

KENTUCKIANA

HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

SUMMER 2011

**Kentuckiana
SCI Member,
Sherry Maddox,
Elected President
of Safari Club
International
Foundation
Sables**



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President's Message

By Mike Maddox

Summer months provide us with a transition from spring hunting to a renewed anticipation of fall, but there are still opportunities to go hunting. As I write this message, I am planning travel to South Dakota with several youth and adults to hunt prairie dogs. I will enjoy this new method of hunt and certainly look forward to watching the young hunters' luck with long distance shooting.

SCI has a bumper sticker which says "Hunt with Your Kids, Not for Them." That rings so true for many outdoors men and women who take the time to mentor a son, daughter, grandchild, niece, nephew or friend. To help prepare for the fall and winter seasons, our Chapter is in the midst of planning for the Hunter Apprentice Weekend, which is to be held August 6-7th at White Oak Elk Ranch.

The 2 day program has grown in the number of attendees

and volunteers and each year several youth graduates return to serve as mentors. Peer to peer interaction is a valuable educational tool and often some of the younger kids find it less intimidating, particularly when they are embarking on a new task.

We watch these kids with amazement at the way they absorb the content in the Hunter Safety Course and their enthusiasm when they are at each of the interactive stations. These youth truly are the future of our hunting heritage.

For more information about the Apprentice Hunter Weekend contact Mike Maddox at 502-253-9679.

As we head into summer, take time to enjoy the outdoors. Go to the range for a day of shooting, take time off to go to the lake for the day or simply sit on your porch, relax and enjoy the outdoors.



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Kentuckiana SCI Member Elected SCIF Sables President

Congratulations to Kentuckiana Safari Club International member Sherry Maddox who was recently elected as President of the Safari Club International Foundation Sables for 2011-2012.

Since joining KYSCI in 1998, Sherry has worked passionately and selflessly to advance our Chapter and the goals of SCI. Sherry has served our Kentuckiana Chapter in the following capacities: Board Member, Treasurer, Vice President, and President for two terms. During much of this time, she also served as our Chapter Fundraiser Chair while actively participating on a variety of other committees.

Internationally, Sherry has served on a variety of committees to include: Sables Membership Committee, SCI Membership Committee, SCI Convention Committee, SCIF Humanitarian Services Committee and Sables Division Representative Chair. Sherry has also served in the international Sables leadership role of Sables Director 2006, Sables Secretary 2007-2009, and Sables Vice President 2010-2011.

Just as Sherry did more than double duty for our Chapter while in the above positions, she additionally ran numerous international projects to include: Sables Luncheon Show and Auction Team Co-Chair, SCIF Education Sables Committee Co-Chair 2010-2011, Will Chair, and SCIF Education Sables Committee 2011-2012.

Further proving her skills as the preeminent multitasker, Sherry also served as the SCI Regional Representative for Region 21 from 2005 to 2011 and as a Regional Rep Committee Member. We, the Kentuckiana SCI Officers and Board of Directors, strongly believe that beyond our congratulations, we and all of SCI and SCIF owe Sherry a sincere and heartfelt "Thank You" for her tremendous energy and dedication. We send our best wishes to Sherry in her new capacity as President of the Safari Club International Foundation Sables.



Outgoing president, Mary Lynn West, passing the presidents pin to Sherry Maddox

Submitted by Mike Ohlmann on behalf of the KYSCI Officers and Board of Directors

**SAVE
THE DATE**

**The 2012 Kentuckiana Chapter Fundraiser Banquet and Auction
Saturday February 25, 2012 • Holiday Inn Clarksville**
Mark your calendars and plan to attend this fundraising event.
Proceeds will continue to fund many worthwhile projects and programs.

That Was Then, This Is Now Thoughts About Deer Hunting In Kentucky

By Walt Cato

On November 9, 1962 the deer hunter awoke to the sound of heavy rain falling on the top and sides of the canvas a-wall tent he had spent the night in alone. He was camped in the knobs of Bullitt County, one of the 43 counties in Kentucky in which deer could be legally hunted that year. Statistics would later reflect that in 1962 14,000 hunters would take 5,000 deer in Kentucky.¹

The deer hunter's watch showed 4:30 a.m. He had overslept half an hour. Hurriedly, he crawled out of his army surplus sleeping bag, dressed in Levis, a flannel shirt, a cotton sweat-shirt, army issue boots and socks, a red and black wool mackinaw and a red cap with earflaps. Hunter orange was not part of his hunting wardrobe. It would not become mandatory in Kentucky until 1973.

He ate two Krispy Kreme donuts while he filled a small, boy scout haversack with a wool blanket, a length of parachute cord, his prized, handmade H.H. Buck No. 118 sheath knife, a small flashlight and a peanut butter sandwich. The folded blanket was to be his seat cushion with a tree trunk for a back rest. If tree stands were in use in Kentucky, the deer hunter was unaware of them. Nor did his haversack include rattling antlers or a deer call. These devices were not used at that time by the deer hunter, although he had read about deer being "rattled up" by hunters in Texas using antlers. He did have a bottle of scent eliminator which had a strong, pleasing fragrance of apples.

In the darkness, the deer hunter hiked through rain saturated second growth, two ridges east of his camp and sat down at the base of a maple tree on a timbered hillside overlooking a deer trail he had scouted two days earlier. The temperature was in the high 40's, rain continued to fall and a strong wind blew. As gradual daylight revealed his surroundings in shades of gray, the deer hunter observed a squirrel foraging. Then he saw two bobwhite-quail making their way cautiously along the trail. But he saw no deer.

After about an hour the deer hunter climbed the ridge he had been facing. On top, he found himself in an autumn kaleidoscope of swirling oak, maple and hickory leaves and still-hunting through the steady rain he witnessed the miraculous appearance of an eight point buck. As he stood frozen in place, the buck presented a broadside shot at about 40 yards. The deer hunter raised his Savage 99EG rifle chambered in .250/3000, centered the ivory bead front sight through the Red-field receiver sight, pressed the trigger and became one of the proud, lucky hunters to take a deer in Kentucky that year.

In 1962 it was a remarkable achievement to take a whitetail deer. It was a feat to be talked about by the hunter and passed on to others. The presence of deer in Kentucky in 1962 and the current statewide large herd owes its existence to efforts which began in the early 20th century.

By 1915 deer were believed to be extinct in Kentucky. By the late teens the Fish and Wildlife Service began a restocking program obtaining whitetail deer and fallow deer from Wisconsin. The restocking program in Kentucky continued until 1977.

Kentucky's deer herd has exploded since the last two decades of the 20th century. In the early seventies the size of the deer herd was estimated to be 35,000. In 1978 the deer herd numbered 64,000 and only three years later it had increased to 149,000. In 2011 the Department of Fish and Wildlife judged the herd to number 1,000,000!

The flourishing deer population has been accompanied by new tools of the trade for deer hunters. Consider for example:

Rifles: In the early days of the modern deer season, armament of the deer hunter was different than present day weaponry. Except for a few Model 70 Winchesters, Marlins, Savages and Remingtons, the mid 20th century deer arsenal fit into two categories: Model 94 Winchesters and military weapons. The rifle used by the deer hunter mentioned above, the Savage Model 99, was first produced in 1912 and is no longer being manufactured. In 1962 the Remington Model 700 had not yet been marketed. Sporterized military rifles like the Krag-Jorgensen, Springfield '03 and Mauser were frequently carried by Kentucky deer hunters. In addition to the many Model 94 Winchester 30-30s in use there were a few other Winchester and Marlin lever guns in use. Lewis Ritchey, now deceased, recounted his only observation of a deer hunter using a Model 95 Winchester lever action, "I was hunting the old abandoned brick works near West Point when I saw this stranger still-hunting. He was carrying a Model 95 and was wearing a Sunday best, dark blue suit, white shirt, tie and black slippers."²

Lewis was not wearing his Sunday best on the occasion in question but he was carrying a rifle perhaps more unusual for the time than the stranger's Model 95 Winchester: a Winchester Model 86 half magazine rifle chambered for the obsolete but powerful .33 Winchester.

Currently, the majority of deer hunters in Kentucky carry factory and semi-custom bolt action rifles, most being equipped with telescopic sights and many of which have composite stocks with barrels and actions of stainless steel. Cartridges for deer have evolved too. The good old .30-06, .30-30, .270 and .308 continue to account for large numbers of deer, but newer cartridges have found favor with deer hunters in Kentucky. The .25-06, 7mm-.08, 7mm. Rem. Magnum, .300 Win. Mag. and .300 WSM have caught the fancy of deer hunters who enthusiastically debate about relative killing power, though it can be argued that any of the above cartridges are entirely adequate for deer provided they are loaded with properly expanding bullets.

Equipment: Equipment too, has been the subject of much improvement since the mid 20th century. Thinsulate insulated Goretech outdoor and boots provide a degree of weather protection unknown to the deer hunter in the aforementioned 1962 account. No more are deer hunters clad in red and black wool mackinaws and uninsulated leather boots. Nowadays the well equipped deer hunter is dressed in blaze orange, insulated and waterproofed from the cold and wet, more effectively hunting from an elevated tree stand, using scent eliminators, rattling horns and grunt calls. The old catalogs were devoid of the tremendous variety of equipment now available for the deer hunter, including variable power telescopes, range finders, GPS instruments, LED flashlights, lightweight tents and camping equipment, reasonably priced light warm sleeping bags for camper/hunters, and gasoline powered all terrain vehicles.

Comparisons aside, the modern deer hunter in Kentucky shares with the hunter of a half century ago the sheer joy of being out on the landscape. May it always be so.

¹ All statistics obtained from Kentucky Department of Fish and Wildlife.

² Old timers' name for any dress shoe, either lace-up or slip-on, as opposed to work shoes or boots.

Real Men (And Women) Hunt Gators

By Ivan J. Schell And Mike Ohlmann



September 2010 found several members of the Kentuckiana Chapter hunting Gators in Florida in different places with different outfitters. Mike Ohlmann took his son-in-law Nathan Wimsatt hunting on the south edge of Lake Okeechobee, and Ivan Schell took his daughter Lindsey to Lake Jessup in central Florida. Their respective experiences are recounted below. Before launching directly into those stories, a little background may be useful.

Florida grants alligator trapping licenses and harvest permits to applicants, who in turn can arrange for alligator trapping "agents" to assist them with their hunts. The guide typically is the permit holder and the hunter's client is the agent. Agent's licenses can be purchased for less than \$60 and can be employed with any permit holder, provided the agent is in the same boat with a permitted alligator trapper.

The alligator's range runs from the south tip of Texas to the northeastern edge of North Carolina. Florida's wetlands are home to the largest population of gators primarily in fresh waters systems. Florida also is home to the American Crocodile, which is not huntable and resides in a salt water habitat.

Unregulated harvest of Florida's alligators dates back to the late 1800's. In 1962 legal harvest of alligators was closed due to declining populations and listed as endangered in 1967. By 1977 the population had rebounded sufficiently for the reptiles to be reclassified as "threatened" by USFWS which allows control of problem animals. Today Florida employs 40 trappers to remove nuisance animals. In 1980 Florida established the Alligator Management Programs which allows for sport hunting of alligators. In 2009, 6,296 permits were issued and 7,729 gators were harvested. (One permit allows for 2 alligators to be taken)

Gator hunting hours are from 1 hour before dark to 1 hour after sunrise. Hunters use spotlights to reflect off the eyes of gators floating in lakes, swamps, etc. The hunters move in with their boats in an effort to take the gator. Legal techniques include the use of some or all of the following equipment:

Harpoons or Gigs with a detachable head attached to a wire cable and rope are attached to a pole, arrow shaft or spear.

Snatch Hook is a weighted treble hook attached to a restraining line used in conjunction with a fishing rod and reel and a high test line. The hook is typically cast over the gator or the area where it last submerged. The hook is retrieved until it contacts the gator at which point the hook is set with a strong pull.

Bang Sticks or powers heads are devices typically used by divers to kill fish. The sticks discharge a firearm cartridge by contact and are effective for killing alligators. The shot should be centered immediately behind the skull cap and angled toward the brain. The bang stick should be discharged below the water line to reduce the potential for aerial dispersal of bullet and bone fragments. The alligator must be attached to a restraining line and

pulled alongside the boat before it is legal to use a bang stick to kill the gator.

SCHELL TRIP (by Ivan J. Schell)

In late 2009, I was conversing with a gun dealer in Florida about hunts that I would like to take and occasioned to ask her if she knew of any good alligator hunting guides. She immediately put me in contact with Cary Crutchfield, who has a permit to hunt gators in Lake Jessup outside Sanford, Florida. Sanford sits about equal distance between Orlando and Daytona Beach on several lakes. Because I have recently converted my daughter Lindsey into a hunting partner, I offered her the option of making the hunt with me. Based on my representations that hunting gators from a boat was safer than golfing in Florida swamp land courses, she tentatively agreed. September, 2010 found the two of us flying to Daytona Beach for the high adrenaline adventure that awaited us.

Each of us had carefully planned our equipment to include: head lamps, knives, water bottles and cheap cameras (only expensive cameras are lost over board).

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Spotlight On Our Sponsor



IMPALA AFRICAN SAFARIS

Arnold Payne (5 time All American Tract Star for the University of Kentucky) and owner of Impala Safaris has, in the past, generously donated 3 safaris to our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter. Safari destinations include Zambia, Zimbabwe, South Africa, Botswana, Namibia, Mozambique, and Angola.

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Real Men (And Women) Hunt Gators

We were also covered head to toe in black clothing, black tevas, and black hats. The black garb was intended to avoid reflecting light into the eyes of the guide, not hide from the gators. Our most important piece of equipment, however, was our industrial grade safety glasses, the value of which would soon be learned.

Lindsey and I met our guide Cary at the boat ramp at the end of a long narrow road outside Sanford. His rig was an 18 foot dual hull speed boat with a 90 horse Johnson power plant. The hold of the boat was covered from one side to the other with a rubber rug attached to plywood hatches. Lindsey got the only chair which was positioned on the bow, just in front of the steering wheel. Her initial job was to "man" the search light, panning it from side to side to spot red or white eyes floating on the lake surface.



Lindsey in Black Garb

The lake itself was several miles long, about 2 miles wide and between 2 and 7 feet deep. It could be described as a flooded depression surrounded by extensive marshes. At night the big gators would come out of the marsh land and float quietly on the lake's surface waiting for schools of shad or other clueless prey.

Cary cranked his boat up to about 30-40 knots as Lindsey searched the surface for gators. The surface of the lake was also home to clouds of newly hatched insects which hit our faces like a winter snow blizzard. Only safety glasses rendered the experience tolerable.

Whenever Lindsey would spot a gator, Cary would use his binos to determine its size. If the animal were worthy of pursuit, we would approach until the eye lights would disappear below the surface. Cary would then slowly approach the sight of disappearance, searching for a trail of bubbles on the surface or a trail of muddy water in an attempt to locate the reptile. This effort was, of course, rendered more difficult by the darkness. However, if the trail of bubbles could be identified, Cary would cast a snatch hook across the trail in an attempt to snag the gator.

After numerous failed attempts, a little after midnight Cary snagged our first alligator and handed Lindsey the rod and reel with instructions to keep the line tight, but to not attempt to reel it in. Cary then cast a second snag hook in the vicinity of the very tight first line and again made connection, handing the equipment to me.

Cary then directed Lindsey and me to start working the submerged gator toward the boat. So far so good. Then the gator,



Ivan and His Florida Gator

which was understandably upset at being dragged around, broke the surface of the churning water with wild fury. Lindsey's face was white with terror as she realized she had an 8 foot gator by the tail! To her credit, Lindsey stood her ground as we both guided the angry beast to the side of the boat, where Cary stabbed it with a harpoon. I handed Cary my rod in exchange for the harpoon wire and carefully guided the gator close to the boat waiting for Cary to nail it with the bang stick. The gator, however, was not about to

go quietly, and attacked the boat with its powerful bite.

Cary demanded that I get the gator away from the side of his newly renovated boat, so I swung it out a few feet to bring the head into alignment for the kill. Two shots with a bang stick and the reptile went limp. We hauled the animal up to where we could reach it and I taped the jaws shut with duct tape while Cary held the jaws closed.

At this point we hauled the gator onboard for photos. Unfortunately, the reptile was still having involuntary muscle responses and Lindsey was sure it was still alive. But she did get close enough for me to snap the photo enclosed with the article.

Cary suggested that we put the gator in the hold and head back to the boat ramp for a break. Lindsey and I returned to the hotel for an unsuccessful effort at sleep and returned to the ramp at 5 am to resume the hunt. The air temperature dropped into the 60's and Lindsey and I were barely warm enough in our long sleeve black shirts and vests.

We continued the tactics of the evening hunt until day break without luck. However, we continued to look for floating gators and found a good one biding its time in a cove that had produced well for Cary in the past.

This gator was in about 2 feet of water and left an easily visible track of bubbles. Cary cast several times across the bubble path before the snag hook caught the gator. Then it was game on. I held the rod tight as the gator circled our boat three times. Finally Cary got the second snag hook attached and Lindsey and I went to work again.

This gator at nearly 9 feet was bigger than the first and just as mean. After Cary drove home the harpoon, I took over the chores on the tow line and manipulated that gator toward the boat. Cary loaded the bang stick with a .357 mag cartridge, and I let the gator drop 6 inches below the surface. The first shot only infuriated the animal, and it began to writhe and twist the line.

I wrestled our quarry back around to the side of the boat for a second lead inoculation. This one took, and soon the gator's lips were sealed with duct tape ready for the photo op.

We were about as whipped as the gators, after this action packed all-nighter. At the dock we were both rewarded with tee shirts like the one in the enclosed photo. At breakfast after we cleaned up and packed up, Lindsey insisted on knowing if I felt the need to do this again. I assured her I had checked this one off the "bucket list" so she could relax! Mission accomplished!

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CHAPTER



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Real Men (And Women) Hunt Gators

OHLMANN/WIMSATT TRIP (By Mike Ohlmann)

During an early spring phone conversation with Miami based Kentuckiana Chapter member Arti Newcombe, he mentioned that he had drawn a number of Florida gator permits and graciously invited me to come down and give it a try. He said that he had a friend that hunted gators for a living who had all the equipment, so it was an ideal "show up and hunt situation." Due to the driving distance and Arti having several permits, we worked in an invite for my son-in-law, Nathan, touched base with Arti's friend, Rick Kramer, and scheduled the date.

Tuesday, September 7th, Nathan and I arrived in Belle Glades, Florida and checked into the Royal Inn for some rest. It was only 11 am, but we had driven most of the night and would spend this night on our gator quest, so a bit of rest would serve us well. By 7 pm we had rested, acquired our Agent's permit, a major stock of bug spray, a couple rolls of electrical tape, and fresh batteries for our headlights and were awaiting our party's arrival on the south shore of Lake Okeechobee. Rick, Artie and Geno arrived in a pair of big diesel pickups pulling a pair of airboats. The second boat would provide back up and ample room for Nathan, Arti and me to hunt, photograph and observe. Geno is Rick's brother-in-law and he and Rick are both full time Florida Gator Control Agents trapping nuisance gators throughout South Florida. If you have watched news related to problem gators or shows such as monster quest, you have likely seen Geno and or Rick in action, as they have both been at it for quite awhile and have considerable notoriety.

We quickly made introductions, decided that I would ride with Rick and Arti, and make the first attempts at gigging a gator and Nathan would ride with Geno and watch the action. As the sun was just starting to set, we motored out thru cleared channels and stopped to try our hand at casting for a couple gators that had submerged a few hundred yards ahead of us. Rick noted that bigger gators tended to move out into the clear water, but by this late in the season they were getting pretty skittish, and didn't stay around too long. This proved to be the case and as full darkness fell,



we gave up and took off into the high grass and plant laden swamps. Airboats are remarkable assets to swamp negotiation. Essentially, they demonstrate that with enough power, you can get over or thru just about anything and then blow along less obstructed surfaces at genuine speed! Sitting high up on the pilots platform with a super bright headlamp or behind in the observers seat one can see over the 8' tall swamp grass and a sundry other plant life, and peer down upon the tannic water, and view a variety of fish and swamp inhabitants. Meanwhile the gigger attempts to keep his feet on the casting deck and his behind on the edge of the pilot's foot platform to follow the every move of the pilot's headlamp, at least whenever it is visible over the plant life which regularly towers over the gigger's head and parts just beyond his nose as the boat speeds along thru the super dense foliage. At other times the cover is much shorter, or opens up into duckweed and lily pad choked ponds and visibility is only obscured by millions of airborne insects with the general size and consistency of sleet and the occasional ones reaching hail proportions.

When a light is shined directly into a gator eyes a ruby red glow can be seen for many hundreds of yards. However, this reflection only shines directly back to the light source, and so if a party is too far off to one side of the beam, he is likely to not see the potential

target. So, as previously stated, it is extremely important for the gigger to keep up with the pilot's headlight since; "when a gator glows the pilot goes" full speed ahead, and then at the last minute he stops suddenly or pirouettes the boat around the spot the gator had shined so that the size can be located, assessed and the gigger can punch the barb into the neck or shoulder of the rapidly departing creature.

Now bringing the 10' gigging pole with a large jug attached to a heavy cord on the back end quickly up into a parrying position, while keeping the cable and heavy cord attached to the tip untangled, takes a bit of practice. Next, this must be accomplished while going from a sitting to a standing position on the front of a boat that is conversely going from an "all out" to "all stop" or at least from a "full speed ahead" to a "tight circle" around a departing gator. Thus, the "sport of gator hunting" versus "the harvesting of gators" is directly proportionate to ones desire to "not swim with the gators!"

The next challenge is to acclimate to the environment and the actions of a gator. If one watches them sun on the banks of the local golf course lakes, waddle across the greens, or slowly cruise the channels, the impression is that these are the slow-witted and sloth-like branch of the reptile world. However, if one takes the time to either reason, that to become a big ole gator it must avoid being eaten by other gators day in and day out, and or being caught, giggered or otherwise abused for a decade or two, or on the other hand if one occasions to go out and chase one in an airboat, it quickly becomes obvious that slow is a gator's choice not its lot in life! Furthermore, it becomes much more apparent why the alligator's markings have served it so well for millions of years, as their light and dark vertical striping is a perfect match with the light reeds and dark roots of the plant life at and just below the water line though I'm thinking that the fact that these same marking obscure the beast against a spotlight and airboat is much more coincident!

Finally, judging the size of a gator may not be terribly difficult when one is stretched out on a sandy bank, but quickly determining that 6, 8 or 10 feet of reptile may or may not be attached to the snout, or neck that briefly appears, takes a little practice. So...with several false starts, hesitations, slow reactions, near dunkings, and stepped on or tangled lines under my belt, I finally stuck a gator neatly between the shoulders and anchored the gig head. It dove into the nearest thickest cover and tangled itself and the heavy nylon cord snugly into the roots of numerous trees and large plants. Rick and I took turns pulling and tugging and even tried using the power that shoves the craft over logs and along at 40 mph to persuade the gator out, all to no avail. We next went to work removing one stick and or root wad at a time, and Rick was vastly less hesitant to reach into the water to grab handfuls of roots. Here again one might have deduced that the same tangle that kept us from the gator kept the gator from us, but that wisdom likely comes at the professional level.

We finally did get the critter moving and while I pulled him in, Rick transformed the gig into a 44 cal. bang stick. He took over pulling, and brought the gator up to the surface and then relaxed enough for it to submerge slightly, while I punched the shaft down for a positive thunk and a quick subsurface blast. The gator went limp and was quickly taped and hauled aboard.

Nathan was now up and after a quick briefing on all that I had learned in the past hour or more, which included a significant amount of what not to do, I switched to Geno's boat and took up the catbird seat high up behind him to watch and hopefully shoot a few photos.

Rick took off in a blast and I immediately learned why the follow boat had been staying off to the the left or right of the leader as the water laden prop wash cleaned the night's harvest of bugs off

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Real Men (And Women) Hunt Gators

of my teeth and out of my ears! Geno's broad shoulders kept my camera mostly dry and by the time we planed off



Nathan with A Gator on the Line and Hauling It In

and closed on the lead boat it was sashaying around a hole and Nathan was holding onto the buoy with several yards of heavy line and a huge salad bar between him and his gator.

At this moment

I'd liked to have thought it was my hard-earned and thorough instruction that lead to his quick success instead of his young quick reflexes, keen eye's and the surefooted agility that comes with many years of martial arts, but either way I was delighted to see him struggling with the gator and really enjoying the show.

This one did not get anchored into anything with deep solid roots and after some serious tugging and a couple short runs, Nathan brought it to the surface and Rick popped him. In spite of it being a perfect shot the gator dove back into the thick vegetation and once again Nathan hauled him back along with a large bale of vegetable matter. Once alongside Nathan, I responded without hesitation to Rick's instruction and grabbed the gator by the tail and hauled him aboard. Rick taped up the business end and we headed off for more Glade adventures!

We shone and cruised through the perfect 70 degree clear night air under a cloudless moonless sky adorned with the billions of stars one can only observe and enjoys far away from civilization. At one point Rick stopped and quickly jumped to the deck and plucked a nice bullfrog from the lily pads. On another occasion, he repeated the maneuver and swooped up three baby gators from a swarm of hundreds that were scurrying out of the circle of light, proving an allergy to headlights and airboats is instinctual versus learned behavior.

Several miles from anywhere, we suddenly came

upon an island with a neatly groomed lawn, and Rick and Geno gunned the engines and drove the boats 30 yards up onto it, turned them around and shut down the engines. Headlights



Tree House in the Swamps

illuminated a massive tree with an impressive tree house up in the branches. Rick explained that this was the Airboater's Camp and that the original tree house which was much larger had been burned down by vandals, a second camp had been built out on the lawn and subsequently burned and finally the new tree house had stood for a good many years without molestation. He also noted that wild hogs had become very dense on the island, and that they hunted them every way possible but had not been able to curtail the population.

We stretched, ate fried chicken, and slapped mosquitoes for a while and then loaded up and headed back into the swamps. Nathan stuck a second gator but after a short tussle the barb pulled free and then a short while later he made a stab at a much larger gator but even his speed and surefootedness did not match the gator's getaway.

We cruised back into some clear channels and spotted several sets of eyes, and Rick and then Geno each gave us a lesson in casting. Using what appeared to be a heavy offshore trolling rod equipped with a large bait casting reel loaded with very heavy monofilament line, and a goose egg size sinker tied up close to a large treble hook, either man could cast the rig 60 yards as flat as a bullet and with pinpoint accuracy. However, these gators like the earlier ones sunk below the surface several hundred yards ahead of the boat, and apparently departed the scene quickly as no hookups other than muck-laden root wads occurred.



Nathan and Gators

By a little after 2 am several more gators had been spotted, cast at or gipped at or otherwise put to flight. A storm was moving over the lake, and the nearly brand new engine on the second airboat had by now blown its fifth quart of oil out of a newly replaced cylinder head, so we called it a night because Geno, Rick, and Arti had an hour's drive back towards Miami, and Nathan and I had gators to clean. Before departing all agreed that the evening had been a great adventure and also quite a success, because we had gators and all of our fingers and toes and our boots were still dry!

**Kentuckiana SCI Youth Program
Annual Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend
August 6th & 7th, 2011 WHITE OAK ELK RANCH, HENRYVILLE, INDIANA**

Attention: Sign up your young would be hunters now!

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- FIELD CARE FOR TROPHY
- MEAT FOR PROCESSING
- INDIGENOUS GAME SPECIES IDENTIFICATION AND ANATOMY

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

- SHOTGUN
- ARCHERY
- HIGH POWER RIFLE
- CROSSBOW
- MUZZLELOADER/BLACKPOWDER
- RIMFIRE (CMP PROFICIENCY LEVEL)

IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE INDIANA DIVISION OF FISH AND WILDLIFE, WE WILL OFFER **THE HUNTER EDUCATION AND SAFETY COURSE** FOR THOSE WHO NEED THEIR **ORANGE CARD**.

The program is **FREE** but participants must be REGISTERED BY APPLICATION NO LATER THAN JULY 20

Application are found online at: <http://www.kentuckianasci.org/events/2011application.pdf>

FOR MORE INFO CONTACT:
MIKE OHLMANN 502 448-1309
mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

FOR MORE INFO ON
KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER of SCI
VISIT: <http://www.kentuckianasci.org>





Mike & Jim Take Aim



Clay & Tom & Sam Check Out Targets



Seth Elmore Gets Instruction From His Dad, Charlie, Mike, And Sam



Tom Gives Pointers To Maddie Monarch



Taking A Break

Kentuckiana SCI & Monarch Family Co-Host Prairie Dog Safari Warm-Up

By Sam Monarch

The annual Kentuckiana SCI Chapter "Prairie Dog Safari" has proven to be a delightful and rewarding experience for both adult and youth shooters. On June 18, 2011, twenty-three members of our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter will make their way cross country and assemble on the Standing Rock Sioux Indian Reservation near Mobridge, South Dakota for a prairie dog safari.

In anticipation of the upcoming "safari", our Chapter co-hosted with the Monarch Family (Tom, Clay, Sam and Alice) two sight-in/practice sessions for all the prairie dog hunters at the Monarch's rifle range in rural Breckinridge County, Kentucky. The first practice session, which featured a famed Owensboro, Kentucky "Moonlight Barbecue" luncheon, was held on May 21. The second sight-in/practice session which was held on June 4 started with a rifle range cookout of hamburgers, hot dogs, and brats with all the trimmings.

Both sessions were well attended by new youth shooters, experienced youth shooters, and adult shooters. Especially welcome were our young shooters, several of whom were shooting rifles for the first time. Each young shooter was given individual coaching in firearm safety, firearm responsibility, and marksmanship. After the basics were mastered, the words for the day became, "Take a deep breath, let half of it out, hold the crosshairs steady, and squeezzzzzz the trigger, gently squeezzzzzz the trigger."

As the day went on, everyone stayed focused with the more experienced youth shooters "reciting" safety tips and giving "pointers" to the new shooters. Both the youth and the adults took turns at calling shots through nearby spotting scopes and doing "target duty" (which involved a "Mule" ride down range to collect shot targets and hand out "bragging rights"). It was rewarding to watch the more experienced young shooters help and encourage the newer shooters.

After the younger shooters had practiced, the adult shooters sat down at the benches to try out their new prairie dog rifles or new "prairie dog loads" for their old rifles. It was interesting to watch the young shooters trade places with the pros and spot shots for their fathers, grandfathers, and mentors. The youth listened attentively as the older generation chatted about varmint bullets, high velocity cartridges, flat shooting calibers, shot placement, scope magnification and adjustments, heavy barrel rifles, and the like.

At the end of each day, we had enthusiastic young shooters who wanted to try just one more shot and adult shooters who had enjoyed "honing" their shooting skills while, by example, teaching our youth a love for both the outdoors and the shooting sports. When shooting came to a close on June 4th, all shooters, young and old, declared that their rifles were in zero and that they were ready. Let the safari begin!



Trevor's Bragging Rights



Trevor Mcstoots & Judge Knopf Discuss Shot Grouping



Target Duty



Rifle Range Cookout

SCI Visits Capitol Hill . . . A Legislative Update

Submitted by Sherry Maddox

On Thursday May 6, 2011, during the SCI spring board meeting in Washington DC, SCI representatives from Chapters around the country went to Capitol Hill to meet with Senators and Representatives from their districts. Sherry Maddox represented our Kentuckiana Chapter and participated in meetings with Representative John Yarmuth and Staff from the offices of Senator Rand Paul, Representative Geoff Davis, and Representative Brett Guthrie. Below is a recap of the issues that were discussed during each meeting. This information is re-printed from documents assembled by the SCI office in Washington DC.

H.R. 991 & H.R. 990

Safari Club International respectfully requests a House Natural Resources Sub-Committee hearing to be held for H.R. 991 and H.R. 990 no later than July 1, 2011.

Safari Club International requests Congressional support of H.R. 991 and H.R. 990.

- **H.R. 991** will amend the Marine Mammal Protection Act (MMPA) to authorize the Secretary to issue import permits for polar bears taken legally from approved populations prior to the importation ban imposed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) on May 15, 2008. These already harvested bears provide no conservation value as they sit in cold-storage in Canada. Importation of these trophies under H.R. 991, however, will generate up to \$45,000 in additional permit fees (under MMPA Section 104(c)(5)(B)) to use for conservation and research activities for the U.S. and Russian polar bear populations.
- **H.R. 990** would restore the ability of U.S. hunters to import Polar Bear trophies harvested from approved populations in Canada and with tags supplied by native Inuit communities. Restoring the importation of legally harvested Polar Bears will reinstate funding generated from import permits that have been non-existent since the listing of the polar bear on May 15, 2008. Prior to the ban in 2008, the U.S.-Russian Polar Bear Conservation Fund received approximately \$1 million for program research exclusively through import permitting fees.
- Safari Club International, along with 23 other hunting and wildlife conservation organizations, signed a letter to Chairman Doc Hastings and Ranking Member Edward Markey of the House Committee on Natural Resources communicating our strong support of H.R. 991 & H.R. 990.

H.R. 838 & H.R. 509/ S. 249

Safari Club International requests Congressional support of H.R. 838 and companion bills H.R. 509 and S.249.

- H.R. 838 The Western Great Lakes Wolf Management Act of 2011 will make all wolves in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan ineligible for listing under the Endangered Species Act and gives States exclusive management authority of wolves within their borders
- Safari Club International requests a hearing for H.R. 838 in the House Natural Resources Committee.
- **H.R. 509 and S. 249** will exempt gray wolves (*canis lupus*) from listing under the Endangered Species Act nationwide.

SCI Supports Modernizing the Endangered Species Act

Safari Club International requests that Congress work to modernize the Endangered Species Act (ESA) to focus on species recovery and address the Act's numerous failures.

Current Problems with Endangered Species Act

Species Recovery: The primary goal of the ESA has been to recover species at risk of extinction. Unfortunately the ESA has failed in its species recovery efforts. Currently there are over 2000 species listed as "threatened" or "endangered" while only 20 recovered species have been removed from these lists since the ESA was enacted.

Management by Litigation: Presently, the vast majority of the scientific decisions for species conservation are inappropriately being made by the courts and not by the wildlife professionals within the federal agencies tasked to administer the ESA. Litigation is dictating the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service (FWS) and National Marine Fisheries Service's (NMFS) priorities for dealing with species in jeopardy and is depleting the agencies' personnel and financial resources.

Economic Impact: The ESA detrimentally impacts jobs and the economy, particularly in rural communities. There are numerous examples of sustainable human development projects with carefully planned wildlife mitigation measures being blocked and private property rights being infringed by the ESA.

Enhancement Permits: The FWS imposes a burdensome requirement that trade in a species "enhances the survival of that species" before it will issue import permits for threatened and endangered species even if such import would be allowed under the Convention on Trade in Endangered Species. The additional enhancement finding requirement by FWS is a significant burden to international hunting, which has been shown to be the most effective means of funding sustainable wildlife conservation in developing countries.

Climate Change: Radical anti-hunting and protectionist organizations have spent millions of dollars in an effort to manipulate the mandates of the ESA to list animals for the express purpose of regulating greenhouse gases. The ESA is not the correct vehicle for regulating greenhouse gas emissions. These efforts distort the purpose of the ESA and stretch the administrative capacities and scientific expertise of the FWS and NMFS far beyond their limits.

H.R. 1558/S. 838 & H.R. 1445

Safari Club International requests Congressional support of companion bills H.R. 1558/S. 838 and H.R. 1445.

- **H.R. 1588 and S. 838 The Hunting, Fishing, and Recreational Shooting Protection Act** will remove the authority of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) to ban traditional ammunition and fishing tackle containing lead components. The bill will clarify that the Pittman-Robertson excise tax exemption under the Toxic Substances Control Act (TSCA) applies to ammunition components and will provide similar protection for fishing tackle subject to Wallop-Breaux excise taxes. This legislation will protect our hunting, recreational shooting and fishing heritage while concurrently facilitating the important benefits these industries contribute to our nation's economy and treasured natural resources.

H.R. 1444

Safari Club International strongly supports H.R. 1444 and respectfully requests additional Congressional co-sponsors to support H.R. 1444.

Safari Club International believes that U.S. Federal lands are to be managed under the principles of multiple-use. Outdoor recreation has been and should continue to be a primary use of U.S. Federal lands. The opportunity to hunt on Federal lands should be a priority for every land and resource management plan. Federal agencies should be tasked with ensuring that abundant hunting opportunities are provided for unless hunting is deemed specifically incompatible with a specific unit of land.

- **H.R. 1444** states that hunting shall be allowed on all federal lands administered by the U.S. Department of the Interior and the U.S. Department of Agriculture, except those lands which are held in trust on behalf of a Native American Indian or Native American Indian Tribe.

Spring Break, Abell Style

By Lt. Col. Michael Abell

As usual, a trip for Michael and Aline Abell started with the purchase of a donated hunt at the Kentuckiana Safari Club International Chapter Fundraiser. This past winter (with Spring Break on our minds), we bought a hunt for Osceola turkeys and feral hogs with the Triple B Ranch located near New Smyrna Beach, Florida.

It was soon time for our hunt and we packed the truck and rolled down to Florida the week of Aline's spring break. Prior to the hunt, we had corresponded with Scott Hildebrandt from the Triple B Ranch about the hunt and he reminded us, more than once, that the hog hunting was good, but that the turkey hunting would be tough because our trip was planned near the end of turkey season. We thought, "Okay, no worries, if we decide to give up on the turkeys, we can harvest a couple hogs and head to the beach!"

We first met up with Scott's brother, Greg, and his wife and they showed us to the camp. It was more than adequate with 3 cabins and an outside entertaining area set three miles back from paved roads in the Florida swamps. Gorgeous trees covered in Spanish moss, alligators, waterfowl, and nature all around added to the atmosphere. The cabin was one large living and sleeping area with a full bath and a screened in front porch. Camp ran off a propane generator and had endless hot water. We were very happy there!



Hunting Buddy In UK Camo

After we got up the first morning, we went turkey hunting. Scott told us we would be hunting palmetto scrub woods, cypress swamps, and cattle pastures. We would do our level best to pull a good bird for Aline and me, but we were cautioned to remember that it was the end of the season and Osceolas are already wary birds. After being hunted for a month, they would be even tougher to get to gobble and move out into the open. We assured him again that we understood as we moved on down the road.

That morning we saw birds, but it wasn't until 11:00 A.M. that I was able to get a gobbler out of the cypress swamp and up on a strut zone gobbling back to me. I worked that bird all day and never got him in range. I called 3 of his hens to me, but I never got him close.

Scott hunted with Aline (a novice turkey hunter) on the other side of the same farm. Scott later told me that the bird I was calling was the "boss" gobbler and no one had pulled him closer than 200 yards all season. It sounded like a challenge and I started thinking about getting my feet wet and moving into that cypress swamp. It was late and we were exhausted from the drive on Sunday and we decided to stay in that evening.

That Tuesday in Florida there was a cold severe rain storm. The temperature dropped about 20 degrees, the wind picked up and the rain just poured. We abandoned hunting in the morning and stayed in all day. When the rains let up a bit, we went out for a nice lunch.

That night we decided to hog hunt. We met up with Scott and Greg on their ranch and drove in quietly. As we stalked up to the blind, there were already hogs feeding out in the field. We had no way to get to the blind without pushing them off, so we moved quickly and got set up. We had scared the hogs off initially, but in an hour or so there were a BUNCH of hogs feeding in the field in front of us.

I'd never hog hunted and had no idea what was or was not a shooter. Then a real boar walked out of the swamp . . . having never seen one before I was taken back a bit. . . it was big . . . frothing around the mouth, and bleeding on his shoulders. Scott said he'd just been in a fight with another boar. Now, I didn't think I'd get excited about shooting a hog, but daggumit, I was pumped up! I grabbed my rifle, shouldered it, put the crosshairs on its neck (where Scott said to shoot it) and pulled the trigger!!! What followed was the loudest sound I'd ever heard come from a rifle . . . "click!"

I had unloaded my gun before climbing up the ladder into the blind! I was trying to be safe with my wife and the guide and me climbing the ladder (I think I spend too much time listening to 2nd Lt. Witt and the rest of my Safety Office Staff). Scott laughed, I laughed, and Aline simply said real softly, "Oh, no."

By the time I regained my composure from such a rookie mistake, cycled the action, chambered a round . . . it was almost dark. Now, I had to have help to pick which black blob was the big boar! (Thank God Aline and I brought our good binoculars.) We soon located him and I put him down with a fine shot to the spine through his neck; he never moved.

We laughed all evening about my "click" while we skinned and quartered that hog. I tell you what . . . when I stop getting that excited about hunting and killing becomes routine, I will quit hunting. That click was hilarious, and the fact that I still get so excited that I make a simple mistake keeps me young!

Wednesday we decided to hunt a different location. We met up with the rancher and toured some of his properties while stopping occasionally to sneak in and call blindly in hopes of getting a response from a gobbler - but - none. All the properties were a mix of pasture, swamp, and coastal Florida jungle. Some had turkey sign, some didn't, but the rancher insisted all held birds.

The rancher was one of those men who'd done it all: cattle rancher, bee keeper, farmer, general contractor, father of 10, a self made man . . . We started talking and telling stories and before I knew it, Scott and Aline were staring at their watches and looking at me as if to say, "SERIOUSLY! How long are you going to stand around and chew the fat! There's hunting to do!"

When we finally got back in the truck and set out to hunt some more, I told them that I could have listened to the rancher all day. I told them that once his generation is gone, we will lose that knowledge and that I loved listening to his stories. Aline said, "Well, I'm glad you loved the stories because you stood there for 3 hours listening and never turned your head. You're sunburned on just one side of your face." And for the second time in two days, I laughed so hard (at myself) that I almost wet my pants.

As we were driving, Scott and I talked and he said we'd most likely been around birds, but Osceolas live in swamps with bobcats, cougars, black bears, bald eagles, alligators, and monster sized raccoons. . . so unless these birds are out in a big open field where they can see all around them, they don't call much, if at all.

We had a tough time trying to decide where to hunt that afternoon. I then tried to convince Scott we should try again to kill that big boss gobbler I had seen on Monday. He reluctantly agreed and we hatched a plan for the end of the day. Scott would sit behind me and call about 150 yards. I would slither down into the cypress swamp near where we had seen that big bird on Monday. Aline decided she was happy to be away from all the talking men and hunt on her own.

Well, we did just that . . . I snuck into the swamp, just me and my shotgun. Scott sat up on the field's edge near the strut zone with his decoys and called while Aline was 350 yards behind us in the pasture with a full set of 4 decoys, calling and trying to pull a bird out of the big Spanish moss covered oaks.

After about an hour, I heard him. . . the big gobbler I'd nick named "Springsteen" because he was for sure "The Boss". He wasn't coming anywhere near decoys. He'd come just out of the swamp into the open on a thin strip of green grass and strutted, almost as if to say, "Hey, Ladies, look at me! Nope, I'm not going to follow you, you come to me, I'm the boss."

Well, I was thanking the Lord that Springsteen came out of the swamp, but cursing my own luck because he came out on the far other end! He was 175 yards away in open



First Osceola

Continued from page 10

Spring Break, Abell Style

pasture. I sat back down in the swamp and texted Scott, "Keep calling to keep his attention. I'm going to belly crawl flat as a flounder across the pasture and shoot him in the face."

Scott's calling kept Springsteen's attention and it took me a about 30 minutes to crawl in gun range. I laid Springsteen flat with Hevi-Shot Blend 4,5,6 - 3 1/2 inch magnum 12 gauge round from 72 steps (ranged it later as 61 yards). Scott was dancing he was so happy and I was a sweaty tired mess with a little too much cow poop on my clothes from the 100+ yard low crawl. The turkey had a nearly 12" beard and his spurs were just shy of 2". We were pumped up!

We went home, changed clothes, had a snack, and went hog hunting for Aline. We stalked up to a wooded area where the hogs



Aline On Sticks

Thursday dawned with a new plan. Aline would go with Scott down by the cypress swamp where I killed Springsteen. I'd seen another gobbler in there and we thought with "the Boss" gone that maybe the other gobbler would come out to play. I got my assignment, "Sit in the ladder stand on the big field 200 yards away and keep watch with binos. If you see a bird text us."

Well, we saw hen turkeys that morning. We saw hogs that morning. We saw bald eagles that morning. We did NOT see a tom turkey all day! My poor wife was hunting her pretty little heart out and had no cooperation from the turkeys. The Rancher had been tracking our progress and was feeling sorry for us. After talking with Scott, he took us to one of his pastures late that afternoon that had not been hunted in years. This parcel of land was mostly swampy jungle that bordered a big cow pasture full of cattle. Every patch of mud or sand had turkey or hog prints on it - sign were literally everywhere in the woods, which we were confined to because of the cattle in the pasture.

We left that area alone and went back to the same ladder stand to hunt hogs until dark. We saw many hogs, but nothing Aline wanted to shoot. Thursday ended with three exhausted humans and no harvested birds or swine.

Friday morning we snuck through the swamp before daylight in the place we had visited the day before. Aline and Scott set up on a patch of dry ground about the size of a tennis court and put the blind in thick vegetation and a spread of 4 decoys out front. I turned south on a game trail through thick stuff and decided to go at least 300 yards into the watery thick stuff so as not to influence or ruin the last day of Aline's hunt. I finally found a small patch of sandy high ground that was not wet and which was also the confluence of 5 game trails. I tucked my little one man blind into the bush and sat down.

HOLY MOLY, there were mosquitoes in my blind the size of hummingbirds! I scrambled to get my thermacell running and while it heated up, I was sealing my blind off, cussing and swatting at those giant insects! Finally, I broke open some thermacell pads and started rubbing them all over myself (which burns by the way). Ten minutes later, the thermacell was hot and the blind was filled with mosquito repelling vapor, thank God.

Soon, the sun came up but nothing happened all morning. It was wonderfully green and jungle-like where I sat up. Beautiful birds and lizards were all around. About 8:00 A.M., Aline texted me that 6-8 small hogs ran past their blind, but they didn't get a shot. We exchanged messages about how and what type of turkey calling we were both doing and if we'd heard any responses. We were both calling softly but neither of us had heard a thing back.

About 10:00 A.M., I heard a rush in front of me and coming through the bush were a group of small hogs. I yelled at them to get them to stop so I could shoot one, but they ignored me and continued to trot on by. I figured "what the heck" and I pushed my blind over and trotted after them. We didn't jog along too far until they stop . . . I stop



So, I go back to my blind hoping the other hogs would circle back. They don't.

Aline texted me that they'd decided to go back to the truck to get her rifle and then they were going to spot and stalk hogs. I told them which way the hogs ran off and that I was going back to the truck to get my knife and drag harness. I also told them that I would be wearing blaze orange and that I would walk back into the swamp, field dress my little hog, and drag him out.

On my way back to the truck, I saw some red or orange in the woods to my left! I wasn't sure what it was and then a 2,000 pound cow ran out of the bush in front of me! WTH! \$#@%#@&%#!!!! I almost shot a cow!

I made it back to the truck without further incident and as I was heading back into the swamp to get my hog, I saw another spot of red in the thick stuff. I think, "Another cow is going to scare the poop out of me. OH, NO, it's a turkey!"

I played it cool! I kept walking as if I hadn't seen him. When he turned to walk away, slowly, very slowly, I wheeled about, raised my gun, and shoot. I thought I'd missed him, because usually when you shoot a turkey, he flaps around a bit in the throes of death. I walked over where I last saw the turkey, just in case, because it was so thick I could not see where he would be laying if he were dead. Sure enough, there laid another mature Osceola gobbler!

My phone rings...it's Scott... and the exchange goes like this: "Hey, Man, did you need to put another bullet in your hog?"

"Nope."
"Why did you shoot again?"
"Turkey."
"No way!"
"Yep."
"You're kidding me?"
"Nope."
"You shot a turkey wearing blaze orange walking down a trail?"
"Yep."
"At what range?"
"30."
"I don't believe you!"

"Okay, you and Aline go back to her blind and pack up, in about 10 minutes you'll see me walk out of the swamp dragging a pig, carrying my gun in one hand and a gobbler in the other. You'll know it's me because I'm wearing blaze orange!"

We didn't hunt any more for the rest of the trip as it was time to head to the beach! Now, that's how it went down! Spring Break, Abell Style!



Second Osceola

4-H Youth Shooting Sports

By Mike Maddox

Lynette Allen, Breckinridge County Extension Agent for 4-H Youth Development, recently asked for and received Kentuckiana SCI's support for the Breckinridge County Shooting Sports Program. Past financial support from our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter has assisted the 4-H Shooting Sports organization in purchasing supplies and ammunition for its thriving youth program.

All shooting programs are in constant need of replenishing spent ammo and supplies and our Board has followed the progress of this very successful shooting sports recruiting program for several years. Ms. Allen and the other leaders work very hard at getting youth involved; however, a number of the local youth are not financially able to cover the cost for the program. Our Chapter's donations allow more youth to participate.

On Sunday March 27, 2011, Sherry Maddox, Alice and Sam Monarch, and I met a very enthusiastic group of parents, shooters, volunteer instructors, and Ms. Allen, all who were representing the Breckinridge County Shooting Sports Program, at Sam's home in Breckinridge County. Many of these people had grown up on neighboring farms in the county and I listened as the volunteer adult instructors chatted about how they did not have these opportunities as children and they wanted to help the youth of today have exposure to the shooting sports. We agreed that teaching firearm handling and safety awareness is yet another step in providing very important skills and knowledge toward becoming responsible adults. The volunteers also proudly told us that these youth are competing and becoming very good competitive shooters.

We were in Breckinridge County not only to show Kentuckiana SCI's support and meet some of the instructors and students participating in this growing program, but also to give four flats of shot gun shells to the 4-H program. Also, in the name of our Chapter, Sam Monarch contributed four bricks of 22 LR target ammunition which combined to make a very nice contribution to their shooting sports program. Everyone was very appreciative



of our support.

Our Chapter recently learned that the Breckinridge County 4-H Shooting Sports Program just completed its spring hunter education classes and certified 72 new hunters. During these classes, the leaders held a youth drawing for Junior NRA memberships donated by Kentuckiana SCI Member, Sam Monarch, and 10 lucky young shooters are now proud NRA members. The needs of this youth shooting sports program are growing each year so when asked, our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter was glad to help!

