



Kentuckiana Hunter



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We Did It Again!!! 2009 Fundraiser a Huge Success

Sherry Maddox, Fundraiser Co-chair

The first time I was approached about chairing the chapter fundraiser, I thought "why not". I am a hunter and the programs and projects need continued funding to be successful. Little did I know several years later I would still have a part in orchestrating such an important event and still have fun. Well, most of the time I am having fun. Yes at times it is stressful and takes many hours of planning,



the evening. Thank you to Dave Watson, SCI Field Rep for attending and manning the Membership table.

It takes many volunteer hours of planning an event by chapter members. Tom Hebert and I shared the role as co-chairs but everyone played an important role in the success of the event. For fear of leaving someone out, I will simply say thank you again to each and everyone one who contributed to the event. I would like to again thank auctioneers Elizabeth Monarch and Miller Monarch who did an outstanding job with the live auction.

coordination, but when it all comes together and funds have been raised our programs and projects for another year, it is worth it.

For those who attended this year's event on March 21, I think you will agree it was a spectacular evening. This year's event, held at the Louisville Marriott East, included a delicious dinner, silent auctions items and raffles and an active live auction. There were several first

time attendees and the chapter gained nine new members during



SCI Field Rep Dave Watson

A fundraiser would not be successful without the donors and sponsors who contributed to the Kentuckiana Chapter. Those who contributed to this year's fundraiser are listed below.

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Thanks to Our Donors and Sponsors

know. As soon as the date is set, we will post that to the website and include in future newsletters. Once known, please mark your calendars and plan to attend.

I am proud to be a hunter.

Sherry Maddox

The chapter board will move forward with allocating funds to various programs and projects to include our youth initiatives. I think as hunters we are faced with some challenges in the future, both on the political front and with simply passing our heritage on the next generation. Volunteers will be needed to assist with various programs and projects. If you have an interest in volunteering please contact a member of the chapter board. Your time will be greatly appreciated.

This year's event is over but the planning will begin for the 2010 event. If you have interest in participating on the fundraiser committee, or have ideas for donations or sponsorships please let one of the board members

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A Bargain Hunt

By Sam Monarch



*Clay, Vlam, Amon and Tom Celebrating
Clay's Long Shot*

As Alice and I waited for our flight home, I was mentally re-living two wonderful weeks in the African bush. With Vlam's guidance, we had taken a beautiful old heavy-maned Lion, a gold medal Nyala, and a new SCI World Record Cape Bushbuck all with the muzzleloader. I was euphoric! In this state of emotional intoxication, I commented to Alice that I would like to bring "the boys" (our grandchildren) to Africa. As I was speaking, I was struck with the thought that such a trip would be very costly; however, before a retraction was possible, Alice passionately endorsed the idea.

When the plan was suggested to our son, Ed, and his wife, Katie, they were enthusiastic but only if Tom (then age 12) and Clay (then age 9) wanted to go. Both boys embraced the adventure but the younger boy did not want to hunt. He suggested that he would serve as our official photographer / videographer.

Within a week, Alice and I had a hunt scheduled with [Madubula Safaris](#). Our PH and friend, Vlam Myberg, would serve as Tom's Professional Hunter. The hunt was to over-lap the boys' 2009 spring break so as to minimize the number of school days missed.

Both boys had been introduced to rifle marksmanship by me several years earlier but in a very casual sense. Now, rifle practice began in earnest, working around school, football, basketball, track, guitar, and everything else in which kids are involved. Both boys practiced with the .22 rifle at every opportunity and each demonstrated a talent for the game. In December, Tom began to shoot the muzzleloader. He soon moved away from the shooting bench and practiced over the short shooting sticks (tripod) from a sitting position. Clay continued to shoot the .22 from the bench but primarily focused his efforts on learning to use the cameras.

For months, the days crept by but as our departure date approached, time began to race. On March 25, 2009 with no sleep

the night before, we boarded the airplane. There is no way to describe a trip from Louisville, Kentucky to Atlanta, Georgia to Dakar, Senegal to Johannesburg, South Africa to Bloemfontein, South Africa except to say it is long and exhausting. We were instantly refreshed by the warm greeting at the Bloemfontein Airport from Vlam, Emanuel (our driver) and Amon (our tracker). The drive from Bloemfontein to our hunt destination of "Moketsi" took about three hours.



Moketsi Medieval Dining Area

Moketsi was well worth the travel and exceeded our hopes and expectations. Moketsi is a 17,000 acre nature reserve nestled among the sandstone hills, valleys, and plateaus of Free-State. The guest cottages are built of sandstone with thatch under tin roofs. The cottage assigned to Alice and me included a glass roof over one entire end of the building. The skylight covered the elevated shower and tub and the lavatories, all of which were crafted from hewn sandstone. The elegant yet medieval setting is difficult to describe but was delightful to see and easy to enjoy. The boys' cottage was quite distinctive with its gazebo shape and unique African decor.

Adding to the atmosphere, Moketsi is involved in a lion breeding project and these lions live nearby. Each evening (and well into the night) the lions' deep, bellowing roars resonated throughout the compound. The persistent roar of lions just outside our bedroom windows was a thought-provoking reminder of a more primordial era.

In keeping with safari tradition, we were awakened at 6:00 A.M. by "Innocent", the camp roustabout, with hot tea for Alice and the boys and hot coffee for me. The wake-up beverages were notice that breakfast would be served in thirty minutes. Before breakfast was finished, Emanuel and Amon loaded our personal gear (binoculars, cameras, rifles, etc.) into the land cruiser and we were ready to hunt.

The African bush boasts an enchantment which revitalizes the spirit and permeates the heart. Within minutes of leaving camp, wildlife would appear – sometimes a lone animal would cross our path; other times huge herds would flee leaving a cloud of dust. Every day we saw vast numbers of springbok, blesbok, eland, warthog, sable, gemsbok, waterbuck, cape buffalo, common reedbuck, white rhinos, lions, blue wildebeest, black wildebeest, hippos, zebra, giraffe, tsessebe, kudu, roan, and impala. In addition to big game, we saw a plethora of small animals including meerkats, mongooses, black-backed jackals, and ground squirrels.

Prior to leaving the States, Tom had decided to take a zebra with the muzzleloading rifle. I had given him permission to do so but had cautioned that no game animal in Africa is more difficult to approach and to take a zebra would be extremely difficult. Adding to the challenge, we had agreed that he would take an old battle scarred stallion leaving the younger stallions and mares to reproduce.



Vlam, Tom, Clay and Amon on a Stalk

been successful.

Within minutes after commencing our hunt, Vlam spotted a herd of zebra a mile or more in the distance. We stopped the land cruiser and Tom with Vlam in the lead started stalking from bush to bush toward the zebra. Clay followed Tom with the camera and Amon brought up the rear carrying Tom's muzzleloader. It delighted Alice and me that Clay wanted to be a part of the stalk. An hour or so later our hunting party returned advising that a herd of wildebeest had alarmed the zebra and they in turn had headed toward the Northern Cape 200 miles away. This story was to repeat itself multiple times each day for the entire hunt but each time Tom and Clay would return with smiles and would excitedly tell of how they almost got a shot. Each stalk left Alice and me sitting in the land cruiser anxiously anticipating the sound of a shot and more anxiously waiting to learn if that shot had

Late on the second day of the hunt, Vlam, Tom, Clay, and Amon went after an exceptional blesbok which they had spotted roughly a half mile away. As usual, Emanuel joined us in the back of the land cruiser to await the outcome. We had grown accustomed to waiting in anxious anticipation only to have our hunters return with an excited story of how "he got away". This time, however, a shot echoed off the surrounding sandstone cliffs. I

was sure that I had heard the bullet hit but was afraid to say anything as we sat with our hearts racing, awaiting the outcome.

Amon soon became visible in the bush as he moved toward us. He was almost prancing and was grinning from ear to ear. Tom had made a long shot with the muzzleloader on a fabulous blesbok bull. The animal had run less than twenty-five yards before dropping. When we arrived, Tom's face was covered with the traditional "first blood" and his expression and hugs told the story better than words ever could. Vlam said that the closest they could get was 130 yards and because of the high grass a sitting shot was impossible. Tom had shot the blesbok from a kneeling position over the short sticks. Vlam estimated each horn at 16 ½ inches with 6 ½ to 7 inch bases.

Measurements later established that his estimates were right on with a green score of 47+ inches and that his blesbok is a pending SCI Top Ten with the muzzleloader.



Tom, Clay and Vlam-Traditional First Blood when Tom took his Blesbok

This was my first time as an observer so my thoughts and reactions were new to me. It was a great feeling to witness my grandson become a hunter and to partner in his budding love affair with nature. To my surprise and delight, Clay announced that he had decided to lay down the camera and go hunting! The next day Clay made his first stalk and Alice and I smiled when his big brother joined in.



Clay's Scope Tattoo

A few stalks later, Clay missed a blesbok but drew blood just the same. He had eased too close to the scope and received a nice half-moon cut to the bridge of his nose. While Vlam wiped blood, I kept assuring Clay that all of us had been tattooed with a scope at one time or another. That evening Dr. Jana, a veterinarian who was working with Moketsi's rhino breeding project, cleaned and bandaged Clay's cut. Now my concern was that the experience would make Clay gun-shy, but my fears were unfounded. Around mid-morning the following day, Vlam spotted a respectable blesbok and the stalk was underway. Roughly an hour later, Alice and I heard a shot but it sounded like a modern rifle. We later learned that the stalk ended behind a large rock in an open basin 185 yards from the blesbok. A closer approach was

impossible so Clay rested Vlam's rifle across the rock and made a clean kill. My 10 year old grandson had killed his first big game animal at 185 yards with a 375 H & H Magnum! When asked about the recoil of an elephant rifle, he grinned and announced, "Pap, I didn't feel a thing!"

I thought, "Wow! How could things get any better!"

On our last day and during yet another zebra chase, we heard the boom of the muzzleloader; however, the shot was way too close for the herd of zebra we had been watching. A couple of minutes later we heard the 375 H & H fire. Before we could figure out what was happening, it fired a second time. Suddenly, Alice and I were in a high state of excitement mixed with panic. What was going on? What were they shooting? Why the second and third shots? Had they been charged by a cape buffalo or by a lion? There were plenty of both in the area. Soon a message came through the radio in Zulu and Emanuel responded in Zulu. Our level of mixed fear and excitement peaked until Emanuel said, "Everything is okay; we go to them now!"



Clay's Elephant Rifle Blesbok

Tom had shot a gargantuan Blue Wildebeest with the muzzleloader and had finished it off with the elephant rifle. The wildebeest had been spotted while enroute to the zebra and Vlam advised that it was much too good to pass up. Preliminary measurements establish it as the pending new #4 with the muzzleloader. I thought, "A thirteen year old kid with two animals in the SCI Top Ten! Unbelievable!" Reality had exceeded our greatest hope! Even more important than the boys hunting success was their obvious love for the outdoors.



*Tom With His Pending # 4 Blue
Wildebeest with a Muzzleloader*

Another great reward was the new friends they had made. Vlam had been hailed as their buddy long ago. Jannie & Ria (manager and his wife), Jannie, Jr. (their son), Mariska (their daughter), Innocent (roustabout), Kingston (chef), Amon (tracker), and Emanuel (driver) all took a special interest in "Boy" and "Small Boy". Both boys learned moves in Cricket and Rugby from Jannie, Jr. and Mariska had taught them to throw darts. "Boy" and "Small Boy" were taught words in Zulu and in Afrikaans by all. Alice and I became "Ooma" and "Oopa", being grandmother and grandfather in Afrikaans. The camp manager's wife became "Tannie Ria", being Aunt Ria and Vlam was "Oom Vlam", a word of respect meaning uncle. I was amazed at how quickly our boys adjusted to new languages and to a different way of life. I thought to myself, "It is impossible to estimate the lifetime benefit our boys will reap from learning to be at home in a different world!"

After our safari was over, we ate and danced with Zulus and Xhosas in a multicultural native village (Lesedi), explored the cave that housed the oldest human fossils (Cradle of Mankind), toured a working diamond mine (Cullinan Mine), and shopped for native masks and spears in our friend's (Dennis Cambanos) shop, but these fun and educational excursions could not teach the lessons learned each day in safari camp.

The day after we returned home, Alice and I called to check on our boys. Both proclaimed that the trip had been spectacular and both were ready to go back to Africa immediately. Sometimes things just turn out "right"! It was the first time I had ever gone on a hunting trip and not touched a gun except to hand it to someone else, but, to my surprise, it was, I think, my best hunt! I highly recommend taking your children and grandchildren hunting; regardless of the cost, it is a bargain!

To find out more about Madubula Safaris, visit their website at: www.madubula.com

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SCI INTERNATIONAL WILDLIFE MUSEUM



Most of us are aware of and appreciate the obvious benefits of Safari Club International. These benefits of course include the legal actions, public relations and legislative efforts of SCI in pursuit of its mission of being "First For Hunters." We may also be aware of the educating of school teachers, which occurs at the AWLS ranch outside Jackson Hole, Wyoming each summer. This great program provides outdoor education and experiences for those who have the most influence on the upcoming generation other than the parents of those youngsters.

However, perhaps many of us have not explored the outstanding educational experience available to us through a visit to SCI's International Wildlife Museum. The IWM is located in a baronial castle 4 miles west of Interstate 10 on the west side of Tucson, Arizona. Family duties recently required that I make my way to Tucson again this spring. Whenever there I always try to experience something new about that locale but also insist on visiting this legacy of SCI donors.

Once you make your way through the huge steel doors, your SCI membership card gains you free entrance to the exhibits. Your first stop on the tour will be in the insect hall. For every person on earth there are 200 million insects. Some of the most interesting, including a rainbow of colorful butterflies and huge brown moths with cellophane windows in their wings, enhance this beautiful display. Next come the educational displays prepared by a taxidermist for children, which include touchable bodies, teeth, skulls, horns, antlers and fur of various species with appropriate explanatory materials. A special display explains the ancient history and current conservation efforts for enhancement of pronghorn antelope population.

Eventually you will want to see the really "good stuff." **The McElroy Hall** is the main exhibit hall and contains hundreds of mounts of sheep, goats, antelope, deer, moose, elk, caribou, bears, large cats (including a snow leopard and jaguar), plus every imaginable legal species from Africa. I always take the opportunity to lounge in the huge burgundy couch in front of the sheep and goat displays to visualize the hunts enjoyed by the mounts' collectors.

Next you will enter the 32 foot-high sheep and goat mountain exhibit featuring sheep and goats from Africa, Antarctica, Europe, and North America. These include the Marco Polo sheep, the grand slam of North American

sheep, European and Asian Ibex, Aoudad, etc. You will come to identify sheep that you never knew you wanted to hunt until right then.

An outstanding nocturnal exhibit features species of the Sonora Desert by night. You travel through cave-like structures to find full-size mounts of the desert species including a phenomenal Coues whitetail deer with palmated antlers. Finally, in another hall you will witness the recreated giant Irish elk and the giant mammoth ancestor to the elephant.

You will be duly impressed with and proud of the efforts of SCI as you make your way through this very creative and professionally managed museum. If you ever find yourself in Tucson you owe it to yourself and whoever is traveling with you, and certainly including children and grandchildren, to take advantage of this rich SCI legacy.

For more information, such as hours, etc., see www.thewildlifemuseum.org

or through the SCI website, www.safariclub.org and click on International Wildlife Museum.



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What Hunting Is All About

by
Evan Booker



Evan Booker and His Fallow Deer

Hunting, there are many words to describe it: thrilling, exciting, frustrating, and fun. For the first two times I went deer hunting, I would probably emphasize the word frustrating; especially after my two fruitless attempts.

I remember the first time I went deer hunting. It was very hot and sunny that day, but I was too excited to notice. I would be hunting with my grandfather's good friend Mike Maddox. Mr. Maddox and I were sitting in a blind that could barely hold the two of us. I remember the waiting. The hours seemed to crawl past. But finally, right at the crack of dusk, when were about to call it a day, I leaned back in my foldable chair and looked out a small port hole in the blind when I saw a doe coming over the hill at about 150 yards away. I quickly reported to Mr. Maddox what I had seen and he quickly broke out the rifle and shooting sticks.

We had the perfect setup that day. We were on top of a hill that looked down upon a mechanical feeder and a pond. If any deer were in the area, they would be there at some point. So when the deer finally got to the pond and I put the rifle's scope to my eye, horror passed over me. The scope wasn't focused in for my eye. I didn't say anything because I afraid that the deer would get away if I stopped to focus the scope. So I took the shot, but I only wounded it. When we finally got down to where it lay, it got spooked and ran away. By then it was too dark to look for it. We contacted the owner of the property and informed him of the situation. He agreed that it was too late to look for the deer and said there would be no use looking for it tomorrow. He said the coyotes would probably get to it before we did.

The second time I went deer hunting was an almost totally different experience. For one, it was freezing-eight below to be exact, two, we were at a different location in Indiana, and three, there would be other people hunting in the area. We started off in a shooting house in the woods with a measly little propane heater that didn't really do anything. We saw no deer from there so we moved to an elevated shooting house that looked out onto a field. The only deer we saw was running across the field at full clip and even if I had gotten a shot off, I probably would have missed.

The third time I went was at the same place only this time it was warmer. As we were driving there I was thinking to myself third time's a charm. This time would be different because we would be stalking the deer and not just sitting in a shooting house.

When Mr. Maddox and I got there, he told me to carry as little as possible. I did, carrying only a set of binoculars, and the rifle I would use to bring down my first deer. We started walking close to a road on the edge of the woods. Once we had reached a stream that we had to cross, Mr. Maddox told me to wait. He had seen three deer up in a field. So we stopped and got the rifle loaded and the shooting sticks out. By that time, an entire herd had revealed itself about 50 yards away. About twenty deer were moving in a single file line in a field I was looking upon. I lined up my shot for the last one in the line, a doe, when suddenly a buck walked right in front of it. I waited until it passed the doe before I took the shot. When I did, I thought that I had missed, but Mr. Maddox assured me that I had hit it. When we finally found it, it was clear that I had been successful.

Now we had to drag the deer back to the house to clean it. In my previous experiences with cleaning game, I've only dealt with squirrels and rabbits. So as you might imagine, this was a whole new experience for me. We had to use a tractor's forklift to hoist the deer up so it would just hang there. When we finally cut it open you know what, I'm not going to go into detail on this. Suffice it to say: it got messy.

I now realize what hunting is all about. It's not about whether you get anything or not, it's about being out in nature, and eventually nature being in you. I now have a greater respect for the animals that I hunt. I also like deer hunting now that I have been able to experience it. I was also hunting for a good cause. I was hunting for Hunters for the Hungry and the meat from the deer I killed would go to homeless shelters across Louisville. I am going to go hunting again as soon as possible and I recommend deer hunting for anybody who either enjoys hunting or are just starting, its loads of fun.

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PLAN B

by
Walt Cato



Walt Cato

The hot, mid-September sun shone through the dome tent SCI member Allen "Moose" Weiss and I had pitched. We were on a sandy beach of the Ohio River immediately downstream from the mouth of Yellowbank Creek in the Breckinridge County jurisdiction of SCI member Judge Sam Monarch.

Moose and I were going duck hunting for three days and two nights during the early teal and wood duck season. My Browning Auto 5, Moose's Ithaca pump-gun and his petite. LL Bean cork teal decoys and our duck calls were ready for service next morning when the season opened. We were also equipped to put into action an alternative to ducks. Plan B included spinning rods for bass, bluegill and catfish, limb lines for catfish and a gig in case bullfrogs kept us awake at night with their bass violin croaking.

Opening day morning, one half hour before sunrise, Moose and I were blocked out in a wide bend of the creek. Our efforts did not provide us with shooting. As the pre-dawn grayness developed into vivid greens and browns of banks and vegetation we saw two flights of teal but they would not decoy. About 9:00, we picked up, went back to camp and fried some eggs and bacon. Next morning we repeated the performance; no ducks

followed by bacon and eggs.

That first morning Moose and I discovered that we had the river to ourselves. The river banks in the area were undeveloped and in the three days we camped there we saw only three other small boats. The temperature was sweltering but the sky was clear and the water surface was slick as glass. We had the kind of solitude which would have permitted skinny dipping without fear of discovery.

Having determined that our ice supply would not last through the second day and worried about the possibility of running out of fuel for Moose's gas guzzling old 35 horse Evinrude, we made a three and half mile trip upriver to Derby, Indiana. We bought four gallons of fuel at a gas station and, at a cafe/tavern near the landing we bought a block of ice, four dozen small minnows and enjoyed chicken filet sandwiches for lunch.

On the way back to our camp, the sun was blazing hot. I was looking forward to taking a nap in the willow shade until shadows lengthened. Moose turned down his throttle and slowed the boat. We were approaching a dead tree snag protruding from the water about thirty yards off shore.

I turned to Moose and asked:

"Why are we stopping here?"

"I thought we might catch some bluegills around this snag."

"It's too hot to fish. It's 1:30 in the afternoon. The fish probably won't bite until this evening."

"You're probably right, but I have a feeling we might catch some fish here."

I reluctantly agreed and tied the bow line to the snag. I had no faith in Moose's foolish notion that we would catch fish at a lone snag out in the river in the hot sun we later learned had caused the mercury to rise to 98°.



Allen "Moose" Weiss

Moose baited with nightcrawler pieces. I dropped a live minnow into the depths. To my great surprise, I had a bite almost immediately and brought to the boat a channel catfish of about 1 ½ pounds. I began catching catfish on almost every cast. It was amazing. Moose caught seven bluegill and then changed from nightcrawler pieces to minnows. He began catching catfish too. By 4:00 I had lost at the boat (We had forgotten a landing net) a catfish of 12-13 pounds and the two

of us had caught 26 channels which, given their uniform size of 1 ½ - 2 pounds, could almost have been cut from

a template.

The following day, having broken camp we headed downriver toward the ramp at Sinking Creek. Moose's motor propeller began slipping. We packed it with a piece of an old shirt we found floating in the river, but our speed was limited. The trip back to our waiting vehicle and boat trailer required an hour and forty minutes. During this leisurely trip, we listened on the portable radio to part of the broadcast of UK's football victory over Kansas State. It was a time, too, to reflect about our adventure. We hadn't fired a shot at ducks but it had been a memorable trip in part because of the surprising catch of fish resulting from Moose's premonition.

I remarked to Moose over the drone of the motor:

"I have made a resolution to never scoff at your hunches about when and where to fish and hunt."

I don't remember his exact words, but his response was something like:

"That's a wise decision, o ye of little faith."

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The Quest for the "Perfect Knife"

by
Joe Bergman



Bill Keeton

"I'm always trying to build the perfect knife," Bill Keeton says. But ask any of his local, national, or international customers and they'll tell you that if his knives aren't already "perfect", they are as close as any you can find anywhere in the world. His clients include General Norman Schwarzkopf, golfers Fuzzy Zoeller, Paul Azinger and jockey Pat Day for whom Keeton made and donated a special knife to be auctioned at the Churchill Downs Derby Museum to benefit Day's wife's ministry, "Mom's Closet". Keeton is Christian and credits his expertise as a gift from God.

A local client, Mark Frazier of Lanesville says, "I bought a small patch knife from Bill and plan to get one of his hunters. It's the best knife I've ever owned, mass produced or custom made. The quality and sharpness are top-notch." Frazier mentioned Keeton's faith as one reason he was drawn to him.

Keeton, of Laconia, is a member of the prestigious Knifemakers Guild, an international organization for creators of bench-made knives, and he has been making knives for 35 years. Retired now from management at Phillip Morris, Inc., he began by making a knife from a kit he purchased from a magazine article. Intrigued by the experience, he taught himself each step required till now he performs each operation of the knife-making process.

Starting with a flat piece of tool steel, Keeton cuts the pattern, shapes the three-dimensional contour of the blade, heat-treats the metal in his special kiln to a temperature of near 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit and sub-zero quenches it in liquid nitrogen to a Rockwell hardness of 61. He shapes the scales or handles from raw hunks of India Sambar stag, ivory (the legal stuff), bone, antler, micarta and several kinds of wood including stabilized wood and Desert Ironwood (a wood so dense that it won't float in water). Finally, he sharpens the blade to razor sharpness and polishes it in one of three finishes: satin, mirror finish, or hand-rubbed to create a beautiful, functional, one of a kind knife.

Though anyone who sees one of his knives would say he has mastered his craft, he says he's still learning. "There's no crash course for knife-making, it's a constant learning experience. That's what appeals to me." Keeton says.

Not satisfied with some of the commercial equipment available, Keeton also makes a number of the tools he uses in his craft on a machinist's lathe and he designed and built a special grinder with the help of a friend. He also makes the sheaths for each of his creations, wet-forming the leather to each knife and sewing them on a heavy-duty sewing machine he purchased just for this job and stamping each with the same serial number as the knife.

Metalworker, machinist, leather-smith, metallurgist, craftsman, artist. This is a man who has pursued his hobby/vocation to the nth degree. The inevitable question came up, how long does it take to make a knife? "That's a question I always hedge on." Keeton says. "I play golf twice a week and I may not make a knife for a week. The complexity of the model makes a difference too."

Hunting knives, patch knives for muzzleloaders, fighting knives, pocket knives and filet knives for the fisherman are all included in his repertoire. He tries to keep a stock of his knives on hand and can personalize these or make you a custom designed blade from a number of special steels. Prices range from \$175 up to the thousands. If this sounds like a lot for a knife, consider that you're getting a one of a kind, heirloom quality piece that can be handed down for generations. That said, these are working knives, and they are made to be used.

Keeton can be contacted at www.keetoncustomknives.com

Contact Bergman at proutdoors@aol.com

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Crestwood Baptist Church Wild Game Dinner



Sherry Maddox at the SCI Information and Membership Table

On 3-14-09 a small contingent of KYSCI members set up the LaserShot booth, a NASP archery exhibit and an information/membership table at a fundraiser sponsored by the Crestwood Baptist Church. The wild game dinner was to benefit Kentucky Hunters for the Hungry (KHFH) and the Tim Farmer Foundation. In addition to the wild game dinner there were exhibits and guests speakers. Many of the approximately 165 guests attending the event participated in one or more of the chapter interactive activities.



Tom Hebert and Jim Warren were constantly busy with the archery exhibit Tom borrowed the NASP equipment (Genesis Bows, arrows, targets and safety net) from the North Oldham Middle School, which received start up funding from KYSCI for their archery program. The majority of participants were children from 6 to 16, but many adults also tested their archery skills

Tom Hebert Gives a Hand Teddy Staton managed the LaserShot booth and collected approximately \$50- in donations for KHFH. Sherry Maddox was busy with the KYSCI information and membership table. Several tickets were sold for the pistol that was raffled off at the annual fundraiser and auction on March 21, 2009. This was also an opportunity to provide information on the Youth Hunter Education program to be held later this summer.



Although they were barely able to cover expenses when all the numbers were

tallied the Crestwood Baptist Church donated \$250 to Kentucky Hunters for the Hungry. Their support and donation is greatly appreciated by both the Kentuckiana Chapter SCI and KHFH

Jim Warren Helps with the Archery Exhibit

Check Out the Updates on the SCI Website

If you haven't been to the SCI website lately, you should check out some of the enhancements and new features that have been added.

The Member section of the website has significant improvements to include application and special offers, latest news and several quick links.

It requires a simple login process to access the member section and is as easy as entering your last name and SCI member ID number. One of the links that may be useful for members is to the chapter roster. If you are a member of a chapter, the link to access your chapter roster will appear automatically. The roster will provide demographic contact information for all chapter members and is updated realtime when changes are made by staff in Tucson.

Current membership opportunities are available from the Member section to include the current membership renewal and upgrade initiative. Member sponsorship application through the Cabelas program are also available. In addition, a member can renew his/her membership online.

There are several additional links to information on various programs and projects and in some instances some handouts and presentations that can be used at the chapter level.

Check out the site at www.safariclub.org.

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CMP UPDATE

Submitted by Bob Edwards

The Kentuckiana Chapter of Safari Club International is a Civilian Marksmanship Program Affiliate Club. Members of the Kentuckiana Chapter are eligible to purchase U.S. Military surplus rifles at a considerable discount from what these rifles sell for at gun shops or shows. For Club Documentation, contact Bob Edwards (502) 262-4666.

The Civilian Marksmanship Program (CMP) promotes firearms safety training and rifle practice for all qualified U.S. citizens with special emphasis on youth. The CMP operates through a network of affiliated shooting clubs and associations that covers every state in the U.S. The clubs and associations offer firearms safety training and marksmanship courses as well as the opportunity for continued practice and competition.

The CMP was created by the U.S. Congress. The original purpose was to provide civilians an opportunity to learn and practice marksmanship skills so they would be skilled marksmen if later called on to serve the U.S. military. Over the years the emphasis of the program shifted to focus on youth development through marksmanship. More information can be found at:

Civilian Marksmanship Program
P.O. Box 576
Port Clinton, OH 43452
(419) 635-2141
Fax (419) 635-2802

Civilian Marksmanship Program (South)
1401 Commerce Blvd
Anniston, AL 36207
(256) 835-8455
Fax (256) 835-3527

www.odcmp.com

Some examples of rifles available to our members are below. Discount surplus ammunition and shooting accessories are also available, from the website, or by visiting either of the stores listed above.



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Josh's First Deer

by Josh Wray



Josh Wray and His First Deer

On my birthday in January 2007 I received my first gun it was a Remington 870 20 gauge and was given to me from my dad. It was a very special day for me. Kind of felt like I was going from being a boy to a young man. My dad was just as excited being able to give me my first gun. My mom of course wasn't as excited but knew that it was a special moment for me and dad. She laid down the law from the moment I unwrapped the gift. You know the usual like you will not touch, shoot, handle, or smell the gun until you have training on the proper safety & hunting rules & regulations. Oh man do you know how hard it was for a young eager boy not to be able to shoot such an awesome gun?

My mom checked into several sights for me to receive the training at but just wasn't happy with what they offered to teach me until one day she read in the paper that the SCI was doing some youth hunting classes. She called and the next thing I know I'm pulling into the Elk Ranch to learn all about hunting. Wow what a wonderful place. From the moment we pulled into the road my eyes were focused on everything. I spent the next two days learning the proper way to handle myself & gun. I was taught the rules & regulations of what is expected of me as a hunter and how I should respect the land and animals. Not only did I receive classroom training but it was hands on experience as well. From shooting a gun to a bow, to tracking an animal that had been hit. I spent 3 hours the first night studying for the test and learning as much as I could.

At the end of day two I took the test and was so proud that I passed it. Passing that test meant I could officially go hunting with my dad. I practiced handling my gun with my dad's help and he taught me how to clean it and we even did a little target shooting.

Finally the day came when Youth Season started. My dad and I spent two days in a tree stand watching huge buck wonder around the woods. When I did finally see a small doe I found out first hand what buck fever is. I raised my gun and started to shake like crazy. I was overcome with emotion and couldn't even get my gun steady

enough to take a shot.

Unfortunately that was the only doe we seen the entire time. My dad kept telling me how special the moment was because we seen so many bucks during our two days and most people spend days and days in the woods and never get to see a buck. I seen 7 in two days and thought to myself I can't wait for deer season to actually start so I can get one of those. I was pretty disappointed with the weekend since I didn't get a doe especially when my friends came to school bragging about theirs.

I was counting down the days until November 15th when I could get back out there. In the mean time I was able to do some fowl hunting and managed to get my first bird. I was excited and felt proud of my accomplishment.

As the date of the deer season approached my dad and I visited the area which we planned to hunt. We scouted out a great spot and got everything we needed ready to go. We headed out on the 15th at around 5:30am and managed to get into the tree stand at 6:40am. It was a very rainy day and it didn't take long to figure out the deer were bedded. We did manage to see two but neither was close enough to take a shot at. By the time we got home we were totally soaked and cold. We got a good nights rest and headed out very early on Sunday hoping the day would bring me my first deer.

We were only in the tree stand for about 2 hours and a 7 point buck walked up on us. Wow talk about a moment that will be in my memory forever. I raised my gun slowly, pointed it straight at his heart and pulled the trigger. My father had put a red dot onto my gun and it really helped me. He jumped from the hit and took off running. My dad pulled up his gun and took a shot at it as well. He didn't want to have to track it down a huge bluff that we were hunting by.

My dad's shot missed the deer but luckily he only ran a few feet before falling. I was so happy!! We waited a few moments and then went down to see it. It was a pretty deer and a 7 pointer.

We field dressed the deer and boy did it smell horrible. I do have to say though my shot was perfect. The heart was in many pieces from when it exploded from the gun shot. We tagged and loaded him up. We checked him in at a Charlestown location and then headed to Henryville to have him processed. We kept the head so I can do a skull mount. We buried it for weeks and also boiled it until we could remove everything off it.

The entire experience was great. I still get excited when I talk about it. I can still remember every feeling and every sound from that moment that I pulled the trigger. My dad said that I needed to work on my field dressing abilities. He said that just holding its leg really isn't considered helping. I just really had a hard time getting past the smell. I'm sure I will do a better job next time.

Thank you to SCI for all the great skills you taught me during my training. It helped me be safe and taught me what I needed to do. November 16th 2008 proved to be a day I will never forget.

Joshua Wray

Charlestown, IN

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Highlights from SCI 2009 Spring Board Meeting

The SCI 2009 Spring Board meeting held May 7-9, 2009 included the opportunity for attendees to spend the day on Capitol Hill meeting with senators and representatives from their home state.

Ivan Schell, President Kentuckiana Chapter SCI and Sherry Maddox, Region 21 Rep and Kentuckiana Chapter board member attended the meetings. In addition to spending time on Capitol Hill, each attended various committee meetings and the annual board meeting on Saturday May 9, 2009.

Below are topics that were discussed during meeting with members of the House and Senate.

H.R. 1055 Restoration of the U.S. – Russian Polar Bear Conservation Fund Act of 2009

SCI Position: **SUPPORT**

HR 1055 would restore the ability of U.S. hunters to import Polar Bear trophies harvested from approved populations in Canada and with tags supplied by native Inuit communities. Once again allowing the importation of legally harvested Polar Bears will reinstate funding generated from import permits that have been non-existent since the listing of the polar bear on May 15, 2008.

Safari Club International, along with 24 other hunting and wildlife conservation organizations, sent a letter to Chairman Nick Rahall and Ranking Member Doc Hastings of the House Committee on Natural Resources urging our strong support of H.R. 1055

H.R. 1831, S. 812 Conservation Easement Tax Incentive

SCI Position: **SUPPORT**

These bills would make permanent a provision that was reauthorized in the 2008 Farm Bill that provides incentives for farmers and ranchers to voluntarily place land into conservation easements to help protect wildlife habitat. This legislation will be particularly helpful to incentivize the enrollment for long term stewardship of rural landscapes.

H.R. 1831 has nearly 100 original cosponsors and over 40 organizations, including SCI, supporting these bi-partisan bills.

KY Representatives Ben Chandler and John Yarmuth and IN Representative Dan Burton are signed cosponsors of the bill.

Farm Bill Implementation

The 2008 Farm Bill is the most pivotal annual funding for wildlife conservation in the United States.

SCI requests that the 111th Congress appropriate funding to fulfill all aspects of Title II of the 2008 Farm Bill so that every eligible acre of critical habitat can be properly conserved.

In addition SCI requests that Congress

- Reauthorize the Wetlands Reserve Program and raise its funding level from 250,000 to 300,000 acres per years.
- Reauthorize the Conservation Reserve Program at 2 million acres per year
- Authorize the Open Fields Program to receive increased annual funding to enhance opportunity for recreational opportunities on lands already enrolled in Farm Bill conservation programs

S. 561, H.RES 281/H.R. 1404 Federal Land Assistance, Management and Enhancement Act

The Federal Land Assistance, Management and Enhancement Act will create a federal fund for suppression of large and devastating fires. It will also require the Secretary of the Interior and the Secretary of Agriculture to develop and implement a cohesive wildlands fire management strategy for high risk fire areas of the country.

In April 2009, SCI along with 26 sportsmen conservation organizations signed a letter expressing the need to create the desperately needed Catastrophic Wildlands Fire Fund as authorized by H.R. 1404.

H.R. 510, S. 632 Firearms and Ammunition Affordability Act

The Firearms and Ammunition Affordability Act of 2009 will help bring equality to the Firearms and Ammunition Excise Tax. These bills will also change the current bi-weekly excise tax payment by firearms and ammunition companies to a quarterly payment that is on par with other industries that pay excise taxes to support fish and wildlife conservation funds in North America.

IN Representative Dan Burton is a cosponsor of this bill.

H.R. 1054 Permits for Importation of Polar Bear Trophies Taken in Sport Hunts in Canada

On May 15, 2008, then Secretary of the Interior, Dirk Kempthorne, approved the listing of the Polar Bear as a threatened species. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service simultaneously determined that the listing of the species created a ban on the import of polar bears into the U.S. Before the listing, U.S. hunters had harvested approximately 35-45 polar bears that now cannot be imported to the U.S. and are currently being held in freezers in Canada. Although no conservation benefit can even arguably be achieved by preventing these imports, the FWS has flatly refused to process the import permit applications.

SCI, along with 24 other hunting and wildlife conservation organizations signed a letter to Chairman Nick Rahall and Ranking Member Doc Hastings of the House Committee on Natural Resources urging our strong support of H.R. 1054.

Resources: SCI Talking Points, Lobbying Day 2009

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