



Kentuckiana Hunter



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How to Turn Missed Opportunities into Second Chances When Hunting in Colorado

by

Lisa Bennett Owner of Wild Skies Cabin Rentals in NW Colorado

You meant to apply for a Colorado Big Game hunting license for Elk or Mule Deer, but between work, family, friends and things that blindsided you at the last minute you never got around to applying and missed the application deadline date of April 6th, 2010. Well, missing the deadline date in Colorado doesn't necessarily mean you have to wait until next year to go Big Game hunting in Colorado.

If you are still serious about coming out to Colorado then take advantage of some of Colorado's second chances. There are three possibilities someone can employ to obtain a hunting license after the draw deadline date: leftover licenses, over-the-counter licenses and landowner vouchers.

Leftover Licenses - After the Colorado Division of Wildlife (CDOW) office distributes licenses to those that applied by the application deadline date, the CDOW determines if the number of licenses applied for is below the number of licenses that were available. If fewer people applied than the number of licenses that were available to be issued, then the CDOW has leftover tags. Technically, those that applied for a license and weren't chosen for their choice, and checked the box on the license application which said they want to be considered for a leftover tag, will be the first in line to purchase any leftover tags. After those individuals have been given an opportunity to acquire a leftover license the remaining license go on sale to the public on a first-come-first-serve basis on August 10th, 2010.

Over-the-Counter Licenses - No application or drawing is necessary for these licenses. All over-the-counter licenses go on sale July 13th 2010. In certain Game Management Units (GMU), during some seasons for some species there are over-the-counter licenses. For example, in GMU 12 in NW Colorado, bull elk licenses are available over-the-counter for Rifle Season 2 (October 23rd - 31st) and Rifle Season 3 (November 6th - 14th) and there is no cap on the licenses so anyone can just show up and purchase a license for those hunts.

Bear Licenses are also over-the-counter, but they have a cap. What this means is when they go on sale on July 13th, 2010 the licenses are issued on a first-come-first-serve basis until the number of licenses available have been sold. Thus, if you are interested in an over-the-counter license with a cap, your best strategy is to be one of the first people applying for the license on the day they go on sale.

Licenses can be purchased online through the CDOW or over the phone through the CDOW or in person at a CDOW

authorized license location (most Colorado sporting goods and Walmart stores are authorized agents).

Landowner Vouchers— A landowner voucher is a piece of paper allowing you to purchase a hunting license. Some vouchers are in a quality, hard to draw units. Purchasing a voucher allows you to build points for quality units while still being able to hunt Colorado in draw units that don't have over-the-counter tags. Most vouchers are good for the whole unit, but some are private land only. In addition to paying for the voucher, you still need to pay the CDOW the regular license fee for the species you are hunting. These vouchers are applied for by the landowner and drawn the same time as the general public draw, around the middle of June. This means there is no draw deadline date, you are hunting private land, sometimes in a hard to draw unit, generally you have a wider availability of hunt dates and are paying more to hunt than with a general license issued by the CDOW.

Summer Scouting/Family Vacation Trip – If none of the options above works for you or your hunting party in 2010, then consider taking the family out to Colorado for a Rocky Mountain summer get-away in the GMU you wish to hunt in 2011. It allows those non-hunters in your family to experience the beautiful American West and spend quality vacation time with you while affording you the opportunity to scout the area for a 2011 hunt.

For further information on vacationing, hunting, fishing or back country horse trail riding in Colorado or help with specific questions, contact Lisa Bennett of www.WildSkies.com at 970.926.0216 or email Lisa@wildskies.com.



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My First Elk Adventure

by
Tim Holland



*Kentucky Elk Cows
Trees at Their Peak Fall Colors*

It seems like more and more hunting adventures start with a lottery draw these days and so like many hunters I plunked down \$10 early in the year and eagerly awaited the late summer announcement of the 1000 lucky winners of a Kentucky Elk tag. When the day finally came, my friends and I gathered around the computer punching in social security numbers, one at a time, to find out if any of us were among the lucky winners and to my surprise it was me!

After the initial shock wore off my mind started running wild much like it had many years before prior to my first deer hunt with a mix of the possibilities and questions such as; where will I go, how will I get there, where will I stay, do I need a guide, and so forth. I started calling hunting friends and found their excitement to be as great as my own and they were eager to help.

With the help of one of my hunting buddies, Ray Perryman, within days I was in touch with Alex an acquaintance of his in Hazard, KY. Alex would ultimately become a great friend and he was immediately a great help in suggesting and arranging areas to hunt. We talked on the phone several times and he gave me quite a bit of good info. He told me what hunting units he thought I should sign up for and also about the long wait I'd have to endure to see if I'd get my first, second, or third choice. I finally received my hunt information packet by mail and I had been placed in my first choice hunt unit.

I called Alex to let him know what area I had received and with a plan coming together my excitement grew even greater. We set a date in late September to meet in Hazard and he would take Ray and I to some areas where he had been seeing elk on a regular basis. We arrived at daybreak and parked the trucks between two mountains and

instantly saw a big bull high up on the mountain side.

We watched the bull amazed at the size and majesty of these animals that have recently been returned to Kentucky. I had scarcely dreamed and never really thought this day would come and yet now it was a reality. Over the next several hours and at several different locations we saw many bulls and cows. It was now the rut and the bulls were bugling and herding cows. We even saw two bulls fighting on the mountainside and I didn't want to ever go home.

Needless to say we left this scouting adventure with high hopes of me filling my cow elk tag. Bull season had come and gone and I had decided to attempt this feat with a bow. My first effort was a two day hunt accompanied by Ray Perryman. On our first morning we saw one lone bull half way up the mountain. We glassed for cows but the bull was alone. We continued the hunt and covered a lot of ground but to our surprise we spotted no other elk the entire weekend. For my second trip, I could not have picked a better time; the trees were all at their peak fall colors. The mountainsides were littered with a variety of green mountain olives/honeysuckles, and briar thickets while the tops were in timber of every shade of yellow, red, and orange. I do not have the words to adequately describe the beauty that lay before me.

On this hunt I had come alone. When I arrived I started to cover the mountainous area on my 4-wheeler. I would stop frequently and glass in hopes of spotting a cow elk that I would then attempt a stalk. Later that evening I spotted nine cow elk on the side of the mountain but I was losing daylight fast, but I checked the wind and attempted a stalk. I had stalked above the elk and had worked my way down to within 50 yards but the brush was very thick and there was just not enough light to attempt the shot with a bow. I waited until the elk had fed out of sight before making my way back to the truck. The next morning as I was getting dressed beside my truck, I turned around and glanced up the mountain and spotted a cow and a calf. I quickly grabbed my binoculars and glassed the mountain for other elk. In 15 or 20 minutes I had spotted eleven more cows and calves and it seemed that they were headed towards a watering hole that I had noticed a week earlier.

I worked my way to the waterhole but I was too late and walked up on two calves at 30 yards. My deer instincts to duck and hide, took over and this was apparently the wrong move as the cows quickly vacated the watering hole.

I had planned to go home that evening in order to get ready for the next day's opening of deer season. This would be Nov 14 and it was also the opening day of the cow elk rifle season so I had brought my deer rifle along just in case I might decide to stay another day and hunt elk and deer in the mountains.

That afternoon I met a local guide by the name of William Holland (no relation) and he suggested I hunt the same waterhole at daybreak. This sounded like a good plan so daylight found me sitting quietly at the waterhole. I sat patiently, listened, watching until noon, and did not see or hear an elk so I made my way to my truck, packed everything, and headed for Trimble county to deer hunt.

My thoughts were to get my deer fever out of the way and devote the rest of the season to more elk hunting. The next day found me on a stand where I had several good trail camera pictures of 5 good bucks. I hunted all day and just before last light a small 8 pointer came in but would not commit to my grunt call or can call. The buck seemed intimidated by my grunt call and left minutes later. About ten minutes passed and with luck apparently still on my side I noticed a good buck sneaking my way looking for the buck making the grunt. I recognized him as one from the trail camera pictures and positioned myself for a possible shot. It turned out to be a good decision and I harvested a 149 inch ten pointer.

By the time congratulations and pictures were completed I had a sense of relief knowing that I could now devote the rest of the season taking an elk. It was Dec before I returned for the second elk gun season. I scouted most of the day, and again ran into Mr. Holland, the guide. We discussed what I had seen and what he had seen. He told me he had a client the next morning and invited me to tag along assuring me that if we spotted a herd his client and I could both get a shot.

Sat morning we hunted all day, found plenty of tracks and sign, but no elk. Sunday morning we arrived back at the site and it was raining. But I had an elk tag and rain was not going to keep me or the other hunter at our trucks. We continued in the rain and about noon, we spotted a small herd of cows feeding on the side of a mountain but quickly learned that those cows were off limits because they were on a working mine. So we proceeded to scout and look for elk but with no luck. The guide's young client had to leave that afternoon to return to school by the next morning so after he left Mr. Holland and I continued to scout for elk. Shortly before dark we decided to head to a spot down in the valley below in hopes that elk might be feeding out into the lower valleys before dark. When we arrived at the bottom we looked back and to our surprise saw a herd heading right up to where we had just been. I realized where the elk were headed but did not have enough time to get there and cut them off before it was dark. I attempted to get a range on the elk but found my binos and range finder were both fogged up from the full day's rain. I finally got my range finder clear enough and was able to take a reading showing 265 yards. Daylight was fading fast so it was now or never. I quickly got to a big rock and took a steady aim at the second cow from the end. At the crack of the gun the cow went down and we could see her roll over one time.

William reported he had seen the cow go down and asked me not to rush up there to retrieve my elk. He said that they do not typically spook at the crack of the gun and that he had a client for the next morning. He felt the herd would stay on the mountain if we didn't spook them so we waited and after the elk fed out of the clearing, we headed up to retrieve my elk. To both of our surprise when we reached the top, there was no elk, no hair, no blood, and no sign of the elk having been hit. I started to second guess my shot but Mr. Holland assured me he had also seen the cow elk go down. We looked about the area on into the night but had no luck finding any sign of the elk.

The next morning I picked up William Holland's client and brought them to meet William at our spot. There William took his client up the mountain to see if he could find the elk herd and I was going to attempt to find mine. The mountain had several 4wheeler trails zigzagging up the mountainside. My plan was to walk the trails and look for spots where the elk had crossed one of the trails. I found that spot and backtracked to where the elk had been standing when I shot but I no blood or sign of the elk or it being hit.

I was again second guessing my shot but knew my eyes were not imagining seeing the elk go down at the crack of the gun. As I stood on the mountaintop I glassed and looked more and more, I was just about to give up when I noticed some scuffed up leaves. When checking this out I could see that an elk had gone down the mountain, so I trailed the overturned leaves and found my cow elk dead where it had bedded down in a thicket half way down the mountain.



After a trip off the rain soaked mountain a happy Tim poses with his huge soggy cow elk.

After admiring my first elk and briefly reliving this great adventure in my mind, I came back to reality and set about the formidable challenge of getting the elk down the mountain and into my truck. But my hunt was coming to a close and it had been a unique learning experience. And while I doubt I will ever be lucky enough to draw another tag, I hope to be able to share what I learned and pass along the generosity and camaraderie that I received and maybe relive some part of my hunt with some other lucky individual.

So if any fellow SCI members or other friends or family are ever lucky enough to draw a KY elk tag I would be delighted to assist in any way that I can. You will find the people in hazard, from the gas station attendants, hotel and restaurant staff to local guides and fellow hunters all are quick to extend some local hospitality and wish you luck on this new resource they have to offer. I have compiled a list of some recommended guides and would be glad to pass on this information.

In closing I would like to say that this was a great adventure from start to finish and could not have been possible without the help of the many fine people of Hazard and my other fellow hunting buddies.

Thanks to everyone,

KYSCI Member, Tim Holland

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SOUTH TEXAS SAFARI

Bobcat, Peccary, and Hogs

By Ivan Schell



*Ivan and one of his collared peccary
(Javelina)*

As is usually the case, the Schell clan gathered in San Antonio, Texas in late January 2010 for fellowship and our annual hog hunting adventure. On the afternoon of January 28, my brother Eric loaded his F-150 with guns and gear for four shooters which included my daughter Lindsey and a friend Mike Erb. We headed south on I-35 in to the lower Rio Grande Valley. At Moore, TX we headed southwest on Hwy 57, through Pryor TX to the Chilipitin Ranch--almost half way to Eagle Pass which sits 25 miles away on the Mexican border. Meeting us at the gate was our guide Chris Valle of Tejas Outfitters.

Chris made sure we were settled into the very comfortable bunkhouse before inviting us out for a night ride of spotlighting hogs and coyotes. The accommodations featured bunk beds in each of three bedrooms. Lindsey had her own bedroom with bath. Eric, Mike and I shared another bedroom with shower, head and even a whirlpool bath (for those who might like to honeymoon on such trips).

Later we rode around in the bed of a Toyota, safari style, illuminating the adjacent brush with a spotlight looking for hogs. Unlike Kentucky, Texas allows night hunting for hogs and other varmints. Unfortunately the few porkers we spotted were schooled in the drill and made off quickly before any shots could be fired.

Back at camp we got the scoop on how the hunt would be conducted. Up at 5 and out to the stands at oh **dark** thirty; back to camp at 8:30 for breakfast. After a rest we would cruise the roads looking for pigs and javelina. There would be steaks on the grill for dinner, followed by after-dark cruising and spotlighting. In addition to the expected fare, we were to prepare to encounter bobwhite quail, jackrabbits and rattlesnakes. I was carrying a new Blaser combination gun with one 20 gauge barrel and one .308 rifle barrel. The other hunters each had shotguns in addition to their rifles. We all made preparations for tracking wounded animals with snake chaps or boots. Chris warned that even in January these reptiles were active. After turning in that evening, we were serenaded to sleep by the drone of border patrol planes looking for illegals.



View From the Blind

The first morning we were welcomed by pouring rain, a 25 mph wind and 33 degree temps. The guides placed us each in covered blinds, but it was still miserable by any measure. Notwithstanding the rain, huge deer visited the feeders on this low fence operation. The cost of killing one of these 160+ class brutes ranged from 5k to 8k depending on the size. We understood why these operations are sometimes likened by non-residents to cattle feeding operations. Notwithstanding the weather, Eric spotted a beautiful bobcat featuring a snowy white coat covered with black and brown spots. Because no hogs were in view, Eric carefully placed a 6.5X55 140 grain bullet into the cat's vitals and scored the hunt's first harvest.



Eric Scores the First Harvest

In post-breakfast cruising we found that the rain had stopped, and animals had begun to appear. Chris and I rode together searching for game when he pulled the pickup into a power line clear cut to glass some black spots about 180 yards out. The black spots turned out to be collared peccary (javelina). They all exited before I could get a good rest, so we decided to sit and see what showed up. Soon a large boar javelina stepped into the clear cut. Not long thereafter I sent a 180 grain Federal trophy bonded bullet downrange and I had my first ever peccary. We made our way back to the skinning shed and hung the morning's take.



Mike and His Hog

While we were taking photos (see accompanying photos), Mike and his guide rolled in with a nice hog. Apparently they happened by the same clear cut in which I had scored and spotted the pig feeding.

That evening before dinner, we made our way back to the stands. My stand consisted of the bed of a pickup parked about 135 yards from a feeder where we quietly waited. The weather was still cold and windy, making it a challenge to see through my scope. The ever present deer were unconcerned about the peccary, but they all gave way when a 250 lb boar hog muscled its way into the corn. The shot from the .308 was just a little back and the hog headed for the undulating, brush-choked hillside to the left of the feeder. We knew that searching for the hog was a non-starter as it got dark, so after the next morning's uneventful hunt we deployed all the guides and a couple of snake bootied hunters to find the boar. With my .41 magnum revolver at the ready, I pushed through the thorny 8 to 10 foot tall foliage for two hours without success. The day after we left, the ranch owner spotted the deceased hog, so at least I was able to retrieve the tusks. A good dog would have been a blessing. The post-dinner ride that evening in the bed of the Toyota was unpleasantly cold and we were all delighted to hit the showers.

Day two's morning hunt rendered nothing but photos of big deer. Unfortunately, we also found evidence of a poacher who left the body of a bruiser sans head by the roadside. The ranch is low-fenced, so it is not difficult for intruders to get in and out undetected.



Lindsey With One of Her Two Peccary

Because Lindsey remained scoreless, Chris drove her around the property after breakfast until they located a pack of peccary. Lindsey found a steady rest for her Remington model 7 in 7mm-08 and nailed the first one at 120 yards. Sitting quietly, Lindsey and Chris waited to see if the herd would return after the commotion subsided. As fortune would have it, a few did come back into the clear cut at 185 yards out. Lindsey carefully set up and squeezed off another shot to attempt an encore. Another peccary hit the Texas dust and Lindsey's collared peccary tags were filled.

That afternoon Mike and I were riding in the back of Chris' truck scouting for meat. The vehicle rolled to a stop in front of a pod of javelina and because it was my turn to shoot (and assuming that all parties understood that I would shoot), I fingered the trigger for the .308 barrel, and the peccary pan-caked into the turf. At the report, both guides jumped out of the cab yelling at the top of their lungs. My assumptions had not been correct. The guides had not been expecting that quick shot and had not covered their ears. The reverberations from the .308 had ejected the

guides from the cab. Not that they were in any danger, but I promised to announce “fire in the hole” prior to the next missile launch.

Our tour of the 4,400 acre ranch continued until we spotted a couple of coyotes coursing parallel to the truck. We set up on a hilltop to see what the dogs would do. They were obviously intrigued by the chase and each one entered the track about 300 yards in front of us, one at a time. Mike took a crack at the first and I launched a projectile at the second. Neither of our .308s connected. Given a little more range time and experience with our respective weapons, we might have a better performance on next year’s trip.

At dinner time we gathered back at the ranch and packed up to head back to San Antonio. Each of us had fired our weapons, harvested game and experienced the fun of giving and receiving barbs about everything from shooting success or failure to camp eating behavior. In this age of immediate gratification by email, the photos of our various successes had already been shared with family and friends.

All of us agreed that this was a great trip and we look forward to next year. If you would like to get in on some very reasonably priced hog hunting (we paid \$300 per hunter for two days with accommodations and food), contact **Chris Valle, Tejas Outfitters PO Box 723, Marion TX 78124.**

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This Elk & Mule Deer Outfit Is A Real Find

by
Embry Rucker

DATELINE: WYOMING
Honor Roll Report

Reprinted with permission from The Hunting Report, the newsletter that serves the hunter who travels. The Hunting Report critiques good and bad outfitters and tells you honestly whether you should or should not pay good money to visit a given area. For more information or a free sample issue, visit their web site at www.huntingreport.com.

(Editor Note: Longtime subscriber Embry Rucker has hunted all over the world. So when he rates someone as one of the two best guides he has hunted with, we take notice. Turns out Rucker's star guide has exclusive access to a great elk and mule deer property. He only takes a handful of hunters, though, so bookings are limited and so is hunting pressure. We think this is a jewel of a find, so we're putting Rucker on our Subscriber Honor Roll and sending him a Hunting Report cap for telling us all about it. Thanks Embry!)

Iron Mountain Outfitters is a small operation offering elk, mule deer and antelope hunts on the Horse Creek Ranch. This prop-erty is located in the middle of the Laramie Range, about 45 miles northwest of Cheyenne. I hunted there for elk and mule deer with guide/outfitter Dennis Magnusson this past October and took a 350-class bull elk and 177 B & C mule deer.

Horse Creek Ranch (one of sev-eral by that name in Wyoming) is one the most beautiful properties I've seen out West. It is one contiguous block with limited access and lots of wildlife, including elk, mule deer, whitetail deer, antelope and cougars, plus, of course, coyotes. There is also lots of bird life and some great trout fishing in stream-fed lakes and ponds.

The property sprawls the Laramie Range, running over the summits and dropping onto the Laramie Plains. It encompasses about 100,000 acres, of which Magnusson hunts exclu-sively on about 75,000. There is no public land inside or around the ranch, so there are no public hunters pressuring the game or competing with Magnusson's hunters.

The ranch owner, Dave Berry, is an intriguing man from an old Wyo-ming ranching family and is very in-terested in the quality of the hunt-ing and the success of the hunting operation. He keeps an excellent balance between cattle ranching and wildlife. Everything on the Horse Creek Ranch is done right. Fences are straight, roads are good, lakes and waterways clean and no junk piles anywhere.



*Embry Rucker and His
Iron Mountain Mule Deer*

The ranch features mostly open country, with lots of high rolling plains and rocky outcroppings. In some areas, the land is broken up with deep canyons and patches of aspen. For the most part, you can see out for five miles. The hill country holds good numbers of elk, and there are large resident herds that wander around here. It's possible to see 350 to 400 elk in one herd.



Embry Rucker and His Elk

The elk I shot was with a group of about 500 - an awesome sight. That doesn't mean, however, that you will always find them on this huge property. In order to cover so much land, Magnusson does not use ATVs or horses. There are numerous two-track roads that allow him to cover lots of ground and access hunting areas by truck. The secret is to get up high and glass where Magnusson has seen trophy animals hang out. Hunters walk up to a rock outcrop and glass the open miles of country. If they spot something that looks worth checking out, Magnusson may drive to a better position, but the stalking is done on foot. Sometimes you may have to walk a mile to get into position. It's not extraordinarily difficult or physically demanding, though. There may be some steep areas, but they are not very rugged. Elevations are perhaps 7,000 to 8,000 feet. Obviously, the better shape you are in, the better you will be able to climb the higher ridges.

Be prepared for the possibility of long shots. After quite a bit of stalking for my elk, we figured we couldn't get closer. I didn't want to use my rifle over 350 yards so Magnusson loaned me his Rifle-Werks 1,000 yard rifle in 7mm Rem. Mag. with a Huskemaw 5-20 scope. I made a 508-yard one-shot kill on my bull elk.

The game on this property is not pressured at all. One day while we were driving the ranch road, there were two mule deer bucks standing about 70 yards from the road just staring at us. That said, you won't see big trophies from the road. You will have to hunt to take a good animal.

I have hunted with Magnusson several times and have always had a good experience. The elk and mule deer I took this last time are admittedly above average, but the good ones are there. The three hunters before me each got a 6 x 6 elk and a 4 x 4 mule deer. Other times I have taken antelope scoring in the mid-70s.

There are always elk around, with plenty in the 300- to 350-class, although larger ones are there. Last year, one of Magnusson's clients took a 371 bull. You can hold out for a 6 x 6 for sure. I have seen lots of mule deer, although the big trophies are not all over. Most are 150 to 160 inches. Magnusson was taking bucks in the 170- to 200-inch class every year. Recently, mountain lions have taken out some of the older bucks, so trophy quality has been in the 170-range. I was lucky to get a really good mule deer.

There are quite a few antelope too. Due to the higher elevations and tougher winters, however, they don't get as big as in other areas of Wyoming. While you likely won't find many Boone & Crockett bucks, you will see good ones that will score between 70 and 77. Magnusson has taken a few in the 80-class. For sure you can expect to take a 14-plus-inch antelope.

Magnusson charges \$5,000 for five-day elk hunts, \$4,000 for four-day mule deer hunts and \$2,000 for three-day antelope hunts. All include lodging, meals and guiding. The accommodations are great. There are two choices: The Stone House, built in 1893, is the main ranch house. It was restored and converted into a five-bedroom guesthouse complete with huge trophy room and a cook. The trophy room features 27-foot peak ceilings with 14-foot walls and an eight-foot fireplace. All of the trophies there are from the property. The second choice of lodging is a more remote cabin located by a good brown trout lake. It's a modern 2,500-square-foot structure with three bedrooms and two baths. While it is more of a do-it-yourself situation, you can start hunting elk right out the door.



Iron Mountain Outfitters is a small operation of just Magnusson and one other guide. He only takes eight to 10 elk hunters a year. The season runs from early October to late November, and he spreads hunters across that period allowing a rest between each group so the elk don't get pounded. Mule deer hunts run from mid-October to the end of the month, and he takes only eight. And antelope hunts take place in early October, with four to six hunters for the season. Drawing a mule deer and antelope tag here is practically guaranteed. An elk tag usually takes accumulating two to three points.

Magnusson previously worked for Berry on the Horse Creek Ranch for 10 years and personally hunted it

throughout that time. So, he knows the property very well. I like to think he knows all the coyotes by name. He lives on and manages the adjoining Iron Mountain Ranch, so he is in the area year round and knows what is happening. He has an eagle eye for game and is a good trophy judge.

He is not only an excellent guide but a really personable young man who is enjoyable to hunt with, has a cheerful disposition and is very considerate. He adjusts his hunting style to suit the client's ability and does not try to out-macho you like other young guides. I would rate Magnusson as one of the two best guides I've hunted with during all my hunts in North America, South America, Africa, the United Kingdom and New Zealand. I could not recommend him more highly. Contact him at 307-634-9748 or on his cell at 307-640-6431.—

Embry Rucker. (Postscript: In a follow-up call to Magnusson, he said that he also offers some limited hunting opportunities on the Iron Mountain Ranch. The property encompasses about 30,000 acres of very rough country with few roads and lots of trees. Magnusson describes it as a "discouraging" place to hunt. That said, a very fit and patient hunter will find excellent trophy bucks there. Magnusson produced a 197½ B & C mule deer there last season, but says it took three solid days of hunting and passing on about 15 deer. The area also holds good elk. Hunts on the Iron Mountain are for archery only.)

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Double Trouble

by
Mary Free-Phelps



My husband Randy and I had a very successful opening day of the Kentucky Wild Turkey season.

I took my gobbler about 8:30 AM on the west side of our farm. He weighed 25 lbs. and sported a 12 1/4" beard. Randy took his gobbler about 8:45 AM on the east side of our farm. His gobbler weighed 24 and sported a 10" beard. Both Randy and I started out, each in our own blind, we both heard multiple birds gobbling, but none of the gobblers we were working would come in. Both of us decided to "run and gun" since the gobblers were not cooperating.

Because I had my back surgery in 2004, sitting against a tree, is very uncomfortable, so I am primarily a ground blind hunter, so that I can sit comfortably on a stool. When Randy heard my shot, it was not anywhere near my ground blind, so he thought someone else, was hunting on our farm.

The gobbler that I was pursuing was on a ridge top with a 60* incline, I had to use the stock of my shotgun and my shooting stick like ski poles to help my way up that steep knob. When I got eye level with the top of the knob, I spotted the gobbler with several hens, behind some thick brush. I waited for him to step out in a opening in the brush, and shot him while standing on the side of the knob.

Randy's bird was about 70 yards behind his blind, he left his blind and crept within 30 yards of his gobbler, waited for him to step in an opening in the brush, and shot him. Those leafy bug suits really work well, for sneaking up to your quarry.

Randy and Mary Phelps

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Actions Speak Louder Than Words

by

Lieutenant-Colonel Michael A. Abell



Throughout the fall of 2009 leaders of the Kentuckiana SCI Chapter were planning a third annual "thank you hunt" for military personnel and their families. As 2010 rolled around the hunt took shape and a plan came together. The chapter would host Seabees from "Naval Mobile Construction Battalion Two Four" (NMCB 24) for a pheasant hunt at Clover Creek Hunting Farms.

Hardinsburg Kentucky 28 February, 2010 the day dawned crisp and grey with light winds from the southwest. At Clover Creek Farms, Jeff Tate and Chris Barr had the clubhouse open, coffee brewing, deer tenderloin slow roasting, biscuits baking, beans in the kettle, coals in the woodstove, and the infamous pointing lab, "Breaux" (pronounced 'bro'), fired up and ready to go.

The clubhouse smelled like a hot woodstove, strong coffee, and good food by the time a cadre of SCI Members led by Mike Maddox arrived to start setting things up for the men of "NMCB Two Four". Around 9:00 am Central Standard Time, our guests from NMCB 24 rolled in. They were greeted with hearty welcomes of "come on in y'all have some coffee...fresh biscuits are on the stove top, warm up and sit down." After the morning chill wore off and introductions were complete, Mike Maddox got the Seabees broken down into two groups and assigned duties to the SCI volunteers, while Jeff Tate got the pheasants put out, and Chris Barr gave a safety briefing. After all that, we moved back out into the crisp morning air.

Very shortly thereafter...

"BAWOOSH!" the quiet, still, grey morning was suddenly shattered with shotgun fire as the Seabees warmed up for the hunt, turning clay pigeons into brilliant clouds of orange dust. As the shots rang out, everyone seemed instantly awake and ready to go, most importantly Breaux, the pointing lab. We got the morning started, I took a moment to look around and take stock of everyone's appearance and mood. This was going to be a good day; they were all talking and laughing like they'd known each other for years. It seemed as if the mixture of shotgun blasts, clay pigeon dust, and belly's full of warm coffee and biscuits had a magical effect, the mantle of friendship was kindled and we were ready to hunt.

The first group of Seabees moved out with Kentuckiana SCI "official photographer", Alice Monarch, flankers, Mike Maddox and Mike Abell, guide, Chris Barr and Breaux. Meanwhile, Sam Monarch and Shelby Shelman got the second group of Seabees busy turning clay pigeons into more pretty clouds of orange dust.

A couple things are essential to safely hunting upland birds with large groups of hunters, staying on line while crossing the field behind the dog, keeping your weapon on safe, and your finger off the trigger until you're ready to shoot are three of the most fundamental. The best part about today's honored guests - you only had to tell them once. Between the discipline of the Seabees and the expert team of Chris Barr and Breaux, the hunt seemed almost too easy, like we'd been here before. The wonderful joy of hunting turned the tough Navy men into young men and boys quickly. They were laughing, talking, watching the dog work, enjoying the morning, and reveling in the joy of the hunt. Then something changed suddenly. As it always happens, the dog finds the first bird - Breaux went on point. The jovial crew of Seabees was instantly all business. Like they'd done this a hundred times, the Seabees watched the bird go up, they waited for it to clear the horizon, then only the two men closest shot, and the bird went down. By the time Breaux fetched it up, they were laughing, congratulating the shooters, and acting like big kids again. I thought, "Damn, these guys are good". Then I realized that they were combat veterans, like me; when it was time to shoot - all business; when the shooting is done - all smiles. Roger, got it, been there, done that, got the T-shirt. It was cool to see these men get dead serious when it was time to shoot and even cooler to see that they were a helluva lot better shots on live birds than clay pigeons. We had an absolute ball as we cleared a huge cut cornfield down and back. The birds were too numerous to count and we were actually a little tired by the time we turned back to the clubhouse.

The first group of Seabees were patting each other on the back and challenging the next group to do better as they retired to the warmth and great food of the clubhouse. The second group took to the field, with the same crew except this time Shelby Shelman joined the group as a flanker. Chris and Breaux were still on the top of their game and the second group of Seabees proved as disciplined, skilled, and gregarious as the first. The field was again filled with laughter, talking, stories, questions, and Chris Barr's directions to Breaux (or maybe the other way around). Just like the first group, as soon as Breaux went on point - dead silence followed by "BAWOOSH" and dead bird - then the talking and laughing started again. Up and down the cut cornfield the line of men went, our trusty elegant photographer darting around behind us capturing memories and moments. Two hours seemed mere minutes and we were back at the clubhouse, pockets full of birds, and out of ammunition, talking like old friends.

The whole crew, Seabees, SCI folks, Chris and Jeff now back at the clubhouse were deciding which group did better. No one really cared, but it made for interesting conversation. We never could decide who really did better so we moved on to eating, getting warm and telling stories. The group in the clubhouse seemed more like a family reunion by this point in the day.

The day passed too quick as good times often do. The Seabees were hooked on pheasant hunting and talked a great deal to Chris and Jeff about coming back on their own. They thanked Mike Maddox for everything, over and over, especially for the loan of his Benelli, marveling at how much better it shot than their old gun. They thanked everyone else, again. Then we took the obligatory photo of the entire outfit, including Breaux and it was over. As suddenly as the day had started, it was over.

The men of NMCB 24 thanked us for the 257th time and we watched them drive off. For the second time that day, I took stock of the faces of the people around me. The Seabees looked appreciative and happy. The SCI volunteers, Chris Barr and Jeff Tate...their faces were harder to explain, but I'd say it was a mixture of, "You're welcome. I wish we could do more," and "job well done". A day of thanksgiving from Kentuckiana SCI to some of this Nation's finest volunteers was over.

It's April now and as I reflect back on this hunt, for me, it was about watching my brothers and sisters at SCI do something to take care of my brothers and sisters in uniform. It is popular these days to tell a Soldier, Sailor, Airman, or Marine, "Thank you for what you do", but most folks don't go any further. It happens to me all the time when I'm off base in uniform and it feels good to be thanked, but since it is politically correct for folks to say it these days, I never really know if the person thanking me is sincere. I simply assume they are and reply, "You're welcome".

My brothers and sisters at SCI went further and turned their "thank you" into deeds, not words. For volunteer service

members like the men of Seabees and me, this hunt means a great deal. We are men of action, deeds, not words. So, when we get a thank you like this, however humble the SCI Membership thinks this hunt was, it cuts deep. The act of turning "thank you for what you do" into a day of thanks, an event to remember, well that is something that turns all those dark, terrible, dangerous times into something worthwhile. To know that you're appreciated for what you do, for putting it all on the line, that means more than I can ever explain.

There are many reasons why I am a proud member of Kentuckiana SCI, but one of the most important to me is the members. The good people in this chapter are many things, but one of the greatest compliments I can pay them is that they never forgot the lessons their parents taught them – actions speak louder than words. They always seem to go the extra mile to do what is right, even when no one is looking. In this case, they said thank you the right way, through deeds not words. I proud to have been asked to support this hunt as an SCI volunteer, but I am prouder to be associated with this chapter of SCI and the good people in it.

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Back to the African Bush

by

Sherry Maddox

I may not receive any awards for my writing skills but hope this article is a feeble attempt to put into words the sights, sounds and thrills of the hunt experienced in the magnificent country of South Africa. As suggested by someone, I could simply write the following: We went to Africa. We shot some animals. We came home, but that is not enough to describe this "third" trip to South Africa.

As I settled into my seat on Delta Flight 200, non-stop service to Johannesburg, SA, I realized a two year plan had finally come together. Mike and I were returning to South Africa, this time to hunt with Madubula Safaris and Professional Hunter Vlam Myburg.

Landing in Joburg, Air 2000 Hunters Support greeted us at the gate, facilitated our way through immigration and customs baggage claim and had firearms permits prepared and ready to claim our rifles at the SA Police Station. In addition, reservations for our stay in Joburg before and after the hunt were in place along with some sightseeing and shopping. (Yes, I had to shop). I would recommend anyone traveling to Africa utilize the services Air 2000 Hunters Support offer.

After a restful night at the African Tribes Guest Lodge, we traveled to Port Elizabeth where Professional Hunter Vlam Myburg welcomed us to South Africa. Those who know Vlam, know he has a bright smile, eyes that dance in anticipation of a hunt, and a contagious laugh.

Arriving at Craig Rennie, we met Dennis and Amon (trackers/skinners for our hunt). Along with Vlam and Armond (PH in training for Madubula, this would be our hunting team for the next 12 days.



Vlam and Our Hunting Team

Noel and Jan Ross own "Craig Rennie". Jan explained that Noel purchased the farm in 1983 and since their marriage in 1986, has been their home. They have raised two children, Karen and Keith, whom we also had the privilege of getting to know. The hunting lodge was beautiful and Jan's cooking was one for the books. From springbok to lamb to kudu, dinner each evening was the ultimate way to end an incredible day of hunting. And, her lunches were delicious as well.

Keith joined us on a couple of days hunting and shared his life long knowledge of the mountains and skill as a hunter. Keith is in college completing his degree in Veterinary Medicine and plans to return to Craig Rennie and establish a practice in the valley. Having finished her college

degree in 2009, Karen, who hopes to continue her graduate studies, has a love for life and is always laughing.

Sunshine and blue skies greeted us on our first day "in the bush". I told Vlam that I was a patient hunter and would listen to what he told me. (Some who know me may be shocked to hear that, but it is true). However, as "lady luck" would have it, Vlam spotted a common springbok male with two females slowly working their way up a hillside. We sat up and waited. As quickly as the springbok popped over the rise, one shot and, at 9 am, I had my first trophy. Late that afternoon, Vlam spotted a beautiful mountain reedbuck and, after a quick set up and shot, I had trophy number two.

I always look forward to the end of the day, sitting around the fire with a glass of wine and reflecting on the day's events. This is also a time to get to know your host/hostess and others who may be in camp with you. The sharing of stories and events with those who share the same passion that you do is all part of the total experience.



*Vlam and Mike with his
Black Wildebeest*

Black wildebeest are often called the clowns of the bush or in this case the mountains. If you see them run in circles and play on the terrain, you will understand why. Sunny skies and a mild breeze were perfect conditions for Vlam and Mike as they set out on a stalk for a bull that had been spotted. A short time passed, shots rang out, and Dennis informed me the stalk was successful and Mike had his first trophy, a beautiful old black wildebeest.

I knew going after smaller species in the mountain terrain would be tough, but none was tougher than my quest for vaal rhebok. Little did I know I would have to take shots that seemed to be miles, not yards, away. Although we had sunny skies, the wind presented a challenge as I attempted to shoot across a valley to the other hillside. Two hours into running back

and forth and up and down a bluff, Vlam turned with a huge grin and said, "now we are hunting vaal rhebok".

Patience and determination were key to my success and, after my third missed shot, I needed both. As I got ready to take a fourth shot at this incredible animal, Vlam quietly said, "you can do it" and with that, after four hours of spot and stalk, I had the third and probably most difficult trophy.

Saturday morning was overcast and cooler with a threat of rain. However, there was a black springbok on my list and the weather would not cloud the hunt. After setting up and observing several springbok, Vlam gave me the word and shortly thereafter pictures were taken with a magnificent black springbok.

That afternoon an exceptional red hartebeest was spotted running along the top of the mountain and, as daylight had diminished, Mike and Vlam knew they wanted to continue to spot and stalk this trophy the following day.



*Sherry and Her
Magnificent Vaal Rhebok*

Cooler weather and fog rolled into the area for Easter Sunday and the mountains looked like they were covered with a thick white blanket. Visibility was questionable as we headed out in search of the red hartebeest that had been spotted the day before. As luck would have it, the bull was out on the mountainside. Mike, Vlam and team set off on a stalk.

While sitting in the truck waiting to hear a shot from Mike's .30-06, I scanned the mountains and was amazed by the view, the habitat created for these animals, and the total beauty of Mother Earth. As I reflected on the opportunity I had to hunt on this vast continent they call Africa, and appreciated the important role hunters play in the balance of nature.



*Mike and His Incredible
Red Hartebeest*

My solitude lasted a short time as shots rang out across the mountain. At that point, I must be honest, my prayers changed from that of thanks to "I hope Mike got his trophy". Wounded but with incredible strength, the bull charged for the top of the mountain. However, when he came back down the mountain, he came with help from the hunting team and Mike had an incredible trophy.

Monday was a travel day. Our destination was Noel and Jan's home at Kenton on Sea to hunt lynx, blue duiker, and cape grysbok.

Tuesday morning, we were up at 5 am and off to hunt lynx. The dogs were out but did not appear to be on the scent of a cat. While waiting for the word that a cat had been located, it was decided Mike would try his skills with the shotgun and hunt a blue duiker. Everyone had warned us how quick these small animals were and usually they were past before the hunter even had the shotgun up to shoot. Not so with Mike. As quickly as one ran across the path, Mike swung and successfully shot the first blue duiker he saw.

A phone call from Jeff Ford, who had dogs running on another farm, informed us there was a cat in a tree. Despite our "race" to the farm, the cat had gotten down and there would be no lynx trophy on this day. Returning to the farm, Mike enjoyed an afternoon of fishing while I toured Kenton on Sea and enjoyed the sun and a good book.



Sherry's Record Book Lynx

The next day seemed to be a repeat of the previous day's adventure. Just as we arrived at one hunting location, Jeff called and we found ourselves racing across to the other hunting area hoping the cat would stay up in the tree until we could get there. I was a little nervous using a Ruger Red Label 12 gauge shotgun but one shot and I had a large male lynx. In fact, Vlam couldn't wait to get a tape measure on the skull as he told me this was the largest lynx a client hunting with him had shot. Final measurements are not in but he is one for the record book.

Cape grysbok are nocturnal and there were few reports of recent sightings. With darkness settling in, we departed from the farmer's home at 7:15 pm. Approximately 30 minutes later, Vlam and his team spotted what appeared to be a male in the field. I sat up and with one shot, I had a magnificent trophy.

A day ahead of schedule, we decided to take a road trip to Pietermaritzburg and spend the night with John and Lauri Abraham. With the truck and trailer packed, our long day's journey passed through several towns allowing us to see first hand how the South African people go about their daily lives.

Arriving at the Abraham's, we were greeted by John and Lauri along with their boys, Vlam's wife Leslie and the Madubula Safaris staff. We could not have asked for more gracious host and hostess. After a delicious dinner and great conversation, everyone admitted their fatigue from our journey and retired for the evening.



Cape Grysbok

Mhlosinga Bush Lodge in KwaZulu -Natal would be our "home" for the final three days of our safari. We hunted red duiker and, although I did not shoot this trophy animal, I enjoyed the spot and stalk with utter amazement at how thick and green this part of the country is. KwaZulu-Natal is also the native home for nyala. I decided if we found an exceptional bull, I would add that to my trophy list.

Late morning on our final day of hunting, we spotted a bull with very nice tall horns but, despite our best efforts, he eluded us. Despite walking and driving through thick brush, dodging limbs heavy with thorns and braving the afternoon sun, we did not spot the bull we were looking for. As darkness descended on us, we headed back to the lodge and standing no more than 50 – 75 yards from the road was the bull we had searched for all afternoon. I decided there simply was not enough light and did not want to chance taking a less than accurate shot. That bull would live to elude another hunter and I was okay with that.

When we returned to camp on that final day of hunting, I felt sadness in knowing I would not get up the next morning and hunt but also joy in what I have been given the privilege to be a part of. I have to thank Madubula Safaris and all the people we met along the way for sharing South Africa with us. Vlam Myburg, you are truly an incredible Professional Hunter and a dear friend. I cannot say thank you enough for making this the best trip yet.

I am proud to be a hunter.

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Lassiter Middle School Receives Grant From KYSCI for NASP

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

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

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

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

Lassiter Middle School

5500 Candlerwood Drive
Louisville, KY 40241
502.252.8746



September 15, 2009

Dear KY SCI Officers and Board of Directors,

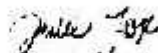
Thank you for your generous donation of \$1,000.00 to help our school start up a National Archery in the schools program.

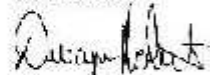
The students of Lassiter Middle School listed Archery in the top ten of requested clubs. Our student population comes from mostly lower socio-economic environments (85% free-reduced lunch) 15% of our population receives special education services for disabilities such as autism, emotional/behavioral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

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

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

Sincerely,


Julie Fox
PCE Teacher


Dwayne Roberts
Principal

www.kysci.net
502.252.8746

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2010 Fundraiser Success

Sherry Maddox

Each year I look forward to the chapter fundraising event for several reasons. You connect with people who have an appreciation for the goals and mission of SCI and our chapter. Yes, we are there to raise money to continue our projects and programs but it also gives us a chance to share our outdoor experiences, rather it be a hunt, a fishing trip or simply a weekend camping adventure.



Tom Hebert Receives Outstanding Member Award from V.P. Sherry Maddox and Pres. Mike Ohlmann

The 2010 fundraiser was a big success, netting the chapter just over \$17,000 dollars. I want to thank our auctioneers Miller and Elizabeth Monarch for a great job with the live auction. A list of individuals, donors and sponsors of this year's event are listed in this newsletter. We couldn't do it without you.

So, one may ask, how are the fundraiser dollars spent?

Education programs continue to be a focus for our chapter. Not just hunting, but the entire outdoor experience. Our chapter continues to receive sponsorship requests to establish National Archery in the Schools programs from local schools. The only downside to the continued success of this program the chapter board is receiving more requests than we have funds to fulfill.

The Youth and Apprentice Hunter Education program is scheduled for August 6 and 7, 2010. This two day event provides comprehensive breakout sessions with established core guidelines. Participation continues to increase each year and funds to purchase supplies and equipment is allocated to continue providing this educational opportunity. Our chapter is very fortunate to be offered the facilities at White Oak Elk Ranch to conduct this program. Owner Rick Davis has generously opened up the ranch for this two day event without requesting payment for rental. Thank you Rick.

As you will read in this edition, the support for our military is ongoing.

Our chapter continues to support KY Hunters for the Hungry. This is a very successful state wide program and much credit goes to our chapter as the founding organization.

There are many others. Throughout the year you will read articles and reports in our newsletter about various projects and programs, successful hunts taken by our members and friends, and both wins and losses in our legislative arena. But we need money to continue our mission. That is where you come in. Keep your membership current.

Save the date – February 26, 2011 and attend the annual fundraiser event.

Together we can continue to be a driving force in the preservation of our hunting heritage, access to our parks and recreation areas and in our conservation, humanitarian and education programs.

I am proud to be a hunter.



*Sherry Maddox, Jim Gladden and
Mike Ohlmann with Publication
Award*

**Thanks to all the donors, sponsors and individuals who contributed to the
Kentuckiana Chapter SCI 2010 Fundraiser Banquet and Auction.**

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Kentuckiana Chapter Prairie Dog Safari

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

Kentuckiana Chapter Board Meeting

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

Kentuckiana Chapter Apprentice Hunter Program

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

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Locals Participate in Record-breaking Youth Turkey Season



Camp Loucon was bustling with children's laughter and veteran hunting stories the Easter weekend as the Twin Lakes Area Youth-Only Beard Bash settled into their annual event. The Twin Lakes Chapter of the National Wild Turkey Federation sponsored the event that allowed area youth the opportunity to take part in the spring turkey season on a one-on-one guided hunt Saturday, April 3.

Twenty-seven participants made their way to Camp Loucon on Friday evening, thanks to their families. New friendships were made as soon as they met and another memorable event was underway. Volunteers from across the state came to help as coordinators, guides, and cooks! "This event is unique not only in size, but mostly because it is 100% free to everyone. Lodging and all meals are provided, not to mention a good time!" said Sam Coffey, co-coordinator of the local NWTF JAKES events.

JAKES is the NWTF program for youth and stands for: Juniors Acquiring Knowledge Ethics and Sportsmanship. The Twin Lakes event certainly provides an opportunity for the kids to stick to that motto. Friday evening after dinner Kentucky Conservation Officer Steve Nelson addressed all attendees about the laws and ethics associated with hunting. He went out of his way to make sure everyone understood the logic behind the laws and that everyone abided by them.

The youth participants and some adult volunteers stayed overnight at Camp Loucon in the Orchard cabin area and awoke on Saturday morning to a home cooked breakfast of sausage and biscuits & gravy. The other adult volunteers and guides arrived at camp Saturday morning around 4:30am to pick up their hunting partner and head to the fields. The morning hunt proved to be perfect, despite the rain! When they returned to camp for lunch participants were welcomed by 6 successful hunters!

After a catered lunch of BBQ and pork chops, all of the hunting pairs without a morning kill departed for the woods and fields again. Those left in camp began to get anxious as dark approached. When everyone had returned to camp for dinner, only 1 more turkey had been harvested. Participants were picked up by their parents after dinner and everyone involved is already looking forward to the next event!

Successful hunters were: Kennedy Nelson, Kyler Cannon, Dillon Mahurin, Brady Johns, Merv Miller, Matthew Hogan, and Charlie Rafferty.

The Twin Lakes Area Youth-Only Beard Bash committee would like to thank all of the sponsors, volunteers, participants, and parents that helped with the 2010 event.

This event was proudly sponsored by Flambeau Outdoors, Realtree Outdoors, Kentucky Afield & Tim Farmer, Lost River Game Calls, Conservation Officers Association, area individuals, and the National Wild Turkey Federation.

Thanks to our volunteer guides from the Kentuckiana chapter of SCI, Jim Warren, Randy Phelps and Mary Phelps.

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