



Reload!

The Newsletter of the Connecticut Travelers

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JULY 2009 NEWSLETTER

CELEBRATING OUR 22nd YEAR

© Phil Steinkraus, Editor

**The next Monthly shoot is "Summertime, Summertime" on 7/19.
The next Saturday Shootout Series is "Nutmeg Tuneup" on 8/22.**

TRAVELERS CHAMPIONSHIP DELIVERS DRAMA

Jeff Hunter

Vince Lombardi once said that "Winning isn't everything; it's the only thing!" One-hundred and eight Connecticut Travelers took to the course at Mid-Hudson on Saturday, June 20th for the Rudy Passero Memorial Connecticut Travelers Championship to compete for the distinguished title of "Travelers Champion". The weatherman must have been the only person on earth that didn't get my numerous email updates about this month's shoot being on a Saturday instead of Sunday.



Thanks to the quick thinking of El Presidente, the start time was changed to 9AM sharp instead of the usual "10ish" in hopes of finishing before the sky let loose. Al enlisted the help of Team Berman to start calling the 100+ participants and make sure everybody showed up at Mid-Hudson at the prescribed time. All but a few arrived at the new and improved start time and we headed out under cloudy but dry skies.

Mid-Hudson Sporting Grounds has undergone quite a transformation over the last few months. Most notable is a covered pavilion that is available for catering large events. When the Village Grill couldn't accommodate our large group for the after-shoot fare, Peter Wicker stepped in and offered to christen the pavilion for the Travelers Championship. The course at Mid-Hudson has also undergone some change as there's at least one more new station on the

back side. There were a couple of mechanical malfunctions here and there, but the astute attention of Peter and Sean kept things humming right along with little backups.

Peter Wicker's forte is presenting fair targets that are highly visible. He had set a challenging course with a good mix of presentations that spanned the range of difficulty. The median score was a 68 and ninety-seven walked away with more than half.

When the scores were tallied, defending champion Chuck Devinne shared the top of the leader board with Jim Muller, Jim Kline, and Doug Moore. Ties are normally decided by tie-breaker stations at monthly Travelers shoots. But there can be only one champion at the Travelers Championship, so a shoot-off was ordered by master statistician John Hachmann. About that time, the sky opened up and each man took his turn at five pairs in the rain. Jim, Jim, and Doug were all tied at 6 when Chuck stepped into the box for his turn. At then end of his fourth pair, Chuck was even with the rest of the field at five. On the final true pair, the unusually tricky first target sailed by Chuck untouched (as it did the rest of the field) when the field judge called a "no bird" due to the other bird being broken. The second attempt was much more favorable and Dr. Devinne managed to break both targets to come away as the undisputed champion.



The awards ceremony was peppered with the usual, yet informational, club announcements. Ex-Junior Traveler Jason Lenhart is on summer vacation from the University of Missouri where he competes on the school's shooting squad. His team is second overall in the nation and took first place in Trap at the Nationals. Jason informed us that unless outside funds are raised, the team may not be able to travel to competitions as much next year. Al promptly spearheaded a fund-

raising drive right there on the spot and the greenbacks started flowing immediately. We sent Jason off with \$1500 for next year's team.

It was appropriate that on Father's Day weekend Chuck Devinne and his son Peter walked away with HOA and High Junior, respectively. Even more fitting was the large number of Father/Son and Father/Daughter pairs that participated in Saturday's shoot. Maybe Vince Lombardi was half right.

<u>Name</u>	<u>Score</u>	<u>Award</u>
Chuck Devinne	88	HOA
Jim Kline	88	CL1-1
Jim Muller	88	CL1-2
Dean Anglace	86	CL1-3
Doug Moore	88	CL2-1
Phillip Steinkraus	87	CL2-2
Ted Burke	81	CL2-3

Traveler Tidbit

Please remember to total your score and record it at the bottom of your scorecard. If we have to hunt for your score it takes extra time to accurately report the results.

Ed Moritt	79	CL3-1
Lyell Williams	73	CL3-2
Don Hutchinson	72	CL3-3
Mike Steiner	75	CL4-1
Edie Ellis	70	CL4-2
Ken Barile	62	CL4-3
Doris Willinger	75	CL5-1
Robert Holtzman	67	CL5-2
Ron Zampini	61	CL5-3
Peter Devinne	60	JR-1
Stefanie Steinkraus	85	LY-1
Paula Moore	74	LY-2
Susie Clark	71	LY-3
Amber Kirylak	53	LY-4
Doug Robare	81	VET1-1
Hank Drapou	79	VET1-2
Martin Schroeder	75	VET2-1
Al Anglace	70	VET2-2

SHARPSHOOTER

Sayward Parsons

I broke up with my father when I was a sophomore in high school. Though the warning signs flickered a few years earlier, my license and freedom looming just ahead brought an end to our fifteen year affair. I was a teenager with a choice to make: I could hold on to the only tangible connection I had with my father or I could scurry around football games with friends and hang out at the local coffee shop afterwards. At the time, there really was no choice. I did what I had to do, and I didn't even like football.

My father is a sportsman. I didn't grow up watching sports with him and rooting for his favorite team. I was always a little jealous of some of my girlfriends whose fathers shared that passion with them. What could be cooler than a teenage girl who knew her baseball stats? My father is a real sportsman. He hunts and fishes, shoots guns and a bow and arrow. We never camped, but I sure would bet he could survive in the wilderness. He knows things, and as a little girl, I was fascinated. Figure out what berries to eat by watching which ones the birds plucked from the pricked branches. Look under a fallen tree to find where a deer has bedded down the night before. In fact, my father is number one at spotting deer and not just in the woods. We would hop in his beat up old car and drive down rambling back roads. He knew the exact time of evening when deer started traipsing through the dusky fields. It was impossible to go for a ride with my father and not spot a deer. We'd see deer families, herds even, wandering through orchards, grazing along the sides of roads, flashing their brilliant white tails at us before darting off among the trees.

Even at the age of seven I was pretty sure I didn't have a future in hunting, but my father still tried to share what he could of his world. He taught me to fish. Sometimes he would come home from work, pick me up and take me off to a pond or stream well stocked with Sunnies or Rainbow Trout. I remember feeling the worms go rigid as I poked the fishing hook through their slimy bodies. I'd proudly dangle the hook in front of my father's face, grinning with my achievement. I remember my father complimenting how far and straight I could cast the line,

right along the edge of the water where fish waited in the dark cover of bushes for morsels to rush by. When I was a bit older, my father took me out in his canoe. We'd paddle into the middle of a pond, the morning sun dancing on the water and splashing across our canoe. By this time, I fished because my dad wanted me to, but I could no longer hook the worms myself. I'd half-heartedly cast the bobberless line into the water, wishing we could just float around instead. We often threw back our catches, but to me that was worse. I secretly couldn't stand the idea of the fish, caught and released, swimming off to spend the rest of its life in terror of the next hook. I didn't speak up though, and my father tried to respect my sensitivity, even letting me release my catches at a derby for his fish and game club where the largest fish could earn you a little trophy. I caught my last fish that day. My father handled it gently with a wet paper towel and removed the hook with the delicacy of a surgeon. Kneeling, he set the fish on the wet grass to turn for his camera when a boy dashed past us stomping the fish with his sneaker. My father roared at the boy as the tears welled up in me. He turned back to the fish, starving for oxygen, and tried to ease him back into the water. My father ran him back and forth under the surface with stoic determination; I'd seen this revive even the most sluggish of catches. But each time he attempted to let go, the fish laboriously flapped a fin and rose to the surface.

I was never going to kill another animal, but that didn't mean my father couldn't teach me to shoot. Each Friday evening, when other girls packed their overnight bags and headed to best friends' houses for scary movies and junk food, I packed up my .22 caliber rifle and headed to the shooting range. I grew used to the thundering manliness of the range and found ways to navigate through it. I liked how the gunpowder stained the air with its sweetness and how the air, in turn, whispered its way up my nose, settling with a hush in the back of my throat. I liked the mechanics at work as I placed a bullet in the chamber of the rifle and slid the bolt closed with a click. I even liked the sharp pop of each bullet, and I hate loud noises. I won't even play the game Operation without removing the batteries first. But at the range, every bullet, every pop was controlled, expected. All the shooters lined up in our lanes and waited for the command. "You may lock, load and commence firing." Then each of us kids, with a seriousness usually reserved only for Confession or funerals, carefully aimed, squeezed the trigger and fired. Mostly I shot prone, lying on the shooting mat, supporting the rifle with my elbows. My father would lie on his stomach next to me, watching every shot through a scope, telling me to move my sights two clicks to the left or one click down. My father is not much of a talker so this worked well for us.

I was a good shot and even grew to like shooting a little bit. But I loved the drive home. We'd play our own form of "Padiddle," keeping a tally of how many cars with one-headlight each of us spotted first. You don't realize how many there are until you start keeping track. I think seventeen was our record. The car is really the only place where my dad and I talked, maybe because it was an aside to the real goal: getting to point B. Those Friday nights, on the way to the range, we'd talk about what to do when we won the lotto or what went on in school that week. On the way home, we'd count padiddles and tell stories. Mostly I was the one telling stories, but once, he told me he used to drive by this elderly woman who always walked her little dog. One day, he drove by and she was carrying her little dog in her arms crying. I don't remember anything else about the story. I don't remember if he stopped to help her. I don't remember if the dog was dead. I just remember the image of the woman and her dog feeling like it was the saddest thing I had ever heard.

Fridays meant something to me, so I'd like to think that it took me some time before I decided to abandon them. I was fifteen and tired of giving up hanging out with friends at the

mall on Friday nights to hang out with my dad instead. There was nothing wrong with him, it was me. I took full responsibility. My freedom dangled on a keychain, and in just a few months I would be able to do whatever I wanted. That's when I decided it would be best for my father and me to break it off.

It's not like we never spoke again. I mean, he was still my dad, and we did live in the same house. He still had to actually teach me how to drive so I could access this freedom I coveted. My dad drove me to college two years later, and he continued to drive me back and forth between there and home for holidays, long weekends when I missed my parents, when I was sick, when my laundry had piled up and when I wanted a home cooked meal. During each and every one of those car rides, we talked. He told me about work, I told him about school. He didn't talk about hunting, and I didn't tell him I was seriously reconsidering the implications of that whole right to bear arms idea. He did tell me, during one ride, how he stopped traffic in the middle of the road with his big work truck to help a snapping turtle cross. When the ornery turtle stopped halfway, my father, whose temper can flare like you've never seen, patiently grabbed a stick, let the turtle clamp on with his powerful jaws, and pulled him the rest of the way across the street. I listened to my dad and realized we had accomplished what so few people have done: we had managed to stay friends after the breakup.

CONTACTING THE TRAVELERS...

CTSCA.ORG - Webmaster: Jeff Hunter (jhunter@ctsca.org).

CTSCA Home Office: Al Anglace, email aaa738@aol.com (by far the best way) or telephone 203 417-6295 if you absolutely must.

Editor: Phil Steinkraus, e-mail philistein@aol.com

Membership, Address Changes and Shooting Class status: Contact John Hachmann, at email obuc@optonline.net.

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

Past issues of *Reload!* are available online at www.ctsca.org

TENTATIVE 2009 CTSCA SHOOTING CALENDAR

JULY 19	ORVIS SANDANONA
AUGUST 7-9	ADDIEVILLE EAST FARM
SEPTEMBER 20	MILLBROOK ROD & GUN CLUB
OCTOBER 2-4	FALL TOUR
OCTOBER 18	FAIRFIELD COUNTY PROTECTIVE ASSOC.
NOVEMBER 15	OLDE NEWGATE COON CLUB
DECEMBER 13	MID COUNTY ROD & GUN CLUB

FOR SALE CLASSIFIED ADS WANTED
See listings at ctsca.org

THE UPCOMING **CTTRAVELERS** MONTHLY SHOOT

“SUMMERTIME , SUMMERTIME”

FEATURING OUR THROW BACK

“SIMO SUNDAY” FORMAT

SUNDAY, JULY 19, 2009

ORVIS/SANDANONA

ROUTE 44A, MILLBROOK, NY

WWW.ORVIS.COM/SANDANONA

CTSCA.ORG

CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST AND REGISTRATION

OPENS AT 8:30AM –

SHOOTING STARTS AT 9:45 AM.

\$70.00 MEMBERS - \$85.00 GUESTS.

A LUNCHEON WILL BE AT

Copperfield’s Restaurant

(RIGHT TURN OUT OF ORVIS/SANDANONA’S DRIVEWAY TO ROUTE 44.

TURN RIGHT AND PROCEED 1/2 MILE TO COPPERFIELD’S).

DIRECTIONS: TACONIC PARKWAY NORTH TO NY ROUTE 44 EAST EXIT. TURN RIGHT OFF RAMP ONTO ROUTE 44. CONTINUE ON ROUTE 44 A SHORT DISTANCE TO ROUTE 44A ON LEFT. TURN LEFT ONTO ROUTE 44A AND FOLLOW TO CLUB DRIVEWAY ON LEFT. 845 677-9701.

REGISTRATION APPLICATION

YOUR APPLICATION MUST BE RECEIVED ON OR BEFORE

WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 2009.

MAIL THIS FORM AND CHECK TO:

CTSCA

16 DAVIS ROAD, SEYMOUR, CT. 06483

LIST ONLY NAME (S) BEING PAID BY THE ENCLOSED CHECK!!!

1. _____

2. _____

3. _____

4. _____

5. _____

6. _____

IF POSSIBLE, PLEASE SQUAD WITH: _____

NOTE: IF YOU DO NOT REGISTER ON OR BEFORE THE JULY 15 DEADLINE YOU ARE NOT PRIVILEGED TO DESIGNATE SQUAD PREFERENCE.

**CONCURRENT SELECTION, PLEASE CHECK IF QUALIFIED: LADY___,
VET. 1 (55 – 69___, VET. 2 (70 AND OLDER)___, JUNIOR (17 AND UNDER)___.**

REMINDER: CONCURRENT AND HANDICAP PARTICIPATION IS THE MEMBERS' RESPONSIBILITY TO NOTE SAME ON SCORE CARD.



CTSCA Fall Trip 2009 Lehigh Valley Clays, Steaks and Brews

Friday, October 2 - Sunday October 4, 2009

Friday, October 2—

12.30 PM: **Whitetail Preserve**, 118 Boulevard Road, Bloomsburg, PA
7.00 PM: Dinner: **Gregory's Steakhouse**, Allentown PA

Saturday, October 3—

9:30 AM: **Lehigh Valley Sporting Clays**, 2750 Limestone St. , Coplay, PA
Lunch at Lehigh Valley Clubhouse (optional)
7.00 PM: Dinner: **Allentown Brew Works**, Allentown, PA

Sunday, October 4—

9.30 AM: **Wing Pointe**, 1414 Moselem Springs Road, Hamburg, PA

Accommodations: Four Points by Sheraton, 3400 Airport Rd. Allentown, PA (610.266.1000) at a special Ct. Traveler rate of \$90.00 per night (double occupancy including complimentary hot breakfast). Either call the hotel and ask for the special Ct. Traveler rate or make your reservation on line at

<http://www.starwoodmeeting.com/StarGroupsWeb/res?id=0904306042&key=6AEBE>

Mail to Robert Schrager, 60 East 42nd Street, 37th FL, New York, NY 10165
—Your Reservations must be received by **September 17, 2009** —



Meal Reservation Form

Restaurant Reservations **MUST** be Pre-Paid with this Form
MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO CTSCA

Name: _____ Name _____

Email _____

Friday Eve: **Gregory's** – \$42.00 per person X _____ = \$ _____
Your choice that night of 24 oz. Ribeye Steak,
20 oz. King Cut Prime Rib, Baby Back BBQ Ribs,
8 oz. Filet Mignon, Stuffed Flounder

Saturday Lunch: **Lehigh Valley** – \$18.00 per person X _____ = \$ _____

Saturday Eve: **Brew Works** – \$45.00 per person X _____ = \$ _____

Total due with Reservation: \$ _____

(Fill out both sides)



CTSCA Fall Trip 2009

Lehigh Valley Clays, Steaks and Brew

Friday, October 2 - Sunday October 4, 2009

You can participate in any or every part of the weekend. Designate your activities below.
All Shooting activity costs and cart rental charges will be paid directly to the range.

Friday, October 2 12.30 pm

Whitetail Preserve, 11 Boulevard Rd., Bloomsburg, PA (570.384.2314)
100 Sporting Clays

Saturday, October 3 9.30 am

Lehigh Valley Sporting Clays, 2750 Limestone St. , Coplay, PA (610.261.9616)
100 Sporting Clays
Lunch Break
100 Sporting Clays

Sunday, October 4 9.30 am

Wing Pointe, 1414 Moselem Springs Road, Hamburg, PA (610.562.6962)
100 Sporting Clays
(Wing Pointe does not have carts available for rental)

Questions: Bob Schragar, Robert@Schragar.org or (if you must) 203.531.6930

Please complete reservation below and mail to be received by September 17, 2008 to
Robert Schragar, 60 East 42nd Street, 37th FL, New York, NY 10165

Fall 2009 Shooting Reservations

Name: _____ Name _____

Friday, October 2 12.30 pm
Whitetail Preserve 100 Sporting Clays Number _____

Saturday, October 3
9.30 am **Lehigh Valley Sporting Clays** Number _____
100 Sporting Clays
Afternoon : Number _____
100 Sporting Clays

Sunday, October 4 9:30 am
Wing Pointe 100 Sporting Clays Number _____



Nutmeg Tuneup

Saturday, August 22, 2009

100 Targets in the woods

Hosted by the Ye Old Newgate Coon Club

The Saturday Shootout Series format allows you to break some targets with your fellow Travelers, introduce someone to the Travelers, or get squadded with somebody you've never shot with before. Personal golf carts and ATV's are welcome. Safety instructions at 9:45 for a 10:00 shotgun start.

Fundraiser: The Scholastic Clay Target Program Parents will be selling hot dogs and refreshments at the conclusion of the shoot to raise money for the Coon Club's Youth programs. Your participation is completely optional, but who doesn't like a good hot dog? We are limited to 50 lunchers, so please indicate with your registration if plan on staying for lunch.

Register: Register for this shoot by sending an email to Jeff Hunter at jhunter@ctsca.org or by calling (203) 858-6443. Registration deadline is Friday, August 21st at High Noon. Your entry fee is due the day of the shoot. Car-pooling is definitely recommended. Whether you want to drive or ride, drop me an email at jhunter@ctsca.org and I'll put you in touch with other participants in your area. **Guests are welcome and encouraged at this shoot.**

Entry Fee: \$40 for members and guests.

Address: 133 Colebrook Road, Norfolk, CT.

Directions: From the junction of Rte. 84 and Rte. 8 in Waterbury, CT., take Rte. 8 North about 28 miles to Rte. 44 near Winsted, CT. Turn right onto Rte. 44 West. Continue 8.4 miles. At the Texaco station turn **hard** right onto Rte. 182. Go 0.6 miles on Rte. 182 to Coon Club on left.

GPS: 41.989663, -73.153775

Club Phone: (860) 738-3619

Approximate Travel Time From

Utica, NY	3:00	Danbury, CT	1:10
Poughkeepsie, NY	1:10	Bridgeport, CT	1:15
White Plains, NY	1:50	Worcester, MA	1:50
Commack, NY	2:45	Albany, NY	1:30

Registration appreciated, walk-ins always welcome!
If you do not pre-register by the deadline you are not privileged to designate squad preference.