



Rod & Gun Gazette

Charles Bruckerhoff, Editor

Fin Fur & Feather Club

Rod & Gun Gazette

June 2003

Vice President's Column

Dear Fellow FFF Members and Friends:

This is the first opportunity I've taken to address you in my capacity as Vice President of the Club. However, the timing seems right for one very important reason. Our President, Don Bagger, has been exceedingly busy with Club operations, most especially with the 2003 Pheasant Program, and he has not had the leisure time that writing demands. He also has a few other responsibilities, like a job and a family to care for, which he cannot afford to neglect. Yet, the work he has done for our Club has consumed enormous amounts of time and energy.

In his second year as president as in the first, he has without question done an excellent job. I hear people remark all of the time how great the FFF is in comparison to so many other clubs in CT and New England. Take a walk around the grounds and see for yourself. That status we all earned and that reputation was also secured during the past year and a half under Don's leadership. Quite frankly, I believe we owe him one big THANK YOU right now, in mid-course. Tell him so the next time you see him relaxing—which is rare, so extend the thanks whenever you see him.

While I'm on the topic of work and pheasants, I strongly urge all members, and most notably those who plan to hunt pheasants this coming season, to set aside time to help with the care and feeding of our birds. Don has asked on numerous occasions for your help. Heed the call. You will be a better person for doing so.

Every year brings a different set of circum-

stances, winter and spring 2003 have been no exceptions. If you found it was difficult coping at your house with the long cold spell and the rainy weather we had, you were not alone. Also, surely you haven't forgotten all of the things you had to postpone or cancel or worse had to do immediately because there was an emergency caused by the weather. Well, the Club has had to contend with some difficult problems all winter and spring, also. Every time there was an emergency or problem of whatever complexity, there was always somebody handy to fix it. (Were you handy when we needed assistance?)

Most of the time the work that needs to be done at the Club is done by the same few individuals who answer the call. Sometimes they are also our Board members, Club Officers, or Committee Chairpersons. In other instances, it is an outstanding regular member who recognizes that it is his/her turn to do something or maybe they see it's not really a matter of anybody's turn anymore but simply a call to duty. John and Laura Pawelec come to mind in regard to their hard work in the clubhouse and field kitchens. The same commitment and hard work for the Club comes from Jim and Nancy Davidson. Ron Mott and Kenny Bartlett were recognized for Member of the Month recently. Duty, that is the operative word. These men and women understand that and act on their convictions. Thank them.

Have a great summer at the Club and when you are there, be sure to ask at the Clubhouse about work details. There is plenty to go around.

—CB

Club Buys Last Land

By now surely every member has received official notice from the Board about the decision to purchase the last remaining acreage that is contiguous with Club properties—26 acres of land. This property is located on the southeast corner of our place, near the skeet and sporting clays operations. Getting this land costs money, of course, and lots of it, because land is so much more expensive and scarcer even

in Chaplin than it was a mere 20 years ago. John Postemski and Peter Rich worked together to set up the offer to purchase. The Board moved to ask the membership to vote on the purchase, which they approved handsomely in June. Now, we must make the down payment and begin paying off the loan. The Board has adopted a policy for payment that it believes is fair to all

classes of members. This policy was explained in your notice and the accompanying invoice. Please do your part and pay your lump sum or start your yearly payment plan now. Doing so will help to pay down the mortgage, thus lessening the amount we have to borrow. If you have a hardship, please bring this to the attention of a Board member and prompt satisfactory action will be taken to help you.

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Schedule of Events

- July 12-13CN-SSA Skirmish
- July 20CEastern League Sporting Clays
- July 20CHi Power Rifle Match
- July 26CSet Back at 7:30 p.m.
- August 3CSporting Clays
- August 8-10CZone Shoot
- August 17CFamily Picnic
- August 24CTrap Shoot
- August 30-31CState Skeet Shoot
- August 31CHi Power Rifle Match
- September 6 3-D Archery Work Party
- September 7 3-D Archery Shoot, 7:00 a.m. to 3:00 p.m.
- September 7CHi Power Rifle Match
- September 7CEast Glastonbury Sporting Clays League
- September 13 Polish Dinner by John & Laura, 7:00 to 8:00 p.m.
- September 14CClub Champion Clays Shotgun
- September 20 Archery Dinner, Roast Beef, 6:00 p.m.
- September 27CCT Trap Association
- September 28CHi Power Rifle Match

See the Club's website for more information:

www.finfurfeatherclub.com

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2003 FFF Family Picnic

Scheduled for:

August 17 from noon until 6:00 p.m.

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It's a truly great time for all our members: men, women, and children.

Fees:

Kids ages 0 to 11—enter free.
Kids ages 12 to 17—\$4.00
Adults 18 and older—\$8.00

There will be games, music, and dancing.
Menu for the day includes the following:

—Hamburgers	—Steamers
—Hotdogs	—Cherry Stone Clams
—Kielbasa	—Clam Chowder
—Watermelon	—Soda
	—Beer

The 2003 promises a fun time event for all.
Make plans to attend now. Mark your calendar.

Also, help is needed.

So call Bob Theriault at 860-456-3431 or leave a message expressing your interest in helping out at the clubhouse bar. See you there.

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Open Letter to the Members

Because of the foresight and good judgment of our past officers, our Club has a facility that is second to none. No club that I know of has what we have to offer our members. We have over 1,000 acres to hunt on. We raise over 3,800 pheasants. There are three ponds for fishing, a 200 yard rifle range and a pistol range with a target system for shooting at 25 and 50 yard distances. Additionally, we have eight new skeet and trap fields, a sporting clay course, an archery course, and miles of trails just to walk and enjoy nature. There is also the Clubhouse and pavilion with outdoor cooking facilities nearby. We have many accessory buildings that we just take for granted. All of the above requires good qualified members to oversee.

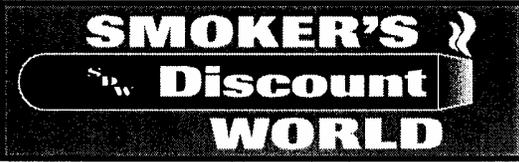
I personally want to thank the five remaining Charter Members that back in 1948 started this Club. These people had the same disagreements that we do now, but after the dust settled they buckled down and worked together.

A few members did not want to purchase the 26 acres of land we are working on now. This is your right in a private club and I respect you for that opinion, and now I would like to explain some of the reasons your Executive Committee made this proposal to the members.

1. Our Club has a history of success—over 7 prior property purchases all of which greatly benefited the Club and we paid them off early.
2. This is the third time by three different members that we tried to buy this particular land and each time the price has increased.
3. If you take the time to evaluate the selling price of parcels over ten acres with extensive road frontage, the cost is always excessive. We all know we are paying top dollar, but we should consider that the seller was asking \$300,000. Instead, with a mortgage held by the seller at 6 percent with no strings attached such as bank closing fees, with a sizable down payment, \$250,000 is manageable in my opinion.
4. One of our members, Attorney Charles J. Popple will do the legal work as he has in the past at no cost for his work. This is a generous donation when you consider that we paid another member attorney \$3,120 and the bank attorney \$1,950 for a total of \$5,070 when we borrowed money for the skeet field project.

In closing, I'd like to repeat what your Executive Committee has said: If you have a true hardship and cannot make these payments as directed, we will work out a satisfactory payment plan. When I joined the Club in 1958, the dues payment was \$20 and I had a hard time paying that because I was making about \$1.60 per hour. If you compare what the salaries are today and you own part of a million dollar plus Club, we all have a bargain!

—John Postemski



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Black Powder

In mid-June we the pleasure at the Club to host another skirmish by the men and women of the North-South Skirmish Association. Fortunately for us, the weather from Friday through Sunday was great. I recall seeing a number of happy faces in the crowd of spectators, one of whom was Warren (Woody) Wood. Everyone seemed to be having a very good time poking holes in paper and smacking clays or watching the amiable fracas.

Thanks to Dick Palmer and Steve Davis, there were refreshments and food served not only in the Clubhouse kitchen, but also at the rifle range where the action was taking place. Also lending assistance in the kitchens—and I mean a great amount of work with that word—were Linda Thomas, Alan Cassidy, Theresa Bruckerhoff, Matthew Bruckerhoff, and Michael Bruckerhoff.

The next event in the skirmishers' calendar was a trip to Middletown, NY for the first skirmish to be held at that facility.

Then came the July 4th Parade in Madison, CT. For this event, the 5th CT Volunteer Infantry dressed in full battle uniform, including muskets with bayonets attached, formed into a column with the U.S. flag, unit flag, and company flag borne by different members, and marched under their company commander the full parade route, ending at the town's park by the beach. All along the way, at many intervals, the commander ordered the unit to "Come to the Ready, Aim, Fire!" This routine of course ended in a live fire—with blanks, that is—successfully setting off car horns, dogs barking, and little children screaming. No one seemed upset for all the noise, though, for the commander regularly asked the little ones and their parents if they were having a good time. They said yes accompanied by loud applause, which naturally was followed by another command to fire!

There aren't too many places anymore where you can shoot your guns in public and get that kind of a response. However, the N-SSA enjoys that privilege and is quite pleased to remind the public of the fun times with guns. Behind all the fun time flashing swords and blasting muskets is the realization that without these simple implements and the courage of our forefathers, we would now most likely be living in servitude.

Best wishes for a great summer. Shoot your guns!

—C. Bruckerhoff, Commander

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Pistol

The range has been kept in great shape, thanks to Mike cutting the grass, and everyone picking up after themselves. If everyone could do this around the Club grounds and pitch in a couple of hours here and there, the work would be minimal for everyone.

Thanks for a great job at the range, for it reflects our attitude toward OUR CLUB.

The summer pistol league has been beaten out by weather. Every Wednesday night except four nights since April 23rd it has been rain. If someone knows some kind of chant to stop the rain, say it.

Until next time, "Keep 'em in the ten range."

—Dick Palmer

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EMAIL ALERT

If anyone has not received any emails from Bob Hruskocy, they should promptly send him an email from the Club's website at:

bhruskocy@finfurfeatherclub.com

He will then capture your current email address in his system and make sure that you receive all upcoming alerts for Club announcements and opportunities.

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Pistol Range Closed for N-SSA & Boy Scouts Police Explorers

During the N-SSA skirmish to be held July 12-13, the pistol range will be closed. Also, on this weekend all of the upper skeet and trap fields are closed to protect the skirmishers from shotgun pellets, since they form up on the 100 yard line of the rifle range.

Additionally, the Boy Scouts Police Explorers will use the pistol range

Thank you very much for your cooperation.

Foresight

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Cost of firearms ID card hiked by 300% to \$100

The cost of being a law-abiding gun owner has just gone up.

Tacked onto the state's final fiscal 2004 budget was a 300 percent hike in the cost of obtaining a firearms identification card: It will now cost \$100, no longer \$25.

The same fee hike applies to licenses to carry firearms.

"Somebody is going to be seriously mad about this, considering it already takes three or four months for it to come back from Boston," said one area police officer, who yesterday had no idea about the fee increases. Margaret Beckwith of Great Barrington, who is a delegate from the Stockbridge Sportsman's Club to the Berkshire County League of Sportsmen, was critical of the sharp increase.

Beckwith, also a Great Barrington selectwoman, said the fee hike will be a deterrent to hunters, and appears to reflect Gov. Mitt Romney's attitude that "only cops should have guns." "It's just one step more toward taking guns away from people," said Beckwith, who runs a deer checking station during hunting season.

"We want people to know it's the state, not the towns, making

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these changes," said Lee Police Chief Ronald C. Glidden, whose office had to break the news yesterday to a man who came in with a \$25 check.

"The word was just getting spread around today," he said yesterday.

Police departments are the gatekeepers when it comes to taking applications for firearms identification cards and other gun permits.

The licenses are still valid for four years, and there is still no renewal fee for applicants who are 70 or older.

Of the \$100 fee, cities and towns keep \$25, \$50 goes to the state, and the remaining \$25 goes to a newly established "Firearms Identity Verification Trust."

Glidden, who is chairman of the state's Gun Control Advisory Board, said most police departments were only just notified yesterday of the fee hike. Besides the fee increase, a 60- to 90-day backlog at the state's firearms identification department is causing further problems for applicants.

He urged applicants seeking renewal to apply at least three months in advance to avoid expiration of their firearms permits.

Mark Jester, president of the Berkshire County League of Sportsmen, said his group's membership is not happy with the fee hike. (MA, go figure. — SB)

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The 2003 CT Big Buck

In the early morning darkness, I walked quietly the scant quarter mile from the truck to the tree stand area and climbed the tall, slender red oak with the API Grand Slam quietly, notch-by-notch to approximately 15 feet from the ground, safety belt secured. Damp air was crisp comfortable, about 35 degrees. Sun would rise soon in the clear sky on this morning several days after deer gun season opened in CT. However, two days later the temperature would plummet to the teens, hover continuously low on the thermometer, and then layers of snow and ice would come—to cover the ground all winter long.

There was a slight noise of something stepping on dry autumn leaves far to the rear.

Gun loaded on safe, for the time being, resting on the tree stand's cushion. The landowner gave permission to use a rifle, but I prefer the Remington 12 gauge Model 870 SPS-T Super Magnum Camo, with the factory special purpose deer barrel fully rifled and a cantilever mount for the Nikon 1.5-4.5 scope. Two years earlier it neatly downed a large fork-horn with one clean shot to the heart. Early this fall, I visited Jimmy Cummings owner of Center Sports in Columbia, CT, to ask for his latest recommendation on shotgun ammo. Without hesitation he grabbed Winchester Supreme Partition Gold Slugs from his shelf. That's a pricy black box of five cartridges, but events proved him so right. At the rifle range, the Remington 870 cut neat little one and a half inch groups—some smaller—out to 100 yards.

Whatever made that noise was moving closer, slow and uneven. No use in trying to look to the rear, since the tree was there and untimely movement could reveal the hunter. So I waited, watched peripheral areas, and studied what might be coming. I turned slowly to the left, for that was the general area where it was moving to. Nothing yet, so I moved my head owl-like to the front again.

In the immediate vicinity of this tree stand, the forest was somewhat open, with other large oaks nearby and a large white pine off to my left about 30 yards, but no underbrush. Approximately 50 yards to my front and extending far to the left and right was thick practically impenetrable brush, big oaks, some large pines and downed trees. One hundred yards ahead was a large grassy field, al-

though this open space was not visible from my perch because of the intervening dense trees and brush.

This hunting spot is not the last unclaimed frontier in New England, for hunting from this tree required determining the safe distances from houses to the right and left (they were at least 500 feet away, as required by law) and a paved road running in the rear, left to right a portion of which was visible through the naked trees where it curved into view half a mile away on the right. Hence the shotgun was a good choice. And there was also my self-imposed rule not to shoot directly right or left.

More than one animal was behind me and clearly walking from my right rear to my left, which, if a deer, was perfect since I'm right handed. Whatever it was would soon come into view, so I turned slowly to the left and scanned the area. It was coming, but not yet in view.

Then, ominously the dense brush parted in my front. A large doe emerged at a slow trot. How in the world did she cut through that tangle of brush and not make a sound? Immediately after her the buck came into view, just as noiselessly, his great rack with yellowish patina on the tines striking a bold contrast against the drab scrub brush. The doe turned immediately heading obliquely to my left and the buck followed.

That was the instant, the startling window of opportunity. Habit brought up the 870 with scope on target. Buck at left front shoulder. Squeeze trigger. Blam! Reload reflex.

When the shot rang out, the phalanx of turkeys that had held my attention to the rear for the previous hour burst flapping wings into the air; and the deer—both of them—raced off to my left front. Doe virtually disappeared in three seconds. Buck ran 100 yards, stopped and stood statue-like, looking away from me behind a large white pine. All I could see was a portion his left antler (surely that was not brush), indistinctly visible through the twigs. I put up the shotgun scope and made positive ID. He was not moving and now time was on his side, passing slowly.

For at least five minutes I held the 870 on those tines not thinking of anything but the shot and hoping for the best opportunity. The buck did not budge. He seemed not to know what had disturbed his morning. If he turned to the right, there was dense underbrush and scant chance for the kill. If he walked straightaway, there was no chance. Should he walk to the left—there was breath

control, sight picture, and trigger squeeze. Only patience remained—patience and arms that would not turn to jelly, forever waiting. "Move to the left—to the left!"

The buck switched his tail; there was something in this switching left and right that told me he was not quite right. But that could be speculation, the hopeful musing of a hunter 100 yards away, waiting for a second chance.

The buck looked to the left, bringing his nose into scope-view and both halves of his antlers, beams dully reflecting sunlight. He looked to the right, the antlers nearly completely hidden by the bowl of that large white pine and I nearly lost him—only the tips pointing where he might go next.

Buck stepped boldly to the left, leading with his right hoof, then his left, exposing his flank. Blam! Reload reflex. He raced straightaway again and disappeared totally into the brush.

I set the shotgun down quietly on the tree stand and waited 15 minutes. If he was hit in the vitals, this interval would allow him to bleed to death nearby and not race away at my noisy approach, never to be found. The everlasting interlude I filled with reflection on the two shots taken and self-examination. How could I have missed an animal that large and at the 50 and 100 yard distances I had practiced? There was ample time to get off the shots. Sight pictures were clear and on target. Everything seemed right, and yet that buck ran like the wind.

Unload. Climb down from the tree, slowly, quietly. On the ground, I reloaded the 870 making sure one cartridge was locked in the chamber, the other two in the magazine, walked over to where the first shot should have hit the deer, looking for blood and hair. Nothing.

Then, back to the tree stand, face to the left front, identify the big pine where I last saw the buck standing behind, and walk quietly toward that spot. Gun at the ready, just in case. At the pine I stopped and looked back to the tree stand to make sure this was the place. There were other pines in the area, but this was the big one. He had stood here. I walked ahead very slowly; bent over, looking for sign, and looking up for movement, gun at the ready.

(Continued on P. 8)

Big Buck (continued)

Twenty yards from the pine the ground was totally red, shining in the early sunlight; and wet—a trail like someone had tossed out a washtub of blood. I froze in place and examined the blood looking forward into the thickening brush. The blood trail was wide and thick. Then I saw the rack, this time the buck was lying on his side with feet splayed to the right. Caution and patience rule. Near his rear quarter, pointed the 870's muzzle straight at the buck's head and kicked his hoof. Nothing. Kicked his other hoof. Nothing. Crouched low near his front and with finger gently on the trigger; touched his eye with the muzzle. Nothing moved. He was dead. Mine. Tagged.

Both shots were good. The first one hit him high in the right rib section, passed diagonally through his stomach, exiting low on the opposite side. However, that was not a quick-killing shot. The second shot went straight into the boiler room—where field dressing revealed the buck's heart was shot through. How did that animal run an additional 40 to 50 yards with no heart?

I grabbed the antlers, gave them a big shake, pulled up the head, and then let out a rebel yell for sheer joy. Holy smokes! What a beautiful rack, with one big tine snapped off near the main beam. I knelt on the forest floor to say a prayer of thanks for this beautiful animal, for my friends who taught me to hunt and gave me so many wonderful times outdoors over the years, and for the landowner who generously offered his place. What a buck!

People who heard that I got the big buck are inclined to ask: where did you get it? Invariably I decline to give a specific answer because if I told them, then surely a crowd would assemble there next year and everybody knows that deer, especially big bucks, shun human assemblies. Besides, this big boy is now hanging on my wall looking positively princely, so there's no use expecting to find him scraping and rubbing anymore under those trees. In the end it really comes down to good luck, good equipment, knowledge and skill in hunting deer, and a few really great friends.

—Sam Bridger

Bushwacked

That's what the folks at Bushmaster Firearms must be feeling, now that a Washington state judge has allowed a lawsuit to proceed against them based on "hypothetical facts." The most hypothetical of the facts impressing Superior Court Judge Frank Cuthbertson is that Bushmaster is responsible for last summer's Maryland sniper murders because the killers used a Bushmaster rifle.

Filed by the Brady Center to Prevent Gun Violence on behalf of nine victim families, the lawsuit also targets the shop where the gun came from, Tacoma-based Bull's Eye Shooter Supply. The allegation is that the "gross negligence" of the gun industry "caused the injuries and deaths that resulted from the sniper shootings."

Allow us to introduce a few real facts into this dispute. What Bushmaster did is sell its perfectly legal product to a licensed dealer (Bull's Eye). That's all. Bushmaster adds that its practice is to check the status of that license before every shipment. If that dealer lacks a license, the company doesn't sell the gun and the issue goes to the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

The Brady suit asserts that Bull's Eye was so negligent about its inventory that scores of guns have gone missing in recent years, including the one that ended up in the hands of John Allen Muhammad and his teenage sidekick, John Lee Malvo. Because Mr. Muhammad was under a domestic restraining order and Mr. Malvo was a minor, neither could have purchased the gun legally.

The suit dodges this detail by asserting that the dealer's "business practices are so shoddy that, after the shootings, Bull's Eye representatives said they had

no record of sale for the Bushmaster assault rifle used in the sniper shootings and claimed to have no idea how the deadly assault weapon 'disappeared' from the store."

But there is a simple reason Bull's Eye could not produce a sales receipt: There wasn't any. As the Seattle Times reports, Mr. Malvo has told authorities he shoplifted the weapon when the two men visited the store.

Bull's Eye apparently does have some problems with its record-keeping, as the BATF recently concluded when it revoked its owner's license. But that fact is an argument for better enforcing of existing gun laws. It's a long, long way from culpability for murders committed with a rifle that was stolen from its shop. And it's a longer way still from implicating the company that simply made the weapon. We know the American legal system has problems, but we hope it still requires facts that are real.

From:

The Wall Street Journal July 9



Remembering Loved Ones

We have had some good friends and loved ones hurt. Some others, sadly, had to leave us for God's blessings after life on earth. We cannot fathom the why of life that is suddenly lost for that is God's will. Some of our members lost their young son, brothers and sisters, fathers and mothers, spouses, grandparents, too. Every loss hurts and makes an emptiness somewhere deep inside. We pray that your healing will come soon and fond memories gather to fill the void. Our prayers are with you every day. God bless you all.

Bob Carbone

Roy Dingle

John Kuchy, Sr.

James Lee, Jr.

Jason Northrup

Joan Ouellet

Requiescat in Pace

Victory in CA!

Thanks to a dedicated group of 50 caliber letter writing supporters and a determined effort by FCSPI and a team of pro-gun leaders, AB-50, California's 50 caliber ban was defeated today in the Senate Public Safety Committee. FCSPI President John Burt traveled to Sacramento to testify and was joined by the NRA's Ed Worley, California Rifle and Pistol Association's Jerry Upholt, Gun Owners of California's Sam Paredes and Safari Club's Kathy Lynch.

A special note of thanks has to be given to Ron Hess from the Hollywood area of CA

who donated his entire 4th of July weekend to fax a copy of any members letter who asked, to each member of the Senate Public Safety Committee. At one point he had 8 fax machines running simultaneously.

AB-50 had been pulled from last week's committee schedule and in the interim, FCSPI presented Committee members with documented expert testimonials that dispelled the ridiculous anti-gun myths put forth by the backers of the 50 ban. The bill was heard today in Committee and defeated. It is effectively dead for this session, although we expect

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anti-gun forces to try again next year.

Supporters in California should take the time to thank two Senators whose votes were very important to this victory. Committee Chairman Senator Bruce McPherson (R-15) and Committee Vice-Chair John Vasconcellos (D-13) both took the time to hear the credible testimony and evidence put forth by FCSPI and cast votes that allowed the bill to die in Committee. You can find their contact info at www.sen.ca.gov – be sure to take the time to thank them.

Later this week, FCSPI will be announcing the winners of the Windrunner and Hollywood Press fundraiser. We will also be making a major announcement that will have dramatic impact on the fight to protect the 50 and the future of our gun rights. Stay tuned.

Fin Fur & Feather Club

P.O. Box 81 Chewink Road
North Windham, CT 06256
Phone: 860-455-9516

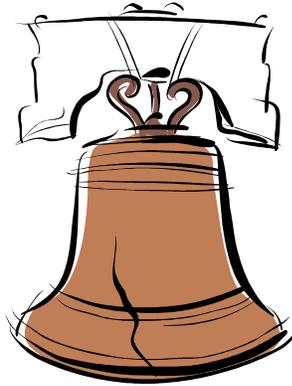


U.S.

Constitution

Bill of Rights Amendment 2

**“A well regulated militia,
being necessary to the security
of a free State, the right of
the people to keep and bear
Arms, shall not be infringed.”**



**In God we
trust....**

**With
liberty and
justice for
all**

Bring on justice!

**Club Meeting Dates &
Work Assignments**

The Executive Committee convenes on the first Tuesday of each month at 6:30 p.m. Non-committee members may attend as observers only, except when the Committee enters an executive session.

Regular membership meetings convene on the second Tuesday of each month at 7:30 p.m. All members are strongly encouraged to attend these meetings.

The annual meeting occurs on the second Tuesday of October at 7:30 p.m. At this meeting the Club's membership elects new officers and board members for the next year. Nominations for Club officers and board members are solicited at the September regular membership meeting.

Regular Members and Associate Members pay annual membership dues and assessments in January. The Club's *By-Laws* stipulate that failure to pay dues on time can result in an official review by the Executive Committee—and can result in termination .

Honorary and Life Members do not pay fees.

The non-refundable application fee for all dues paying memberships is \$100. Past members seeking reinstatement must pay the \$100 non-refundable application fee each time they seek to renew their membership.

Membership dues are as follows:

Junior Members: \$15.

Regular Member: \$100. Payment due January 1. Associate Member: \$50. Payment due January 1.

All Regular and Associate members must pay “Assessment One” annual fees of \$50 for capitol improvement, due January 1.

New Regular Members must also pay \$300 towards “Assessment Two” for the land acquisition fund; payable in full, or in 6 annual payments of \$50 for six years, due January 1.

Executive Officers

Don Bajger, President	860-423-6693
Charles Bruckerhoff, Vice-President	860-455-1229
Mary Goss, Secretary	860-423-3211
Jon Guarino, Treasurer	860-423-3347

Executive Committee

Steve Davis	860-558-1890
Bob Frankland	860-742-6939
Bob Hruskocy	860-569-1592
Joe Nye	860-455-9719
Dick Palmer	860-487-0388
John Postemski	860-423-9396
Kevin Segar	860-429-4925

Committee Chairpersons

Archery: Rick Turcotte	860-742-6353
Bar: Joe Nye	860-455-9719
Jon Guarino	860-423-3347
Black Powder: Charles Bruckerhoff	860-455-1229
Building/Grounds: Kevin Segar	860-429-4925
Ron Mott	
By-Laws Review: Glen Heinonen	860-423-8144
Pete Mathewson	860-456-8588
Finance Review: Jon Guarino	860-423-3347
Jeff Arendholz	860-663-0858
James Northrop	860-642-6802
Fishing: Frank Mauri	860-974-1425
Hunting: Don Bajger	860-423-6693
Health/Welfare: Mary Goss	860-423-3211
Insurance Review: Eugene Lewis	860-423-3341
Junior Programs: Mary Goss	860-423-3211
Charles Bruckerhoff	860-455-1229
Membership:	
Bob Hruskocy	860-569-1592
Steve Davis	860-558-1890
Charles Bruckerhoff	860-455-1229
Newsletter: Charles Bruckerhoff	860-455-1229
Pheasants: Don Bajger	860-423-6693
Pistol: Dick Palmer	860-487-0388
Rifle: Peter Mathewson	860-456-8588
Shotgun: Bob Frankland	860-742-6939
Joe Pirolo	860-742-5003
Sporting Clays: Dick White	860-456-4382
James Davidson	860-742-7676
Pete Stevens	203-573-0121
Trap: Don O'Neil	860-642-6805
Bob Hruskocy	860-569-1592

Also, each member must complete ten hours of service annually. Work assignments come from committee chairpersons, on scheduled work dates, and from a Work To Do list at the Clubhouse bar. Members must complete ten hours every year—before the end of September. If all hours are not been completed, the individual may face a suspension of privileges and/or a penalty fee of \$100.

Pay dues on time or lose your membership. If you have suffered a hardship, inform the Club's President or an Executive Committee member. Adjustments can be made for hardships.