

FROM THE EDITOR

In a time when there are a slew of “news” sources to match just about every opinion, it is, perhaps, not surprising that we have become a more polarized society. Geez, there’s even a category these days for “fake” news! Not only are many of us not singing from the same hymnal; I’m not sure we’re all even in the same church anymore. Along with Joe DiMaggio, where have you gone, Walter Cronkite?

I recently attended a local sportsmen’s fundraising banquet, and walking through the parking lot on my way in, I noticed what had to be a darn near brand-new Range Rover in one of the parking spots. Its jet black paint seemed to glimmer even in the evening light. What really caught my eye, however, was the pickup truck parked next to this English beauty. This truck was no boulevard queen, the kind that had rarely seen a dirt track. To the contrary, this old-timer looked as if it had spent most of its years off-, not on-road. If a truck can be

“rode hard and put up wet”, this was it.

The banquet hall was already crowded when I arrived. The organizers had told me the dinner was a sellout, always a positive sign for our cause. Most of the individuals there were men, but I noticed more women than in years past. Age-wise, I’d say most folks were 50 and up. There was a smattering of 20- and 30-year-olds, but not as many as I would like to see.

Some of the guests wore tweeds and ties or scarves with sporting motifs. Others wore jeans or khakis and a favorite hunting shirt. You would think it would be easy to guess who might own the Range Rover and who might own the old truck, but with this crowd, the obvious guess might be dead wrong.

One of the unique aspects of hunting in our country is that American hunters come from all walks of life and from every corner of our great land. Some may be rich, but many are working Joes and Janes trying to make do the best they can. Some live in

fancy high-rise apartments, others in farmhouses passed from one generation to the next. Some are millionaires but drive ratty, old trucks.

As diverse and as different we may be, I believe what brings us together—our passion for the hunt and a love for our outdoor heritage—is far greater than what might set us apart. In an increasingly divided nation, there continues to be a strong bond and a very real connection among the millions of men and women in our country who call themselves hunters.

Sure, there are those in the hunting community who have disagreements, even some that sound a sour note or two. Nonetheless, I don’t think I’ve ever met a sportsman or sportswoman who doesn’t think values such as good judgment, personal responsibility, and perseverance are not important. I don’t think I’ve ever met a sportsman or sportswoman who doesn’t believe we have a responsibility to be good stewards of our natural resources and to ensure that our wildlife



Doug Painter
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policies are based on the principles of scientific wildlife management. And I don’t believe I’ve ever met a sportsman or sportswoman who doesn’t believe in fair chase and who also understands the importance of introducing newcomers to our tradition.

If you’re not a current subscriber to *Fair Chase*, I hope you’ll use the enclosed card to sign up for our magazine. We’d love to have you on board and to affirm to you all the good things that help bring all of us together. There is value in singing from the same hymnal. So, I hope you’ll join the choir.

Time and again, it’s been proven that our collective voice is our common strength.

Hope to see you down the trail. ■



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Shane Mahoney addressed the crowd at B&C’s 29th Big Game Awards Program last summer in Springfield, Missouri.