the woods. The girls in the Teton group pretended to be out picking the berries for their supper. They were able to get close enough to the Scout’s camp to get the lay out of the camp, including the location of their flag. The Scouts didn’t have any girls in their group and so they flirted with the ‘native girls’, asking them for some of their berries, offering them candy bars in trade. Well you can guess what happened when the girls returned to their camp. After dark, the Teton boys set up a distraction by raiding the Scout’s camp, making all kinds of noise while the girls slipped back into the camp a made off with their flag.

Since the flag gave the team capturing it a high number of game points and since the efforts of the Scouts failed to recover the flag, the Teton Lakotas won. At the combined camp fire on final night, the Teton Lakotas did a victory dance which included the girls.

Like the strawberries this is the time of ripening. It is the time when the flies can be heard in the night singing their love songs. It is a time when everything in the forest is green. The streams jpeg and their way to the river or lake, When the nests and quiet woodland glens are full of new life eager to depart and start living life to its fullness. They will face many dangers in their quest but still go forward unafraid. The young two legged will also be out and about learning and testing their new skills. How great it was to be young in the month of June.

I remember once saying to my family at the dinner table, (Yes young’uns we did sit, eat, and talk together.) that I knew why so many children were born in March...because so many couples wed in June. (I thought I had discovered a great fact of life).

MAY THE GREAT SPIRIT BE WITH YOU AS YOU ENJOY THE SUMMER.

HANK STOCK/GOLDEN EAGLE

Reception.

In Virginia, there are five tribes with over five-hundred members, many of whom are veterans of our armed services.

A Native American Prayer

Let me Walk in Beauty and make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset. Make My Hands respect the things you have made and my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make Me Wise so that I may understand the things you have taught my people. Let Me Learn the lessons you have hidden every leaf and rock. I Seek Strength, not to be greater than my brother, but to fight my greatest enemy—myself. Make Me always Ready to come to you with clean hands and straight eyes. So When Life Fades, as the fading sunset, my spirit may come to you without shame.

Locally, our Miami Tribe meets in Richmond at the MCL Cafeteria the third Thursday of each month at 6:00 P.M. to eat and our council fire is lit for our meeting at 6:45 P.M. and is quenched at approximately 7:30 P.M. Please join us at our meeting.

I recognized the boat in the distance as one of the people I could count on for an honest fishing report so I hailed him with my marine radio. It was a light traffic, weekday afternoon so instead of a quick “what on and how far down” report, we visited for a few minutes and I happened to ask who else was on his boat.

“Just me and Otto,” was his reply.

I didn’t know Otto, so I dropped it and turned to switch a line to the recommended bait. A while later I passed just off the other boat’s stern and noticed only a 3-rod set-up. That prompted another call asking why he wasn’t fishing with the legal limit of rods.

I told you, it’s just me and Otto—my auto-pilot. I’m fishing by myself this afternoon,” he modulated back.

I’ve had an autopilot on the last 2 boats I’ve owned and though I won’t say it’s the most important piece of electronics on the boat, it’s certainly the handiest and the hardest working crewman I’ve ever had on duty, I can devote better attention to the sonar, complain even in a cold, driving rain. With Otto there, I can keep an eye on my fish finder, catch a lot of fish and still have a chance to look into the ocean and see what we’re catching. I never knew Otto was there until he was needed back.

Related

The most important thing to remember about Otto is that though he’s smart enough to steer the boat in a straight line, he’s not smart enough to recognize what’s in front of the boat and steer around them. Don’t blame Otto if he heads for the beach or another boat. He only goes where you tell him to go. An autopilot will be a welcome crew member on any boat. In most conditions an autopilot will steer as well (sometimes better) than a human helmsman. In addition, Otto never asks for food, drink or time off to go to the head. He will want to stay out as long as you do and doesn’t complain even in a cold, driving rain. With Otto on duty, I can devote better attention to the sonar, rods, GPS and real people on the boat.

The END
Indiana Slab Masters

by Ron Bilbrey

Geist Tournament

Who would have thought after the Patoka tournament drawing a record number of boats and a new tournament high weight, that Geist Reservoir could produce very similar numbers with cooling temps and fronts continuously moving thru providing less than perfect conditions?

Geist, an 1800 acre lake located in central Indiana just outside of Indianapolis is a much smaller lake compared to Patoka, which is the 2nd largest lake in Indiana. Geist however produced a winning weight of 9.2 lbs for seven fish. This is the second highest weight of a Slab Masters tournament and was caught by Doug Sikora and Gary (Woody) Woodcock. Doug and Woody have been in contention to win at several tournaments in the past and finally put things together on April 7th at the second Slab Masters tournament of 2012.

After the tournament I had a chance to talk with Doug and Woody who gave up a little information on how they caught there winning fish. The team started out fishing Drops just east of the 96th street Bridge. They targeted wood structure on the drops with Crappie Pro spinner jig heads. After the sun came up and warmed the water they moved to shallower parts of the lake to shoot docks using Giant Rods. They also used a technique Doug and Woody refer to as Bob and Crank. As much as I would like to share details of this method of crappie fishing, that was about as much as they would tell me. One can only speculate what this method consists of, but I assure you if it helped produced this kind of weight it won’t be the last we hear of it.

With forty boats registered on such a small reservoir, real-estate was at a premium with several boats wanting to fish the same areas. We chose to make the run down the lake to the farthest cove from the ramp to spider rig a small area off an underwater point with few scattered stumps adjacent to the creek channel. After a 30 min ride and not leaving until live well checks were completed, we arrived at our destination just before 7:00 am and found only a few boats waiting to start fishing this cove. We set up our Drift Master rod holders and caught several fish the first hour but no keepers. We trolled over the channel fighting the wind to get back to a stump we were targeting when we caught our first nice fish, a 1.07 lb white crappie on a green and black Jiffy Jig. Within an hour we had our seven fish in the live well and continued to cull fish under 11 inches the rest of the day. Our plan for the day was to fish this cove until early afternoon then move to main lake points with stumps to finish the day. The points only provided us with smaller fish as the fish became suspended only about nine feet deep. We finished the tournament in 16th place.

The Father Son team of Don and Herschel Licht finished in second place and also captured the big fish award. Their total weight was 8.88 lbs with their first top five finish this year. Chris is under 18 yrs of age and can fish with a team, the team being limited to the same number rod and reels as a two person team. Rodger, Mike and Chris fished with Southern Pro tubes tipped with shiners and had a total weight of 8.06lbs. Congratulations also to the team of Richard Jackson and Don Houser who competed in their first Indiana Slab Masters tournament at Geist and finished in 5th place with 7.69lbs. They also fished the upper end of the lake just west of the 96th street Bridge.

Congratulations to all the top finishing teams at the Geist tournament. If you would like to know more about the Indiana Slab Masters club tournament series or if you are just an avid fisherman you can visit their website@ www.indianaslambasters.com Also click the link page to visit our sponsors to check out some of their

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When we left you last month we were boarding a ferry at Brindisi, Italy to make our way across the Ionian Sea to Greece. We stopped at the three islands of Corfu, Igoumenitsa, and Patras to drop off and pick up goods and supplies and to let people off and pick up others who were going further south in Greece or to Athens. We had had an all-weather davenport on the deck of the ferry, the other half occupied by a pharmacist from Australia. We were allowed to go down into the hold of the ferry once during our 24 hour trip. Sleeping an hour or so was really welcomed on that noisy, rough, ferryboat ride. Thankfully we had purchased food we could put together for one or two meals. Our block ice was holding well in the ice box in the VW camper. We're glad we brought food, as sandwiches, etc., were extremely expensive at the bar on the deck and we hadn't as yet converted any American money to Greek money. We had brought Italian salami, cheese, a long loaf of unsliced bread and cans of vegetables and fruit. Many of the other passengers either went hungry or spent twice as much for food as they would have on land. Again, it pays to plan every detail so that when one gets into situations that look forbidding, one can still fill a need.

After having crossed the Corinthian Canal we arrived at a campground where the owner/manager greeted his new campers. We camped on a cliff overlooking the Ionian Sea. The tide was in so the rocky shoreline would have been hazardous in which to swim. We did, though, sit at our camp and watch the young octopi play among the rocks. We ate with an interesting old couple, Vinicio y Fiona from England who had converted an old Bedford van or step van into a camping unit. They had a bed, cooking area, and when we arrived at the campground wells were so low that boys with buckets on poles over their shoulders were carrying water up the steps from the Aegean sea, pouring into the barrels outside the restrooms, and after 3 or 4 people had used the ancient facilities, the attendant would dip the bucket into the barrel and get the water to flush the toilet. From Thessalonica to Skopje was quite dusty and we arrived at this beautiful city, much of it damaged by an earthquake in 1959. The people in the city park where we camped helped us clean up our dusty camper van. The town had been almost completely restored to what it had looked like before the earthquake. We inquired about the road around Albania to Kotor and the reply was gravelly, winding, steep, and that new roads were being built nearby. How true it was. One hundred and eighty-eight

CONTINUED ON PAGE 28
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Eager canoe teams wait patiently to get launched into the tailwaters below the Brookville Dam. The water they are about to enter comes directly through the stilling basin of the dam, at the bottom of the lake, 125 deep on the other side of the dam, the deepest part of the lake. The water temperature is a bit cool to those who happen to fall in unexpectedly. I attended my first race day in 2010 and several canoe occupants found themselves in the water, but they didn’t seem to mind, it was a very warm day. They just got back aboard and continued on their way. (Photo by Ray Dickerson)

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CANOE RACES SAT JUNE 30
STARTING LINE- BROOKVILLE RESERVOIR TAILWATERS RECREATION AREA
Canoes will put in on the East Fork of the Whitewater River, south of the Brookville Reservoir Dam, as directed by the US Army Corps of Engineers.

“RECREATIONAL” RACE FINISH
LINE- FRANKLIN COUNTY CONSERVATION CLUB.
 Racers in these races will finish at the Franklin Co. Conservation Club, approximately 1/2 mile south of the confluence of the East and West Forks of the Whitewater.
We expect many entrants in the Recreational Races, perhaps 300 or more, mostly novice canoeists.

CHAMPIONSHIP RACE
The Championship Canoe Race will start at the tailwaters of Brookville Lake. The starting line is on the east fork of the Whitewater River. The race runs the entire length of the east fork where it then joins the west fork. After joining the West Fork the race continues along the Whitewater until the finish line at Cottowood Campground south of Cedar Grove. The rugged race totals to be 11.25 miles in length. A shuttle will be available after the race.

BIATHLON CANOE RUN
The Biathlon will start at the tailwaters of Brookville Lake. The first leg, which is the canoe portion, runs the entire length of the east fork where it then joins the west fork. After joining the West Fork the race continues along the Whitewater until the end of the canoe segment at Morgan’s Canoe Rental in Cedar Grove. After docking the canoes the second part of the race, foot race, begins. Leaving Morgan’s the race continues south on S.R. 1 to River Road. Traveling along River Road, there will be drink stations along with some beautiful countryside. The finish line is located at the Franklin County Conservation Club ending up to be 15.1 miles in total length.

Canoe enthusiasts and others ply the waters of the East Fork of Whitewater River. (Photos by Ray Dickerson)
RECREATIONAL CANOE RACE

The Recreational Canoe Races will be put into 2 “Waves”, the first at 9AM and the second at 11:00AM. on Saturday, June 30th starting at the Tailwaters of Brookville Lake and racing down the East Fork of the Whitewater to a finish just below the confluence with the West Fork. A run that is popular with both the families and novices, and the experienced paddlers alike.

2 Person Teams
Price: Teams with at least 1 racer age 17 and under: $15 Pre-Reg & Day of Adults: $25 Pre-Reg / $40 Day of - 2 person teams (Canoe Included)

Class C-2 includes Adult/Youth or Mixed Couples or Seniors or Fledgling or Mens Grudge Matches or Juniors or Womens.

Wave 1 - 9:00 A.M.
Adult/Youth; Mens; Women; Seniors; Lawyer Grudge Match.

Wave 2 - 11:00 A.M.
Juniors; Fledgling; Mixed Couples; Banks Race; Media Race; Realtors Race; Hairdressers Race

Times subject to change!
Check back closer to Race Time.

These races are intended for the novice, first-timer or even the weakest of weekend warriors—perfect for couples, parents and children, or those just in it for the fun. The trip entails beautiful scenery on the entire length of the course. Awards will available to winners as soon as results are confirmed. There will be an official awards ceremony at 7 pm for those who wish to receive their awards on stage, presented by the Canoe Princess and her Court.

ALL RACERS WILL HAVE TO SIGN A WAIVER IN ORDER TO PARTICIPATE

Participants under age 18 will have to have a parent or guardian sign a waiver in order to participate.

THE RULES FOR FRYING

Each team will consist of one or two members only. Each team will be provided with two chickens. All other equipment including fryers and tables (etc) must be supplied by frying teams. Any equipment or behavior by team members deemed unsafe will immediately disqualify that team. Teams must be signed-up by 4 PM on the Friday one week prior to the competition. Teams must be signed-in by 3 PM on day of contest, Saturday June 30, 2012.

All chicken must be fried. No chicken sushi or chicken tartar.

THE RULES FOR JUDGING

Judging will be conducted in a blind fashion.

The $40 judging fee includes T shirt, credentials, one vote and a whole lot of yummy fried chicken!!

All judges must be checked in by 5 PM on day of contest.

Visit Website: www.canoefest.org
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length. Transportation will be available after the race.

back to the USA from Kuwait, who had held the record at 1,278 pounds. Another attempt by a large corporation in Kentucky reported to fry a containing amount, but the official record was awarded to Canoefest in Brookville, IN!

Go ahead, look it up

Over 200 fryers and volunteers fried up 2,700 pounds of raw chicken, donated at a discount by O’Mara Foods in Greensburg, a major chicken supplier to the area. The 2,700 pounds cooked down to the 1,645 that was the world record weight. The chicken was then served up in over 600 dinners, with additional chicken donated to a local food bank.

Canoe Princess Idol

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I am continuing my search to find former U.S. Navy Seabees since October of 2007 that might have served with my father, Raymond “Gene” Dickerson from July 3, 1942 thru October 29, 1945. As some of you already know - I volunteered to host the 67th Reunion of the 79th U.S. Naval Construction Battalion to be held here in Richmond and Centerville, IN this coming September 23-27, 2012. I need to add something here. My sister, Wilma Woodford found the 79th NCB on the internet, hence my involvement with them. Before their 66th reunion I found that Dad had also served with CBMU #624. After I volunteered to host the 67th reunion I asked if I could get permission to invite former members of CBMU #624 to the 79th NCB reunion too. They said I could.

On January 3, 2012 I mailed packets to over 100 former Seabees to addresses obtained from many sources.

Just a few days after the mailing I got several calls, the first was from Edward Richard (Dick) Patrick from Ashland, KY. If you saw the May Gad-a-bout you may have read the article I did on him. Dick served with my Dad on Okinawa with CBMU #624.

The second call I got was from 98 year-old Earl D. Dushane, otherwise known as the "Reluctant Dragon" from Fallon, Nevada. Earl served with the 79th NCB on Kodiak Island, Alaska. He was in the Headquarters Company.

The third call I got was from Belle Howard who lives in Forsyth, Georgia and the wife of the late "Buddy" Howard who passed away in 2001. Buddy was a Seabee serving in CBMU #624 and 617 on Okinawa.

Belle and I talked for the longest time, I took notes as best I could.

She met Buddy in a Macon, Georgia hospital in 1947 after his discharge from the Navy on 01/04/47. Buddy went to the hospital to have his appendix removed. His room was directly across from Belle's Uncles' room. Her Aunt and she started visiting Buddy too, when they were there to visit her uncle. One thing led to another and on August 1, 1948 they were married. Two important dates followed, September 1st was Buddy's birthday followed by Belle's birthday on October 1st. How you like that for a coincidence of dates. Buddy and Belle had 2 sons and 1 daughter, Nolen, Neal and Leigh Howard. They have seven grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Buddy was self-employed as a Freight Agent in Macon and Forsyth, Georgia prior to retiring in 1988. Belle was a Lab Technician for a General
Practitioner (Family Physician) in Forsyth. The two enjoyed their retirement, visiting with family and friends watching their grandchildren and great grandchildren grow up before their very eyes. They also attended a CBMU #624 reunion in Gulfport, Mississippi meeting with many of Buddy's former Seabee friends, including Ensign B. M. Perkins.

Today, Belle has close ties to her family and at home in Forsyth, Georgia she has her pet Schnauzer, "Seabee" to keep her company. We have had several additional conversations by telephone since January. She has that natural southern accent that I've always liked listening to. My two most favorite accents are Southern and British. The latter I attained a little myself having been stationed in England for 3 years, "Aye Matey!"

Belle sent me a packet of information on CBMU #624, thats worth its weight in gold. Much of the information she sent shed light and eased my hunger for more information locked away in the minds of former Seabees who have passed on, never to be heard again. As Seabee daughter, Jeannie Winter said in her comment to William Ross (Seabee article February 2012 issue) "There is a painful reality of war that many veterans keep forever silent."

Belle's packet included a copy of the CBMU #624 commissioning photo with the note on it, "CBMU 624 Commissioned at Port Hueneme, CA 1944. From rear: Carpenter Sutton, Carpenter Ferguson, Ensign Perkins, Lt. (JG) Hettema, Lt. McDonald, Leroy Mossman, Milt Nordquist, Al Vanbosheide and Ed Sanden."

A copy of the Unit History of CBMU #624 from the day it was commissioned thru August 1945.

A copy of a letter addressed to, The Officers and men of CBMU #624 dated September 8, 1945 from Lt. Commander, Marine Corps, USNR Harold A. Rosenberg, Air Base Medical Officer Awaie Airfield, Okinawa.

A copy of a newspaper clipping out of the Stars and Stripes Newspaper written by Sgt. John L. Duke entitled, "Marine Major Tells Battalion of Seabees" - "Over-worked, Underfed, Cussed At......The Drinks Will Be On Me." The last paragraph tells it all, "Telling you in words how much I appreciate the...work you have done without complaint is beyond my limited vocabulary...I shall consider it an honor to have your unit at Okinawa. You were as much a part of that heroic air defense as if you flew the planes yourselves."

And last but not least, a copy of Buddy Howard’s own activities in his Navy Hitch 1944-45-46, subtitled (USN vs EFH).

Here in his own words is Seabee Buddy Howards “Navy Hitch” (USM vs EFH).

08/28/44 Enlisted in Macon, GA. into the United States Navy (Regular Navy). 3 days before 18, to avoid the draft, no sloshing around in the mud in infantry for me. Given 10 days leave.

09/06/44 Left Macon for Great Lakes Naval Training Center, IL

09/07/44 Arrived Great Lakes - assigned to Boot Camp Company #1176. Managed to get Company Clerk job. (Thinking it would be a cushion job.) (2nd mistake)

11/18/44 Completed Boot Camp. Nine days leave. (spent traveling to Georgia and Virginia.)

11/29/44 Left Great Lakes on troop train, destination Port Hueneme. (No idea what Seabees were, though maybe they drove P.T. Boats.)

12/05/44 Arrived Port Hueneme. Assigned to 1st Special Battalion. (Shovелores)

12/29/44 Captain's Mast. Failure to muster - 6 hours extra duty. (Don't remember this one)

01/13/45 Transferred to CBMU 624 (Construction CONTINUED ON PAGE 28

Here's Dairy Inn
A Family Owned Restaurant
In Liberty, IN 47545-5812

McDonald’s Bait and Tackle
Live & Artificial Bait
Fishing & Hunting License
Open 7 Days 8:00 a.m.
“Deer and Turkey Check Station”
Home Processing Supplies
Excellent Sausage & Jerky Seasonings,
Casings, etc. — “Check us out”
15 W. Grant Street
Knightstown, IN 46148
765-345-2012

The aftermath of Typhoon that hit Okinawa on Oct. 9, 1945 (Buddy Howard Photo)
Today’s bait & tackle shops consist mainly of big box stores like Bass Pro Shops, Wal-Mart’s Dicks, etc. There are not many small bait & tackle stores around these days. This means you can get what you need from these big box stores, but you can’t get information on what the fish are biting on, on the lake that you’re fishing. These big stores want to sell you fishing equipment; yet they have no knowledge of the local fishery that you may be fishing. This is why I often go to the local fishing shop to purchase my fishing equipment from them instead of these larger stores. Big Marks on the southwest side of the lake is just this kind of store. It is a small store, but, the person behind the counter is full of knowledge, either first hand or passed on from other anglers.

Big Marks Bait & Tackle is located in his basement of his home close to Lake Monroe at 9430 S. Strain Ridge road on the southwest side of the lake. If you’re at the dam, or at Fourwinds area you’re close to Big Marks bait & tackle. If you’re going to Fourwinds on Fairfax road turn right on to Strain Ridge road. It’s the last turn on the right before you enter the park. Go down a couple of miles & look for his signs on the right. Just come on in. He will be down there telling fish tales or getting someone some minnows. If you’re coming from the Dam area, Turn on Strain Ridge road; he is about ½ mile on the left. You can’t miss it!

Mark takes great pride in providing high quality fishing equipment at a working man’s price! Mark sells live bait minnows, Red worms, Night crawlers, Crickets, Shiners, Neon night crawlers, Gold fish, Jumbo red worms, Rosie reds, Skip jack, Chicken Livers, shrimp, Stink bait, etc. He also has a large selection of rods, reels, jigs, bobbers, & other terminal tackle. Indiana fishing licenses are available.

Mark started fishing as a child with a cane pole with his step-father. Through the years he has learned to adapt to fish for a variety of different kinds of fish. Big Cat’s & Jig fishing are his passions. He has helped many folks in the area, with their techniques to improve on their catches. Mark is always willing to help people out with their baits & locations. Mark served in the U.S. Seabee’s for his country, then afterwards he spent sometime working on the Gulf Coast fishing, Shrimping, & Oyster dredging. After gaining much experience, he returned to the Midwest and is now living his dream of sharing his passion with others.

Feel free to ask Mark about anything that is related to fishing, if he doesn’t know he can find out in a hurry! Mark keeps in touch with many local angler’s & guides about what the fish are eating and gets local fishing reports & he can also connect you to some really great fishing guides in the area that are always on fish. Big Mark & his wife Julie are great folks that just want to earn your business. So when you’re down at Lake Monroe stop by, say hi, & find out where the fish are biting?

Mark’s phone number is (812) 824-4846 his Website: bigmarks.proboards80.com “Good Fishin” Bill Embry embrygot2lovit@aol.com
If old boat could only talk

I’ve always loved being around water. Fishing and boating have always been at the top of my list of pastimes. Over the years, nearly every place the Junkers have lived has been on or near the water. There were a few exceptions in my early years, but in the last four decades a couple hundred yards has been the furthest we have been from a spot to cast a lure or launch a boat. During that time, I’ve always owned a boat. Most were purchased used. I’ve had canoes, small sailboats, pontoon, ski, and fishing boats. Today, I still have a fold-up Porta-bote. Late last fall, I saw a small 10-foot, aluminum Jon boat at a yard sale. Figured it would slip easily into the back of my old truck, and thought it would be ideal to paddle around the small lake where we currently spend warm weather. I could picture myself casting Roadrunners and Beetlespins to the bass, crappie and bluegill as the sun settled behind the trees to the west. I even purchased a small Minn-Kota trolling motor and a new battery to help propel my new (to me) fishing machine. Plan B was to look on the internet for another boat? How old is the boat? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? It traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics? I attempted to launch it in my backyard, and was sure motor battery, rod and reel, and old man were stable outdoor writer. Upon arrival at his home, I looked over the boat. I actually found several within a reasonable distance of home, and decided to check one out located on the north side of Bloomington. The young owner said the older aluminum boat had comfortably and stably held he, his wife, and young son. Upon arrival at his home, I looked over the boat. It looked much like many I had seen years ago at camps and resorts. Quickly, I made the decision to buy it. It appeared it would meet my need, but something else also attracted me. Isaiah Bowling, the owner, had found a very old magazine advertisement about the boat. It indicated the boat was a Pioneer and manufactured in Middlebury, IN. I wish the boat could tell it’s story. How many big fish have been pulled over its sides? Where has it traveled to? What lakes? Who took it to picnics and shady sandbars? Did anyone ever fall overboard? How old is the boat? A guess would be it was built in the 1950’s. The old advertisement called Pioneer Boats, “America’s most advanced line of metal boats... Rounded V-bow with flat bottom design provides smoothest ride with utmost steadiness. Eleven models, 33 sizes in galvanized iron and steel and aluminum. ‘Endorsed for 40 years by leading summer outdoor writers.” The old Pioneer boat probably was built in the mid-1950’s. My guess, it like many other trusty old boats, would have some fascinating stories to tell, if it only could. (Photo by Author) From a brief internet search I learned Pioneer had been located at 125 Perry St., Middlebury, IN, and was purchased in 1972 by Jayco manufacturing, well-known builder of Jayco trailers. I have contacted Jayco in an attempt to learn more, but haven’t received a response. I also discovered there currently is a Pioneer boat company on the east coast, but it doesn’t appear to have any relationship, except the same name. The former owners, Isaiah and Joni Bowling enjoyed the boat, and I’m sure others did as well. Now I own the old boat, and would love to hear from anyone who knows anything more about lineage of Pioneer boats.

FILET FISH -- Today, most people fillet crappie and other panfish (cut out all of the bones), however as a kid we never filleted fish. We cut the heads off of crappie, removed their internal organs, and then the scales with a knife or a scaling knife and tool. I probably was nearly 30 before I filleted my first fish. Now, it probably has been 30 since I haven’t filleted one. Although, there are times when I clean small bluegill the old way, and fry them. Bones need to be carefully picked, but they are tasty cooked whole. Here are some simple instructions to fillet a crappie. Some people use an electric knife, but they are just as easy with a long, thin, flexible filet knife.

1. Place the fish on a flat surface. I keep a board for that purpose.
2. Put the knife at an angle to the head and cut behind the top fin down to the backbone.
3. Move the blade along the right side of the backbone, bumping the ribs, but not cutting them.
4. Slice the blade into the flesh meat near the vent and cut the fillet to the tail.
5. Cut the fillet away from the ribs with care.
6. Cut through the skin of the stomach to remove the fillet.
7. Turn the fish over and repeat the process of the other side.
8. I often vary the procedure at step four by not completely cutting off the fillet. I then flip it over and cut between the skin and the meat. I then remove the fillet and in a separate action cut out the rib cage.
9. It is a bit complicated to explain, and there are several good videos showing the process on the internet. Simply type in “fillet crappie” and several should appear.

There is nothing much better in the spring than a pan of fresh, fried crappie.

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Metamora, Indiana Activities for June

From the Metamora site:
Every Friday evening thru September stop by for the Metamora Cruise In. It’s free from 5:00 pm to dusk on Main Street in Metamora. There will be food, drinks, music, cars, trucks, and motorcycles. All exhibitors will receive dash plaques. Bring your show car/bike/truck or bring your family to see the show vehicles. For more information contact Max Sloan at 765-309-8536.

June 2-3 is the 26th Annual Strawberry Daze from 10am-5pm. Strawberry shortcake will be sold at the Merchant’s Association tent in the yard of the Banes House. There will be live music in the afternoon featuring regional groups. Also on Saturday, June 1 the Twilight Limited Train to Dinner departs from Connersville Station at 6 p.m. and travels to the Laurel Hotel. The cost is $29 per adult, $15 for children (special child’s menu) and includes the round trip train ride, the meal, tax and tip. Reservations required.

June 15-17 and 22-24. Day Out with Thomas:TM Mystery on the Rails Tour 2012. This is always a fun couple of weekends for fans of Thomas. Besides a train ride on a full size replica of Thomas the Tank Engine™, there will be storytelling, arts and crafts, build with Mega Bloks®, have your picture taken with Sir Topham Hatt, and much more! Purchase tickets online at www.TicketWeb.com/DOWT or by calling TicketWeb at (866) 468-7630.

Finally, June 29 at 6pm the Wild West Train to Dinner departs from Connersville Station at 6 p.m. The Wild West entertainment is being provided by the Circle D Rangers. The train departs at 6pm from Connersville’s Grand Central Station. Adults are $39 per person and include the round trip train ride, the meal, tax and tip. Reservations required.

Metamora, Indiana
765-647-5309

Happenings in Metamora, Indiana

by Janice Hunsche
Owner of Kaleidosaurus Books

2nd Annual Gateway Park Bluegrass Festival 2012, Friday, June 29. 12pm-10pm and Saturday, June 30, 10am-10pm. (Gateway Park is across from Metamora on Hwy S2) You and all your friends are invited to a wonderful weekend of toe tapping fun with lots of great traditional bluegrass music performed live. Admission is $15. Live performers include The Tifters, New Jerusalem Bluegrass Gospel, All American Bluegrass Band, Vern McIntyre’s Appalachian Grass, Brian Keith Wallen and Blue Lightning, Slate-Fall, Shady Valley, Coffee Brothers, Deer Creek, Cave Mountain. Presented by the Whitewater Canal Scenic Byway Association. For more information call (765) 647-2176.

From the Whitewater Valley Railroad site:
For more information and reservations be sure to call (765) 825-2054 or visit the website http://www.whitewatervalleyrail.com/2012/index.html.

The Whitewater Valley Flyer 12pm-5pm every Saturday, Sunday, and holidays. Please note the train will not run the weekends of June 16,17,23,24 due to the Thomas the Tank Engine event. Depart the Connersville station at 12:01 for a 2 hour layover in Metamora. June 1 the Twilight Limited Train to Dinner departs from Connersville Station at 6 p.m. and travels to the Laurel Hotel. The cost is $29 per adult, $15 for children (special child's menu) and includes the round trip train ride, the meal, tax and tip. Reservations required.

Finally, the Cruise In will be held at the Music Stage on Lovers Lane. June 2-3 is the 26th Annual Strawberry Daze from 10am-5pm. Strawberry shortcake will be sold at the Merchant’s Association tent in the yard of the Banes House. There will be live music in the afternoon featuring regional groups. Also on Saturday, June 1 the Twilight Limited Train to Dinner departs from Connersville Station at 6 p.m. and travels to the Laurel Hotel. The cost is $29 per adult, $15 for children (special child's menu) and includes the round trip train ride, the meal, tax and tip. Reservations required.

In 1988, part of the movie Rain Man was filmed at The Hearthstone Restaurant. That year Rain Man went on to win the prestigious Academy Awards for Best Movie, Dustin Hoffman for Best Actor, and Barry Levinson for Best Director. The two old cabins, shown above, that made up the Rain Man set are still here and renovated. For many in the Brookville — Metamora area it was an exciting summer to meet with both Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise as they added their presence to the continuing legend of THE HEARTHSTONE.

(Cabin and Plaque Photos by Ray Dickerson)
and that's the news from West Central Indiana

by Don Bickel, Forester

In the quiet of the natural world

Not much God-inspired activity from the front porch on West Pike Street in Crawfordsville, but here on the cabin porch in back of the maple syrup camp, everything I see is there of its own choice. No movement, no mowed grass, no vehicles rushing back and forth, just the green of grass, forbs (forbs - wildflowers to some, weeds to many) and trees. Mixed into this melange of green are the birds. By sitting quietly and writing, they seem to become less apprehensive of this unknown object which has taken residence on an otherwise vacant porch. A hummingbird just buzzed and hovered six or seven feet away - not sure what attracted her, since I have no red item of apparel. Some day, I hope to discover the nest of a hummingbird - oh, I've seen those that were clipped from a branch and carried to the house as an item of curiosity. To find an occupied nest and quietly observe the feeding of the young birds would surely be a wonder. A cardinal is perched off to my left and is making the call for which it is named. A male rufous sided towhee is scratching through a small brush pile a bit to the right of the cabin. The brushy nature of this section of woods provides many probable nest sites for these shrub or ground nesting birds. Now, a good reason for selecting this place to write, has arrived. A male Baltimore oriole, with its brilliant orange breast and rump has found a branch on which to preen about 30 feet away. Its hanging basket of a nest will be constructed with all of the strong winds of summer. Generally the branch will break away from the tree before the nest is torn loose. Several species of warblers have made their appearance, but since both binoculars and identification books are safe at home, their identity will not be known. An identifiable house wren is inspecting a box elder stump. Since the windows are gone, the windows are gone, this small hyperactive bird may find a nesting site under the cabin's roof. An indigo bunting just sat for a minute, its brilliant, almost metallic blue is unmistakable. Now the house wren is sitting on the end of the picnic table on which I am writing. Although many of these birds may be seen within the city limits, only those folks who live on the fringes of suburbia, where the undergrowth and trees have not been disturbed, are likely to see the variety as afforded by the woodland edge.

This is not a familiar territory for the English sparrow, starling and house finch. So their presence is rarely observed.

To move deeper into the woods, would move the observer farther from these "imports" and into the realm of birds not often seen on the open woods edge. While mushroom hunting a short time back, I was fortunate to see a male scarlet tanager. This deep woods bird, actually of a tropical family, with its brilliant red coat and black wings and tail is mistakenly identified by some as a cardinal. When the tree leaves become mature, visual distance will be lost and the bird will be harder to see.

Today, after a night of a much needed rain, the weather is cooler again - perhaps this is blackberry winter. A walk south from the cabin along the lane would bring me to the creek, not a large stream as Sugar Creek, but one with a flat rock bottom and an ample amount of flowing water. Lying almost in a small pool of water, not much bigger than a large living room. This pool is separated from the creek by a ridge of sand about six feet wide and two feet in height. Nothing unusual here, but his pool is inhabited by - on last count - 16 soft shelled turtles. From spring through fall these turkey platter sized reptiles are present sunning on the bright warm days and staying under-water on days such as today.

There is a small channel which connects the creek and pool and apparently the turtles use it to venture into the creek and find food. I've never seen this movement, but there is no way enough food exists in this pool to feed these turtles. The soft shell is a bit more wary than the snapping turtle. It requires a very cautious stalk to be within visual range of these turtles. Any slight movement within their sight will send them sliding into the water and out of reach.

A few hundred yards upstream from the turtle refuge, the great blue herons are incubating their eggs in stick nests high in the tops of sycamore trees. Most nests that were occupied last year have been refurbished, some are now composed of quite a pile of sticks. Although these brush piles would seem to be short lived in a strong wind, even winds near tornadic force seldom dislodge them. A heron rookery or nesting site is a noisy place, especially when the hatchlings attain a little size and their appetite has increased even more so. When dressed in clothing that blends with the surroundings and finding a rest on an available stump or log, the observer becomes part of the woods and nature's show continues undisturbed.
Turkey hunting at its finest

There is just something about turkey hunting in the South – for me, there is just something about turkey hunting in general – but it also just seems right in the south. I mean, as a rule, turkey hunting existed in the southern regions before it did in the Midwest, for example. Plus, the rolling, heavily wooded terrain, broken up by fingers of green fields is just how I envision typical turkey country. Well, my son Nicholas and I got to experience a good ole’ southern turkey hunt first-hand. It was everything I thought it would be and it lived up to my self-imposed hype. As is usually the case for me, I managed to incorporate an outdoor adventure into a family trip. With a trip to Tennessee planned for spring break – and their turkey season coincidently being open – I quickly began making plans for some morning turkey hunting with my son Nicholas. My wife made it clear early on that this was not going to be a hunting trip, but rather a trip for the entire family. Luckily for me though, I have a wife who understands our dedication to the outdoors. Plus, she is not an early riser like I am, so we struck a deal that Nicholas and I would only hunt until about nine or ten in the mornings, then be back to enjoy the rest of each day with her and her mother. Fair enough.

Places to hunt weren’t a problem as the Big South Fork National Forest lay literally right out the back door-step of our cabin. We also had access to some privately owned land through a friend – both of which held good numbers of birds. On the first morning’s hunt, we heard multiple gobblers sounding off from their roosts. Being unfamiliar with the land, we cut the distance down as much as possible to the closest bird and set up. Luckily for us, he was not in the company of hens that morning. Nicholas’ eyes were nearly bugged out of his head with excitement. We had no idea he was slowly moving right into Nicholas’ shooting lane. When the gobbler stepped behind a tree it gave Nicholas the chance to move his gun, then be back to enjoy the rest of the trip, we almost did it again. We called two gobblers into range and had them there for a while. We just couldn’t get it done, however, as they just wouldn’t step out from behind a knob for a shot. Instead, they stayed in the same spot for forty minutes gobbling as they waited for the supposed hen to come to them. They eventually lost interest and moved off. We even called them again only to have the same outcome. Hey, that happens, as frustrating as it is. Oh well, at that point my trip was already complete. We had an awesome time as a family and Nicholas had a great bird already.

The tom eventually worked his way right into our laps – literally! The problem was that the bird was to my left and Nicholas was to my right. He came within five yards of us and I thought we were surely going to get busted. But, Nicholas did a great job of sitting motionless at the base of the tree. The tom eventually worked his way around a knob while advancing towards our decoys. The strutting gobbler had no idea he was slowly moving right into Nicholas’ shooting lane. When the gobbler stepped behind a tree it gave Nicholas the chance to move his gun, the last couple inches he needed to and when the bird stepped out, his head was right in my son’s scope. As the love-struck gobbler faced us, still in full strut, Nicholas said, “Dad, I have a perfect shot right now.” I gave him the go ahead and within seconds he had his first Tennessee gobbler - and first bird of the season - on the ground! The next several moments were filled with unspeakable feelings of joy and accomplishment for both of us – so much so that it’s almost embarrassing as we acted like giddy goof balls in our excitement. But in reality, there really isn’t a thing embarrassing about it. If we didn’t get all cranked up the way we do when we encounter success, then I would worry about how much we really appreciated and understood the accomplishment. A quick prayer of thanks, a ton of photos later and we were headed back to the truck. The weight of a longbeard draped over your shoulder as you clasp his ankles in your hand never gets old. Nicholas is finding that out!

Remarkably, a couple days later on our last hunt of the trip, we almost did it again. We called two gobbler into range and had them there for a while. We just couldn’t get it done, however, as they just wouldn’t step out from behind a knob for a shot. Instead, they stayed in the same spot for forty minutes gobbling as they waited for the supposed hen to come to them. They eventually lost interest and moved off. We even called them again only to have the same outcome. Hey, that happens, as frustrating as it is. Oh well, at that point my trip was already complete. We had an awesome time as a family and Nicholas had a great bird already. Knock on wood, but I have yet to find myself on a family vacation without being able to enjoy some form of fishing or hunting – regardless of where we traveled – and I hope I never do! From our glorious bird, landowner, to everyone we met while in Tennessee, the term “Southern hospitality” certainly applied. It isn’t just a cliché. It’s a fact.
Looking Downstream

Crappies, Favorite Fish of the Midwest

In 1952, at the wise old age of three years ten months I caught my first fish, an eight-inch black crappie. It was on a weekend long fishing trip with my parents to one of the many canals connected to Ohio's Grand Lake St. Marys. I'm pretty sure that at the time, Crappie fishing was "the" only kind of fishing we did. I know at a later time, probably a decade or so, my dad and grandpa got into fishing for catfish in one of the larger creeks in our area, but Crappies remained the number one fish that stayed in abundant supplies in our freezer. The main reason for this is my folks both coming from large families that had survived the Great Depression of the late thirties had learned that supplementing meager food stores with fresh game and fish helped stretch much tightened grocery budgets. Both my parents were experienced hunters and live bait fishermen. Even in the fifties and sixties with the good times and good salaries, we survived the Great Depression of the late thirties had many dozens of nice sized (eight to eleven inch) panfish and though I have not had good results with proven to be very effective with Crappies and other species in our freezer. The main reason for this is my folks both coming from large families that had survived the Great Depression of the late thirties had learned that supplementing meager food stores with fresh game and fish helped stretch much tightened grocery budgets. Both my parents were experienced hunters and live bait fishermen. Even in the fifties and sixties with the good times and good salaries, we survived the Great Depression of the late thirties had many dozens of nice sized (eight to eleven inch) panfish and though I have not had good results with proven to be very effective with Crappies and other species in our freezer. The main reason for this is my folks both coming from large families that had survived the Great Depression of the late thirties had learned that supplementing meager food stores with fresh game and fish helped stretch much tightened grocery budgets. Both my parents were experienced hunters and live bait fishermen. Even in the fifties and sixties with the good times and good salaries, we survived the Great Depression of the late thirties had many dozens of nice sized (eight to eleven inch) panfish and though I have not had good results with proven to be very effective with Crappies and other species.

In 1964, Ohio opened Hueston Woods State Park and it's 625-acre Acton Lake. Our family was one of the first to fish the scenic yet usually windy lake. When the lake was opened to the public there were several large piles of downed trees that had been cleared and tied together with cables and anchored around the outer edges of the lake. Nice sized Crappies were easily taken with minnows fished through openings in the logs. Occasionally you'd catch a really big Rockbass but it was obvious this was going to be a Crappie lake. Here today as in the past, live minnows fished near the deeper ends of downed trees can't be beat. Fishing in the varying depths of a lake is much different from the constant shallow depths of canals. Fish will suspend in the water where they are most comfortable. I'm not going to get into thermoclines, suspended particulates, oxygen levels and all that technical stuff. I'm putting it all together and calling it "comfort zone". You will have to move your float up or down till you get some action, then you may want to tweak your depth to see if you can get even more action. There are hundreds of artificial baits that have proven to be very effective with Crappies and other panfish and though I have not had good results with them myself, I know many guys who do very well with the artificial's. You can't blame them, keeping minnows alive and frisky is work intensive and some canes poles you can use a strong braided or mono line then a length of light line about four feet long as your terminal leader with shot and hook for your live bait, or bare leader for your jig or other artificial. This same rig works for jigs too, minus the shot. Cane poles can give you an edge sometimes as you can dip your bait in tight areas where stick-ups are present and interfere with casting.

Pre-spawn and spawning time is when Crappies are fished the hardest. During this time it's possible to catch limits of fish in a comparably short time. Large schools of mature fish move into shallow coves and up feeder streams to spawn. The pre-spawn feeding frenzy can last several days and what many anglers ignore an important fact, Crappies feed as well at night. Bait fish attracted to artificial light sources are followed by feeding Crappies. Areas around lighted boat docks even a lantern suspended above the water can prove quite productive. The bait-fish will be shallow and the Crappies suspended just below them so a shallow presentation works best. If you can see the baitfish your bait should mimic the size, color and action of the baitfish. The only drawback on night Crappie fishing is the same night fishing for any other species is the mosquitoes, have the proper repellents ready or suffer the consequences.

When discussing Crappie fishing you have to go over structure. In fishing structure is any physical item that a fish can relate to as we do to places we're familiar with in our daily lives. A drowned tree, a large rock or cropping of rocks, a patch of aquatic weeds, pilings, docks, sand bars, oak creek and river channels, anything significant other than the plain lake bottom. Crappies will suspend around structure for protection from predators or to ambush smaller feeder fish. Regardless of your choice of baits, these are all good places to start when going after Crappies. Pre-spawn and spawning time is when Crappies are fished the hardest. During this time it's possible to catch limits of fish in a comparably short time. Large schools of mature fish move into shallow coves and up feeder streams to spawn. The pre-spawn feeding frenzy can last several days and what many anglers ignore an important fact, Crappies feed as well at night. Bait fish attracted to artificial light sources are followed by feeding Crappies. Areas around lighted boat docks even a lantern suspended above the water can prove quite productive. The bait-fish will be shallow and the Crappies suspended just below them so a shallow presentation works best. If you can see the baitfish your bait should mimic the size, color and action of the baitfish. The only drawback on night Crappie fishing is the same night fishing for any other species is the mosquitoes, have the proper repellents ready or suffer the consequences.

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pasportv@ydial.net
Fishing Canada

The six inch long, red and white Daredevil spoon landed perfectly in the middle of the beaver channel, just feet from the foot of the lodge. As it slowly sank, wobbling back and forth, I anticipated the strike. I took the slack out of the line, reeled in a couple of yards of line, bringing the spoon back to the surface, and started the flutter down again. As I began the process for a third time, with hope fading, a torpedo shadow shot out of the cover and took the spoon in mid flutter. The fight was on. The Canadian northern turned to rush back to its hiding place as I tried to cut it to the boat. After a brief struggle, I won and brought the six pound fish to the boat.

At 32 inches, it was a “Queen’s fish”, i.e. it had to be returned to the Lake, unharmed. There is something morally wrong about having to release a 30+ inch fish, but ecologically it makes for a lot more big fish. Canada has big fish.

I was fishing on Savant Lake, Ontario Province, Canada, in July. I have fished this lake several times over the past 20 years always out of Cat Track Lodge. It is a fly in Lodge, so it is not for the faint of heart. Rusty Myers flying service takes us in near Ignace, the flight taking near 40 minutes. If you have never flown off of water, it is quite a trip. When the old twin engines of the Beaver aircraft wind up and begin their bouncy run over the lake surface, you just hold your breath. Once you are airborne, the beautiful country passing under you is absolutely amazing. If you are lucky you see a moose, or a caribou. Sometimes you can see schools of fish in the shallows if the sun is right and the water is calm.

Lake Savant has three arms to it. That is part of it’s appeal to me. The north arm is known for its northern pike. The northeast arm is known for its lake trout. Where you go on the lake, depends on what you wish to fish for. At times, you cannot beg a bite. So you float down to another hole, and suddenly every cast produces a walleye. Walleye tend to stay in schools of similar sized fish. If your first fish was 16 inches, your sixth fish will probably be 16 inches plus or minus a few inches, as will be your 20th fish. When you hit a feeding school of walleye, it is handy to have extra poles rigged with 1/4oz jigs ready to add a minnow to. When the pole you are using loses its lure, you just wind it up and reach for another pole. You can always take the time to re-rig a pole after the bite has ceased. It is not uncommon to catch and release several dozen walleye from one school, and then suddenly they are gone, and it is time to move on to the next hole. When we got tired of fishing (that’s blasphematic talk), we would find the next hole by slowly trolling our lures and letting the boat do all the work.

When my son, Colin, was ten, we took him on a week long fishing trip. Beginning on a Sunday, we fished every day from about 9am till near 6pm. On Monday, Colin and I went for lake trout in the south arm, leaving the cabin at 6am. It was foggy, and it took us a while to find the spot we wanted to fish. After loading up 1oz jigs with herring, we dropped them to the bottom 80 to 120 feet below. Jigging up and down a few feet, it wasn’t long before Colin hooked into a four pounder. It was a big fish to him. I hooked up next with a six pounder that was quite feisty. Colin had not been able to see his fish in the water, so he watched for mine. The water was very clear and tended to magnify the size of the fish. As Colin caught sight of it, 30+ feet down, he became quite excited and thought maybe we should call for help. I asked him to look around this huge lake, that we had all to ourselves, and see if he saw anyone to call to. It was a great morning, and the afternoon was going to be even better.

At ten o’clock, the lake trout went to sleep, and the bite stopped. We motored home and had lunch at the cabin. After a brief nap, everyone headed back to the south arm for the afternoon fishing. Dad was once again in our boat and we hit them hard. Dad landed a six pounder. I landed a two pounder. Then Colin hooked into something that threatened to pull him in. Dad was worried enough that he suggested that I stand ready to catch the kid while he would do his best to catch the rod. Colin fought valiantly for almost 15 minutes before the fish finally gave it up and came to the boat. It was a nice 12 pounder. As my father netted the fish, Colin hopped down on the extra clothes bag in the front of the boat and exclaimed that he was done. At ten years of age, he had fished near 12 hours with me that day and caught his limit of nice trout. I was impressed and very proud. Dad was very happy as I had ever seen him.

It was a great trip. It was the last fishing trip that I ever made with my father. Cat Track Lodge in Ontario, Canada is a beautiful place to fish out of. If you get up that way, tell Carol that I sent you. Maybe she will direct you to a good fishing hole just because. I look forward to my next trip.

Fred Philips, DVM

Open letter to members of ISTA

Dear Members of the ISTA,

The Board of Directors for the Indiana State Trappers Association (ISTA) recently became aware of many errors in our membership list as Bill Lewis was over as Treasurer. We are trying to verify information and make all the necessary corrections to keep the ISTA a viable trappers association. To that end, would you please verify the following information and return it to us at your earliest convenience. If your membership has expired, now is the time to renew it with us. Just fill out the form below. If you have had a problem with your past membership, i.e. did not receive the Magazine that you paid for, please let us know. If you have any other constructive ideas or criticisms of the ISTA, I will be happy to accept them at the above address. If any of the following information is incorrect, please strike it out and clearly write in the correct information and return it to the above address. Alternatively, an e-mail may be sent to fpp@juno.com. We are trying to keep the ISTA website current, so if you have not recently visited it, please do so today. (www.indianatrapppers.org)

Your patience, as we sort this issue out, will be appreciated.

Sincerely,

Fred Philips, DVM
Pres. ISTA
by other animals and people, pesticide poisoning and direct killing. Recently, over 1300 bats were found dead in nets surrounding orchards in Thailand in just a four square mile area.

That is very bad news. But, it gets worse. In the last half decade, a new threat has arrived, killing millions of bats already, with unknown more in serious danger. The White-nose Syndrome fungus has entered the picture, decimating as much as 90% or more of the local population of some cave hibernating bat species in more than nineteen states and four Canadian provinces.

In 2006, WNS was found in bats near Albany, New York. This fungus appears as a white substance around the head, ears, and wings. It seems to thrive in cool, damp, environments and to mostly affect those bats which overwinter in large numbers in caves or mines. Scientists have now decided the problem comes from Europe, but most of the bats there have developed some kind of immunity to it. Although they now know where it comes from, they do not have any idea how to control it. It is thought this fungus somehow awakens the small mammals during their hibernation causing the bat to use up its store of fat. Then, since there is no food source available to it in winter, the bat will starve to death. The few animals which survive leave the cave in spring and may spread the disease to other locations. (Those studying the problem are not sure how WNS is actually spread.)

Whether the fungus is spread by the animals themselves, by people entering and leaving the caves, or some other way, the disease moved quickly throughout the northeastern states. Since the original outbreak, deceased bats have been found in Connecticut, Delaware, Massachusetts, Maryland, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Vermont, West Virginia and Ontario, Canada, above New York.

Then, this year, the problem jumped to Tennessee, then Missouri. WNS has now been found in Maine, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and has just been confirmed in the Russell Cave Complex in the northeastern corner of Alabama. This is the southernmost area which has shown the disease. It was hoped the spread of the disease would not go this far south. Unfortunately, since I started researching this, I have found almost daily reports of worsening conditions. This is the time of year the bats are coming out of hibernation and the reports of worsening conditions. This is the time of the year the bats are coming out of hibernation and the researchers are going into the caves and mines to search for new bats. Hopefully, the spread has slowed or stopped this year.

While this deadly disease is not known to affect humans physically, it will eventually affect us in other ways. Hopefully, the scientists working on this problem will be able to find a quick solution.

The author may be reached at evewrite4u@aol.com.
Seabee Buddy Howard

Battalion Maintenance Unit
01/15/45 Climbed troop train for San Francisco.
01/16/45 Boarded Liberty Ship, USS Thurston (AP-77), 1,372 passengers. Pulled out 9:30 p.m., watched Golden Gate Bridge fade into distance behind us. Away from war to an assigned duty ward. Went to head to wash face. Impossible to get in, too many very sick bodies littering floor. (4 hours spent guarding potato bin from ??) (See Photo on Page 18)
01/22/45 Arrived Pearl Harbor. (Had shipped all dress uniform clothes home shortly after discharge, no liberty)
02/21/45 Left Pearl Harbor on USS Meriwether (APA-203) Troop Ship
02/21-04/14 Enroute to Okinawa via the Marshall Islands, Caroline Islands, Palaua Islands and Philippines. (Allowed to go ashore one time, some deserted island, somewhere for a beer party. Beautiful sand and water)
04/03/45 Anchored off Okinawa Bay. Watched landings of First Wave. Many ships there.
04/03/45 Went ashore. Worked on beach unloading supplies until 04/03/45
04/04/45 The town was so rough we hadn't felt any big jolts that seemed out of place.

A small event that almost cost us our lives was on this rough journey around the north part of Albania. At one narrow and steep curve in the gravel road we met an old bus, confiscated by the Yugoslavians from the Germans, loaded with workers. We were the smaller of the two vehicles so we started backing up to a wider part of the road to let them drive past us. Our back tire on the right hand side went over the edge. I quickly put the van in to second gear and applied the emergency brake. We're here to tell about us.

The workers streamed out of the front of the bus, either to hope we'd go over (in a German vehicle) or as they eventually did, cheered us, probably noticing we were from the USA with a football shaped USA bumper sticker and an international license plate on the front. We looked over the edge and the slopes were several hundred feet down and into a valley you could hardly see. We gave the workers a closed road sign and are using the new road they were building. We saw no barriers along the 188 miles of road.

At Kotor we drove back a long, narrow rocky road in a beautiful forest. We were asked to back into a little store on a little three block long rocky path. We were told a fresh supply of food had just arrived and we waited until a new loaf of salami was opened and sliced. Along the 188 miles we had seen a few little farmers' markets and bargained for the fresh and sliced. Along the 188 miles we had seen a few little farmers' markets and bargained for the fresh and sliced.

A few hours later we came to a little store on a little three block long rocky path. We were told a fresh supply of food had just arrived and we waited until a new loaf of salami was opened and sliced. Along the 188 miles we had seen a few little farmers' markets and bargained for the fresh and sliced. Along the 188 miles we had seen a few little farmers' markets and bargained for the fresh and sliced.

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In April of 1941, I was born in Richmond, IN, my dad, Raymond Eugene Dickerson, was a auto mechanic by trade. Dad was 27 years old at that time, that same year, 1941, on December 7th the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Dad joined the U.S. Navy in July 1942, he was assigned to the 79th U.S. Naval Construction Battalion (NCB) at Camp Bradford, VA. From there and other training camps across America, 20,000 enlisted men and 500 officers had gone to the Aleutian Island chain by January 1944. The Japanese invaded the islands of Attu and Kiska in June 1942. They were stopped from advancing in 1943 and the two islands were liberated that same year by a Army-Navy task force.

Eleven Construction Battalions built 9 new bases in the Aleutians on the islands of Adak and Kiska (after they were liberated), Sand Bay, Great Sitkin Island, Ogluiga, Amchitka, Shemya, Atka and Tanaga. The 79th NCB returned to the states in the Fall of 1944. The men returning from Alaska, some stayed with the 79th NCB while others were assigned to Construction Battalion Maintenance Units (CBMU). Dad was assigned to CBMU #624. The 79th NCB Seabees were sent to Saipan first and then on to Okinawa. At war's end those with enough points were shipped home immediately, the others moved to Okinawa.  

Dad was assigned to CBMU #624. The 79th NCB Seabees were sent to Saipan first and then on to Okinawa. CBMU #624 was sent straight to Okinawa. At war's end those with enough points were shipped home immediately, the others moved around a bit before going back to the states.

In Memory of my father, Seabee MMS 1/c Raymond "Gene" E. Dickerson, 79th U.S. Naval Construction Battalion (NCB), Company D, Platoon 2 and Construction Battalion Maintenance Unit (CBMU) #624 Veteran 1942-1945,  

will be hosting the 79th NCB Reunion on September 23-27, 2012 in Richmond, IN. I have permission from the 79th NCB to invite members of CBMU #624 to the Reunion also. Dad was with the 79th NCB in Alaska and with CBMU #624 on Okinawa. Anyone reading this message who served with the 79th U.S. Naval Construction Battalion (NCB) or Construction Battalion Maintenance Unit #624 in Alaska, Saipan or Okinawa during World War II and would be interested in attending our 67th Reunion in Richmond, Indiana September 23-27, 2012 please contact me as soon as possible by Cell 765-960-5767, Toll Free 1-877-855-4237 (Leave Message), E-mail ray@thegadabout.com Website: www.thegadabout.com  

Roaming The Outdoors CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

it for the fun. The trip entails beautiful scenery on the entire length of the course. Awards will available to winners as soon as results are confirmed. There will be an official awards ceremony at 7 pm for those who wish to receive their awards on stage, presented by the Canoe Princess and her Court.

ALL RACERS WILL HAVE TO SIGN A WAIVER IN ORDER TO PARTICIPATE

Participants under age 18 will have to have a parent or guardian sign a waiver in order to participate. NO EXCEPTIONS.

For more information on this years Canoefest go to page 16-17.

MY VISIT TO U.S. AIR FORCE MUSEUM NEAR DAYTON, OHIO IN APRIL

On April 24th I drove to the U.S. Air Force Museum located in nearby Dayton, Ohio. I went for two reasons, one was to scout it out again with the purpose in mind this time of seeing what kind of obstacles an older group of seniors might have negotiating the museum. When the 79th NCB and CBMU 624 WWII Veterans come to Richmond and Centerville in September of 2012, one of our activities is to visit the U.S. Air Force Museum.

My second reason was just because I wanted to visit it again. Last time I was there I took hundreds of photos, but none of them turned out very good. The museum offers all kind of challenges in lighting and shooting positions. This time I wanted to do better and I did.

The day didn’t start out exactly as planned. I know that I have probably visited the museum five times. But for some reason instead of taking the right road to the museum, I ended up at the front gate of Wright Patterson Air Force Base staring at armed Air Policemen who I sheepishly stopped and asked if I was at the wrong place. He looked very stern, but was quite helpful in getting me turned around and on my way to the museum. Whew!!

Once safely in the Air Force Museum I visited all the areas that are open to the public except for the Presidents planes. Here are just a few of the hundreds of planes on display.

I began my tour as everyone does with the beginning of flight, the Wright Flyer built by the Wright Brothers in Dayton, Ohio. Birthplace of aviation. It’s a shame one of the Space Shuttles didn’t get placed here. I can’t quite understand, but I guess there are reasons.

I visited aircraft of WWII, of which I know more about. Then I walked through the Korean and Vietnam era aircraft, then the modern stealth aircraft and outside I visited the memorials.

Six hours later I went home, satisfied and tired. I had originally planned on going to Dayton on April 19th, but instead stayed home and worked at removing the siding around the porch at my office. I was really doing good, it was cool and a good time to do it. Then I made a big mistake as I was removing two upright 2 x 4’s with a small window between them, I lost my balance and fell into the wood. I lacerated my lower leg and moved some muscle over a bit. No problem I just cleaned it up, covered it, then kept on working.

When I got home I cleaned up, sat in the recliner over night so the wound would be open and scab over. The next day it looked pretty good, over the next few days it seemed to be better, so I thought.

On Saturday, April 28th, I visited Big Daddy’s Guns and More’s grand opening. While I was talking to Brent Meadows, the owner and Wendy Wilkinson, Wendy mentioned that she was a nurse at a hospital in Indianapolis. Since I hadn’t shown my wound to a doctor I asked her to look at it. She took one look at it and told me I needed to get to a doctor right away, if not sooner, it was infected. Realizing she was really serious I drove to the ER at Reid. No more macho for me I’m under my doctors care and doing much better. And a big thank you goes to two very nice neighbors behind me on South Street, who cut my really high grass, when I wasn’t there. I hope they know how much I appreciated their help.

SOME TIMES IT’S NOT A GOOD IDEA TO BE MACHO
JUNE 2012

Gad’s Corner

SEND YOUR PHOTOS TO: THE GAD-A-BOUT, P.O. BOX 85, CENTERVILLE, IN 47330 (INCLUDE A SELF ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE IF YOU WANT THE PHOTO RETURNED)
YOU CAN ALSO SEND YOUR PHOTOS BY E-MAIL TO ray@thegadabout.com. View them in living color at my website: www.thegadabout.com

Wendy Wilkinson caught this 12 lb salmonon Lake Michigan April 20. Caught with a spoon. (Photo by Brent Meadows)

Steve Goodson took this tom on 5-1-2012 21 lb.s, 10” beard, 1” spurs. (Steve Goodson Photo)

Cary Hendrix took this 10 point, 190 lb. Buck on 11-31-11. (Red Barn Bait, Guns & Deli Photo, Salem, IN)

Ten year old Blake Wolfe from Walton, KY caught this 4.5 lb., 22 1/4” Smallmouth Bass on 4-6-12 in the East Fork of the Whitewater river, near SR 44 bridge. He was up here visiting his granny. (Frame’s Outdoor Photo, Liberty, IN)

Jarried hicks took this tom on 5-5-2012 24lb.s, 10 1/2” beard, 1” spurs. (Steve Goodson Photo)

Kyle Highley got this turkey on April 28th. (Bozarth Country Store Photo, Lagro, IN)

Ray Terrel caught these crappie on the Salamonie Reservoir. The biggest one measured 15 inches. (Bozarth Country Store Photo, Lagro, IN)

5 year old Kayne Ervin of Lynn,IN took this 22 lb. Tom Turkey opening morning of youth turkey season, in Brookville. It had a 11 inch beard, and 20mm spurs. (Photo by Chad Ervin, his proud Dad)

Matt Barton is pictured with his father Steve. Matt tagged this turkey on April 27th. (Bozarth Country Store Photo, Lagro, IN)

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A BROWN RECLUSE SPIDER BITE
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

A Brown Recluse Spider bite can be deadly. See picture below, the spider size in relation to the size of a penny. Under it is a more detailed photo of the spider. We should all know what it looks like. They like the darkness and tend to live in storage sheds or attics or other areas that might not be frequented by people or light.

The three photos to the right show the progression of the bite on Day 3, Day 6 and Day 10.

For more information type Brown Recluse Spider in one of the search engines and send. Lots of websites on this dangerous spider.

89 year old, Hubert Hinds, sighting in his muzzleloader on 12-6-11. Never to old to hunt. (Red Barn Bait, Guns & Deli Photo, Salem, IN)

Brothers Daryl and Darren Leist both caught their limit on the Salamonie on May 3rd. Their biggest fish measured 15 1/4 inches. (Bozarth Country Store Photo, Lagro, IN)
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