

KENTUCKIANA



HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

FOURTH QUARTER 2016



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Visit Our Web Site: www.kentuckianasci.org

President's Message

By Mike Maddox, Chapter President

Email: mmaddox@me.com Phone: 502-235-0924



I want to thank each of you for electing me President of our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter for 2016-17. I also want to personally thank Larry Richards for doing such a great job as Chapter President during the past two years.

Since the first of June, our Chapter has been active with several great programs. On June 18th, the Chapter was a sponsor of the "Annie Oakley Day" at **Fern Creek Sportsman's Club** with about 45 ladies attending a day of shooting and learning new skills with a variety of firearms.

On July 16th, Sam and Alice Monarch invited the Chapter membership, their families and friends to their farm for our annual summer "KYSCI Day in the Country Picnic". The weather was perfect and the fish were biting! More than 80 picnickers enjoyed the food and all the activities. The day turned out perfect! Thanks again to Sam and Alice.

On August 6th, we held our annual "Youth and Apprentice Hunter Education Program" at **Fern Creek Sportsman's Club**. This was the first year we held the event at this venue and it was perfect. The folks at the **Fern Creek Sportsman's Club** were so helpful and the logistics for all the stations provided maximum space for success for both educational and actual hands-on interaction. In addition to all the shooting disciplines, tree-stand safety and tracking and blood trailing were also a big success, as was lunch as everyone loved the burgers, baked beans, chips and more.

Unlike in past years, with the "Youth and Apprentice" event being moved from Indiana to Kentucky, the **Kentucky Depart-**

ment of Fish and Wildlife provided the classroom portion of the "Hunter Orange Card" online. Each attendee who wanted to earn his/her Orange Card had to complete the online portion prior to arriving for the day's program. A certificate printed from the website provided documentation that the online training had been completed.

Our "Youth and Apprentice" event also qualified as an official "Range Day"; so, persons (who only needed the range training) who successfully completed all of our shooting stations were issued their Orange Cards. Our program is structured with much more hands-on training than a normal Range Day event which gave the youth a much broader experience and more exposure to shooting a larger variety of firearms. By having the Orange Card class online, we were able to complete the Range Day for the 45 youth attendees in one day.

We have had a full summer of activities and look forward to a busy hunting season. As a Chapter, we are looking to sponsor more "Archery in the School Programs" and sending another educator to the "AWLS" (American Wilderness Leadership School) program at the Granite Ranch in Jackson Hole, Wyoming. If you know of a deserving school or educator, please let me know.

We are starting to work on our annual KYSCI Fundraising Banquet that will be held on Saturday, February 11, 2017 at the **Audubon Country Club** in Louisville. Please mark your calendar for this event. Your Chapter Fundraising Banquet event is not just for our Board to coordinate. I am asking each of you as members to reach out to me, and I will connect you with one of our banquet committee team leaders.

Our membership has grown this year! If you know people who support our mission, enjoy the outdoors and their freedom to hunt and fish, talk to them about SCI and our Chapter and invite them to join us. All the information for events and becoming a member is on our Chapter website, www.kentuckiansci.org.

I look forward to being your Chapter President this year. I am always available if you have a question or just want to talk about hunting.



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About The Cover

"Wild Pigs", aka "Feral Hogs", are domestic animals that have escaped from farms and/or have been released and are living in the wild and/or are descendants from such animals. These animals pose a rapidly increasing problem for indigenous wildlife (such as deer and turkey) and the habitat. These unwelcome invaders do billions of dollars of damage to agricultural crops each year as well as damage to yards, parks, and forests. It is estimated that there are now 6,000,000 such animals found in 38 states including Kentucky (and as close as Louisville's "Jefferson Memorial Forest"). The cover photo was not taken in Kentucky; however, it depicts the population explosion and rooting/erosion problem our state now faces. See "Wild Pigs: How Kentucky Hunters Can Help" in the **Conservation Corner** of this issue.

Kentuckiana SCI Participates In "Bell - Pay It Forward" SCI Blue Bag Program

By Alice Monarch

When Grandsons Tom and Clay visited the Karoo Region of South Africa with us in 2009, we took two SCI Blue Bags to the native children whose parents live and work on the Theron Family Farm. The Therons graciously hosted a party for the children and Tom and Clay gave the 33 native children their gifts. The children's faces were priceless!

When we returned a couple of years later, we took two more SCI Blue Bags and shared gifts between the farm children and the local Merriman Elementary School children. This spring, Sam and I again returned to the Karoo and, along with our Kentuckiana Chapter, co-sponsored another Blue Bag for the native children. Many of the children from our previous visits had moved away but a few were now grown and lived and worked on the farm and remembered Tom, Clay, Sam and me. One young lady greeted us with her child.

A new dimension was added to this year's SCI Blue Bag with the sponsorship of the Amy Bell Family "Pay It Forward" SCI Blue Bag. After the sudden death of Amy Bell, a young huntress and philanthropist, her family teamed up with the SCI Foundation and purchased SCI Blue Bags for hunters so as to encourage hunters to purchase school supplies, clothing and the like for impoverished children around the world. The Bell Family's plan was



School Supplies & New Clothes
For 36 Farm Children

for hunters to leave the Blue Bags with the outfitters and encourage other hunters/outfitters to shop locally to enhance hunters' images and avoid excessive baggage charges frequently imposed by the airlines.

Keeping with the Bell Family's wishes, our Bell Blue Bag was left with our outfitter, Julian Theron of *Jules of the*



The Joys Of A Rare Candy Treat Bag!

Karoo Safaris, to be used by the next hunter who wanted to leave gifts for the children on the farm or at a nearby school. We took with us one Blue Bag of school supplies and gifts purchased from our local Wal-Mart and after our arrival, Martisan Theron, Julian's wife, drove me to nearby DeAar where I purchased one complete outfit for each of the 36 children on the farm. Martisan explained to the storeowner and to the ladies who waited on us and other onlookers that we were American hunters and we were buying gifts for the farm children. Following the Bell Family's plan was positive in several ways: we, as hunters, were seen as caring people by the locals; the store owner was happy that we Americans were spending money in his store; we could use the \$150+/- of extra baggage fees saved to purchase more for the children; and the Rand/Dollar exchange rate made it possible for us to buy more for the children who lived on the farm.

Sam and I are headed back to visit with the Therons in a couple of weeks and we are looking forward to refilling the SCI Blue Bag for the farm children.

By searching *Amy Bell Family "Pay It Forward" SCI Blue Bag* on the Internet, you can learn more about participating in this truly rewarding program.

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Or Contact: Chapter Liaison Sherry Maddox
502-253-9679



Wild Pigs: How Kentucky's Hunters Can Help

By John Hast, Biologist KDFWR

If I told you there was an animal increasing in number in the Commonwealth that proved sporting to hunt, made for incredible table fare, and had a season that was open year-round, every hunter worth his or her salt would perk up at its mention. Click through the hunting channels or flip through the hunting magazines and you will be hard pressed to avoid the mention of wild pig hunting. Unlike most other game species, wild pigs are seen as an invasive species and many hunting media outlets have charged hunters with the duty of being a driving force in their eradication. They *claim* hunters could enjoy a day afield, bag an animal for the table, and assist with the eradication of a pest.....

However, the final point in the above sentence is where the fallacy of wild pig hunting takes root – hunters are great conservationists, but very poor eradicators. Sure, market hunters of the late 1800's managed to knock wildlife populations back by a measurable margin, but then again, they were shooting ducks with small cannons at night! The modern hunter has been the driving force of conservation both home and abroad. Through the support of conservation organizations like SCI, the purchase of hunting equipment and ammunition, and an unwavering support for preserving our hunting heritage, hunters are afforded more opportunity at a wider variety of game now than at any other time in modern history. Kentucky hunters have lobbied for the necessary conservation and restoration to add both elk and black bears to the list of indigenous game animals in the last fifteen years. The close connection between hunters and conservation makes the following statement seem quite counterintuitive: sport hunting is not an effective method for the control or eradication of wild pigs.

As an invasive non-indigenous species, wild pigs are in direct competition with native flora and fauna. In nearly every case, indigenous wildlife species are outcompeted, physically displaced, and preyed upon by wild pigs. Wild pigs also do an estimated \$1.5 billion in agricultural damage annually and are highly mobile vectors of disease and parasites with documented transmission to livestock, wildlife, pets, and humans. Our current statewide, year-round season for wild pigs has irrefutably failed to meet the goals of controlling range expansion or the associated devastating impact of this invasive species. In fact, the classification of wild hogs as game species catalyzed new populations that were relocated by hunters with sporting interests that we are still attempting to eradicate today.

With wild pigs, you can throw conservation out the window! The only acceptable form of management is complete eradication. By the numbers, sport hunting only yields a 30% reduction in local pig numbers. With female pigs reaching sexual maturity at six months of age and having three litters of eight to ten pigs per year, you can see that a 30% reduction is easily countered by the pig's unfaltering fecundity. To simply keep pig numbers stable, an 80% annual reduction is necessary. This level of removal is only possible with an integrated approach using the best technology and latest tech-

niques, most of which can only be applied by State and Federal agencies.

I think we can all admit that even the best shot we know would only stand to kill a handful of pigs from a deer stand. If twenty pigs walk by and your top shot manages to kill five (let's say he is real good at working the lever on that old 30-30), the other fifteen pigs will move to a safer area, go nocturnal, and reproductively compensate for their five buddies that got shot. Using aerial gunning, night shooting, and corral trapping, the first two of which are not available to sportsmen, State and Federal agencies can easily exceed the 80% removal rate necessary to impact population numbers. Complete eradication of the entire group is the goal. Sport hunting is not only ineffective at achieving this level of removal, but also a hindrance to the proper control methods.



**Night-Cam Photos Of
Feral Hogs In Kentucky**

For two summers in college, I cut my wildlife management teeth culling pigs and a variety of other exotics from ranches in south Texas. It was at this juncture that I learned the difference between hunting and eradicating – the first is enjoyable and the second is work. The level of removal that is required to knock back a population of wild pigs is well out of reach to a hunter with even the best

Habitat Improvement Checklist By KDFWR

October - November

- Leave a portion of crops standing all winter for wildlife
- Leave food plots fallow for two years (minimum)
- Plan for next year's projects
- Do not fall-plow crop fields
- Order catalogs for seedlings, shrubs, or seeds for spring
- Flood moist soil management units

December

- Check for wildlife use of your habitat improvement projects
- Check fences to keep livestock out of woodlands
- Hinge-cut cedars and/or create brush piles
- Plant tree and shrub seedlings
- Conduct timber stands improvements

To speak to a Wildlife Biologist call 1-800-858-1549



rifle or pack of dogs. It was also at this time that I realized that anyone who appreciates hunting native wildlife should never encourage anything but the complete eradication of these non-indigenous pigs. In Kentucky specifically, we are usually in the top three Boone and Crockett buck producing states each year and kill as many or more turkeys than any other state in the Southeast. Would we sacrifice trophy deer and turkey hunting opportunities to kill a greasy pig in May?

Ask yourself the question I posed above about trading a healthy deer and turkey population for an opportunity to kill a pig, as we are at a crossroads with our state's pig population

problem. Unlike the other states in the Southeast, we still have a chance to eradicate the hogs we have and keep the others out. Foremost, this will require an understanding that hunting actually hinders eradication efforts and promotes the spread of pigs through illegal stockings.

As hunters, our guns are not the answer to the pig problem. Instead, we need to be vocal in expressing our desire to see these destructive, non-indigenous wild pigs eradicated using means that are time-proven and efficient. We need to stand up against landowners who protect pigs for hunting purposes and encourage them to allow traps to be set and the invading wild pigs to be removed. We need to base the hunting culture in Kentucky on our bountiful indigenous species (deer, turkey, elk and bear) that we, as hunters, have worked long and hard to return to levels that provide ample opportunity for sporting pursuits and a full freezer.

Please report all pig damage and sightings to the Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Information Center by calling 800-858-1549. Once our biologists assess the situation, we will work with the landowner or tenant to get the pigs removed using the most appropriate tools.

“LEGAL BRIEFS”

By Ivan Schell, Esquire



In Re: Importation of Hunting Trophies

Hunters won one and lost one recently related to importing hunting trophies. In New Jersey, Federal Judge Freda Wolfson struck down a New Jersey prohibition on the importation and possession of Big Four hunting trophies in the state. The Conservation Force and five New Jersey based hunters alleged that the state's ban was preempted by the federal Endangered Species Act. Surprisingly, Governor Chris Christy failed to veto this legislation when presented to him on the premise that the courts would sort it out. This was a politically expedient result for Christy, but an expensive one for sportsmen. Fortunately, the sportsmen prevailed.

In contrast, a California court upheld the state's ban on importing mountain lion trophies from other states. This case is on appeal. Both cases seem to reflect fallout from the “Cecil the Lion” episode.

In a related matter, Humane Society International has sued the USFWS (Fish & Wildlife Services) under the freedom of information act to gain access to the contact information of all hunters who imported trophies into the US during 2014 and 2015 for the obvious purpose of harassing these legal hunters. FWS now has the obligation to notify all such hunters to ascertain whether they will voluntarily agree to allow publication of this information. FWS has decided to simply publish notice in the Federal Register rather than sending letters to the hunters. If affected hunters do not respond, the FWS will assume that disclosure is authorized. Hunters will only have 20 days after publication to protest disclosure. Accordingly, attention to this matter is critical for both SCI and traveling hunters generally.

In Re: State Management of Game Populations:

FWS continues to steamroll state management of wild game populations on federal lands in Alaska. On September 4, 2016, FWS prohibited state authorized hunting practices related to bears and wolves on the premise that such actions constitute “predator control”. In short, FWS will not permit Alaska to manage its prey and predator populations so as to keep them in balance. Instead, FWS will allow no action to prevent a predator population from overwhelming a prey population living on Refuge land. FWS director essentially slandered SCI and the state of Alaska by asserting that they have mounted an “unrelenting assault on ethical, sportsmen like, fair chase hunting”. SCI's litigation team is working with Alaska to formulate a challenge to the FWS action.

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Transition To Kentucky! KYSCI Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Event

By Mike Maddox

When planning for the Chapter's "Youth and Apprentice Hunter Education Program", we found the need to look for a new location to hold the event. As our previous venue in Indiana was no longer available, the Chapter Board got busy. Thanks to Bob Edwards meeting with and discussing our event, the **Fern Creek Sportsman's Club Board** agreed to host our 2016 event. Having sponsored the "Annie Oakley Day" event for ladies at **Fern Creek** a few weeks prior, our Chapter volunteers were familiar with the grounds and knew it would be the perfect location. **Fern Creek's** automated trap field for shotgun, 200 yard rifle range, covered muzzleloader range, well-laid out archery range, plus plenty of room to set up the tree-stand station and blood trailing course through the woods provided everything necessary to make this another successful "Kentuckiana SCI Youth and Apprentice Hunter Education" event.

Transitioning to Kentucky also meant a change in the way the attendees earned their Hunter Orange Card. KDFWR provided the classroom portion of the Hunter Orange Card online allowing anyone over the age of nine to complete the classroom and written test at their own pace. Our Youth and Apprentice Program also qualified as an official "Range Day" for those seeking Hunter Orange Cards. With the youth having completed their online work, the volunteer instructors could focus on teaching the fundamentals of gun safety

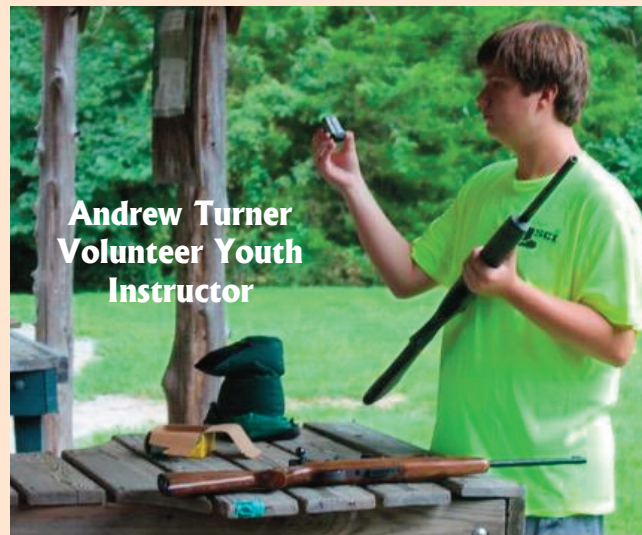
and offering a variety of firearms usage training; providing archery instruction and one-on-one practice; instructing and assisting with the putting on of a hunter safety system and climbing into a tree stand as well as teaching the fundamentals of tracking and blood trailing.

With the Pledge of Allegiance, introductions, a brief safety talk, and a Quail Forever hunting dog demonstration completed, each group set off to one of the seven stations at which they would participate throughout the day. At noon, everyone feasted on hamburgers, chips, baked beans and cookies. Finishing the day, many participants indicated how much they had learned and how they hoped to participate in future programs.

This program would not be possible without all the adult and youth volunteers who spend time preparing for and actually participating in the program. A special shout out to this year's Volunteer Youth Instructors: Charlie Miller, Kris Miller, Clay Monarch, Mallory Richards, and Andrew Turner. Also, a huge "Thank You" from our KYSCI Chapter to **Fern Creek Sportsman's Club** for allowing us to host our event on their club's grounds. Exposing our youth and apprentice hunters to ethical hunting practices and educating them in the safe and responsible use of firearms is imperative to insuring that the next generation will carry on our hunting heritage.



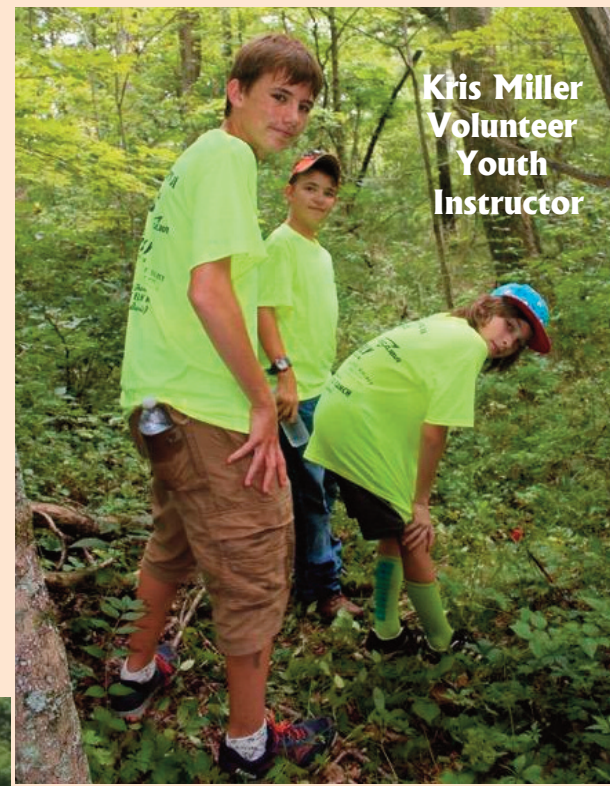
Charlie Miller
Volunteer Youth
Instructor



Andrew Turner
Volunteer Youth
Instructor



Clay Monarch
Volunteer Youth
Instructor



Kris Miller
Volunteer Youth
Instructor



Mallory Richards
Volunteer Youth
Instructor

Ivan Schell Wins "Top Gun" Award



The **Indian Creek Gun Club** in Georgetown, Indiana was the setting for this year's Annual Kentuckiana SCI "Top Gun" Championship that was held on August 13, 2016. Taking top honors on the sporting clays field this year was Chapter Member Ivan Schell with fellow Chapter members Bill Hook and Paul Best respectively taking 2nd and 3rd place honors.

Shotgun enthusiasts find sporting clays challenging with varying sizes of clay targets being thrown at a wide range of trajectories, distances, angles, and speeds that simulate actual live-bird hunting.

Congratulations to Ivan, the 2016 Kentucky Chapter SCI "Top Gun" Champion, for his exciting victory. Our thanks to the **Indian Creek Gun Club** and to all Chapter members who participated and provided the lively competition.



You Are Invited...

to the

22nd Annual KYSCI Fundraising Banquet

Saturday, February 11, 2017

Audubon Country Club
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Social Hour 5:00 PM ~ Dinner 7:00 PM

Auction 8:00 PM

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My Mexican Slam: Gould's Turkey Hunting In Mexico

By Larry Newton

Having taken my Ocellated Turkey in Campeche and my Rio Grande in Nuevo Leon earlier this year, I only needed a Gould's to complete my Mexican Slam; so, on April 26, I made the drive from Murray to Nashville and flew to Chihuahua City, Mexico. My outfitter met me at the airport and we began our three-hour drive to camp. This was my first visit to Chihuahua, and I was pleasantly surprised to see a fairly modern city with over a million residents with a nice view of the surrounding mountains. The drive to camp followed the relatively flat valley floor until the last 30 minutes when we began to climb into the upper level of the mountains stopping at around 7,500 feet: just 1,500 feet short of the peaks where Gould's thrive.

We soon arrived at the headquarters of a working cattle ranch complete with real caballeros, working pens, and some of the most



Ranch House

wonderful, crisp mountain air I'd ever breathed. As the shadows were already getting long and it was extremely windy, we decided to forego an afternoon hunt and get a fresh start in the morning.

Next morning was a little chilly, so I didn't waste any time climbing into my camo. The coffee was soon ready and I opted for a light breakfast not knowing how my old body would react to the thin air of the higher elevations. When I stepped outside, I realized that even thin air got cold: it was 28 degrees and the truck's windshield was covered with frost. We started the truck, turned the defroster on full blast, and went back inside for more coffee. This was in stark contrast to my hunt in the 100 degree Yucatan heat where I took my Ocellated four weeks earlier and my Rio in 80+ degree Nuevo Leon 2 weeks after that.

Camp was situated basically in the center of a 5,000-hectare (12,500 acres) ranch, and we could get to any area in a reasonable amount of time. On the first morning, my guide decided we would hunt a waterhole, so we parked the truck and walked into the pre-dawn darkness toward the waterhole. I could soon hear gobblers still on the roost getting their lungs ready for a long day of heavy gobbling.

We fixed a little hidey-hole for me, and my guide setup 10 feet behind me. He described the direction from which the birds would come and I adjusted everything so I could cover the route he described and settled in. My guide waited several minutes after the gobbling quieted and the birds left their roost before he made his first yelp, but he got an answer right away. My hearing is not as good as it used to be so I wasn't certain



Flat-Topped Mountain

which direction the gobbler was coming from, but it sounded like he was behind me. Of course, I knew this had to be wrong because my guide had already told me the directions from which the birds would come and that wasn't it!

A few minutes later, the Tom gobbled a second time and I was certain that the turkey was definitely behind me and was coming over my left shoulder. I slowly turned my head toward him and there he was about 30 feet away. The Tom couldn't find the sexy little chica he'd been chatting up and he was getting nervous. I was busted! If I had been right-handed, I might have made a shot. After my guide's blood pressure normalized, and he discovered that I was left-handed. He was okay with me not taking the shot... well, sort of.

Thirty more minutes of unproductive calling helped us decide to do some scouting. We climbed up the flat-topped mountain in front of us, down the other side and up the next one. Finally, we heard a hen and my guide began a conversation with her. There were several hens there, but no gobbler answered. Knowing that it was very likely that there was a gobbler with all those hens, we began a stalk. Over the top we went; down the other side; up the next one; and around the side, following the sound of the hens. We thought we should be getting closer, but we eventually lost them.

Losing them was just as well because, by this time, I was thinking about calling a helicopter to Medivac back to the truck. Whether it was the thin air or 72 years of accumulative abuse to the same old body, I was done for the morning. Even as tired as I was, I was excited because this was really cool and I was having a great hunt, and, actually, it turned out to be much better than I had anticipated.

When we returned to camp for lunch, I was asleep before my head touched the pillow. I never sleep well the first night in a new camp, so a couple hours was much needed. After lunch, my guide had a new game plan. It was windy again, so we headed to the other side of the ranch to a different waterhole. Waterholes are important to hunting strategies in these mountains this time of year. Spring is the dry season and water is scarce. It's dry until July when the rains begin and re-fill the holes. They get some snow-melt but not nearly enough to last until July.

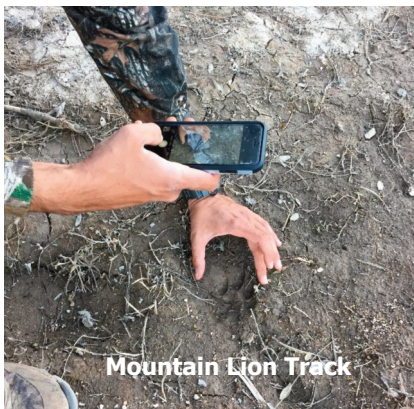
We setup where I had a good view of the waterhole and likely approaches. My guide again set up 10 feet behind me and we settled in for a nice wait. After an hour, my guide decided he couldn't stand any more excitement and headed off to do a little scouting and left me with my thoughts and dreams. I really liked that. I prefer to hunt alone and this was perfect. When it was just about time to call it a day, my guide returned to describe his findings and tomorrow's game plan. He had gone to the top of the mountain and found where a Tom had been in full strut dragging his wings around in the sand. Come daylight, that was where we'd be.

Next morning, we heard numerous gobblers in every direction still on the roost; however, as they came off their roost their lips slammed shut and we never heard another peep out of them. It was only 7:30 and already time for a new plan. My Guide showed me the impressive sign he had found the previous afternoon, but now he was thinking the birds must use that waterhole early, so we headed down and set up at the previous afternoon's spot.

We cautiously approached the waterhole just in case the birds were there. My guide was in front and I was dragging along 20 feet behind when he stopped suddenly. Staring into the distance, he frantically motioned for me to join him. As I sneaked up, he

pointed to the other side of the waterhole! Finally, I saw something moving slowly just inside the tree line. What the heck was that! HOLY COW! It was a mountain lion and a BIG one at that! He had to be at least 6 foot long! I had never seen a mountain lion in the wild before and my heart was threatening to leap out of my chest! That was AWESOME! Secretly, I was smiling inside because I was the one holding the gun.

We stood and watched until the cat was completely out of sight. These big cats are mostly nocturnal and after 15 years of hunting this ranch, it was only the second one my guide had seen during the day. As it climbed the rocky cliffs, we guessed it was heading home leaving us to make another game plan. My guide remembered another waterhole that was rarely hunted because it was so remote; so, it was back to the truck and off we went.



Instantly, I liked this place. It is much smaller than the other waterholes and the approaches were more pronounce: a much easier setup for an old codger like me. I settled in against a tree and began my wait. I must have dozed off because I was startled when I realized that my guide was throwing rocks at me. He pointed at two jakes coming in from my right only about 40 yards out. Then, six more were coming over the berm around the waterhole on my left running straight at these two. They danced around each other for a while, long lost cousins I suppose, and finally walked over to the waterhole passing within 10 feet of me. Jakes! Clueless!

After they'd gone, we decided to head back to camp for lunch but I was sure where I wanted to hunt that afternoon. My guide and I agreed that this was where we needed to be. After a quick lunch and a not so quick nap, we headed back. This time I was more cautious and setup about 15 feet further back from the edge of the approach. My guide setup 20 feet to my right. Now, let the fun begin, and it didn't take long!

After a couple of yelps from my guide, a coyote suddenly appeared from the other side of the waterhole looking for the yelping hen. He was almost solid white like nothing I had ever seen before. I looked at my guide and he gave me the go ahead to bust him, and bust him I did. I should have waited for him to get a little bit closer, but I was too excited and shot a little early. Still, I knocked him down, but he was not through. He got up and staggered a few steps toward us and fell again. This time I took better aim but 'click!' Now, he was suddenly motivated to get outta Dodge. I jacked another round, aimed, and fired. 'Click!' This was not good. Now I had a crippled coyote in the bushes where I couldn't get to him and a gun that wouldn't fire.

My perfect day had suddenly gone to the devil. We talked it over. It was getting late. If we went back to camp to get another gun it would be too late to return. We looked at the ammo I'd ejected. There was a tiny dent in the primer, so I thought I had a broken firing pin spring. My guide unloaded the gun and tinkered with it, reloaded it and handed it back to me and I pretended to be optimistic. The final decision was that we would stay until normal quitting time and hope that the gun would fire: kinda' like watching an instant replay on TV and hoping for a different result.

This time, my guide stayed and we chatted and he began to fiddle with the camera on his iPhone. A few minutes later, I heard a hen and looked off to my right and there she was. Behind her, I could see another one, and another one, and another one! Looking way back, I saw a fan! Uh-oh, here comes Papa! In all, there were

seven hens, a jake, and a big boy that I wanted REALLY badly! This time, my setup was perfect. Well, almost. I had forgotten about the sun. During the morning hunt, it was behind me, but now it was in my face and I was wearing Costas with reflective lenses.

There was a big tree that we had ranged at 30 yards in the direction the birds were coming and they kept coming. When the gobbler got to where he could see around that tree, he saw something he didn't like. I don't know if it was my glasses or if he saw my guide videoing him (maybe he was camera shy). Whatever it was, he stayed 20 yards on the other side of that tree, pranced around, and went into full strut kicking up a dozen mini dust storms but simply refused to come out where I could get a shot at him. I slowly eased my hand up to my facemask and pulled it up over my glasses. Eleven minutes into the video, he stepped out into the clear 50 yards away, folded his fan and dropped his head to pick up a little morsel of supper. When he straightened back up and raised his head to have a look around, I flipped him. GAME OVER! I've got my Mexican Slam!!



We both congratulated each other but, at first, I wasn't sure if we were more proud of the bird or the fact that the gun fired. We took a few quick pictures but the wind was so bad we couldn't keep his wings straight. When we got him back to camp and went through our NWTF measurement procedures, he had paltry 3/4" spurs, a respectable 10" beard but he weighed in at a whopping 26 pounds, 7 ounces.

Hunting the Gould's Turkey in Mexico was a lot of fun. Actually, I loved everything about the Mexican Slam, but this hunt with the mountain lion, the coyote and taking my biggest bird ever was really special. I can't wait to go back! **It is definitely a "see ya there next year!"**

Joyce's Pickle Roll Dip

"I hope everyone had a great summer!" Joyce Cook.

- 16 oz. cream cheese (softened)
- 16 oz. baby dill pickles (drained & chopped)
- 9 oz. ham (diced)

Combine ingredients; chill; serve with crackers.



A Memorable Picnic

By Charlie Elmore



A huge thank you to Sam and Alice Monarch for once again hosting the annual "KYSCI Day in the Country Picnic". This recent Chapter event was my family's fifth picnic visit to the farm and the most enjoyable and memorable one to date. This is an event that we look forward to each year and everyone who is invited knows how much time the Monarch's invest in this special day! As you enter the gate of their beautiful farm, you immediately notice the untold hours, weeks, and months of work that are evident. Their effort to maintain the property with trails, food plots, ferns, roses and shrubs for the enjoyment of family and friends as well as promoting and protecting wildlife in the area does not go unnoticed.

Shortly after parking and unloading, Alice appeared hugging all of us, saying hello and providing bug spray as needed. After a brief sweet conversation, she was off again looking for new faces to greet and directing families and friends toward the many activities being offered at the rifle range, archery range, hiking/RTV trails and fishing ponds on the farm.



My group consisted of my wife, Robin, two 16-year-old boys, Seth and Evan, and 12-year-old daughter, Sophia.

Immediately, my group wanted to fish in the big pond: not a bad idea since this is where the picnic dinner was to be served. Fishing at the pond was great especially if you were a girl with a fishing pole in your hand. The girls caught the first 15 to 20 fish; Stephanie Whitworth quickly caught 3; followed by her daughter, Audrey with 2; my daughter Sophia with 2; and my wife Robin with 2 with one of hers being close to 8 pounds! Robin and Sophia's fishing successes were keeping me busy baiting hooks, landing fish and taking pictures. The other men were also kept busy baiting hooks and netting fish as there were several other ladies around the lake who were also catching fish.



My favorite memory of the day happened as we were finishing dinner and my boys began their fishing adventures. My

stepson, Evan, set his pole up in his chair when all of the sudden, it disappeared! A fish had dragged the pole out into the middle of the lake. Instantly, several people began helping me outfit a rod with a large treble hook and a heavy sinker to try to save the fleeing fish and Evan's pole. They then assisted me in watching the pond for bubbles to see where the fish was actually dragging the pole. Within 15 minutes, I was able to snag the line of the submerged pole. As we were reeling in the line, we decided that the fish should be the first thing pulled out. After getting the culprit off the hook, we took pictures, released him again for another day, and triumphantly pulled in the lost pole. I was awestruck with how all these men dropped what they were doing and worked as one well-oiled machine to solve the disappearing pole problem. I now truly get what KYSCI is really about!



The Rescue



Once the pond drama was over, we were able to continue to enjoy the good food that Sam and Alice had provided. Bar B Q pulled pork smoked by Mike Maddox and Sam along with mutton from Moonlight along with fried chicken, green beans, baked beans, Au Gratin Potatoes, cole slaw, with pecan pie and banana pudding for desert catered by Little Dave's of McDaniels. Everyone enjoyed the meal and the beautiful scenery of the Monarch farm: some explored the farm on foot and others piled into RTV's to ride the trails while still others sat and visited with old friends and made new friends.

This event provided my family plus 80 other picnics with another year of great memories! On our way home, we laughed, joked and talked about the confusion of the catfish dragging the pole into the deep and how everyone came to our aid helping to save one tired catfish and our little pole. For my family and me, we are truly grateful for such a lovely afternoon that provided us with great company, great food and great memories that will last us a lifetime!

Confessions Of A Blundering But Lucky Turkey Hunter

By Pat Riley

Confession I: "Oops, there's one," I mumbled as I shouldered the 12 gauge sending several quick shots at the hapless turkey that jumped into the trail some 50 yards in front of us.

After the shot, I heard my youngest son, Jon, loudly exclaiming, "Are you kidding me? Seriously, are you kidding me?" The surprise on Jon's face must have matched mine as we retrieved my fall trophy. After some high fives, pictures and tagging, we sat down on the cool grass of the trail in the shade shaking our heads in disbelief as we admired the bird and replayed the day's events. We were shocked to discover that the bird's unusually thick bushy beard was actually 4 distinct beards. The bird's unofficial NWTF score was 120.875".

The time was about two o'clock on a hot, sunny breathless mid-October day. Jon and I had arrived in camp less than an hour before. We hurriedly set out to put up our blinds for the evening hunt. Since we had blinds, chairs, decoys, etc., we thought only one of us needed to bring a gun along. Yep, you can see where this is going can't you?

So, picture two excited turkey hunters, still in street clothes, jeans, t-shirts and sunglasses clambering down a field road along the river with a pop-up blind on my back and a shotgun carried loosely in my left hand. Jon was behind me loaded down with all the extras as we were clattering along like little kids on a field trip; we were laughing and joking about how cool it would be to both tag turkeys during the fall hunt.

I half heartedly shushed Jon, pointing to the corner where we intended to set up our first blind, "You know sometimes the turkeys are in the tall grass this time of day..." Seconds later, a Tom leaped from the tall grass by the river running into the trail directly in front of us! I blinked twice, shifted and raised the shotgun, confirmed the turkey and a clear shot lane, then fired all in one motion.

Jon and I had drawn fall turkey tags for Southeastern Minnesota and were pleased to have a month long, either sex, season. We reasoned how nice it would be to carry a gun for turkey while scouting the woods and fields for that perfect deer stand location.

Turkey hunting has become the storied test of a hunter with many a book, magazine and video extolling the marvels of some fabled, call-shy, old Tom that had eluded hunters season after season. Yet I've always wondered where the expression "You Turkey" came from and why it often tends to be used with such a negative connotation?

While I am very proud to have harvested 5 turkeys in six season hunting *Meleagris Gallop*a (Eastern Wild Turkey), I must confess that blind luck has played a large part in my success: either that or I have a new turkey call that needs patenting!

Confession II: Just last spring after three long days in the blind calling-in only hens while the Tom's hung up a hundred yard away, taunting me with their thunderous gobbles booming through the woods morning after morning. Day four was a repeat with

only Sally (the hen I named who appeared to have a crush on one of my red faced stoic Jake decoys) clucking around most of the morning in front of the blind.

Lunch was in the blind with the sun nicely warming the interior such that an afternoon nap was inevitable. Next thing I knew my own snoring woke me up. Embarrassed, I'd fallen asleep on watch! I was grateful no one was there to catch me! Sleepily peering out the portals, I scanned the field counting my decoys: one, two, three, four, five... five? I thought I only had four carrylites, and then a twitch of a wing betrayed the imposter. Sheepishly, I picked up my gun, poked the barrel thru the blind's window as the intruder cocked his head to the side as if to say "What the???" Boom, and the 21-pounder began his tasty rendezvous with the barbeque!

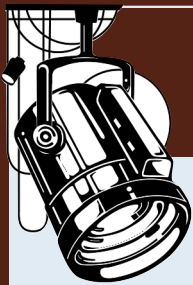
Confession III: This might have passed as sheer luck but it bore an eerie resemblance to several springs before. Again hunting with son, Jon, we shared a blind when I succumbed to the fresh air and warm sun only to startle myself awake with my snoring. Trying to hide my offense, I slowly scanned to my left and was shocked to see a big Tom strutting where only I could have seen him; he was out of Jon's sight picture. I momentarily marveled at his quite, pirouette of plumage then the bird seemed put-off by the lack of snoring and sudden stillness. The Tom fell out of strut mode and for the first time, I saw that head cock that seemed to say "What the???" as I pulled the trigger.

Confession IV: I may be one of the few hunters to have actually shot a turkey out of the sky? My first fall turkey must have scared both of us with a blurred rush of feathers from the middle of the thickest, prickliest thorn patch ever to shred my thighs. The turkey cackled its disgust as it raced to the bluff launching into the wind looking much like a C-130 taking off, circling above the tree tops until the wind tipped him back over my entangled position. With a shot that would make any goose hunter proud, the turkey folded at the roar of my shotgun, crashing thru the tree limbs, thudding to the ground with the sound of a bowling ball thumping halfway down the lane.

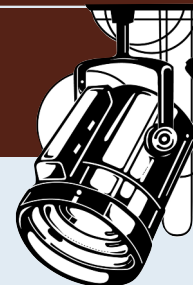
Now, over the years, I have tried to earn the "Turkey Hunter" title. I've watched countless turkey videos, gagged on diaphragm calls, and have more gadgets than I could ever use. I make no excuses for attending NWTF banquets with the selfish hope that some of the experts at these banquets might enlighten my path to becoming a better turkey hunter. But for now, this hunter has come to accept that being lucky tastes just as good as being skilled. Life just seems to go that way from time to time.

Now, when someone utters a snide, "You Turkey", I sarcastically smile and thank them for the compliment full-well-knowing I'll get the last laugh as they twist into that familiar head cocking, "What the???" expression. It's the same expression I've come to love, respect and look forward to seeing in the turkey fields for many seasons to come.





IN THE SPOTLIGHT



KYSCI, NWTF & Others Team Up To Honor Disabled Veterans Again!!!

By Jim Warren

On Friday, November 4th, 2016, volunteers from the River Ridge Long Beards Chapter of NWTF, the Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI, the Hibernia Christian Church community, local Police, Firemen, EMT's, landowners, Boy Scouts and others will "Meet and Greet" 20 paralyzed Veterans at the Hibernia Christian Church for a pre-crossbow deer hunt get-together.

On Saturday, November 5th and Sunday, November 6th, volunteers will pair up to hunt with a disabled Veteran and countless other volunteers will prepare and serve food, take care of housing, gather bows, blinds and other equipment and much



more for the hunt to help create a wonderful, life-changing experience for our heroes!

Last year's November 7, 2015, cross-bow deer hunt netted one buck and one doe and volumes and volumes of memories shared and new friendships made! Though some of the Veterans had limited hunting experience, many of the Veterans had not hunted since they had been injured and others had never hunted before; correspondingly, most of the volunteers had never spent quality time with someone in a chair. The stories from both the Veterans and the volunteers were amazing!



Come out and help us honor these heroes! To volunteer or make a donation, get in touch with Jim Warren at jimandmjw@aol.com.

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

November 4, 5, & 6, 2016

- *Wheeling for Whitetails – Deer Hunt for Paralyzed Veterans*
Contact: Jim Warren – jimandmjw@aol.com

Date To Be Announced

- *Kentuckiana SCI Military Appreciation Pheasant Hunt*
Clover Creek Hunting Farms (Volunteers Wanted)
Contact: Mike Maddox – mmaddox13@me.com

February 1-4, 2017

- *SCI Annual Hunter's Convention*
Las Vegas, NV

February 11, 2017

- *KYSCI Fundraising Banquet*
Audubon Country Club, Louisville, KY

Renew Your KYSCI, SCI & NRA Memberships Today!

www.kentuckianasci.org

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Outdoor Friends Events

- *Friends of NRA Events*
Contact: John LaRowe at jarowe@nrahq.org to find an event near you.
- *League of Kentucky Sportsmen Events*
Contact: Ed Morris at emorris0413@att.net to find an event near you.
- *QDMA Events*
Contact: Pete Blandford at pete_blandford@yahoo.com for information.
- *RMEF Events*
Contact: Bill Carman at 859-489-1593 or Bcarman@rmef.org for information.
- *Quail Forever*
Contact: Jack Dahl at j.dahljr@att.net to find an event near you.

Join Your Outdoor Friends at These Events!