



Fort Wayne Chapter, IWLA

17100 Griffin Rd. Huntertown, 46748

Issue No. 27

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IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE MEMBER PLEDGE:

To strive for the purity of water, the clarity of air, and the wise stewardship of the land and its resources; to know the beauty and understanding of nature and the value of wildlife, woodlands, and open space; to the preservation of this heritage and to man's sharing in it, I pledge myself as a member of the Izaak Walton League of America.

BE SURE TO "LIKE" US ON FACEBOOK!!



If, at any time during the month, you need to know what is happening at the Chapter, you can find timely and up-to-date information regarding events, range closures, schedule changes, and more, on our Facebook page: [Izaak Walton League of America Fort Wayne Chapter](#)

Our March Board of Directors meeting was held on March 10th. Some items of interest that were addressed are:

Membership continues to grow. Since the last report there were 22 renewals and 9 new memberships processed. The second renewal reminders were mailed at the end of February. Hopefully, it won't be necessary to have a third mailing and those whose memberships have lapsed will respond/renew soon.

There is an Easter Egg hunt scheduled for Saturday, April 3rd, from 1—3 p.m. The event is free to children 12 years old, or under, and open to the general community. Plan to bring your children, grandchildren, and their friends for a couple hours of good, wholesome fun. Treats, games, crafts included.

Our Spring General Membership Meeting will be held Friday, April 9th, beginning at 6 p.m. in the Chapter house. The dinner is potluck style with the Chapter supplying the meat entrée, "Prumm-pulled pork" (reason enough to attend). Bring a side dish or dessert to share and spend an evening with some of your fellow members. They're awesome.



to our Chapter family!

New members include: Patrick White, Eric and Danielle Thompson, Troy and Linda Wooten, Thomas and Courtney Laubhan, Justin and Angie Bell, James Quinn, Marcus Tracy, Janet and Merle Gerbers, Douglas McGinnis, Kirk and Andrea Harmon. Thanks to all of you for choosing to become members of our Chapter family!



Rifle & Pistol Range News

This past Saturday, Chief Range Safety Officer, James Ramsey, conducted an NRA certified Range Safety Officer Training Course for seven Chapter members, who are now qualified to serve as RSO's at our rifle and pistol ranges. We are up to 43 volunteers now! With these additional staff members, we can begin looking at scheduling two RSO's per shift on Saturdays and Sundays this summer. These are typically the busiest times at the range and will benefit from an added layer of supervision for safety. Members of the class are: **Kevin Elmore, Patrica Laird, Allie Carter-Prumm, Michael Prumm, Eric Thompson, Tyrone Wilson, Mar Wyss.**

Welcome to the RSO staff, and thank you for volunteering your time to serve our Chapter.



Next ATA shoot - Sunday, April 18

9:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.

Our summer skeet and trap schedule will begin on Wednesday, April 7th. The ranges will be open on Wednesday evenings from 5:30 pm until dark, as well as Sundays from 9:00 am until 1:00 pm. Shooting during these times is open to the public. Cost is \$4.00 per round (25 targets) for members or \$5.00 per round for non-members. Just like some of our local fitness centers, our facilities are un-intimidation zones and friendly to new shooters. If you haven't tried this sport yet, don't be afraid to come out. There are always experienced shooters on hand who are willing to help newer shooters get started.

Our livelihood is intimately tied to the food we eat, water we drink and places where we recreate. That's why we have to promote responsibility and conservation when it comes to our natural resources. Mark Udall

Thanks to materials supplied by Jay Butler, the past-editor of Waltonian magazine, there is an extensive listing of plants and flowers that are native to Indiana, attached to this bulletin. In the next several weeks we will need to procure a supply of plants and seeds to populate our new pollinator garden and among those listed are the types we will be looking for. If you can provide any, or know of a source that can provide any, please contact John Kurtz at: jdkurtz66@gmail.com. Any help will be appreciated. Additionally, when planning your home gardens you may want to use the list as a guide and avoid introducing other, possibly invasive, species.

FISHIN' WITH COUSIN BRUCE

A Fishin' Tale by Jay Butler

Cousin Bruce and I went on many fishing trips over the years. This tale's fishermen were four buddies from church and our trip was a fly-in trip in Northern Ontario to a Lake called Abasatickashawan. This was before club-cabs, cell phones, and filling stations that stayed open all night. The route would be due north, across the upper peninsula of Michigan, and then about 5 hours northward into Canada.

We carefully planned this trip for months, as everyone knows planning is half the enjoyment of the actual adventure. We discussed the most proven lures for Walleye which in the end, turned out to be a crawler harness. For Northern Pike, we chose the Daredevil Imp, a red & white spoon with two hooks and a split-tail piece of white rawhide.

Our primary gear was two green 4-horse Johnson outboards, one for each two-man canoe and many filled 5-gallon gas cans essential to keeping the truck moving for the long drive into the north country and of course we'd need fuel for the outboards, once there. Our cooking gear included a huge cast-iron skillet for the cornmeal, eggs, and bacon grease for the fillets. We didn't take along insurance steaks as they do today, because we were confident of catching enough fish to both eat and bring back home.

Cousin Bruce had a two door, 1951 chevy pickup with a shell over the pickup box. He had added a plywood bench covering the 5-gallon gas cans. Two of us spread our sleeping bags and laid on this bench and with only a little stretching could see outside. And the fact that we were laying on a virtual bomb, never occurred to us. We'd trade places every few hours in order to share the misery. The remaining two of us sat in luxury inside the cab.

As this tale is about getting there and back, I'll leave fishing details for another time and will skip directly to the trip back home. We were back in our 51 chevy pick up, having departed in the late afternoon. It was dark and I had just taken over the driving. All at once, I saw four legs filling the windshield. I was about to hit a moose! The hood flew open and folded like an accordion, as the moose went up and over the cab, missing the shell and the guys in the back. Driving blind, I was able to get stopped, with no one hurt, other than our truck and my pride.

A trucker stopped, helped us drag the moose off the highway, pulled out a knife and slit the moose's throat, as he told us that a lot of moose were hit this way, and the meat would be donated. He assured us he'd stop at the next place that had a phone and call the Provincial Police and they'd take care of things.

He did, the Providential policeman did, and we found ourselves in a small gas station at the edge of a smaller crossroads town. It was still dark as we took our bearings, and we could see that the town was only about six houses. And wonder-of-wonders, we were sitting beside another wrecked chevy pickup of similar vintage. With our flashlights, we took stock and decided that between the two trucks, we might be able to get one running with tools from a toolbox that Cousin Bruce had aboard. One of us got cleaned up, readying to knock on doors and see if we could buy that truck. He shaved in the dark, and put on his best scoutmaster shirt, wanting to make the best impression possible as Cousin Bruce and I began the mechanic's work.

With a 3/8 set of sockets, we pulled the radiator and water pump, and using a manila folder to cut and shape a gasket, and reassembled the cooling system. We tied the battery in place with anchor rope and taped the right headlight in place with duct tape. The hood wasn't salvageable on either truck, so we decide that we could do without one.

Meanwhile, our guy found the truck owners house and learned the insurance company's name and phone number. By now the gas station was open, and we used the pay phone, calling the insurance guy explaining our problem. He said he hadn't seen the pickup, and we assured him that "it was damaged beyond all hope of repair." Finally, he asked if we could pay \$300? We checked our wallets and quickly said yes, and he gave us his address, about 100 miles south of us. We gave the gas station \$50 to keep the remains of the pickup, and we were soon on our way. Taking stock, we were now in hock for 350 dollars, which was a lot back in those days.

Before going very far, we noticed that small flakes of windshield glass were blowing back into our faces, which Bruce quickly took care of with a couple of old machinist goggles that he happened to have.

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We arrived at the agent's office, and he expressed surprise that we had shown up, figuring he'd never see or hear from us again. Finally, he said, "How about we settle for \$150, and we call it square?" Praise the Lord! All that remained now was to cross the border into the U.S., drive the length of Michigan and down to central Ohio and we'd be home. Couldn't be that hard.

We made it through customs, after telling our tale of woe, driving those many miles home, with steering wheel shaking in our hands, no hood, a smashed grill, and a taped-in headlight, along with two coolers of spoiled fish fillets and a couple of trophy northern pike. We also collected a lot of stares along the way, as cars passed our 40-45 miles per hour progress. After many more hours coming than the going, we arrived home somewhat the worse for wear, but happy to be there in one piece.

The taxidermist agreed to handle our two trophy Northern, despite their being a little ripe, leaving us with two mounted fish and a story that would be told and retold over the years. And this was the first of many Fishin' stories of me and Cousin Bruce.

Editor's note: *Many thanks to Jay for providing the above story. Any such original or re-printable materials of potential interest to our members are hereby solicited for inclusion in future Chapter bulletins. Please submit your articles to crehinger@gmail.com*