

# Rutland Sportsman's Club. Inc.

## January 2018 Newsletter

### ANNOUNCEMENTS:

- New Members: The Rutland Sportsman's Club voted in 1 new member in December. Please welcome William Goddard.
- Club Dues: Your 2018 club dues should have been paid by now. You can fill out the renewal form and pay your dues at the club any day after 3 PM until closing if you have not yet paid them. Please pay your dues before your key card shut off.
- Apply for Membership Renewal by mailing:
  - Print Membership Dues from [www.rscma.org/membership](http://www.rscma.org/membership)
  - Fill out form completely; if you can't print membership form, please mail in your check.
  - Make check payable to Rutland Sportsman's Club, Inc.
    - Regular Member Rate: \$100
    - Junior Member Rate: \$20
  - Mail form and check to:  
Rutland Sportsman's Club Inc.  
PO Box 134  
Rutland, MA 01543
- FREE MEMBERSHIP for 2018 was drawn and went to Alan Wiinnika. He and many others had their dues paid before December 5<sup>th</sup> and were eligible for the drawing. Congratulations!
- Indoor Range Clean-up & Repairs: Saturday, January 20<sup>th</sup> starting at 7am. If you use the inside range you should step up and help with this project. This is a good way to get in your service hours. For more details contact Bill Gonzalez at 508-641-6121.
- The 120 club will be starting soon. Captains are needed. Contact Bob Hoch @ 508-886-2584.
- Events Calendar: check to see when the indoor and outdoor ranges are closed before you take a ride to the club. <http://www.rscma.org/calendar> .
- PLEASE NOTE: Updates for all of our events are posted on our website [www.rscma.org](http://www.rscma.org) whenever changes to an event are made. This will include postponements, cancelations, time changes, etc.
- We are looking for several new committee leaders for 2018. This is your opportunity to make improvements in the club activities. Please make every effort to attend a general or executive board meeting in the next few months. If you are looking for ways to put in volunteer hours there is so much that can be done. Please contact any of the committee members that are posted at the club.

### UPCOMING EVENTS:

- MEAT RAFFLE – Sunday January 14<sup>th</sup> at 2pm. This event is open to the public and are a lot of fun. Let your family and friends know about it and come out for a great afternoon. The bar will be open and also the kitchen for hamburgers and hotdogs. Come early for early bird tickets. Bring a non-perishable for the Rutland food pantry and receive free tickets for the raffle. We will be having another meat raffle on February 25<sup>th</sup> and March 25<sup>th</sup> at 2pm.
- THE 2 DAY ICE FISHING DERBY will be held on February 3<sup>rd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> this year. This is a big fund raiser for the club and we want all of our members to get involved. There are daily cash drawings so you do not have to fish to win! Here is how it works: \$20 to get into the derby. You can fish at any legal fishing area in Massachusetts from sunrise to 5pm Saturday and sunrise to 4pm on Sunday. The fish weigh in times are 1pm to 5pm on Saturday and 11am to 4pm on Sunday. IF you are not in the line for weigh in at 4pm on Sunday you will not have your fish weighed. The categories are Bass, Perch, Pickerel, and Pike. Prizes are \$300, \$100, \$75, and \$50 for 1<sup>st</sup> place to 4<sup>th</sup> place in each category. Only 1 fish per category each day per entry. Prizes will be awarded right after weigh in on Sunday. We will also have raffles. You can get your entry forms at the Rutland Sportsman's Club any day after 3pm till closing, at Jed's in Holden, Hanks Marina in Chery Valley, Klems in Spencer, B & A Bait shop in West Boylston, and K & S Bait in Barre. For more information contact Ron Howe @ 774-696-6465.

### Club Hall Rental:

Accommodations: In accordance with rental agreement. – Birthday Parties, Family Reunions, etc... Contact Person: Chris Wylie @ 774-364-2028. THESE RENTALS ARE OPEN TO THE PUBLIC.

### Monthly Meetings:

- General Meeting: 1st Tuesday of Every Month @ 7pm
- Executive Board Meeting: 2nd Tuesday of Every Month @7pm
- Range Safety Class: 2nd Tuesday of Every Month @6:15pm - Ed Cortellini

**Continuous Events:**

- Trap Shoot – Closed for the winter - will start up again in the late spring.
- FREE Pool: Every Wednesday - Regulation size, open to all members all day, come on down!
- Winter Season Long Trout Derby has been posted inside the club for sign-up any day after 3pm. It is a \$10 donation and includes an awards dinner at the end of the derby. You can sign up at the club any day after 3pm with the bartender. For more information contact Ron Howe at 774-696-6465.

**NEWS:**

**The Miracles and Magic** was held on December 2<sup>nd</sup>. Over \$6, 800 was raised for the Rutland Food Pantry and The Angel Tree that provides food and Christmas Gifts for children within our community that are in need. This beat last year's goal by over \$100. The Senior High Youth Fellowship should be proud of their contribution to make this event, so success and thanks to your support for our community. THANK YOU to all that got involved and never forget all those generous donors.

Senior High Youth Fellowship Team





Molly Burns wins Winnie-the-Pooh Bear in the Bucket Raffle – Christmas came early, so happy!



**What ever happened to that poor guy I shot in the ear pit?** – Jeff Stillings, *Sergeant at Arms, Rutland Sportsman's Club*

I wonder if I am the only hunter whose mind wanders off when sitting alone in the woods. I mean come on, we all day dream, but deer blind solitude tends to dig up some real doozies sometimes.

Of all the memories in my complicated brain, why did this one have to visit me at last week's blind? It could have been the warmer temperature or the smell of the woods that pulled this treasure from the ole memory box. Of course, I recognize the advantages that colder weather brings for stirring up deer movement, but for woodland day dreaming, warmer climates make for a much more enjoyable ponder.

This brings me back to the point of this story. Whatever did happen to that poor sap I walloped behind the ear during paintball? Strange that I remembered such an event. After all, it was 35 years ago.

Back in the 80's, paintball emerged as an exciting team activity, the predecessor to where the game and equipment has become today. The paintball weapon of the 80's was the hefty Sheridan pump pistol paint "marker". The .68 caliber paint balls were fed through a tube below a similarly sized barrel. The weapons were powered with a standard co2 cartridge which hasn't changed much over the years. The air cartridge is quickly twisted into the allotted space between the grips, trying our best to avoid leaking any gas in the process. A typical cartridge lasted 25 shots, 30 at best, before it needed a reload. The most accurate shots always came from the first few rounds of a freshly inserted cartridge. In paintball play that first round was boss.

A company in Connecticut offered a day of organized paintball on their property for twenty five bucks a head. For the price they supplied the pistol, four tubes of paintballs, some co2, and the crappiest shop goggles of the day, which always fogged out much of the fun. The battle field was a couple hundred acres of Connecticut woods, with homemade cross-wood bunkers on opposite ends for the red and blue armband warriors. Depending on the turnout, each team usually fared around 25 players per side. All were dressed in affordable Vietnam era army surplus camo, and donned either a camo bandana, ball cap, or boonie hat for their head. Yahoos like us brought some face paint, left over from archery season. I won't say who it was on my team (as even now it still appears to be in poor taste) but I had one crafty compadre who liked to suck on those red hot balls that they sold at the candy store. The standard red hot was perhaps a .75 caliber diameter. You can see where I'm going with this. My buddy would suck that baby down another seven calibers which, with his first shot out, gave him one potent and hard hitting projectile. Ouch.

We were on the red team that day. The rest of the Reds were strangers who also signed up to play. Some of them came in buddy groups like us. Some were father and son bonding attempts, and others, like this poor fella I knocked silly, was a straggler who showed up by his lonesome looking for a day's adventure. I don't believe however, he got his 25 dollars' worth that day.

The games begin with an air horn toot from a referee somewhere in the woods. Don't shoot the refs they warned, don't shoot the refs. The red team and the blue team were guided out by the referees to their prospective ends of the wooded field. The minutes before each horn was best spent conjuring a plan for the one hour battle that lay ahead. In the end there only seemed to be two real plans to get your money's worth of play: either stay back in a position of cover at the home bunker and protect the flag, or forge a forward assault hell-bent on capturing the enemy's flag at the opposite end of the forest. In between, try not to get shot, and thus eliminated. The first team to capture the other team's flag and safely return it to home base won that game. We could play as many games as we could fit in a standard day, daylight permitting.

This was the first game of the day. We finished our safety briefing (as if that did much good) and were escorted from the base camp/parking lot onto the paths that lead to our respective bunkers. The red armbands told us friend or foe. For this first game, our team decided to leave a couple brave souls back to cover the red team flag, with the remaining platoon launching a full on blitz toward the enemy flag, thus ensuring a quick victory via the east side trail. Unfortunately the blue team had the exact same plan.

My buddies shuffled behind me near the tail of the blitzing line. Another teammate, a stranger to me, was arm's length to my front. Onward we slow shuffled the trail towards the Blues.

We weren't prepared to encounter the other team as quickly as we did. I'm not sure which side noticed the other first, for that doesn't matter for the purpose of this story. I distinctly remember seeing the blue-armed enemy headed straight at us and in range for our hearty pump pistols. This is when things went sideways, but more so for the stranger at arm's length. Intending to engage my foe, I quickly leveled my pistol for a shot at center mass blue. Whoopsies – Hair trigger. Half way during my aim, the ole Sheridan pump pistol let loose that accidental discharge. I can't blame the pistol, it did its job too well and landed a fully charged shot right where she was aimed: into the right rear ear pit of the poor stranger at arm's length. Smack dab into that tiny pocket of unprotected skin hidden behind the earlobe.

It wouldn't be proper for me to say that he didn't fall down; he most certainly did. But it was more of a tip than a fall. He tipped over like a timber tree cut at the base, limp and lifeless as it meets the ground. And like a fallen piece of timber, his dazed body bounced an inch or two upon landing. A bit bedazzled myself, but not in the painful sense like he, I did what any other juvenile would do in that situation: I got the hell out of there before this guy came to and whooped my ass.

With cat-like movements during the fog of battle, I quickly reinvented myself somewhere else in the battlefield.

A lesson I had learned is that most everyone looks the same in olive drab camouflage and face paint. What distinguished us from each other was often our headwear. I was partial to the camo boonie style hat, which I quickly secreted into my thigh pocket. Donning a replacement bandana for my head, I was fully reinvented. None would be the wiser. Good as new. Back in play.

After that game and back at base camp I tried my best to feign interest in the stories of my teammates while peering for signs of the befuddled stranger who was last seen groaning in a fetal position on the east side trail. My concern grew as I did not see my new friend returning from the field, like the others.

Minutes passed slowly but soon I spotted my comrade hobbling astride the two referees who carried him in from the field. The two refs arm-assisted my stranger to the resting area, for if anyone needed a rest it was he, or an aspirin, or possibly more. Now I don't fancy myself a seasoned lip reader, certainly not at that young age, but one could not mistake the

words from Stranger's lips as he explained to the refs that "it" came from out of nowhere. Must've been one talented sniper – Yes indeed!

We resupplied with balls and cartridges, preparing for battle number two. In my eye's corner, I kept a watch for the stranger, and tried to look as inconspicuous as a guilty teenager could do. I kept my secret for the rest of the day, which we enjoyed as a team, albeit down one player.

Yes the most unusual memories sometime surface during the tranquility of the great outdoors.