

SOUTH SHORE
WATERFOWLERS

ASSOCIATION, INC.



June 2019

Web site: sswa.org

P.O. BOX 217

BRIGHTWATERS, NY 11718

SAVE THE DATE — SSWA ANNUAL BBQ
Saturday, August 3 – Noon until 6 pm
Sears Bellows County Park Picnic Pavillion

Open to all SSWA members in good standing and their immediate families. Food and non-alcoholic beverages provided. Feel free to BYOB, it is allowed. We ask each family to bring a BBQ related favorite to enhance the picnic. Call Curt Matzinger at 631-661-0379 to give him a head count. The BBQ is FREE, but we ask you to send a \$20.00 check made payable to SSWA and mail to 32 Magro Drive, North Babylon, NY 11703. When you arrive the day of the BBQ, Curt will give you back your check. If you are a no-show, SSWA cashes the check to pay for the food it bought for you and your family. OK Call Today!

Board of Directors Meeting

Saturday, July 13, at 4:30 pm

The Annual BOD meeting is Saturday at Kate and Ben Sohm's house. Board members include ALL officers, all past presidents, Advisors, and Directors. This meeting is to set the stage for our upcoming calendar year. All BOD members PLEASE CALL CURT at 631-661-0379 and tell him if you are coming or can't make it. We need to get a head count for pizza. Call TODAY!!!

Peconic River Sportsmen's Club
SPORTING CLAYS SHOOT

Shoots are set to start in July but NO dates are set in stone just yet. We will send out an e-mail to all members the week before the shoots. We will be in touch.

Cost of the round of sporting clays is \$40.

Lunch will be at the Triangle Pub or if we get a big enough turn-out a BBQ at PRSC.



Tanaku Lodge, Elfin Cove, Alaska.



Bald eagle grabbing fish.

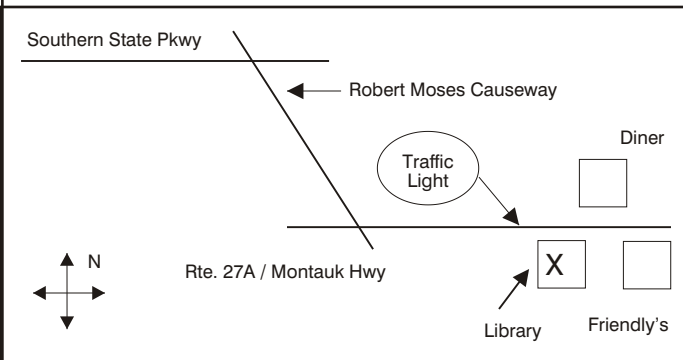
South Shore Waterfowlers

Voice of the Long Island Waterfowler

The South Shore Waterfowlers meet at 7:00 p.m. on the 1st Monday of each month from September through April. If the 1st Monday falls on a holiday, the meeting will take place on an alternate date (to be announced). (A library holiday is the same as a U.S. Postal holiday.)

Meetings are held on the first floor conference room of the Brightwaters/Bayshore Library located on Montauk Highway (Rte. 27A) in Brightwaters/Bayshore (see map below).

For additional information, please call Ron (631) 902-2220 or Kate (516) 413-8476.



South Shore Waterfowlers Association — Officers —

- President Ron Pliszak
631-902-2220
- 1st Vice President Kate Sohm
516-413-8476
- 2nd Vice President Erik Tallbe, Jr.
516-799-6613
- Secretary Dani Karam.
631-921-3633
- Treasurer, Newsletter Editor, Duckboat
Show Chairman, Membership, Historian,
Club Dinner, BBQ Chairman, Feed
Fund, and Fundraising Curt Matzinger
631-661-0379
- Sergeant at Arms Erik Tallbe
516-799-6613

President's Corner

by Ron Pliszak

The summer is finally here after a very wet and rainy spring. Now is the time to get out and enjoy the outdoors with family and friends. So whether it's a BBQ, family fishing trip, or a day shooting sporting clays, get out there and have fun.

Our summer Board Meeting is quickly approaching. At this meeting we plan the agenda for the upcoming year. At our last meeting of the year in April, I had asked the members for input on presentations and speakers at the meetings for the upcoming year. This is your club and if you have anything you might be interested in, let me know so we can discuss it before we set up the agenda.

It might seem like duck season is a long way away, but Duck Stamps go on sale this month, early goose season in some parts of the state, and our monthly meetings start in only 8 weeks. It'll be here before you know it. Now that summer is finally here, nobody wants to see it go, so enjoy it and have fun but keep in mind that before you know it, you'll be untangling decoy lines and uncovering your duckboat.

Wishing you and your families a safe and happy summer and I'm looking forward to seeing everybody at the Annual Summer BBQ.



THE CAMP-SITE
SPORT SHOP

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You and Your Scattergun

How Well Do You Know Your Shotgun? How Well Do You Know Your Loads?

by George Grivas

Want to be a good shot? You should know how will your shells pattern out of your gun. I am surprised at how many people fail to do this. Again I pattern my gun for (1) point of impact, and (2) pattern performance.

I recently bought two boxes of shells, different manufacturers, for turkey hunting. I patterned Box A out of my Mossberg 835 first with a full choke and then with an extra full choke. I then patterned Box B out of the same gun, first full choke and then extra full choke. My results did surprise me. Box A patterned better with full choke while Box B patterned better with extra full. I patterned at 30 yards. I chose Box A for my turkey hunt.

My hunt resulted in my taking a shot at about 40 yards. I would have preferred a 25 yard shot

but it wasn't going to happen. Why I had to take a 40 yard shot is another story. Had I known this was to happen I would have used Box B with extra full choke. I got my bird but it did not go down with the first shot.

You want to pattern your gun? Get your pattern paper, draw a target on it (clay target, turkey profile, or whatever you like), staple it to the pattern board. Then measure out the distance that you will be shooting from. Mount your gun and fire at your target. Take a look at it and decide if you have a good pattern.

Want to be a good shot? Pattern your load and gun.

Talking About Dogs

The Same But Different

by George Grivas

Of course no two dogs are exactly alike. They are individuals just like people. I have had several dogs and have found differences in them all,

OK, I had bred my girl Buffy and got seven puppies in the litter. I always wanted one of her puppies so I kept one for myself. I thought that I would end up with a puppy that would have many of Buffy's qualities: not too big, love of water, very birdy, extreme prey drive, fast. So how does Thor compare to his mother Buffy?

My boy Thor is 66 pounds – not too big. He loves water, is very birdy, is fast, and has extreme prey drive. So how is he different? Buffy had to be introduced to water slowly, it took maybe three sessions. Then she became a maniac in the water, she loved it! Thor, on the other hand, dove right in and swam through thick lily pads. Thor is just slightly faster than Buffy but that is due to a larger body size. Buffy's limbs moved much faster. Buffy had a bit more perseverance when looking for birds, Thor had to learn perseverance.

Teaching blind retrieves to Thor was very different compared to Buffy. It took Buffy a while to get the message. Thor, on the other hand, took quite well to running blinds. He ate up the lining drills right from the start.

So yes, Buffy and Thor are the same but different, However, the end result will be the same, that is, a well-trained talented hunting dog.

Trying to Find Tips on Calling Ducks

by Ron Sineo

I am always reading through the duck magazines and hunting journals to see if I can pick up some valuable tips in my pursuit of trying to be a better waterfowler. In my search, I came across this article by Joe Balog. I changed one word in the title of his article to keep the story G-rated. I think it is an interesting read.

10 REASONS WHY YOU STINK AT CALLING DUCKS

YOU CAN'T QUACK FOR SQUAT

The range of sounds replicable with a duck call can be overwhelming. While more advanced calling sequences can work, the easiest sound is grossly underrated: the simple quack. When a single hen is allowed to land in your spread, you'll usually get to hear her raspy, guttural quack. It'll be slightly urgent, as if she's lost from her friends. Yet that sound is often overlooked in modern calling routines.

The Fix: Start at step one, and learn to quack. Doing so will often bring ducks to the spread when seemingly nothing else will. On still, calm days, or in areas with heavy hunting pressure, a single-note quack in repetition is deadly. Don't leave home without it.

YOU BOUGHT A CALL BECAUSE IT'S PRETTY

Your buddy is a pretty good duck caller, and he firmly believes his \$150 custom call is the best one made. But when you try his favorite acrylic masterpiece, the sounds you make ... well, they're not good. Regardless of your buddy's instructions, you simply can't make a decent sound with his duck call. When afield, the ducks sure aren't buying it.

The Fix: Find a call that fits your "air"—not the one that looks pretty or your buddy likes best. This was a tip given to me several years ago by Duck Commander's John Godwin. While most of the guys in the Commander crew blew a modern DC model, Godwin chose an older model call that performed best for him and his calling method. Call manufacturers offer calls with a variety of reed, barrel and end-piece designs. The best way to determine your best fit is through simple trial and error at a dealer with several different calls. (*Read: Wood, Polycarb or Acrylic? Which Duck Call is Best for You?*)

YOU'RE LEARNING FROM DUCK HUNTERS, NOT DUCKS!

Information abounds these days, including information about duck calling. The source for much of that information is provided by folks in the contest calling realm. Now, almost without fail, those guys are good at calling ducks. But a contest-calling "routine" can sound absurdly over the top—particularly if you haven't learned the basics yet.

The Fix: Build your knowledge base by listening to the real thing: ducks. Spend as much time as possible near a refuge or park that holds lots of birds, and not just during duck season. Download a voice recording app on your phone, record the sounds you hear, and use them to provide instant access to the sound of live ducks. Imitate what you hear—and save the contest routines for down the road.

THEY DON'T ALL QUACK

Here's something else you'll notice if you spend time at a refuge: you hear many more sounds than those of hen mallards. You'll hear teal peeping and wigeon and pintails whistling. Drake mallards make a gweeb sound that really gets your blood flowing, and gadwalls are vocal with a soft, distinct quack of their own. You've never tried any of those sounds while hunting.

The Fix: Try them. Many companies produce calls to mimic wigeon, pintails, drake mallards and gadwalls. Give them a try, especially on calm days when calling can be tough. Late season mallards can be real suckers for a good drake whistle, as the males seem to more vocal when pairing with mates for the spring.

YOU'RE A GRUNTER

Everyone knows it's wrong to "blow" into a duck call; doing that simply produces kazoo-like sounds. So you grunt, deep from within your gut. Occasionally the noise you create sounds like a duck. More often, it leaves you out of breath and sounds like a guy grunting on a duck call.

The Fix: While it may come as a great surprise, the more advanced callers become, the more they actually blow into the call. Veterans learn to "play" a duck call like an instrument, using forced air that is pressurized in the throat or roof of the mouth, rather than in the stomach. A tell-tale sign of proper technique is the ability to produce ducky sounds at all volume levels, down to a whisper. Again, start with a single quack to learn proper air pressure. Worry about the other sounds later.

YOU MAKE THE WRONG SOUND AT THE WRONG TIME

So you've done some practicing, and can make pretty good sounds on a duck call. Yet, you still stink at calling ducks. You're baffled by how often the birds simply ignore you, or even flare away. But while hunting with a veteran, chills go down your spine while you watch him turn birds into the spread with a single hail call at just the right moment. He says something about "calling on the corners," but you're not really sure what that means.

The Fix: Learn to watch and "read" ducks. Only give hail or greeting-style calls at birds when they appear to be leaving the area. If they are approaching, or any single bird in the flock is coming into the decoys, stay quiet, or at most, use single quacks and some feed calls. If the birds circle over and then pass by as if looking for another destination, hit them with a hail call; that's the mysterious "corner." When they turn back to you, tone it down again.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT THE SOUNDS MEAN

You've heard ducks make a variety of noises, and duck callers make even more. It's apparent that the in-vogue method of calling is to use a loud hailing call, followed up by machine-gun chatter once ducks begin circling. Ask yourself: how often do real ducks do that?

The Fix: Ducks make different sounds in different environments. Hundreds of ducks in a marshy refuge make different sounds than a group of birds feeding in the timber. Many call methods are intended to over-exaggerate a natural occurrence, like high-ball hail calls and super-aggressive feed chatter. But such sounds might be overkill when hunting over a couple dozen decoys. Approach duck calling with a naturalist's perspective, and duplicate the sounds based on your surroundings. Remember, for the most part, a mallard feeds a maximum of a foot below water, or 16 inches above ground. Feed chatter doesn't sound natural if your decoys are set in 3 feet of water.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN TO JUST SHUT UP

Calling is one of the most enjoyable aspects of duck hunting. So it's easy to want to call at every duck you see. But sometimes, it's as if the ducks purposely turn away when you call. You're hidden well, and the decoys look good, so you conclude it may indeed be the calling. But how does that make sense? Real ducks call at each other all the time.

The Fix: Don't call at approaching ducks. If you have to make noise for things to feel right, keep it to a minimum. In situations where ducks receive a great deal of hunting pressure, they may actually avoid areas where they hear calling. A few signs you're calling too much: if ducks approach without any calling and decoy immediately, or if ducks fly over, likely down-wind from behind you, and one series of greeting calls turns them on a dime.

YOUR CADENCE IS WRONG

While live ducks may have different tones and pitches, they all have a very similar cadence. Not matching that is the surest way to make your duck calls sound fake.

The Fix: As nature reveals, the pitch of a duck's call varies from bird to bird. Young, immature hens are supposedly higher pitched than older, raspy hens. So a caller can have a varying degree of pitch without worry, but matching the cadence and rhythm is critical. Aside from single quacks, a hen's most common sound is a five- to seven-note greeting. The first or second notes are often the most stressed, and then they tone down. Learn what that sounds like (there are numerous recordings of it online, but one of the best is on Ducks Unlimited's website), then record your own calling and match it.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN TO BE AGGRESSIVE

Most novice callers err on the side of being too aggressive. You're heard that over and over again, and have tried to avoid it. And still, you're watching ducks light out of range or fly right on past you.

The Fix: In some situations, loud, aggressive calling works. One is when ducks are about to land in a nearby location, but not directly in your set. Right before they touch down, loud calling will often "bounce" them back up and bring them into the decoys. Aggressive calling can also work when traveling ducks are flying past your spread without intentions of landing there. Many veterans refer to this as "running traffic," and it's often the situation you're in when you're not hunting the X. In that scenario, it can be best to call hard at the high birds to start them down, then tone down to more realistic calling once they circle.

Then, there are days when loud calling is just the most effective method. Only the ducks can tell you that. If they respond to aggressive tactics, but turn away when you slack off, try hammering on them all the way until you shoulder the gun. That's yet another way of summarizing duck calling's most important tip of all: figure out what the ducks want, and give it to them. Every day is different.

Congratulations to the 2019-2020 Junior Duck Stamp Artist!

by Ron Sineo

Nicole Jeon, a 16-Year-Old from Scarsdale, NY Took Top Honors in the 2019 National Junior Duck Stamp Contest



A talented young artist from Scarsdale, New York, has taken top honors at the National Junior Duck Stamp Art Contest. A harlequin duck painted by Nicole Jeon, 16, will grace the 2019-2020 Junior Duck Stamp, which raises funds to educate and engage our nation's youth in wildlife and wetlands conservation and outdoor recreation.

A panel of five judges chose the entry, painted in acrylic, from among best-of-show entries from all 50 states, Washington DC, Puerto Rico, and the U.S. Virgin Islands.

"I am thrilled tens of thousands of creative students connect with the outdoors through the Junior Duck Stamp Program, creating conservationists of tomorrow," said

Service Principal Deputy Director Margaret Everson. "The Junior Duck Stamp Program encourages students to explore their natural world through science, art, and language, kindling a love for hunting, fishing, birdwatching, and other wildlife-related recreation activities."

Students annually participate in the Junior Duck Stamp Program at school, at home, in after-school groups, and at refuges, parks, and nature centers. After learning about wetlands, waterfowl, and wildlife conservation, they express their learning through a drawing or painting of a duck, goose, or swan.

The top piece of art in the nation – chosen at this annual competition – is featured on the Junior Duck Stamp, sales of which support educational programs and activities that nurture our next generation of sportsmen and women and conservationists.

The Junior Duck Stamp program began in 1989 as an extension of the Migratory Bird Conservation and Hunting Stamp, commonly known as the Duck Stamp. The first national Junior Duck Stamp Art Contest was held in 1993. The stamp encourages students to explore their natural world, participate in outdoor recreation activities, and learn wildlife management principles. Some 3,000 Junior Duck Stamps are sold annually for \$5 each.

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References Available

Tanaku Lodge, Elfin Cove Alaska

So many of my fellow SSWA members have asked me about my trip, I figured I would write up a little blurb about my trip, as well as a little P.R. for the owners.

In February at the Sportfishing Show in Freeport, I was blessed to win a fishing trip with Tanaku Lodge. Owners Dennis and Jim donate a trip every year to help the federation raise funds for the federations projects. My first thought was to ask my sister Diane to go with me. It has always been our families bucketlist trip, and the good Lord made it possible. We picked a date, and started planning. I met with Joe Calandra. He is one of the captains and he lives in Patchogue in the off season. I asked him a million questions and we set a date in June.

We flew into Juneau a day early to make sure we could catch our floatplane. Good thing because Dianes flights got messed up and she would have missed the connection. We went sightseeing in Juneau for half a day and met our floatplane. We loaded up the OTTER with 10 people and their gear and headed to the lodge. The scenery was magnificent. Splashing down we unloaded and headed to the lodge. The huge lodge is just gorgeous and the bed and pillows were the best I've ever slept on. I wanted to bring them home but they wouldn't fit on the seaplane. The staff was so friendly and accommodating. The cook "T", or should I say gourmet chef, prepared delicious meals for us. The freshest seafood, steaks, and pork dishes. Terrific. They were topped off with a few of my limes and we were very happy people.

We headed to the boats and out for a new adventure each day. On our boat were monster halibut up to 110 lbs (Diane caught it. I'll never live that down). Rockfish, yellow eyes, black bass, ling, black cod, king salmon, all came over the rail. A smorgasbord of seafood for our future meals. We were paired up with two gentlemen from Long Island. I guess they figured to keep all the load mouth crazy Islanders together. They were both fishing machines, and pairing them up with my sister, the fish were in trouble. The Ocean Rogue got us to the hot spots, and Captain Joe and mate Lt. Dan got us on the fish. Each day was better than the other and the fish box filled up fast. What an experience. Best fishing I've ever seen. One of the days, the Rockfish were being targeted in 1000 feet of water. You read it right – 1,000 feet deep. It took 7 minutes for the 3 pound weight to bring the bait to the bottom. Never seen that before. I'm used to fishing the bay and 30 feet was deep. Very different. Really magnificent fishing.

That wasn't all because each day we saw a variety of other sea life: Killer, minke, and humpback whales; sea lions; sea otters; and seals. The day Diane got her 110, I spotted a sea lion on the surface not 200 yds away headed our way. Capt. Joe yelled at her to move her ass and reel because "Bubba", the 1,200 pound sea lion, is going to eat her halibut on the way up, and she will be left with only the head. I never saw my sister move so fast in her life. We saw Bald Eagles every day, flying around and scooping fish off the surface. Each day the eagles came into the piles of filleted fish, and fought over the racks. Looked like our seagulls, only prettier. We had Puffins strafing our boat. They are so beautiful, but fast. I was never able to get my camera ready fast enough to capture their pic.

This trip is one we will both NEVER forget. When I'm old and in my rocker by the fireplace (probably next year), I will think back to our bucketlist Alaska adventure and smile. Many thanks go out to Dennis and Jim for enabling me to go, to Capt. Joe and Dan for fishing like I've never seen, their staff for treating us like royalty, and to my sister for being my co-pilot on our TRIP of a LIFETIME.

If anyone is thinking of a trip like this, call me and I will answer any questions you have.

NOTE: Pictures from the trip are sporadically placed throughout the newsletter. See pages 1, 9., and 13.

Beware the Wounded Critter!

by Ron Sineo

I moved to Long Island (St. James) in the late 60's and I met a guy in my town who was just discharged from the Navy. His name was Steve, and I quickly found out that, like me, he was a hunter & a fisherman. He was born and raised in St. James, and he had family who lived on the Nissequogue River. His stories about duck hunting the river were very entertaining. In those days, St. James was a small town and we bumped into each other more than a few times that summer. I met him at local stores, and also down in the back of the harbor (Smithtown/Stony Brook) where I liked to clam or fish from the shore. We soon became good friends, and were resolved to hunt the river together that next season for waterfowl. Steve had a black lab (Rufus) who was the most obedient hunting dog I had ever seen. We made lots of plans, over that first summer and fall, and we pooled our resources as we got ready to hunt ducks on the river.

Well, we hunted together for several years, until Steve's job caused him to move to Florida with his family. We had dozens of great adventures in those early years, but I would like to focus on just this one particular morning when we hunted the river.

Steve's Aunt lived on the river, and she had a boat dock in her back yard. We kept a 10 ft. wooden dinghy tied up there. We would park in her driveway, and load up the dinghy with some decoys and the dog, and then paddle/pole out to the middle meadows on the river where we would set up and hunt the meadows. One of us would take turns scouting the night before. We would stop at the house just before dusk and watch the night flight come in. This was a great indicator of where and what the morning flight was going to consist of. Now the Northern end of the Nissequogue River dumps into the LI Sound at Kings Park, and its Western bluff marks the Eastern boundary of Sunken Meadow State Park. (a known Canada Goose hang out) In those days, there was many a time when geese would roost at night somewhere on the river. At dawn, they would either get up and fly NW as they headed for Sunken Meadow for the day, or else they would get up and fly SE and head out to the many farms in the St. James area. The exact location on the river where they chose to spend the night was often a dead giveaway to which direction they planned to travel the next morning.

On those occasions when we thought the geese were going to fly toward us, Steve and I would have to make a big decision. We usually set up in the same patch of meadows, but the morning flight of puddle ducks always happened very soon after first light. This was the dilemma. If we took shots at ducks, the geese would be alerted to where we were. The geese would often take their sweet time about getting airborne. They were not in the great hurry that the puddle ducks were to go out for their breakfast in the early morning. So, the big decision was: If we were pretty sure the geese were going out to the farms, do we refrain from shooting at the morning duck flight so as not to tip off the geese that we were there waiting. If the geese went to the farms, we were set up directly in their flight path. And they would invariably pass us at an altitude of only 100' or so. We always chose the goose option when it presented itself.

So, the stage was set! This one particular morning, it was dead low tide, and we were waiting for the geese to get up and come our way. They had spent the overnight on a quiet spot of river about 750 feet Northwest of where we were set up. (The limit was 1 goose each, and we knew to pick out different birds to shoot at.) Our first warning was when the geese started to call. You know how that works, they start honking as if to say "*It's time to go*" and the calling gets louder and more frequent, until you can hear the excitement in their calling. Then there is the tell-tale rush of air from wings flapping and the noise of geese pushing off surface water to get airborne. Well the geese came over just about 20 yards high and out in front of us about 20 yards as well. Two shots rang out, and 2 geese fell like stones from the sky. Due to the dead low tide, and the muddy river bottom, both geese landed with that suction sound as if they would need a crowbar to pry them free of the river-mud they had fallen in. We both stood up, proud as peacocks and we started congratulating each other. Our celebration was interrupted by the sound of a goose trying to free itself from the muck. One of the birds was not dead!

Without thinking, Steve immediately gave Rufus the signal, and sent him after the goose. Rufus was already wading through the open water to get to the goose when I spotted the goose setting up with his back against the meadow bank. Rufus had just reached the mud bar leading to the meadow bank. His first step onto the mud caused his right front paw to sink into the muck about 4 inches. In another two seconds he was high stepping slowly through tough muck, closing the distance to the goose. He did a cautious half-circle as he looked for his opening to grab the goose. He made his move, lunged in face first, and was promptly cracked between his eyes with a sharp rap from the goose's bill. He yelped in agony, and instantly hunkered-down and back, with his tail between his legs. This 90-pound mass of muscle was no match for that wounded goose! At the same time this was happening, Steve was crossing the river towards them. Within seconds after the unexpected goose attack, he took a clean shot and he finished the goose. Without hesitation he went over to the dog and checked out the extent of its injuries. Except for a bit of blood on the fur where the goose had actually struck the dog, Rufus seemed physically o.k. Mentally, however, the dog had been reduced to a pile of mush. As Steve petted the dog, he spoke to it in a soft but firm voice. The dead goose was only about 25 feet from where they were. After another minute, Steve gave Rufus the line and commanded him to fetch. The dog warily approached the dead goose, but could not bring itself to put its face close enough to the goose to fetch it up. Steve repeated the commands again and then again. The dog wanted to fetch, but was still too intimidated to get it done. Mercifully, Steve called the dog back, and just had him sit. Then having picked up both geese himself, he called his dog, and they crossed back to where I was watching this play out. We loaded our gear in the dinghy, and called it a morning. After that day we never talked much about that incident. We hunted many more times with Rufus, and, the good news is that I never saw Rufus shy away from any other retrieve.

I did learn a valuable lesson from all of this. A wounded critter is often unpredictable, and can be dangerous. If Rufus had been struck an inch to the right or left, he could have lost an eye. It would have been so simple for either one of us to have thrown an extra shot at that goose when we first saw it get up. I kept asking myself, "what was I thinking?" Was it so important to save a shotshell? I realize now that the truth was simple... it just never occurred to me that the dog was at risk, until after it happened. Since that day, I have made it my practice to dispatch all cripples whenever possible before retrieving them. Benjamin Franklin knew what he was talking about when he said that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure!"



Our group of Long Islanders aboard the Ocean Rogue.

Captain Joe Calandra's vessel the Ocean Rogue.

Quack's Tips

To the new guys... You have joined a great club!

The "want" to hunt waterfowl and the "desire" are two different things. You say you really want to hunt ducks, but do you? Waterfowl hunting is a hard-core commitment. It means a commitment of time, energy and, of course, money. When hunters say "It's Not Easy," they mean it!

You need to have expectations but they need to be realistic. You're not going to shoot a pile of ducks every day. You're not going to be able to just buy your way into a great hunting trip. It takes work. You need to find ducks and geese by scouting, checking the laws, and knowing where you're going to hunt.

Being a member of SSWA gives you a big advantage. Go to the meetings whenever you can. At any one meeting there will be a couple of hundred years of collective waterfowl hunting experience in the room. Many of these "old salts" are willing to be mentors.

Take advantage of the club "buddy" program. Sign up for it.

Did you know that the club has diving duck and sea duck decoy rigs available for members to borrow?

Get involved. Volunteer. Go to events. It will pay dividends. You only get out of something what you are willing to put into it. They say that duck hunters are a tight-knit group. Perhaps that's all the more reason to step up.

Waterfowler's Classifieds

FOR SALE:

SBE TURKEY BARREL — \$200
Call Curt at 631-661-0379

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Reasonable Offer – Bill at 631-339-1613

Members Receiving Paper Newsletters

To receive the password for the MEMBERS ONLY section of the sswa.org website, call Curt at 631-661-0379 and give him your e-mail address so he can add it to the mailing list so you can receive your newsletters electronically.

— South Shore Waterfowlers Association —

P.O. Box 217 Brightwaters, NY 11718

Membership Enrollment / Renewal Card (please print legibly)

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— *South Shore Waterfowlers Association* —

CALENDAR OF UP-COMING MEETINGS AND EVENTS

- July ???** — Peconic River Sportsmans Club – Sporting Clays – Dates not confirmed –
E-mails will be sent (See pg 1)
- July 13** — Board of Directors Meeting at Ben & Kate Sohm’s, 4:30 pm –
All BOD people, call Curt to confirm (See pg 1)
- August ???** — Peconic River Sportsmans Club – Sporting Clays – Dates not confirmed –
E-mails will be sent (See pg 1)
- August 3** — SSWA Annual BBQ – Noon (See page 1)
- Sept. 15** — Peconic River Sportsmans Club – Breast Cancer Shoot –
All info is on PRSC website
- Sept. 19** — DU Dinner – 4 Harbors Chapter – Call Donna at 631-804-2114
- Sept. 28-29** — Gun Show at IBEW Local 25, Motor Parkway, Hauppauge – 9 am – 5 pm
- ???** – E-mails will be sent any time a date is confirmed.

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References Available



My sister Diane's 110 lb. halibut, 1 of 4 she caught.



Diane's 15 lb. king salmon.



A killer whale surfacing 25 yds. from the boat.
By the time I got my camera out,
I was able to snap this picture.
Scary and magnificent at the same time.



Diane's 26 lb. rock fish. They almost
look prehistoric.

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