



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 2

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award

by
Sherry Maddox



Mike Ohlmann, Sherry Maddox, Sam and Alice Monarch
at the 2010 SCI Convention

The 2010 SCI Hunters Convention was a huge success. This is great news for SCI, the chapters and all who support the mission of SCI.

While attending the convention it is gratifying to network with attendees, SCI staff and the hundreds of vendors who brave the winter weather in Reno. I hope Kentuckiana Chapter members who attended the convention had a safe and enjoyable time.



Communication is critical to our chapter networking and information sharing. From the hunt stories to the success of our programs and projects, Kentuckiana Hunter publishes articles from many sources, primarily our chapter members. On Wednesday evening January 20, 2010 the Kentuckiana Chapter was recognized and received a Publication Award for "Kentuckiana Hunter". Mike Ohlmann, Chapter President accepted the award on behalf of the chapter. Sherry Maddox and Sam and Alice Monarch shared in the celebration at the evening event. This outstanding newsletter, edited by chapter board member Jim Gladden is most deserving of the award.

No article is too large or small and all chapter members are encouraged to contribute to the publication. Simply submit your information to Jim Gladden at jgladden@genesisllc.com. Pictures are a plus.

*2009
Publication
Award*

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 3

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

Long Live the King

by
Sam H. Monarch



#3 Lion in the SCI Muzzleloading Record Book
taken by Sam Monarch

Vlam whispered, "He's swishing his tail!"

Moments later, Gillie muttered as if to himself, "He's really growling!"

Fifty yards away, almost completely hidden by acacia bushes and tall grass was a wounded South Africa/Namibia lion. The shot had felt right, but there was no way to know how hard he was hit or what he remained capable of doing. With an empty muzzleloader, I was at the mercy of forces over which I had no control!

Alice (my wife) and Dennis (my tracker) were trying to reload my muzzleloading rifle, but

it was taking a dreadfully long time. A quick glance toward Alice told the story. She was shaking so hard powder was going everywhere except into the powder measure.

An abrupt movement by Gillie refocused my attention from Alice to the lion as he attempted to raise his head. Without thinking, I commanded, "Gillie, don't shoot my lion!" We were at the end of a quest which had been a long time in the planning, and I did not want it messed up.

Two years earlier, John Abraham (my outfitter and owner of Madubula Safaris) and I had enjoyed a long conversation about the future of hunting in South Africa. John was optimistic with only two exceptions. He believed that it would take years for the Black Rhino to recover, if at all, and he believed that wild lion hunting in South Africa was in serious trouble. Wild lion hunting areas were getting harder and harder to find, and John suggested that if I wanted a "wild" lion, it should be taken soon.

During the 2008 SCI Convention in Reno, John advised that he had a permit for a wild lion in a good area. Alice and I decided that the time to take a lion was now or forever give up our hopes of taking a lion with a black powder rifle.

A few months later, on July 1st, Vlam Myberg, our professional hunter, met us at the Michelangelo Hotel in Johannesburg, South Africa, and we headed west for a five hour drive to the Kgalagadi Transfrontier Park area. Vlam, who always does his homework, advised that very few South Africa/Namibia lions, which are the largest of all the African lions, are in the SCI Muzzleloader Record Book. He explained that in most other African countries, lions are shot over bait from a "hide" (blind) or by calling from a hide. In those countries, the lion does not know he is being hunted until it's too late.

In South Africa, the only approved hunting practice is to locate the tracks of a large lion that is not in a family group and follow those tracks on foot. The lion's tracks are first found by slowly driving jeep trails and looking for fresh tracks in the sand.

After suitable tracks are identified, the professional hunter, trackers, and hunter follow the

tracks until the lion is spotted. When hunting a lion in South Africa, who sees who first is a matter of luck! The hunter does not enjoy the benefit of surprise or the protection afforded by a blind. I'm not sure that Alice was enthusiastic about the prospects of chasing a lion through the bush on foot but, not being overly bright, I thought it sounded great! Secretly, I remember briefly thinking that regardless of who got who, the fateful encounter would be one for the books.

At the "Serapa" lodge, we were welcomed by the owners, Api and Yolanda, their sons, and their Twsana staff. After a hot shower, we reconvened around the campfire. As we sipped a glass of Amarula, Api assured us that lions moved onto and off of his property from Kgalagadi Park on a regular basis. He went on to say that a big male had recently been spotted in the northeast quadrant of his 46,000 acre farm, and we would begin our hunt there. Api expressed a bit of concern over my choice of rifles, but Vlam, who had hunted with us many times, assured Api that everything would be alright.

Our hosts were delightful and time flew by. Way too late, we retired for the evening and much too early, we were awakened with the traditional hot tea for Alice and hot coffee for me. July is winter in South Africa, and the first morning of the hunt was clear and cold with early temperatures around 30 degrees Fahrenheit; however, we layered clothing to prepare for the predictable increase in temperature as the African sun rose in the sky.

This morning, Alice and I were particularly careful when loading the muzzleloader as I certainly did not want a misfire. We loaded our customary charge of 150 grains of really dirty South African made FFg black powder behind a 290 grain TMZ Barnes all copper bullet. Ignition for my Knight .50 Caliber DISC Extreme was provided by a 209 shot shell primer. This load combination had proven to be remarkably effective out to 150 yards, and I intended to put it to the test again.



*Driving the Jeep Trails and
Looking for Tracks in the Sand*

After a two or three mile drive, our trackers assumed positions on the front fenders of the land cruiser, and we continued through the bush at a very slow pace. As time passed, Alice and I were enthralled by the abundance of wildlife. Ostriches were spotted with amazing regularity and blue

wildebeest, gemsbok, impala, springbok, zebra, giraffe, kudu, and other wild animals kicked up dust as they crossed our path.

Shortly after mid-morning, the trackers spotted a set of lone lion tracks, but Vlam was not particularly impressed with their size. Nevertheless, this lion was by himself; consequently, Dennis and Amon followed those tracks while we continued to check out the jeep trails for other tracks. About an hour later, Dennis radioed and advised that they had found the lion but that he was a young, "pink-nosed" male without a pride. As the time for lunch had come and gone, we decided to go back to the lodge for a quick bite to eat.

After a hurried repast, the hunt resumed and, once again, there was so much wildlife that Alice and I were constantly distracted from our mission. About mid-afternoon, we stopped to check out a waterhole. Half way around the waterhole, Dennis and Amon turned and literally ran to us. After an animated exchange with Vlam in Zulu, they took off into the bush, and Vlam told Alice and me that it was time to take a walk.

All of a sudden, the reality of what we were doing struck home and my heart began to race and

my breathing became shallow and rapid. Vlam was excited by the size of the tracks and that the lion was moving into the wind. If we were careful, we could follow the lion undetected. We soon caught up with our trackers who were having difficulty following the trail through the thick grass.



Following an Almost Invisible Trail

We stayed behind Vlam and the trackers as they attempted to follow the almost invisible trail.

An hour, maybe two, and nearly a mile later, they found the lion! Amon declared that he was a big male with a heavy mane and that the lion appeared to be asleep in a tangle of vegetation near a clump of acacia bushes.



Old Lion in the Bush

The wind was perfect. The old lion, a few hundred yards away, was unaware of our presence.

We took off at a fast walk and, in a few minutes, Vlam suddenly stopped and motioned me over to him. Barely visible in the tall grass was the movement of a large, tawny animal. Vlam set up the tall shooting

sticks, which I truly hate. Shooting from a standing position is just not steady enough to suit me. I always insist on shooting from a sitting position over short sticks, but this time the high grass made that impossible.

As I rested the muzzleloader across the tall sticks and peered through the scope, the lion, partially concealed by the grasses, was massive. This was his world and he was the boss: always the hunter, this king of beasts was totally in control.

Vlam whispered, "Get ready," and then whistled a shrill, ear-piercing whistle. Suddenly, the king of beasts was standing, facing me. Did he intend to charge or simply walk away? Before the lion could decide, the crosshairs fell steady on the center of his chest, and the muzzleloader fired. I stepped to the side of the smoke cloud to see the lion lying on the ground. He had dropped in his tracks, but now he was trying to stand, and I had an unloaded rifle.



On the Shooting Sticks with the Lion in the Crosshairs

Tense comments from Vlam and Gillie about the lion's swishing tail coupled with the lion's intermittent growls had Alice in a panic! In a release of anxiety, Alice, at long last, shoved the Knight muzzleloader into my hands and said, "Here, it's loaded! Shoot!" In a few moments, I had fired a second shot into the lion's chest, and he appeared to be down for good. After a while, Vlam's little dog, Caesar, ran toward the lion and, with a final surge of strength, the fallen king attempted to lunge at the dog in a show of contempt. The shots had been good, but the lion

refused to accept defeat.

As a hunter, I have always had respect for all the animals I have pursued, but the lion was awe-inspiring. Even during his last few moments of life, he was defiant. He showed no fear of the person who had shot him; instead, he made a desperate attempt to stand, not to run, but to attack. I was struck with the thought that no man deserves "to be blest" with more than one lion.

Word of our success preceded us to camp, and when we arrived a victory celebration was in the making. Yolanda and Api's Tswana staff danced around the campfire singing songs in honor of the great hunters who had slain the historic killer and mutilator of their people.



*The Victory Celebration
Honoring the Great Hunters*



The tinge of regret

which I had felt for taking the lion soon passed as the reality of the situation became undeniably clear. Without the hunters, the jobs they create, and the staggering trophy fees they pay to the landowners, lions would be quickly eradicated as a non-income producing nuisance. Expensive trophy fees make the

lion a tolerated visitor even when he frequently kills the farmer's goats and cattle. History has proven that without the revenue generated from hunting, the leftovers of the lion's kill would be laced with poison awaiting his return.

A non-emotional analysis of the realities of life leads to the inevitable conclusion that lions can only survive if hunting likewise survives. Long live the hunters; so therefore, long will live the kings!

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 4

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

First African Safari by William L. Knopf



Gideon Watts, Professional Hunter, Lauren, and Wm

This is my account of my plains game safari in South Africa in September of 2009, but first, allow me to start with a little personal background. In my youth, I was an active hunter. I have many good memories of hunting trips for small game and birds with my father and grandfather. I had never hunted big game, but from the time of those early hunts, I always had an interest and desire to go to Africa on safari. Like most of us, I had one of those many dreams we all have but never really believe will happen. Fortunately for me, the opportunity to go on an African safari came along, and it was an unforgettable trip of a lifetime!

The ten-day plains game safari to South Africa for four hunters was offered by the Boy Scouts of America, Lincoln Heritage Council, at their annual fundraiser. The safari was a gift to the Scouts from the Kentuckiana Chapter-Safari Club International and Steyn Caracal Safaris. As a supporter of the Scouts, I learned that the safari was available for a financial donation to the Scouts (one of my favorite organizations). To



Lauren at our Lodge

help the Scouts and also to fulfill my dream of going on a safari was a win-win for me. All I needed were three partners who all quickly said yes. Our hunting team was composed of my friends Circuit Judge Audra J. Eckerle, Joe Marks (a real estate appraiser), and Lauren L. Knopf (my daughter). Audra and Joe are lifetime experienced hunters. Audra had brought back a Cape buffalo from an earlier safari to Africa. Lauren had never hunted but was excited to go with us and take a break from her court duties as a public defender.

Preparing for a big trip is really part of the fun. In

the months before the safari, our group got together several times for target practice and a picnic at Audra's farm. We referred to our get-togethers as "shoot and eats". We also target practised at the farm of Alice and Judge Samuel H. Monarch. Sam had kindly offered me the use of one of his rifles and he wanted me to be comfortable with it. The Remington Model 700, Caliber 300 Win. Mag., was a perfect fit for the safari. Also, Sam and Alice, who had been on nine African safaris, were knowledgeable resources who were great mentors and friends. They advised us on everything from obtaining our South African firearm import permits (we used Anne Gains-Burhill of Hunter's Support Services who handled business perfectly), to the type of ammunition to use, to getting our shots at the International Travel Clinic, University of Louisville, to packing, sightseeing and tipping. We were truly fortunate and appreciative to have Sam and Alice's guidance. We were well prepared for our safari and, on departure day from Louisville, were very excited.

The only undesirable part of the trip was next: the 17 hour non-stop flight from Atlanta to Johannesburg. We were met at the airport by our outfitter and travelled 2.5 hours north of Johannesburg to the game lodge of Steyn Caracal Safaris. The accommodations were first-class and a nice sight to see after such a long trip. Each hunter had a private thatched roof lodge with bedroom, bath, and shower. The two dining lodges, lounge area, and bar were nicely decorated in African motif with mounted game trophies. Outdoor decks and a large fire-pit were outside the dining lodges. All of the property was very comfortable.



*Joe Marks, Audra Eckerle, and Wm. Knopf
after a day hunting in the bush*

Once settled in camp, we met our professional hunters. Our group of four hunted in pairs with separate professional hunters. Our professional hunter was Gideon Watts. Gideon was the brother of Charl Watts, the outfitter/director of the camp. Gideon was an interesting person. Before being a full-time professional hunter, Gideon had served as a paratrooper in the South African Army and played professional rugby. (During some of the breaks from hunting, we watched rugby on television and Gideon and Charl explained to me some of the rules.) Gideon primarily led dangerous game hunts. Having never hunted in Africa (our first time even there), Gideon made us feel very

confident about his ability to guide us through the bush. The quality of your professional hunter is really critical to a great safari. Lauren and I felt good about having someone of his experience and ability leading us. Gideon's tracking, trophy judging, and other hunting related skills were all excellent.

I had decided that I wanted to take a kudu and an impala. Lauren wanted a warthog! For three days, we drove and walked the bush hunting kudu. There was plenty of wildlife in the bush, but getting close to a good trophy bull was not easy. We passed on many bulls due to their size. The

kudu certainly deserve their nickname the “gray ghosts of Africa.” But finally, late on the third day of hunting, we saw two nice kudu walking from behind some trees about one hundred yards away. We drove our truck a little further down the road and from behind the trees three bulls walked out. The third bull was the trophy I wanted. In seconds, I set up, aimed and shot. He dropped to the ground. To my surprise, I saw my kudu who had been laying on the ground, get up and run. My emotions were going wild! I went from happiness to hitting my target, to upset that he might be wounded and maybe could not be found in the coming darkness. The tracker and Lauren

searched together and I followed Gideon and his dog. I watched as Gideon marked tracks and spotted blood droppings. I didn’t say a word and just watched him work. In a few minutes, not far from where the kudu was shot, we found him. My shot was placed properly in the heart/lung area above the shoulder, but he was strong. As Gideon and the tracker worked to set my kudu for pictures, my emotions were high at the taking of my first big game—a kudu bull with 50 inch horns. Later at dinner and by our campfire, all the hunters enjoyed telling their stories of the day, but I am sure no one was more excited than me!



William and Lauren Knopf with Kudu

The next day we took a break from hunting and drove to Pilanesberg game reserve. There we saw herds of elephant, impala, hippopotamus, springbok, wildebeest, hartebeest, eland, baboon, zebra, and giraffe, among many other species.



Lauren's Warthog



Lauren Eating Warthog

For the next day of hunting, we sought warthogs. It was Lauren’s time to hunt! We set up in a blind and waited for warthogs. Gideon was great getting Lauren comfortable, confident, and ready. When a big warthog with great tusks came along, Gideon whispered “shoot.” Lauren fired without hesitation! Seeing Lauren take that warthog was the happiest I saw Gideon. Lauren, of course, was excited. Later, “Dad” shot a warthog too, but it was not as large as Lauren’s.

On the last days of hunting, I took a nice impala. And, you may be wondering what were Audra and Joe doing. Their takes included a waterbuck, a zebra, an nyala and a sable.

I would be remiss if I did not tell some about the camp. The food was great! We had plenty to drink. South African wines are delicious! The chef even cooked some of Lauren’s warthog for us. (It tasted like beef.) I am not sure why I thought I would lose weight on this trip! We were treated with great hospitality. At our last night in camp, Gideon left to take two hunters to Zimbabwe to hunt leopards. We wished him well, but Lauren and I were sad to see him leave.



Wm. and Impala



Lauren & Wm. at Cape of Good Hope
well. I thank Sam and Alice Monarch for their support. I thank the Kentuckiana Chapter-Safari Club International and Steyn Caracal Safaris for their donations to the Scouts. And, I thank all those who worked so hard to give us a great safari adventure. Most importantly, I am grateful that I was able to spend this time with my friends and especially to be with my daughter.

William L. Knopf
Louisville, KY
wm.knopf@insightbb.com

(William is in his 27th year as a Kentucky judge, currently sitting as a Senior Judge on the Kentucky Court of Appeals.)

To visit [Steyn Caracal Safaris](http://www.scssafaris.com) website go to:
www.scssafaris.com



William and Lauren With His Warthog

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 5

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

KYSCI PRAIRIE DOG SAFARI 2010



Arrangements have been made for the 2010 KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari as listed below. We are again returning to the Standing Rock Sioux Reservation as this allows youth to hunt (and at a discounted rate), the shooting is better than average and our price is considerably less than anything else we have found. We are limited to 20 shooters on a first come basis. Likewise the accommodations on the reservation are limited so be sure reserve a room or cabin. (As an alternative there are several motels in town which is approximately 10 miles)

If you are not familiar with this event you might want to see the articles of past trips on the KYSCI website;

"Boys and their Dogs" <http://www.kentuckianasci.org/newsletter/fall07/04.htm>
 "Dog days of Summer" <http://www.kentuckianasci.org/newsletter/summer09/08.htm>
 "Prairie Dog Safari" <http://www.kentuckianasci.org/newsletter/summer09/05.htm>

Schedule; arrive and overnight on; June 20 -Shoot 3 full days,- depart morning of June 24th

Lodging recommendations are;

Standing Rock Reservation Grand Rivers Casino Lodge; 2 queen beds at; \$52 first night and \$45 per night there after. This includes 1 Breakfast of dinner meal voucher and some casino perks. (Several adjoining rooms are available for larger groups) We have rooms blocked both smoking and non-smoking but you must call and confirm your own reservations right away to insure availability. Contact; Group reservations; Amber Amon; 605-845-7104 refer to; Mike Ohlmann/KYSCI P-dog hunt group.

Lake front Cabins are a mile away. \$55 per night ; Kitchen and cookware plus 1 bedroom and 1 futon, (bedrooms either 4 bunks or 1 king bed.) Some double cabins with 1 king, 4 bunks and 2 futons are available at 2x price. Call; Garret Fischer @ 605-845-7106 to reserve.

Meals are individual or small group responsibility;

There is a restaurant at the Casino 7am to 10 pm with a breakfast and evening buffet; There are also plenty of restaurants in town and we typically break and drive to a grocery/deli or café for lunch.

Reservation certified Guide;

Jess Porres will arrange our shooting; Adult Fee is \$75 per shooter per day with no additional trespass fees. The shooting will be on the Standing Rock Reservation and guide services include arranging exclusive shooting on large and small P-dog towns to accommodate our various groups, escorts to sites and "some" supplementary transportation. (Youth discount: 17 and under shoot for \$100 for all 3 days up to an equal total number of adults)

Deposit:

\$100 per shooter, is required to secure your spot,

Reservation hunting License:

Required and available on site for \$35 we will purchase these afternoon of the 9th and be ready to hunt morning of the 10th.

Transportation:

Standing Rock is approx an 18 hours drive all good road. Several individuals have indicated they would be driving out and ride share may be an option. Flying and car rental is available from a variety of regional airports within 100 miles.
As things firm up we will post information to assist, but it is ultimately up to individuals to coordinate your own; Room and ride sharing;

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 6

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

Women in the Outdoors Fall Turkey Hunt With “The Outdoor Channel” Celebrity Brenda Valentine



Randy Phelps and Mary Free-Phelps of Free Farms, held a “Women in the Outdoors” fall turkey hunting event, October 23rd and 24th. The thirteen ladies arrived at between 4:00PM and 7:00PM Friday, the night before Kentucky’s opening of the fall gun turkey season. That evening, the next days hunting plans were gone over, with assignment of guide and participant and hunt locations, with an emphasis on hunter safety. Mary held a feather crafting class, where the ladies were instructed in making a turkey tail feather wreath.

Opening morning started at 4:00 AM with a waffle breakfast. Guides arrived to pick up their assigned participant, and then off to their assigned hunting areas. Most ladies saw turkeys that day. Three participants, Joyce Austin of Louisville, KY, Linda Wilson of Belton, KY, and Rosie Wells of Lawrenceburg, KY harvested turkeys. Several other ladies fired shots, but did not make a connecting shot.

Brenda Valentine, the National Wild Turkey Federation's spokesperson for the "Women in the Outdoors" program, guided Marilyn Biszmaier, from Louisville, KY.

Participants returned to Free Farms, for a class in wild game cooking and Dutch oven cooking. Participants and guides feasted on bear roast, wild hog pot roast, venison pot roast, roast beef, antelope soup, turkey white bean chili, and Dutch oven chicken and cobblers.

Participants had the option of returning to the woods for a late afternoon hunt. Rosie harvested her bird, during the afternoon hunt.

Those attending the WITO hunt were, successful hunters, Joyce Austin (Louisville), Rosie Wells (Lawrenceburg), and Linda Wilson (Belton) , the others hunters were, Marilyn Biszmaier (Louisville), Tammy Van Meter (Leitchfield), Tina Haycraft (Leitchfield), Mary Cannon (Leitchfield), Debbie Hanna (Florence), Debbie Greer (Florence), Judith Gresham (Louisville), and Annie Wilson (Latonia), Susanne Brown (Elizabethtown), Teresa Brown (Louisville).

The guides that assisted those participants were, Brenda Valentine (Paris Landing, TN) Alex Lea (Lawrenceburg chapter), Larry Churchman (Derby City chapter), David Gibson (Heartland chapter), Rob Green (heartland chapter) Randy & Mary Phelps (Twin Lakes chapter). Jarrod Haycraft (Twin Lakes chapter), Ken Adams (Heartland chapter), Freck Cannon (Twin Lakes chapter), Kyler Cannon (Twin Lakes chapter) Mark Austin (Georgetown, KY)

Landowners that shared their farms, for this WITO hunt, were Ricky Alvey, Eugene Logsdon, Freck & Mary Cannon, and Randy & Mary Phelps.

Go to http://www.brendavalentine.com/field_notes/3rd_women_in_the_outdoors_oct2009/index.html to see Brenda Valentines write up on this event.

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 7

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer; An Adventure and “Another story” by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

Alberta Mule deer; An Adventure and “Another story”

by
Mike Ohlmann



I have spent countless very enjoyable hours, riding the endless waves of numerous oceans in search of big bill fish, which for the most part, equates to days upon days of casual story swapping of past quests and accomplishments and also of “experience” (which is the positive way of addressing everything from less fruitful adventures to down right disasters!) All the while the story teller and the audience, captain, mate and fellow sportsmen are strenuously on the lookout for even the smallest anomaly anywhere on the 360 field of view from very close in, all the way to the horizon. A fin, a bill, a break in the waves, a bird circling or diving, a floating mass, a shadow or shimmer, essentially any indication that game might be present. Each real or false signal needs to be scrutinized quickly as it appears or passes by the moving vessel as the captain navigates from one innocuous destination to another. The real trick is to do this ever so intensely and yet to appear nonchalant, to keep the nerves and brain scanning like an NSA computer on an Arabic chat room link while making small talk and emanating the body language of a veteran poker player.

This is in fact; very high stakes! It is one more of those precious and limited number of days each sportsman is allotted in life. And the question on everyone’s mind is; “will this one, net a story or just “experience”?

So focus; distance covered is our friend and time wasted our enemy and confidence is the glue that holds things together. A worried captain or disenchanted crew member will get “off their game.” Repeatedly examining nothing, pointed out by an over exuberant and under experienced clients can have similar unnerving effects. The dilemma is; missing a single sign will net the same results as not arriving at the right spot in time to see what ever it is that might occur! Every successful big water fisherman like so many entrepreneurial millionaires know it is a perfect combination of timing and location that nets success and also that to put oneself at that precise apex is still 90% luck! And that the major skill factor is; “to recognize the minute signs that it is about to occur.”

Memories of these nautical safaris came to mind as Rick Davis and I cruised the oceans of grain this past month in Northern Alberta’s Peace River Region or simply “The Peace”, as it is often locally known. This vast area

encompasses much of northwestern Alberta and northeastern British Columbia. It has no fixed boundaries but covers an area of approximately 100,000 miles² to 150,000 miles² and is the world's 2nd largest forage and grain production area. The rolling hills are as repetitious as those on any ocean and the shimmering wheat, canola and other grains are every bit as mesmerizing.

Launching from our port town, Spirit River, we tacked south, then west, then south and back to the east, to the various waypoints fixed in the mind of our captain. The tasks at hand were strangely familiar. Search out anything different, a single antler tine or fork protruding somewhere in a full section of wheat, or determine if a dark spot is a profile of a deer's head 1500 yards away or simply a thistle bush at 800 yards. The vastness boggles even the best depth perceptive mind; fields large enough that a mature moose is easily mistaken for a deer if the shadows obscure the shiny dark coat, sections of grain vast enough that something moving, or an anomaly of pattern along a far side wood line may prove to be a herd of elk when examined with the aid of 15 x 50 binoculars.

Our quarry this voyage was mule deer, our vessel; an F250 Ford 4 x 4 and our captain, the able bodied and heavily experienced Blake Shmyr, owner of Big Tine Outfitters. It didn't take Rick and me too long to calibrate our eyes and minds to the task, and it seemed that Blake had already memorized many of the notable irregularities so we wasted little time reexamining suspicious brush, well heads, fence posts and etc. as we combed the agricultural seas each morning.

Blake and his assistant and brother, Cordell had sailed about these prairies almost daily all summer and regularly for many seasons. One quickly got the sense that they could have navigated to any specific point blindfolded simply by heading, speed and time much the same way sea captains reached fertile grounds for centuries before GPS. Thus they also had a pretty good idea where numerous big bucks had each spent their summer, fattening and growing huge racks on the nutritious and plentiful grain.

This particular growing season had been spectacular! Canola crops were already 30% taller and thicker than usual and still green and growing this late into the normally short northern season. The deer could not have possibly eaten all of a normal crop but now they too benefitted unknowingly from the additional concealment. It seems that most years, muleys standing boldly in the belly high grain, more or less secure simply by the vastness. They bed in the same, feeling secure because their eyes are hidden, while their sizable crowns still shine brightly above the green or golden waves. This season, bedded bucks were completely hidden and the normal harvest of their cover was running several weeks behind.

Luck for farmers and deer is not necessarily parity for hunters or guides and our captain was aware of the heavy seas we faced. Yet confidence and enthusiasm was there. Rick had hunted with Blake the previous year and vouched for his skill, and it was obvious that he and Cordell were totally consumed with a passion for hunting big deer. And yet the lingering question on everyone's mind as we cruised along trading tales was. Would this voyage yield a story or become an experience?

There is another part of this dance as it were, that occurs between Captain or Guide and sportman/client. That is the developing a personal understanding and hopefully establishing a confidence level on the other end of the stick! In tough waters this becomes even more important. I am certain that every pro agonizes over some variation of the questions. "If we do get this one rise or this one shot, will this guy be able to pull it off?" and "when do I need to start lowering our expectations vs. keeping our spirits high?" All the while many experienced clients are struggling with versions of. "This guy doesn't know me from Adam" and "how do I tell him, just get me in range and we are good, without sounding like the same bravado that the last high roller that blew a chip shot on a monster still ringing in his ears?"

This is probably the principal reason for passing the time with both hunter and guide relating "stories" and adding in enough "experiences" to hopefully keep everyone's sights glued on high expectations and high outcome or at least those realistic to the circumstances!

It was somewhere about day three that Rick, Blake and I had each talked thru volumes and had even gotten to the point where a bit of silence was not a bad omen. And now the mid day temperature which normally averaged 65 had hit the mid 90's so the conversations switched to a new level; commiseration!

And it was at this moment in the middle of... I forget exactly who's; worst client or worst guide experience that I glanced a seemingly decent muley, practically in my face at about 75 yards off the road, as we whisked by. In the instant it took to relate the sighting we were past. Eye contact and our slowing much less stopping or backing up was more than the buck would stand for and he moseyed off into thicker cover as we determined from a distance that he was actually a very nice buck! In spite of the heat and the "blown opportunity" a level of enthusiasm and confidence was restored by the sighting and renewal of the creed and reality that "things can and will turn around in a moment so stay ready and stay positive!" was renewed and as such we cruised on!

The larger picture or object to this cruising is to locate a shootable buck, either bedded in a location where he or his rack is visible or standing or moving and wait for him to bed down, then hopefully I plan a stalk according to his

location, the wind, other bedded deer etc. execute that stalk, and hopefully get a shot as he stands or departs.

Did I mention to this point that this was archery season and Rick and I had versions of the stick and string weapons that kept the people of the First Nation fed but lean until Winchester improved their dietary supply. Rick was shooting a Mathews compound bow and I an Excalibur crossbow. We had both been practicing extensively out to 60 yards and felt "very comfortable" with anything inside 50 yards. Equipment aside, the real challenges included; extremely vast fields with no landmarks, deer bedded within but often totally out of site, possibly other deer bedded we were unaware of and probably our bumping them in route, dry crops, hot, dry, calm weather (moisture softens leaves and dirt and winds rustle crops thus hiding sounds and blowing away scent and sound), bucks still in bachelor groups and crops tall enough that should one get within range of a shooter and he stands at a proper shooting angle it is dubious that his vitals will be visible or at least at the level that one can lob an arrow over the crops and insert it precisely into the chest cavity.

Since this regimen is primarily an early morning exercise and once the bucks bed up for the day if no shooters have been located, midday naps. Evening stand hunting around waterholes and wood lines for whitetails fill the balance of the days. While hunters are on stands the guides are still cruising hoping to spot shootable bucks in the evening movement for good starting points for the following morning. With the weather as hot as it was the evening whitetail movement went to sometime well past dark thirty so stand hunting was quite unproductive. Rick opted out of the stand for the PM on day 3 and decided to stake out a huge canola field that a good buck was reported to be living in with hopes he'd show himself early enough for an afternoon stalk.



Cell Phone Picture of the Buck Rick Let Go.

skylined slightly up hill only a few inches of his back were exposed and Rick knew there was no way he could push an arrow thru bushels and bushels of thick canola vine and beans with any hopes of having energy or accuracy enough to be an acceptable shot. So as the bow was let down Blake snapped a photo on his cell phone and they watched the big guy wade out of sight.

It was several more days of trolling the fruited plains, glassing a good number of does, smaller 140 - 160" bucks, good numbers of moose elk and coyotes before we chanced upon 4 very interesting bucks up feeding late one morning. They were paired up and only a few hundred yards apart and many hundred yards off the road and causal. We watched and assessed them for quite a while. Blake estimated the two larger 5 x 5's to be in the mid 170's, one having deep rear forks and the other deep fronts. Both were very respectable and given little chance that the weather would break, the crops being significantly reduced I was happy to at least try for a "closer look". Code word for if the stalk doesn't go well we can feel better about things!

We set a plan whereby we would let the buck's bed down and then wait for it to get good and hot, and for them to get very settled before Cordell and I would attempt a stalk. Rick would in the mean time move out to the leading edge of a small windbreak from the opposite end of the field in hopes that any of the 3 or possibly 4 exiting bucks would pass within range of him at the culmination of my stalk. As the mercury moved up above the 90 mark, we set out. Cordell and I made our way southward along the east end of the field and Rick had worked around to the western side, then south and then back east to a somewhat adjacent point along the thin island wind break.

Captain Blake moved the vehicle off the road to prevent other hunters from discovering "our" bucks, to look for yet other bucks should we not succeed and/or to be able to quickly fetch the 4x4 should lady luck smile upon us. All bases covered!

Cordell a young and very fit hockey player showed signs of fatigue as he stooped and carefully parted the tall tangled canola and we quietly made our way deeper into the rolling green abyss. As we topped one and then the next hillock we could momentarily see Rick and other landmarks which aided in determining our location in perspective to where we thought the bucks should be. Pausing on a small knoll, to wipe our brows and wash a bit of the agricultural dust from our throats we assessed that we had to be getting close. Certain parts of these fields seemed to get less sun or moisture and the thinner shorter crops afforded much more movement with much less noise and effort. As we side slipped off of our swale through just such a place I caught a glimpse of a velvet covered tine, and then the full fork

While still hunting along the edge he bumped a doe that in turn passed close enough to the bedded buck to cause him to stand up and check things out. Seeing the massive antlers rise up out of the sea of green like the masts of a ship coming out of the depths Rick ducked down and watched. As the buck decided things were OK and eventually bedded again Rick summoned Blake by cell phone, they met and determined their approach. This field had a good roll to the terrain and as they carefully made their way to within range they used a small knoll to help conceal their approach. While not exactly sure of the buck's precise location they worked into what they felt was his bedroom cautiously. Mr. Big again rose out of the depths at 45 yards and presented a 195" plus rack, over a huge set of ears and big brown eyes all focused on the intruder. Even though he was perfectly broadside and

clearly defined enough to be within range. Cordell attempted to laser the range but got multiple responses from the grain waiving in the light breeze.

After checking gear and our arranged signals and since the antler seemed to be nodding rhythmically for and aft vs pivoting wildly about and still not certain which of the 2 bucks we were seeing we decided to move a little closer. Our plan had been to creep up on the 2 bucks closest to our northeast corner of the field as this group had what seemed like the more interesting of the two 5 x 5's and would leave the other 2 bucks between Rick and us. There was no way of knowing which of the 2 bucks were bedded where so I had asked Cordell to simply announce right or left, or front or back should both bucks rise at once and then call out the yardage so I could concentrate on sights and chest cavities instead of counting points.

We had closed an additional 10 yards and the rack was becoming more animated but not much more visible. Cordell leading, breaking the cover and trying to stay out of the way of the cocked bow and my line of sight, paused. We both knew if we got too close we could bump or get up wind of the other buck and that alarmed deer are much more apt to launch out of their beds with all 4 legs thrashing grain and presenting less chance of a shot. As we pondered our next step or possibly our not taking a next step, lady luck tickled the ear of buck number 2 and caused him to raise and shake his head. He was forward and off to the right of number 2. I took 2 steps to get parallel with Cordell as the tickle seemed to set off a chain of events. The back buck slowly raised his head and revealed double forks on both sides Cordell reported off 47 yards and I shouldered my crossbow as he rose up from his bed and envisioned a beating heart within his massive chest cavity as I anchored my 50 yard pin. Cordell called out "42 yards". I dropped a half notch and fired as the bucks head turned away from us and towards his hopes for a tomorrow.



Mike and His Mule Deer

The unmistakable "kerplunk or kersplat" sound hitting a ripe watermelon gave me confidence as the buck bounded over and over across the canola like a strong lab taking command of the surf. By now the 2nd buck was up and both rumps coming completely out of the green sea, splashing down and then rising again with a heading directly towards Rick. As it played out in slow frame by frame slow motion, my buck faltered, keeled over, splashed down and sank out of sight 50 yards from where he had stood.

His partner came in and out of view as we high fived still on a heading directly on course with the little island of trees. Though it was distant and somewhat obscured by the grain it seemed that he suddenly changed course and then as suddenly reversed and headed back towards the island again. We moved up to the large hole in the grain where my buck lay massively but peacefully. From this new vantage point we could see Rick moving towards us and searching about. We went to his aid as it now seemed likely he had taken a shot.

Rick's buck had come into view as he bound across the field and finally to within 25 yards of him. Ready and recognizing the apex of time and space he launched his arrow. We found heavy blood shortly after determining where the trail in the disturbed crops had reversed course. We found ½ an arrow where the buck had stumbled and tangled in a particularly tall and heavy patch. The trail reversed again and lined out towards the trees but the blood trail trickled and played out just after leaving the heavy field cover and entering into the long narrow patch of woods.

Not wanting to push a wounded deer we returned to my buck and attempted to drag him through chest high crops and across the field to an outer edge where Blake would meet us with the 4 wheeler. 50 yards was all it took for me to dictate, in spite of the young and more tenacious Cordell's insistence that "it made for better photos", that this buck would not pose in tact. The field dressed buck was still too massive to drag, stumble and fall forward with more than 40 or 50 yards before stopping for a rest. We were drenched with sweat and on our 4th or 5th rest when we finally heard the 4 wheeler moving along the tree lined edge. Seeing Blake and his holding up a case of water gave us the fortitude to make one last surge and we broke out into a thin weedy spot deemed close enough.

We made quick work of the case of water and loading the buck into the back of the Rhino. Blake headed off with him and a promise to bring back more water. With plenty of time having passed we took up the trail and quickly found Rick's buck at the far end of the wood line. The shot was good but this buck having demonstrated the power and tenacity of these bruins he had gone another 200 yards after finally getting out of the formidable canola vine and been able to walk instead of bound over or bulldoze thru.

With the 4th man, rehydration and the aid of a heavy branch thru the hind legs we were able to get Ricks buck across the field and to the Rhino without any

cardiac arrests. In fact by the time we had both bucks in an adjacent field set up for photos we had masked much of the stain thanks in a large part to the refreshment that comes from the lifting of that ominous weight one carries in pursuit of another story vs. more "experience"!

Should you wish to go, contact;
Blake Shmyr
Big Tine Adventures, 780-864-2989 cell; 780864-0250
e-mail; bshmyr19@hotmail.com



Rick Davis and His Albert Mule Deer

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 8

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari

by
Aline Abell

Choosing to go on safari in Africa was a decision that came about rather quickly during a live auction at a SCI banquet. My husband and I realized that this was a chance we couldn't allow to pass us by. After the purchase of the safari came the real preparation. Choosing which weapons to bring, what ammo, and then regular shooting practice to become confident was just one aspect of the preparation. At first I was nervous handling the 300 Win Mag. My husband had a muzzle break installed and that made the recoil better, but the gun was loud! After a final adjustment to the trigger pull to make it lighter, I found the confidence I needed to be able to focus on the hunt and not worry so much about the weapon.

I have only been hunting for two years now. I became instantly addicted to it and have spent many hours on stand bow hunting whitetails in my home state of Kentucky, but this wasn't going to be anything like that. We were very fortunate to have made friends with several people who had been on safari with Madubula before to help us know what to expect. We had several months to plan, but the time passed quickly getting everything in order. I got my shots up to date, we made sure our passports were squared away, we acquired the necessary paperwork for exporting weapons, we packed as light as we could since two of our luggage pieces were weapon cases one holding both our rifles, and the other Michael's bow, and before we knew it we were off on our adventure.

We flew into Johannesburg and then onto Durban where we met our PH, Graham Sales with Madubula Safaris. We loaded our gear, which had all thankfully arrived, into the Land Cruiser with Sam and Max (two Jack Russell dogs) and Phanafoot (a Zulu professional tracker) and headed out for about a three hour drive to our final destination. We were headed to a property of about 11,000 acres to search for our African hit list. The most desired animals being a Kudu for my husband and a Nyala for me. Other animals on our list were Impala, Zebra, Bushbuck, and any other animal that our PH told us was worth taking (that we could afford the trophy fee for). As anyone who has hunted before knows, just because an animal is on your list doesn't mean you are going to be successful. It simply means you are seeking out those animals. We went into the Safari telling ourselves that we would be very happy to leave with only our top two choices.

Driving onto the property we were greeted by Hartebeest, Giraffe, Zebra, Impala and Nyala! We were so excited. The land was beautiful and the animals obviously abundant. Our first afternoon was spent having lunch and checking our rifles for accuracy.

Day one began, like all days there I was going to discover, with a huge hot breakfast and then we were off on our first "seek". The first day we spent driving the property looking for the animals on our list. We saw many animals that seemed like good quality ones, only to have our PH say, "too small" a saying we would hear many times that week. It was amazing to me how the PH and his team could see the animals in the bush. They would point and say "bushbuck" or "kudu" and I was like, "where?" It took me a couple days to be able to spot animals standing still in the bush. Their camouflage is amazing!



Aline and Her Zebra

On the afternoon of day one we spot a stallion Zebra that our PH says is worth taking. Zebra is on my hit list so I am first up. We start the stalk and very quickly I have the shooting sticks put up in front of me. I rest the rifle on them, but I couldn't get steady. My heart was beating like it was when I took my first deer and I was so excited and nervous that I took too much time to steady and the Zebra pack ran away. Boy can Zebra run, far and fast. We drove a ways and then started another stalk. We got ourselves to a distance that I felt I could shoot. We set up the short sticks so I could get steady more easily and shoot from a seated position. It seemed far but this time I wasn't shaking, so after a couple deep breaths I took the shot. The stallion was on the next ridge and although the shot hit, it hit low. He ran off again which resulted in another stalk.

Even though injured, the stallion was keeping a good clip. We had

to walk fast and with purpose and even then we weren't really keeping up with him. We got ourselves closer for the second shot and this time he went down. What a relief, I didn't like the fact that he was suffering. Michael told me later that the first shot was at 317 yards and the second shot was more like 150. I think that he was worried that I wouldn't even attempt a shot that far, and I'm not sure that I would have, but I should have taken that yardage into account. The distance there on those grassy plains is deceiving. I would have never guessed that the Stallion was that far away. The bottom line is that I didn't aim high enough on the first shot. We walked the rest of the way to the Zebra, and upon inspection of the beautiful animal my first shot went through his kneecaps breaking at least one of his knees and tearing the ligaments out of the other, which gave me even more respect for this amazing animal that walked over a half mile before I could get off the fatal shot. I was relieved and thrilled! I have never seen an animal with such beauty and strength and determination. I was told that the stallion was old and had a superb mane of over 6 inches in length. We retired back to camp for dinner and conversation around the camp fire.

As we drove around the property we would occasionally bump animals and this gave Michael the opportunity to make some stalks with his bow. Day two turned out to be a very successful day for Michael. He took an old Impala at 20 yards with his bow during the morning hunt and a SCI top 10 common reedbuck at 48 yards with his bow during the afternoon hunt. Day three was Michael's day for his Kudu, finally spotting one that Our PH said was big enough to shoot. We joked with Graham about his top two sayings. "Not big enough" or "You must shoot that" We would see animals, and wait for him to give the verdict. His trained eye could see instantly that an animal Michael and I thought was a giant was determined to be too small. Luckily for Michael this Kudu, the animal at the top of his hit list, was here at last, and with great shot placement, this animal was now in the skinning shed.

We were feeling so blessed to have such a successful hunt so far. We were seeing beautiful animals every day and the spring weather, although rainy and cold at times, brought out the amazing African flowers and birds. We were having an adventure of a lifetime.

On Day four we kept seeing Nyala's but none "big enough" by our PH's standards. We did see one on day four that I was sure would be the one, glassing him for a while we heard, "No, not big enough". And I said, starting to get frustrated at this point, how big do you think he was? In reply our PH said, "About 27 inches". So I asked, "How big is big enough?" In reply I heard "28 inches" Now; this is an animal we were looking at from about 200 yards away. I was thinking to myself how on earth can he tell 27 inches from 28 and also, that might be the only one close to the size needed to be able to shoot all week. I started looking harder for them but decided it just might not be meant to be.



Michael and his Trophy Bushbuck

Michael did have a very successful day four shooting both a very old SCI top 10 Bushbuck and a beautiful Zebra both with his bow after

lunch. Day four's dinner was Michael's Kudu steaks. Very delicious!

The morning of day five was cool and dry, but the roads

were still very wet from the previous day of rain. This limited even the land cruiser's ability to access all areas of the acreage we were hunting. We spent the morning driving around looking for respectable animals until we came across a heard of Nyala. One male with about 12 female. They were very close to the truck so we kept on driving slowly as to not scare them away. Nicholas, one of the crew, said "He is a good one". I was instantly excited! Then our PH said yes, "We need to shoot this one." Easier said than done!



Michael and His Kudu

thought. We drove on and parked the truck, then we slowly and very quietly attempted a stalk on him. With 26 eyes and 13 good noses this would be tricky. The ground was wet so that helped mask the sound of our steps. We had to crawl on the ground a ways to get closer to the pack without being seen, but the Nyala had moved so we decided to try an approach from another side. We made our way about 100 yards circling downwind as best as possible to get closer to the group. My heart was racing. We came to a place where the PH motioned for us to stop. We had been crawling so now we were laying on the wet earth waiting for one female Nyala that was acting as a lookout about 50 yards away to move or look in another direction. She didn't move! We were stuck in a silent battle of will, and in my experience with deer back home the animal usually wins this one.

I would never had thought that laying on damp earth with huge millipedes crawling all around me, and even on me, while having to stay silent and still would be a part of one of my best memories ever, but never say never because I can picture that moment like it is happening now, and it is absolutely one of my best memories ever. At one point I shifted my rifle and hit a small rock making a noise that although quiet enough, sounded like a car alarm at the time. I remember the PH looking at me like, " Do you want to blow this stalk!" But the female still stood there, keeping watch undaunted by the sound, as the rest of the group moved about through the thick brush. The rest of the animals were difficult to see, especially from a prone position. One leg and one arm had gone to sleep and I was wondering how much longer I could stay this way when the PH motioned for me to move a few more feet to our right. He put up the tall shooting sticks and motioned for me to stand up. Our movement got the animals stirring a bit and looking through the scope I saw the Male for about a one Mississippi, before he was gone. The shot would have been too far back and I didn't want to risk that. All I could think of was that I missed the only opportunity I had on a Nyala. But we stayed there watching and they didn't run, instead they just kept walking through the brush milling about. The trees were thick and hard to see through. I saw glimpses of fur. I was looking through the scope and I hear in a whisper "He is going to be coming from the right very soon..." That very moment, I saw him and took the shot. I had a very small opening and shot so quickly that our PH looked at me like, "what happened?" I said that I think it was a good shot, but then as usual, I second guessed the placement, especially after the Zebra incident. Here I am thinking I may have just had a very expensive bad shot. Since the animals had moved with the noise of the shot we were finally able to talk and the PH said that it was a quick shot, and on a running animal. He had been taken by surprise when my gun went off. I didn't even realize that the Nyala had been running, if you had asked me I would have said that he was walking. I guess that moment happened in slow motion for me, as my recount of it would have been different. We walked about 12 steps and heard a deep moan. We followed the sound walking about 45 yards and saw the animal laying on the ground! I was thrilled. The PH was surprised and Phanafoot was congratulating me. It seemed like forever walking the last few steps to get close to the Nyala. We radioed the rest of the crew to join us. Michael was as excited as I was! The shot placement was great and the animal fell very quickly. What a relief. What an exhilarating experience! And what an animal! I was seeing my first hands on Male Nyala and one that I was blessed enough to be successful in hunting. All the waiting and passing up of animals had paid off, as difficult as that had been. We took photos and went back to camp for lunch.



Aline's Nyala

My hit list was complete now as the only animals I wanted to hunt were Zebra and Nyala on this first safari of ours. Michael also, had his hit list completely checked off, with a bonus beautiful reedbuck he had taken on day two. So, with two days left on the hunt and more animals than we had planned on already in the skinning shed, we discussed what to do for the remaining time in Africa. We decided on a day of fishing until a cold front moved in bringing rain, fog and very cold temperatures. So instead of fishing, our PH and Michael decided to have a go on Black Wildebeest with a bow, something in his many years as a PH Graham had never attempted with a client. The fog both helped and hindered and after a day and a half of challenging endeavors with the bow Michael decided to use his rifle, and got an amazing animal on the last day of the hunt.

Before we even left we were discussing when we could return. So many amazing species of animals available in a place of such beauty along with the kindness of the people had us craving for more.

We are currently planning our second trip to Africa this summer, this time to Zimbabwe with different animals on our hit list. I have got to say to any person out there that enjoys a hunt, that there is no place like Africa. You just never know what is going to walk out next. My advice to the women out there is go for it! Instead of being a trophy wife get out there and hunt for trophies instead! You can do it and you will love it, but watch out it's addictive.



Michael Abell's Common Reedbuck and Impala

[Madubula Safaris Website](#)

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 9

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP

In early July the NASP Regional Representative Kyle McKune contacted Chapter Member Tom Hebert regarding a school that was trying to start an archery program, but needed funding assistance to get the program off the ground. Kyle advised Tom that he felt the teacher spearheading the effort, Julie Fox would be a great advocate for the program and that the school, Lassiter Middle School was a school that really could use the help of KYSCI. Kyle has been a friend to KYSCI and Tom had asked him to keep his ear to the ground regarding schools that genuinely needed assistance with seed money for a National Archery in the Schools Program.

Tom contacted Julie Fox and after several conversations felt that she and the school were just the fit that KYSCI is always looking for in terms of projects to help fund. Julie prepared a funding request that was presented to the KYSCI Board of Directors in September of this year and \$1,000- was approved for the program. In Julie's funding application she indicated that the majority of the student population was from a lower social-economic background with 85% of the students being part of the "free lunch program" at the school. Fifteen percent of the students were in special disabilities education classes. To quote Julie, "these students have few opportunities for extra-curricular activities". Julie herself knew nothing about archery prior to beginning her quest to start an archery program. She had conducted a survey among the students and learned that an archery program was among their top ten interests. She was certified as a NASP instructor by Kyle McKune on 9-12-09, as was her sister who has volunteered to assist with the program.

On 9-16-09 Tom met with Julie Fox, who is also the Coordinator of Student Activities and the Principle of the Lassiter Middle School, Dwayne Roberts to discuss the logistics of starting an archery program at their school. Principle Roberts was enthusiastic and very supportive of the program. He advised that he had allocated some funds to combine with the KYSCI donation to enable them to start ordering the basic equipment and get started as soon as possible. He thought they could combine their efforts with the church adjoining the school property and perhaps have use of their gym facilities. By doing so they would be able to leave the safety net and targets up and subsequently spend less time setting up for each session. Other means of fundraising were also discussed that would enable the school to purchase more equipment. An update on the school's progress will appear in the next KYSCI newsletter. Please see the below "Thank You" letter from Julie Fox and Principle Roberts.

Lassiter Middle School is located in the vicinity of Outer Loop & Third Street Road in Louisville.

Lassiter Middle School

5200 Centerway Drive
Louisville, KY 40214
(502) 458-8746



September 15, 2009

Dear KY SCI Officers and Board of Directors,

Thank you for your generous donation of \$1000.00 to help our school start up a National Archery in the schools program.

The students of Lassiter Middle School listed Archery in the top ten of requested clubs. Our student population comes from mostly lower socio-economic environments (85% free/reduced lunch) 15% of our population receives special education services for disabilities such as autism, emotional/behavioral disorder, learning disabilities and mild mental disabilities.

These students have few opportunities for extra-curricular activities. Archery will be a new and exciting opportunity for our students. As educators, we are always searching for strategies and activities that engage student and make them feel a sense of belonging to school. Activities such as archery provide alternatives to the usual athletic and academic programs in which many students fail to identify.

Archery will be one more access point in engaging more students and families into the life of our school.

Sincerely,

Julie Fox
Julie Fox
PCE Teacher

Dwayne Roberts
Dwayne Roberts
Principal

www.jcpsky.org
Jefferson County Public Schools

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 10

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

2010 Chapter Fundraiser

Saturday, March 6, 2010
Holiday Inn Hurstbourne
Louisville, KY

Silent Auction and Raffles – 5:30 pm
Dinner - 7:00 pm
Live Auction – 8:00 pm

Grand Door Prize Drawing

One Lucky Person Will

Win an African Safari for TWO

Details posted at www.kentuckianasci.org

Must be present to win

Auction and Raffle Items I include:

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| * Ruger Mark II Rifle Model 77 .204 cal | * African Plains Game Safaris |
| * Walther PPKS .380cal by Smith & Wesson | * Jewelry |
| * North American Hunts | * New Zealand Red Stag Hunt |
| * Yudofsky Furs | * Spring Turkey Hunts |

All Proceeds from the fundraiser will support programs that include:

- * KY Hunters for the Hungry
- * Archery in the Schools
- * Youth Outdoor and Hunt Experiences

- * Sensory Safari for Non-Sighted Children
- * Youth Hunter Safety Training

Kentuckiana Chapter, SCI also sponsors many other worthy conservation, education and outdoor recreation programs for Youth, Adults, and Active Duty Military Families.

Tickets are \$60.00 per person purchased in advance

Call Sherry Maddox at 502-253-9679 or Tom Hebert 502-419-6767

Special rates for corporate tables of eight are also available.

Hurstbourne Inn Hotel Room Rate: \$89/night

Inform the hotel you are with Kentuckiana SCI when making reservations.

Check our website for updates to include a description of auction items at:

www.kentuckianasci.org

**Walther PPKS .380cal by Smith & Wesson Raffle Tickets are NOW
AVAILABLE. Contact Sherry Maddox or Tom Hebert.)**



[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 11

[Next Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

Kentuckiana Chapter Banquet Fundraiser

Date: March 6th, 2010
 Location: Holiday Inn Hurstbourne Louisville, KY
 Contact: Sherry Maddox- Email: lincoln5275@aol.com

Kentuckiana Chapter Board Meeting

Date: April 6th , 2010
 Location: TBD
 Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

Kentuckiana Chapter Prairie Dog Safari

Date: June 20th - June 24th, 2010
 Location: Standing Rock Sioux Reservation, South Dakota
 Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

Kentuckiana Chapter Board Meeting

Date: July 6th , 2010
 Location: TBD
 Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

Kentuckiana Chapter Apprentice Hunter Program

Date: August 7th and 8th 2010
 Location: White Oak Elk Ranch, Henryville, Indiana
 Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com
 Go to ...<http://www.kentuckianasci.org/events/apprenticeprogram.htm> for more information.

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)



Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana Chapter - Safari Club International

Winter 2009-2010 / Page 12

[Front Page](#)

President's Message / New Members	Alberta Mule deer: An Adventure and "Another story" by Mike Ohlmann	7
"Kentuckiana Hunter" Receives 2009 SCI Publication Award	Aline and Michael Abell's African Safari by Aline Abell	8
Long Live the King by Sam Monarch	Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP	9
First African Safari by William L. Knopf	2010 Fundraiser Banquet	10
KYSCI Prairie Dog Safari 2010	Up-Coming Events	11
"Women in the Outdoors" Fall Turkey Hunt by Mary Free-Phelps	Tom Monarch, Clay Monarch, Youth Apprentice Success!	12

Last Chance Whitetail



Tom Monarch and His Last Chance Whitetail

As the 2009 deer season was about to become history, thirteen year old, Tom Monarch set in a deer stand hoping for his first whitetail deer. The modern rifle season had closed weeks earlier and Tom was hunting during the cold, late muzzleloading rifle season. Late in the afternoon as both hope and light were beginning to fade, a beautiful 10 point buck came out of the woods and stopped roughly 115 yards away. A few seconds later, white smoke belched from the muzzle of the rifle. When the smoke cleared, Tom's first whitetail buck was lying on the ground having moved only a few feet after the shot was fired.

Tom said that words could not describe how "awesome" it was to harvest his first deer with a black powder rifle.

Tom, son of Katie and Ed Monarch, insisted on following his younger brother's (Clay Monarch) lead by donating 1/2 of his deer to the Kentucky Hunter's for the Hungry program. Grandparent's Alice and Sam Monarch served as Tom's guides and mentors.

Opening Day Success



Clayton M. Monarch Takes First Deer

On opening day of modern gun season, Clay Monarch, the eleven year old son of Katie and Ed Monarch, harvested his first whitetail buck with a clean shot. Clay had successfully completed the two day Kentuckiana SCI Hunter Education/Firearm Responsibility Training in 2008 thereby earning his Hunter Safety "Orange Card". Clay had enjoyed a successful hunting safari in Africa earlier in the spring but was especially excited to take this nice whitetail deer on his grandparent's farm commenting that he could not be a "real" big game hunter until he took a whitetail deer.

Clay insisted on donating 1/2 of his 179 pound deer to the Kentucky Hunter's for the Hungry program. Grandparent's Alice and Sam Monarch served as Clay's guides and mentors.

Chase Elder's First Big Game Animal



*Ivan Schell and Rick Davis With
Chase Elder and His Red Stag- Elk Cross*

Congratulations to Chase Elder, who made a fine shot on this red stag-elk cross during the first KYSCI Youth apprentice hunt for the 2009 season sponsored by and held at White Oak Elk Ranch!

Chase is pictured here with his first big game animal, KYSCI youth apprentice hunter instructor and guide Ivan Schell and White Oak Elk Ranch owner Rick Davis.

Samuel Monarch



Dean Monarch and Samuel Monarch

Congratulations to Samuel Monarch, who made an excellent shot on this very nice Fallow Buck during the first KYSCI Youth apprentice hunt for the 2009 season sponsored by and held at White Oak Elk Ranch!

Samuel is pictured here with KYSCI youth apprentice hunter instructor, guide and dad Dean Monarch.

[Home](#)

[E-mail](#)