

TEXAS SPORTSMAN'S NEWS

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The Newsletter of The Texas Sportsman's Association

"Dedicated to educating the public about the need for protection, conservation and improvement of fish, game and other wildlife, grasslands, and forests and to safeguard the freedoms that enable these pursuits."

'Crockett' 1930 - 2011

By HERMAN W. BRUNE

The early fog thickened into a cold mist. Slow-coming daylight spread through the post oak creek bottom and the wind puffed in wet gusts. The moisture threatened to dampen our moods.

"Boy – you think it's going to rain us out?" The man stood beside a four-wheeler and studied the sky. His countenance and stance were relaxed.

"No, this is going to burn off as soon as the sun comes up," I said.

My answer pleased him and a slight smile turned the corners of his mouth.

"Okay, let's hunt," he said. It was a moot point. The dogs were loose and we were far from the truck. But, maybe for the sake of conversation my hunting partner deemed it necessary to warn me about the likelihood of rain. What-

ever the purpose, our quick exchange killed the immediate worries for the weather.

He tugged down his narrow-brimmed hunting hat, turned up the collar of his jacket, and swung a leg over his transportation. He sat tall and straight, cocked his head back, and listened for the dogs. The morning was growing to life. The first bird of the day warbled nearby and heavy drops of water dripped on the forest floor. The man eased his posture and reached for the ignition switch. But before cranking the engine he glanced back at me.

"Boy – it sure is a good day to be in the woods!"

Crockett Leyendecker was born March 30, 1930. His parents were Arthur (Manny) Leyendecker and Annie Brune Leyendecker. He was one of 10 children and spent the majority of his life in Colorado County. He was 81 when he passed away.

Crockett's legacy includes his natural position as a community leader.

He was an activist to many local causes, a Colorado County

(Continued on Page 8)



MAERTZ FAMILY DONATION — Thanks to the generosity of TSA members, \$1,000 was donated to the Maertz family on Oct. 12. Terrel and Robin lost everything during the Bailey Road wildfire.

Many Thanks

On behalf of our family we would like to say Thank You so much for the monetary donations that you recently gave to our family for the loss of our home to fire.

We have been so blessed by your generous donation to us. We will start rebuilding our home within the next few months and this monetary donation will come to good use for that purpose. We appreciate your kindness and thoughtfulness.

Again, Thank You so much and God Bless each and everyone of you.

The Terrel Maertz family

Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas

The Austin County Unit of Texas Star Café in New Ulm. The fun and fellowship will start at 3 p.m. Watch your mail party on Sunday, Dec. 4 at the box for all the details!

TEXAS SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION

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Visit TSA On Line!

The TSA web site is up and running, and members are encouraged to visit:

<http://www.texassportsmansassociation.org>

The website is maintained by
TSA Director Leslie Heinsohn.

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A note from the President



Howdy Members,

The Drought continues, the habitat and grazing conditions have diminished, the economy is weak, we have suffered through wildfires, we had a scheduling conflict for the fall fundraiser, and my college football team is not living up to my expectations.

Despite all this, on September 25, 2011, we held our annual fall fundraiser at the St. Roch's Church pavilion at Mentz,



Texas. We had a beautiful weather day and with a few hard-working members and volunteers we were ready by 11 a.m. The concerns started when the guest speaker could not be located and we had not seen much of a crowd as everyone was going next door. Then people started coming in and paying their annual dues and donating door prizes and silent auction items and it looked like we were going to finally have a good event.

Words cannot express the appreciation TSA has for the dedicated members and sponsors that made this event a financial success. A list of raffle prize winners appears in this newsletter. I talked to a lot of people and we had Jon Hayes give us an update on the poor range conditions and very good antler forecast for this season. I enjoy success as much as anyone and with the help of many, our success is to be able to sponsor scholarships, sponsor youth camp participants, and continue to educate and share outdoor experiences with our children and grandchildren. In addition we will continue our memberships in the state and national organizations who monitor our privileges and rights.

As mentioned above, the wildfires affected our area and one of our very important board members, specifically. We had an additional donation bucket for the Terrel Maertz family who lost virtually everything in the Bailey Road fire. Mr. Maertz and his son, along with several fire departments, were fighting the fire and all along he knew that his place was in the direction downwind. After the cleanup was near completion of the fundraiser we counted the proceeds and I will tell you that I was as emotional as Terrel and Robin were on October 12 when we presented them the donation which totaled \$1,000 dollars and change. Some \$992.82 was collected at the fundraiser and the board members present at the business meeting contributed to make the donation one thousand.

We deposited \$9,900 from the raffle, silent auction, membership renewals, and donations. Our expenses were around \$5,900 for the event. The profit from this event will afford us the opportunity to do the things I mentioned above for another year. God Bless all of you who contributed time and money in these difficult times. I think the 100 or so members present had a good visit and thank you for coming.

(Continued on Page 8)

Looking Down From the Saddle

By HERMAN W. BRUNE

Missouri Breaks, Montana

My hunter watched as I short-quartered the mule deer buck and slid the meat into the sack on my backpack. I took the backstraps, trimmed the neck, and then cut out the tenderloins. Then I stuffed the cape in the top of the sack and tied the horns on top.

The gentleman stood watching and waiting for my instruction or for an opportunity to assist.

“Now, this is where you can help me,” I said. “Hold this frame upright while I put it on.” He did, and I sat down on the ground with my back against the aluminum frame. I eased my arms through the arm-loops and then fastened the wide padded nylon belt around my waist. “Okay, help me up.”

Once standing, I jerked all the arm and waist belts tight. My load was almost 100 pounds, and the design of the packboard threw the weight to my shoulders. The meaty burden felt good on my back. I took a couple of steps, double-checked the strap adjustments, and let my eyes follow the trail up and out of the desert-like river breaks.

I looked at my client. He was in good shape, but I knew he'd slow me down. After a spring riding saddlebrons, a summer packing mules for wilderness fly fishing trips, and an early fall season traipsing across the top of the world hunting elk, I was in the best shape of my life.

“Look, this trail goes all the way to the road. Don't worry about keeping up with me. I've got to walk at my own pace.”

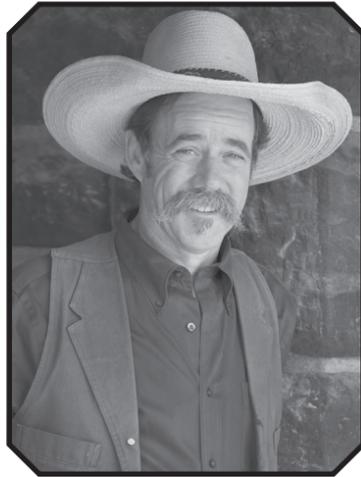
He was incredulous, “You think you're going to walk off from me carrying that deer on your back? I was thinking I'd spell you halfway. We're almost two miles from the truck.”

“Come on, we'll see how it goes,” and I turned and started up the narrow path.

I felt great. There was a spring in my step and a tune whistling from my lips. It was a beautiful sunshine day, the temperature was mild and the arid climate agreed with me. I could step out and only had to stop and catch my breath in the steepest parts of the trail.

Almost forty-five minutes later I stepped onto the road that ran along the ridge. I looked back and saw my hunter chugging along a quarter mile below me. The truck was nearby and I sat down by the back tire, undid the straps, and rid myself of the pack. Then I lifted it into the truck's bed. I was having fun but this hunting-from-the-truck wasn't my brand of sportsmanship. I missed my horses and mules. Fortunately, I had more work scheduled with another wilderness outfitter.

The next week a local Montana crew and I rode up the Dearborn River, through the Lewis and Clark National Forest, and into the Bob Marshal Wilderness. Every man there cut his teeth on packing bronc mules and sleeping under the stars. I didn't have to worry about guiding dudes on this trip. I was hired to



cut wood, feed stock, and help the cook. It was a good way to wind down from a hard year. I didn't even mind when the weather turned bad and the snow piled up.

The hunters weren't too serious about staying in the woods all day and they were usually back in camp by noon. There, they dug away the knee-deep snow and spent several silly hours every afternoon pitching horseshoes. The days were getting shorter and by 4:30 there wasn't much light. At night we played cards and pulled on a jug. The hunters showed no inclination to kill anything. It was a camping trip more than a hunting trip. The cook tent was always heated, and the outfitters bunk was in the back. But, we were too lazy to build fires in the sleeping tents. At bedtime we pulled off our boots and rolled into our sleeping bags.

I ventured out several mornings and noticed that numerous mountain lions had congregated in our valley. There were multiple scrapes from different cats and I figured that was one reason for the scarcity of game.

Then the outfitter asked me to make a hay run. He had one more 8-day hunt before the end of the season. I couldn't stay for his last group of guests but I could help him prepare. The next day another packer and I rode into the blue cold not knowing an Arctic Front was headed our way.

Had I been alone I may have suffered, but the two of us hooted and hollered daring the Norse Gods to do their best. I closed out the Montana season leading mules and laughing as the temperature plummeted to minus 22 degrees. My hair was grown down to my shoulders, my beard touched my chest, and folks referred to my guiding companions and me as Mountain Men. We were proud young fellows. We stood straight, rode straight, and talked straight. We were fearless and would have skinned the devil if his fur was set.

But, it was time for me to drift south towards Texas.

With some reluctance, I left the mountains for the last time. The town we called our headquarters seemed to be closed for the winter. The streets had a permanent coat of ice and the snowplows furrowed ridges of dirty snow at the curbs. Every establishment and eatery was cozy and had the same feeling as home on Christmas. The tourist season was over and the townspeople were burrowed in to hibernate.

I'd lived outdoors too long. Ever so often I had to step out, find a spot where I could look between the buildings, and peer at the white frozen mountains. Finally, I'd put it off as long as I could and I cranked the Texas rig and steered onto the highway.

The open road rejuvenated me and gave my heart a lift. I watched the magnificent bleak countryside slide into my rearview. In Wyoming, the interstate turned into an icy path that resembled a gravel road rather than a super highway. My southward migration sputtered to a clutch-burning crawl. Then in places, where I was making the first tracks, I had to guess for the hardtop to stay out of the ditch.

At the Wyoming/Colorado line the roadway cleared and the

(Continued on Page 7)

By **BRAD GOHLKE**

A couple of years ago there was a lot of grumbling, complaining, and voting about what was at the time a controversial issue. This vote was to allow anyone to use a crossbow during the Texas archery hunting season. I must admit, that as an avid bowhunter that has traveled to multiple states and countries with only a bow and arrow to harvest trophies, I was not that excited about the passing of the law.

All this changed for me several months ago when my son asked an innocent and simple question. Hunter is 5 years old and has been shooting a small compound bow since he was 3. When he came to me and asked, "Daddy can I hunt with my bow this year?" I began to think that the whole crossbow thing could be a good idea. I explained to him that he was only able to draw 18 lbs. on his bow and that his bow could not ethically or legally bring down a deer. As disappointment came over his face, I mentioned we might be able to get a crossbow, and in a millisecond he was as excited as he was when he asked his question.

As I began my search for crossbows, I came across a problem. All of the crossbows I found or let Hunter try had a full-size length of pull and none of them seemed to come with a youth size stock. The trigger was too far for him to reach if he placed the stock against his shoulder. I finally found a Parker Cyclone which comes with a collapsible AR-15 style stock that I knew would fit him (I have since noticed some other manufactures offering this style stock and please keep this in mind for smaller framed shooters).

Once we had our crossbow and learned about its operation, care and maintenance, we headed to Sheridan to try our hand at some archery targets. Here is where I learned the benefits of a crossbow with youths. I believe this crossbow will be an invaluable tool for Hunter in learning hunting skills and firearm safety. Since the crossbow is fired in the same manner as a firearm all of the same safety procedures apply and can be learned by children without the noise and recoil that typically scare children and cause such bad habits as flinching and jerking the trigger. This crossbow will make Hunter a safer and better shooter with firearms, and since there is limited sound and range there are always more opportunities to practice as long as there is a good archery target around. An additional great benefit is there is no cost associated with each pull of the trigger. Just go pull the bolt from the target and shoot it again. In today's economy and skyrocketing ammo costs, practice is often limited by the all mighty dollar. With a crossbow, youth can practice without costing an additional cent.

As Oct. 1 slowly approached, anticipation mounted as we began getting photos of 11 different bucks, 3 of which were large mature shooters, at one of my favorite honey holes that had been deemed "Hunter's Stand." About 3½ weeks before the season opened, we set up and brushed in a Double Bull Blind below the tree that one of my tree stands typically resides in.

We were in the blind long before daylight on that highly-anticipated Saturday morning, but Hunter was wide awake. He had begun waking me up and asking if it was time to go hunting at about 3 that morning. Hunter knew this morning that he would be satisfied with nothing less than one of the big bucks we had pictures of, so he only practiced aiming at the several



HUNTER GOHLKE, 5 years old, poses proudly with his first deer, a 7½-year-old doe taken with his crossbow at Sheridan.

does and small bucks we had within 15 to 25 yards of us that morning. We did see a large 10 point that morning that was bigger than any buck we had photos of. In fact, it was the largest buck I have ever seen in Sheridan. This deer was magnificent and should easily score in the 140's! We both watched him as he crossed about 110 yards from us, and to the time of this writing I could not tell you whose heart was pounding harder when we saw this deer.

Hunter had a T-ball game in Katy that Saturday so we had to return home after the morning hunt, but there was no doubt we would be driving back to Sheridan that night for the Sunday morning hunt after seeing that buck. As the sun rose on Oct. 2, there were two does eating in front of us at 20 yards. These two fed for 40 minutes before slowly walking off into the woods. When they left Hunter quietly ask, "Daddy if some more does come in, can I try to shoot one?" Twenty minutes later he was resting on the shooting sticks and taking aim at a big mature nanny. He carefully aimed and whispered, "I'm ready Daddy, take it off safety!" I deactivated the safety and before I could whisper squeeze the trigger, he had made a well placed lung shot at 22 yards.

He did everything as he had been taught. He watched her run out of site before he turned to me excitedly cheering while still trying to whisper and pumping his fists, "I got her Daddy, I got her, I saw the blood on her side!" After a lot of hugging and congratulations we quietly called Mom from the blind to let her know he had shot his first deer. We waited 20 minutes and then exited the blind to start following the blood trail. I was proud of his enthusiasm and keen eye as we followed the 120-yard trail to Hunter's first deer. He followed the trail on his own with the exception of one 10-yard stretch where I helped him at about the half-way point.

My ideas on the legalization of crossbow hunting have been turned 180 degrees. My son and I will have the lifelong memory of his first deer because crossbows are legal to hunt with during the Texas archery season. Hunter has already learned so much about hunting with this crossbow. He has learned the skills and patience of watching a huge buck cross out of range that are

(Continued on pg. 7)

Fall Fund Raiser 'Thank You'

Many thanks to the members that donated attendance prizes, silent auction items, and desserts for the Fall fund Raiser. And to everyone that helped in any way, we want to say "Thank You."

The donations and help made the event the success it always is.



THERE'S NOTHING LIKE two brothers spending time together hunting. On this particular outing, Cole Rinn (right) and Garrett Rinn trekked the hill country in search of doves. After taking cover near dense brush waiting for the doves to arrive, wild pigs showed up and the dove hunt turned into a pig hunt. After bringing the bounty back to the camp house the old fashioned way, it was grilled dove and bacon for an appetizer and wild pig for the main course!

How much water do game animals drink?

White-tailed deer — 16 cups per day

Mule deer — 40 cups per day

Pronghorn antelope — 16 cups per day

Rio Grande turkey — 4.8 cups per day

Feral hog — 80 cups per day

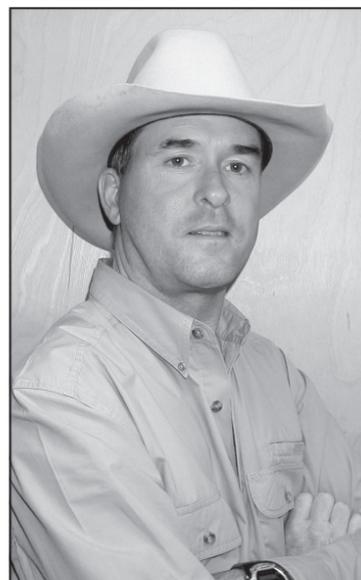
These estimates are based on how much animals actually drink. Wildlife experts point out, however, that animals get water from three sources: "free water," that being what they drink; "performed water," which comes from plants they eat; and "metabolic water" derived from the breakdown of fats and proteins.

Do you feel lucky?

BY KENDAL HEMPHILL

When the movie Dirty Harry came out in 1971, it became an instant classic. Now, 40 years later, you can quote lines from that movie, and you don't have to explain them. Just about everyone has heard them, and knows where they came from. Clint Eastwood did for Harry Callahan what Arnold Schwarzenegger did for a robot from the future, with his "I'll be back" line. And Eastwood was more believable.

A couple of the more memorable, and over-used, quotes from the movie are "Go ahead, make my day" and "Do you feel lucky, punk?" The second one is not an accurate quote, but that's generally the way folks remember it. What Eastwood really said, as he pointed his big gun at a crook who was reaching for a shotgun, was, "I know what you're thinking. 'Did he fire six shots, or only five?' Well, to tell you the truth, in all this excitement, I've kind of lost track myself. But being this is a .44 magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world, and would blow your head clean off, you've got to ask yourself one question, 'Do I feel lucky?' Well, do ya, punk?"



There was even a song written around the Make My Day quote. Of course, no one could ever deliver those lines with the same venomous contempt Eastwood did in the movie. Harry hated everybody, and it showed. It's probably a good thing that Frank Sinatra, John Wayne, Steve McQueen and Paul Newman all turned down the role.

Eastwood's statement that his gun was "the most powerful handgun in the world," wasn't technically accurate, but it wasn't far off. Actually, the .44 Remington Magnum was a wildcat cartridge developed by Elmer Keith in 1955, and Keith talked Remington into making the cartridges and Smith & Wesson into making the gun. And the .454 Casull, developed in 1959, is a little more powerful, but we're splitting hairs here. Besides, it probably would blow your head clean off.

The important thing is that Dirty Harry made the Smith & Wesson Model 29 revolver a "must have" gun overnight. When the movie came out it wasn't actually in production, but since there were people lined up at gun stores, waving money, wanting to buy one, Smith must have decided, "Why not?" Plus, the .454 Casull was a custom only gun at the time, so the .44 was the world's most powerful production handgun, once Smith started cranking them out.

And people didn't just want a .44 Magnum, they wanted a Smith & Wesson .44 Magnum (not that anyone else made one). The name Smith & Wesson is synonymous with quality, and it has always been particularly synonymous with revolver quality. Smith has traditionally made the best, most reliable, most durable and nicest looking revolvers in the world. They also, incidentally, still make the world's most powerful handgun, the 500 Smith & Wesson Magnum, which doesn't kick quite as much as you'd think.

But lately Smith has been branching out into areas I've always

(Continued on page 6)

Do you feel lucky? (Continued from Page 5)

thought of as non-Smith territory. In 2006 they offered the M&P15, a top quality AR-style .223 rifle that features typical Smith excellent fit and finish. The test model I shot typically turned in 5-shot groups in the inch and a half range at 100 yards, sometimes smaller. The rifle is offered in several configurations now, including, thoughtful folks the Smith people are, models with fixed stocks and fixed magazines, so they're legal in communist countries like California.

That was followed by the M&P15-22, a .22 long rifle version of the .223. It's a scale model of its big brother, and all the controls and knobs and such work the same, so it's a great way to get used to the bigger rifle without spending a ton of money on ammo. Plus it's a lot of fun to shoot, and the railed fore end makes attaching lights and lasers and such a snap.

The big news lately, of course, is Smith's Governor, a huge revolver, the size of a Christmas ham, that fires .410 shotgun shells, .45 Long Colt cartridges, and .45 ACP cartridges. You don't want to drop a Governor on your foot, but it would probably clear the bad guys out of a living room chop chop.

Personally, I'm far more impressed with Smith's new E line of 1911 pistols. While Smith has been making 1911s for a long time, and their SW1911PD is one of the finest .45 ACPs I've ever shot, their redesigned E guns are definitely a cut above.

The E series is not even made on their old machines. All new CNC machines were installed in their Maine factory, and some interesting changes were made to the 1911 design. Some of these are way too technical for me, but the ejection port has been improved to cut down on dented brass. The most notable changes involve appearance.

The E series 1911s look like custom pistols, with beautiful fish scale cutouts on the slide in place of the old serrations, and impressive custom grips. But the most noticeable feature is the bobtailed frame. The butt of the pistol is rounded slightly, which makes it more comfortable to carry, and less likely to cause clothing to ride up and turn a concealed pistol into an unconcealed one. Plus it looks fantastic.

To borrow a phrase from the old Oldsmobile commercial, this is not your father's 1911, and Smith is not your father's gun company, except in quality. Get hold of a new Smith & Wesson firearm, and you will definitely feel lucky, punk or not ...

Kendal Hemphill is an outdoor humor columnist and public speaker who never travels without Charmin and Smith. Write to him at P.O. Box 1600, Mason, TX 76856 or jeep@verizon.net.



AN OFFSHORE FISHING TRIP out of Port O'Connor produced a daily limit for these anglers. From left are Ian Anderson, Captain Ray Anderson and Cole Rinn.

Advertise in the TSA Newsletter!

Texas Sportsman's Association members receive the TSA Newsletter quarterly. They're all interested in the outdoors, and can provide advertisers with a targeted group of active, involved consumers!

ADVERTISING RATES:

Full Page — \$225 (7.5 inches wide X 10 inches tall)

Half Page — \$120

(7.5 inches wide X 5 inches tall or 3.75 inches wide X 10 inches tall)

1/4 Page — \$55 (3.75 inches wide X 5 inches tall)

Business Card size — \$25

(Other ad sizes — \$5.50 per column inch)

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| TEXAS SPORTSMAN'S ASSN. | \$ _____ |
| TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED: \$ _____ | |
| DUES PAYABLE TO: | |
| TEXAS SPORTSMAN'S ASSOCIATION | |
| P.O. BOX 26 | |
| COLUMBUS, TEXAS 78934 | |

Herman Brune

(Continued from Page 3)

world changed. I noticed a difference in people. There is no extra tallow on the boys who make a living in a saddle. However, I was beginning to see guys who obviously had softer occupations. The wolf in me growled at the yard dogs. I wasn't ready for society.

Then at the New Mexico border I began seeing vehicles laden with four-wheelers. Elk season was still going strong in this region. My initial reaction was disgust. If a person couldn't walk, or ride a horse, to a piece of country he needed to stay home.

An alarm went off in my head and I knew I was wrong. I had no right to judge anybody who enjoys the outdoors. Some of my best experiences as a child were watching deer come to my corn feeder. Not everybody could run off and play cowboy. I had to cut folks some slack and be happy they appreciate fresh mornings and sunrises in yaupon thickets or on mesquite flats. Instead of seeing the differences in hunters, I needed to be thankful for the things we enjoy that are the same.

I had to remember there are four things that constitute an ethical hunter. Whether he shoots his prey from a deer stand or a few steps from his horse doesn't matter.

An ethical hunter is:

1. Safe
2. Makes a clean kill
3. Utilizes all of his trophy
4. Is legal

Every other aspect of a hunt falls under the different categories of hunter preferences. The word "ethical" is vague, overused by snobs, and shouldn't be misapplied to anyone who fills the four requirements and who loves nature.

Accepting this revelation required some concentration as I made the transition from the wilderness to the modern social order.

By February, I'd cut my hair and shaved my beard. I was fitting in with normal accepted practices except when I wore my hat to the mall. Then one day while feeding cows I made a trip to the back end of the pasture. There, I stopped and stared. Someone from the city had bought the land next door and put up a high fence. My heart sank. I sat with my mouth hanging open. I felt I'd been insulted and betrayed by a neighbor. Civilization clanged another of its iron jail doors at me.

I know people have preferences and rights but I couldn't overcome the feeling of loss. With a hanging head I acknowledged what is happening to the wilderness of my youth. Then I smiled a sad surrendering smile to myself, faced the north breeze, and began anticipating my next journey up the mountain trails.

A Hunter's First Deer

(Continued from Page 4)

what make archery hunting such a challenge, and he has learned proper handling and safety of a firearm. This has been a good lesson for me and should be to all hunters, no matter how you prefer to legally hunt. We should not bicker and argue amongst each other. Anti-hunters like nothing more than to see us fighting with each other. As hunters we must stick together and support each other and continue to take and teach our children to hunt.



TSA MEMBER Brad Gohlke took this nice 10-point buck during bow season on Oct. 24.

Texas Sportsman's Association Raffle Winners

September 25, 2011

1. Savage 116-243 Accu-Trigger Stainless Ms. Susan M. Zatopek
2. Mossberg Siver Reserve 20ga. Over/Under Carolyn Meadows
3. Weatherby Vanguard 270 Pamela Schonenberg
4. Barrett Wildcat Crossbow-Red Dot Package Jeffery James
5. Remington 870 Express 12ga. Mr. Ronnie Poncik
6. Savage 93 17 HMR Heavy Barrel Matt Guthmann
7. Hand-made Quilt Cassandra Soto
8. Leupold Vari-X 1 3x9 Scope Larry Urban
9. Ruger 10-22 Kendra Heider
10. Rod & Reel Combo Donald Peikert
11. \$100 Gift Card- Academy from Trafco Vanessa Fronczak
12. \$100 Savings Bond from Carmine State Bank Mr. Roy J. Jones
13. Lifetime Membership Lloyd Wubbenhorst
14. \$100 Savings Bond from Columbus State Bank Margaret Golla
15. \$100 Savings Bond from First National Bank Leebert Brune
16. 4 Bag Chairs from Industry State Bank Evelyn Krenek
17. \$50 WalMart Gift Card from J.W.V. Services- Sealy Frankie Peters
18. 2 Sets of TSA Dominoes from Buck & Ora Dell Kollman . Henry W. Schmidt
19. \$50 Bass Pro Gift Card from Citizens State Bank-Sealy .. Charles B. Boyce
20. 2 Bag Chairs from First State Bank Nick Truxillo



TSA PRESIDENT David Gohlke harvested this 8-pointer in Lavaca County on Oct. 1.

'Crockett'

(Continued from Page 1)

Commissioner, and a driving force that birthed the Texas Sportsman's Association (TSA). The TSA is largely responsible for lobbying Texas Parks and Wildlife to discover and implement conservation for declining whitetail deer populations. This resulted in the 13-inch antler regulation that has been successful and has become the ground rule for more than a fourth of Texas.

He was an avid historian, particular to German and Texas German history, and was active in the restoration and preservation of the Zimmerscheidt School. Crockett loved his heritage; playing and dancing polka music when opportunity allowed. He was also the leader of the German Society and traveled throughout the state attending German gatherings and singing in the old country language.

Crockett also embraced a love for animals. He raised Longhorn cattle, commercial beef cattle, and Plot Hounds. His hunting dogs were honest and didn't chase cattle or deer. This made him welcome on most folks' property and enabled him to hunt hogs throughout Colorado County.

He had an innate knowledge of both flora and fauna. Often, he walked through the landscape naming various plants and trees, as well as, reading sign, and tracks. At the same time, he managed his hayfields, a garden and a private vineyard.

He is survived by his wife Dorothy and his children David Leyendecker and Bonnie Roesler. He is survived by his grandchildren Roxanne Brown and husband David, Rocky Roesler, Kimberly Johnson and husband Ross, and Kristen Carden and husband Luke. He is also survived by one great grandchild Shelby Johnson.

Crockett will be remembered by many individual accounts. Everyone that knew him will tell us their personal Crockett moment.

The man drove his four-wheeler up to the brush pile and heard the hog/dog battle.

"Brune are you in there?"

"Yeah ... hurry!"

"Hang on boy, I'm coming!" he said. And he got on his hands and knees to crawl into the fracas.

The hog was a 250 plus-pounder and my grip was slipping. It was bouncing me off brush and dragging me in tight circles through ankle-deep muck. The dogs were fighting and I was sweated clean through, but turning loose was not an option. Crockett scuttled into the melee and it was nip-and-tuck for a few minutes but we finally got the beast thrown and tied.

"Boy – you know, you're a pretty good hunting partner."

It was the highest compliment coming from the consummate woodsman.

"Well thanks ... and you're right. It's a good day to be out in the woods."

Send us your pictures and articles

Texas Sportsman Assn. members are encouraged to submit stories and/or photos for the Newsletter. Submissions may be mailed to Texas Sportsmans Association, P.O. Box 26, Columbus, TX 78934, or email editor@industryinet.com.

President's Message

(Continued from Page 2)

Also, we paid out \$470 in coyote bounties last month. This is the area of the business that I just got involved with. Great work to thin these predators!

Now I have spent the last month out in the woods and will share a few facts and memories. The bucks were in great shape at the beginning of the season and have been running for a few weeks now. I harvested a nice buck the first morning and my grandson took his first the second day. Those of you that were at the fundraiser may know him from drawing the raffle tickets. His father wrote an article to follow this. TPW Jon Hayes spent one afternoon with us and I took him out with Hunter's crossbow and we didn't have any luck, but I have changed my way of thinking on a few things about herd management. I have always looked at the individual animal, instead of the overall herd. I will have an article on this in the next newsletter. Now "the rest of the story." The does with young are not in as good of shape in my area as the bucks. We harvested one 4½-year-old doe with a live weight of 72 lbs. Well, as Jon told us, we should use those MLD permits early to help the herd make it through the difficult months ahead.

Please share ethical pictures of your success and stories with us. We will include them in your newsletter at the next printing. If you received this newsletter it means your dues are up to date. We have been forced to drop some members that have gotten behind. Have a safe and successful hunting season!

Thank all of you again for your membership and the January Board meeting will be spent planning the March business meeting. We will have the complimentary Stew Lunch for members and some of the Agenda items will include: raising annual membership dues, election of the president and treasurer and any other business this organization needs to address. We will try to have a guest speaker and it WILL be in the Parish Hall. We have the Hall booked for this event and the fall fundraiser indefinitely for first Sunday in March and last Sunday in September. I hope to see you all there!

David Gohlke

The entire TSA membership was saddened and mourn the loss of one of the TSA's founding members, Crockett Leyendecker. We all extend sympathy to the family and close friends.

TSA welcomes new members

The Texas Sportsman's Association welcomes new memberships.

Dues are only \$5 per year, and memberships run from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31 of each year except for lifetime memberships. All TSA memberships expire on Dec. 31 each year.

Simply cut out the application form on at the bottom of page six, enclose the fee, address an envelope to TSA, P.O. Box 26, Columbus, TX 78934, stamp it and put it in the mail! You may also sign up online at:

<http://www.texassportsmansassociation.org>.