



Kentuckiana Hunter



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Membership Meeting with Guest Speaker Walt Prothero



Guest Speaker Walt Prothero and Cheri Flory

On the evening of June 27, 2009 KYSCI held a general membership meeting at the University Club in downtown Louisville. Approximately 30 members and guests attended to hear guest speaker Walt Prothero, a writer and avid hunter recount some of his worldwide hunting adventures. Walt has written seven books and has had over 250 articles published in such magazines as Field & Stream, Outdoor Life and Sports Afield. Walt is currently a professor at Weber State University in Ogden, Utah.

It was through the efforts of Bob Horrar that Walt Prothero agreed to be a guest speaker for Kentuckian SCI even though he normally doesn't accept such invitations. Walt and his significant other, Cheri Flory flew into Nashville on Thursday June 25th. Bob had offered to be their host and gave them a quick tour of Nashville on Friday June 26th, before heading to Louisville on Saturday the 27th. Once in Louisville Ivan Schell gave Walt and Cheri a quick tour of the more notable landmarks and sights. Just a few days earlier Walt and Cheri had returned to their home in Ogden from a field trip in China with some of Walt's students.

During Walt's 90 minute presentation he told tales of some of his favorite, as well as least favorite hunting adventures. Cheri's personal recollection of some of the same events gave a sometimes much different perspective, which added to the flavor of the tales. Although all of his tales were exciting... especially those involving charging Grizzly bears, none was more exciting and entertaining than the story of hunting Kuban tur in the Russian Caucasus Mountains near the Georgian border in August of 2008. During this time frame the Russian-Georgian war was taking place! His hunt broker had assured him they were 400 miles from the fighting. After the hunting party had trekked deep into the mountains on horseback and set up camp a Russian helicopter gunship on patrol flew overhead. It then returned for a second fly by. Apparently the crew of the helicopter thought Walt might be Osama bin Laden and radioed infantry soldiers to intercede! The outfitter had instructed everyone to leave their passports and other identification at his residence for game officials to inspect, so when the Russian soldiers arrived Walt couldn't provide documentation of his true identity. After the soldiers detained the hunting party for a significant period of time they marched them to the closest military base. There they were subsequently interrogated by the KGB. Eventually the misunderstanding was resolved and Walt was released along with his companions. The entire story can be found in the March/April 2009 issue of Sports Afield. The club has a few extra issues available if anyone is interested.

In addition to sharing hunting stories Walt also shared his knowledge of the current state of hunting conditions across the African continent. This information was of particular interest to several members who had hunts already scheduled. At the end of the evening Walt autographed some of his books that he'd shipped ahead of his visit for members to purchase. The club still has a few of the books left if anyone is interested.

After a good night's sleep at Tom Hebert's home and a hearty brunch at Captains Quarters on Ohio River the following morning it was time for Walt and Cheri to fly back home. Kentuckiana SCI sincerely wishes to thank Walt and Cheri for taking time from their busy schedules to travel to Louisville and share some of their adventures with our members!

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Kentuckiana Chapter SCI Team Takes Fourth Place

On May 3rd the Kentuckiana Chapter SCI held its annual Sporting Clays Club Championship at Indiana Creek Gun Club. Over a dozen club members competed for top honors and the chance to represent our chapter at the annual Boy Scouts Sporting Clays Classic.



*Ivan Schell (left) Receives
TOP GUN award from Bill Hook*

When the last shot was fired and the smoke cleared, Ivan Schell our chapter president, held supreme. Ivan has been very competitive over the last several years and this year won the title of chapter "High Gun" for 2009 in a very convincing manner.

This event also served as the qualifying event to determine those chapter members who would represent our chapter at the annual Boy Scout Sporting Clay Classic. Team members for this year were, Bill Hook, Allan Weiss, Jim Warren and Alan Kirschenbaum.

Despite intermittent rain and overcast skies, the team represented our chapter in stellar fashion, taking fourth place in a field of over 100 teams. Our chapter's teams have always performed well over the eleven years that we have competed; consistently placing in the top ten. In 2006 our team placed sixth out of 97 teams and in 2007 came in at 8th out of over 100 teams.

Congratulations to Bill, Alan, Jim and Allan for representing our chapter in fine fashion and once again showing that these SCI folks can shoot!

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Next Stop-Antarctica

By Sam H. Monarch

Tropical island, Hell! I was freezing to death! We had landed in a wet, cold, gray cloud with virtually no visibility. I knew we were approximately 46 degrees south latitude below the southern most tips of South Africa and South America, but what I knew had been cast aside by my mistaken mental image of a warm, tropical South Pacific island. Invercargill on the South Island of New Zealand is neither warm nor tropical!

Inside the terminal building, the foul weather was immediately forgotten as we were greeted by a delightful couple straight out of a South Wales "Country Living" magazine. Our hosts for our upcoming hunt, Ewan and Kathryn Bennie appeared to be in their mid to late 30's, and both had friendly, round faces with ruddy complexions. Ewan never stopped moving as he welcomed us to "Kiwi" land, collected our luggage, and escorted us to his vehicle.

In a matter of minutes, we were headed north to our destination of "Hollyburn Deer Park". Hollyburn is dedicated to the production of European Red Deer: both the semi-domestic farm type and the very wild, free roaming variety. Approximately 1,000 acres of Ewan's "park" is allocated to raising farm deer. These semi-domesticated animals are raised for their meat and for their antlers. The antlers are cut off while still in the velvet, dried, then ground into a powder, and sold in the Orient as an aphrodisiac. Ewan complained, somewhat tongue-in-cheek, that

Viagra was ruining the antler market.

The remaining 2,000 acres of Hollyburn is in its unspoiled natural vegetation which is unbelievably lush and hardy. Mineral rich and naturally fertile soil coupled with almost daily rain produces a temperate “rainforest”. New Zealand’s South Island is roughly a hundred miles wide and goes from sea level to around 10,000 feet elevation and back to sea level, so there is not much flat ground.

The drive to Hollyburn passed quickly notwithstanding a stop for lunch. At Hollyburn, Alice and I were shown to a modern lodge which consisted of two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a lounge area. Ewan explained that they host only one party at a time so it would be just Alice and me. Kathryn suggested that we take our meals family style with her, Ewan, and the “wee ones”. This plan was great with us and we asked that the menu not be changed on our account as we wanted to experience New Zealand as it really was.

After a quick shower, we confirmed the rifle’s zero and then went four-wheeling to familiarize ourselves with the lay of the land. As the day passed, the weather cleared and by mid-afternoon,



Sam on the porch of Ewan and Kathryn's Hollyburn Lodge

we enjoyed a hint of sunshine. After the four-wheeler ride, I decided to sit on the porch and rest a bit. As a porch sitter, I heard stag after stag roaring in the bush. Not to be outdone, the aggressive little fallow deer barked challenges to the red stags that were three times their size. Once or twice, I heard the faint bugle of elk on a neighboring farm.

The afternoon passed quickly, and we were soon called to dinner. The “wee ones” (Kathryn’s children) commented that Alice and I talked funny but almost immediately adopted us as friends. Dinner featured pumpkin soup, venison, and a variety of vegetables, all of which were very good. During dinner, Ewan advised that our first two days would be devoted to finding the stag of my dreams. By stretching the budget a tad, my goal was to take an SCI super gold animal which had to measure more than 350 inches. Adding to the challenge, I wanted a typical animal with symmetric antlers. Many inches are added to a stag’s score by drop tines, extra tines, and other such garbage sticking out everywhere, but it remains my opinion that true

beauty is in symmetry.

Ewan said that day three and possibly four were reserved for our trip into the Cook Mountains (Southern Alps) for tahr and chamois. It was late fall and flying was not possible every day due to the fickle weather, so we had booked the helicopter for a second day just in case. I know now that suicide would have been preferable to a second day in the helicopter.

On our first hunting day, breakfast came early and before I was fully awake, we were four-wheeling toward one of the primitive areas. The plan was to walk/crawl slowly around the mountainsides and glass for stags on opposing mountainsides. The impenetrable undergrowth was interrupted from time to time by open grassy areas which ranged in size from a few hundred square feet to something approaching an acre. Ewan explained that the wild deer feed and frequently bed down in these open areas. We walked, slipped, crawled, fell, sat and glassed that entire day without success. We saw numerous hinds (does) and several stags which Ewan said were less than 330 inches but saw nothing which interested us. I did watch several very nice Arapawa rams move into and out of the brush but these animals were not on my trophy list.

Day two was about like the first day until mid-afternoon. Alice, Ewan, and I were four-wheeling to a different area when Ewan suddenly stopped his four-wheeler almost causing a collision. Standing in an open area about 150 yards out was the most beautiful stag imaginable. He had collected a small herd of farm hinds and faced us defiantly as if to ward off any claim to his harem. He was spectacular! His antlers were wide, long, massive, and perfectly symmetrical. The Hartford Stag would be humbled by comparison. Ewan whispered that he had only seen this deer a few times and did not know for sure where he spent most of his time. This impressive wild stag had jumped an eight foot fence to get to the farm girls. Ewan opined that this stag would measure 400 +/- inches and would never get any better. It would be downhill from there and to make matters worse, there was a real danger that one of the young stags would kill him before the next season.

Ewan said, "If you want him, I can discount the trophy fee pretty good."

Of course, I wanted him! I wanted him so badly I could hardly talk, and I was having trouble breathing! I gasped, "How much more?"

After some hesitation, Ewan whispered, "Another \$5,000.00." Before I could answer, the stag and his lady friends turned and ran over the hill. I told Ewan I would let him know that evening during dinner as Alice was going to require some sweet talking.

Thirty minutes later, I was lying on my stomach trying to steady the crosshairs on another magnificent animal 225 yards across a gorge. This animal was beautifully symmetrical and Ewan advised that he would go better than 350 inches. As the trigger broke, I saw the stag fall and both the stag and I began to slide down our respective mountainsides.

It took us thirty minutes to travel the short distance to my animal. Both hillsides were so steep they could not be climbed either up or down by humans, so we had to take the long way around but finally located my deer.



Sam's stag where he stopped sliding down the mountainside. Note the lush vegetation and steep hillside

He was truly a most majestic creature. There is no animal more regal than a fully mature European Red Stag. As we were near the end of the roar (rut), my stag was cut, bruised, and battle scared, but the antlers were perfect with every tine polished to an ivory luster. That evening as I watched Ewan carefully measure my trophy, I kept comparing him without regret to the monster that I had let walk away. I was elated when

Ewan announced that my stag was 361 inches, with perfectly matched crowns and no trash points.

The next morning our tahr and chamois hunt began before daylight with our departure for the community of Wanaka. Wanaka lies at the base of the Cook Mountains and was home to our helicopter ride. Thankfully, I had no idea of the misery I was about to endure, and in fairness to Ewan, he had asked if I was subject to sea sickness. With an arrogance soon to be regretted, I had boasted that I was an old pilot myself and had done more than a little off shore fishing. Of course, I did not get sea sick! How could he possibly imagine such a thing!

Ewan went on to explain that free ranging tahr live just below the snow line and must be located from the air. The idea is that once a nice bull is located, the helicopter will try to get low

enough for the hunter to jump out, hopefully, into a location from which he can shoot the tahr.

The first hour or so of the tahr hunt went great! The flight was reasonably straight and level.



Sam with his Tahr taken in the Cook Mountain Range of New Zealand

Then we began to dart into and out of mountain ravines and crevasses, and soon I was sick, and then I was really sick! Thankfully, there were lots of plastic bags on board. My attention was momentarily diverted from the plastic bags when the helicopter hovered over a flat area about the size of my kitchen, and I was told to get out! Ewan pointed out a very nice bull on the next bluff over and one shot brought him down.

In a few minutes, both the tahr and I were being loaded into the back seat, and we dropped our elevation to about 5000 feet to look for chamois. In another hour, we located a great chamois; however, by then, I was so sick and so weak and so dehydrated, help was required to get out of the helicopter. I vaguely remember shooting the chamois and remember seeing him fall but my next clear recollection is being rolled out of the helicopter back in Wanaka. Apparently, I had ridden out of the mountains lying on or between two dead animals.

After we landed, Alice and Kathryn, who had been shopping, joined us. I do remember telling Alice that by comparison, the chamois and the tahr were the lucky ones. With my feet on the ground, recovery progressed fairly quickly, and I was able to eat a light



*Sam with chamois taken in the Cook Mountains.
Picture was taken back in Wanaka*

dinner. I will never again say that I don't get sea sick! Looking back on the experience, I will concede that the Cook Mountains, like the Andes, are beautifully desolate and rugged. It is amazing that tahr and chamois can prosper in such a barren and windswept environment.

On day four, we hunted Hollyburn's lower meadows for the last animal on my agenda, a

nice fallow buck. These feisty little deer are plentiful and reach gargantuan proportions in New Zealand compared to the rest of the world. Fallow deer are apparently grazing animals (as opposed to browsers) and were plentiful in Ewan's low grassy areas. During the day, I saw probably a dozen or so nice bucks of various colors. Slightly before dark, a very nice buck with five or six does ran into the field. His antlers were wide, tall, and heavily palmated. As I was



*Sam with fallow buck.
Note the steep hillside*

trying to get into position to shoot, he saw me and turned as if to run then stopped giving me a broadside 150 yard shot. Fallow deer are very confrontational and my fallow showed the price of spirited love. His head and neck displayed a grid of battle scars and half healed wounds. When Ewan skinned the little deer, his entire body was a series of

hematomas.

On day five, we did some more sightseeing with Ewan and Kathryn. We visited the beautiful little city of Queenstown and dined in one of the local hangouts, toured several quaint coastal villages, and moseyed along the shore of the South Pacific.

It appeared that everyone in New Zealand had some type of a make-shift cabin or shanty on the coast where they went to fish for flounder and catch crayfish (lobsters).

On day six, Alice and I said goodbye to our wonderful hosts and chartered a boat to Stewart Island which lies roughly twenty miles off the south coast. This

beautiful little island is relatively unspoiled by man and is home to the last naturally occurring Kiwi population.



*Sam with Ewan and Kathryn
overlooking the South Pacific coast*

After Stewart Island, we flew to Auckland and spent three days taking in the sights, shopping, and dining city style on more good New Zealand food where Alice developed a passion for "passion fruit" crème brulee. From Auckland, it was home by way of Los Angeles.

Our New Zealand adventure with Ewan and Kathryn goes into the books as another great

hunting trip; however, it is incomplete to characterize any trip to a foreign country as just a hunting trip. Each trip is always much more. The journey is a study in sociology, history, culture, and geography. Such a trip clears up misconceptions and enhances understanding of and appreciation for our neighbors in this shrinking world. I occasionally look back and laugh at myself for thinking that the South Island of New Zealand would be warm and sunny. It only takes a moment with a globe to realize that the next stop south of New Zealand is Antarctica.

Hollyburn Deer Park's website is www.huntingnewzealanddeer.com

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PRAIRIE DOG SAFARI

SUBMITTED BY WAYNE AND MATTHEW EDWARDS

On July 9-13, we went on the Kentuckiana Safari Club International Prairie Dog Safari on the Standing Rock Sioux Indian Reservation, near Mobridge, South Dakota. This was our first distant hunting trip, and the farthest away trip we have ever been on.

The reservation covers over a million acres, in both North and South Dakota. It is home to the Dakota and Lakota Sioux Indians. It is huge, and has vast flat areas. There are very few trees, and they are small.

A reservation license is required, as is an Indian Guide. Our guide was Jess Porras, who our Dad and Mike knew from a prior trip.

While on the reservation, we saw Pronghorn Antelope, Mule Deer, Whitetail Deer, many

Pheasants, burrowing owls, and a huge number of other birds. Several others on the trip saw Rattlesnakes and Eagles, but we did not.

We stayed at the Grand River Casino, around the corner from where Sitting Bull is buried. It was a very nice, clean hotel. The people who work there were very understanding about us hauling in huge numbers of guns at night.



Pronghorn

About 13 people were on the trip, some drove out and back together, and some drove or flew separately. The ones that flew were lucky. It is a long drive, about 1100 miles and about 20 hours. We rode out and back with Alan Kirschenbaum, who has hunted a lot of different places and has lots of interesting stories. We saw a lot of Pheasants and Deer, we saw the Saint Louis Arch, and we saw Joe Jr. almost get ran into by three deer on the interstate.



The Prairie Dog is, of course, not at all a dog, but a rodent. It is about 12-16 inches from tail to nose, and weights about one to three pounds. They make a sort of bark or chirping sound when we walk into the prairie dog towns.

Shooting at Prairie Dogs is hard and fun. This was the first time we have tried to shoot at far away targets. We go to an area with lots of Prairie Dogs running around and lots of holes, we set up benches, and start with the closest dogs, and work our way back. We learned

about how wind moves a bullet, and how the rifle is zeroed to a given distance, and how to allow for changes in that distance.



Wayne Edwards

We used .17 HMR, .223, and 22-250 rifles, depending on how far away the Prairie Dogs were.

We do not really know how many Prairie Dogs we shot over three days, but it was a lot. Dad says we shot about 350 rounds of .17, about 300 rounds of .223, and about 100 rounds of 22-250 ammo.



Matthew Edwards

We saw Alan shoot lots of prairie dogs so far away it was almost impossible to see them without an optic.

This was a very fun trip with lots and lots of shooting. We learned a lot about rifles and rifle shooting. We can't wait to go back.

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Winter Lions in the Rockies!

By Patrick Bryan



After all the fall hunting, what better way to enjoy the winter than to hunt the extremely secretive, stealth mountain lion of North America. Few of us will ever have the opportunity to actually see this beautiful and majestic animal in the wild and it's fair to say that no North American trophy room is complete without a life size action mount of a mountain lion.

While I have been fortunate to actually see two of these ultimate predators in the wild (one actually too close for comfort), I had not been successful in my previous hunt for the large cougars of British Columbia a few years ago.

Today these magnificent animals can be seen throughout western and central Canada including all the Rocky Mountain States, select areas of the upper Mid West and Florida. Male lions can grow up to nine feet in length (nose to tip of tail) and commonly weigh 160 lbs with some actually reaching 200 lbs. A mature female can weight 100 to 130 lbs and reach seven feet in length. The head of a male lion is usually slightly larger with a more prominent jaw. Their primary food supply is mule deer although they commonly hunt elk and moose as well. A large mature cat will eat up to 20 lbs of meat per day and can easily consume as many as 100 deer per year.

When I decided to pursue mountain lion once again this year, I really wanted to focus on a mountainous state known to have an abundant number of cougars with large annual snow falls from November through May for effective tracking. When it comes to big cats and heavy snow falls, it doesn't get much better than Utah! Mountain lions inhabit territory all across Utah and the state has more than 35 record-book mountain lion entries with an annual harvest of more than 300 lions.

Secondly, it's important to select an outfitter with a fine reputation, outstanding record of success and known to use high quality, well trained dogs. When it comes to Utah and hunting lions, there's no better outfitter than Wade Lemon. Wade runs a well organized operation with very experienced hunting guides and dog handlers. Cabelas outdoor Adventures has consistently promoted Wade as one of the most highly recommended mountain lion hunting outfitters they book with client success rates well in the high ninety percent range. Wade runs nearly 100% success on limited draw areas and 80% on general harvest areas.

My hunt was in general harvest areas and took place in southeastern and southwestern Utah. We initially hunted the Henry Mountains (elevations of up to 11,371 ft) and completed the hunt successfully in the Mt. Carmel Junction area outside the Zion National Park. The scenery in this part of the state is outrageously beautiful and highly recommended if simply for the site seeing.

If you decide to go, I recommend being in good shape as you may be required to walk long distances in very rugged terrain with deep snow. Cutting lion tracks is usually done by four wheel pickup, ATV or snowmobile but once a fresh set of tracks are located, the dogs are released and the chase is on!

I also recommend layered clothing, a set of cross country skiing collapsible poles, and a light back pack to carry your essentials, including preferably a very light, small caliber weapon. Ideal calibers are the 22-250, 223 or 243. Lions are thin skinned animals and your shots are going to be at very close range.

Wade's contact information is below and feel free to contact me at 502 292 3051 if I can be of assistance.

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CMP COMMITTEE

SUBMITTED BY

BOB EDWARDS



Your CMP Committee recently had an active role in continuing our chapter's constant message that Hunters and Shooters are a positive factor in our community.

CMP Committee members Mike Ohlmann and Bob Edwards, and chapter member Roger LaPoint recently assisted with training 35 women to shoot rifles, shotguns, archery and handguns, on a beautiful June day at the Fern Creek Sportsman's Club.

Scott Crume, a local Archery Pro, and his fiancée Rachel had a number of her co-workers inquire about shooting and hunting, and so they set about to provide an opportunity for these new entrants into our sport. They titled the event the Annie Oakley Range Day.

Roger realized the merit in this and really worked hard and obtained access to the Club, and many of the Club's members, who assisted and provided an assortment of their personal firearms, ammo and equipment. He is trained in all eight NRA instructor disciplines, and proved to be a great instructor and organizer.

Roger also taught the rifle portion of the event.

Gary Roman, of Firearms Service Center, instructed the shotgun course, providing targets, ammo, and a huge selection of firearms. He demonstrated true professionalism and expertise.

Scott King, of King Archery, instructed the archery program, and provided all the equipment used. He also brought help for the event. Scott similarly was the consummate professional, and made the event noteworthy.

KYSCI provided use of the Lasershot system, which was used to demonstrate firearms function, sight picture, and assorted other shooting skills. We also provided use of the club's training rifles.



Bob Edwards and Mike Ohlmann Instructing Handgun Technique to New Shooters

Both Mike Ohlmann and I are or have at times been accredited coaches with the National Rifle Association, the National Shooting Sports Foundation, the Civilian Marksmanship Program, Kentucky Justice Department, Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Resources and assorted other programs. We instructed the handgun segment.

This event had no budget and was completely unfunded. Every item used was provided by a number of generous sportsmen.

I have frequently observed that in visiting sportsman's clubs or ranges all over the place that the members are always willing to drop everything and go out of their way to assist with teaching what they know. The members of the Fern Creek Sportsman's Club were no exception. They allowed free run of their entire facility, adorned for the day with pink balloons and flowers on the signs. With many of the members assisting, they provided ammo, equipment and expertise, and generally demonstrated the best attributes of sportsmen.

It turned out to be an enjoyable range day, with participants and instructors learning a lot.

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DOG DAYS OF SUMMER

Prairie Dog Shooting in South Dakota

by Ivan Schell



Thirteen adult and youth members of Kentuckiana SCI embarked on an unusual midsummer adventure on the Standing Rock Sioux reservation in South Dakota July, 2009. On the 8th of July four truckloads of hunters pointed their vehicles westward and after driving all night found their way to Mobridge, South Dakota on Highway 83. Mike Ohlmann, three generations of Joe Kurzies, Bob Edwards with sons Matthew and Wayne, Jim Carroll, Corky Skaggs and son Luke, and Alan Kirschenbaum



drove out. Don Chilcote and I joined the group by air. The wide Missouri River, full from spring rains, provided the backdrop for the Grand River Casino that would be our home for four nights and three days of great prairie dog shooting.

In the ancient past, Standing Rock was the play ground of giant Woolly Mammoths. Now, Standing Rock, adjacent to the Rose Bud Reservation in North Dakota, is home base for our Sioux Indian guide Jess Porras, and much of the Sioux nation. The Sitting Bull memorial lies a short drive from the Casino. Sitting Bull of course was famous for besting George Custer on June 26, 1876. In 1890, James McLaughlin feared that Sitting Bull would flee the reservation to join the Ghost Dancers and orchestrated his arrest by Native American police who then killed Sitting Bull for allegedly resisting arrest. His remains are

Grand River Lodge

believed buried near his birthplace on the Rez.

Upon arrival we all cleared security at the Casino hotel with our firearms, checked in and reported for receipt of our comp cards good for a couple of meals in the Casino dining room. Mike Ohlmann, who organized this event, coordinated with Jess Porras for the coming day's hunt. (Mike had planned a similar trip with chapter members two years ago.) Dinner conversation was filled with details of rifles, loads, quantities of ammunition, sun screen, hats, etc. What was not discussed (and should have been) was the need to prepare for an epidemic of chiggers! This omission became abundantly clear by the next evening when all of us (except Mike) were digging our skin raw trying to quell the furious itching.

The object of our attention for the coming days would be the common prairie dog. Prairie dogs come in five species: black tail, whitetail, Gunnison, Utah and Mexican. These denizens of the high plains are generally from 12 to 16 inches long and weigh from 1 to 3 pounds. Highly social, prairie dogs, live in large colonies which can span hundreds of acres. Families consist of one male and two to four females. They reach sexual maturity in one year and will generally produce one or two broods per year depending on the conditions. Dogs dig burrows and tunnels 16 vertical feet down and 100 feet in length. Abandoned burrows provide homes for rattlesnakes and a variety of other mammals, birds and reptiles of the area.

The rodents communicate with high-pitched chirping similar to some bird calls. The pests damage agriculture by clearing the areas around their burrows of vegetation. Abandoned holes which are grown over, pose a threat to humans and horses as I found out on the second day. As I was sneaking up on a group of dogs I stepped into an unseen hole and took a perfect swan dive into the two-foot high grass. Not only was my pride hurt but my entire body became instantly exposed to the scourge of chiggers. Prairie dogs also carry the bubonic plague and tularemia transmitted to them by fleas. For this reason, we made it clear that no one was to touch any dog with anything but lead and copper.

At 8:00 am on Friday morning, the army of dog shooters assembled in the Casino parking lot for the first day of action. Jess met us half way to the target area and led us through reservation land to the sight of our first day's experience. Our shooters organized into four squads spaced far enough away to avoid accidents, but close enough to coordinate our movements for lunch, etc. If any of you have seen the prairie dog game on the Chapter's Laser Shot, you have some idea of how the animals behave in the wild. With a

maximum speed of 35 miles per hour, the little targets could hit their holes instantly. Fortunately, these towns had not been recently fired on and we were getting shots from 50 to 500 yards.

The typical rig for this kind of shooting includes a shooting table with a rifle rest and an umbrella to fend off the sun. (See photos.) Smart shooters covered their exposed skin with sun screen at least twice per day. Most of us had multiple firearms so that one could be cooling down while the others were in use. By far the most popular arm was the .17 HRM. These little rifles provided high volume, low expense fun at distances out to 200 yards. Thousands of dogs simply fell over when hammered by one of the .177 slugs. Bigger arms like my .225 Winchester and an array of .223 and .22-250 rifles took charge from 200 yards out. Typically the close dogs went down first with the .17s followed by further out targets with the bigger .22s. A calculated guess of dogs taken suggests that we eliminated over 10,000 of the pests during our shoot.



Close to lunch time on the first day, Mike and I teamed up for a little run and gun action. Mike drove Joe Junior's 4X4 truck over the prairie and when we found a dog on his mound within 100 yards the .17 rifle would pass to the shooter closest to the target. We took turns for about 45 minutes before Jess signaled that it was time to head out for lunch. I would repeat the running and gunning technique the next day with Jess driving while I manned my model 27 Smith and Wesson .357 magnum (8 and 3/8" bbl). I didn't hit as many dogs as I did with the .17 but the fun factor was definitely higher.

The first day's lunch break found us traveling north to a small reservation town called McLaughlin (named after the James McLaughlin referred to above). The walls of this arch typical greasy spoon were decorated with large mule deer and whitetail deer heads. The meal consisted of typical fried comfort food which would sustain us for the remainder of the day.

Back in the field the squads reconfigured and moved to new locations. The process started again, shooting the close dogs and the big dogs, before taking on the more challenging small dogs at distance. Constant wind and gravity taught all of us the



skills of mastering Kentucky windage and hold over. Because a 10 mile per hour wind produced a drift of 40 inches at 400 yards, some of the dogs required more than one experimental shot before the right formula was discovered. The youth members of the group learned these lessons well and proved to be the near equals of their mentors by the end of the third day. While this artillery method ultimately brought down a reasonable number of targets, it hinted that none of our shooters were quite ready for military sniper service and deepened our appreciation for those skillful and well trained individuals.

Evenings found us at the "Western Inn," the only dinner place in Mobridge worthy of the name. Because of the concurrent Walleye run, the dining room was filled with more fishermen than hunters. This was my first introduction to eating walleye and I was not disappointed. I won't be giving up catfish anytime soon, but when out west the walleye provide a fine substitute.

On subsequent days the shooting routine was established. However, not at all routine was watching eagles swoop down to snag dead dogs in their talons. Coyotes patrolled the margins of our hunting areas looking for refugees and waiting for us to vacate the area as the sun headed for the western horizon. We took the measure of four rattlesnakes during the trip to the delight of our youth members. On the third day we had a delusional antelope wander onto the killing fields and bed down about 400 yards from my shooting position. Cows were undeterred by the noise and wandered in and out of range. In one case I thought I might get a shot off before being interrupted by the lead cow, until I saw her head appear in the left side of my scope's field of view.

All of us enjoyed the camaraderie of spending days afield together and listening to each other's exaggerated tales and excuses. After three days of shooting, sunburn, and stories, we headed our vehicles toward the east and home, stopping only long enough for the obligatory visit to Cabelas in Mitchell SD, and mandatory rest stops. The youth are already planning next year's trip to fill the dog days of summer

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Everyone Can Contribute in Some Way

by
Sherry Maddox

To me Kentuckiana Chapter SCI has become more than just a membership organization with a tag line and mission. I have been fortunate to be a member, serve as a director and recently honored with being elected Vice President. Throughout the 10 plus years I have participated in various chapter events, projects and programs it continues to be rewarding to contribute to our mission.

The Hunter Apprentice Weekend, which is featured in this newsletter, was a huge success. Mary Phelps and I lead a session on "Preparation Prior to Your Outing" and I was amazed at the enthusiasm and interaction from the youth and adults. Programs such as this validates why I continue to volunteer my time to co-chair the annual chapter fundraiser.

I realize not everyone has the interest to serve on a committee, attend meetings and lead a sub-committee but there are ways to contribute. Perhaps you have hunted with an outfitter who you could contact about a donation or a business owner whom you can approach about a donation. And, if you are not comfortable contacting them yourself, let a member of the board or fundraiser committee know and one of them will make the call.

The 2010 Fundraiser Banquet and Fundraiser Committee are finalizing the date and location for the event and will post the information on the chapter website and in future publications. I can tell you it will be in early March. Start thinking about family members, friends, acquaintances you can invite. Explain how their attendance will help our chapter to continue to support education and conservation projects.



Amanda Trester

Chapter success is the foundation for the success of SCI as an organization. Please help us continue to preserve the freedoms we have and pass along our hunting heritage to the next generation.

I am proud to be a hunter.

Sherry Maddox

Explorer111749@aol.com

*Kentuckiana Chapter SCI
would like to thank:
Bill Keeton for his donation of
a custom made Knife to the*

His name was omitted from the list of donors and sponsors in the Spring issue of the newsletter.

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CMP UPDATE

Submitted by Bob Edwards

The Kentuckiana Chapter of Safari Club International is a Civilian Marksmanship Program Affiliate Club. Members of the Kentuckiana Chapter are eligible to purchase U.S. Military surplus rifles at a considerable discount from what these rifles sell for at gun shops or shows. For Club Documentation, contact Bob Edwards (502) 262-4666. Apparently, CMP orders are quite backed up currently, anyone wishing to obtain a fine example of US Military firearms at a huge discount should begin right away.

"SINCE OCTOBER 2008, WE HAVE BEEN OVERWHELMED WITH ORDERS FOR ALL PRODUCTS, ESPECIALLY RIFLES AND AMMUNITION. AS A RESULT, IT IS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO PREDICT DELIVERIES FOR ANY OF THE ITEMS THAT CMP SELLS. PLEASE ALLOW A MINIMUM OF 90-100 DAYS FOR ORDERS TO SHIP. ORDERS ARE BEING PROCESSED IN THE SEQUENCE THEY WERE RECEIVED. DUE TO THE HIGH CALL VOLUME, YOU MAY EXPERIENCE LONG DELAYS WHEN TRYING TO REACH CMP BY TELEPHONE. WE ENCOURAGE EVERYONE TO NOT CALL, BUT TO SEND AN EMAIL WITH QUESTIONS TO custserve@odcmp.com. IF THE QUESTIONS ARE ABOUT AN EXISTING ORDER, PLEASE ENTER THE ORDER NUMBER (IF KNOWN) IN THE SUBJECT LINE TO EXPEDITE RESPONSES."

More information can be found at:

Civilian Marksmanship Program
P.O. Box 576
Port Clinton, OH 43452
(419) 635-2141
Fax (419) 635-2802
Civilian Marksmanship Program (South)
1401 Commerce Blvd
Anniston, AL 36207
(256) 835-8455

Fax (256) 835-3527
www.odcmp.com

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Report on KYSCI's 6th Annual Youth and Apprentice Hunter Program

by
Mike Ohlmann



Just as the youngsters that attended the 1st and subsequent KYSCI Youth and Apprentice Programs over the years have grown up to become fine young sportsmen and women, the program itself has matured in its quality and grown in content and participants. This year's attendance was an all-time high with a total of 48 total students enrolled.

This included 23 youngsters and 9 adults graduating from the National Hunter Safety classes and 5 Graduates of previous years returned as mentors and lead the Hunter Apprentice teams through the 7 disciplines; Rifle, Shotgun, Archery, Tracking and Blood-trailing, Game Scouting and Optics, Anatomy and Shot Placement, and new for this year and a big hit, Muzzle loading.

We also had a larger adult, learner, participation this year including moms and dads supporting their youngster's aspirations as well as those pursuing their own "call of the wild".

And yet all of the additional participation was easily absorbed as we increased the instructional staff with numerous parents of previous year's students eagerly volunteering having "noted the value and quality of the program".

Our Chapter is blessed to have such dedicated and qualified individuals teaching in all of the Disciplines. These include; Jim Warren and Mike Stockleman, Certified Hunter Ed Instructors, Tom Hebert a National Archery In Schools Program certified instructor, Bob Edwards, a NRA Certified Marksmanship Instructor, and accomplished and world traveled shooters, hunters and huntresses, Sherry Maddox, Mary Phelps, Mike Maddox, Randy Phelps,

Joe Kuerzi, and Tim Holland.

Additions to our instructional staff for this year included; Shelby Shelman an NRA certified master shotgun instructor, Sam Monarch who has harvested 4 world records and numerous SCI top 10 animals with black powder. Alice Monarch also a world record holding muzzleloader, and Dean Monarch likely the most practiced loader in the black powder industry! Randy Phelps and Clint Blackburn joined the Rifle Corps, former youth apprentice Ted Staten joined the Archery staff and Kent Cooper assumed and "nailed in his first attempt" the role of Master Chef.

Rather than going on in report format; I have compiled some observations from the various instructional and support staff teams, as I believe their insight says so much and also to recognize the large debt of gratitude we owe to these folks for sharing their valuable time and considerable knowledge.

Host: Rick Davis; "I think this is one of the best programs we (KYSCI) do.... Kids are our future, the future of hunting, and I'm just glad to be a part of such an excellent way to get them started in the right direction."

Co Chairs: Mike Ohlmann and Sherry Maddox; "Despite numerous thunder showers no ones spirits were even dampened!... the kids enthusiasm was so strong that even the youngest of them accepted the rain dominated schedule changes like troopers!..."

Jim Warren and Mike Stockleman, Hunter Safety Education; "This is not only the largest class we teach each year it is the most successful"... I think due in a large part to the number of experienced volunteers and excellent hands on stations we not only had a zero failure rate but had extremely high test scores in all age groups!...One story I really liked was from;

Mike Maddox and Shelby Shelman Shotgun; "Very interesting to watch the growth of the youngest shooters where in previous classes they could barely hold the shotgun or the kick was enough for just one shot. This year they were able to hold the shotgun on their own and were able to break a number of clay birds.... Amazing the enthusiasm with the first clay bird breaking into pieces while everyone from their team watching....The most rewarding were the smallest young girls that braved the impact of the first shell going off. A number of them gave it a second try."

Bob Edwards, Clint Blackburn, Randy Phelps Rifle; As we see the repeat participants in the program demonstrate their abilities, It is clear we are accomplishing our intended result: The experienced attendees are seeking much more advanced skills, and using what they know with great success in the field, and the new participants are learning from us as well as the experienced prior attendees....It was great to see so many new volunteers helping at this years event....For next year, I am going to try to develop some better interactive targets such as steel cut out prairie dogs for distance shooting. This should keep the event challenging for our more experienced shooters and kids respond extremely well to the interactive shooting."

Tom Hebert, Teddy Staten Archery; "It's great to watch the kids build their confidence after just a few volleys of arrows. With some words of encouragement it's truly amazing to see the difference in the self esteem of the kids, especially those that need it the most. There's nothing like seeing all those little smiling faces!"

Joe Kuerzi Jr. and Tim Holland: Tracking and Blood trailing; I enjoy each group of kids that attend our station. They listen closely to the scenario that Tim and I describe to them, "about the deer that was shot that morning and that we needed their help tracking." They always work as a team helping each other finding signs along the blood trail. Most of the time, the kids think that they are actually tracking a wounded deer. I especially enjoy the reaction of the kids when they find that the deer at the end of the trail is just a rack and a hide and the blood was made from ketchup and Kool-Aid.

Sherry Maddox and Mary Phelps: Game Scouting and Optics; The participants were like sponges soaking up everything we taught. To see that many youth so involved and interested in learning about the outdoor sports and hunting is incredible. I assisted one young man with reading the questions on his Hunter Ed test and he knew all the answers.... An absolutely outstanding two days.

Gun Function, Shot placement and Anatomy: Mike Ohlmann; "The chapter's Lasershot system is a superb venue for demonstrating how they work and why a firearm is always "possibly loaded". Likewise I can not think of a better way to explain and demonstrate animal function and link it with the most humane and responsible way to bring that to an end."The visual aids stick with the kids and you see and hear them using this info at the various shooting, scouting and tracking venues throughout the weekend."

Sam Alice and Dean Monarch: Muzzle loading; "The muzzleloader station was a blend of gun safety ('Guns are tools, it's your job to supply the brains!'), black powder history, and lots of black powder smoke. Thanks to Dean's constant cleaning and reloading, each participant had the opportunity to shoot the muzzleloader. The muzzleloader's big boom and cloud of black powder smoke was immediately followed by a "WOW!" and a giant grin on every face. The reactions from both the kids and the adults have inspired Dean, Alice, and I to start working on plans for next year's program."

Kent Cooper and Marty Webb: Lunch; "After a full morning of field activities, it was great to see the hungry nimrods chow down on a lunch that all seemed to enjoy. The brats, hotdogs, drumsticks, baked beans, potato salad, corn on the cob, green beans, onions, brownies and watermelon were devoured. A special thanks to Jim Warren for bringing his giant grill that served as a warming oven so that everything was hot and tasty at lunch time."

We also received a number of extremely grateful comments from our students and their parents: One that Jim Warren related sums up a lot of what the program is all about:

Father Edd was fishing with his 10 yr old son, Mark, down at Reelfoot lake, They both love to fish. He is 46 yrs old but had never hunted; he simply didn't have anyone to teach him about it. His son saw the duck hunting blinds at Reelfoot and became obsessed with going duck hunting. So Edd found our class as a starting point and signed up he and his 2 sons. All had a wonderful experience with it, He was learning about shooting the same time as his sons and as a matter of fact they shot rifles better than he did. His youngest son Steve was perfect on his first 10 shots even hitting small balloons out to 150 yards. They all passed easily and received there orange cards. Edd mentioned that; "now he has to talk his wife into letting him buy some guns to hunt with".

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KYSCI's 6th Annual Youth and Apprentice Hunter Program

Twenty -three youngsters and nine adults graduating from the National Hunter Safety classes and 5 Graduates of previous years returned as mentors and lead the Hunter Apprentice teams through the 7 disciplines; Rifle, Shotgun, Archery, Tracking and Blood-trailing, Game Scouting and Optics, Anatomy and Shot Placement, and new for this year and a big hit, Muzzle loading.



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