

KENTUCKIANA



HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

FIRST QUARTER 2013

**Tom Monarch
Honored as
"SCI & Cabela's
Young Hunter
of the Year"**



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Visit Our Web Site: www.kentuckianasci.org

President's Message

By Bill Hook, Chapter President

As the newly elected President of the Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI, I would like to greet all of our members, especially new members, and thank them for their support.

This past June, we elected two new directors to our Board: Mike Abell and Mike Graham. We also saw the return to the Board of an "old hand", Larry Richards. With this fresh talent and thoughts of our two newcomers along with the experience of our returning directors, we look forward to a banner year.

I'm proud to work with these people that have donated so much of their time and resources to make this Chapter so great. Every newsletter has articles showcasing our members' many accomplishments, and there are certainly others that don't make

the newsletters. I'm not going to list them all, but they are hard working people and I appreciate them all.

Banquet Chairman, Ivan Schell, and his committee have been working very hard and this year's banquet is shaping up to be our best ever. World class hunts donated by world class outfitters are sure to give the successful bidders some great memories. Hunting trips, fur coats, firearms, fine jewelry and works of art, good friends, new friends, and wonderful food . . . what's NOT to like? Remember, there is something for everyone at the Fundraiser. Hopefully, you have purchased your tickets and are looking forward to February 23rd at the Holiday Inn Hurstbourne. I know that I am. I hope to see you there!



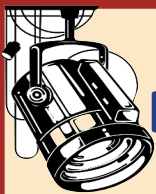
2012-2013 Officers and Board of Directors

Officers

President - Bill Hook
Vice President - Tom Hebert
Secretary - Aline Abell
Treasurer - Sherry Maddox

Board of Directors

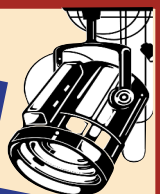
Mike Abell Bob Edwards
Mike Graham Sam Monarch
Randy Phelps Larry Richards
Jim Warren
Past President - Mike Maddox



Spotlight On Fundraising Banquet and SCI Membership Renewal

**BUY YOUR TICKETS
NOW!!!**

**RENEW YOUR
MEMBERSHIP NOW!!!**



2013 KENTUCKIANA SCI FUNDRAISING BANQUET



Saturday, February 23, 2013

Social Hour 5:30 - Dinner 7:00 - Auction 8:00

Holiday Inn Hurstbourne, Louisville, KY

**"Bring Your Family!" & "Bring Your Friends!"
Banquet is Youth Friendly**

Dress: Western Theme or Casual

Prize to Best Dressed Cowboy & Cowgirl

For Tickets Call Sherry Maddox at 502-253-9679

--- Join SCI in Protecting Our Right to Hunt ---

Tell Sherry, "Renew My SCI Membership Now!"

Receive 6 Issues of SAFARI Magazine

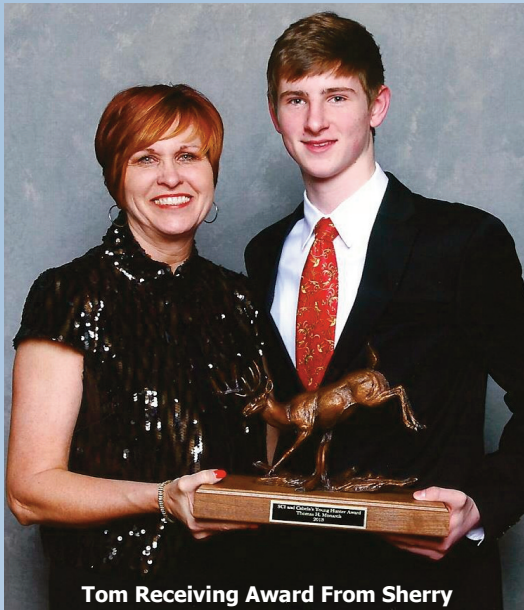
12 Issues of Safari Times

4 Issues of the Award Winning Kentuckiana Hunter



Kentuckiana SCI Chapter Member, Tom Monarch Honored as "SCI & Cabela's Young Hunter of the Year"

By Sherry Maddox, SCIF Sables President



Tom Receiving Award From Sherry

Each year, Safari Club International, an international organization of wildlife conservationists and hunters, seeks from its nearly 200 Chapters and over 50,000 members nominations for outstanding young men and women between the ages of 15 and 21 who are deemed to be role models for other young hunters. From those nominations, SCI selects one young man and one young woman to be honored as "SCI and Cabela's Young Hunter of the Year". Thomas Huston Monarch of Louisville, Kentucky was recently selected as the young man to receive that honor.

The "SCI and Cabela's Young Hunter of the Year Award" is not just about hunting success, it is about community service, scholastic achievement, participation in humanitarian and conservation programs and commitment to the goals and mission of SCI. Through education and mentoring from adults and peers, the Young Hunter Award recipients are in line and ready to protect and carry on our hunting heritage.

On Thursday evening, January 24, 2013, during the SCI Hunter's Convention in Reno, Nevada, I had the honor of presenting the SCI and Cabela's Young Hunter of the Year Award to Tom Monarch.

I first met Tom at a Chapter event many years ago and quickly recognized his passion for the outdoors and hunting. I have watched him mature and grow taller than me, and I am so proud of him. His parents, Ed and Katie Monarch, of Louisville, Kentucky are his biggest supporters; his grandparents, Sam and Alice Monarch, of Hardinsburg, Kentucky are his hunting educators and hunting partners, having taken Tom and his brother, Clay, age 14, on many hunting trips. Tom and Clay are supportive friends and competitive hunting buddies.

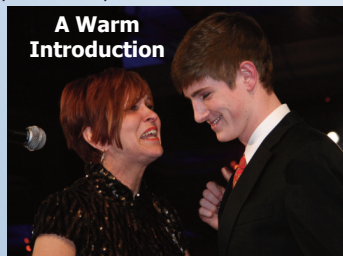
Tom is 16 years old and a junior in the Honors Program and a student-athlete at St Xavier High School. He is a member of the wrestling and track teams and is active in the Ryken Service Club, a humanitarian services organization. Tom, who aspires to be a surgeon, has volunteered over 225 hours at Kosair

Children's Hospital where he is a team leader; however, I can assure you, he still finds time to hunt and enjoy the outdoors.

As a member of the Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI, Tom serves as a youth instructor/mentor, volunteers at Chapter events, and participates in the "Hunters for the Hungry" and "SCI Blue Bag" humanitarian programs, and has authored several articles for the Kentuckiana Hunter. Tom's article, "Tahr Straight Up", was published in the January/February 2013 issue of SAFARI Magazine.

Tom has hunted with a muzzleloader on 3 continents and has taken 8 "Muzzleloader Top Ten" animals including 3 World Records. Though Tom has a love for the African bush, his most notable hunt is his successful walk-in Himalayan Tahr hunt in the Southern Alps of New Zealand.

Tom accepted the "Young Hunter of the Year" award in the presence of an audience of approximately 2,200 SCI members and guests. I found his opening statement to be a very powerful summary of SCI's underlying goal, and I want to share those comments with you. Tom told the audience, "My great-grandfather taught my grandfather that he should always leave a place better because he has been there. My grandfather taught my father that he must leave a place better because he has been there. My father has taught me that I have an obligation to leave a place better because I have been there. SCI's Mission Statement implores each of us to be 'a leader in protecting the freedom to hunt and in promoting wildlife conservation'. SCI calls upon each of us to leave a place better because we have been there."



A Warm Introduction



Tom with his Himalayan Tahr



Tom with Muzzleloader World Record Arapawa Ram

Protecting The Right To Hunt And Fish In Kentucky

By Ivan Schell

On election day in November 2012, Kentucky became the 17th state to amend its constitution to protect the right to hunt and fish. Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia form a contiguous territory where the constitutional right exists. The procedure for approval in Kentucky required that both houses of the legislature approve the measure after which the proposal was placed on a statewide ballot during a statewide election during which the members of the state legislature was up for election. Kentucky's Constitution was first enacted in 1790 and rewritten four times, most recently in 1890-91. The Kentucky Legislature started the process of amending the Constitution to protect hunting and fishing rights by approving HB1 introduced by House Speaker Greg Stumbo and Representative Leslie Combs in February 2011.

After the Kentucky House and Senate approved the bill in 2011, the measure was approved by 84.5% of the electorate in November 2012. Specifically the ballot read as follows: "Are you in favor of amending the Kentucky Constitution to state that the citizens of Kentucky have the personal right to hunt, fish, and harvest wildlife, subject to laws and regulations that promote conservation and preserve the future of hunting and fishing, and to state that public hunting and fishing shall be a preferred means of managing and controlling wildlife? Yes No"

As a result of the electorate's approval, the Kentucky Constitution is now amended by the addition of the following language: "The Citizens of Kentucky have the personal right to hunt, fish and harvest wildlife, using traditional methods, subject only to statutes enacted by the Legislature, and to administrative regulations adopted by the designated state agency to promote wildlife conservation and management and to preserve the future of hunting and fishing. Public hunting and fishing shall be a preferred means of managing and controlling wildlife. This section shall not be construed to modify any provision of the law relating to trespass, property rights, or the regulation of commercial activities."

An interesting piece in opposition to the amendment was penned by Craig Fehrman on December 20, 2012, for Slate Magazine. Fehrman belittled the sponsors of HB 1 as skills of the NRA who were proposing a solution looking for a problem,

concocting imaginary threats and pursuing redundant rights.

Apparently Mr. Fehrman is not familiar with the announced positions of animal rights organizations. The Humane Society of the United States (HSUS) states that it is "strongly opposed to the hunting of any living creature for fun, trophy or for sport." The American Humane Association parrots the HSUS and further states that "sport hunting is a form of exploitation of animals for the entertainment of the hunter. The killing of wildlife should be performed by responsible officials, and methods utilized must result in instantaneous and humane death." Friends of Animals, Inc. state "The premeditated killing of wildlife is abhorrent to most people, particularly when hunting is condoned under false pretenses, under the guise of 'wildlife management, overpopulation control or protection of crops and public safety."

These organizations are incredibly well funded and constitute a very real threat to the hunting traditions of Kentucky and every other state in the USA. There are however more covert insidious threats which exist in the Commonwealth. Under the Internal Revenue Code taxpayers may obtain significant tax deductions for subjecting their real property to "Conservation Easements." This means that the property is forever limited to its current use (such as farmland or forests) instead of being used for development of homes and malls. One of the requirements of the easement is that the property be subject to supervision by an approved conservation organization. In Kentucky, River Fields, Inc. is one such organization which agrees to take on the supervision of properties, and according to its website, controls 2200 acres. Sounds harmless until the agreements that it requires the land owner to sign are closely examined. Deep in the fine print the careful observer will find language that prohibits hunting in all its forms and specifically prohibits hunting as a tool for the management of wildlife. Sometimes the threat you cannot see is worse than then one you can. In any event, the threat that HB1 confronted remains a real and present danger, not a solution in search of a problem.

Hoosiers, you may want to consider following the lead of your Bluegrass neighbors.

Kentuckiana Hunter Wins SCI Publication Award

By Sherry Maddox

At the 2013 Safari Club International Hunters Convention in Reno, Nevada, the Kentuckiana Chapter Newsletter, the *Kentuckiana Hunter*, was honored as the world's best Chapter newsletter (with 12 pages or less) in our size category (51 - 150 members). Chapter Board member and Kentuckiana Hunter Co-Editors, Sam and Alice Monarch, accepted the award on behalf of our Chapter. The Kentuckiana Hunter has received this prestigious "Publication Award" 8 out of the last 9 years.

To select the award winner, the SCI Publication Committee follow a well defined criteria which includes the frequency of the publication, number of pages in the publication, number of photos in the publication, number of articles, support of SCI/SCIF programs (Education, Conservation, Humanitarian, and Legislation, etc.) overall information presented in the publication, membership and Chapter growth emphasis, quality of the printing, design, layout, etc., inclusion of local, national, and international information, and the variety of content.

This award would not be possible without the many great hunting stories and informative articles contributed by our Chapter members. Extend a word of thanks and/or encouragement to those contributing members when you get a chance. A special note of appreciation goes to Pam Noble of J & C Printing for her dedication and expertise.



A Day of Diversion

By Mike Maddox

As an expression of gratitude to our military personnel for protecting our way of life and our freedoms, our SCI Chapter unanimously voted to sponsor the 3rd Military Pheasant Hunt. We had originally scheduled the military shoot in February of 2012 but the weather was too warm and having enough birds was in question, so we rescheduled the event for the first of December, 2012. Again, warm weather threatened to interfere, but there were plenty of birds.



A Good Day Afield

I contacted LTC Boone with the Army National Guard and asked him to extend an invitation to his troops for a dozen soldiers to be our guests, hunt some pheasants, and enjoy a day of fellowship with our SCI Chapter. He was delighted and put me in touch with Captain Bryan Combs who was my contact person to work out the logistics. By mid-November, he had a full list of soldiers for the event with a couple of alternates just in case. I want to personally thank CPT Combs for all his help.

Our hunt destination, Clover Creek Hunting Farm, located just outside of Hardinsburg, Breckinridge County, Kentucky, is owned by Jeff Tate and Chris Barr. Jeff and Chris have helped SCI put on this event in previous years and they really know how to create a great hunt! They have a four-legged partner, Breaux, a fabulous Black Pointing Lab, who puts on a first-class show. Breaux's ability to find, point, and retrieve pheasants and chucks is a sight to behold!

When December 1st finally arrived, smiling military faces were greeted warmly by Chapter volunteers. After introductions were made, donuts and coffee were shared which helped everyone wake up with a sugar energy jump start.

The day was expected to be on the warm side with temperatures in the mid-50's; consequently, our schedule had to be modified as Breaux might over heat with the large number of birds we were setting out. We usually conduct lengthy shotgun practice sessions, and then send one group to the field before lunch and the other group after lunch. With the temperatures rising and Breaux's task ahead, it was decided that the more experienced shooters would go out first after



Volunteers Set Up Early

National Guard and asked him to extend an invitation to his troops for a dozen soldiers to be our guests, hunt some pheasants, and enjoy a day of fellowship with our SCI Chapter. He was delighted and put me in touch with Captain Bryan Combs who was my



Breaux gets acquainted

a short warm up/practice session at the clay thrower. This way we were able to practice more with the less experienced wing shooters while the first group was out hunting. The second group of hunters would immediately follow when the first group returned from the field. The first group then took turns busting clays at the clay thrower.

Trying to maximize the cool of the morning, we scheduled each group back to back, and then enjoyed lunch after everyone had been through the fields shooting the birds.



Clay Pigeon Warm Up

That revised schedule actually worked very well. Some of the soldiers had driven two and three hours to attend the event, so getting an earlier start home was a big help. While each group was out shooting the other group was practicing with the clay thrower. The more experienced group that went out first got to practice some complicated shots from different angles in the afternoon while their comrades were in the field. It became a big game, and the increased competition made the shooting more fun.

Fried chicken, biscuits, gravy, green beans, mashed potatoes, and deserts quieted everything down and filled the void created by all the activity. After lunch, we had a picture session and compared notes. Both groups had shot very well and not many birds left the field under their own power. All the harvested birds were cleaned and divided among the soldiers. Hopefully, everyone had the opportunity to taste the flavor of these delicious birds.



Food and Fellowship

After experiencing the fun of the hunt and the excitement of working with a great dog (Breaux), many said they wanted to bring their kids back to hunt. Great new friends had been made while sharing a day of fun, laughter, and friendly competition. All of the soldiers had been deployed in harms way, but one young soldier was particularly grateful and said thanks so much for hosting the event as he was leaving for a tour of duty in Afghanistan on the following Monday. It is our Chapter's sincere pleasure to sponsor these events and express our appreciation for the military folks. To all of these brave men and women and to all the soldiers who protect our freedom, we extend a heartfelt thanks! We salute you!



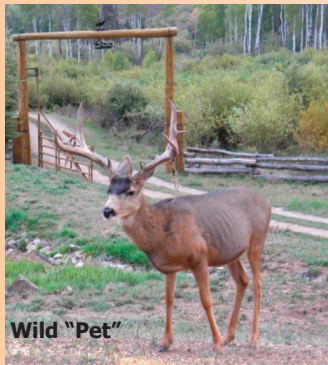
Working the Birds

Don't Feed The Bears

By Colonel Mike Abell

"Don't feed the bears!" was a line my father told me every Fall when I departed for college. I had a long drive, and he constantly reminded me that paying for a speeding ticket because a State Trooper (bear) caught me was unacceptable. Some years later while sitting at the top of a draw in the Gunnison National Forest hunting elk, I could hear my father's words again, "Son, don't feed the bears!"

My wife, Aline, good friend, Mark Ware, and I departed Kentucky on Thursday to arrive at the "Lazy H Meadows" ranch near Somerset, Colorado by Friday. The drive went well and we met Jim and Linda Hockenberry at the Lazy H right on time. We were hunting the opening week of archery elk season having purchased elk tags good for either a bull or cow. We'd hunted with the Hockenberry's four years in a row and it has become a pilgrimage that marks the start of the North American hunting season for us. The Lazy H is a gorgeous place, and they have some gorgeous resident "pet" mule deer that we have watched grow up.



Wild "Pet"

Jim outfitted most of his life for bear in Canada and later for elk, bear, and mule deer in Colorado; however, Jim and Linda no longer outfit. They offer hunters the opportunity to stay on their ranch, eat great meals, and walk off the ranch to hunt the surrounding public land – Grand Mesa and Gunnison National Forests. Their son, B.J., still outfits in the surrounding region. All total, there would be eight hunters in camp: three were hunting with B.J. across the valley while five were staying with Jim and Linda and walking out on our own into the national forest. Being our fourth year, we didn't need to spend a great deal of time scouting; consequently, we spent most of the afternoon preparing our gear and recovering from the twenty-five hour drive.

Opening morning, Saturday 25 August, dawned clear and cool. Aline and I headed out together and hunted the top of a draw that is a travel corridor between elk feeding and bedding areas. The elk were not rutting yet; consequently, we hunted them more like whitetail deer than elk. Aline found a great spot at a confluence of two game trails, about two-thirds of the way up the draw. I went all the way to the top of the draw and hunted near a small pine that had been rubbed by a bull shedding his velvet.

By about 9:00 A.M., we realized that we had gone too high as the elk had bedded in the dark spruce timber below us. I walked back down to Aline's position around 10:00 A.M., and we decided she would try to sneak into the bedding area while I covered her move. She got close enough to realize the terrain would not support her move and smartly backed out. We arrived back at camp by lunch and prepared for the evening hunt. None of the other hunters were successful that morning either.

The ranch sits at 7,900 feet and when we leave the ranch to hunt, we walk up. Most of the good spots are still below 9,000 feet, so it's not a terrible altitude, but we notice the thin air pretty quickly. In order to avoid the headaches that come with mild altitude sickness, we stayed hydrated and walked slowly uphill which meant early departures from the midday siesta.

After lunch, we decided to navigate back to waterholes that we'd hunted in previous years. Due to the drought, some of our

old haunts were dry; thus, the waterholes with water were seeing more action. I had not even sat down when I heard some cracking through the brush on the other side of the waterhole. A beautiful shooter cinnamon phase black bear came into the waterhole to drink. He never knew I was there, and I found myself wishing we'd shown up for the second week of elk season instead of opening day because bear season coincides with the second week.

Late that afternoon, I was startled, when the biggest 5x5 bull I've ever seen, snuck in behind me on my far left flank at 38 yards. He was looking in my direction as he drank and he had me pegged, then he moved out of sight. I didn't get the shot I wanted but as I headed back to camp, I was happy about the encounters.

When I arrived back at camp, I found that an entire herd of elk had come into Aline's waterhole. She had shot the closest cow and watched it fall in the meadow next to the waterhole! She had been hunting on her own and killed an elk with archery tackle on public land! As no other hunter had killed an elk on opening day, I was beaming with pride.



Aline's Cow

Aline had organized a party of hunters and ranch hands to go after her elk. When they arrived, a bear was eating it! Only two hours had passed since she had watched her cow fall. Normally, bears do not find a kill that quickly. The retrieval party was big enough that the bear decided it was outnumbered and ran off, but not before it had eaten a portion of the hams and all of the guts. Despite feeding the bear (of which my Dad would have been disappointed), Aline was ecstatic and everyone was so very proud of her!

As usual, elk camp is a fun and exciting place after the first elk is down! At the Lazy H, harvested game is brought back to the tack shed where Jim has a hoist in the ceiling over a concrete floor and an adjacent cooling room. It is a great set up to skin and butcher game. That night the tack shed was full of hunters exchanging hunting stories and cracking jokes while B.J. and I skinned the cow and trimmed the areas the bear had eaten and let it hang and cool overnight.

The next morning dawned clear and cold. It was 38 degrees F overnight in August! Having stayed up late working on Aline's elk, we decided to stay in and get some sleep. Later, Aline traveled to town to get some FoodSealer vacuum bags, borrowed Linda's grinder, and set up to butcher her cow herself!

The second evening was uneventful for me, but one of B. J.'s hunters had a cow down and quartered out across the valley. They would go back after it in the morning with a mule train. On my walk back to camp that evening, I remember thanking the good Lord for many things, but most of all because Aline had killed her cow. Elk Camp is always much more fun when there's an elk hanging in the tack shed.

The third morning was beautiful, cool, and crisp. I moved to another draw and attempted to catch the elk moving from feeding to bedding. By 9:00 A.M., I was asleep at the base of an aspen tree enjoying a lazy morning of intermittent panoramic views but no elk. They weren't rutting yet, wallows were non-existent, and bugles were as rare as daylight elk movement, but that didn't stop me from sucking up some mountain air and spending time with the chipmunks on the ground as I napped.

By the time I got back to camp for lunch, Aline had her elk over half way butchered. I changed clothes then deboned the hams as she kept right on cutting, grinding, and sealing into freezer

bags. We had pulled a chest freezer in an enclosed trailer behind our truck to Colorado. We left the freezer on the trailer and waited to plug it in till we had an elk down. It is the best way we've found to hunt the early season and keep our meat fresh. For the cost of a couple good coolers and ice, we bought a big chest freezer.

The third evening was high adventure! About 30 minutes before dark, I heard gunfire. When I got back to camp, I learned another hunter in camp, Angie, had a bear encounter on the same waterhole where Aline had killed her cow and "fed" a bear. Apparently, the bear actually tried to climb into Angie's stand! When her movement and yelling didn't deter the hungry bear, she resorted to warning shots which worked. Unfortunately, in all the excitement she got lost on her way home. Eddie soon found her, but she was shook up pretty badly.

Back at camp, feeding the bears became a hot topic of conversation. Jim said that the bears hibernate in October, which was only one month away. Their drive to eat this late in the year with hibernation looming on the horizon keeps them on their feet feeding up to twenty hours a day. This year, due to the drought and, thus, the scarcity of forage, they had not built up their fat reserves and it was making the bears bolder. He said some would die in hibernation before next spring. Then, the discussion turned to what type of pistol we were all carrying. Some hunters failed to bring a sidearm and were allowed to borrow one from Jim, Linda, or B.J.

Mark had his second encounter with a rag-horn 4x2 bull and a spike had been within 10 yards of his waterhole, but he failed to get a shot. I, on the other hand, had an uneventful third evening seeing no elk. The weather and moon phase were conspiring against us. The moon was waxing toward full, and the elk were more active at night. We were also getting daily pop up thunderstorms with pea sized hail near sunset. These storms had caused me to tuck up under a spruce that afternoon. I didn't get a single drop of water on me, but I did manage to get pine sap all over my rear as I curled up under the tree to wait out the storm. Despite the moon, rain, and hail, the mood in camp stayed optimistic. Jim reminded us again that elk see first, hear second, and smell last... so we should find good cover near water or a wallow, sit still, and make sure the wind was in our faces.

The fourth morning was gorgeous. I decided to move out early with my climbing stand and try to catch the elk Aline and I had failed to intercept on the first morning. I made it to the exact spot at the confluence of two heavily used game trails, climbed my tree, had the wind right but didn't see a single elk. I did hear two distant bugles and hoped the rut would start instantly, but, alas, that was not to be. I also spent the morning with a family of mule deer who were in archery range for quite some time but never knew I was there. My lovely bride slept in this morning as her elk was sliced, diced, ground, chopped, bagged and in the freezer.

Time was running out on our five day hunt. With a nearly full moon and daily storms, we were all feeling the pressure. Lunch was short, conversations were simple, and all were back hunting near water that afternoon. The usual storms were blowing all around me but not on top of me. There was absolutely no movement. I was beginning to believe it wouldn't happen for me this year. My first year, I'd shot a beautiful young 4x4; the following year, I'd shot a Pope and Young black bear and a cow elk. Aline had hunted in my place last year because, after having paid for the hunt, I was sent on a yearlong "military business trip" and she had arrowed a cow. We'd always had luck here, especially this year with Aline's cow so early.

I kept reminding myself to stay positive and trust the good Lord's plan when, "What was that! SNAP! CRACKLE! POP!" Across the meadow, 131 yards away, a lone bull stepped out of the aspens, turning his head side to side to get his rack through the smaller trees at the edge of the forest. I instantly stood up behind

a spruce, grabbed my bow, hooked my release and thought, "Mike, you're an idiot, it will take him at least twenty minutes to make his way over here, if he comes in at all." So, I waited for the bull to put his head down and slowly put my bow down and got into a more restful position to wait on him. Twenty minutes later, he passed behind a small spruce at seventy yards. I stood up and grabbed my bow and range finder. A moment later, he walked to the edge of the water at forty-four yards. I took a deep breath, drew my bow, put my third pin on the high side of the 10 ring and squeezed the arrow off and... smoked him! He jumped back and blood poured from the near side. He whirled about and blood poured from the far side. He ran up the hill forty yards to the other side of the waterhole, stopped, and rolled back down the hill toward the trail leading home, coming to rest at the base of a small aspen tree.

I would like to say that I was calm, cool, and collected after the shot; however, I experienced a wave of emotion and adrenaline so severe that the shaking in my legs and shortness of breath was really more of a convulsion. I'd killed the biggest bull I'd ever seen in Colorado. Still just a 5x5, but nevertheless a big public land bull! The walk back to camp was more of a floating on air kind of feeling. The way the ranch house sits, Jim, Linda, and Aline could see me coming for over a quarter mile and when they saw me walking down the mountain in the daylight, they knew something was up. They met me in the yard and we celebrated! We organized a party and went to recover my bull.

Finally back at camp with my bull, we learned that other hunters had a good evening, too. Another of B.J.'s hunters had a cow down, quartered and hung in the trees. They would go back for it with a mule train in the morning. Mark had a small herd come into his waterhole at a high rate of speed, stopping at less than ten yards. As he spun to get a shot, he was face to face with a bull in a stare-down for a long pregnant pause but was unable to draw and the elk spooked and ran: it was a fun encounter but disappointing for Mark.



That evening in the tack shed was a blast. We managed to drag my elk in with a mechanical aid and finally had it up on the gimble. Then, we broke the scale and got the pulley on the winch in a bind. We argued about how to get the pulley and the scale undone without dropping the elk or severely injuring someone. It was high adventure as six men tried to maneuver a 600 pound hanging elk, but finally, after some hillbilly engineering, we gotterdun! By the time the bull was skinned and cooling, we were all exhausted and collapsed in our bunks.



The next day, Aline and I worked tirelessly to butcher my elk and get it into FoodSealer bags and into the freezer. The process took about nine hours, but when we were done, we had it down to recipe sized portions, labeled, and in the freezer. As time passed, I had a hard time concentrating as I was praying

Continued on page 10

Fruit of the Vine. . .Work of Human Hands: Postwar Wildlife Conservation/Restoration Achievements in Kentucky

By Walt Cato

On a mild Saturday in mid-August 1956, the Duck Hunter's father suggested that the two of them go fishing. The Duck Hunter (who was then 17 years old and would not shoot his first duck for another year) was elated. His father was not an avid fisherman and did not hunt or shoot. Occasionally though, he seemed to enjoy fishing and the Duck Hunter was always excited about accompanying him.

Early in the afternoon, father and son put their tackle and the 7 ½ h.p. Elgin outboard motor in the trunk of the family Studebaker. They drove south on Dixie Highway toward their destination, West Point, where the Salt River finishes its 140 mile journey from Persimmon Knob in Boyle County and dumps into the Ohio River.

En route the fishermen stopped near Kosmosdale at Al's Bait Shop. While his father drank a bottle of Falls City, the Duck Hunter surveyed the fishing tackle for sale and the modest inventory of guns. They left with a cardboard box of red worms to supplement the salted shrimp the Duck Hunter had brought for fish bait.

As they made their way toward West Point, the Duck Hunter noticed that iron weeds on the roadside had begun to produce their purple blossoms, a reminder that squirrel season would open in a few days, bringing with it the seasonal fragrances of Hoppes No. 9, crushed pennyroyal and the excitement of being in the pre-dawn woods with gun in hand. The Duck Hunter's hunting opportunities at that time were limited to squirrels and, later in the fall, rabbits and quail. Limited duck hunting could be done on the Ohio River, smaller rivers and creeks and farm ponds. There were, at that time in Kentucky, no deer or turkey seasons. In fact, the Duck Hunter had never seen a wild deer or a wild turkey. In retrospect, this memory is startling given the frequency with which deer and turkey are now observed even in urban and suburban areas.

The fishermen parked at a gas dock/boat livery floating at the south bank of the Salt. The livery had a well-seasoned, laid back appearance as if it had existed there for years. Annual vines crept around the corners of its board walk and paint had flaked away from its planks. The livery men evoked the same appearance: old, wrinkled, sunburned and affable. They greeted the Duck Hunter and his father as if they were genuinely glad to see them and put them in charge of one of their skiffs.

The fishermen rented a dark green wooden fourteen foot skiff with a pointed bow, mounted the Elgin on the transom, started it (Its starting was a pleasant surprise; it had not been run in a long time.) and boated downstream several hundred yards between banks lined with hackberry and water maple trees, passing underneath the highway bridge to the mouth. They had not fished in the Ohio previously and, reconnoitering, decided for no specific reason to go downstream along the Kentucky bank a short distance south of the town of West Point. Using the sash weight and clothes line which came with the boat,

they anchored a short distance out from a willow bank and began fishing.

The Duck Hunter used a Phantom glass 8' fly rod with a pencil float about three feet above his terminal tackle, a small split shot and a No. 8 Eagle Claw hook baited with a piece of salted shrimp. His father used his only rod and reel, a Betts solid glass 5 foot casting rod and a Zebco reel with six pound braided line. To their delight and the serendipitous feeling fishermen always have when they catch fish in strange untried waters, they began catching fish. Five channel cats ranging in size from 12" to 16" long were boated and placed on a stringer. They were beautiful khaki-gray in color with black spots on their flanks. They were hard fighters and a thrill to catch.

Back home, the Duck Hunter skinned, eviscerated and removed the heads of their catch. In the process, he noticed that the fish had a somewhat offensive petroleum-like smell. When his father placed the cornmeal dredged fish in his iron skillet, an oily stench filled the kitchen. The Duck Hunter and his father, devotees of fried catfish, couldn't eat them. Disappointed, they discarded the fish and ate bologna sandwiches for supper.

The above fishing trip occurred not long after the formation of the Ohio River Valley Water Sanitation Commission (Orsanco), an interstate commission representing the federal government and eight states in the Ohio River Watershed. Its purpose was (and is) to control and abate pollution in the Ohio River basin. It operates programs to improve water quality in the river and its tributaries by setting waste water discharge standards, performing biological assessments and monitoring the chemical and physical properties of the waterways.

In the years following the Duck Hunter's unfortunate fish fry, he observed that the water quality in the river was remarkably improved due, he surmised, to the achievements of Orsanco, its member states, the Environmental Protection Agency and the Army Corps of Engineers in eliminating industrial chemical waste and untreated municipal sewage being channeled into the river. In recent times, the Duck Hunter has eaten river caught channel and flathead catfish, buffalo fish, largemouth, smallmouth and white bass and bluegill. For the most part, the Ohio River fish are now as delicious to eat as fish caught, for example, in Kentucky Lake. The clean-up efforts on the river have created a recreational space in that part of the river familiar to the Duck Hunter and, more likely than not, for its full length of 967 miles from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania to Wickliffe, Kentucky.

At about the same time, Orsanco went to work on the Ohio River, the land to its south was receiving the efforts of the Kentucky Division of Game and Fish with the objective of restoring its forests, fields and edges to its previous bounty of wildlife, especially white-tailed deer and eastern wild turkey. In 1946, the Division began a project to restore white-tailed deer via the establishment of refuges, trappings and relocating deer from existing populations



Anglers



Protecting Our Fish and Wildlife

and by habitat improvement.

The Division faced a difficult task. Deer had been shot out in Kentucky as early as 1810 when John James Audubon wrote that the vast numbers of deer that once roamed the Ohio River Valley had ceased to exist. This was to be expected considering that during this time period venison hams sold for fifteen cents apiece and every settler believed he had a right to kill deer whenever he pleased. By 1916, the deer population was estimated to be 1,000 animals, mostly in Caldwell, Christian, Lyon and Trigg Counties. That year, the General Assembly enacted a statute prohibiting deer hunting.



Deer Restoration

Forty years later (1956) and ten years into the restoration program, deer hunting resumed in Kentucky. The pre-hunt population is believed to have numbered 25,000 animals. Twenty-seven counties were open for a three day season in November. It is estimated that about 7,000 hunters participated and 750 adult bucks were taken.

In November of 1958, Judge Sam Monarch, then thirteen years old, killed a deer in Breckinridge County. People who had never seen a wild white-tail came from miles around to see it. In November of 1962, while camped out in a tent at the base of the Bullitt County escarpment, the Duck Hunter killed an eight point buck on the top of a mixed hardwood and wild cane ridge. He was hunting in a steady, gentle rain in a kaleidoscope of fall color and it was his first deer. Statistics retained show that the year the Duck Hunter took his deer, 14,000 hunters took 5,000 deer in Kentucky.

By the time the 1986 season had rolled around, the deer population in Kentucky was estimated to be 206,557. Permits numbering 175,000 were issued and 39,520 were taken. Deer populations have continued to grow in the years following the above cited years. As of December 1, 2012, with total take numbers for the 2012 season as yet incomplete, the Courier Journal reported that the Department's coordinator had estimated that the total season kill would top the record of 124,752 set in 2004. The top five producing counties through the 2012 modern gun season were Owen Pendleton, Crittenden, Graves and Christian.

As has been the case with white-tail deer, the Kentucky wild turkey population has, through the labor of the Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources, made an extraordinary resurrection. In 1946, Kentucky's only known population of wild turkey lived in the area now named the Land Between the Lakes. That year, Department employees began trapping turkey from the area and stocking in seven refuges across the state. In the years following, turkeys for stocking were obtained in trades with other states. Wild turkey restoration received greater emphasis beginning in 1978. The work of the Department has been eminently successful. Now turkey hunting produces large numbers of birds taken in spring and fall seasons and has



Turkey Restoration

become one of the more popular hunting sports in this state. No doubt Daniel Boone would be impressed if he could drive down the highways and back roads of the Bluegrass State and observe flocks of turkey foraging for insects and seeds in adjoining fields and along timber edges.

Perhaps one of the most impressive achievements in Kentucky has been the elk restoration project. Elk are native to the state and existed in large numbers when white men ventured west over the Appalachian chain. By the early nineteenth century, like the American bison, they were only a memory in Kentucky. Now there is an annual season for elk, both bull and cow, using the lottery system. These large animals have flourished on reclaimed strip mine land. The restoration project for elk has been called a "home run" for the Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources. The state now has the largest elk population east of Colorado and Kentucky produces big healthy animals with massive antlers.

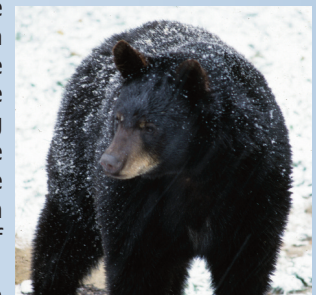
Non-game species have been restored through programs undertaken by the Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources. Examples are an osprey restoration project begun in 1982 and an otter restoration effort in 1991. The unexpected sighting of an osprey or otter provides a thrill to the observers. Such events are perquisites on hunting, fishing or hiking trips in



Otter Restoration

Kentucky. Black bear are coming back to Kentucky too. A member of the Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources recently remarked that within the next few years, he fully expected black bear to be sighted in Fayette County as a result of young male bears making their way downstream along the Kentucky River. A conservation biology professor at the University of Kentucky while discussing the elk restoration project stated, "Take the elk, take the black bear, take the peregrine falcon. . . instead of losing biological diversity, which is the pattern around the world, we're seeing it coming back: that's an excellent sign for the future of wildlife and natural resources."

The mileage of waterways in Kentucky is one of the longest in the United States. Access by the public is, however, limited. There are few natural lakes in Kentucky probably because the great glaciers did not push significantly further south than the river we now know as the Ohio. Over the past sixty years, outdoor people in Kentucky have become the beneficiaries of many new lakes on which to hunt fish and engage in boating and other water sports. Game, fish and non-game species have benefited too. Birds and fish which were seldom or never seen or caught in Kentucky waters now frequent the new reservoirs.



Return of Black Bear

The vast productive impoundment we know as Kentucky Lake was completed in the early years of World War II. On its waters, the bird watcher may frequently observe bald eagles, myriads of gulls, terns and shorebirds, ducks, Canada geese and even white pelicans. More likely than not, these birds would not be indigenous to the Purchase Area of Kentucky but for the

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Continued from page 9

Fruit of the Vine. . .

largesse of this magnificent lake.

In 1951, Lake Cumberland was completed. By 1954, twenty-one smaller public lakes had been created around the state. In 1959, Rough River Lake was impounded. Nolin and Barren Lakes had become realities by 1963. Barkley Lake was impounded in 1966. Cave Run Lake, a Mecca for musky fishermen, was completed in 1973. Other large lakes have been impounded too.

All of the above illustrates that the Kentucky outdoors panorama has undergone a life sustaining transformation since the Duck Hunter's fishing trip on the Ohio River in 1956. The significant element is that the transformation didn't occur naturally. It came about because of the action of the hands of men working to conserve and restore. Without this labor, and left alone, the landscape of Kentucky could have become a sterile, dead environment with few or no game and non-game species and fish, a toxic desolate collection of real estate parcels. The Book of Genesis teaches that man shall have dominion over animals. That dominion has been exercised in Kentucky over wildlife by nurturing it for the last half century in great part directly by the Department

of Fish and Wildlife Resources and other agencies and indirectly by the money and labor of hunters and fishermen. May it always be so.

¹Thanks are extended to Kentucky Afield editor, Dave Baker, for providing some of the information used to describe the restoration work of the Division of Game and Fish (name changed in 1952 to Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources) in the years following World War II.

NOTE: Appreciation is also expressed to the KDFWR Archives for permission to use the photos included herewith.



Game Check

Continued from page 7

Don't Feed The Bears

and hoping for Mark, Eddie, Angie, and the last of B.J.'s hunters who had not yet killed an elk. By nightfall, I was a mess pacing the main cabin floor waiting on the hunters. There had been a nasty storm and they'd not returned by nightfall. I couldn't take it anymore and went out after Mark. By the time I made it to the boundary of the ranch, I ran into Mark, who had no luck. Upon arriving back at camp, I learned that only B.J.'s hunter had even seen an elk that day.

Everyone agreed it had been a great five days and with four of eight hunters killing elk on public land with archery tackle

(three cows and one bull), we all felt pretty good about it; especially, since only one of us had actually fed the bears. The next morning, as we packed, we considered returning for the second week of elk season next year which is the first week of bear season. Potentially, with a bear tag and maybe even a mule deer tag in hand, it might be worth waiting. Why not? Seemed like we had plenty of bears and mule deer walk by us during our elk hunt! Twenty-five hours of driving later, we still had not made up our minds about when, but we have already booked our fifth consecutive year hunting with Jim and Linda.

ATTENTION MEMBERS

2013 SCI Prairie Dog Safari to Syracuse, Kansas

3 Days of Prairie Dog Shooting with Rebel Ridge Outfitters

See their website: rebelridgeoutfitters@yahoo.com

- The Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI is coordinating a "Prairie Dog Safari" with Rebel Ridge Outfitters June 9-13, 2013.
- Teach gun safety & long range marksmanship to youth & beginning shooters.
- We are limited to twenty people, so please reserve early.
- Contact Michael Maddox 502-235-0924 or mmaddox13@me.com for reservations.



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Chapter Liaison, Sherry Maddox
explorer111749@aol.com



Habitat Improvement Checklist

By KDFWR

Comments by Sam Monarch

John Adams, our second president said, "Facts are stubborn things; and whatever may be our wishes, our inclinations, or the dictates of our passions, they cannot alter the state of facts." It is a "stubborn fact" that an abundance of small game and/or trophy whitetails do not just appear when hunting season rolls around. Wildlife is the product of planning, work, and, yes, some expense. If you have carefully studied the "Habitat Improvement Checklist" which appears in this and prior issues of the Kentuckiana Hunter, you have noticed that the central theme is that to have wildlife, one must provide food, water, and cover every day of the year.

This year, let's focus on killing fescue which, thanks to modern herbicides, can be done without great expense, and further focus on leaving cover until after the nesting and rearing seasons. That "unsightly" patch of weeds you would like to mow may be home to a nesting turkey or a litter of rabbits or a clutch of quail or an emergency hiding place for a fawn.

Let's kill fescue NOW and POSTPONE mowing (bush-hogging) as long as possible, even to next year.

HABITAT IMPROVEMENT CHECKLIST BY KDFWR

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 - 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

Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI Schedule of Upcoming Events for 2013

February 23, 2013 - Kentuckiana SCI Chapter Fundraising Banquet

- Holiday Inn Hurstbourne, Louisville, Kentucky
- Dinner, Live & Silent Auctions, Raffles, See Great Trophy Mounts, Youth Friendly, Western Theme, Wear Your Cowboy Boots & Hat - Prizes for Best Cowboy/Cowgirl
- Make your reservations now - Call Sherry Maddox at 502-253-9679

May 11, 2013 - Kentuckiana SCI Practice and/or Learn to Shoot Day

- Indian Creek Shooting Center, Georgetown, Indiana - Skeet - Trap - Sporting Clays Instruction Available - Beginners to Masters - Bring Your Spouse/Friend/Youth
- Chapter Championships Declared - 50 Skeet & 50 Trap & 50 Sporting Clays
- For reservations - Call Bill Hook - 502-814-5710

June 8, 2013 - Kentuckiana SCI Safari Warm Up & Cookout

- Sam Monarch Farm, Breckinridge County, Kentucky
- Before going on that African Safari, Prairie Dog Safari, or Whitetail Hunt Zero in your rifles - Test your new loads - Polish your techniques
- For reservations - Call Sam Monarch 270-756-5748

June 9-13, 2013 - Kentuckiana SCI Prairie Dog Safari to Kansas/Colorado

- 3 Day Prairie Dog Hunt with Rebel Ridge Outfitters in Syracuse, Kansas
- See rebelridgeoutfitters@yahoo.com for information about the hunt
- For details and/or reservations - Call Mike Maddox - at 502-253-0924

July 13, 2013 - Kentuckiana SCI Day in the Country & Picnic

- Sam Monarch Farm, Breckinridge County, Kentucky
- Rifle Practice (.22 Rifles & Instruction Available for Youth & Beginners) - Fishing - Archery (Equipment & Instruction Available) - Hiking Trails - Yard Games - Picnic
- For reservations - Call Sam Monarch 270-756-5748

August 3 & 4, 2013 - Kentuckiana SCI Youth/Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend

- White Oak Elk Ranch, Henryville, Indiana
- 2 Days of Hunter Safety & Conservation Education Training - Obtain Orange Cards
- For reservations - Call Sherry Maddox at 502-253-9679

Thank You Letter to the Chapter

From Lynnette Allen

Breckinridge County Extension Agent for 4-H Youth Development
University of Kentucky Cooperative Extension Services

Dear Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI,

I am writing to express my sincere appreciation for your sponsorship to the American Wilderness Leadership School (AWLS) in Jackson, Wyoming this past August. As a parent, 4-H Youth Development Agent and Kentuckian, I have become inspired to experience and share the great outdoors with my family, my 4-H youth and my community. Through the AWLS, my knowledge, awareness and appreciation for wildlife conservation has grown tremendously. I feel like I have a better understanding of how our existence is greatly entwined with the ecosystem and how "what affects one, affects all."

The expectation of AWLS is for participants to be "thinkers". Upon receiving the knowledge and tools, it is the expectation for each participant to return to their community and help others understand conservation and the positive role of hunting. The program focuses on the following main ideas: Basic Laws of Ecology; Everything Is Connected to Everything; Conservation and Wildlife Management in North America; and The Impact of Hunters and Fisherman.

The School is an 8-day workshop that qualifies for 80 hours of continuing education units or for college credit. Specific topics taught include the North American Model of Wildlife Conservation and ecology, stream ecology, outdoor survival, NASP certification, Project Wild, firearm safety, fly tying, and Yellowstone ecosystem. Field trips included visits with the Bureau of Land Management and Wyoming Game and Fish Biologist to gain a better understanding of the government agencies and how they strive to balance wildlife and government politics. An example of this was an observation drive through the Mesa to evaluate the impact of gas wells on the wintering grounds for mule deer and the mating grounds for sage grouse. A full day of target shooting was provided to give each participant the opportunity to demonstrate safe handling of shooting equipment and to compete in a fun and friendly competition. The School was delivered by highly acclaimed professionals in various learning styles through indoor and outdoor classroom lecture, hands-on learning activities and inspiring presentations. The back drop for the School was the breath-taking Wyoming landscape that inspires all to explore the great outdoors.

With having the opportunity to participate with the AWLS, I have a renewed interest to continue and increase natural resource programming with my local 4-H clubs and youth. Our 4-H leadership will continue to provide hunter education certification classes and to promote safe and ethical hunting through the Youth Hunter Education Challenge and Shooting Sports Club. New to the 2012-2013 school year, we are incorporating a conservation lesson with all 4th and 5th graders in Breckinridge County and our Teen Leadership Academy participants are planning a natural resources day camp that will teach conservation through wildlife id, leather crafts, tree identification and related activities.

The AWLS is an inspirational program that I would recommend to any educator that has the opportunity and desire to share the outdoors with young people. The School equips the educator with skills, knowledge and resources to motivate and teach young people about the need for conservation in their community and in North America. While the School takes place in Wyoming, participants are able to translate the subject matter to their own state through group discussion and state specific data that is presented.

In closing, I must once again thank you for this wonderful opportunity that the Kentuckiana Chapter of Safari Club International provided for me this summer. It was a learning experience that I am proud and honored to say that I have been able to complete. As a conclusion to this letter, I would like to share words from Theodore Roosevelt, "Conservation means development as much as it does protection. I recognize the right and duty of this generation to develop and use the natural resources of our land; but I do not recognize the right to waste them, or to rob, by wasteful use, the generations that come after us." This statement gives me a clarified and teachable definition of conservation that I hope to share with many.

