

# KENTUCKIANA HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

FALL 2011



## Kentuckiana Chapter SCI's 8th Annual Youth and Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend Participants

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# President's Message

By Mike Maddox

I saw a memo this week describing how important a friend can be in shaping one's life. We often do not realize how important our interactions with others really are. With that said, our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter hosted the 8th Annual Youth Apprentice Weekend at White Oak Elk Ranch in Southern Indiana the first weekend in August. Several members and friends of Chapter members arrived on Saturday morning to do various assigned tasks. Some volunteers were teaching shooting disciplines, and some were teaching hunter education, some were transporting groups between stations just to name a few tasks. There were seventy-nine youth and adults attending and completing the 10 hour class and forty-two youth received their Hunter Orange cards. The Youth Apprentices (youth who have previously completed the fundamental course and received their Hunter Orange cards) completed advanced level training and mentored a number of the new youth participants.

I instructed the shotgun station along with Roger LaPoint and Clay Monarch, youth mentor. Instruction included firearm safety and handling a shotgun, shotgun shell description, and proper stance and form for shooting a shotgun. Each attendee was given the chance to shoot at clay birds. A number of the youth had never shot a shotgun and were a little scared of the potential kick. They had to trust their instructors to try. As each youth came up to take his/her stance and call pull for the clay bird, you could see the an-

tipication in the shooter's eyes, hoping he/she would hit the clay bird. Not all shooters hit a clay bird, but the ones that did hit showed excitement and many were heard to shout, "I did it!" The look on those youth shooters' faces, especially the smiles, told me this is what it's all about: that is helping these kids on their path to becoming safe, responsible shooters and hunters.

I only describe this example of friends helping shape other's lives to say the entire weekend was an evolution of events that changed, not only the youth attending the event, but also the parents and instructors as well. The participants' outlook on gun safety and hunting is forever changed. Each year, we reach out to our membership to volunteer and/or participate in the event with their youth and we always see some new faces with the regulars attending and/or helping. The feedback from the youth and parents was very positive and all were able to take away new knowledge and a rewarding experience. The phrase "it is better to give than to receive" is very accurate once you experience the feelings you get when you help out with an event like the Chapter Youth Weekend.

As we start planning and developing next year's event, I would like to appeal to each member to be part of this worthwhile experience. Teaching these youth to appreciate the outdoors and their hunting heritage will last a life time.

Remember: Hunt with your child, not for them.



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*Tom Hebert*



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# Twin Lake's Annual "Jake" Hunt

By Larry Richards

Editor's Note: Kentuckiana Chapter SCI and other like-minded organizations focus on the importance of sound wildlife conservation practices and maintaining our hunting heritage for our youth. As our goal of preserving wildlife for future generations overlaps from one conservation/hunting organization to the other, so does our membership. Mary and Randy Phelps and Larry Richards (author of the story below) are members of both our Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI and the local Twin Lakes NWTF Chapter. Though our two organizations have different focuses, Larry's account of this youth hunt weekend reminds us of our common objectives.

The Annual Chapter Fundraiser was going along in its usual sparkling fashion when I happened to see Mary and Randy Phelps. Then I was reminded of the same scene the previous year when we had discussed my daughter Mallory's participation in the upcoming "Jake" hunt that the Twin Lakes NWTF Chapter sponsors.

The youth turkey hunt was particularly interesting in the fact that they have a number of guides who are of the feminine gender and also a half dozen or so "Jakes" of the feminine gender. It was an excellent opportunity for Mallory to hunt with someone other than me and to enjoy the company of girls her own age around the campfire. The camaraderie of the campfire is something that non-hunters rarely get to experience and certainly one of the memorable moments of any hunt. Mallory's exposure to that camaraderie during numerous deer hunts is helping to shape my thirteen year old daughter into a very mature huntress.

Later that evening, I asked Mary if this year could be the year for Mallory to hunt and the answer was, "Certainly, we'd love to have her." I then proceeded to volunteer to do dishes and clean up duty for the weekend. I figured there was no way anyone would turn that offer down, and I was right. Lots of folks want to do the glamour work, like guiding, on these occasions, but after having been in the guiding business for a number of years, I knew camp help was even harder to get than a 26 pound gobbler!

The dates of April 2nd and 3rd were set as the Spring Youth Hunt by the Department of Fish and Wildlife. Our young turkey hunters were to show up on the afternoon of April 1st at Camp Loucon in Grayson County and hunting would begin the next morning. The plan was that hunts would be conducted Saturday morning and evening and again Sunday morning; then, after a luncheon and church service, we would take pictures, brag, shake hands, and agree to do it again next year.

I had not been privy to the selection process that the Chapter had in place to select its hunters, but it was right on! They had 30 hunters, all in that magical 10-14 year old range, and for most of these young hunters this was going to be their only opportunity to be a part of something like this. Most had parents who either didn't hunt, didn't have the time to hunt, or were otherwise unable to give their children this chance. The majority were dropped off by their parents on Friday evening and picked up again on Sunday at lunch.

When Friday evening came, we had a welcoming dinner and, afterward, two knowledgeable Kentucky Conservation Officers gave a great briefing and "how-to" talk. After dinner, the hunters, guides, and Conservation Officers adjourned to the roaring campfire Randy had conjured up and marshmallows and "Smores" were consumed to a fault.

Getting everyone to bed was a bit challenging, as you might have expected, with thoughts of what was happening in the morning on everyone's minds! The arrangements included three cabins for the boys and one cabin for the girls, each with an in-house "adult" monitor. Camp Loucon lends itself to just exactly this type of event and was the perfect venue. The Chapter members who donated their time and farms to this hunt were outstanding. The volunteers had done a lot of scouting, had set up numerous blinds, and were well prepared to show these kids a great, safe hunt, and, hopefully, a successful hunt as well. The mentors were great with the young hunters and were role



models to be proud of.

Saturday morning started at 3:00 AM for the two of us on "cook & kitchen duty". Scrambled eggs, biscuits, sausage, and gravy were on the table by 5:00 AM and the hungry hunters and guides had soon eaten. Very soon hunters were assigned to guides and, all of a sudden, it was quiet with nothing but dishes to do.

The day had dawned bright, warm, and clear, with no wind – an absolutely magnificent morning to hunt turkey. A little before 10:00 AM, the first smile came in the door, followed shortly by the young man wearing it! A nice 21 pound gobbler had given his all. By noon, all the young hunters had returned and three more gobblers joined the first! Lunch was eaten; stories were told; birds were weighed; spurs and beards were measured; and, maybe, a nap or two were taken before the afternoon hunt began.

That afternoon, the wind got up a bit making the birds a little edgier, but three more turkeys joined the first four on the scoreboard. Mallory had seen some turkeys during the morning hunt, and actually had a couple of gobblers come "too close Dad" during the evening hunt. She showed off her new ability to use a slate call – something I have not mastered in 30 yrs! Mallory and her guide had a great day and everyone had a story to tell, either of birds seen, shots missed, or birds brought to bag.

Dinner was had and another great evening was enjoyed around the campfire, and it wasn't nearly as hard to get everyone abed that evening! Oh, by the way, by nightfall, I knew all the dishes, pots, pans and brooms intimately, and I had a working knowledge of just exactly how many crock pots and coffee pots can run on a 20 Amp breaker!

Sunday morning came as had Saturday morning with an early breakfast and guides assigned. It was a little windier than most would have liked, but that did not discourage the young hunters. Hunters again scored three more birds: a total of ten, now. Three jakes and seven really nice mature gobblers were on the board. That was an overall 33% success rate but there was a 100% fun meter rating.

After lunch with all the young hunters, parents, guides and kitchen help present, there was a small open air church service, magnificent in its simplicity and message – "Give Thanks for Our Blessings".

My daughter did not take a bird, but I'll wager she had just as much fun as anyone there, maybe with the exception of me. I really enjoyed helping out as these young hunters got, for most, their first taste of the camaraderie of hunting and what it all means. I saw the light come on for several of the young hunters and it is truly rewarding to have been a small part of it all.

Mary, Randy, and all the Twin Lakes Chapter members gave unstintingly of their time, efforts, and finances to put on this event. It was an overwhelming success. These kids had a BLAST! Much planning and hard work went into this event and already next year's event is on the table.

Kudos to the Twin Lakes NWTF Chapter and the Kentuckiana SCI Chapter and other like-minded organizations who work to preserve our hunting heritage for our youth.



# CMP Committee Afield

By Bob Edwards



On Saturday, June 25, 2011, the Kentuckiana Safari Club International Chapter (KYSCI) Civilian Marksmanship Program (CMP) / Shooting Committee participated in the third annual Annie Oakley Range Day at the Fern Creek Sportsman's Club. The purpose of this event is to introduce women who have never used a firearm to the shooting sports. On this day, approximately 80 ladies from the ages of 10 to about 65 years spent a beautiful summer day learning the basics of firearms safety, function, use, and range conduct in a subdued, friendly setting with no pressure. All seemed to enjoy the experience.

This event is entirely funded by sportsmen. The Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation and the Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife Foundation each donated cash while the Fern Creek Sportsman's Club donated the use of their entire facility for the daylong seminar with some ammo and all of the clay birds. In addition, several of the club's members donated their time and use of their personal firearms.

The Kentuckiana Chapter Safari Club International donated use of the club's Lazershot training equipment, use of the club's training rifles, shooting safety equipment, and two of the Club's trained shooting coaches. The club also arranged a donation of one hundred boxes of .22 ammo from Lotus Gunworks for the event. The KYSCI Chapter views projects such as this and

Archery in Schools as an extension of our ongoing work to introduce as many new

participants as possible to the shooting and hunting sports.

We began our day's training with the Lazershot to teach the function of the firearm and a general safety course in the club's building before, with eye and ear protection provided, sending the ladies out to different shooting stations.

Our instructors included Gary Roman from Firearms Service Center who instructed the shotgun segment and provided the shotguns. Scott King of King Archery instructed the archery segment and provided the archery equipment. KYSCI member Roger LaPointe who is a certified instructor in every NRA shooting discipline conducted the rifle segment using the KYSCI club training rifles.

KYSCI CMP / Shooting Committee members Mike Ohlmann, a CMP accredited coach, National Rifle Association three position small-bore accredited coach, National Shooting Sports Foundation (Olympics) three position small-bore accredited coach, Kentucky Justice Cabinet instructor, and Bob Edwards, a CMP accredited coach, National Rifle Association three position small-bore accredited coach, National Shooting Sports Foundation (Olympics) three position small-bore accredited coach, Kentucky Justice Cabinet instructor, KDFWR hunter safety instructor, and Archery in Schools instructor, conducted the handgun segment of the day's instruction.

Additionally, Derek Turner of Lotus Gunworks, a trained instructor, John Cline, an experienced range officer, and Andy Gailor, who was at one time the Alabama, Tennessee, and Indiana state champion International Practical Shooting Confederation (IPSC) shooter and is ranked as one of the top handgun competitors in the US, also staffed this station.

The ladies fired about 4000 rounds of .22 in a variety of single action revolvers, double action revolvers, and an assortment of semi-autos. The participants were encouraged to bring their own firearms and, for those that did, one-on-one instruction was provided for them after the initial instruction. All the ladies left this class well able to handle about any handgun they might encounter.



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# The Successful Unsuccessful Hunt

By Tom Monarch

This was my second trip to Mobridge, South Dakota with my grandparents (Sam and Alice Monarch) to hunt prairie dogs and I was excited, but there was a missing link. The missing link was Clay, my younger brother, who was headed to Denver, Colorado to participate in a lacrosse tournament. Although there was more room in the vehicle for me, there was still a missing spot with him not there, but we still had a great time.

The ride to the Sioux Indian Reservation was beautiful: it was like looking at one big work of art. We passed rolling land and hills and then table top flat ground all painted in shades of green. Already flooded corn and soybean fields were common scenes and the forecast had promised more rain to take the sunny skies out of picture. We passed a huge metal sculpture of a cow with stick people around it and other abstract metal art figures and the solar wind mills were themselves abstract works of art. As we drove, we listened to a CD of Empire of the Summer Moon by S.C. Gwynne and learned about Quannah Parker and Western Indian life during the expansion of the United States. Plus we had perfect weather heading west.

An unspoken race was underway as we had been the first to leave Kentucky the previous year and the last to arrive at the Grand River Lodge. We had been teased unmercifully for being last and for our route taken. To correct the "route" issue, we had a new addition to our crew this year, Shelia, (a new GPS). Shelia was bossy and didn't ask any questions, but she was a better navigator than we had had last year. Our navigator (Map Quest) had routed us through the "Scenic Route" from Hardinsburg, Kentucky through the corner of Tennessee across a ferry boat on the Mississippi River before heading us north.

Again this year, we left a day early so we could take our time but we only beat the rest of our group by 15 minutes. The good news was that we got to sleep in while everyone else in our group (Uncle Charlie, Ed, Dean, Samuel, and Chase [all of Monarch heritage], Judge Knopf and Trevor MsStoots, Charlie and Seth Elmore, Mike Ohlmann and Jim Carroll) got up in the middle of the night and headed out. Once we started, there were constant phone calls and text messages among the various vehicles to keep track of everyone in the caravan and to make sure everyone was trouble free.

During the second day of our travels, there was a constant and unexplainable "beep" in our vehicle. The irritating beep seemed to be coming from the "On Star" system. We called "On Star" many times to no avail. They finally concluded that the only way to turn it off would be at a Chevy dealership, but as we were in the middle of rural Minnesota, we really had few options for a Chevy dealer and the beeping continued for over two hours. Desperate, we finally pulled over to disconnect the "On Star" system ourselves. I moved into the front seat and began inspecting the thing that we had misdiagnosed as the beeping machine. Soon I realized, after multiple hints from my grandfather, that "On Star" was not the source of the beep.

With the vehicle stopped, I began really listening. As I listened, the beep suddenly seemed to be coming from lower in the car. I looked for things that could produce such an annoying sound and found the only thing it could have been, Pap's ten-year-old GPS that he had



**Jim Carroll, Charlie Elmore, Mike Ohlmann, & Sam Monarch visiting at Cabela's**



**Samuel Monarch, Seth Elmore, Chase Elder, & Tom Monarch shopping at Cabela's**

brought along to test Shelia. I gave it to Pap to take out the batteries; he did, then peace and quiet was achieved!

The second night we stayed a half a block from Cabela's. Cabela's is the place where you buy the things you forgot to pack and we were hoping to meet everyone else there. Though we had stayed a half a block from Cabela's, we were not the first ones to arrive. Mike O., our leader, and Jim Carroll were the first to arrive, then us. We were followed by the Elmore's, the rest of the Monarch's, and Judge Knopf and Trevor.

The adults shopped and visited, and it wasn't long until all the kids got together and took off to check out everything from the animals to the guns (air rifles to muzzleloaders), to optics, knives and crossbows, to the world of other interesting things. Everyone found something they could not live without, and we were soon on the road again. After Cabela's, it was a



**The kids plot while the adults plan**

straight shot to the Grand River Lodge in Mobridge, South Dakota. We had plenty of gas and were one of the first to head out. After 18 short hours of driving (over 3 days), we rolled in at the hotel in "first place" by about 15 minutes! (No more eating crow!)

The scene at the hotel was like a family reunion with plenty of hugs and handshakes and laughs and smiles. With Clay in Denver, I was in need of a roommate and my cousin, Chase Elder, was in need of an empty bed to sleep in as there would be 3 people in his room. Chase and I were overjoyed with the arrangement and our room became the designated meeting room for all the kids.

After settling in, the people in our caravan made their way down to the local quick stop shopping mart to purchase our reservation permits and licenses. The process became confusing and comical as the clerk tried to sort out all of the Monarch clan . . . Considering our "given" names included 2 Charles's, 2 Samuel's, and 4 Huston's, the clerk did a fine job and we were all set.

We then headed for the Grand Oasis for a grand dinner. While the adults sat at their table and talked of work and politics, the kids sat at another table and talked of sports and told wild school stories. There was a little foolishness and a lot of laughter at the kid's table. We teased one kid as we watched him eat only the lean part of the bacon, but we escaped adult notice.



**Judge Knopf, Alice Monarch, Mike Maddox, Josh Hardin, & Trudi Weber pose in front of the lodge.**

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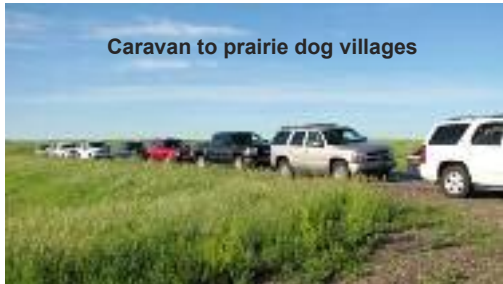
# The Successful Unsuccessful Hunt

As night fell, rain set in and our hunt started to look grim but still the fun continued in Room 207. Bedtimes were broken and laughs were had. We watched TV, watched funny videos on YouTube, played cards, and told jokes and stories. As the kids started piling out of the room, there was the promise of we'll do this again tomorrow night.



**Charlie Monarch, Dean Monarch, Mike Ohlmann, Ed Monarch, & Sam Monarch at the Adult Table.**

We awoke early next morning to the sound of rainfall and headed to a nice breakfast buffet where more jokes about "lean" bacon were made as the group of kids gathered at one table. We were optimistic that there would be clear skies and lots of shooting and our optimism paid off and we had a good day of shooting with clear skies. During that day, I really got to know one of the other kids, Trevor McStoots, better. Trevor was brand new to rifles and hunting. We had met when he attended one of the Kentuckiana SCI practice session on my grandparent's farm. This was Trevor's first hunting trip and he and his step-dad, Judge William Knopf, were set up to shoot prairie dogs next to my grandparents and me.



**Caravan to prairie dog villages**

Shortly after getting set up, we heard the crack of Trevor's 223 and his shout of, "I think I got him!" Rifles were secured and Trevor, Judge Knopf, and I took off down the hill to collect Trevor's treasure. As we walked briskly toward the prairie dog, I expressed warnings about rattlesnakes and caution that the other prairie dogs may have drug his prairie dog down in the hole as I had seen them do the previous year. Trevor's prairie dog was lying just beside its hole and he hesitantly picked it up by the tail. He admired the animal as it was the first animal he had ever shot. After pictures were taken, we headed back up to our vehicles and shooting benches to continue shooting.



**Tom spots a prairie dog with Pap at the bench with Trevor and Judge Knopf**



**Tom prepares to shoot as grandmother, Alice, spots for him.**

We saw lots of prairie dogs but many were where you could not get a good shot at them. I had brought our shooting sticks and suggested to Trevor that we should

"stalk" prairie dogs like I had stalked animals in Africa. As we walked around the side of the hill, Trevor and I talked about hunting and shooting in general. As we turned the corner, I spotted a group of prairie dogs only 30 yards away. I maneuvered the shooting sticks to where they would allow Trevor to shoot comfortably.



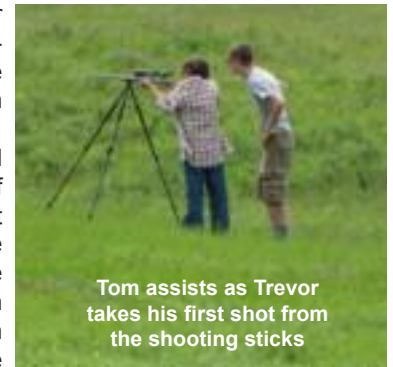
**Rain sets in & Tom spots from the vehicle**

Trevor soon had one more prairie dog down. Much more of this continued throughout the afternoon. Unfortunately, the rain soon came again and we had to load up and head back to the hotel.

That evening after dinner, the kids again met in Room 207. Trevor and I were going to be going to the same high school this year and we had lots to talk about. Trevor was going to be a Freshman at St. X where I am a Sophomore. I like St. X and its programs and academics. It made me feel good to be able to ease any concerns about going to his new high school.

Our second day of hunting was greeted by rain. This wasn't a rain like the night before where it would dry up before too long. As we got dressed, Chase and I talked about our concerns for the day. Knowing that prairie dogs do not prefer to get caught out in the rain or even a thick cloud cover, we both knew it was going to be a slow day. It was not a very heavy rainfall but it was a very steady rainfall with the occasional heavy downpour.

After breakfast, the caravan rolled out to go hunting. Our vehicle and Uncle Charlie's vehicle were to follow Mr. Ohlmann and our guide, Jesse Porras. We went to a field near Mr. Porras's childhood home. I had been there last year and it had been great shooting but due to the weather, there was only one prairie dog out in the whole village. As I set up to shoot, another vehicle came into the field and it would not have been safe to shoot with a vehicle moving in the distance. Instead of proper hunting, we scoped from the vehicle and listened to our CD and discussed the savagery of the Indians on the frontier and waited for the rain to stop.



**Tom assists as Trevor takes his first shot from the shooting sticks**

After a while, we decided to go to the small town of McLaughlin, which is the next town west of Mobridge. We ate in a small café called the Prairie Dog Café along with our guide and his grandson and the other half of the Monarch clan. Over lunch, we decided to go see some North American Bison, which were only a few miles up the road and then head back to the hotel and call it a day due to the unfortunate amount of rain.

Back at the hotel, the families met and most of them decided that they were going to leave early the next morning because the forecast was for unusually heavy rain for the next 4 days. Four more days of rain would for sure flood the fields and make every place muddy so even if we wanted to stay and shoot more, our vehicles would not have been able to make it in and out of the prairie dog villages. With the villages out of reach and no sight of sunshine, my grandparents and I decided to pack up and head home the next morning as well.

*Continued on page 7*

## The Successful Unsuccessful Hunt

The next morning was spent eating our final breakfast at the Grand River Lodge, giving a lot of hugs, handshakes, and saying our goodbye's and packing up the car. Packing the car for a prairie dog safari is a lot like putting together a huge 3D puzzle but we soon had it mastered.

Once we were on the road, we were greeted by heavy rain that made the visibility very poor, but we kept on driving hoping to escape the rain. Rain was still falling when we stopped for the night and it rained continuously throughout the night.

The next morning, we had a small bit of sunshine, just enough to get our car packed. Once we were on the road again, the rain set in and we were glad we had left the reservation. We began listening to *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* by Mark Twain on CD. This CD turned out to be the unabridged version of the book, which is very long, but which gives a lot more detail. We listened

for hours on end and the book just kept going. As night fell, we decided to stay out one more night so we could be rested going back to our lives in Kentucky.

We awoke to the sun and a beautiful baby blue sky. It seemed like all the bad weather decided to stay west and north of the Ohio River. As the skyline of Louisville appeared on the horizon, the CD was not nearing the end. We decided that I would take the CD home to finish it.

As we neared home, we talked about our trip and how successful it had been with forming new friendships that will last a lifetime and making unforgettable memories. Clay, our missing link, was missed but he was having a successful tournament and would join us next time. Although I had only shot a few prairie dogs and the hunting was unsuccessful, it hardly impacted the amount of fun I had on this successful 2011 hunting trip to South Dakota.

## My First Blue Bag

By Sherry Maddox

The planning of my latest adventure to South Africa included packing a SCIF "Blue Bag"; however, the recipients would not be known to me until after my arrival. Our Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI provided co-sponsorship funds and Chapter members donated various items to the project including everything from socks to sweatshirts to hats and school supplies, coloring books, crayons, pencils, and two new soccer balls.

Upon arrival in the Limpopo Province, Vlam Myberg, my friend and PH with Madubula Safaris, and I located a school in Maaestrolm where 21 students between the ages of 6 and 15 were enrolled. I was told that these children were very poor and the blue bag would be well received.

When we arrived at the "Krokodilparl. H.P. Skool" at 11:30



A.M., we learned that the students had just finished testing. As the students gathered in one of the three rooms in the building, all eyes were on the tall, American lady. As we greeted one another, I noticed that each student was

wearing a uniform, but it broke my heart that some were without shoes. I was told that those children were bare-footed because they did not have shoes.

All eyes sparkled as I explained that I was in South Africa to hunt a leopard and that I was bringing supplies and gifts for them. As Vlam removed items from the blue bag, the look on the faces of the children was priceless with the soccer balls being the biggest hit of all. Two of the students were still holding the soccer balls when we left.

Before our departure, the children sang the South African National Anthem for us. As I listened to their beautiful voices, I made up my mind to see to it that all of these children had new shoes and I made arrangements to do just that. These children may be very poor, but it was so good to see they are in school with a staff dedicated to providing them with an education. The Head Mistress followed up with a call the next day to tell us the children were very excited to have received the gifts and to thank us.

I would like to extend a special thanks to Sam and Alice Monarch for donating season-end sale items from Wal-Mart, Aline Abell for contributing clothes and school supplies, and our Kentuckiana SCI Board for co-sponsorship money, all of which contributed to making my first "Blue Bag" project an overwhelming success.

As a member of the SCI Humanitarian Services Committee, I had heard from many others how well this program is received, but until I actually experienced it first hand, I did not realize what a great humanitarian service the "Blue Bag" project truly is! I will certainly plan to take another SCI blue bag on future safaris.





# A Youth's First Hunting Experience. . . With Support from KYSCI

By William L. Knopf

After many hours of hearing about my African Safari, it was probably inevitable that my young step-son, Trevor McStoots, would become interested in the shooting sports. (See Winter 2010 Newsletter for my "First African Safari" story.) Trevor, too, wanted to go to Africa and shoot big game! But, he was going to have to start out smaller - - a whole lot smaller. Trevor had never been hunting, so I first wanted to impress upon him the importance of hunter education and firearm safety. He needed to attend an approved hunter education and safety course and earn his Orange Card.

In August, 2010, Trevor and I attended the Kentuckiana Chapter SCI (KYSCI) annual Youth Program. Over the course of the weekend at the White Oak Elk Ranch in Henryville, Indiana, Trevor learned many basic skills. Of course, like all youth, he enjoyed the range instruction and shooting more than the class room lectures, but he paid attention, did well on his written test, and earned his Orange Card. The whole weekend was very well organized and the information was well presented (and the lunches were great!). The Kentuckiana Chapter SCI really deserves kudos for sponsoring and presenting such an excellent program: AND at no charge to the participants!

Earlier this year, we were extended an invitation by the KYSCI to go on the annual South Dakota prairie dog safari, June 18 to 21, 2011. That opportunity seemed like the perfect event for Trevor and me, so we started making our plans. As Trevor's 15th birthday was the month before we were to leave, his gift from me was his first rifle - - a Savage Model 25, Caliber 223 Remington, with scope and hard-shell carrying case. That was a perfect rifle for long range shooting at small targets.

I knew that if Trevor was going to hit a prairie dog at 100 to 200 yards, he needed practice with his new rifle. Luckily, the



Trevor McStoots at target practice at the Monarch's farm.

Monarch Family and KYSCI hosted two events at the beautiful Breckinridge County, Kentucky, farm belonging to Alice and Sam Monarch. At their gun range over two separate days, Trevor really gained his confidence and honed his shooting skills. Sam is a great youth coach and mentor and he really worked well with Trevor. A bonus is if

you attend an event hosted by the Monarchs, you can always plan on eating well!

When June 17th came, Trevor and I were ready to hit the road from Louisville to South Dakota! I had not been on a long road trip out west in a long time, so I was actually looking forward to the drive. We were going to a part of the country where Trevor had never been, so he was excited as well.

Our trip got interesting on the way out. Due to the flooding of the Missouri River, we had to take a little detour above Omaha. I got my money's worth out of the "On Star" on my GMC truck that month. The navigation adviser helped me with an alternate route when the interstate was closed, and by the end of our first day of driving, we made it to our interim destination of Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

The next morning, we stopped at the huge Cabela's sporting goods store in Mitchell, SD. What an interesting place to shop! We caught up with the Monarch Family and our trip leader, Mike Ohlmann.

After a quick visit and some shopping, we were off to Mo-bridge, South Dakota, which is located in the northern central part of the state. Our group of two dozen adult and youth KYSCI hunters were all staying at the Grand River Lodge & Casino which is on the Standing Rock Sioux Indian Reservation. The reservation consisting of 2.3 million acres is huge and is roughly the size of the State of Connecticut. The Reservation straddles two states being two-thirds



Trevor McStoots & Judge Knopf are set up for p-dog shooting.

in South Dakota and one-third in North Dakota. It is the 4th largest Indian Reservation in the nation.

After we all got settled in our rooms, our group then went to the marina bait & tackle shop to purchase our hunting licenses. When it was Trevor's turn in line, the Sioux Indian counter clerk asked for his Orange Card. As he proudly took his card out of his wallet, those two days months earlier at the KYSCI Youth Program seemed very relevant to him.



"Awesome" 4-wheeling in the SD prairie

The next morning, we all had an early breakfast and headed out in a caravan. We travelled on a two-lane paved road, to a gravel road, to a dirt road, and then straight out into the prairie. The area was mostly flat terrain but there were rolling hills all with a grass of moderate height. While driving out in the prairie, I was happy that my truck had 4-wheel drive. We were definitely doing some serious 4-wheeling, and it wasn't long before my truck was covered in dark brown mud. That was fun: "Awesome!" in Trevor's words.

After we arrived at the prairie dog "town", we set up our shooting table, spotting scope, and looked for prairie dogs (which we referred to as p-dogs). Our total group was divided up to hunt at different p-dog towns. As we looked out over the prairie, scattered about were hundreds of p-dog burrows with their entrance holes easily visible. P-dogs are a member of the squirrel family and an adult varies from 11 to 13



Trevor McStoots set up for p-dog shooting.

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## A Youth's First Hunting Experience. . . With Support from KYSCI

inches and it weight ranges from 2 to 3 pounds.

After we set up and things got quiet, we could hear the warning barks the p-dogs were giving each other of our arrival. The warning bark consisted of a short, high-pitched bark repeated several times. We listened and waited, but we did not have to wait long.

Trevor was set up in his shooting position and his first shot took a p-dog at 175 yards per the range finder. Getting his first prairie dog with his first shot was a great start for Trevor! Trevor's day ended with



**Trevor McStoots with Tom Monarch and one of Tom's p-dogs.**

a total of 20 p-dogs (Stepdad took 10 p-dogs.) which he shot at various ranges from 100 to 200 yards as the prairie dogs popped in and out of their holes.



**Trevor & Judge Knopf enjoying the walk out of the p-dog town after Trevor's success.**

The part of his first hunt which Trevor enjoyed best was leaving the shooting table and walking out into the prairie and using shooting sticks accompanied by a partner, young Tom Monarch (Alice and Sam's grandson). One would shoot while the other would spot, alternating as each took a p-dog. This year Tom will be a sophomore at Saint Xavier High School, in Louisville, KY, where Trevor

will be a freshman and they quickly formed a friendship.

Tom is an experienced hunter (who has been on two African Safaris) so it was great to see him working with the newbie, Trevor. I should add that my only concern about stalking prairie dogs was rattlesnakes which often use p-dog entrance holes to escape the heat of summer days. The youth were all about wanting to see a rattlesnake, but, I was happy none showed up.

Luckily, we had a great first day. Unfortunately, rain came in that night. And, the second morning of our scheduled hunt started out with a drizzle which turned into a downpour after we travelled out to the p-dog town. We left not wanting to get stuck in the middle of the prairie. The third morning it was still raining so Trevor and I left the reservation. The rain was definitely a bummer, but I knew and Trevor learned that when engaging in an outdoor sport that happens.

Rain or no rain, Trevor and I made the most of our remaining days out West. We drove as far as Wyoming to see Devil's Tower National Monument, and once back in South Dakota, we drove through the Black Hills visiting Spearfish Canyon, Mount Rushmore, and Deadwood. While driving through Custer State Park, two



**Trevor McStoots with his first p-dog**

large herds of buffalo crossed the road right in front of us with a few nearly brushing up against my truck. We also drove through the Badlands National Park before heading home. All along the way as we stopped at visitor centers and museums, we learned some history, geology, and zoology of the area.

To travel so far westward and not see these beautiful and interesting areas of our Country would have been missing a fabulous experience. Through it all, I am happy that Trevor became educated and responsible with a firearm, had his first hunting experience, saw new places, and made new friends. Most of all, we had a great time and we got to spend quality time with each other having good experiences and collecting great memories (a "mancation" as we called it.)

Finally, I want to thank the members of the Kentuckiana Chapter SCI, Mike Ohlmann, and especially Alice and Sam Monarch for helping make all of this occur. Your interest in contributing to the education of our youth in this area is truly wonderful. Thank you.



**Trevor McStoots, Alice Monarch, Tom Monarch, & Sam Monarch with a p-dog.**

## Calendar of Events

September 23-25, 2011

### **EPIC Game Fair**

Fox Hall Resort & Sporting Club  
Atlanta, GA

Sponsored by SCIF & Quail Unlimited

February 1-4, 2012

### **SCI's 40<sup>th</sup> Annual Hunters' Convention**

Mandalay Bay Convention Center  
Las Vegas, NV

February 2, 2012

### **SCIF Sables Luncheon Show & Auction**

Mandalay Bay, Las Vegas, NV

February 25, 2012

### **Kentuckiana Chapter SCI Fundraiser Banquet & Auction**

Holiday Inn, Clarksville, IN

**Mark Your Calendar Now!**

# Hunting With My Son – The Right Thing to Do: Reflections of a Recent African Adventure

By Alan Kirschenbaum

Bill Cosby says: “If the new American father feels bewildered and even defeated, let him take comfort from the fact that whatever he does in any fathering situation has a fifty percent chance of being right.” After spending two weeks on safari in South Africa with my 16-year-old son, Teddy, I am certain that sharing our tradition of hunting with him was the right thing to do.

Growing up, Teddy was not an easy-going kid, and I most certainly was not a patient father. Taking him afield presented a one-on-one opportunity – in a virtual Petri dish – to see what I was doing wrong as a parent. For example, the need to adjust my lack of patience and accommodate his needs which were more than usual for a kid and to realize the importance of not being over bearing were certainly two challenges. To my credit, I was able to adjust. To his credit, he stood his ground, joined me when he felt like it, and did not succumb to parental pressure.

Three years in the making, our African Safari adventure with Vlam Myberg of the long-time Kentuckiana SCI sponsor, Madubula Safaris, was more than a great hunt, it was the blossoming of a father-son relationship that is now about love and mutual respect. It was about Teddy seeing the payoff from preparation of physical training and spending time at the rifle range. For me, it was about watching my boy becoming a fine young man and knowing that I finally did something right.

Beyond a few parental reminders about the assets of hygiene, getting boots on tight enough, sunscreen, layering clothing and drinking plenty of water, I let Vlam take over. Teddy was “on board.” We never had to wake him up as he was at the breakfast table before me! As he experienced two weeks of life without video games, internet, girls, and TV, he found that hearing lions roaring throughout the night on the FreeState concession of Moketsi, watching herds of Blue Wildebeest and sly Zebra roll through the reeds, and getting charged by a Black Rhino sufficed.

Vlam is a PH who can come to terms with a nasty Rhino at full

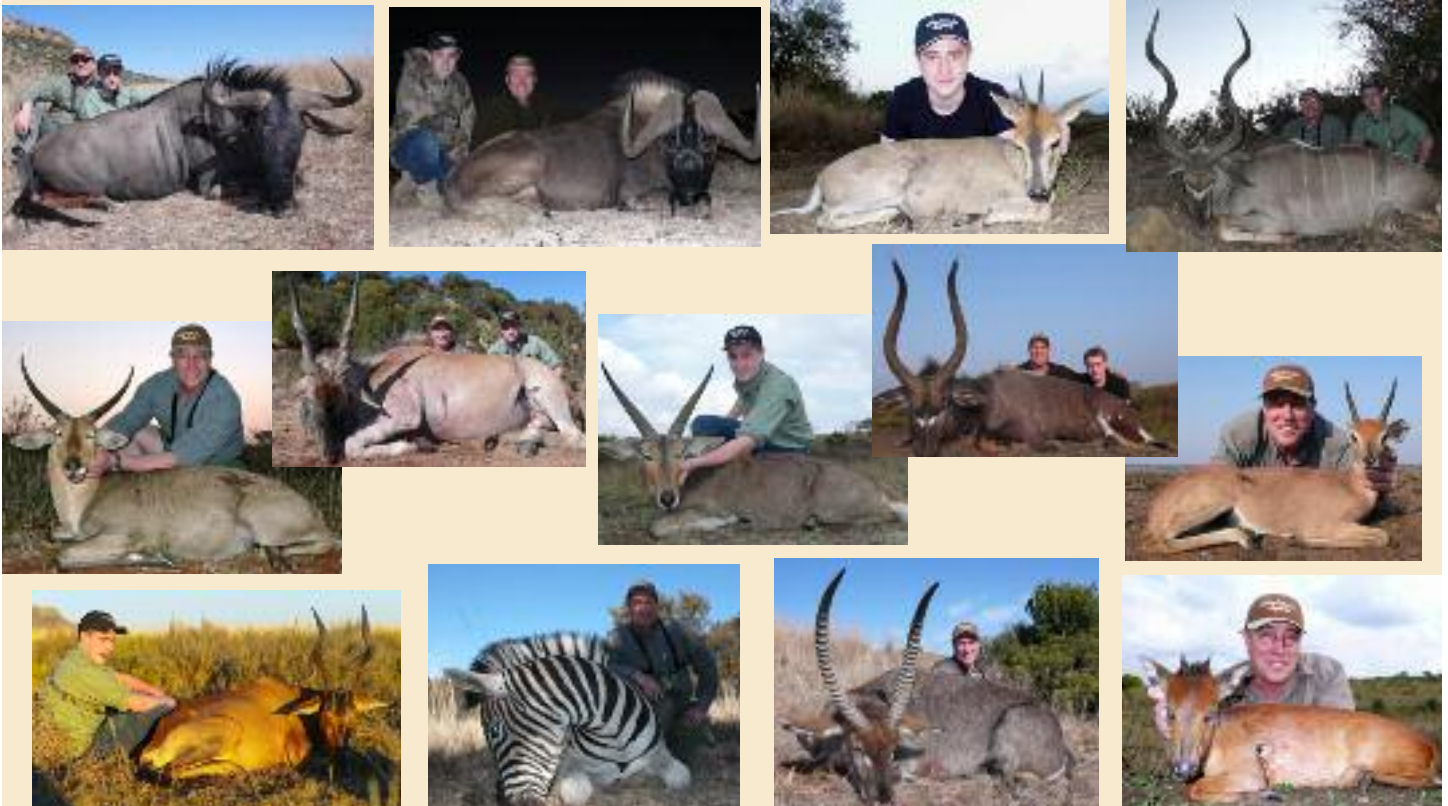
charge with a few stern Afrikaans words. Our comfort level with him was second to none. He guided Teddy on the first stalk of the adventure and Teddy brought back a beautiful gold medal Blesbok. Under Vlam's wing, Teddy did not miss a stalk or a blood tracking – whether it was my hunt or his – and some of the terrain at Moketsi, which is much like New Mexico, is tough going in the higher altitudes. As Vlam pointed out, Teddy's age was timed right for this level of hunting. It wasn't long before Teddy understood that he was in the midst of some of the greatest moments in his life.

After five days in the high country plains of Moketsi, and 10 animals in the skinning shed, we packed up for a nine-hour drive to KwaZulu Natal and stayed at the Falaza Game Park and Spa, near Hluhluwe (pronounced shush-louie). The surrounding area is renowned for sugar cane, pineapples and world-class Nyala.

By the second day at Falaza, we were working four mature Nyala bulls that kept giving us the slip. As I was getting frustrated, Teddy made great shots on a Common Reedbuck and a Common Duiker. Vlam reminded me these Nyala did not get big by being stupid.

By the third day of the second half of our safari, I was beginning to accept the fact that I might not get a Nyala on this trip. The final morning was windy and cold and diminished our hopes of taking a big bull, but we braved the cold anyway. As we glassed from an impoundment dam, one of the Nyala bulls emerged from the bushy bottom 50 yards away. He did not know we were there and at 7:45 AM the big bull was down.

Madubula Safaris and Vlam are simply first-rate. If you are up for an experience that is priceless, simply said – go on this safari! For Teddy and me, this adventure served as a catalyst for further bonding as it created a higher level in our relationship with memories that will last forever . . . and we also shot a lot of really nice, big animals! The accompanying pictures are far more descriptive than any words.





# Roe Deer Hunting & Touring in Scotland. . .What an Experience!

By Bob Booker



Dunnattor Castle

Two years ago, I attended the annual Kentuckiana SCI Fundraising Banquet in Louisville, Kentucky. After dinner, I had the winning bid for a trip to Scotland for a Roe Buck hunt on the Queen's Estate and castle tours! Arrangements with our outfitters and hosts, Mike and Danielle Grosse, were made and plans for very full and very entertaining days awaited us.

If you were hunting, a typical day would begin at 3:30 A.M. for a quick bite to eat and then you were off to meet your guide. By 8:00 A.M., you would be back for breakfast with your spouse and

your group. The rest of the day was filled with tours of castles, small towns, and the Highlands countryside. If you did not get a deer during the morning's hunt, you were to be back by 5:00 P.M. for dinner and then hunt again until dark if necessary. (Daylight last until around 11:00 P.M.)

Activities for non-hunters, like my wife, were planned. My wife enjoyed horseback riding on the Queen's horses. We were pleased to find that everyone there was friendly and very helpful.

A Roe Deer hunt is truly a hunt! We would take a 4-wheel vehicle along back roads looking for deer. When a buck was spotted, we would park the vehicle and begin the hunt. As the animal moved, we would stalk until he was in range. This type of hunting included stalking on foot, crawling on your stomach: whatever it took to get the deer in range. In Scotland, you are not allowed to shoot at a Roe Buck that is more than 200 yards away.

Deer are plentiful on the Queen's Estate. There were four hunters in our group and all four got a deer. Two of the hunters wanted an additional deer and they each harvested two. Luckily, I took my deer on the first afternoon of hunting at 150 yards, +/- . My deer came from Balmoral, the Queen's summer home and estate of 80,000 acres.

I would like to thank Mike and Sherry Maddox for helping make this trip possible. I highly recommend this trip for hunters and non-hunters alike!



Bob and Arlene Booker at Balmoral



Michael Grosse and Bob Booker

## I Took Ye For An Injun

By Walt Cato

"Your eyes can play tricks on you in the woods," stated Mr. Hanks.

His audience was his son, Tommy, his friend, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Fleming's son, Charlie and me. Charlie, Tommy and I were high school classmates. The forum in which the above statement was made was a rocky point at Lake Cumberland where we had been camped out for two days in early August, trot-lining, fly fishing for bass and bluegill and crappie fishing with live minnows.

In the gathering darkness, we had finished a one dish meal of beef stew with sliced bread, cowboy coffee and moon pies. Campfire flames glistened off the whetted-down sheep's foot blade of Mr. Hanks' stockman's knife as he sliced off a small plug of after dinner Mammoth Cave chewing tobacco. Having completed that task he proceeded with his story.

"This fact was brought home to me years ago when I went squirrel hunting in Edmonson County. It was still dark when I parked my car alongside a dirt road bordering a grove of hickory trees which I knew the squirrels had begun to work on in earnest. This grove was in a tract of timber that was really out in the boon-docks. I didn't anticipate any competition and, as I loaded my 20 ga. Marlin pump gun I just knew I was going to limit out on a mixed bag of gray and big old fox squirrels."

"When I started walking toward the point where I planned to enter the woods, I was shocked to see in the pre-dawn darkness about 50-75 yards up the road a man leaning against the fender of a Model A (Ford) coupe parked off the side of the road. You could have knocked me over with a feather. The guy had to be squirrel hunter. He had beaten me to the hickory grove. I was sorely disappointed and lit a cigarette to wait and see which direction he took. Dawn was coming. I took a drag off my cigarette and looked again toward the man and car. What a surprise! There was no man and no Model A. What I had seen was actually a mulberry tree growing alongside the road. Sometimes your

mind causes you to see things you want to see or, in this case, something I didn't want to see."

Some years later I thought of Mr. Hanks' mistaken identity story when I saw Frederic Remington's rendition of two long bearded mountain men facing each other and one of them gives voice to the title of the picture: "I took ye for an injun." How his long bearded counterpart could have been mistaken for a Native American can only be answered by Mr. Hanks' truism that a person's eyes can play tricks on him in the woods.

Hunters are particularly susceptible to the mistaken identity problem. The hunter is in an environment of limited visibility because of intervening foliage and poor light caused by the time of day in which he is hunting or the tree canopy blocking sunlight, or both. Moreover, the hunter's mind processes may influence his eyes to see what the hunter is seeking. He sees what he wants to see. A hunter may hear the swish of a branch or a twig cracking, focus on an object partially obscured by undergrowth which object his mind conveys has to be a deer or a turkey when, in fact, the object is another human being in the woods.

The lesson to be learned from the problem of mistaken identity is to never pull the trigger on a target unless one is completely certain beyond all doubt, that the target is the object of his hunt

and not a human being, or, for that matter, some other kind of animal or bird which he does not intend to shoot. Failure to observe this lesson may cause a tragedy which ruins two lives; the victim of mistaken identity and the person who made the mistake. Don't let it happen to you.





## 2011 Kentuckiana SCI Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend

**A Synopsis: By Mike Ohlmann**

I suppose the short answer we could all use when asked how the 2011 KYSCI Youth and Apprentice Hunter Education Program went could go something like this, "Chalk up 75 more souls destined to roam the fields and streams, hills and dales, and mountains and plains in pursuit of game, including the many thrills and lessons the great outdoors hold for those who seek!"

One only needed see the many confident smiles and the great test scores turned in to know that each and every one of the attendees not only had a great time but also learned many basic outdoor skills. Many whetted appetites that may never be satiated for more than one season at a time.

Our progressive apprentice program, whereby our returning participants move up in subsequent years to advanced classes and on to become mentors, continues to work very well. This year, the progression took new strides as previous apprentice and now a world record holding safari hunter, Tom Monarch, partnered with SCI Vice President Sherry Maddox to teach the Conservation & Optics segments of the course. Tom also assisted with shuttling groups to some of the more distant stations and took on a variety of administrative tasks to help keep the program on track. A number of the instructors commented that we had not only spawned our replacements afield, but also had a very strong crop of future leaders and administrators!

Our SCI grant monies allowed us to acquire some additional equipment and upgrade some other equipment. These acquisitions proved very worthwhile especially in accommodating the smaller statured students. For instance, the new Excalibur youth crossbow was light enough for even the smallest students to fire expertly and the new safety netting stopped the new NASP arrows that bypassed the new targets fired from the new Mathews bows.

Over on the shotgun range, the new Benelli Montefeltro 20 gauge youth shotgun reduced recoil to levels even the slightest young girls

could tolerate, and the new remote control trap made it much easier for our instructors to keep their eyes and hands on shooters and stay in control of the trap at the same time. Here again, we had the pride and pleasure of one of our apprentices moving up into a senior mentor position when Clay Monarch became a full time assistant at this station this year and did a great job. (Though he made breaking clay birds look a little too easy!)

Tree stand safety was expanded into an entire segment this year for all student levels and this event was a big hit. Everyone agreed that with the wide variety of stands and safety equipment, this course was very informative and will certainly be a permanent expansion of our base curriculum.

We also presented some basic ATV safety instructions for the advanced students and, here again, the students stated that this was an area of interest and also one in which they had little or no prior formal instruction.

The most common comment this year may very well have been about "how smoothly the entire event ran". I am reticent to note that is likely to have been because I was considerably handicapped this year and, thus, not underfoot or otherwise mucking up the general flow of events; however, I would like to think that it is because we have such a superb group of volunteers manning every station and also covering every detail from "sign in" to "sayonara" without the need to be asked or to be directed.

Now we all know that things don't just happen and that they generally happen for a reason and that the reason for things of great effort to happen so flawlessly is generally associated with a generous reward. . . . One only needed to look as far as the closest face to see one of the many very real and very genuine smiles emanating from our newest hunting friends to know how well rewarded we all were.