

KENTUCKIANA HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

FIRST QUARTER 2014



Photo By Michael Graham

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Visit Our Web Site: www.kentuckianasci.org

President's Message

By Bill Hook, Chapter President

I look forward to this time of year as it affords not only me but all of you the opportunity to visit with old friends and make new friends and to tell our hunting stories once again. I can't think of a better place to do these things than at the Kentuckiana Chapter SCI annual banquet and fundraiser.

In preparation for our upcoming banquet/fundraiser on February 22, the banquet committee has been planning this important event for almost a year. Committee members have carefully reviewed the details of various hunt donations and have selected many exciting non-hunt items for the live auction and the silent auction and the raffles that will be offered. They have secured

a number of fantastic hunts and have selected outfitters from around the world.

Check out our website for the latest list of auction items; we will be updating this list as additional items come in. If you have been thinking about that "hunt of a lifetime," our banquet/fundraiser is the place where you can make that dream a reality.

Invite a couple of good friends, bring your family, buy your tickets now and join us on February 22nd for Kentuckiana's best hunting expo event of the year.

Yours In Good Hunting!



2013-2014

Officers and Board of Directors

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Cover Photo

Chapter Member Mike Maddox and his friend, "Chase", Duck hunting near the Green River Reservoir in Taylor County, Kentucky.

Stories on pages 2 and 3.

Does Life Get Any Better Than This?

By Ivan Schell

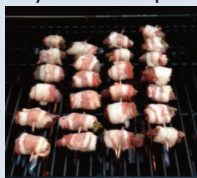
Early wood duck and teal season commenced September 18, 2013 and I was fortunate enough to land an invitation from Mike Maddox and Mike Graham (the Mikes) to join them and Jim Warren in their wood duck honey hole on the Green River. My best experiences in hunting



Men and Dogs

wood ducks have always been along the Green River or on the sloughs of the Green. The Green River is a 384 mile long tributary of the Ohio River that rises in Lincoln County in south central Kentucky. It was named after Nathaniel Green, a general in the American Revolutionary War. During the American Civil War, confederate general John Hunt Morgan conducted raids in the Green River country. In recent times, (1969) the Army Corps of Engineers impounded a section of the river forming an 8200 acre lake which is the primary feature of the Green River Lake State Park and Wildlife Management Area, managed by KDFWR.

Mike Graham's father-in-law, Dr. Eugene Shively, purchased a beautifully secluded plot abutting the WMA,



Can't Wait For Dinner

to which he transported two original log cabins. They now sit on a high point on the property overlooking the lake and are joined to-

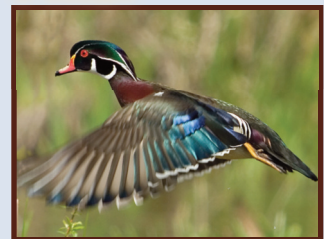


Waiting

gether with a middle section which includes a massive fire-place, adorned with a moose head of nefarious origin.

Although teal are technically legal during the early season, realistically, the Mikes' honey hole only features wood ducks. The wood duck, or Carolina duck, is a species of perching duck and is one of the most colorful in North America. It does not generally decoy well, so gunning these ducks involves high speed, high flying pass shooting, often in conditions so dark that it is difficult to even see the ducks.

On my first wood duck hunt many years ago, several of my friends and I hired a guide who deployed us along the shore of a slough and waited for "shooting light" to arrive as dictated by the federal and state regulations. Immediately after the guide announced that shooting light had arrived, the flash of gunfire lit up the dawn. Most of my compatriots had filled their limits of two woodies before I could even see the bead at the end of my gun barrel. I hoped the results of this trip would be a little more satisfactory.



After the Hunt

At 0500 on the morning of the 18th Mike Graham herded all of us into our vehicles to make the pre-dawn trek to the river. Although shooting light did not arrive until about 7 am Mike assured us that we needed to beat the locals to "our" spot on this public access river bank. Once at

Continued on page 3

Continued from page 2

Does Life Get Any Better Than This?

the river's edge I noticed that the river was only 1 foot deep and about 50 yards wide. All of us including Mike Maddox's chocolate lab Chase and Jim's black lab Rose made our way down and (very carefully) across the slick bottomed river to a spot where the river widened. There we set up our bucket seats, loaded our weapons and applied copious amounts of deet.

On our way to our parking spot we had passed at least 20 pickup trucks with Taylor County plates parked on the perimeter of a huge swamp along the river. The Mikes explained that this was the spot the local boys staked out each morning of the season because it was the roosting area for the ducks. When shooting light arrived, the swamp erupted like world war three, with so much firepower that the horizon lit up. The Mikes had explained that this barrage would precede by about five minutes our opportunity to encounter the ducks. The refugee quackers which survived the initial onslaught and made it out of the swamp would come screaming up river or over our tree tops, heading for the grain fields for breakfast.

Sure enough, high speed dark forms rocketed over the trees exactly five minutes after the cessation of the swamp volley. The Mikes were ready and nailed enough high fliers to limit out. Jim and I looked at each other with palms lifted up wondering "Where were the ducks?" As the horizon lightened a little we too were able to spot a few ducks and eventually connected for our own limits. By 7:30 the action was basically

over and by 9:30 all was quiet on the western front. Jim had killed and Rose had retrieved their first woodies.

We headed back to our vehicles where we encountered two uniformed KDFWR game wardens, who checked our guns and licenses. Fortunately, we were all legit and thanked the officers before packing up to return to the cabin and breakfast. Although the wood duck hunting was over for the day, the shooting was not. Later that afternoon we redeployed to a public dove field fairly close to the river, which was maintained by KDFWR in Taylor County. Notwithstanding that we only had four shooters and that the field had been well shot during the opening weekend of dove season, all of us managed to down enough of the educated birds to end our day of shooting in grand style.

Back at the cabin, birds and guns cleaned, we propped up our feet for glasses of red wine. Does life get any better than this?



Jim Getting Checked By Game Warden



Time To Relax

Editor's Note: As we were finalizing this newsletter, we received an e-mail from Mike Graham and Mike Maddox who are the "Mikes" in Ivan Schell's story, "Does Life Get Any Better Than This", about duck and dove hunting on nearby Green River. The Mikes, who had been duck hunting in the same general area as they had hunted in Ivan's story, sent us a couple of photos of ducks they had just taken. We thought that you might enjoy hearing about great duck hunting close to home. We requested and were given this "Green River Duck Hunting Update"!

Green River Duck Hunting Update

By Mike Graham

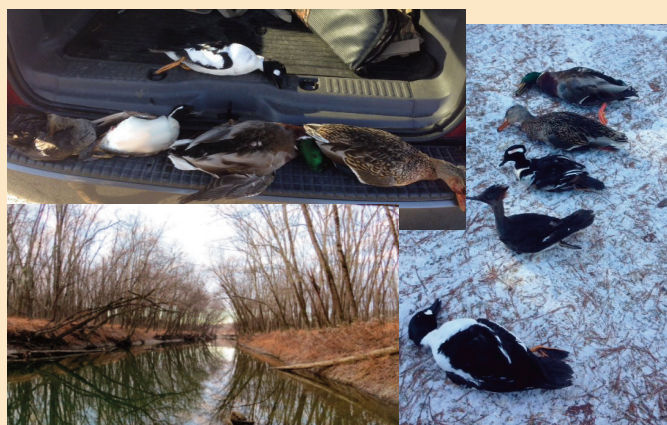
This morning Mike Maddox and I had the opportunity to hunt on the open lake for ducks for the first time. We'd not had access to a boat and, more importantly, we'd not had access to an experienced hunter to guide us on the Green River Lake; consequently, we had always deferred to hunting the nearby ponds and sloughs.

Unfortunately for Mike and me, the weather was so cold that the ponds were frozen over; however, fortunately for us, the timing could not have been better! For the last year, we had been trying to coordinate a time so that we could be in Taylor County at the same time as my brother, Keith Graham, who now resides in Lexington but who had worked on the lake for many years and knew its nuances better than most. This weekend happened to work out and Keith, Maddox and I were around at the same time! Keith was able to set us up on one of his honey holes and he gave us the low down on duck activity on the open lake.

Mike and I soon set up on a patch of shore that fell right under the flyway. We set our decoys out and hid ourselves in some old timber which gave us a great shooting advantage. Keith's expertise put us at the right place at the right time! Just at shooting light, we started seeing large groups of ducks flying. We saw Mallards, Diver Ducks, Mergansers and even a couple of geese. Most of the ducks were flying very high and well out of range, but we had many small groups of 2 or 3 ducks that we're

looking for a place to land and our group of decoys must have looked mighty inviting.

We were able to take 5 ducks in one day! The first to go was a Mallard Drake, then shortly thereafter a Hooded Merganser Drake, then a Golden Eye Drake, then a Hooded Merganser Hen and, finally, a Mallard Hen joined our tally. We had an amazing time and one of our single best days of duck hunting in Taylor County which we owe entirely to my big brother! It was a great day of duck hunting within a short driving distance of home!





Bringing Back Bobwhite

By Ben Robinson,
Small Game Biologist
Kentucky Department of Fish & Wildlife Resources

Long before white-tailed deer and wild turkey ruled Kentucky's hunting scene, another animal reigned supreme: The bobwhite quail, revered as the gentleman's game bird, was once held in the highest regard. Made popular by its distinctive *bob-white* whistle, this classic bird has become a symbol of rural life across its entire range.

Bobwhite History

Although quail populations have been declining slowly for nearly a century, the declines were made most obvious following the severe winters of 1977 and 1978.

Quail restoration efforts initially focused on raising native birds in captivity for release into the wild. The Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources purchased property in 1946 to begin raising its own birds. The properly named Game Farm, located outside of Frankfort at the current headquarters of Kentucky Fish and Wildlife, produced millions of quail for release across the Commonwealth.

The program had stopped by 1989, however, as quail populations continued to decline. The unsuccessful restocking efforts taught biologists that one major problem had been overlooked – the loss of quail habitat.

Habitat Improvement Program

Addressing the loss of habitat on Kentucky's private lands became a primary focus of the department. In 1987, Kentucky Fish and Wildlife established its Habitat Improvement Program – HIP for short.

With more than 90 percent of the state in private ownership, wildlife biologists were given the task of working with private landowners to manage their properties in a way that would benefit quail and other wildlife. The department shared the cost with landowners on various projects aimed at improving small game habitat and ultimately reversing the long-term quail population declines.

While HIP has been successful overall, some view this as a shotgun approach to quail management. A private lands biologist might work with a dozen 100-acre landowners spread across an area with more than 200,000 acres. The participating landowners might follow all of the management recommendations to create shining examples of what quail habitat should look like. Unfortunately, only a few of them might reap the reward of more quail coveys while the others are left eagerly awaiting the arrival of wild bobwhites.

Habitat Scale and Connectivity

Although the habitat is in place on each farm, two crucial components have been overlooked: scale and connectivity. The shotgun approach creates small bits of habitat across a much larger landscape, creating islands of habitat in a sea of undesirable cover.

In order to achieve success across a much broader area, quail managers realized that habitat management efforts needed to focus less on single farms and more on the entire landscape within a community. Habitat islands needed to connect to have a broader impact on quail populations.

Focus Area Approach

Creating large blocks of quail habitat is an excellent approach to obtain long-term huntable quail populations, but small farm sizes continued to plague quail managers.

In 2008, Kentucky Fish and Wildlife quail biologists embarked on a new journey, with a 10-year plan to restore quail populations. The plan, titled **Road to Recovery: The Blueprint for Restoring the Northern Bobwhite in Kentucky**, outlines the strategies needed to bring back bobwhites to Kentucky's rural landscapes.

This new approach centered on the establishment of Quail Focus Areas. Managers were well on their way to addressing the shortfalls of previous efforts, including the lack of habitat scale and connectivity.

These areas would become the focus of all things quail. Manpower and funding would be directed to these areas; biological monitoring would track quail populations each year. By focusing efforts, quail managers would be able to achieve success in shorter time.

Current Success

The focus area approach is gaining momentum – and having some successes. Peabody WMA has quickly become a model property for the effort. As the focus area concept came to life, Peabody quickly rose to the top, positioning itself to be one of the premier public lands quail areas in the entire southeast.

Monitoring and research efforts show that the habitat enhancements are generating a positive response. Since the project began, fall covey count surveys have shown a doubling of the quail population.





The Shaker Village Quail Focus Area is another excellent example of successful grassland habitat management to benefit bobwhite. Today, nearly 1,000 acres are being managed specifically for bobwhite quail - and the population response has been

staggering. Fall covey count surveys indicate that more than 50 wild coveys call Shaker Village home.

One of the unique and encouraging aspects of the Shaker Village project is the addition of agriculture into the habitat management plan. Portions of the property are currently under agricultural lease. Fields of soybeans and corn are intermixed alongside overgrown areas managed for quail. It is a landscape reminiscent of Kentucky's glory days of quail hunting.

The Livingston County Quail Focus Area also seeks to manage quail in a privately owned agricultural setting. Even more challenging, however, is the reality that this area is made up of multiple properties owned by several different landowners. A successful model here could easily be repeated across much of the Commonwealth, creating tremendous potential for the rest of the state's quail population.

Restoring populations of wild bobwhite quail is perhaps the biggest challenge wildlife managers have ever faced. Previous successful reintroductions - including deer, turkey and elk - have all been the direct result of restocking. Restoring quail requires creating quality habitat. Creating this habitat means changing the way landowners use and view their land. The challenge is great but Kentucky is poised to lead the nation in achieving success through sound wildlife habitat management on public and private lands.

Habitat Improvement Checklist By KDFWR

January

- ___ Contact wildlife biologist to discuss upcoming planting season
- ___ Take soil samples to determine soil nutrient needs
- ___ Prepare firebreaks for upcoming prescribed burns
- ___ Order seeds for spring planting

February

- ___ Mow Korean lespedeza or clover fields to encourage new growth
- ___ Burn or mow fescue sod in preparation for converting to other cover types
- ___ Disk fields in preparation for renovation to clover & grass
- ___ Erect, clean, or repair nest boxes; check predator guards
- ___ Install nesting platforms for geese

March - Mid-April

- ___ Prescribe burn in preparation to eradicate fescue
- ___ Sow clover or lespedeza
- ___ Sow cool season grasses
- ___ Apply lime and fertilizer per soil test to wildlife food plots
- ___ Strip disk to promote bare ground & new forb growth

For more information, call 1-800-858-1549

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Contact:

Chapter Liaison, Sherry Maddox

502-253-9679 or

explorer111749@aol.com

Quail on a Bed of Leeks

Recipe by Peter Campbell
Submitted by Ann Schell

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 8 quail | 4 Tb. butter |
| salt & freshly ground pepper | 1 Tb. vegetable oil |
| 1/3 cup heavy cream | 2 Tb. chopped parsley |
| 10-14 leeks (2 cups) cut into 1" slices | |

In a large skillet or a wok, sauté the quail in 1 tablespoon of butter and the oil browning quickly on all sides. Remove. Sauté the leeks in the same pan in the remaining butter. Add just a little water to them - no more than 2 tablespoons. Cover and cook slowly for about 10 minutes until the leeks have begun to soften and have absorbed the liquid. Place the quail on top of the leeks, salt and pepper them, then add the cream all around. Cover and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Sprinkle parsley on top when serving.

For interest: consider adding ½ cup of pitted dates.
Serves 4.

"AUTHORS" NEEDED

Kentuckiana Hunter needs more "hunting authors"!!!

Articles published in our newsletter are written by fellow Kentuckiana SCI members! Share your hunting experiences with friends & preserve your hunting memories by writing an article for the newsletter!

EDITING ASSISTANCE IS PROVIDED

E-mail your article to Sam Monarch at smonarch@bbtel.com

Feast Or Famine

By Mike Abell



Beautiful Day In Colorado

Five years ago, I was blessed to meet Jim and Linda Hockenberry. Jim is a Vietnam Vet and used to be an outfitter in Canada and Colorado. Now, he just rents out nice little cabins and helps hunters hunt the Gunnison and Grand Mesa National Forests. We pay for room, board, easy access to the public land, and help recovering animals, but we hunt on our own without an outfitter. We've hunted with them every year since we met.

As this year's hunt approached, I spent some time thinking about the crew that was going with me: my lovely wife, Aline, who's killed one cow elk; my long time hunting partner, Mark, who's killed one bull elk; and a close friend, Andrew, who's been elk hunting, but never seen an elk. I've killed two bulls, a cow, and a Pope & Young black bear. It has been feast or famine for our whole crew.

In July, I called Jim to tell him that we had all drawn bear tags and to make final coordination. He told me the last two months had been dry! Out of the seven waterholes and two good wallows within walking distance, only three waterholes had water and the wallows were dry. I decided I would insist that Mark, Aline, and Andrew hunt the water which would give them the best chance of killing an elk and/or a bear. I'd been successful enough that I could go on the trip and just enjoy it whether I killed anything or not.

In the area we hunt, the elk are extremely pressured. We often see other hunters and routinely run into game wardens who interrupt our hunt to check tags. These elk normally run from calls! We usually hunt before the rut and hunt the way Jim taught us, "Leave your calls at home, find water or a wallow, sit as still as you can for as long as you can with the wind in your face and you'll see elk and you'll probably kill one."

By the good Lord's grace, we arrived in good shape at Jim's before lunch on Friday after a twenty-five hour drive. Since we had all hunted there before, except Andrew, we set about getting our gear together, testing our bows, and discussing strategy. After lunch, we were ready to hunt and general locations were decided. Aline would hunt "Emery's Pond", the draw leading to it and the meadow above it (Yes, Aline hunts public land by herself with a bow). Mark would hunt "Muskrat Pond", the high ground to the northwest and the meadow to the southwest. I would take Andrew to the bottom of "Dirty Meat Gang" draw above "Beaver Pond" and drop him off, then I would hunt "Linda's Wallow", which was dry but positioned astride two well used trails.

About ten minutes before dark, I heard movement to my

rear and climbed up to look with my binoculars: it was Jim and Mark. That could only mean one thing... Mark was successful on the first afternoon! I scrambled down the trail and came up behind them making enough noise for them to hear me. Mark said one word with a wide smile, "Bear!" He'd tried to kill a bear for years and was really proud. Jim asked about a blood trail. Mark laughed and said, "Don't think you'll need one!"

As we approached Muskrat Pond, I was shocked to see what normally would be a basketball court size pond full of water almost dry. Mark's bear was stone dead by the pond's edge. Back at camp with Mark's bear, we learned that Andrew had seen a cow and calf elk, plus some Merriam Turkeys. Aline hadn't seen anything but had a wonderful afternoon in the mountains.

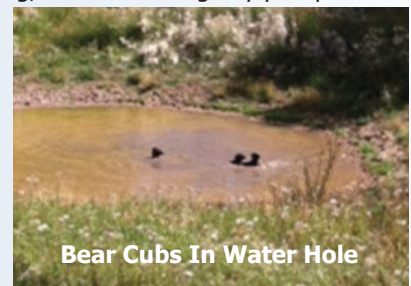
The first full day of hunting was beautiful but quiet. Andrew saw another cow and calf out of range. The rest of us saw nothing. That evening Aline told me, "My stand is too far from the water to shoot this year." Emery's Pond had also nearly dried up and the pond's edge was now over fifty yards from her best cover. I asked if she wanted me to hang a stand closer, but she said no.

On our second morning, Aline had a long fifty yard plus shot on a good bear drinking at Emery's Pond but it didn't work out. She was ready to move, but still didn't want me to hang a stand on an aspen closer to the water's edge. That afternoon, Mark had a big bull and cow elk come in together, but he didn't get a shot. Andrew saw a whole flock of Merriam Turkeys, and I saw a bunch of mule deer. Dear Aline saw nothing, again.

Back at camp that evening, I discussed with Jim about Aline hunting his alfalfa field, and he agreed. She had never hunted there before, so the plan was that the next morning I would walk her to the stand in the dark. Then I would go to Emery's Pond and find a tree to hang a stand for her. After I marked the tree, I planned to sit there a while. If that bear came back and gave me a fifty yard shot, he might get an arrow for breakfast.

Walking with Aline the next morning, we heard a distant bull bugle above us on the mountain. After she was set, I walked slowly to Emery's Pond and enjoyed watching the sun come up. About half way up, I heard a second distant bull bugle. Bugling bulls here are rare! In all the previous years, I may have heard five individual bugles total. The morning was absolutely still and sound carried great distances. I thought about calling back to him, but remembered Jim's admonition. I had taken my calls out of my pack. Not long after, there was another bugle! I thought, "Man I've never heard a bull so fired up here!" Then another bugle, I stopped, took a knee and watched my hands shake. I had never hunted bugling bulls! We hunt early season, less competition! The bugling had a tremendous affect on me! I took a moment to soak it up. Just then, another bugle!

I couldn't take it! I thought, "I have got to have a diaphragm mouth call somewhere in my pack!" I dropped all my gear, clawed through my day pack, hands shaking, "Please let there be a mouth call in here somewhere," I begged! PRAISE THE LORD! A dirty old mouth call was at the bottom! I put it in my mouth and tried to call, nothing! I spit, "Okay, Mr. Wizard, your mouth is dry... take a deep breath... clean the call... try again!"



Bear Cubs In Water Hole

A rough cow "mew" came out this time which, to my surprise, was immediately answered by a bugle!

I was a wreck! He wasn't far now, maybe a couple hundred yards. "Okay, okay, calm yourself! Try again," I pleaded with myself. Out came a pretty fair cow "mew" this time and the bull responded immediately!

I stripped off everything but my base layer, grabbed my bow, and ran to the meadow above Emery's Pond. I got to the pond dam and hid behind it, drew my bow, emerged all at once above the pond dam ready to shoot a huge bull in the meadow beyond. "He's not here...crud," I said as I stood there dejected, then I started to giggle at myself.

Suddenly, two hundred yards above me the bull appeared! I froze and thought, "Way to go, now you're busted, sky lined on a pond dam," but the bull apparently hadn't seen me as he moved down the hill. I dropped down behind the dam shaking and thought, "Camouflage works... this makes sense...my calls are all down the draw behind me...he thinks the cow is two



Moose at Water Hole

hundred yards behind me...crud, I'm shaking too bad to shoot... he's a legal bull...I can't tell how big...I cannot hear anything... I'm going deaf...no, that's my heart pounding...crud, I'm holding my breath...okay, breathe...relax...breathe!"

When my hands stopped shaking and I could hear again, I heard a distinctive, "Glug, glug, glug." The bull was drinking on the other side of the dam I'd been hiding behind! "How long have I been holding my breath? Oh, Dear Lord! I won't be able to range him. Who cares, he's so close I can hear him drinking," I argued with myself.

I drew my bow, popped up all at once, and was face to face with a r-e-a-l-l-y big bull. I put my 20 and 30 pins low and high on his shoulder and let the arrow fly. He exploded out of the water, spun about, went twenty-five yards, and stopped to check his back trail. He stood there broadside staring at me and bleeding real bad. I picked up my binoculars to look; I realized he wasn't running away, so I ranged him at 54 yards. I also noticed he was a r-e-a-l-l-y big bull and I started shaking all over again. I put down my binos and he stood there, bleeding. I nocked another arrow, drew, let fly, hit him low in the vitals, and he stumbled to the tree line. I dropped to my knees praying out loud then headed to camp.



7x6 Best To Date

Back at camp after lunch, I ran into Mark and Andrew who had just finished butchering Mark's bear and putting it on ice. They noticed my quiver was two arrows light and asked what happened. I told them the story and we celebrated. They asked, "How big is he?"

I said, "He's a 6x5 or a 7x6, I'm not sure! My hands were shaking the binos so badly I couldn't count". We took our time gathering up proper knives, saws, game bags, and bottled water while waiting for Aline to come in for lunch. She decided go with us and skip her afternoon hunt. The bull was not lying where I last saw him, but Jim is an amazing tracker and he found him not far away.



Packing Out

We took some pictures then he looked right at me and said, "You got a knife, right, partner?"

"Yep, I do," I countered.

"I will be back with mules. I'd like to see those shoulders off when I get back," he said.

"Yes, Sir," I said as I started to work. Aline stayed with me and helped skin and quarter the elk and kept the blow flies and yellow jackets off me and, oh, yes, she watched for bears! By the time Jim returned with the mules and his grandson, Ty, Aline and I had the shoulders off and Jim and Ty made short work of the rest of it. With my nerves settled, the count on the bull was a 7x6! He was the largest bull taken on public land while staying with Jim!

Back at camp, I collapsed and tried to rehydrate, when I noticed someone walking down the mountain in daylight. It was Mark! There was only one reason for that! He'd shot something! He told us that he'd arrowed probably his biggest bull about an hour earlier.

Jim said, "Ground your heavy gear, get your flashlights, pistols, and let's go find the blood trail before its pitch dark." We scrambled to get ready and headed out. Jim found the blood trail easily, but then started tracking uphill.

Mark and I looked at each other, "Running uphill is NOT good," I noted. We crested the summit at sunset and still had not found the elk. We kept going with flashlights and it wasn't long till Jim found the elk. It was Mark's biggest bull, a 6x5!

The recovery of Mark's bull on that particular night after my morning's escapade was an adventure in itself! At one point Mark left me alone to go link up with Jim who was bringing the cavalry to get the bull. I stayed with the elk and kept working on it. I'm not sure how it happened, but I fell asleep! I was covered to my armpits in blood, gut pile close by, right next to a dead elk in BEAR country. I'm not sure what woke me up, but it was pitch black and I was groggy and not thinking clearly. "Hmmm, where am I...man, it's dark...smells bad...how long have I been asleep... I'm cold...it's really dark...oh, crud...I fell asleep cutting up Mark's elk...my headlamp's off...where is my headlamp...where's my gun...there's my headlamp...it's on my head...there's my gun... it's in the holster...scan my perimeter...nothing visible...calm down," I said to myself! **Note to self: sleeping on a dead elk, that you've field dressed and are cutting up at night in Colorado is on the wrong end of stupid.** Fortunately, the cavalry arrived and we got Mark's bull back to camp safe.

Days 4 and 5 were fun, but no one else killed anything. Aline finally got a stand put up closer to the water hole (by her lazy husband and his friend, Mark). She did see a rutting bull moose so close she could smell him, and Andrew saw more sows, cubs, and turkeys. Again this year, it was feast or famine. We had an absolute blast and hated to leave as Jim's is one of our favorite places on Earth. I'm pretty sure we're going back next year. I paid Jim for 2014 before we left for Kentucky!

SCI Memories Will Last a Lifetime

By Sherry Maddox

When I sat down to write this article, I could not help but pause to think about how Safari Club International and the Kentuckiana Chapter have impacted me both personally and professionally. I did not grow up in a family of hunters, in fact, other than my grandfather's pistol, which was never loaded, there were no firearms in my home. We did, however, enjoy the great outdoors on camping vacations and spending weekends skiing and boating at the lake.

Through my relationship with SCI, I have had the opportunity to make life-long friends who mean the world to me, take magnificent hunting trips, and introduce SCI to the next generation of hunters. I have so many memories that will last a life-time, and I'd like to share just a couple of my favorites.



Sherry, Mike, Tom (In Disguise), Clay

The first memory I'd like to share occurred during the spring of 2013. It was a Saturday afternoon and I'd hoped to be successful helping Tom Monarch bag a nice Eastern Turkey on the Monarch farm. Of course, there are always a few laughs along the way and this day was no exception. A lighthearted mood was set when Tom decided he would provide an added "disguise" of sunglasses and we all joined him for a photo shoot before leaving for the farm. The first afternoon was beautiful, turkeys gobbled, but not a single one ventured into our view.

Early Sunday morning at the Monarch home, Tom and Clay Monarch along with my husband, Mike, and I rushed out the door and headed back to the farm. I was "talking turkey" and guiding/hunting with Tom while Clay hunted with Mike. Once at the farm, Tom and I quickly settled into our blind and initial calls were promptly answered with gobbles. Tom shared with me that he had never seen a gobbler in full strut and I hoped today would be a first. Over the course of probably an hour, we listened and watched as a gobbler(s) frequently called or answered my call. Tom spotted birds first: a jake slowly walked out of the woods followed by a nice tom, and, you guessed it, he was in full strut! My Tom was excited!

Now, the only problem with this scenario was that the turkeys were beyond the 50 yard mark, but as I called, there was potential that these two birds would meander into our decoys. Well, hope soon diminished when a hen made her appearance from behind us! She made it very clear that she was far more interesting than my calls and any old decoys. The strutting tom soon followed the hen down behind a small ravine and Plan B was discussed. I wish I had a video of my Tom as he slipped out of the blind and belly crawled across the ground. He'd executed the plan perfectly, but the minute he peeked over the top of the ravine, he was spotted and left to watch the birds fly off.



Real Looking Decoys

Tom didn't shoot an Eastern Turkey that day but he watched a tom turkey in full strut for the first time, and as we studied the turkeys' behavior, I learned some new strategies as an amateur guide for future turkey hunts.

The second memory I'd like to share began on November 23, 2013 when I left Louisville headed to Colstrip, Montana to hunt mule deer with my dear friend and Sables Past President, Mary Lynn West. Going on this hunt with Outfitter Russ Smith meant being away from home on Thanksgiving, but with my understanding family, the promise of a great late season mule deer hunt was too exciting to pass up.

Mary Lynn and I met in Denver, flew onto Billings where we stayed for the night, and drove to Colstrip on Sunday. Mary Lynn and I hunted this same area with Russ in 2011, so we were familiar with the area and the accommodations, and Brenda, who minded the kitchen, was still working for Russ which meant great home cooking!

After settling in and sighting in the .300 Win Mag that was loaned to us by Russ, we spent the afternoon scouting our hunting territory. During the spring of 2012, lightning sparked a massive fire that impacted the growth and vegetation in one of the large ranch concessions. Damage to the pines was evident with black trunks visible across the ridgelines; however, Russ explained that their successful fall season indicated that the mule deer herds were strong and healthy.

Breakfast each morning was at 5:30 A.M. and we were out the door by 6:15 A.M. Depending on the area we were hunting, we had a 30-40 minute drive and needed to get settled in before daybreak. As is often the case, on that particular Monday morning, the deer were not in the area where they had been several mornings the previous week.

Glassing throughout the morning, several does and small bucks were spotted along with several herds of antelope, but no big mule bucks! We decided to move to a different area of the ranch and on our way, Russ, Mary Lynn, and I got to talking and laughter filled the truck. As we were coming around a bend in the dirt road, Russ suddenly stopped, and when I looked up, there in the distance stood a nice old buck with four does. Quickly taking a closer look, Russ told me he was a shooter if I wanted to try to take him.

Although I was not hunting for a record breaking trophy but having shot a mule deer several years earlier in Wyoming, I planned to be somewhat selective in trophy quality. This muley in front of me was old (thought to be 7), had nice mass and loads of character; consequently, I decided if I could pull it off, this buck was the one! The big mule buck was either distracted with his does or curiosity had set in because he didn't move when I sneaked out of the truck, loaded a round in the chamber, worked myself into a stable shooting position, pulled the rifle up to my shoulder and shot. My trophy muley was a nice 4x4 with nice brow tines and gnarly bases with a very gray aging face. Pictures



Sherry With Her Thanksgiving Day 4x4 Muley

were soon taken and the deer was field dressed and at 11:08 A.M., my hunt for a mule deer was deemed a success.

Monday afternoon and the next two days from daylight till dark Mary Lynn hunted for her mule deer. As is typical for mule deer in the area, a good number of deer were seen each morning from daybreak until around lunch time and then again late in the afternoon as the sun started to set but the right deer had not been sighted.

Thursday morning, Thanksgiving Day, we were up and out by 6:00 A.M. Mary Lynn and I both reflected on things for which we were thankful to include the opportunity to enjoy this grand area of eastern Montana and the freedom to hunt as we, two friends, set off for another day in the field. By daybreak, we were glassing a hayfield where many deer had been spotted during the week.

We found it interesting that many of the deer were already headed back onto the ridge before daybreak. It was on one of these ridges that Russ spotted a shooter buck. Our only concern

was that the distance was at least 350 yards. Russ carefully helped Mary Lynn set up and stabilize the rifle. With both Russ and me keeping our binoculars on the deer, Mary Lynn squeezed the trigger and the deer dropped.

The hidden beauty of this shot was not only did the deer drop in his tracks, but Mary Lynn had had cataract surgery earlier in the year and she could clearly see through the scope to make a clean shot. Getting to this deer was a little tricky, but at 9:30 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day, Mary Lynn had successfully completed her quest for a Montana mule deer.

Not only at Thanksgiving, but every day of the year we should be thankful for the freedoms we, as Americans, have. We must be protective of our right to hunt and fish and do everything we can to maintain and preserve these freedoms. Maybe that is why a major part of my life is dedicated to SCI and to our Kentuckiana Chapter and making sure the next generation will be able to take our place and continue to enjoy our hunting heritage.

I am proud to be a hunter.

Crossbow Buck

By Clay Monarch

Three does were in sight and sunlight was running low. The cold metal on my crossbow was starting to numb the tips of my fingers. Mamaw, my hunting partner, gently nudged my leg and slowly pointed to my left and whispered, "Buck!"

Immediately, my heart started to rush as buck fever set in! I had hunted Whitetails with a modern .308 caliber rifle and with my .50 caliber Knight Muzzleloader, but this time I was hunting with my Excalibur Crossbow. Being the first member of my family to hunt with a crossbow, I had my doubts especially when I knew being so close to an animal added many different challenging factors. I knew I had to disguise my scent and I needed better camouflage but the most difficult part would be maintaining total stillness and absolute silence. If I could do all of this and have a little luck, then I figured I might have a chance of taking a crossbow buck and now, one was near!

The buck was still out of my sight but he was so close, I could hear his heavy step rustle the leaves on the dirt. Suddenly, out of the corner of my eye, I saw a large pair of antlers as white as new snow. I breathed faster as I thought he was the huge 10 pointer we had been seeing on our game cameras for several

weeks. When I got a good look at him, I realized it was not the gargantuan 10 pointer but a very impressive tall 8 pointer who strutted in and looked at the does that were now in the distance.

I slowly raised my crossbow and lined the crosshairs up on his mid shoulder and studied him. He stood tall and proud, only 18 yards from my blind. "Should I shoot him?" I whispered to my hunting partner in contemplation.

"He's a really nice buck, Clay, but it's your call," she responded, "We still have some daylight but this will be your last day to hunt."

My mind flashed back to the trail cam photos of the perfect 10 pointer. I knew that if I did not take this buck, I might have to wait till next year for another chance for any buck. My mind grew uneasy. Light was running out and I would need to allow time to track the buck if I decided to take him. My crossbow was calling me as I took another look at the perfectly symmetrical 8 pointer standing broadside to me and I told myself, "This is the one! Take him!"

I slowly adjusted the creaky crossbow on my shoulder and pressed the cold stock firmly against my cheek. Things happened in slow motion as I decided it was time. I slowly turned off the safety, took another deep breath and held it. When I knew my aim was perfect, I gradually let out half of the breath and squeezed the heavy trigger. Things sped up when I heard the "thump" of the bolt and the distinctive bellow of the buck. My heart raced at the sight of the buck falling to the frigid ground for keeps. As there would be no tracking him, I knew using the crossbow was a good decision and that this buck just might spark a new family hunting tradition.



Kentuckiana SCI Military Pheasant Shoot

By Mike Maddox



Team One and Team Two

Fortunately, again this year, our Chapter was financially able to sponsor our Annual Pheasant Hunt for Military Reserves. This was our fourth year to provide soldiers an opportunity to relax and share a day of shooting and friendship. About six weeks prior to the event, I reached out to one of our board members, Colonel Michael Abell, Commander, 75th US Kentucky Army Reserve National Guard to identify a person to help select some well deserving soldiers to come to this shoot. Colonel Abell was excited about the opportunity and quickly suggested Major Travis Carpenter of the Kentucky Army Reserve National Guard to help with the event. I reached out to Major Carpenter and he was eager to help and also wanted to attend the event with his men.



Team One Preparing To Go Out

Scheduling this hunt is a little tricky: we try to have ten soldiers attend the event; however, with six week notice, some of the identified soldiers may get orders to class or to activate. Everyone needs to



Team Two At Half Way Point

have a backup plan and be able to adjust quickly. Fortunately, this year, we had ten shooters plus two officers to help with the event.

We hosted the pheasant hunt on Saturday, December 14th at Clover Creek Hunting Farms near Hardinsburg in Breckinridge County, Kentucky. The weather was questionable as a huge front with lots of rain was moving across the country, but, as our servicemen were traveling from throughout the state, we were determined to have the event, rain or shine. We'd had heavy rains all night and it was still raining that morning. I had asked the soldiers to arrive at 8:30 AM, CST and I planned to arrive there half an hour before them. When I was pulling up as planned, most of the soldiers were already at the farm eager to get started. It was awesome to see the excitement from all of the invitees.

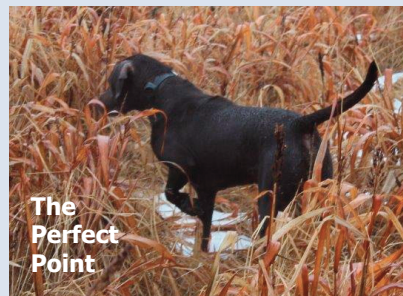
Soon, everyone assembled in the lodge and introductions were made as coffee and muffins were shared. Sam Monarch welcomed the soldiers and shared our Chapter's appreciation for them and their service to our country while Jeff Tate, one of the owners, was having the birds set out. We went over the day's agenda and proceeded with a safety briefing prior to dividing up into two separate teams to go to the field. Soon, the first team was ready for their hunt!



Hunting Stories In The Making

While the first team proceeded to the field, the second team would normally shoot clay bird from our Chapter's automatic clay pigeon thrower; however, this group of soldiers was mostly seasoned hunters and it was just too wet to enjoy practice, so we gathered in the lodge and shared hunting stories with Team Two.

Jeff guided the hunt with his lab, "Chocolate", finding and pointing the birds. Hunters and volunteers alike marveled at Chocolate's ability to find the pheasants, point and hold them, then retrieve them once the bird attempted its fatal escape. As Team One completed their



The Perfect Point

Continued on page 11

Continued from page 10

Kentuckiana SCI Military Pheasant Shoot

hunt, Team Two got ready to go to the field to shoot. It didn't take long once Team Two was in the field to hear the sounds of shotguns firing. After about an hour and half, a smiling Team Two returned and lunch was served. The KFC Colonel had prepared a feast of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, green beans with biscuits and gravy.

Silence overcame the lodge as everyone ate. Seems everyone had worked up a huge appetite with all the walking and bird shooting. As lunch proceeded, Jeff and his assistant cleaned all of the pheasants and packaged them in plastic bags ready to distribute to the soldiers to take home.

Even though the rain caused us to adjust the agenda, everyone had a great time as most of the soldiers asked if they could be on

the bottom of next year list as back up if new soldiers were not able to attend. I would like to thank Sam and Alice Monarch, Tom Hebert, Colonel Mike Abell, Mike Ohlmann, and Jeff Tate for helping our Chapter provide this opportunity to say "Thank You!" to these soldiers for their service to our country. Spending this day afield honoring our military is a small way the Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI can say "Thank You" to the brave men and women who defend our freedoms, including our 2nd Amendment Rights which we, as hunters, appreciate so very much.



Maintaining the "Line"

"LEGAL BRIEFS"

By Ivan Schell, Esquire



The state legislatures of Indiana and Kentucky have been actively expanding hunting opportunities in these neighboring states. Indiana has joined Kentucky in allowing the use of sound suppressors for legal hunting. The new Indiana Statute became effective July 1, 2013. Companion statutes however add penalties for violating game laws for poaching and trespassing while using a suppressor. Violations of poaching laws with a suppressor will cost \$500 for the first violation and \$1000 for each violation thereafter. Trespassing with a suppressor in Indiana is a class B misdemeanor punishable by up to a \$1000 fine and 180 days in the slammer.

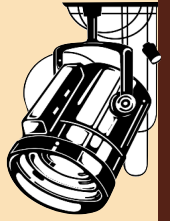
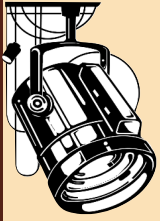
Indiana also reinstated the private bird shooting preserve hunting license for non-residents. These licenses will expire on April 30 of each year. New laws further allow preserves to import and release imported birds without an importation license.

The continuing saga of high fence hunting in Indiana is going to the court of appeals. DNR prohibitions on high fence operations were successfully challenged in the Harrison Circuit Court by Rodney Bruce, owner of the White Bluff preserve near Corydon. Judge John Evans ruled that hunting preserves are not the property of the people of Indiana, ergo they are not subject to DNR oversight. This decision is in conflict with one issued in Owen County where the court denied a challenge to the DNR rule by a preserve owner. On October 13, 2013, the office of Greg Zoeller, Indiana Attorney General, announced that it would appeal the Harrison Circuit Court ruling.

Bear Hunting in Kentucky has been dramatically expanded from a single 3 day season in four counties to three seasons in 16 counties (the original elk restoration counties). After the publication of the old rules in the current Kentucky hunting and trapping guide, the legislature approved all of the KDFWR proposals for expanded bear hunting opportunities as follows:

A new bow/crossbow season was initiated from November 23 thru December 1, 2013. The traditional firearms season additionally ran from December 14 thru 16, 2013 permitting the use of modern firearms, muzzleloaders, bows, crossbows and handguns. Handguns are required to have at least 6" barrels and produce 550 foot pounds of kinetic energy at 100 yards. Each of these seasons allows a harvest of up to 10 bears with 5 females. Since the harvest check in occurs at the end of the first day of each season.

In addition a new Bear Quota with Dogs hunt was established for December 23 thru 27, 2013, but only in the original 4 bear hunting counties (Bell, Harlan, Letcher and Pike). The limit is the same (10 total or 5 female bears) and any weapons that can be used during the gun season may be used. Notwithstanding the 10 bear limit in each season an individual hunter may only take one bear per season.



In the Spotlight

**Celebrate George Washingtons Birthday
with the**

KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER OF SCI

**BUY YOUR TICKETS
BEFORE
FEBRUARY 1ST
& SAVE**

WHAT: ANNUAL BANQUET & FUNDRAISER

WHEN: February 22, 2014

Social Hour 5:30 PM

Dinner: 7:00 PM

Live Auction: 8:00 PM

WHERE: Holiday Inn Hurstbourne, Louisville, Kentucky

Featured Hunts:

South Africa, Namibia, New Zealand, Canada, Texas, Ohio, Kentucky & more

Special Items:

Custom KNIGHT Muzzleloader, Serial # Kentuckiana SCI 001

Authentic 1945 Model M-1 Garand 30-06 Caliber Rifle

Waterford Crystal & Yudofsky Fur & Wilderness Mint Jewelry

THEME: Honoring Our Military

DRESS: Military Attire from Georges' Day thru Today or Casual

TICKETS: Call Sherry Maddox at 502-253-9679

No Ticket Required for Youth 15 & Under - Buy Their Meal from the Menu

Visit with Exhibitors from Namibia, New Zealand, South Africa

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"George Washington"

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

February 5 - 8, 2014 - *SCI Annual Hunters Convention* in Las Vegas, Nevada
Make Reservations Now for "The Greatest Hunting Show on Earth"

February 7, 2014 - *Sables Luncheon, Show, & Auction* in Las Vegas, Nevada

February 22, 2014 - *Kentuckiana SCI Fundraising Banquet*

At the Holiday Inn Hurstbourne in Louisville, Kentucky Call Sherry Maddox (502 253 9679) for Tickets

EVENTS IN THE PLANNING STAGES

Late April - Early May - *Annual Kentuckiana SCI "Top Gun" Competition*

Join Chapter members for a day of practice, fun, and/or competition shooting clays.

Late May - Early June - *Annual Safari Warm Up*

Young or old, lady or gent, beginner or pro, learn to shoot or practice for a future safari.

July - *Annual "Day in the Country"*

A full day of rifle instruction & shooting, archery instruction & practice, fishing, RTV & walking/hiking trails, tree stand safety classes, yard games, visiting with old friends & making new ones, & a picnic meal.

August 2 & 3, 2014 - *Annual Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend*

Youth and novice hunters can earn their Hunter Safety Orange Cards and get hands on experience with .22 rifle, high power rifle, shotgun, muzzleloader, archery, game trailing, optics, tree stand safety, back pack preparedness, & more!

September 6, 2014 - *Proposed Opening Day for Archery Deer Season*

October 18-19, 2014 - *Proposed Opening Day for Early Muzzleloader Season*

Take a deer for KENTUCKY HUNTERS FOR THE HUNGRY