

KENTUCKIANA

HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

THIRD QUARTER 2015



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Visit Our Web Site: www.kentuckianasci.org

President's Message

By Larry Richards, Chapter President

E-mail: Lw577nitro@twc.com Phone: 502-727-7700

Our summer season is getting underway and is already in third-gear! We have many fun events coming up and details are in our award-winning newsletter. We continue to win the "SCI Chapter Newsletter of the Year" award because it is that good! There is a ton of info in here this month! Please take the time to read and plan to join us at one or all of these great events made possible by your support.

Our signature youth/novice event, the "Youth/Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend", is scheduled for August 1st and 2nd. Rick Davis has again graciously extended the use of his farm near Henryville, Indiana for this event. His support in providing a magnificent venue for our major event has been unflinching and we all need to thank Rick personally when we next see him. Please consider next seeing Rick on August 1st and 2nd and join our other volunteers as we can use everyone's help at the event to again provide the first rate experience the kids deserve.

Our annual "Kentuckiana SCI Day in the Country" event on July 11th, hosted by Chapter Members Sam & Alice Monarch, takes place on their unique farm in nearby Breckinridge County, Kentucky. Details on this wonderful Chapter get-together are in this newsletter. There will be plenty of exciting activities for the young, old, and all in-between again this year: RTV riding trails, hiking trails, archery, rifle shooting, and fishing topped off with a picnic dinner are but a few of the planned events for all.

Our "Learn to Shoot"/"Top Gun Championship" event is scheduled for August 22nd at the Indian Creek Shooting Center near Georgetown, Indiana. Chapter Member/Director/Secretary/Past President Bill Hook is our go-to man here! This event can help get you and your family and friends ready for the Chap-

ter dove hunt coming up in early September! We need shooters and shooter teams to compete and to help sponsor and mentor young and novice shooters!

Our "Member/Guest/Youth Dove Hunt" is scheduled for September 5th – the first Saturday of dove season! We had an exceptional shoot last year and expect the same again this season. Rick Davis's farm is again the venue, so we will all need an Indiana license. Board Member Jim Warren has expended a lot of time and effort putting this fun event together for us and deserves a round of applause!

As you can see, our summer is filling up with great events for our members to spend quality time doing great things with our young sportsmen/women. You will find exciting articles about/by five of our Chapter youth in this issue. Our youth are our reward for our Chapter's time and effort! Chapter Member Clay Monarch's recent 2015 "SCI Young Hunter of the Year Award" and his older brother's, Chapter Member Tom Monarch's, "SCI Young Hunter of the Year Award" in 2013 from the international SCI organization and the hunting successes of Hailey Ohlmann, Mallory Richards and Lindsey Schell are proof we have had a positive effect on our young hunters with our good works and positive message. We hope our focus on promoting and mentoring these and other young folks pleases all our members.

We are always open to suggestions about how to improve these events or create other opportunities for our members and youth. During the past month, I have reached out to some of our membership on a personal basis and asked them to get involved and have been well received. We are always in need of new and bold ideas and the people to help drive them to completion! Come join us!



Officers and Board of Directors

Officers

President - Larry Richards - Lw577nitro@twc.com
Vice President - Tom Hebert - Tom@REALTORS.win.net
Treasurer - Sherry Maddox - explorer111749@aol.com
Secretary - Bill Hook - DHOOK@mainstreetwealth.net

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Mike Maddox - explorer111749@aol.com
Sam Monarch - smonarch@bbtel.com
Ivan Schell - ischell@rwsvlaw.com
Lowell Stevens - lowellstevens@me.com
Jim Warren - jimandmjw@aol.com

KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER SCI Annual "Top Gun" Sporting Clays Championship Saturday, August 22, 2015 at Indian Creek Gun Club

The Chapter Member with the highest score will receive the 2015 "TOP GUN" Award!
Call Bill Hook at (502) 814-5710 (days) or (812) 944-7826 (evenings), no later than
Wednesday, August 19th to reserve a shooting position.
(As always, GUESTS are welcome!)

WHEN: August 22nd - 2:00 P.M. – 5:00 P.M.

WHERE: Indian Creek Gun Club, Georgetown, IN (812) 951-3031

NEVER SHOT SPORTING CLAYS BEFORE!

➤ Unlike trap or skeet, Sporting Clays targets are thrown at a variety of trajectories, distances, angles, speeds and target sizes that simulate actual live-bird hunting.

We invite you to an "Introduction to Sporting Clays" event on August 22nd at Indian Creek Gun Club. Become familiar with this great sport, the types of guns used, & the layout of a Sporting Clays course. Chapter will provide guns, ammunition, targets, & instruction for beginners. Feel free to bring a friend!

WHEN: August 22nd - 1:00 - 2:00 P.M.

WHERE: Indian Creek Gun Club, Georgetown, Indiana
For reservations, please call Bill Hook at 812-944-7826

About The Cover

The cover is a trail cam photo of an Eastern Wild Turkey in Breckinridge County, Kentucky... Only 50 years after the first white man settled in Kentucky, the Eastern Wild Turkey was, for all practical purposes, extinct here. A small pocket of turkeys survived in what is now known as the Land Between the Lakes (LBL). In 1946, the Kentucky Department of Game & Fish began to restock wild turkey from the LBL populations. Restocking efforts began in earnest in 1973 with turkey acquired from other states (Missouri & Iowa).

The Restocking Program has been another great success story by the KDFWR. During the 2015 Spring Turkey Season, 30,894 turkeys were harvested in Kentucky.
(Statistics provided by David Yancey, Biologist KDFWR)

“LEGAL BRIEFS”

By Ivan Schell, Esquire



INDIANA

Hoosiers have experienced some wins and a few losses over the last quarter. The most significant win came in the case of IDNR v. Whitetail Bluff. Briefly, the owner of Whitetail Bluff challenged the attempt of the IDNR (Indiana Department of Natural Resources) to shut down its high fence hunting operation. Whitetail Bluff was successful in fending off the IDNR in both the trial court (Harrison County) and the Indiana Court of Appeals as reported in the last issue. The Indiana Attorney General has attempted to appeal the case to the Indiana Supreme Court but that court has declined to hear the case. This means that unless and until the Indiana State Legislature changes the law, high fence operations are legal in Indiana.

Another win for Hoosier hunters is the adoption by the IDNR Commission of a final regulation allowing the use of 28 gauge shotguns with slugs to hunt deer in 2015. Unfortunately, hunters lost an even bigger prize because the Natural Resources Commission failed to approve the change proposed for the use of modern rifles with cartridges over 1.8 inches long and under .35 caliber. This means that hunters will be limited to the use of pistol cartridges in rifles or use customized rifles shooting shortened cases such as the .35 Remington, or the .356 and .358 Winchester cartridges cut down to 1.8 inches. Other losses for Indiana hunters include a prohibition on using dogs to hunt hogs, the prohibition on public land pheasant hunters from harvesting game other than pheasants, the complete suspension of the grouse season and the requirement for turkey hunters to use orange where season dates coincide with the special antlerless deer season.

KENTUCKY

Bluegrass hunters will enjoy some mostly positive changes in the bear hunting regulations. The archery/crossbow season has been rescheduled from the Saturday after Thanksgiving to the fourth Saturday in October, a loss of two days. However, the state wide aggregate bag limit for the gun season has been increased from 10 to 15 bears. The gun season starts December 12, 2015 and runs for 3 days. Bears must be tele-checked by 8 P.M. on the day harvested AND inspected by Department personnel within 24 hours. In addition the geographic boundaries of the Eastern and Central Bear Chase Areas have been expanded (please check online maps at fw.ky.gov).

Elk regulations continue to evolve with the creation of two new limited entry areas. These new locations are designated as the Middlesboro LEA and the Prestonsburg LEA. Details of these new areas can be found on the KDFWR website (fw.ky.gov). Cross bow hunters have additional hunting days which run from the fourth Saturday in September through the fourth Friday in December.

NATIONAL

SCI has appealed the dismissal of some of its claims in the Tanzanian elephant importation case. As of now the ban continues to prevent importation of elephant ivory from this country. In a significant loss the grey wolves in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are back on the endangered animal list and cannot be currently hunted. This is creating major difficulties for farmers in the area who must watch as their animals are slaughtered by wolves without full compensation. But there is good news in Texas. The three antelope litigation is apparently over with the assistance of an act of Congress. The federal court dismissed the domestic animal activists' challenge to hold Congress' action unconstitutional thereby allowing the hunting of healthy introduced antelope populations. Finally, the Supreme Court refused to review the 9th Circuit's approval of San Francisco's draconian gun laws.

**Our Right to Hunt & Own Firearms Is Challenged Every Day by
Misinformed Politicians & Animal Rights Activists!**

Protect Our 2nd Amendment & Our Way of Life

Re-New or Extend Your Membership in SCI & NRA now !

Give a Membership in SCI and NRA to Your Loved Ones!

Go to www.kentuckianasci.org & www.nra.org

Or Call Chapter Liaison Sherry Maddox at 502-253-9679





A Gathering Of Conservationists

By Walt Cato

The Duck Hunter dreamed frequently when he slept. He seldom remembered his dreams when he awoke but over the years there had been a few which were unforgettable.

One of the dreams which made a lasting impression began with the Duck Hunter sitting in a pasture adjacent to a canal on a warm, sunny morning. It seemed to be Saturday somewhere on the Texas coastal prairie not far from where he was born. He was alone, facing the canal. He heard someone approaching from behind. Turning, he was surprised to see his Cajun uncle by marriage, Jules Oubre, who had died about five years before the dream. His Uncle Jules had taken the Duck Hunter on some of his outdoor pursuits on the west coast of Louisiana near Lake Charles and off shore out of Cameron. As he grew from childhood, the Duck Hunter had fished with Uncle Jules in freshwater and in salt water, inshore and offshore, and they had also tonged oysters and trawled for shrimp. He held his uncle in great esteem and had been saddened by his death at age 80.

The Duck Hunter stood up, shook hands and embraced his uncle, "Uncle Jules, what's going on?"

His uncle smiled at him and said, "Come on. You have to come with me."

"I'd like to go with you, Uncle Jules, but I don't have time. I need to go back to Kentucky. There is a lot of work waiting for me," he responded.

His uncle took the Duck Hunter's hand, insisting, "You have to go with me."

They turned and walked away from the canal toward the west side of the pasture. That is where the dream ended. The Duck Hunter, from time to time, thought about the meaning of the dream and embellished it in his mind with other dreams and additions such as the following imaginary sequel.

There was a levee on the west side and on the other side of the levee, the Duck Hunter saw a large encampment in the level treeless green field. A row of twelve or thirteen canvas lean-tos was pitched facing east. Plumes of smoke from two or three small campfires rose straight up into the sky. On the north end of the row of tents the ground rose to form a hill and on its crest was a larger pyramid tent with a workbench in front. A bearded man in a brown robe was at the workbench constructing what appeared to be the framework of a small boat. There were other men standing and sitting in the camp. As they got closer, the Duck Hunter smelled the fragrance of hardwood smoke from the campfires and from somewhere there came the beautiful music of a dulcimer.

As they reached the encampment, a bespectacled man clad in Khaki pants and shirt, high tan leather boots and a broad brimmed sand colored felt hat strode purposefully to meet them. The Duck Hunter was astounded to realize that, based on photos he had seen, the man was Theodore Roosevelt. "Duck Hunter, we've been expecting you. Dee-lighted to meet you. Jules, thank you for bringing him." T.R. extended his right hand and shook hands with the Duck Hunter. T.R. had a warm, firm handshake. Limp handshakes disturbed the Duck Hunter. Bone crushing handshakes suggested a person who was overaggressive or had feelings of inadequacy. T.R.'s handshake indicated

to the Duck Hunter that this was a strong, sympathetic man who was a giver and not a taker.

"All the men in this camp," explained T.R., "are outdoorsmen who have been active in or have written about wildlife conservation. The current generation of hunters, fishermen, birdwatchers and other outdoor enthusiasts owe a great deal to them."

The Duck Hunter looked closely at the men. Two of them were sitting next to a small campfire. He recognized one of them to be his old fishing/hunting companion, Buck Duncan, who had died in 1990. Buck was smoking a cigarette. The Duck Hunter remembered that Buck had given up smoking a few months before he died, but apparently, as they say in Eastern Kentucky about ending one's abstinence from whiskey or tobacco, he had "broken over" and was, once again, enjoying a smoke.

The other individual at the campfire with Buck was an athletic looking, clean-shaven man of medium height clad in a green eighteenth century hunting shirt, buckskin leggings and Indian moccasins. A beautiful long barreled Kentucky flintlock rifle rested against an upright tent pole within easy reach. Two dogs sat close to the man. One was a hound cross and the other a small terrier. At the campfire a reflector oven held biscuits baking. There was a teakettle coming to a boil.

T.R., anticipating the Duck Hunter's question about the man stated: "Yep. That's D. Boone telling your friend Buck what the Chaplin River country where Buck was born was like in the 1770's long before the formation of the Commonwealth of Kentucky."

Give wildlife a home in which it can survive and prosper!

Removing exotic plant species like autumn olives, multiflora rose, cudsue, etc. and planting fall food plots in wheat, winter oats, turnips, etc. and fall crops of ladino clover, crimson clover, and sweet clover can greatly improve your wildlife habitat.

Habitat Improvement Check List By KDFWR

July-August

- ___ Create wildlife waterholes when the soil is dry enough
- ___ Perform exotic/invasive species removal
- ___ Mark trees for timber stand improvement
- ___ Manipulate dove fields for season opener
- ___ Plant winter wheat in late August

September

- ___ Order tree & shrub seedlings (Kentucky Forestry Dept)
- ___ Spray herbicide to kill fescue
- ___ Sow clover & cool season grasses
- ___ Prepare firebreaks & seed to winter wheat

**For more info, call KDFWR (800) 858-1549
Kentucky Forestry Dept. (502) 564-4496 or 2860**

About the Artist **CANDACE CATO**

After reading Walt's story, we asked his daughter, Candace Cato, to create a visual interpretation of the landscape for her father's wonderful short story. Candace researched the topography and flora of the costal prairie of Texas, then chose gouache, watercolor, and India ink as the medium for this delightful rendition of her father's imagination.



"Old Dan'l knew the importance of conservation. He introduced one of the first conservation measures in an attempt to prevent the big game in Kentucky from being shot out by the growing tide of settlers. Of course, it was in vain. The herds of bison which had migrated to Kentucky in the 1500's were wiped out by 1810. By then, D. Boone had moved to Missouri but if he had stayed in Kentucky those two dogs which he used to trail wounded bison would have been out of work. Elk, bear, deer and turkey suffered the same fate as the bison. When I was elected president if I had gone to Kentucky to hunt deer, I would have drawn a blank. They had been extirpated."

"When I made my trip to the Dakota Badlands in 1883, bison had been, for the most part, killed out. Twenty years previous the northern and southern bison herds comprised an estimated 60,000,000 head. By the time I got there those vast herds had been reduced by market hunting and to a lesser extent by government funded slaughter and by the telegraph company's efforts to a few dozen animals scattered across their former range."

"By the way, Dan'l is going through his daily routine of baking biscuits and boiling tea. He spent about a year living alone in the Kentucky wilderness surviving entirely on wild meat. During that time he developed a craving for biscuits and tea, rather like, I think, Ben Gunn, the character in Robert Louis Stevenson's Treasure Island who had been marooned on a desert island and had become obsessed with a desire for cheese. He couldn't get enough of it following his rescue."

"Who is the elderly man in the robe on the hill?" asked the Duck Hunter.

"Oh, that's Noah. He is, of course, the greatest conservationist in the history of mankind. He didn't want to pitch his tent down here with the rest of us. He chose the hilltop site because he has an inordinate concern about the little branch by our camp getting out of its banks and flooding him out. He is, as you can imagine, a master boat builder. When Nash Buckingham met Noah, he persuaded him to build a duck boat patterned after the Dan Kidney marsh boats which were so popular in the mid-west and south during the late nineteenth century. Van Campen Heilner has announced that after Nash's boat is finished he is next on Noah's list and he wants an authentic Barnegat Bay Sneak Box. Noah has his work cut out for him with this group of small boat aficionados."

As they talked, the Duck Hunter recognized Ted Trueblood, Van Campen Heilner, Nash Buckingham, A. J. McClane, Jack O'Connor, Gene Hill, Ray Holland, Robert Ruark, Archibald Rutledge, Havilah Babcock and Col. Townsend Whelan, outdoor writers and conservationists who, through their magazine

columns and books, had taught him much of what he knew about hunting and fishing and who had passed on to him their ethics as sportsmen.

The Duck Hunter also observed Aldo Leopold, scientist, environmentalist, college professor and the author of A Sand County Almanac. Also in the camp was George Bird Grinnel who, with T. R., founded the Boone and Crockett Club, helped form the Audubon Society and who was an untiring promoter of environmental causes. Sitting in front of a painter's easel was Ding Darling, cartoonist, winner of two Pulitzer Prizes, designer of the first Federal Duck Stamp and an instrumental figure in the 1936 founding of the National Wildlife Foundation.

As the Duck Hunter stood in awe of the group of famous outdoorsmen, T. R. stated, "You are probably wondering why you and your Uncle Jules and your compadre, Buck, are included in this encampment. There are others here like you, all outdoorsmen who may not have been as active or as well known as some of us but in their own ways have made significant contributions to wildlife conservation."

"Frankly, when most of us were at work, American wildlife was going the way of the great auk and the heath hen. We made a start but later generations of conservationists, including yours, have done a wonderful restoration job. According to a recent report issued by the National Shooting Sports Foundation, in 1900 the population of the Virginia Whitetail deer in the U.S. of A. had dwindled to 500,000. Today the national population is estimated to be 32,000,000. During the same period the number of Rocky Mountain Elk rose from 41,000 to 1,000,000; wild turkey from 100,000 to 7,000,000; pronghorn antelope from 12,000 to 1,100,000. Through the efforts of federal and state wildlife departments, Ducks Unlimited, and Delta Waterfowl, ducks, geese and other non game birds have maintained healthy populations or have increased. Safari Club International, the Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation and other organizations have been at the forefront of worldwide conservation of big game. My impression, for example, is that in spite of habitat loss, there may be more cape buffalo in Africa now than there were when I made my lengthy safari in 1909. At that time large herds had been decimated by the rinderpest virus."

"Men like you who buy hunting licenses and guns and equipment subject to Pittman-Robertson, supply about \$2.9 billion for U.S. conservation efforts. All of us here have taken large numbers of game animals, birds and fish but we have never wasted it and we have given to wildlife more than we have taken."

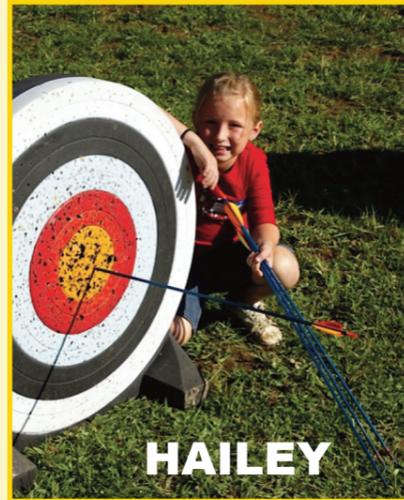
"But I've talked enough. Now that you're here, permit me to introduce you to the others. By Godfrey, it's a pleasure to have you with us."

Dividends

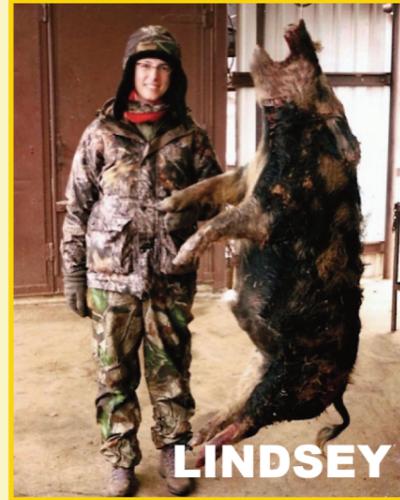
By Mike Ohlmann

Throughout our 20-year history as a Chapter of SCI, the most common thread has been our emphasis on companionship, family, and networking with hunting and conservation. As is befitting of something we hold most sacred and dear, Kentuckiana SCI has consistently invested significant time and resources into the growth and improvement of our future, which is obviously the youth of today and all the todays gone by.

To follow are five hunting success stories by or about five of our youth who have been introduced to and educated about responsible and safe hunting practices as they have grown up as a part of our Chapter.



HAILEY



LINDSEY



MALLORY



TOM



CLAY

"Dividends", Part 1

Stuart Ranch, Round Two

By Ivan Schell

Having been thoroughly impressed with Clay Forst and his 7S Stuart Ranch Outfitting experience at Waurika, Oklahoma, in June of 2014, I invited my daughter, Lindsey, to join me in answering the call of the wild turkey during the Spring of 2015 at the Stuart Ranch. Because the Waurika Division was fully booked, Clay arranged for us to hunt at the Caddo Division 120 miles straight east of Waurika. The lodge at Caddo looked the same as the lodge at Waurika because it was built of the same rustic materials and utilized the same outstanding floor plan. Lindsey and I had the lodge to ourselves and moved in quickly after a short drive up from Dallas. Ranch manager, Matt, and guide, Derek, met us at the lodge and invited us to suit up for an evening of turkey hunting.

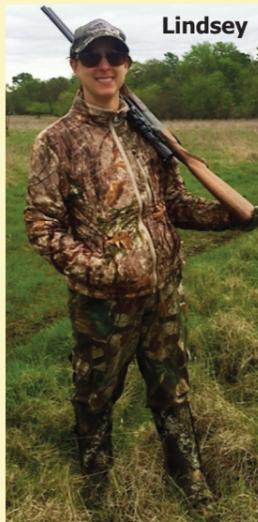
Matt took command of a Ranger 4-wheeler, rigged with a Texas style observation seat in the bed, and we headed out into the 13,000 acres of rolling grasslands dotted with woods and laced with shallow creeks. Following a fairly short ride, Derek commanded a halt and dismount to check out a likely section of brush habitat running along a ridge adjacent to a lazy stream. About 100 yards down a two-track, Derek spotted two toms through his binos. Sneaking into the track, he posted his pretty boy decoy with a real fan, rear-end facing the toms. We all sneaked laterally and set up behind a brush pile. Incredibly, after only a few purrs from Derek's box call, the thunder chickens gobbled back and headed down the track into our waiting ambush.

Lindsey was armed with a Blaser over-and-under (20 gauge over a .308) and was first to achieve eye contact. The toms knew something was wrong and turned to exit when Lindsey squeezed one of the triggers on the model 97. Unfortunately, it was the wrong trigger and the firing pin fell on an empty rifle chamber. Recovering quickly, Lindsey found the shotgun trigger and ended the birds' exit before he got fully underway. Charged with a three-inch Federal load of number 7 heavy shot, the full choke shotgun barrel lethally catapulted the payload into one of the turkey's head and neck. Lindsey had her second lifetime turkey and was halfway to a grand slam, and, more importantly, to a wonderful turkey dinner. We were only an hour into the hunt and the first bird was headed to the cooler!

Next, the old man was up. My first set up came at the head of a long sendero. We could hear the bird gobble about 100 yards down the fencerow and sneaked into position, placing the decoys backwards as we had done in the first set. With my back against a tree in the woods off the clearing, I waited motionlessly as Derek stroked his box call.

After 25 minutes or so, a loud clucking behind me jolted me out of my trance. I tried to move ever so carefully to my left in an effort to see this smarter than average bird. No dice! I was instantly busted and the turkey headed toward the next county.

Thirty minutes later, we were heading down the main trail when Derek spotted turkey fans in the distance across an open field. We carefully set up just inside the woods at the field's edge while Derek planted the decoy in plain view of the toms. Once we were all positioned, Derek worked his magic. Soon, one of the toms was in a full headlong charge toward our decoys. I had never seen anything like it except on Michael Waddell's Bugger Bottom Adventures. At 20 yards, the bird's head was hard to find in my scope (which was still on 7 power), but I persevered and I stroked the



Lindsey



Father/
Daughter
Success



Stuart Ranch
Lodge

Beretta 391 12 gauge trigger, planting a wad of number 7s right in its face. The bird never moved again.

Photo ops abounded as can be seen from the attached pix. We still had time to sit in elevated blinds that evening looking for feral pigs. And sit we did, but strain as we might, no pigs appeared. At zero-dark-thirty, we headed back to the lodge for a home cooked dinner of pasta and vegetables, enhanced by a couple of frosty brews. We were living high.

Realizing that sitting in stands might not be very successful in the morning, we decided to hunt safari style, plying the jeep trails and looking for hogs to spot and stalk. Following a trail in the low-lying swampy area, we were able to spot a couple of hogs crossing an adjacent trail. Quickly, Matt and I dismounted and headed quietly up the same trail, eventually spotting a sounder of about 8 pigs. They were agitated and clearly knew they were being pursued. I thrust up my CZ 500 American full stocked 9.3X62 and set the trigger. The pigs began to move and I rushed the shot, giving a mid-sized porker a bullet burn across the top of his back. The only casualty of the shot was my pride. As it would turn out, this would be my only opportunity.

Later that evening, Lindsey and I sat in different stands again. Mine overlooked a massive food plot at least a half-mile in length and about 75 yards wide. Across from my stand was a feeder, completely ignored by the 25 or so deer which sampled the groceries in the plot. A solitary armadillo scurried across the plot. Crows mined for worms among the green shoots. Finally, at dusk, the feeder discharged its cup of corn onto the ground. A few deer and a raccoon which had been staging in the brush leaked into the clearing to vacuum up the kernels. But nary a pig! Lindsey's stand was located in a food plot in the bottoms adjacent to a quiet stream. At about 6 P.M., a small sounder began eating its way across the plot. Picking out a medium size boar, which Lindsey surmised would make great table fare, she positioned the crosshairs of her Leupold on its shoulder. The model 97 roared loud enough for me to hear it a half mile away in my stand, punching the porker's ticket to Austin, TX, with a 168 grain Berger from the .308 barrel. The animal went straight down feet kicking in the air.

The last morning dawned with clouds blocking most of the rising sun. Three coyotes loped away as I stepped out onto the lodge deck. If I had been carrying a gun instead of a teacup, I might have collected a pelt or two. Unfortunately, they were the only legal game we would see that last morning before Lindsey and I packed up to depart. Matt and Derek had frozen our turkeys and quartered Lindsey's hog for the trip home. We thanked them for facilitating a great hunting experience for father and daughter. They could do the same for you. Contact Clay Forst at clay@stuartranch.com to arrange your hunt.

YOU ARE INVITED

Saturday, July 11, 2015
Activities Begin at 1:00 P.M., E.D.T.
Picnic at 5:00 P.M., E.D.T.

4th Annual
"Kentuckiana SCI Day in the Country & Picnic"

Members & their families & friends are invited for a day of fun!

Sam Monarch Farm, Breckinridge County, Kentucky

Rifle Practice (.22 Rifles & Instruction Available for Youth & Beginners)
Bring your muzzleloader & shoot in an old fashioned shooting match!
Archery (Equipment & Instruction Available) - Fishing - Hiking Trails - RTV Trails (Bring Your RTV's)
Yard Games - Picnic Or Relax & Visit with Friends by the Fishing Hole!

A Fun Day for Everyone Regardless of Age

LET US KNOW YOU ARE COMING! Call: Sam Monarch 270 756 5748 E-mail: smonarch@bbtel.com

Hailey's First Texas Whitetail Buck

By Mike Ohlmann

When ones children grow up and take their parents advice to "follow their dreams" there is a tang of compunction when those dreams lead them and ones grandchildren to distance places. This is especially true if your own dreams included becoming the grandparent that would spend endless days on the banks of lakes and rivers, at the range and afield sharing the majesty of nature with those grandchildren.

This situation does, however, inject extra sweetness into the mix on those less often occasions that present themselves. As a case in point, my granddaughter, Hailey, living in San Antonio, Texas and I have begun over the last two years a ritual of a Thanksgiving (week) deer hunt to replace the many years of small game hunting with my own children on that day of thanks for all that nature provides.

Our hunt is made possible through the generosity of fellow Kentuckiana SCI Chapter member and past president, Clay Harvey, who now lives just north of San Antonio, even though he and Barb are generally headed to Colorado to spend the holiday with their grandchild and daughters. As is the case with much of burgeoning urban south Texas region, it is a deer rich environment that, due to neighbor proximity, hunting is restricted to archery. In Hailey's opinion, this is fortunate because with her small stature she is not overly fond of the larger caliber firearms while she is an accomplished and enthusiastic archer though not yet strong enough to pull a hunting class bow. Luckily, Grampa has a crossbow and Hailey's marksmanship skills are superb having been in a large part learned and improved through her advancement through the KYSCI Youth and Apprentice Hunter Education program over a number of years.

The 2014 hunt was in many ways similar to the 2013 hunt. In '13 Hailey had voiced her desire to harvest an axis deer because she adored the beautiful spotted hide. After passing on a very nice whitetail buck and a significant quantity of does over a couple of days, she finally isolated a handsome young axis buck and handily put the arrow through his heart for a quick clean kill.

2014 found the family freezer again nearly empty and she hoped to take a nice buck again this year. I somewhat encouraged her to try for another axis mainly for the culinary reasons that they are a larger animal and their venison is closely akin to elk. However, Clay had noted that there were way too many deer and that she was welcome to take several whitetails and that there was a particular 8-point buck that was older and had not progressed into much of a trophy-type breeder buck that he'd like to see culled, as well as the fact that there were a few very nice Axis bulls should she want to take one of them.

South Texas weather can vary widely in November especially between the overnight lows and afternoon highs. Having sat very tenaciously through several chilly mornings in '13, I assumed Hailey would opt for afternoon hunts; however, Clay's having mentioned that the largest numbers showed up in the A.M. was all it took for Hailey to abandon her warm bed. We felt that we were well prepared this year with hand warmers and extra layers of clothing but the first morning's sunrise shown on a thermometer stuck on 31 degrees. In spite of her petite little body shivering audibly, Hailey refused to give up because deer were gathering in good numbers around the protein feeder.

There was a particularly nice whitetail buck that presented himself at 20 yards; however, a number of does milled about so it became a continuous shoot/don't shoot situation.

Meanwhile, a substantial herd of Axis does moved up out of the ravine followed by a very nice bull. The shaking stopped and sitting in a treestand behind and slightly elevated above, I could see and feel the transformation as Hailey went from observation into hunt mode. With the stealth and purposeful movements of a she-lion, she ever so slowly moved the bow and herself into line as the animals moved cautiously forward. Just as they approached the feeder, the bull came into her shooting lane, hunger took over and they moved in mass to the feeder with the bull being swallowed up by the milling does both axis and whitetail.

Their combined pushing and shoving gave way to a single snort and immediately the area erupted in a flurry of hides 'n tails evaporating into the bush. After a second or two to unwind, Hailey promptly started to shiver again so we packed it in for the morning.

The following morning was a near repeat except that it was all whitetails and wind gusts, so again, I was only able to watch in true amazement as the little lady sat stone still the minute animals came in sight exhibiting razor sharp concentration and the toughness of shoe leather.

Day three we opted for an evening hunt and sat in a balmy 60 degrees with zero wind and the sun to our backs. Critters came and went, mostly does and small fawns at first. Finally, a very nice buck arrived with the cull 8-pointer following closely. Hailey went from casual hunting calm back into the feline harvest mode and when the buck stopped for a look around, she quickly adjusted and in a flash the bolt was clattering off the rocks having passed through the heart in a flash. We watched him trot off about 80 yards before fading into a permanent faint. Hailey had her first whitetail and her wonderful smile shined bright as the sun set on another awesome Thanksgiving hunt.



Hailey's Texas Buck



Practice Pays

Patiently Waiting

By Tom Monarch

Five years of long, monotonous, freezing days spent staring at an empty field led up to one memory searing moment that flashed by like a lightning bolt. That indelible moment was so powerful that it made every second of patiently waiting worth it. A person who has never experienced that rush, that ultimate feeling of accomplishment, cannot comprehend why we hunt. We hunters would wait a lifetime for that inexplicable, breath-taking adrenaline rush, that moment of taking a big buck.

I am a freshman in college and the last time I harvested a white-tail, I was in the eighth grade. I had been patiently waiting for my moment for five years. When I decided that I was going to hunt for the weekend, my friends questioned why I thought hunting was worth missing such a great college weekend. To me it was simple, the woods was calling me, but my friends thought I was crazy. Anticipation engulfed me as I left Louisville and headed for my grandparents farm in Breckinridge County. I had a good feeling about this weekend, the weather was perfect, but then again I have had this feeling come over me every hunting season for five years.

I only had time to hunt Friday evening and all day Saturday, but that was still plenty of time for me to experience that moment that I had not experienced in five years. Soon, I was in the country and in my blind. I sat and I sat some more. Hours passed, but still no big whitetail buck to give me that feeling of success for which I longed.

Saturday morning had come and gone and Saturday evening was fast approaching. I looked out of the blind and saw the sun, along with my hopes, fading behind the hill, but I knew if my moment was going to come anytime during the day, dusk was the prime time. I sat patiently waiting, as I had done for five years, patiently waiting for my big whitetail buck.

Suddenly, I heard a stick crack and assumed it was just another squirrel jumping down from the trees around me; however, this crack came with a weird feeling. I had a feeling I was no longer alone in the field. As I scanned, it hit. It hit me like a brick! My adrenaline rush had arrived. My moment was now! My big buck was forty yards in front of me! Smoothly, I reached for my Knight .52 Caliber DISC Extreme Muzzleloader and methodically set up on the deer. I said to myself as I have always been trained: take a deep breath, let half of it out, and, squeeze the trigger... squeeze the trigger. Suddenly, the air filled with white smoke and when the cloud finally cleared, the deer was nowhere in sight!

The rush still filled my body, and I had to fight the urge to bolt and blindly chase the deer, but I knew better. My emotions kept saying, "Go, get him," but my training kept telling me to wait. After patiently waiting for twenty minutes, I heard a loud crash in the woods. I waited for twenty minutes more before I decided to climb out of the stand. The moment of truth was now. My rush was at an all time high as I walked toward the spot where the deer had been standing, but my rush instantly turned to sickness. There was no blood, not a single drop... anywhere! Had I missed the deer? Had I missed my moment? I knew my shot had been good, all the practice and experience had to have paid off. I reassured myself, "There was no way I could have missed that deer."

As there was no blood, I methodically, cautiously wandered through the woods in the pitch black with my flashlight searching for a sign of this big whitetail buck. There was nothing to be found! As I worked my way through the woods, I decided to search a small clearing in hopes that I would find a drop of blood there. Turning around, I saw a white patch in the grass and leaves; my rush hit me again. I scurried over to it and discovered it was just a bundle of sticks covered with fungus. I was crushed.



Patiently Waiting



At Long Last, Success

I redirected my attention away from where the deer had been standing to the direction of the unidentified loud crash I had heard earlier and worked my way in that direction. Not one drop of blood. Nothing. Out of desperation, I moved forward and did one more scan and one more scan... and, miraculously, there before me lay my beautiful buck with the monster rack, not 15 feet in front me! My rush was here to stay.

Whitetail hunting teaches one of the greatest skills a person can have but a skill that is often overlooked: patience. Perhaps it was the five years of waiting that made those last essential minutes of patience more achievable. With daylight depleted and no blood trail, had I rushed out of the stand when I first wanted, my buck would have bolted and I surely would have lost him forever. Patience produced results. Sometimes it requires years of patiently waiting for the right opportunity, but patience pays as the resulting rush that success brings is worth the time spent waiting!

NOTICE

Historically, the application for "SCI & Cabela's Young Hunter of the Year" award consideration must be filed with SCI's Awards Committee before September 1st. That application commences with a letter of recommendation from the local SCI Chapter.

If you know of a young man or a young lady (Ages 15 - 21) who excels academically, has an outstanding community service history, is interested in wildlife conservation, and has significant hunting accomplishments, please bring that person to the attention of a Chapter Officer or Director now.

"Dividends", Part 4

Mallory Richards, My Huntin' Buddy

By Larry Richards

"Where are you taking the baby?" My wife's question was not unexpected, and my answer, "Duck Huntin'," I'm pretty certain, was also not unexpected. Mallory was 4 ½ years old and I figured we'd better get started.

A nice warm duck blind, a good hunting dog, hot biscuits and gravy with homemade sausage and a lot of ducks flying around made for a very exciting morning for my young hunter and me, the first of many to come. The wonder of that morning has stayed with me and will always have a special place in my heart. My delightful hunting partner of limitless energy and enthusiasm, willing to go anywhere and everywhere has grown from a small child that first morning

into an accomplished hunter in her own right.

We've hunted Black Bear in British Columbia, Peninsula Blacktail Deer on foot on the spine of the Baja in Old Mexico, Mule Deer in Colorado, Antelope in Wyoming, Aoudad in Texas, deer, ducks, turkey, squirrels, doves -you name it - here in Kentucky. She went along with me on an Argentina Stag hunt and on the last night of the hunt, we sat in a Machan for her to shoot a Brocket Deer and were surrounded by a herd of Asian Water Buffalo for a couple hours. We've frog giggered and Striper fished and caught Bluegills, Catfish, Crappie and she has a 6 ½ pound Smallmouth on the wall right next to her ten-point Buck.

I started Mallory with the proverbial Red Ryder BB gun, graduated to a Chipmunk .22, gathered a Remington 870 20 gauge youth model and the next Christmas, a single shot .223. After several deer with that, she collected my .257 Roberts out of the safe and declared it to be her "special shootin' tool". Now she's added a duplicate weapon to that in .308 Winchester that she used to shoot a 170 class Mule Deer two years ago.



Mallory's Awesome Aoudad

My enthusiastic hunting partner has matured in ways I did not expect being as young as she is, now 17. She has the ability to NOT shoot lesser bucks and still have a great time; we don't have to kill ducks to enjoy hunting together. I'm very proud of her ethical behavior and the way she conducts herself in hunting camps and whenever we go afield, I know she will be a safe and careful handler of firearms and a good steward of the places we hunt.

I've promised her a plains game safari to South Africa as a high school graduation present and I don't know who's looking forward to it more - Mallory or me. I feel pretty good about the work I've done to lay the foundation for Mallory's love of hunting - starting with that first duck hunt. I know she will pass these traditions along to her children and they to theirs. She enjoys the outdoors and I look forward to her continued involvement in our Chapter as a young adult and mentor to other youngsters.



Father and Daughter Memories



Mallory's Big Black Bear

Use Bacon Jam to liven-up your appetizers or as jam on hot biscuits; serve with your favorite veggies; reinvent the Kentucky Hot Brown by substituting Bacon Jam for bacon slices. Serve hot or cold.

Joyce's Slow-Cooker Bacon Jam

Ingredients:

- | | |
|---|--------------------------|
| 1 ½ lb. Applewood Bacon (cut into 1 in. pieces) | ½ c. apple cider vinegar |
| 3 cloves peeled & smashed garlic | ¼ c. pure maple syrup |
| 2 medium Vidalia onions | ¾ c. brewed coffee |
| ½ c. packed dark-brown sugar (may substitute Splenda brown sugar) | |
| ½ c. your favorite Kentucky Bourbon (the secret ingredient) | |



Directions: Fry bacon till crisp; remove bacon pieces & set aside; drain bacon grease leaving about 1 T. bacon grease in the skillet; add onions and garlic and sauté until translucent. Add remaining ingredients, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon to loosen the browned bits from the skillet (2-3 minutes). Add browned bacon pieces and combine. Pour this mixture into a slow cooker and cook uncovered (3 ½ - 4 hours) on high until liquid is the consistency of a thick syrup. Let mixture cool; pour into a blender/food processor and pulse until mixture is coarsely chopped. Refrigerate in airtight container up to 4 weeks. Yield 3 cups.

The "For Sure" Turkey

By Clay Monarch

I awoke to my turkey-hunting mentor, Mike Maddox, quietly saying my name. It was 4:30 A.M. and Mike said it looked like the decent weather was going to hold for a few hours and we could squeeze in an early morning turkey hunt at Pap's farm in Breckinridge County before the threatening storm set in. By the time I had my gear on, Mike made sure we had two shotguns, a few cheese crackers, and enough water to hold us over. Two shotguns were necessary because last year, Mike and I thought I had a turkey down but as we approached, the gobbler popped up and ran in the opposite direction away from us and the gun.

After a short but anticipation filled ride to the farm, we soon entered the barn and grabbed our seats and gear for the blind in which we would spend our day turkey hunting. Once we had everything in order, we slowly crept down the gravel road leading to where we would hide our truck for the day.

We soon climbed into my "deer hunting" blind, sat up our equipment, and positioned our chairs. After sweeping away some cobwebs and wasp nests, we adjusted the windows just enough to be able to see any interlopers enter the open field in front of us. Mike and I were excited just to be there and hoped for good weather, sunshine, and gobblers!

As I looked for any wandering turkey's heading for our decoy hen, Mike laid on the call slowly finessing the box call to entice any nearby gobblers. The air was cold and damp due to the previous night's heavy rainfall but Mike was optimistic about seeing some turkeys because after a heavy rain, turkeys prefer to go to the more open fields in order to dry their feathers.

As we sat in the still of the morning, all we could do was periodically call for birds, which led to me dozing off, but I was soon startled awake by scurrying squirrels on nearby trees. I stretched to check my windows for any possible turkey, and eased back down. Mike turned to me and whispered, "Turkey!" I slowly reached for my shotgun and stood up in order to get the right angle at a possible shooter. I could see 5 turkeys: 2 gobblers and 3 hens. One of the gobblers was especially large and was surely an ideal turkey for my hunt, but just as I went to switch the safety off, the hens raised their heads and ran which scared the gobblers, leading to Mike's and my disappointment. I looked to Mike seeking an explanation as to why the hens had spooked: he didn't know and neither did I.

Discouraged by the incoming bad weather and a failed attempt, we contemplated returning to Pap's home and eating a hot lunch, but we took a chance and stayed in the blind even though we thought bad weather was imminent. Mike and I sat back down, ate some crackers, and settled in for another couple hours. Our only movement was to smash any intruding wasps.

As the day passed, the air was crisp and the sun had finally come through the clouds. The weather was holding and our quick morning hunting trip turned into a whole days worth. Mike called to a couple distant jakes getting only periodic responses, but mid-afternoon, Mike looked to me again and excitedly whispered, "Hen!" I looked over my left shoulder out the crack of the blind. Once I saw the hen, I could see two gobblers following her. One of the gobblers began to strut as he entered the field.

I looked to Mike, "He's a trophy, Mike!" and Mike nodded at me. My heart began to rush because I was finally able to line up a shot! I aimed right at the base of the Gobblers head, slowly took the safety off, and placed my finger on the trigger. I slowly exhaled,



Mentor Mike Maddox,
Clay and Turkey

then took the shot! The gobbler was hit on target but managed to fly over 200 feet into the woods: the stalk was on!

Mike helped me get out of the blind and then handed me the gun. I already had two extra shells, but Mike gave me one more just in case. I slowly crouch-walked over toward the edge of the field in the direction of the gobbler. As I entered the woods, I could see the turkey laying next to a mossy log some 50 feet ahead of me, but, just like last year, he rebounded and started to fly! Quickly, I raised my gun and took two more shots as the bird started to fly away. Luckily, I managed to put him on the ground for good and the trophy was finally mine!

Examination by Mike and me revealed that my beautiful bird weighed nearly 24 pounds, had 1 & 1/8-inch spurs, and an 11 & 1/4 inch beard. Being as this was my first "for sure" turkey, I was very excited to be able to take one of such magnificence! I thank my mentor turkey-hunter friend, Mike Maddox, who has devoted so much time to teaching me about turkey hunting. In addition to knowing when, where and how to set up, turkey hunting requires great patience, good turkey calling, and lots of luck!



Clay's
"For Sure"
Turkey



IN THE SPOTLIGHT

YOUTH & APPRENTICE PROGRAM TWO-DAY HUNTER ED TRAINING FOR KIDS 8 YEARS OLD & UP & NOVICE ADULTS



August 1st & 2nd 2015

**WHITE OAK ELK RANCH
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PARTICIPANTS LEARN THE ELEMENTS OF:

- WOODSMANSHIP & MARKSMANSHIP
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PARTICIPANTS MAY REACH MINIMUM PROFICIENCY LEVELS THROUGH ON-RANGE INSTRUCTION IN THE FOLLOWING AREAS:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| • SHOTGUN | • ARCHERY |
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WE WILL OFFER THE HUNTER EDUCATION AND SAFETY
COURSE FOR THOSE WHO NEED THEIR ORANGE CARD**

**PARTICIPATION IS FREE — LIMITED ENROLLMENT
MUST REGISTER BY APPLICATION**

For Additional Information Contact: Michael Graham,
michael_l_graham@me.com

The Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI To Host Opening Day Dove Shoot & Cookout For Chapter Members & Guests

**WHEN: September 5, 2015
Dove Shoot: 1:00 PM, EDT
Cookout: 6:00 PM, EDT**

**WHERE: Rick Davis' Farm
3205 Hebron Church Road
Henryville, Indiana**

**COST: \$10 Per Adult Shooter to Help Cover Expenses
Youth 16 Years Old & Younger – No Charge**

Shooting Over Legal Sunflower Field
**NEED: Game Bird Stamp: \$6.75
Indiana Hunting License (resident/nonresident)
Plug in Shotgun**

**Space Is Limited – To Reserve a Spot
CALL: Jim Warren at 502 298 7231 or
Mike Maddox at 502 235 0924**

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

July 11, 2015

- Kentuckiana SCI Day in the Country Picnic
- Location: Sam Monarch Farm, Hardinsburg, KY
- Contact: Sam - 270-756-5748 - smonarch@bbtel.com

August 1 & 2, 2015

- Kentuckiana SCI Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend
- Location: Rick Davis Farm, Henryville, IN
- Contact: Mike Graham – michael_l_graham@me.com

August 22, 2015

- Kentuckiana SCI “Top Gun Championships”
& Learn to Shoot Day
- Location: Indian Creek Gun Club, Georgetown, IN
- Contact: Bill Hook – DHOOK@mainstreetwealth.net

September 5, 2015

- Kentuckiana SCI Member/Guest/Youth Dove Hunt
- Location: Rick Davis Farm, Henryville, IN
- Contact: Jim Warren – jimandmjw@aol.com - 502-298-7231
Or Mike Maddox – explorer111749@aol.com - 502-236-0924

February 3 - 6, 2016

- Annual SCI Hunter's Convention
- Location: Mandalay Bay Convention Center, Las Vegas, NV
- Contact: www.scifirstforhunters.org

February 20, 2016

- Kentuckiana SCI Fundraising Banquet
- Location: Audubon Country Club, Louisville, KY
- Contact: Sherry Maddox
502-253-9679

**Join Your Outdoor Friends
at These Events!**

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