

KENTUCKIANA HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

SPRING 2011



Kentucky National Guard at Clover Creek Hunting Farms

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President's Message

By Mike Maddox

As President I see many opportunities for our chapter to continue to promote hunting and the shooting sports. We recently hosted a day of pheasant hunting at the Clover Creek Farm and Hunting preserve for ten military reserves getting ready to activate to Iraq and Afghanistan. This was the third year the Kentuckiana Chapter sponsored this event. This is a great opportunity to thank the men and women serving our country and protecting our right to hunt and bare arms. In this newsletter is an article and pictures from this event.

Our Hunter Apprentice youth program is growing each year, with sixty one participants completing the two- day event. Each of the youth attending the Hunter Safety course passed the test with very high scores. A number of the parents also took the class and received their hunter safety card. This program has far reaching opportunities for promoting the shooting sport.

The chapter has provided sponsorship for National Archery in the

Schools programs and local Shooting Sports teams to start and/or continue to implement a program for middle and high school age participants.

These programs are just a few examples of the way our chapter allocates the proceeds from fundraising events. Everyone can make a difference by attending the annual banquet and fundraiser event. I would like to challenge each and every member to get involved with the chapters activities and fund raising opportunities and also help recruit others to become part of this worthwhile organization.

Our youth are the key to keeping the hunting and fishing sports thriving. Studies have shown that youth participating in these outdoor activities generally do better in school and also have a greater appreciation of the outdoors and the world around them.

Good luck to those who are in the field for spring hunting.



2011-2012 Officers and Board of Directors

Officers

President- Mike Maddox
Vice President- Tom Hebert
Secretary- Mary Free-Phelps
Treasurer- Sherry Maddox

Board Members

Sam Monarch
Aline Abell
Randy Phelps
Bob Edwards
Bill Hook
Jim Warren

Mary Free-Phelps Receives Annie Oakley Award

Congratulations to Mary Free-Phelps, Kentuckiana Chapter SCI Secretary. Mary was honored as the recipient of the Annie Oakley award from the NWTF. Mary is an avid hunter and outdoors women who dedicates many hours to the ongoing promotion of education and the outdoors sports.

Annie Oakley broke down barriers for women with her talent and accomplishments. Mary Free-Phelps has done the same," said Alex Lea, in describing his friend and recipient of the 2010 Annie Oakley Award.

Free-Phelps accepted the award Feb. 18 during the National Wild Turkey Federation's National Convention and Sport Show in Nashville, Tenn. MidwayUSA is the official sponsor of the convention, which lasts through Feb. 20.

Annie Oakley, the award's namesake, was a world-famous sureshot who spent the better part of her life as an ambassador for shooting sports. Likewise, Free-Phelps has inspired women, despite age or experience, to try turkey hunting, through her involvement with the NWTF and it's Women in the Outdoors outreach program.

Free-Phelps has been involved in the NWTF since 1992, beginning her volunteer career with the Southern Hoosier Hills Chapter in Illinois. In 2005, she and husband Randy moved to her family farm in Kentucky, and the couple didn't hesitate to lend their giving spirits to the nearby Twin Lakes Chapter in Grayson County.

"Her main goal is to promote hunting, especially to women, and share the joy hunting has brought to her," said Pat Cardin, NWTF regional director for Kentucky.

Once the Phelps turned the family farm around, they opened their home to women wanting to try turkey hunting by hosting what has become an annual event.

"My first turkey hunt was on Mary's farm," said Judith Gresham, also a Women in the Outdoors member. "She coached me by e-mail all winter, getting me ready for spring. Even though the turkeys stayed hidden from me during the hunt, I was interested in trying again, thanks to Mary's patience and positive attitude. Finally, on my fourth attempt, I bagged a bird this year, at age 68."

Free-Phelps has served in many volunteer roles for the NWTF during the last 19 years, including treasurer of the Indiana State Chapter, a member of the Kentucky State Board of Directors, as well as the state's Women in the Outdoors coordinator.

But Free-Phelps says she's most in her element on her family farm, providing women a chance to hunt, fish and enjoy the calm country life.

"Women in the Outdoors is just so fun," she said. "The ladies who come to hunt with me have become my friends, even the ones who drive from 90 miles away. They feel at home at my home, and that's such a great feeling."

In 2009, Free-Phelps was the first woman inducted into the Kentucky

Turkey Hunters Hall of Fame, and now she's joined the ranks of other top Women in the Outdoors volunteers with the 2010 Annie Oakley Award.

"Mary goes far beyond the average volunteer when it comes to living the NWTF mission of conserving, hunting and sharing," said NWTF Spokesperson Brenda Valentine, who has participated in one of the annual hunts on the Phelps farm. "She understands the NWTF is just as much about people as it is conserving turkeys."

The NWTF is a non-profit conservation organization that works daily to further its mission of conserving the wild turkey and preserving our hunting heritage.

Through dynamic partnerships with state, federal and provincial wildlife agencies, the NWTF and its members have helped restore wild turkey populations across the country, spending more than \$331 million to conserve 15.9 million acres of habitat for all types of wildlife.



Welcome New Members

Gary Remmers
Mark Crane
Mark Bradham
Brody Splain

Charlie Elmore
John Braun
Samuel Coffey



Spotlight On Our Sponsor

WINGHAVEN LODGE



Nestled in the rolling hills of Crittendon County Kentucky is a new sponsor to the 2011 Chapter Fundraiser, Winghaven Lodge. This great upland hunting facility offers unlimited quail hunts, pheasant, chucker, white tail deer, turkey and waterfowl hunts on thousands of acres of beautiful, well tended, Western Kentucky fields, woods and ponds. The accommodations in the spacious lodge, build in 2002, include comfortable rooms for multiple hunters featuring their own bathrooms and separately controlled heat and cooling. The kitchen produces outstanding cuisine and the spacious bourbon bar provides top brand libations to help the hunter relax after exciting days afield.

The upland bird hunter can supply his own dogs or owner Russell Edwards will arrange for your dogs and guides. Only licenses, shells and gratuities are extra above the one-fee price packages. Unlimited duck hunting adds a great alternative when foul weather impedes quail and pheasant hunting.

Finally, from personal experience I can attest to the existence of monster bucks living on this property, which can be hunted at very competitive rates. Winghaven is at least the equal of any operation in Kentucky and the region. Contact Russell Edwards at 270-836-7998 or Tim Stull at 270-635-1790. Check out the website at www.Winghavenlodge.com.

Braggin' Rights

by Clay Monarch



Tom sets the standard at Christ looks on

When Pap, my grandfather, gave Tom (my older brother) and me our first pheasant hunt for Christmas two years ago, I was really excited. I had shot clay pigeons before, but I had never shot a real bird. I am basically a city kid, but I have a country heart. I thought pheasant hunting would be really fun and a whole new experience in the hunting field. I had never heard about pheasant hunting. I knew a pheasant was a bird, but I had no idea about how big it was, how fast it was, or how to hunt it.

Pap explained that we would hunt on Clover Creek Hunting Farms in Breckinridge County, Kentucky near my grandparent's home. I had wondered why my grandparents had never mentioned pheasants, but I assumed that pheasants were Kentucky birds. When I was informed that pheasants are normally found in South Dakota, I thought, "Wow! I'm hunting South Dakota pheasants in Kentucky!"

We would be guided by Chris Barr and his trusty sidekick, Breaux, a spectacular pointing lab who is built like a horse. Breaux has flushed literally thousands and thousands of pheasants. I knew I was in for a treat.

When we arrived at Clover Creek the day of the hunt, it was decided that Tom would go first and set the standard. As I stood next to the stove

in the lodge, I could hear Tom's shots. If I heard one shot, I figured it was a bird down, but if I heard two or three, I figured it was a bird missed. Soon, Tom came in and boasted, "five out of seven."

Chris, Mamaw (our photographer), Breaux, and I walked to the field, and almost immediately, I heard Chris announce, "Breaux's is getting birdy! Clay, Get ready!"

The bird flew up and boom! I thought, "I've set the standard! One shot, one bird!" I'm going to bag all seven of these birds, no doubt about it!"

Five minutes later, I faced the nasty truth, Chris said, "Clay, Breaux's getting birdy, get ready!" Boom! "Clay, shoot again, lead him a little more!" Lost bird, right then and there I knew the truth. . . I had to get the rest of my five birds or else my brother would have bragging rights all year.

"He's getting birdy, Clay, he's getting birdy," Chris warned. The bird popped up and Chris said, "You hit him Clay, hit him again, he's not down," another Boom! And there was one more bird in the pouch.

Two successful shots later, I had four birds in the bag. It came down to the last bird and I heard Chris say, "Breaux's getting birdy, Clay, over



Breaux on point for Tom

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Braggin Rights



Chris and Clay loading for the next bird

here!" I rushed toward Breaux and soon Tom and I were tied. There were no bragging rights that day.

A year after that first great pheasant hunt, we were, again, at Clover Creek Hunting Farms in Breckinridge County hunting pheasants with Breaux and Chris. Again, Tom went first, setting the standard. I waited in the lodge for an hour and an a half when Tom came in saying, "I got five out of seven again!"

"I'll have to get at least six out of seven," I commented as I picked up my Browning 20 gauge over

and under and followed Breaux and Chris to the field. Before long, I had gotten up five birds and had four in the pouch.

I was on my sixth bird when I heard Chris say, "Breaux's getting birdy, Clay, get ready." The bird popped up unexpectedly and fluttered off to 40 - 50 - then 60 yards. . . Just as I got on the bird and ready to pull the trigger, I hear Chris say, "He's gone, he's too far!"

I thought, "I can hit him, I know I can." Then, Boom, one shot fired and I sacked him at 60 yards.

Chris began to get excited, "Did you see that shot! I've hunted with a lot of folks, but I've never seen a shot like that! And with a 20 gauge! And he's just a kid! What a shot!" I beamed! I was rolling large! What a com-

pliment!

I had five in the pouch out of six shots and the pressure was on. I had one shot left, and I had to get him. "He's getting birdy, Clay, he's getting birdy," Chris soon said. As the bird flushed, he flew at a weird angle but I managed to shoot him!

I shouted, "I beat Tom! Yeeesss! I finally got braggin' rights!" and we headed toward the lodge.

As we made our way through the tall grasses, Chris said, "Breaux's getting birdy, Clay, get ready!"

"How's that possible, I don't have any birds left?" I quizzed as a smaller bird took to the sky.

Chris said, "Shoot him, Clay, it's a chucker!" One shot later and the chucker was in the pouch.

When Pap first suggested hunting birds, I did not know what a pheasant was, let alone a chucker. I have learned so much from hunting pheasants. I love to watch Breaux work the field and see him hold and then flush the birds. I have met great new people and have experienced a whole new field of hunting. Today had been a particularly great day! I had made a terrific long shot! I had taken my first chucker! And, I had finally prevailed over my big brother. I had earned "Braggin' Rights" for a whole year!



Clay getting ready

Primitive Retrieval

by Tom Monarch



Tom and his 8 point buck

"How are we going to get him out, Pap?" I asked.

"We! We! What is this we stuff? 'We' didn't shoot the deer." he responded.

I was surprised! "But how? How are we going to get him out, Pap?" I questioned.

"Drop your drawers and wade in!" he chuckled.

"Are you serious?" I quizzed. "You're not serious, are you?" Surely, I thought, he has to be kidding, but Pap just grinned.

I was shocked at how primitive the method of retrieval was to be! Surely, we'll use a rope and the Mule. As it was mid-November, snowflakes had been floating through the air. Fortunately, the pond's water level was low due to the previous summer's drought, but we could only see his "snow-white" tail through the murky pond water.

It was opening day, and I had been successful on "my" opening day the year before (in 2009) when I took my first whitetail deer with a muzzleloader on opening day of the late muzzleloader season. Muzzleloaders had brought me luck on previous hunts and on this day, I had, again, chosen to use the muzzleloader even though it was the opening day of modern rifle season.

I really enjoy challenges and the muzzleloader seems to fulfill my challenging spirit when it comes to hunting. With the muzzleloader, one has to

have more patience (the animal must come to within 150 yards) and extreme accuracy (you only have one shot). Practice had turned this "city boy" into a respectable shooter, and I was hoping that my practice would pay off.

On opening morning, we awakened at 4:00 AM, had sausage, eggs, and biscuits, and dressed like we were headed to the North Pole. The atmosphere was festive with a house full of visitors, all of whom were hunters headed to Pap's farm. With full bellies and high expectations, we took off.

The plan was that Pap and I were to be hunting buddies on opening day while Mamaw and my brother, Clay, were paired up for the day. With perfect timing, Mamaw and Clay dropped Pap and me off at our deer stand. Just as we finished nestling in, the sun broke the horizon. As the sun's warm rays hit our faces, it was too much of a feeling of relaxation as we both soon dozed off, but sleep didn't last long as the cold wind howled down the back of my neck.

Within an hour and a half, we saw our first deer in a small opening in the woods. He was a young eight point buck, but he was too far away for the muzzleloader. Lunchtime approached and as we were crawling down from the deer stand, we spooked five does that bolted not more than 25 yards in front of us.

A few minutes later, Mamaw and Clay, who had not seen a deer all



Tom, Pap, and Clay with Tom's nice 8 point buck

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Primitive Retrieval

day, showed up at our stand for lunch. Hoping to bag a deer, some of the other hunters chose to eat lunch in their stands, but we opted to take a break, get warm, and go back to town for a hot lunch. As my luck continued, we gained some friendly company for lunch. We ran into my cousin, Josie, and her cute friend, Nikki, and lunch became a party.

After a fun lunch, we made our way back to the deer stand where I had high hopes of getting my second deer. As time lapsed, my hopes of getting a deer on opening day began to fade, but my luck continued as the weather made a turn for the better.

Just before sundown, a nice eight point buck made his way to the nearby pond. Pap had said that the far side of the pond was just inside of 150 yards. I watched closely through the binoculars while telling Pap about the buck. "I believe he's a shooter," I whispered.

"Shoot him if you'll hang him on your wall," he stated.

"Oh, I will!" I said excitedly.

Pap quietly chanted, "Squeeeeeeze the trigger, Squeeeeeeze the trigger. Be Right!"

That was all the talking we had time to do before, "Boom!!" and a large puff of white smoke filled our blind.

"How did the shot feel?" Pap inquired.

"It felt great! The deer is down! Ughhh", I gasped as I saw the deer's knees buckle

and he lunged into the water. We waited, but we did not have to wait long as the ripples slowly rolled onto the bank and the water was calm again.

As we made our way to the deer, Pap kept questioning me, "Are you sure he is a buck?"

"Pap, I swear, he is a great eight point," I assured him multiple times.

When we got to the deer, the only thing visible was the white tail! Again, Pap questioned, "Are you sure he had antlers?"

Again, I assured him, "Yes, I'm sure," but as I could see no antlers, I slowly started to doubt what I had seen earlier. Surely, there had been antlers! There HAD to be antlers!

Now, I had a deer in the pond with his head down and his tail up. There were no visible antlers and nothing to lasso to pull him out.

Again, I asked Pap, "How are we going to get him out, seriously?"

Pap responded, "Seriously, you have to go in after him yourself. Take your britches off."

With my head hung, I walked toward the dock where I could lay my

clothes in the dry. My boots were first to go followed by all the layers I had struggled to get into that morning. With rolled up long johns squeezing my thighs, I tip-toed across the grass and into the wintery cold water with the surprisingly warm, but squishy, mud slowly sucking my feet lower and lower. As I made my way to the deer, the city boy came back out in me, and I asked Pap, "Where should I grab it?"

Confirming my fears, he said, "Grab it by the tail!"

I grabbed him by the tail and began to pull. When the antlers came into view, I shouted, "There's antlers! There's antlers!"

Pap's face glistened with joy and the celebration began. Once I got my big bodied deer to the bank, I broke for my clothes. Surprisingly, I warmed up quite quickly.

Mamaw and Clay came and pictures taken and we soon headed to the butcher shop. The program, "Hunters for the Hungry", provided the opportunity for me to share my good luck, half to them and half to me.

When Pap first said, "Drop your drawers and wade in," I thought he was pulling my leg. Stories of our success and my primitive method of retrieving my nice eight point buck have made great dinner conversations. As I have listened to the stories and laughed about the retrieval, I am proud of myself for having done something for myself and on my own.



Tom inspects his deer as Clay and Pap look on

Donation Of Bow Is Greatly Appreciated

In early October 2010 KYSCI Board Member Tom Hebert received a phone call from friend, fellow hunter and KYSCI supporter Mark Buehler of Palmyra, IN about a donation he wanted to make. Mark explained that he had a gently used PSE bow package that he wanted to donate to an active duty military service member through KYSCI. If you knew Mark you'd know that he is extremely meticulous about everything he owns and that when he said the bow was like new even though it was 5 years old, you'd know that was not an exaggeration! Mark donated the completely tricked out PSE Venage bow (which didn't have a scratch on it) two dozen carbon arrows, broad-heads, mechanic release, soft-side case and other related items! The total original cost of the equipment was approximately \$1,200.



PFC James Johnson

Tom immediately thought of fellow KYSCI member Lt. Col. Mike Abell of the KY National Guard as a resource to identify just the right person for this fabulous donation and called him. When Tom spoke with Lt. Col. Abell and explained the situation without hesitation he mentioned PFC James Johnson's name. PFC Johnson was a beginning hunter, but wasn't in a financial position to buy the equipment he needed to begin bow hunting. Lt. Col. Abell advised that PFC Johnson was a proud soldier who had completed two tours in Iraq and was not the type that would not accept anything

that felt like charity to him. Lt. Col. Abell contacted PFC Johnson and described the equipment to him that told him that it was donated to KYSCI to pass on to a deserving soldier. Once he was clear on how the equipment was to be donated he was instantly excited and looked forward to receiving it.

When Tom delivered the equipment to Lt. Col. Abell both he and his wife Aline, both avid bow hunters, they were smiling from ear to ear when they saw the tricked out PSE bow and all the equipment. We all agreed that PFC Johnson would be pleased.

Lt. Col. Abell delivered the bow and equipment to the extremely happy PFC Johnson shortly thereafter. PFC Johnson asked for Mark Buehler's name and mailing address so that he might send him a letter of thanks. Mark later told Tom how genuinely touched he was by the sincerity in the letter PFC Johnson had sent him and said he was the one that wanted to say "thank you to PFC Johnson and others like him". I know those sentiments are echoed by all of us with KYSCI and thank you Mark for your generosity! After bow season ended PFC Johnson called Lt. Col. Abell and said although he tried hard he wasn't able score. Welcome to the world of hunting PFC Johnson!




**Become
Our Friend
on Facebook**

2011 Fundraiser A Success

For those who attended the 2011 Fundraiser Banquet and Auction, the evening was a great opportunity to connect with members, friends and colleagues, all who have similar interest in the success of conservation and hunting.

Proceeds from this year's event will allow the chapter to continue supporting many worthwhile programs and projects. Youth education and development has been a primary focus for the chapter.

The Hunter Apprentice weekend continues to grow in attendance each year, resulting in many youth graduating with their hunter orange card and plans to enjoy shooting sports, hunting, or both.

The success of the chapter depends on the support from its members and friends. Take time to recruit friend and family to join SCI and our chapter.

Save the Date for the 2012 Fundraiser event to be held on Saturday February 25, 2012



Thanks to all the donors and sponsors who were part of the success of our auctions and raffles.

They included:

Kevco Construction

Tom Hebert

ReMAX Action First,

Madubula Safaris

Keeton Custom Knives

Free Farms, Randy and Mary Free Phelps

First State Bank of Irvington,

Charles Monarch, President

African Impala Safaris, Arnold Payne

Wilderness Mint

Blue River Studio

Holiday Inn Hurstbourne

The Bakers Rack

CM Plotmasters LLC

Six Mile Game Preserve

Yudofsky Furriers

Winghaven Lodge

Catalpa Creek Alpacas

Jim Warren

Mikes Custom Taxidermy

Clover Creek Hunting Preserve

Fire King Security Group

White Oak Elk Ranch, Rick Davis

Dick's Sporting Goods

Ace's Gun Shop

Adams Ordnance

Tripple B Ranch

International Adventures Unlimited

Dale Haines



Phelps Family Antelope Hunt in Wyoming

Randy and Mary Phelps took two of their grandsons, Jonathan Bahn and Mike Bahn to Wyoming for a Pronghorn Antelope hunt during their fall break in October. We camped our way to Wyoming stopping at points of interest and national parks along the way to include Chimney Rock, Chief Crazy Horse monument, Mt. Rushmore, Deadwood, South Dakota, the Black Hills, the Badlands and Devil's Tower.

The day we arrived at the Elliot Ranch, a 10,000 acre ranch Kent Elliot informed us that thirteen hunters from California had just left the day before. They had taken thirteen bucks off the ranch and the antelope that were left were fairly spooked up. Then he informed us that his father had two aneurisms, and he would have to leave the next day to take him to a hospital for surgery in Rapid City, SD, 150 miles away. He would not return until the last day of our hunt. So that afternoon, he drove us around the boundaries of his ranch. It takes about 5 hours to drive the boundaries of this ranch and near the end of our trek, Kent spots a buck antelope and Jonathan jumps out of his truck to take his shot. He missed. Twice. The only buck, we will see on the Elliot ranch.

The next morning, we set off on the ranch in search of antelope. You could get lost on this ranch, the whole ranch was prairie grasslands. Large swells of grasslands. There were no landmarks to get a bearing. We tried to stay on the "two track" as Kent called it which was basically a dirt road made by his truck and farm equipment. If we got off the "two track" and could not find it again, we would search for a windmill watering station, because the "two track" would eventually pass near a windmill. Mary shot a antelope doe near evening of the second day. She had decided that she had eaten enough "tag soup" in her lifetime.

Day three, we drove the 5 hour trek around the ranch, and were in the last stretch of boundary fence and headed back to camp for lunch, when Randy drove over the crest of a swell and spotted four doe antelope. They had just jumped the fence from Kent's neighbor's ranch. Obviously, they were some of those antelope that were spooked off of Kent's by the California hunters. Randy had driven the truck between the antelope and the neighbor's fence. And now the antelope are making an attempt to get back across that fence. Randy is now driving 50 mph, down the "two track", and the antelope and the truck are neck to neck. The antelope panic, and stop. Randy shouts to Mike "get out and chamber a bullet and shoot one. Mike jumps out, slams a bullet into the rifle, lays it across the hood of Papaw's truck. Mamaw is saying "No", "No", because she has seen what happens when you have the barrel of a rifle flat against the hood of a vehicle when you shoot. Mike shoots. Then he says "What was that"? The bullet does not damage the hood, but it does blow the bug shield to pieces. Randy figures since Mike's bullet destroyed the bug shield it probably did not hit the doe. But when he looked in the antelope's direction the bullet had struck the doe low in the belly and literally unzipped her belly. She immediately layed down. She must have been the lead doe because the other does, became confused and just stammered around. Randy shouted to Jonathan to get out and chamber a bullet. Jonathan took a rest on the bed of the truck and dropped another doe.

That night a severe thunder storm came through and just about blew our camp away. We ended up getting up at 3:00 AM and got into the truck, because the camper was rocking so bad. By 4:30 AM it had blown through and we returned to the camper. At this point Randy was disappointed in the hunt, and says when it breaks daylight we would pack up and head back to Kentucky. Nope. Mamaw is not going to let him do that. I finally talked him into checking to see if Kent had returned when the sun came up and see if Kent had any suggestions.

Kent suggested that Randy go with him to a section of public hunting land owned by the National Forest Department. Only it was not a forest. It was miles and miles of grassland too. Randy and Kent located two sizeable herds. The first herd, Randy made two or three stalks but the antelope spotted him each time. The second herd, the first stalk, the antelope spotted him and bolted. Kent said he knew where they were headed, and he knew how to intersect them. Kent took him down several dirt roads, and as they crested a swell there was the herd and with the buck following the rear. Randy jumped out, chambered a bullet, took a 250 yard shot and dropped the buck in his tracks with a spine shot. His horns measured 13 1/4". The total score was 67 1/4".

Comments from edition Editor: Randy and Mary Phelps have created a lifetime of memories and shared special moments in the field with their grandchildren. It is said that our youth are the future of our sport, they are our hunting heritage. This couples dedication to hunting and the time spent teaching them the ethics, sportsmanship and skill to be good hunters is priceless. Mary and Randy currently serve on the SCI Board and volunteer many hours for SCI and the NWTFF in helping to assure we can continue to enjoy the outdoors and hunting.

Wanda Bach Wins Remington 596 Rifle

She's a winner! Wanda Bach of Northern Kentucky won the Remington Model 597 semi-automatic .22 rifle that KYSCI raffled off during the boat show at the KY Fairgrounds in January. KYSCI had a booth beside the Hunters for the Hungry and the Dare To Care booth for the duration of the show. The winning ticket for the rifle was pulled as the show drew to a close late on 1-30-11. The winning ticket was drawn by a young girl...how fitting that a woman would win the prize! Wanda could hardly contain her excitement when she learned she had won. Vice President, Tom Hebert met Wanda and her husband in LaGrange on 2-5-11 and turned over the fruits of the one ticket she had purchased. Good job Wanda and thanks for supporting Kentuckiana SCI! KYSCI would also like to thank Board Member Bob Edwards and Dick's Sporting Goods for their help in acquiring the rifle.



DO WE HAVE YOUR E-MAIL ADDRESS?

If you would like to be notified of up-coming events and news, we need your e-mail address!

Send a note to our webmaster below and you will be added to the e-mail distribution list.

Webmaster Please Include Me!!
webmaster@kentuckianasci.org

Talking Texas Turkey



Because it was again time for a Texas spring hunt, I posited the proposition to my daughter Lindsey that a Texas Rio Grande wild turkey cooked to perfection would be just the kind of surprise that her dinner group might find exciting. And yes she liked the idea of hunting one for her own table. Although Texas has both subspecies, The Rio Grande predominates the South Texas country where we'd be hunting.

The Rio Grande Wild Turkey, which received its name from the Rio Grande River, is mostly found in Texas, with a population estimated at 600,000. It is approximately four feet tall, with a slightly smaller body than the Eastern wild turkey.

With that as background, Lindsey contacted guide Chris Valle of Tejas Outfitters to see what he could work out. Chris' day job involved keeping track of land records for the state of Texas. In this position he locates many opportunities for his hunting clientele. Soon Chris was sending Lindsey photos of strutting toms with the requisite cotilla of hens from a ranch near Gonzales, Texas. After some negotiation we settled on a very reasonable price, and Lindsey started putting together a Rio Grande turkey hunting adventure for us.

Lindsey had never hunted turkey previously, so some planning and field work was required. For example, no local Austin vendor carried turkey stools or facemasks, so a trip to Cabelas in Buda, Texas was mandatory. In addition, Lindsey's 20 ga Remington 1100 would only handle 2 3/4 "shells. Therefore, Dad had to bring his Blaser 20 ga combination gun from home along with Federal 3" Heavy Weight number 7 shot Ammo. To familiarize Lindsey with this equipment, a trip to the range was essential. Ammo purveyor Gary Roman had promised spectacular results with this new load out to 50 yards, and because Gary has always backed up his promises with results, I was comfortable betting the success of the hunt on him. Lindsey patterned the Blaser 20 ga at 30 yards and the 7s filled the turkey head profile on our homemade target like an ammo advertisement. We were ready to hunt.

On the third Friday in March we headed east of San Antonio to the arid, brush scrub country between Gonzales and Seguin along Route 90. Friday afternoon found us transversing the heavily rutted ranch road to a 1,100 acre exotic game ranch where we would chase the Rio thunder chickens. Lindsey's Volvo surprisingly survived the trek nicely. We quickly moved into the spacious ranch cabin which would be our temporary home. The ranch owner had tastefully decorated the cabin with accoutrements, including a flat screen TV, which would facilitate our following the Butler Bulldogs and the Kentucky Wildcats in their efforts to make the "final four."

In the meantime we had Friday evening to hunt gobblers, so we suited up and quickly scouted a location that looked promising. We set up in the corner of a field where wood lines created a "T." I would be the caller and Lindsey the shooter. From 3:30 to 6:30 I called with only a curious hen to show for the trouble. Lindsey counted coup dozens of

times on the unsuspecting hen. Finally, from the tree line we were sitting in, about 25 yards to Lindsey's left a beautiful red-necked Rio strutted into the field. Although I called constantly, the gobbler showed me no respect and continued to move away. Desperate, I hit the box call more aggressively than ever before. Suddenly the gobbler halted about 50 yards out and stretched his head exposing his gorgeous ruby neck. Then Lindsey whispered the obvious question, "Do I shoot now?" "Kill that bird" I hissed back as the Blaser spoke with authority. I had never seen a 20 ga loaded with 7's do in a turkey before, but this display removed all doubt. The turkey nose-dived into the grass at the shot 52 yards away and Lindsey had her first turkey. The beard ran 10 inches and the spurs were an inch long.

The celebration started and didn't end until after the Cats and the Bulldogs had secured their positions in the final four later that evening.

After dinner we cruised the property looking for hogs but came up empty. We did, however, manage to roost the main part of the flock which included eight gobblers right over the corner of the field where we took Lindsey's bird. I could be excused for thinking that the morning hunt for my bird would be a chip shot. We repaired to the lodge and hit the sack following the games.

The next morning I was up well before daylight and positioned myself next to a huge tree about 30 yards from the roost trees. As day-break approached an owl hooted and the gobblers all fired up together. Surely this would be a simple matter of just picking out the biggest one in the flock when they pitched out of the trees into my field.

Hunting is nothing if not unpredictable. The birds pitched out, but not into the field. The Rios all pitched into the woods! A token couple of hens finally made the field. Now, it was time to run and gun. I proceeded into the woods calling as I went. The birds snuck deeper into the woods, making good their escape. Eventually I called time out for breakfast.

After breakfast fajitas, Chris suggested we all get into the Mule vehicle and cruise the property. As a veteran of just a dozen Eastern turkey hunts, I couldn't believe my ears. But, I was willing to give it a try. All of us piled into the Mule and began our second tour of the ranch. About 30 minutes into the ride we spotted a flock of jakes through a stand of trees about

50 yards away. I slid off the Mule and quickly advanced toward the trees, lining up with a path through the saplings. As the jakes moved from left to right I caught the head of a bird entering the Blaser's scope and hit the trigger. The Federal 7's decked another bird! No Eastern turkey would have behaved that ignorantly, but I was pleased just the same. Lindsey would now have two party birds.

Reportedly, those who tasted Lindsey's wild turkeys attested that they were the best

they had ever experienced. That's no surprise to me of course, but it was quite a surprise to Lindsey's boyfriend who is not a hunter—yet!



'SCI Blue' Visits 'The Karoo'

By Sam Monarch

Recently, our grandsons, Tom and Clay Monarch, and our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter co-sponsored a "Blue Bag Project" to the Karoo Region of South Africa. The Blue Bag Project was a heart-warming, much appreciated success enjoyed by 33 children and 9 mothers.

In 2009, my wife, Alice, and I hosted a hunting trip for Tom (then age 13) and Clay (then age 10) to South Africa. One of the many things they learned was how very fortunate American children of all colors are as compared to children in foreign countries. During that safari, the boys saw firsthand the poverty which many black children must suffer. They witnessed little children bathing in the river and enduring uncomfortably cool weather with inadequate clothing. They passed many very small make shift homes where the family had no electricity, no running water and cooked outside over an open fire made from sticks carried from afar. Both boys were saddened at how these children lived and disturbed by how very little the children had.

Between that 2009 trip and the planning of our 2011 safari, Alice and I became aware of Safari Club International's Blue Bag Project and asked Tom and Clay if they wanted to participate. We told the boys that The SCI Foundation Humanitarian Services would furnish the official "Blue Bag" but they would be responsible for filling the bag with clothing and useful items for the children. We told them that we would help, but it was their project. Remembering what they had seen, both boys eagerly embraced the project! They said that if they started with their birthday money and dug into their savings, they thought they could fill at least one duffle bag, maybe two.

With the seed planted, we contacted our prospective host and hostess, Julian and Martisan Theron, of "Jules of the Karoo Safaris" and forwarded information to them about the Blue Bag Project and requested permission to bring gifts to the farm children. The Theron's were unaware of the Blue Bag Project but also embraced the idea. Martisan said that they would welcome anything that could be done for the children and the planning began. E-mails back and forth brought the names and ages of the 33 children living on the farm. Martisan, a former teacher, became excited about the idea and suggested that she and Julian host a "birthday party" for all 33 children.

With our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter's offer to co-sponsor the project, Tom, Clay, Katie (their mother), and Alice began to shop for light winter clothes and supplies. The timing was perfect as Wal-Mart was having its winter closeout sale! Also, several individuals donated items to help fill our Blue Bags. For example, our Chapter had already purchased 3 soccer balls and given us some Chapter t-shirts; Aline Abell donated clothes, "Crocs", and school supplies; SCI Foundation found some "Sportsman's Channel" t-shirts; the First State Bank of Irvington donated a huge supply of peppermint candy; our local Sheriff gave us

"color changing" pencils and suckers; our Circuit Court Clerk gave us lime-green ballpoint pens, calendars, and stickers; the boys' Aunt Virginia Miller bought school supplies; and, of course, Alice got carried away at Wal-Mart! Chapter President Mike Maddox and Treasurer Sherry Maddox pitched in and after some amazing packing by Sherry, she was able to squeeze a truck load of goodies into 3 duffle bags. Our one Blue Bag Project had grown into two SCI Blue Bags plus a large duffle bag from my inventory!

While shopping for "goodies", Tom and Clay became even more excited about their project! With the names and ages of each farm child, they bought things with the specific children in mind. As they picked items they liked, they said they could imagine the children's eyes when they opened their "presents". The boys commented that they wanted to take things that they would like if they were required to live in the same conditions as the children they had seen 2 years earlier.

When we arrived at the farm on "The Karoo", we found the children on the Theron Farm were much more fortunate than most black children we had previously seen in Africa. Each family is furnished a small "duplex" type brick house with a coal burning stove, running water (cold), electricity, and flush toilets, all of which are unattainable luxuries for most black families. The children appeared to be well fed and well cared for but they were still desperately poor with virtually no personal possessions.

The "party" was scheduled for the fourth day of our trip and on day two, Martisan and Mandy (a future daughter-in-law) sorted through all of the various size t-shirts, sweatshirts, socks, gloves, toboggans, sleepers, toothbrushes, barrettes, shampoos, lotions, soaps, pencils, pens, coloring books & crayons, markers, notebooks, books, bandanas, baseball caps, combs, flash cards, Crocs, toys, etc. When they finished, each child's name was on a "strawberry" bag filled with treasures. The Theron Farm sponsors a male soccer team and a female soccer team and both groups were delighted to receive a much needed new soccer ball from our SCI Chapter. A third soccer ball was presented to the children's local school on behalf of SCI Hunters.

The party featured a surplus of cakes, donuts, soft drinks, candy, and balloons. Martisan introduced Tom and Clay and welcomed the children and mothers to the party in "Afrikaan" and then translated into English. She said, "South African has many needs, but one that cries out loud is creating jobs, with unemployment 25 - 30 % and in some remote areas, like the Karoo, even higher. Hunters have turned our lives, at Plaatfontein at Jules of the Karoo, upside down. By visiting us, shooting plains game has enabled us to employ trackers and skinnners and ladies that do the cleaning of the lodge and processing of the meat in the butchery. It has taught us new skills. Hunters contribute to a better life style to each and every family on the farm by putting money in our pockets. We feel privileged and blessed. Thank you. Hunters we salute you.

The children had prepared songs for us and their singing in Afrikaan was beautiful. Martisan brought out a world map and as the boys pointed out where they lived, she asked Tom and Clay about themselves. As they talked, there was an immediate connection between our boys and the farm children, and all eyes danced when Martisan told them that our boys had gifts for them. After Tom and Clay gave the gifts to the children, they then helped serve cakes and treats to the children and their mothers.

After much food and fellowship, one of the mothers, Nel Siyo, spoke on behalf of the others, she said, "We would like to thank Julian, Martisan and the Monarch family for everything. We need one another, we are depended on one another and should take hands in pursuing the same goal."

As the children prepared to leave, a line of happy children and grateful mothers formed in front of Tom and Clay and words of thanks and well wishes were accompanied by hugs and smiles. The next day we again visited with some of the children who were wearing their new clothes and there were no language barriers. Nel Siyo's words ring true. . . we should take hands in pursuing the same goal; we need one another.

A special thanks to our Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI, the SCI Foundation Humanitarian Services, and the Theron Family (Julian, Martisan, Izak, Mandie, Jozua, and Lize Mari).

Late Season Turkey Hunt



The turnout was light for the late season turkey hunt at Free Farms in December. It was cold! But two turkeys were taken! Look at these beauties taken by Joyce Austin and Marilyn Bizmaier. Thanks once again to Mary Free-Phelps and Randy Phelps for the hospitality and for rounding up guides and scouting blind locations for us.

Party On 'The Karoo' Pictures



Tom and Clay and Children with SCI Blue Bags at the party



New clothes and pretty smiles



Clay gives his SCI cap to one of the girls



Tom serving cake and treats to the children



The Children, Nel Siyo, Tom, Clay, and Martisan Theron



Clay visits with some of his new friends who are wearing their gifts



Some of the boys with their "Sportsman Channel" t-shirts



Tom and Clay with some of the boys with SCI t-shirts



Clay handing out presents



Tom gives his SCI cap to Desmine



Tom opening drinks for little ones



Children and Mothers leaving

Kentucky National Guard Enjoy Day Of Bird Hunting



The Kentuckiana Chapter SCI and Clover Creek Hunting Preserve owners Jeff Tate and Chris Barr, hosted a group of military personnel for a day of pheasant hunting on February 12th.

Sunshine and clear skies promised a great day in the field as the hunters and volunteer chapter members arrived and prepared for the hunt.

Thanks to Jeff and Chris, Clover Creek Hunting Preserve for hosting the group, providing lunch, field guides and bird cleaning, and to Breaux, the resident black lab who retrieved birds like a champ.

The Kentuckiana Chapter salutes the men and women of the Armed Forces who serve to protect our country each and every day. We live in a country full of freedoms due to their sacrifice. God speed to each of the group we spent the day with on February 12 and all their fellow service men and women who are serving here and abroad.

The Kentuckiana chapter of the Safari Club International hosted members of the Kentucky National Guard at Clover Creek Hunting Farms



Feb. 12 for a challenging day of bird hunting.

Soldiers and Airmen who will miss most of the 2011 hunting seasons due to mobilization, spent the day hunting for pheasants on the Hardinsburg, Ky., farm.

Kentuckiana SCI participates in several humanitarian type projects throughout the year to include providing food at homeless shelters and sponsoring bird hunts for military veterans.

According to SCI's Sam Monarch, the group has worked with military family members for several years, but only recently switched focus to directly involve the Kentucky National Guard.

We learned that there were many children of Soldiers who lost the opportunity to hunt because their father was overseas," he said. "We wanted to switch from that to providing returning Soldiers the opportunity to get back their hunting season."

This year Lt. Col. Mike Abell, SCI member and Deputy Director of Personnel for the Kentucky National Guard, said he was happy to assist with setting up the partnership between SCI and Kentucky Guardsmen.

"We've got Soldiers getting ready to go to war," said Abell. "They are going to miss hunting season as they are leaving, so why not do a hunt for them to thank them for their service and also give them their hunting season before they deploy."

Eight Soldiers participated in the event to include a member from the currently mobilized Agribusiness Development Team III and several members from the 149th Maneuver Enhancement Brigade set to mobilize to Iraq this summer.

"It's a good motivator to show that through all the hard training we do, the hurry up and get it done, our higher-ups do still care," said Staff Sgt. Ben Renner who will deploy with Alpha Co., Brigade Support Battalion, 149th MEB. "This is the best hunt I've ever had."



The Guardsmen practiced shooting clay pigeons in the morning before setting out to the fields which were scattered with pheasants. Chris Barr, co-owner of CCHF, helped facilitate most of the day and said he is thankful for everything the military does for our country.

"I'm able to do what I'm doing today because of them," Barr said. "My hat goes off to the military and I could see their appreciation. I saw a lot of smiles today."