

# KENTUCKIANA HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

SECOND QUARTER 2012



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Visit Our Web Site: [www.kentuckianasci.org](http://www.kentuckianasci.org)

# President's Message

By Mike Maddox

My term as Chapter President ends in June. When I think back on my term, I feel privileged to be associated with some very smart, creative, and dedicated people. Our members, contributors, officers and Board of Directors keep this organization growing, introducing youth and adults to the shooting and hunting world and the outdoors.

Our Youth Apprentice Hunter Program has introduced and educated over five hundred youth and adults in the seven years we have held the event. If you think about the Chinese Proverb, "Give a man a fish and you feed him for a day. Teach a man to fish and you feed him for a lifetime," our efforts have created a new pool of teachers to carry on the sport and share our love for the outdoors.

I would like to appeal to our members and acquaintances to encourage new people to join our organization. Kentuckiana SCI continues to partner with like in kind organizations. As I write this article, a group of our members are heading to the Rough River area to assist in a youth turkey hunt with the Twin Lakes NWT Chapter. They will have over 30 youth in the field trying to convince a gobbler to come into shooting range for that spring trophy. Our Chapter co-sponsored this event by providing funds and guides as we believe these types of events provide so much training and practical experience for our youth and give our member volunteers the chance to mentor our youth.

Last fall, QDMA (Quality Deer Management Association) invited a number of our Kentuckiana SCI members to mentor youth for a deer hunt around Otter Creek. All the youth were sons or daughters of service men and women from Fort Knox and Fort Campbell. We lodged and ate at Camp Piamingo. The group had secured farms around the area that we could hunt. I guided a young man named Chase who had just taken a doe the previous weekend with a cross bow. Chase was ten and was proud of having taken his first deer with a crossbow. Chase's dad did not hunt but his uncle was a big hunter and loved to take Chase with him on his hunting trips.

Chase, his uncle and I had set up ground blinds on a farm just outside of Vine Grove in preparation for the Saturday morning hunt. Early Saturday morning, we all settled into the blind to watch the night turn into morning. Soon after we settled into our seats, we heard a huge cough from a deer which had busted us probably watching our every movement getting to the blind. Chase's uncle said, "That's not the sound we want to hear," knowing that deer had just alerted every deer in the woods.

When that happens, there is nothing you can do but stay still and let the woods settle down.

As the morning got brighter Chase and his uncle dozed off and as I was scanning my field of view from my window, I caught sight of movement uphill from us. Fortunately, a breeze was blowing directly to the blind from where the deer was standing. I had practiced with Chase when we first got in the blind to see if he could position himself for a shot.

I reached over and laid my hand on his arm not to startle him from his sleep and said there was a deer out front. He quickly opened his eyes and slid over on my knee to get in position for the shot. Chase had brought his own .243 caliber single shot rifle with a scope. Chase's uncle had also awakened and was excited as we positioned for a shot. A spike buck with a good size body kept walking toward us and Chase could not get a clean shot. He kept saying, "I don't have a shot."

I answered, "Then don't take it." Finally after what seemed an eternity Chase said, "I have the shot!"

"Take it!" was my reply. The words barely left my mouth and the gun went off. The deer reared up and bolted down hill. It ran thirty yards out of sight and then there was silence. It looked like Chase had hit the deer, but for the split second, we were not sure.

While we were waiting to leave the blind in search of the deer, the deer grew from a spike to possibly a six pointer in Chase's mind. Finally, we said, "Let's go look for the deer!" We went to the spot where the deer had been standing and, sure enough, there was blood everywhere. Chase was like a blood hound with his nose to the ground walking in the direction of the blood.

His uncle and I followed and after a while his uncle and I could see the deer up in front of us at about ten yards. I told Chase to look up and he did just that: he looked straight up in the tree tops, not out front! Finally, we motioned out front and there he was. The moment Chase ran over and touched his deer reminded me of the excitement I had when I took my first buck! That look of excitement and success is exactly why I continue to reach out to young people and attempt to plant the seeds of excitement that will germinate in our youth for years and years.

I hope each person reading this has the opportunity to experience one of these moments. Joining our Kentuckiana SCI organization and participating in these activities will give you the opportunity to do just that.



2011-2012  
Officers and  
Board of Directors

#### Officers

President- Mike Maddox  
Vice President- Tom Hebert  
Secretary- Mary Free-Phelps  
Treasurer- Sherry Maddox

#### Board Members

Sam Monarch      Bob Edwards  
Aline Abell      Bill Hook  
Randy Phelps      Jim Warren  
Past President - Mike Ohlmann

## "AUTHORS" NEEDED

Kentuckiana Hunter needs more "hunting authors"!!!

All articles published in our newsletter are written by fellow Kentuckiana SCI members!  
**Share your hunting experiences with friends and 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](mailto:smonarch@bbtel.com)



# Spotlight On Our Sponsors

## White Oak Elk Ranch



3205 Hebron Church Road  
Henryville, IN. 47126  
Call Rick @502-269-1164

*Trophy Elk, Trophy Fallow Deer & World Class Whitetails*

Plan now to get a jumpstart on the 2012 hunting season! Rick is currently taking reservations and offering some discount prices on an "overstock of bull elk" that need to go! With newly established cover and food plots, early fall hunting can be challenging and a great way to get afield close to home and bring home memories and a freezer full of meat!

**PRIME HUNTING** starts September 1st with elk bugling and in the rut. Whether you are hunting for a **400 inch ELK**, a **30 point 240 class WHITETAIL**, a **trophy FALLOW BUCK** or an **enjoyable day afield** with a friend, son, daughter, or grandchild and an opportunity to take home some quality venison White Oak Elk Ranch has something for you!

White Oak Elk Ranch owners, Kathy & Rick Davis (Charter Member & continuous supporters of Kentuckiana SCI) are hosts of our Kentuckiana SCI Youth & Apprentice Hunter Program.

*\*Photo of elk on cover taken at White Oak Elk Ranch, Henryville, Indiana*



Rick Davis hosts the annual Kentuckiana SCI Youth Apprentice Weekend on White Oak Elk Ranch



## Habitat Calendar Checklist by KDFWR

Comments by Sam Monarch

Let me suggest that small game such as rabbits and quail cannot thrive on a golf course or in our neatly trimmed back yards. The reason is simple. To prosper, wildlife must have access to food, water, and cover every day of the year. Wildlife habitat is not golf course pretty, but habitat can be planned, maintained, and groomed so as to appear cared for as opposed to looking like unappreciated waste land.

A suggestion/recommendation that has improved habitat and, thus, increased wildlife on my farm is do not mow or bushhog (except where absolutely necessary) until mid-late August so as to give the wildlife babies time to mature. Then, leave plenty of unmowed strips and/or food plots to provide food and cover for wildlife. To keep bushes at a minimum, alternate mowing strips each year. The fields are not as "pretty" as they would be if they were completely mowed every few weeks, but the increase in wildlife is worth it!

The Kentucky Department of Fish & Wildlife Resources is a valuable source of expert information and they are glad to advise a landowner. Just call 1-800-858-1549 and ask for a biologist. The Wildlife Habitat Checklist is printed with the permission of the KDF&WR.



Alternating cover strip and food plot strip

### HABITAT IMPROVEMENT CHECKLIST "SPRING & SUMMER"

#### April - May

- \_\_\_ Begin preparation of dove fields.
- \_\_\_ Plant tree and shrub seedlings.
- \_\_\_ Spray herbicide to eradicate fescue.
- \_\_\_ Conduct timber stand improvements & create brush piles.
- \_\_\_ Establish wildlife mineral licks.

#### May - June

- \_\_\_ Plant annual grain food plots & dove fields (do not plant in the same location each year.)
- \_\_\_ Sow warm season grasses and wildflowers.
- \_\_\_ Hinge-cut cedar trees for living brush piles.

#### July - August

- \_\_\_ Create wildlife waterholes when the soil is dry enough.
- \_\_\_ Perform exotic/invasive species removal.
- \_\_\_ Mark trees for timber stand improvement.
- \_\_\_ Plant winter wheat in late August.

# Quest for a Big Eastern Turkey

By Sherry Maddox

A hunter can sometimes set his/her sights on a specific species and that focus turns into a quest or, as in my case, into an obsession. My



obsession was for an Eastern Turkey, not just any turkey, but a big, old, mature "Tom". The last half a dozen spring turkey seasons have found me in the woods trying to fulfill my "quest" without success; but... that is why it is called hunting.

I saw a new opportunity to hunt an Eastern Turkey

when Sam and Alice Monarch donated to the 2011 Chapter Fundraiser a spring turkey hunt for one bird on their farm in Breckinridge County, Kentucky. Being the winning bidder, the excitement set in as I knew there was a high probability that I would bag a super bird. Although we had all the stars in alignment for the 2011 spring hunt and the big, old Tom showed up and strutted back and forth, he would not come in close enough for a shot. I did take a nice Jake; thus, it was a successful hunt.

Knowing I was still determined to get a nice, mature bird, Sam and Alice graciously invited me back for the 2012 spring season. Plans were made and off I went to the Monarch Farm with my husband, Mike, who holds the title of "official turkey caller." After listening to scouting reports from Sam, I was very optimistic that I would successfully add a trophy turkey to my trophy list.

Arriving on Sunday evening, we met Sam and Alice at the farm. As we entered the property, Mike spotted turkey in the first open field we passed. Excitement set in that this could be the season of success! Although we had seen turkey in that first location, deciding where to set up the blind was simple. Mike and I would go where we had seen the big boss gobbler last year and almost had a shot! However, this time, I planned to be on the lucky side of the pond and not set up across the pond watching the boss gobbler strut and gobble.

The plan was to begin the hunt on Monday morning, April 16th. After having listened to the wind blow all night, it was no surprise that at 5:00 A.M., as predicted, the rain started. Deciding to wait a while before going to the blind, I went back to bed hoping the weather would clear. About 8:45 A.M., Mike decided it was time to head for the blind. The wind had died down and the rain had stopped. After a short drive to the farm with our fingers crossed, we loaded in the Gator and headed for the blind.

Still wet from the rain, the field glistened and the stillness in the woods was mesmerizing. Settling in at about 9:15 A.M., the hunt began. Mike used his range finder to determine distances and shared the findings with me to assure I knew how far out I could take a shot.

The good news was that almost immediately after we settled into comfortable positions, we heard a gobbler in the distance. Even better news was Mike had not started calling and we were

already hearing birds. After confirming that I was ready, using his favorite box call, Mike sent out a call. The result was an immediate return gobble! With each call, the gobbler answered, obviously coming in closer and closer from behind the blind.

As with any hunt, I felt that initial level of excitement and something told me this bird was the big one I had been waiting for! Suddenly, we heard a strange commotion and sounds that were not familiar even to a seasoned turkey caller like Mike. It didn't take long to identify the commotion! A big hen had spotted my decoys and was being very vocal about the uninvited competition. Each time she "called", the gobbler answered and moved a little closer. With this perfect caller in front of our blind, Mike told me to just be still and let the hen work her magic.

It seemed like an eternity. The hen fed, called, groomed herself, and waited for the gobbler. We knew the old Tom was close, but with the hen in view, all I could do was sit still and wait. The hen finally turned and headed toward the edge of the tree line. With that, Mike was able to peek out a side window and look for the gobbler. He turned to me and whispered, "He is right there, but you'll have to move your seat." Glancing out to assure that the hen would not bust me, I slowly repositioned my seat. Once I was in place with shotgun in hand and ready to take the safety off, Mike indicated he was going to move the window cover to give me a shot.

This was better than any choreographed scene in any turkey video! I brought up my shotgun and indicated to Mike that I was ready. Slowly, I took the shotgun off safety and, again, indicated that I was ready. When Mike pulled the window cover back, at the edge of the tree line was my gobbler. He was in full strut and eyeing the hen. Without hesitation, I placed the red dot of my scope on the monster turkey's head and pulled the trigger.

The impact knocked him off his feet with wings flopping as Mike and I scrambled to get out of the blind. The last thing I wanted to do was lose that bird! He was just inside the tree line in a ravine. Mike told me to take a second shot – both because we didn't want to prolong the bird's demise and also to assure my bird didn't get away.

When all was still, I stood in place for a minute, letting it sink in that I finally had the trophy I had dreamed of. My quest (turned obsession) for my first "Eastern Gobbler" was fulfilled! Measurements later established that he boasted an 11½ inch beard with spurs nearing 1¼ inches.

After each hunt, I sit back and think about the entire experience. There are so many emotions that run through my head: the preparation and anticipation, the actual time spent in the woods, and the exhilaration that comes with taking a great trophy. This is what it is all about.

I can't begin to thank Sam and Alice Monarch for the opportunity to hunt on their magnificent farm in Breckinridge County, their hospitality while staying in their home, and, most importantly, their friendship. To my husband, I say thank you for spending time in the woods mentoring and calling for me and to God I say thanks for allowing us to experience what HE has created.

We should each cherish everyday of freedom we have to enjoy the outdoors and the ability to contribute to the natural evolution and conservation that we as hunters can contribute.

I am proud to be a hunter.

# Kentuckiana SCI Fundraiser Says "Thank You!"

By Sherry Maddox

Kentuckiana SCI hosted its annual fundraiser banquet and auction on February 25, 2012. This banquet is the Chapter's most significant fundraising event of the year. The Chapter retains 70% of the proceeds from the event which provides funds for our numerous worthwhile programs and projects.

Educating and developing our youth's appreciation for hunting and the shooting sports is important for without them our hunting heritage will be lost. A premier program for which the Chapter provides member volunteers and funding is our annual, 2 day Kentuckiana SCI Youth Hunter Apprentice Program. With proceeds from the fundraiser along with sponsorships, the Chapter will be able to continue to host this event without charging the attendees.

Kentuckiana SCI would like to express our personal appreciation to the following list of sponsors and donors who helped make our 2012 Chapter Fundraiser a success. We sincerely hope that you will support these donors and sponsors in the future.

Madubula Safaris	Tom Hebert	Scott Hilderbrand- Tripple B Ranch
Keeton Custom Knives	Mike Ohlmann	Dick's Sporting Goods
John & Cheri Miller - Yellow Cloud Elk	Global Rescue	Ed Morris - C. M. Plotmasters
Dennis Falon - Six Mile Creek	Arnold Payne - Impala African Safaris	Lotus Gunworks
Rick Davis - White Oak Elk Ranch	Yudofsky Furriers	Winghaven - Russell Edwards
River City Banks - Charles Monarch	Jim Warren	Kimber USA
Holiday Inn Hurstbourne	Ace's Gun Shop - Monty Quinn	Briarwood Sporting Club - Chris Daniels
Wilderness Mint	Free Farms - Mary and Randy Phelps	Silvertine Preserve
Alan Kirschenbaum	Huntinspain - Alfonso Fabres	Auction Solutions
Mike Maddox	Clover Creek Hunting Preserve	ReMax Action First
The Bakers Rack - Ann Baker Leazenby	Fire King Security Group	Jerry Ward and Bev Sherrad

Plans are already in the preliminary stages for the 2013 Chapter Fundraiser Banquet and Auction. But we need your help. Date and location will be finalized soon, so once you receive the information mark your calendar.

\*See centerfold for Fundraiser Banquet photos!



- **June 2nd - Members, Family & Friends Day in the Country** - (archery, fishing, hiking, rifle marksmanship, & picnic dinner) Where: Alice & Sam Monarch's Farm in Breckinridge County, Kentucky. Reservations: Contact Kathy or Mike Ohlmann by May 25th at 502-645-4816 or e-mail Mike at mctxdy@gmail.com.
- **June 18th-20th - Annual Kentuckiana SCI Prairie Dog Safari** - (arrival date is June 17th) A new hunting location on private land promises a great shoot closer to home! Where: Rebel Ridge Outfitters near Syracuse, Kansas 10 miles from the Colorado border. Reservations: Contact Charles Monarch at 270-547-2271 or 270-668-3000 - only a few openings left.
- **June 24th - Special Membership Get-Together Hosted by Col. Mike Hettich** - Join fellow Chapter members and bring a friend to see Mike's grand trophy room and make some new friends. Where: 14423 Old Henry Road, Louisville, Kentucky. RSVP: Kathy or Mike Ohlmann by June 20th at 502-426-5971 or 502-645-4816 or e-mail mctxdy@gmail.com
- **August 4th & 5th - Annual Kentuckiana SCI Youth Hunter & Apprentice Program** - Learn and earn youth hunter safety "orange" card; youth & apprentice participants learn to shoot a rifle, shotgun, and muzzleloader; attend classes on archery and learn to shoot a compound bow and a crossbow; learn about optics, tracking, safety, conservation, and much, much more! No fees! Sponsored by our Chapter! Lunches provided! Where: Kathy & Rick Davis's White Oak Elk Ranch in Henryville, Indiana. To Enroll Youth: Contact Mike Ohlmann at 502-645-4816 or e-mail Mike at mctxdy@gmail.com.
- **Last Saturday Night in February, 2013** Purposed date for the annual Kentuckiana SCI Fundraising Banquet.

## DO WE HAVE YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS?

If you would like to be notified of up-coming events and news, we need your e-mail address!

Send a note to our webmaster below and you will be added to the e-mail distribution list.

**Webmaster Please Include Me!**

**webmaster@kentuckianasci.org**



*Become  
Our Friend  
on Facebook*

2012 Kentuckiana SCL Fundraiser Banquet produced plenty of warm fellowship and great deals!



# Playing Through Pain

By Walt Cato

"This is probably the high point of my life and I just can't appreciate it."

~Bill Beggs: broke, sick and cramming for college finals

~Beaumont, Texas 1959

The toothache began at the annual Christmas party for children. As I sat down to a thick slice of rare prime rib of beef and trimmings, I felt a dull soreness on the right side of my face above my eye tooth. I suspected an abscessed tooth which would require a root canal. I had gone through such an ordeal with another tooth several years previous and a root canal had quickly eliminated the pain and infection. Later in the evening and next day at the office, the constant ache grew worse and could be only slightly relieved by aspirin and the application to the tooth of oil of cloves. A dental appointment for the following Monday left me with the prospect of a weekend of misery, slight fever, pain-caused fatigue and previously-made plans to hunt ducks with my hunting partner, Charlie, on the Ohio River.

The sore tooth did not prevent me from sleeping. In fact, sleep was my only source of relief and Friday night I escaped from the agonizing discomfort into blessed slumber, hoping as I drifted off that when I woke up, by some miracle, the torment would be gone. When the alarm went off at 3:45 A.M. Saturday, the sore tooth still throbbed. I took two aspirin, painted my tooth and gum with oil of cloves and put a third aspirin between cheek and gum as a tropical anesthetic. Then I dressed in my duck hunting clothes and began my pre-hunt routine.

I turned on the TV weather channel and observed that, for mid-December, the temperature was an unseasonably mild 53 degrees; however, northwest winds of 10-25 mph were predicted and a cold front would, the weatherman said, move across our part of Kentucky late that evening. I entertained the hope that new ducks from the north would appear. In my mind's eye, there would be rafts of mallards floating down the river and flights of divers sizzling upstream and down just above the water's surface. Maybe newly arriving ducks would fall

into the decoy stool throughout the day.

After loading and turning on the electric drip coffee maker I heated a can of pork and beans. Prior to becoming president of a large coatings manufacturer, Charlie had served in the navy in World War II and the Korean War and had told me that aboard ship the U.S. Navy had beans available at every meal, so my duck hunting breakfasts invariably included pork and beans. While pork sausage and sliced par-boiled potatoes were simmering in the iron skillet, and after I buttered the toast, I pulled my trailered fourteen foot Grumman semi-vee boat from the garage and attached it to the jeep Cherokee. Working quickly, I deposited my twelve gauge Remington 870, kit bag, hip boots and insulated camo parka in the rear of the vehicle and returned to the kitchen. It was 4:25 and Charlie had said he would arrive at 4:30. When I began frying eggs, I heard Charlie come in the front door, right on time, as usual. Charlie's punctuality always reminded me of another friend who liked to say, "I'm never later than five minutes early," an admirable quality in a duck hunter.

After breakfast, I made sure to place the oil of cloves bottle and aspirin in my shirt pocket. At the exit from I-71, I took two more aspirin, drank a cup of coffee and put another aspirin on the aching tooth. My eyes were feeling the kind of scratchy strain one associates with lack of sleep or pain. The aspirin helped but I would have had no problem closing my bleary eyes and taking a long nap to escape the continuing ache.

We arrived at the deserted launch ramp about an hour before legal shooting time. This meant we had plenty of time to boat downstream four miles in the darkness to Locust Creek where we intended to erect a makeshift blind on the bank near the creek mouth. The blind would be made of a long sheet of leaf-o-flage tied to tree branches and supplemented with brush and driftwood. As we launched the boat, we noticed the river was up about two feet. High water did not bode well for finding a good place to make our set at Locust Creek.

Moving downstream in the blackness with Charlie amidship and me at the tiller, we soon came to the mouth of the Kentucky River which

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## YOU ARE INVITED TO A MEMBERSHIP "DAY IN THE COUNTRY"!!!

All Chapter members and their guests are invited to enjoy a day in the country

**SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 2012**

**SHOOTING, ARCHERY, HIKING, & FISHING COMMENCE AT 12:01 C.D.T. (1:01 PM LOUISVILLE TIME).**

**AN EARLY PICNIC DINNER WILL BE SERVED AT  
APPROXIMATELY 4:00 PM CENTRAL TIME (5:00 PM LOUISVILLE TIME).**

**WHERE: ALICE AND SAM MONARCH'S FARM, 3220 HIGHWAY #105, HARDINSBURG, BRECKINRIDGE COUNTY, KENTUCKY**

(about an hour and a half from downtown Louisville).

Contact Mike Ohlmann for precise and easy directions. (Google and Yahoo Maps take you out of the way.)

The day's activities will include:

1. Fishing for Channel Catfish up to about fifteen (15) pounds. Youth and ladies may catch and release or keep the Catfish they catch. Bring your fishing rod and night crawlers.
2. Rifle Marksmanship, Safety & Responsibility Training. High quality scoped .22 caliber rifles, ammo, & targets will be furnished. Preference given to beginning & apprentice shooters (regardless of age). Expert instruction offered. Learn to shoot or polish up your shooting skills.
3. Archery Instruction & Practice. Learn to shoot a bow or brush up on your archery skills. Bows/arrows/targets and expert instruction available. Archers may choose to use their own bow and equipment (no broadheads).
4. Walking/Hiking Country/Gravel Roads. There are 2 graveled roads that may be walked/hiked on your own at your own pace. One is a gradual uphill road through the woods and the other is a more open, gentler path.

During dinner, the Chapter will call a brief business meeting.

If there is a particular subject of concern to you, please bring that to the attention of Kathy or Mike Ohlmann when you make your reservations.

There is no charge for any activity (shooting, archery, fishing, etc.); however, a \$10 per adult and a \$5 per youth donation to help offset Chapter food costs would be greatly appreciated.

**Reservations: We must have reservations  
as we do not want to run out of food, ammo, or targets.  
Call Kathy or Mike Ohlmann before May 25, 2012.  
Phone: 502-645-4816 or E-mail Mike at mctxdy@gmail.com.**

What about the weather? Shooting pavilion & picnic pavilion are covered & sunshades will be set up.  
Bring a folding chair or two if convenient.

This will be a great day for the whole family to relax, enjoy nature, and get to know fellow SCI members a little better.  
Hope to see you there! Mike Maddox, Chapter President



# Kentuckiana SCI & Twin Lakes Chapter of NWTF Team Up for a Youth Wild Turkey Hunt



By Mary Free-Phelps

The Twin Lakes Chapter of the NWTF held its 5th annual Youth Wild Turkey Bash at Camp Loucon near Leitchfield, Kentucky. The Kentuckiana SCI Chapter was a Gold Sponsor Member contributing \$700.00 toward covering the event expenses. Kentuckiana SCI members who volunteered to help man this event were: Larry Richards, Jim Warren, Mary Phelps, Randy Phelps, Hope Coffey, and Sam Coffey. This year the Twin Lakes Chapter of NWTF with the support of the Kentuckiana SCI hosted 36 participants and 43 guides.

The participants were Jasey Allen, Randi Jo Bahn, Gabe Birch, Brad Blanton, River Blanton, Alex Brooks, Ryan Cannon, Scott Corsey, Matthew Davis, Blake Davis, Kyle Davis, Dakota Dennis, Trent Embry, Colton Haycraft, Danny Holderman, Dyllan Holderman, Miles Huff, Jade Johnson, Logan Mahurin, Colton Mahurin, Alexander Milam, Brian Miller, Harmony Miniard, Dalton Neace, Bethany Neace, Wes Pawley, Mallory Richards, Katie Skaggs, Kyle Stone, Jared Talley, Wyatt Terry, Mason Vanmeter, Colton, Vanmeter, Clayton Young.



36 participants and 43 mentor/guides spent a great day a field

Our volunteer guides were Bob Mercer, Randy Phelps, Daniel Hogan, Joey Blanton Sr., Joey Blanton Jr., Dennis Coates, Freck Cannon, Calvin Gainey, Billy Davis, T J Woods, Aaron Mudd, Aaron Haycraft, Danny Holderman, Seth Beatty, Mary Phelps, Matt Cannon, Darren Decker, Jim Warren, Marilyn Biszmaier, James Kiper, Zack Neace, Nick Stone, Ashley Hines, Eric Skaggs, Ron Hines, Ken Dozer, Lance Johnson, Aaron Vanmeter, Tammy Vanmeter, Aaron Hines, William Akridge, Sam Coffey, JJ Kiper, Josh Honeycutt, Jordon Decker, Jeff King, Buck Hale, Tom Ballinger.

The "Top 5 Winners" in all categories are as follows: TOP 5 SCI SCORE: Austin Hagan 41 12/16 (won free full body mount from Backwoods Taxidermy) Colton VanMeter 41; Chad Gray 41; Kyle Stone 40 4/16; Clayton Young 39. TOP 5 BEARD LENGTH: Austin Hagan 10 7/8"; Colton VanMeter 10 1/2" (won tail fan mount by Custom Wildlife Mounts because Austin won SCI); Chris Stone 10"; Chad Gray 9 7/8"; Brian Miller 9 5/8". TOP 5 WEIGHT: Kyle Stone 26# (won tailfan mount by Custom Wildlife

Mounts); Colton VanMeter 24#; Chris Stone 23#; Scott Corsey 22#; Blake Davis 22#; Austin Hagan 21#; Clayton Young 21#. TOP 5 SPUR LENGTH: Kyle Stone 2 3/16" total length; Chad Gray 2 1/8" (won tailfan mount by Custom Wildlife Mounts because Kyle took weight); Austin Hagan 2"; Colton VanMeter 2"; Clayton Young 2"; Other Successful hunters: Logan Mahurin; Dakota Dennis; Wes Pawley; Kristen Davis; Jade Johnson.

Other winners included the 1<sup>st</sup> Annual Keith Bratcher Memorial Sportsman's Award, sponsored by Twin Lakes Plumbing which was won by Clayton Young and Alex Brooks won the Cricket .22 rifle donated by Mary Phelps for youth participant door prize. A special thank you goes to Flambeau for their donation of turkey decoys for each youth participant.



Calvin Gainey guided Scott Corsey on a successful hunt

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## Playing Through Pain

was disgorging itself swiftly and with large pieces of driftwood into the Ohio. The Kentucky's outflow took hold of my boat and pulled the stern to the right. There was no real danger but I was relieved when the twenty-five horse Evinrude pushed the boat through the swirling current. I moved slowly in the darkness to avoid running the boat keel onto submerged drift logs or hitting underwater drift with the propeller.

I tried not to think about my toothache and reflected about how being on the river in the dark in an outboard boat severely limits one's senses of sight and sound. The boater can't see well and his hearing is overpowered by the drone of the outboard. My sense of smell was unimpaired, though, and I enjoyed the fragrance of the outboard exhaust. To paraphrase Robert Duvall's character in "Apocalypse Now", I love the smell of outboard fuel on a cold morning, it smells like duck hunting. The air on the river in duck season has a clean, pure fragrance too, unlike its summer perfume of mud and dead fish.

After the boat reached water relatively free of drift, I opened the throttle moderately and surveyed the star-studded night sky. I saw a brilliant white meteorite flash down, then two more during the remainder of the boat ride, causing me to wonder whether, when the world was younger, paleo-men, marveled at the sight of shooting stars, perhaps

attaching some kind of primitive religious significance to them. Paleomen must have suffered with abscessed teeth like me, but they would have had no relief in the form of the dentist's healing hands and tools. Maybe, I thought, such afflictions were one of the reasons for their short life expectancies.

At Locust Creek, our concern about high water was realized. Charlie and I could not find a bank which suited us for making a blind or setting decoys. With the river level up, one problem or another made the area unacceptable. The current was too fast for one thing. Water was shallow enough for our decoy anchor line was riddled with logs and driftwood. We found a pocket free of drift and shallow, but there was a sheer, high mud bank with no room on dry land for a blind. In the darkness, Charlie announced, "Walt, there's no place along this bank to place the decoys and hide. Why don't we cross the river and check out the sandbar upstream from the mouth of the Indian-Kentucky River?"

"Good idea. The sandbar is almost directly across from where we are now."

"What are we waiting for?"

I pointed the prow of the boat toward the Indiana bank and we made our way across the one-half mile wide expanse of the river only to discover that the sandbar was under about a foot of water.

Disappointed, Charlie spoke loudly over the sound of the idling

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## Playing Through Pain

motor, "It's almost daylight. Let's set the decoys, shove the boat back in the willows, tie the leaf-o-flage in front of the boat and hunt out of the boat."

Charlie's plan turned out to be a mistake because a stout north-northwest breeze caused the decoys to pitch and look unnatural in the choppy water. Also, the wind whipped through the leaf-o-flage blind, making it flap like a bed sheet on a clothesline. It was no surprise that we had no shooting opportunities during the usually productive hour following legal shooting time, one half hour before sunrise. As daylight gradually materialized, there were only a few high-flying ducks. Charlie spotted a single mallard swimming from mid-river generally in the direction of the mouth of the Indian Kentucky River. He left the blind hoping to flush the mallard within range of the steel 2's in his 1100 automatic, a plan that didn't work. By the time he emerged onto the bank from his stalk, the mallard had disappeared.

While Charlie was away on his solitary hunt, I observed that the stress of the wind on the leaf-o-flage was beginning to tear it. I untied and folded it and placed it in the boat. Then I dragged the boat upstream from the decoy set about fifty yards to a place where it could be better hidden among the willows, anchoring it on the upwind side of the stern and tying the bow line to a tree. My tooth seemed to be hurting more and I felt like my body was operating about half speed. Activity took my mind off the misery, but pulling the boat made me very tired. I thought of Jim Linnville's comment as he and I were freezing in a duck blind on a previous hunt, "Our wives don't know what we go through to put meat on the table."

I applied another aspirin to my tooth, waded out of the river and climbed to the crown of the Indiana bank, about ten feet above river level. Walking along the top of the bank back to the decoy stool would eliminate the necessity of wading through mud and willow tangles, an alternative that appealed to me in my energy-sapped condition. My

forehead and the back of my neck were sweating and the right side of my face was hurting and felt like a swollen lump attached to my head.

On top of the bank, I discovered that the ground over the route of my return was flat and grown up in waist high weeds, now dead, with a small patch of standing corn to the right. Surveying the cover, I was taken back forty years to my teens when, as a rabbit hunter along the Illinois Central Railroad right of way and adjacent fields, I would have been excited about the prospect of hunting such good looking cover. I thought that it would be unlikely for rabbits to be out of their brush piles and forms in the gusty wind. To my surprise, almost as if I had by my thoughts willed its presence, a rabbit burst from its form to my right and began bounding away, zigzagging through cover and angling to his left. I mounted the pump gun, led the rabbit, fired and was elated to see him pile up. It occurred to me that there is something serendipitous about bagging a rabbit on a duck hunt. It has always been curiously satisfying to add unexpected variety to the game bag. I had obtained mixed bags in diverse ways, having shot bullfrogs from a pond while dove hunting, bagged riverbank foraging fox squirrels while duck hunting, and prior to non-toxic shot being required for waterfowl, shot mallards while quail hunting. Enjoying the moment, not thinking about my tooth, I gutted the rabbit with my pocket knife, tied a piece of staging to his hind legs and, back at the decoy set, proudly showed him to Charlie.

"What do you think about this Mr. President?"

"Well, it's not a duck, but, on the other hand, we have escaped being skunked." I hung the rabbit on the inside port gunwale of the boat.

The wind-pitched decoys straining at their anchors and the absence of ducks brought about a council of war. We concluded that we needed to find sheltered water. After considering alternatives, we decide to move our operation to the lee side of an island forty-three miles downriver.

Charlie's assessment of the decision was, "We may kill some ducks and we'll be in our home county."

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## **ATTENTION ALL KYSCI MEMBERS AND FRIENDS SAVE THIS DATE: JUNE 24TH**

*YOU ARE INVITED TO A SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP GET-TOGETHER  
HOSTED BY COL. MIKE HETTICH.*

*FROM 4:30 TO 6:30 PM*

*ADDRESS: 14423 OLD HENRY ROAD*

*"COME OUT AND SEE MIKE'S GRAND TROPHY ROOM  
AND MAKE SOME NEW FRIENDS"*

*HORS D'OEUVRES, BEER, WINE AND  
SOFT DRINKS WILL BE SERVED*

*THIS IS A CASUAL ATTIRE SOCIAL EVENT  
SPONSORED BY KYSCI'S MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE*

*WE REQUEST THAT EACH OF YOU SEARCH OUT A SPECIAL FRIEND,  
RELATIVE OR COUPLE THAT YOU FEEL SHOULD BE A MEMBER OF  
OUR CHAPTER AND BRING THEM ALONG.*

*PLEASE RSVP TO: KATHY OR MIKE OHLMANN BY JUNE 20  
502-426-5971 / E-MAIL [MCTXDY@GMAIL.COM](mailto:MCTXDY@GMAIL.COM)*

## Playing Through Pain

We picked up the 27 mallard floaters and five Canada goose floaters, bagged them in the boat, cased our guns, stowed our kit bags and other gear and motored upstream to the ramp. The trip back was quick and easy because the strong wind was at our backs and we were moving with the waves.

But for my toothache, it was a real pleasure to begin the drive toward our intended launch site on the Kentucky side of the river. After having been buffeted by the wind since before daylight, I enjoyed the warm and comforting draft from the Jeep's heater. My Jeep had its shortcomings, but it did have a very efficient heater. As I luxuriated in its warmth, it occurred to me that when I was a teenager, I had little interest in my car's heater but was absorbed by how quickly my '56 Ford V-8 could accelerate through its three gears when the traffic signals turned green and the mellow rumble of its dual Belond steel pack mufflers was music to my ears. Now I was driving at a maximum speed of 50 mph in a vehicle with a four cylinder engine, unconcerned about its speed limitations and keenly aware of its fine heater: an indication of old age, I thought.

From a brown paper bag, Charlie extracted ham sandwiches on rye, apples, and homemade Christmas cookies which his wife had not only prepared but also made sure Charlie didn't forget when he left home to drive to my house. We ate while driving. I was hungry and the food tasted so good that for a few minutes I almost forgot about my toothache. I discovered that I had to be careful to bite into my apple with my left eye tooth only. If I bit down on my right tooth, I experienced intense pain that was worse than the continuous dull ache I was suffering. When I finished eating, I washed down two aspirin with a cup of thermos coffee and, testing my manual dexterity to its limit, while maintaining control of the steering wheel, I painted my tooth and gum with the end of a frayed match stick which I had dipped in oil of cloves.

The wind kept blowing strongly as we drove toward the launch ramp. Occasionally, the Jeep was rocked by unusually strong gusts. When, early in the afternoon, we put the boat in at the ramp on a creek and emerged into the open river, there were deep wind-driven swells, moving upstream, the direction we wanted to proceed.

Our destination was a sandbar on the island. The sandbar was known to local duck hunters as Black's Beach. The island is about 1 ½ miles long and lies in a north-south direction in the Ohio River. It is tree covered, primarily with cottonwood, sycamore, wild cherry, hackberry, and mulberry and with a jungle-like understory of river bank grape, giant ragweed, ironweed, and many other species of smaller weeds and vines. When I visit the island each summer to fish or glean driftwood for my duck blind, I am invariably amazed at the variety of plant life on the island. Exotic species grow there too. For several years, a giant hibiscus grew on a little peninsula at the head of the island. It was a perennial species with pie-plate size red blooms. How its seeds sprouted there was a mystery. High water one spring washed away the peninsula and the hibiscus plant became a pleasant memory. On a September morning while running a trotline at the head of the island, I noticed a volunteer tomato vine growing from a crack in the rusty steel hull of a wrecked partially sunken barge. The vine had produced numerous plum-sized red tomatoes. After tasting one and discovering that it was delicious, my fishing partner picked a handful and took them home to eat.

The island is uninhabited and there are no improvements on it. Projectile points of chert and ground stone artifacts occasionally found by visitors suggest intensive use of the island by humans in pre-history. I like to imagine that Daniel Boone may have paddled to the island in an elm bark canoe and camped there, making a small fire with dry hardwood to avoid smoke and keeping a weather eye peeled for Shawnee warriors while he roasted a buffalo tongue for supper.

Black's Beach is on the east side of the island, facing the Kentucky bank and is protected from the northwest wind by the bulk of the island. While Charlie and I beached the boat, the water adjacent to the beach was calm and slick and in great contrast to the rolling swells farther out in the river. The sky was clear and blue except for some fluffy cumulus clouds. Although we saw none of the usual birds on the river, gulls,

kingfishers, and great blue herons, the quiet water off the beach appeared to be the kind of place ducks would come to as an alternative to being tossed about by the green waves further out in the river.

At the bank on Black's Beach, Charlie suggested, "I'll rig the leaf-o-flage. You set the decoys. They're your birds and you know how you want to set them." Charlie and I go through this routine almost every time we go duck hunting. I set the decoys after which Charlie appraises the stool and announces "Wait, close ducks are scared ducky."

"Mr. President, are you suggesting that my decoys are set too close together?"

"Well, they could be spread out a bit more."

Charlie and I rearranged a few of the decoys so that Charlie could satisfy himself that they looked to be a group of contented mallards rather than a tightly bunched, uneasy group of birds on the verge of decamping.

It was enjoyable for me, in spite of my sore tooth, to set decoys there in the calm water of the lee bank with the sandy, firm bottom making it easy to wade. I watched each bird swing around when its mushroom anchor caught on the bottom.

After I moved and hid the boat, climbed up the bank and loaded my shotgun, I noticed an 8 x 10 sheet of plywood about five yards to the left of the leaf-o-flage. The plywood lay flat behind a large, spicy-smelling annual wormwood bush, the plant's common name being Sweet Annie. I decided to sit on the plywood and use the Sweet Annie bush as my blind. I sat down, laid my shotgun down at my right side, muzzle to the river and went through the oil of cloves and three aspirin routine again. My eyes were gritty and tired. The lunch, the long day and tooth ache fatigue combined to make me drowsy. I remarked to Charlie, "I think I'll rest my eyes for a few minutes."

"Go ahead," was the response, "I'll keep the first watch." I leaned back and lay supine, the brim of my Jones cap shading my eyes from the welcome sun. In a short time, I was asleep.

I don't know how long I slept. It could have been ten minutes or an hour. It was one of those extraordinary naps in which sleep is deep and peaceful and there are no dreams and at the moment you awaken, you have no idea where you are. When I got my bearings, I rolled my head to the right and look at Charlie, discovering that he was sound asleep, seated, with head drooped behind the leaf-o-flage, probably dreaming, I speculated, about a large flight of mallards falling into our blocks.

I closed my eyes and went back to sleep. When I came to a few minutes later, I noticed that Charlie was still asleep. Slowly, I hoisted myself up on my right elbow to look at the decoy stool. To my great surprise there were five black ducks afloat on the outside edge of the decoy stool. They must have seen my movement as I sat up to survey the decoys because they began swimming out. I took hold of the 870 as the birds flushed, lined up on a climbing black duck, pulled the trigger and saw him plummet to the water and float belly up, a clean kill. It was the kind of shot, taken from a sitting position that a duck hunter makes in his day dreams. Charlie came alive at the sound of the gunshot.

"Why didn't you wake me up?"

"Doggone it, Mr. President, I woke up myself as the birds were swimming out. There wasn't time to wake you. I shot the only bird still in range." Blacks are my favorite ducks. They are few in numbers on our section of the river and they are wary, handsome, and delicious to eat. I retrieved the black with the boat, stroked his plumage, tied staging to his feet and hung him on the gunwale next to the rabbit.

As shadows lengthened, we saw some high ducks but had no more shooting. When we began picking up the decoys, I thought about this special, bittersweet hunt. Waterfowl shooting opportunities had been nil save for the surprise appearance of the black ducks. Charlie, fine hunter and a great shot, who usually bagged more ducks than me, had, unfortunately, not pulled a trigger. My sore tooth had made the day an ordeal. Nevertheless, on the way back to the creek, crashing through swells and taking spray over the starboard gunwale, I concluded that at some future time when my toothache was gone, I would look back on this remarkable day with pleasure. Holding the tiller with my left hand, I extracted the aspirin bottle with my right hand and shook out three more tablets.

# Kentuckiana Hunter Newsletter Receives International Attention

By Sherry Maddox

*Kentuckiana Hunter*, the Chapter's newsletter, was recently honored with a First Place 2011 SCI Publication Award. On behalf of our Chapter, Chapter Member Sam Monarch accepted the award from Steve Comus, Director of Publications, during the 2012 Safari Club International Hunters Convention in Las Vegas, Nevada. This is the 7<sup>th</sup> First Place Publication Award our Chapter has been awarded in the last 8 years.

Although technology continues to evolve and the ability to publish information on the web is widely used, our Chapter recognizes and supports continued publication on paper in addition to our website. The *Kentuckiana Hunter* has published numerous hunting and fishing stories along with a variety of hunter's rights, education and conservation related articles on the local, state, and federal levels, other hunting informational topics of interest, upcoming events and, recently, a "Conservation Corner".

What you may not realize is the significance of the SCI Publication Award. When Chapter publications are submitted to the International Publication Committee for consideration, a set of criteria is used to rate the submission. Criteria for the 2011 Chapter Publication Award included:

- Frequency of submission. (There must be a minimum of 4 annually).
- Announcements/promotion of Chapter functions.
- Hunter's rights, education and conservation related articles.
- Articles/photos promoting member camaraderie.
- Creativity. (recipes, cartoons, graphics, etc.)
- Hunting reports, equipment updates, medical alerts/advice, travel information.
- Youth membership promotions.
- Legislative updates.
- Overall appearance, i.e., professionalism, quality, photo presentation/appeal.



Sam Monarch accepts Publication Award from SCI's Director of Publications, Steve Comus, at Safari Club International Hunters Convention in Las Vegas



Chapter President Mike Maddox presents Pam Noble with Special Recognition Plaque

I would be amiss if I did not mention the members behind the scenes who spend countless hours gathering information, reviewing and editing, and submitting articles and other information to our printer. When the *Kentuckiana Hunter* newsletter was first published and for the next several years, Bill Hook served as Editor. Bill was followed by Jim Gladden who served as Editor for many years thereafter. Beginning in 2011, Sam Monarch, who had been assisting Jim, assumed the role of Editor after Jim.

For many years, Pam Noble of J&C Printing has worked diligently with all of our Editors and she adds her magic touch to the text and pictures in creating the layout and final award winning product. At the 2012 Chapter Fundraiser Banquet, Pam of J & C Printing was recognized for her outstanding work on the newsletter. Pam and her husband, Paul, attended the banquet where President Mike Maddox presented her with a plaque that is proudly displayed at their business.

Remember, *Kentuckiana Hunter* is for all Chapter members. If you have been on a hunting trip or a recent outdoors adventure, put your experience on paper. Don't be shy with the composition, Sam and his wife, Alice, will be happy to edit for you. They can be contacted at [smonarch@bbtel.com](mailto:smonarch@bbtel.com) or 270-756-5748.

## Kimber Pistol Raffle Charles Mattingly Is Lucky Winner

Charles Mattingly, an attorney in Hardinsburg, Breckinridge County, Kentucky, was all smiles as he accepted his new Kimber Ultra Crimson Carry, II pistol from Chapter Member Sam Monarch.

Charlie declared, "I have been buying raffle tickets all my life and this is the first time I have ever won, and it feels great!" Charlie went on to say that he really liked pistols and had always wanted a Kimber stating, "They are the best!"

Charlie was familiar with the Kentuckiana Safari Club through our Chapter's support of the Breckinridge County 4-H Shooting Sports Program. He expressed his appreciation to our Chapter for our support of the local young hunters and huntresses.

The Kimber pistol raffle, which was held in conjunction with the 2012 Kentuckiana SCI Fundraiser Banquet, netted our Chapter approximately \$1,500.00 which will be used to further our conservation education and youth outdoor sports programs.



On behalf of the Chapter, Sam Monarch presented Charles Mattingly with his new Kimber Ultra Crimson Carry II pistol