Hunter’s Heartland

Easy things to do to protect the heart

by Eric D. Good, D.O.

The regular firearm season begins soon, and tens of thousands of camouflaged hunters will head for the woods and shorelines.

But tragically, some won’t make it back home. Every year, an unknown number of hunters die unexpectedly from heart attacks and sudden cardiac arrest, brought on by the strenuous exercise and dramatic bursts of activity that hunting can bring.

Fortunately, hunters can take steps now to avoid being a statistic. Here’s how:

• Getting a pre-hunt medical checkup, with special attention to the heart for those who have had heart problems in the past, the risk may be especially high.

• Starting a daily walking routine or other exercise regimen in the weeks before hunting.

• Learning CPR and first aid.

• Wearing clothing that fits well and isn’t too tight. The adrenaline rush that comes with hunting can raise blood pressure, and tight clothing can make this effect worse.

• Bringing a defibrillator. It’s most common among people who have already suffered a heart attack in the past, or who have certain other heart conditions. And while patients can often be revived with a shock from an automated defibrillator — such as those that are now available at many airports and malls — hunters are often miles away from the nearest source of help.

• That’s why it’s so important for hunters and other outdoor enthusiasts to get a checkup before heading out to the woods. Screening can often predict who is most at risk of heart attack or cardiac arrest.

• Hunters who have had heart problems in the past should also ask their doctors if it’s safe for them to drag a deer or take on other strenuous tasks.

And of course, it’s also important to keep the bass big and healthy, and maintaining a quality bass fishery.

There’s certainly no guarantee you’ll catch a trophy back to camp, the excitement because when they hit their target, or drag a big fish back for the camera, they’ll know what a thrill it is. Most importantly, there has been awe-inspiring fishing throughout all five years.”

With the season opening in October and running through July, and during that time the lake fluctuates about 40 feet. Many El Salto veterans believe that the best time for a big fish is in May and June, when the lake is low and the big girls are bunched up, but October through the spring may be the best time for numbers, and the chances of catching a big one are still substantial. The lake record is over 18 pounds, and 7-pounders barely merit a second look. Unfortunately, no guarantee you’ll catch a 10-pounder, but the bragging board at El Salto Inn on El Salto. “In the past five years, the local anglers who fish El Salto have experienced no less than 220 catches.”

— Pete Robbins

The Record Fish Program honors the largest species of fish/crustaceans caught in the state. It is based on weight alone. Scale certification documentation is required. Other rules apply.

El Salto Beckons Northern Bass Anglers

By Pete Robbins

If you spend all winter recalling the bass you caught the preceding year and looking forward to the season ahead, it’s possible you’re developing a bad case of cabin fever. For northeastern anglers, this is especially true in years when December, January and February are particularly cold and it seems like spring will never come.

Fortunately, there’s an option where you can leave your New Jersey home in the morning, catch a trophy bass in the afternoon, and celebrate it over a margarita in an open-air dining area that evening.

It’s Lake El Salto in the Mexican state of Sinaloa. While other trophy fisheries have gone through boom-and-bust cycles in recent decades, El Salto has not had a true down period in the nearly 30 years since the Elota River was first dammed and stocked with pure Florida-strain largemouths. In fact, as angling pressure has increased in recent years, the average size of the fish seems to have increased. Much of the let-up in angling pressure is due to fears resulting from drug-related violence along the border.

There are certainly risks involved with travel, but a trip to El Salto is no different from any of the greatest US bass fishing spots.

“Over the years I’ve had 20,000 anglers and their families here,” said New Jersey native Billy Chapman Jr., owner of Anglers Inn on El Salto. “In the past five years, during the drug wars, I’ve had thousands of people come through my place without incident.”

During that time, I’ve had the editor of every major fishing magazine, and many of the most popular TV shows,” he continued. “If something had happened to any of them, you would have heard about it. Most importantly, there has been awe-inspiring fishing throughout all five years.”

Part of the reason that the bass are so big, and that the lake isn’t fished out like some others, is the tilapia population, which is so vibrant that at times you’ll think it’s raining when there’s not a cloud in the sky. The protein-packed tilapia can go 10 pounds big and healthy, and Chapman has worked with the locals to set up a tilapia cooperative and he has also trained them as bass guides. As a result of this investment in human capital, any threat to the bass population is eliminated, and the locals have a vested interest in maintaining a quality bass fishery.

The season opens in October and runs through July, and during that time the lake fluctuates about 40 feet. Many El Salto veterans believe that the best time for a big fish is in May and June, when the lake is low and the big girls are bunched up, but October through the spring may be the best time for numbers, and the chances of catching a big one are still substantial. The lake record is over 18 pounds, and 7-pounders barely merit a second look. Unfortunately, no guarantee you’ll catch a 10-pounder, but the bragging board at El Salto Inn on El Salto.

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“Anti-Baiting” Bill

Gains Momentum

The NJ Division of Fish and Wildlife has announced that Richard Englebright of Lakewood made his way onto the state record fish list recently by landing a new state record gray tilefish. The tilefish was fishing off the coast when he reeled in the 18-pound, 14-ounce fish, eclipsing the old record caught by Joseph Sanzeno seven years ago off Tom’s Canyon by seven ounces.

Fishing was the party boat Voyager, captained by Jeff Gutman off of Fisherman’s Supply in Point Pleasant on September 2. The boat was fishing in the Washington Canyon when the fish hit the bottom.

The fish was weighed aboard the 60-foot Master PE-8 reel spooled with 70-lb. test braid-ed line and a Reelsite Custom rod. He used spade for bait. The new record gray tilefish measured 35 inches in length and had a girth of 23.5 inches.

The record was submitted to the NJ State Commission on Conservation and Recreation, which organizes the program and maintains the directory of New Jersey’s state record fish. The directory is available at nj.gov/wildlife/fish/recordfish/

— The Record
Remember Bradley Campbell? Yes, one of New Jersey’s previous Commissioners for the Department of Environmental Protection. His past tenure can only be mind reeling. Apparently he is now associated with a firm that specializes in environmental consulting, and that firm had submitted a proposal for some environmental-mediation project upon which my hometown needed to embark. That proposal packet included resumes of the key personnel involved, and when I saw Campbell’s name it brought back some interesting memories from his term as DEP Commissioner.

Anyone who was involved in the fight to bring a bear hunt on board in those days will undoubtedly recall the quote that many attributed to Campbell: “Politics trumps science.” In this context, it of course referred to that fact that even though all the science available, and all of the logic that one might muster, pointed irrevocably to a managed black bear hunt, the political climate made it very difficult to implement such a measure. Politics almost did, and in fact for a long time looked like they would, trump science. That quip appears in any of a number of places, and whether or not Campbell actually said it is kind of irrelevant. What is relevant is that the quote is typical of many situations. That is, often someone may say something that, no matter how true or indisputable it is, may be distressing to the listener to hear. In Campbell’s case, many people were angered by the statement, but we all know that it is patentely true.

As John Adams said in his memo-rial address, “It becomes the duty of every statesman to urge the pursuit of every truth; it becomes the duty of every person to be convinced of the necessity of every fact.” The truth can sometimes hurt. And contained within this statement are a multitude of related facts and truths: “gun laws only work if people obey them”. And contained within this statement are a multitude of related facts and truths: “gun laws only work if people obey them”.

“Managed hunting is one of the best ways to control wildlife populations.” This statement is at the core of what many refer to as the North American model of conservation, and it is of course very strongly rooted in science, research, and reasoned thinking. We also recognize that the truth is of it is a source of anger to many people who may be opposed to the pastime. Its truth is very plainly demonstrated by the immeasurable success stories that abound in the history of American wildlife management. More guns reduces crime.” This one, although much more of a political hot potato, is about as close to “fact” as one can really get. Some dedicated and thorough researchers, including but not limited to folks like John Loff and Gary Kleck, have conducted exhaustive studies that show this to be the truth. And contained within this statement are a multitude of related facts and truths: “gun laws only work if people obey them.”

To be sure, when engaged in debate on any of these with someone, the opposing side of the dispute will very likely be angered... but then, as we indicated in today’s title, the truth can sometimes hurt.

Oliver Shapiro, Editor
Wintertime Species a Dinnertime Treat

by Milt Rosko

With the arrival of winter later this month, the scene along the seacoast takes on a character in its own. There are fewer surfcasters, as the bulk of the stripers and bluefish populations have migrated to winter quarters. Most of the people are either fishing for codfish and pollock or trying to round up their winter homes in 300- to 400-foot depths, often 70 or more miles from Jersey’s ports. And of course, the major consideration of all is that we’ve got close to a dozen party boats and their dedicated crews that will sail all winter long to target these fun-to-catch bottom feeders.

If you’ve been hesitant to try this fun-filled wintertime fishing, you’ll find it relatively easy to adapt, although the major consideration is that you’ll often require heavier tackle than that you’re accustomed to using inshore. You’ll have to bundle up in the clothing department, and for creature comfort it’s good to have a sleeping bag and small pillow for a cozy snooze to offset the bone-chilling winds.

If you’re an outfit that’s worked well for stripers and blues, this is also available for this wintertime fun. The difference is that you’re fishing in deep water, and often with current, which means it’s not unusual to use 8- to 16-inch sinkers to hold bottom. So if your rod has a firm tip it’ll work fine. As to a reel, I’ve found that I like a braid line, so if you’ve been using mono you might consider just using a mono top shot of 50- to 60-pound, with the real loaded with 40-pound-test braid. The braid enables you to use lighter line and less weight because of its fine diameter, and also gives you excellent communication with that’s going on bottom. The major consideration of all is that we’ve got close to a dozen party boats and their dedicated crews that will sail all winter long to target these fun-to-catch bottom feeders.

I’ve been using either a Daiwa Seaborg or Megawin-power-assist reel for this deep water fishing, loading it with 40-pound Sea Guard yellow braid (with yellow I always know where my line is in relation to others on the boat), and while I usually manually retrieve a hooked fish, when I want to check the bait if I’ve missed strikes I can just push forward the power-assist lever and presto, the rig’s on deck promptly.

I’ve also used a manual Luxa that I mounted on a Saltist 6/0-foot rod that works well if you prefer to go the manual route. When it comes to terminal tackle, simplicity is the key, and the typical high-low rig will work well. When targeting codfish, ling, and pollock I’ll usually fish with size 50 Lazer Sharp Jig style hooks made by Eagle Claw, which I snell to a foot-long leader of 40-pound-test monofilament, placing one hook on the bottom of the rig and the second on the top. The sharpness of these hooks results in an excellent strike-to-hookup ratio. In baiting up, you’ll generally be using clams provided by the boat, but take care not to use too large a bait. As hungry codfish like this pair of beauties should be able to inhale it with ease. The key is a taut line, and immediately responding to set the hook when you feel a strike that is often occurring 300 to 400 feet beneath where you’re standing on deck. Milt Rosko photo.

Now set your oven at about 130 degrees. Drying time may vary slightly, but be dark with no moisture in its center. You can store the dried meat into tasty food. If you don’t like the taste of dried meat into tasty food. If you don’t like the taste of

Make Jerky in your Kitchen

by Vin T. Sparano

When frontiersmen headed west and mountain men ran traplines in the Rockies, there weren’t hair dryers to solve this common problem: no refrigerators or freezers.

The only way they could preserve meat was to salt it and hang it. But they encountered no storage problems today, but hunters still enjoy making and eating dried meat, which we generally call jerky. For the great trail food and it’s easy to make in your kitchen.

If you don’t get a deer this season and your hunting buddy won’t share his venison, all is not lost. You can still make jerky from domestic beef. Jerky is nothing more than lean raw meat with all the moisture removed. Just make sure the meat is very lean. You must also trim away all fat, sinew, and gristle. Too much fat in jerky can cause rancid meat. Round steak is a good choice.

For the record, fatty meat such as bear and wild boar does not make very good jerky. Round steak from a deer, elk, moose, caribou, or antelope makes the best game jerky.

You can use the sun to dry meat, but it’s safer and more convenient to use your kitchen oven or a dehydrator. Always use a strip and hang it from your own rack. Put a tray under the meat to catch the drippings. Most ovens will handle about two dozen strips.

Now set your oven at about 130 degrees or its lowest setting. Use a meat thermometer to make sure the oven stays at 130 degrees. Drying time may vary slightly, but most of the time it takes about 10 to 12 hours. It’s important to leave the oven door slightly open to allow moisture to escape. If it’s dried properly, the meat will be dark with no moisture in its center. You should be able to bend the strips of meat without breaking them. You can store the meat in any moisture-proof container. A jar with a tight lid will do, but I prefer zip-lock-type plastic bags.

You can eat jerky anytime. Just bite off a piece of your jerky. The saliva from your mouth will reconstitute the dried meat to its original soft and chewy state.

There are all kinds of variations to making jerky. If you don’t like the taste of beef jerky, make it from other ingredients: beef heart, liver, tongue, or even the tenderloin or the fat from bacon. My very special version is called Homestyle Pepper Jerky. You can also cut the meat while still partly frozen, then dry, coat the meat completely after drying with steak sauce.

There is also no need to limit yourself to beef, venison, or the other large game species mentioned. You can just as easily make turkey or pork jerky. Just remember that you will need strips, the (cont. next page)
It has been said that what goes around comes around.

A method which was more difficult, when our two sons were young'uns being taught by and me of a few of our associates, in the fine arts of fly fishing and shooting. Since shooting (training) is primarily done at a safe range or behind a trap, it's pretty straightforward. Besides, I had the distinct advantage of being a certified police firearms instructor and the certifications came from continual in-service instruction at the county police academy where I was employed part-time, as well as required annual certifications from the New Jersey State Police Firearms Training Unit, the NRA, and the FBI. All were required to maintain police firearms instructor status. Advantage: Mine.

When it came to fly fishing? Not so much. Disadvantage: Student-instructor.

That's when I chuckled when son numero dos came to me the other day, seeking advice on how to instruct his six-year-old daughter in mastering the mysteries of the long wand.

Yes, what goes around comes around. That old maxim got me to thinking about the coming Yule season and how many readers may find themselves in a similar quandary concerning the purchase of the so-called "proper" fly gear to put under that Christmas tree for a youngster.

The selection of a specific rod for a youngster can be tricky since adolescents come in all sizes, shapes, and frameaments, and in this case, size (and maturity) does matter.

For instance, some youngsters are more mature at certain chronological ages than others. If you think your child is mature enough to appreciate the art of fly fishing, my suggestion is, "go for it." Conversely, at any age, six or seven, your youngster is demonstrative of a bit of immaturity (which, I'm told, at that age is perfectly normal), than you would be wise to forestall the fly gear for a year or two.

When dealing with fly rods, like a piece of the operator can also be important. Obviously, a 9- or 10-year-old youngster making a run at the 6-foot mark will be at a distinct advantage over a youngster who stands a few inches short of four-feet.

Nonetheless, youngsters need gear that is good enough to give them a feel for what comes later in their angling lives when they purchase their own fine rod, reel, and line. Just because they are young, don't dump big and buy small. Such a concept that happens to be on sale for a buck, three eighth, one apple. In the long run it won't be a buck, three eighth, one apple.

Most of the outfits I found online that qualified as good enough to keep a youngster on the fishing baiting the fundamentals, ranged between $80 and $220. Certain one can spend much more should the parent/teacher wish to go high-end.

Here's a Fast rod or slow? And how do you know the difference? Buying online is risky unless the manufacturer lists the actual specs of the youth series rod. Conversely, if you're making the trip to your favorite sporting goods emporium, there is a way to tell, but be warned, this method is a "rule of thumb" process where you will need to fly fish and fly rod to get the right fit for a particular youth series rod. You will have to fly fish to get the right fit for a particular youth series rod. You will have to fly fish to get the right fit for a particular youth series rod. You will have to fly fish to get the right fit for a particular youth series rod.

As to price? Here is what an Orvis youth fly rod called "the hewick" would cost you. It's a $198, but it was on sale for $159. When I buy for a youngster, the stab isn't all that bad. In lieu of that, the stab isn't all that bad. In lieu of that, the stab isn't all that bad. In lieu of that, the stab isn't all that bad. In lieu of that, the stab isn't all that bad. In lieu of that, the stab isn't all that bad.
Winter is for a fire in the den hearth, a hot toddy or three, and watching football on the tube. Either that, or hopping on the first flight out to a poolside condo in Key West and playing by day, drinking by night. Muddler Minnows off the bottom, and actually occasionally catching fish. It must have been 30 years ago, long before our current interest in fishing, that we were on the famed Davidson River, an area as a possible relocation site to flee the smog and traffic of the French Broad. Photo courtesy Davidson River Outfitters.

The story of the legendary Mannlicher-Schoenauer rifle, and John Taffin’s round-up of a half-century of custom Ruger single-action six-guns.

A huge brown trout like the one seen here is part of the appeal of winter fishing in the mountains of western North Carolina. Photo courtesy Davidson River Outfitters.

Ballistol, one of the world’s longest-serving multi-purpose oils, has launched a new customer-focused website. Located at the URL ballistol.com, the easily navigable site anticipates the most frequently asked customer questions, includes a searchable dealer locator and frequently asked customer questions, and presents access to worldwide distributors, where it is also available as an e-commerce site quickly reveals, not cheap, and usually stocks only the finest, best with good friends.

February the temps will rise into the high 40s or low 50s. We will have hatches of BWO’s (blue-winged olive) all winter and by mid-February and early March there are Quill Gordons and March Browns hatching. It is a good time to come back in winter after the summer rut.

Gun Digest 2014

A: my wife has been bugging me for years to take a road trip to Asheville because...

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Gun Digest 2014

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Not every Christmas gift is wrapped with gaily colored paper held tight by pret-

ey ribbons. Sometimes a Christmas gift just happens.

As the old hunter, the coming of

winter and Christmas meant a trip or two

ahead of his double, then added, “Christmas gifts

aren’t always gift wrapped. Sometimes

they just happen.”

To which he replied, “I already have

my Christmas present,” he said, alluding to his

double, then added, “Christmas gifts aren’t

always gift wrapped. Sometimes they just happen.”

Merry Christmas to all. Keep a tight

rope on your other knick-knacks,” he

said. “No, no luck,” he answered. “It

all required skill and cunning. Not a bit of

luck was involved.”

“Well, we’re eating in a few minutes,

then it’s out to do some Christmas shop-

ping,” she said as she walked into the liv-

ing room to find him placing his treasured

christmas piece on the mantle.

“What’s that?” she queried. “That,

my dear, is a piece of my past and it’s stay-

ing right where it is, despite its lack of

unity with your other knick-knacks,” he

replied.

He settled in his favorite chair and
closed his eyes. He knew the ribbing he’d

take from his cronies when he retold

the story of his double. Suffice that pup was

there, though he realized she couldn’t bear

witness. Unimpressed with his shooting,
pup was fast asleep less than an arm’s

length away.

Having told his wife of his first-ever
double, the duo were on the way to their

Christmas shopping trip when his wife

said, “You know, your buddies aren’t
going to believe that double,” to which

he had replied, “They’d be mighty proud!”

“If you say you doubled on grouse, I

believe you,” she said.

The old hunter pondered her

response for a few silent moments.

“Undoubtedly I’ll be in for some major

league mockery, but they’ll believe me,”

he said. His wife then asked, “What are you
gonna do with your game?”

“Long ago I started giving them the

same gift I’ve always given,” he said. “I

gave them an appreciation for the pungent

smell of the early winter woods, the mag-

nificence of a rascous cackle of a gandy

rooster as it erupts from a hedgerow, and

although you’ll never come close, he thought to him-

self, and now with his only witness unable
to speak for him, he finally did it.

He marked the first bird while the

setter was on the second one, awaiting his

arrival. “Someday you’re gonna learn that

ya gotta pick ’em up,” he laughingly said.

When he arrived home that night,

this would be his last four-legged partner.

And the topwater strikes can be heart-stop-

ping. Everything is done for you from the

day when you return to a big lunch at the

Anglers Inn.

Sitting on warped porch steps he

pointed out “The Best is yet to come” in

his Thermos from his game pocket. After

quenching her thirst, pup made several

observations that the old hunter was

audible “oomp.” He contemplated how

old she really was in doggy years, but

was content to believe that for “seven years for one of ours”

formula was a solid choice. He knew even that a

rule in which one size fits all. Worse,

there’s no way to quench her thirst, pup

made several more observations that the old

hunter was never one to quibble. Truly,

he thought, he’d come to love him. The

hunter’s little

20-gauge barked then, a heartbeat later, a

whistling that tweeting, twittering sound

well have read “Kilroy Was Here,” when,

splotches on the ground; a woodcock’s

whistle! However, this toughness

brought with it a downside. For one

thing, the young lady who had

called pup when he spotted several white

billed worm-eaters called woodcock. He

left, too tempting to pass without at least a

change.

Because most grouse couldn’t resist an

El Salto trip options. In particular, Billy

offers a wealth of information about Lake

Salto fishing, and keeps a close eye on the

magnificent10-pointer, nor that feisty four-
doors. Nothing could compare. Not that

pound rainbow. Nothing comes close.

“Seven years for one of ours” formula was a

total of 150 fish, the best of which beaus.

Nudging the bend, orchard and

frostbitten trees. Another shot, another

missed. During a December trip several years

ago, our group was served as you like it, and breakfast

would happen in a nanosecond.

They were reared to appreciate the outdoors, as

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Page 8

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