

KENTUCKIANA HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

WINTER 2011



Help us...



"put the next generation on target"



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President's Message

By Mike Maddox

As the frost starts to kill the annuals in the yard, it signals the onset of the Fall hunting season, and when the leaves begin to fall, our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter goes into high gear planning and soliciting donations for the upcoming fundraiser banquet. Our upcoming fundraising banquet will be held on February 25, 2012 at the Holiday Inn Hurstbourne.

In previous newsletters, we have tried to highlight the great initiatives and programs our club supports to include promoting youth education, compassion for the underprivileged with the Safari Blue Bag Projects, promoting Archery in the Schools programs, and sponsoring a day of hunting for the military. All of these activities and more are made possible by the generous participation and support of our members at our Chapter banquet.

I would like to encourage all members to participate in this year's event. Mark your calendar and plan to attend the event. In addition, help by obtaining donations that can be used in the auction or as raffle items at the event. The fundraiser team is always in need of Chapter members to help the banquet team finalize the

program and to assist with set up activities the day of the event. Be a part of the continued success of your Kentuckiana SCI Chapter.

I want to thank the Kentuckiana Chapter SCI Board, a very dedicated team of individuals, who have been willing to volunteer their time and energy to continue promoting youth education and conservation of land and wildlife.

I would be amiss if I didn't take a moment to thank everyone who contributed to the Kentuckiana Hunter, our Chapter newsletter. Again for 2010, our Chapter publication won an SCI Publication Award. I would like to extend a special thanks to Jim Gladden, who served as editor for many years, to Sam and Alice Monarch, who have edited the recent editions, to Pam Noble of J & C Printing for her fantastic layout work, and to all our members who have contributed articles. I have asked Sam to accept the Publication Award on behalf of our Chapter at the SCI Hunters Convention in Las Vegas on Wednesday evening, February 1, 2012.



2011-2012
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Many thanks to Chris Barr & Jeff Tate!

Our South African Adventure

By Shawn Woodward and Trudi Weber

It's about 8500 miles from Indianapolis, Indiana to Johannesburg, South Africa and the flight seemed to take forever. Although I have been on many overseas hunts, this was Trudi's first and she was excited! Even with all the preparations, I could tell she had a strange sense of adventurism while secretly being frightened.



We were exhausted when we landed in Johannesburg and we stayed the night at the Sandton Hilton. After a much needed night's rest, at 8:30 A.M., just as planned, there was Vlam Myberg of Madubula Safaris ready to pick us up. We had met Vlam 3 years earlier at a reception held in the home of

fellow Chapter members, Mike and Sherry Maddox. Vlam's personality makes him easy to get to know and it was great to see him again. It took approximately six (6) hours to go from Sandton to the Kurumakatiti Reserve in the northwestern part of the Limpopo region in South Africa. The new look on Trudi's face told me she was ready for an adventure.

The next morning at 5:00 A.M. we were awakened by the knock on the door signaling our prepared coffee and tea. "This is even better than staying at the Hilton," I told Trudi. Breakfast was served at 5:30 A.M., and we were hunting by 6:00 A.M. It was early spring and the landscape was dry. Immediately,



Trudi, PH Vlam Mybert, and the Madubula Team

we started seeing various types of game and now we could focus on which game we would pursue.

Thoughts of what Sam Monarch had said kept going thru my head. Sam had told me the area we were hunting was known for world class Kudu, and a Kudu was number one on my wish list of trophies. Sam had cautioned, "Kudu are very elusive animals and they have superb eye sight and keen hearing." I translated this to mean: to get a large Kudu would require stealth, a long shot and most of all, patience!

As we moved through the bush, Kudu cows were plentiful but, "Where are the big Kudu bulls?" was the question I kept asking myself, but I did not have to wait too long before I saw a big one.

We saw what I thought was a monster bull and I reached for my rifle to go on my first stalk, but Vlam's comment was, "He's too small!" This went on for two (2) days until one of the trackers spotted a Kudu bull that met Vlam's specifications. Suddenly, Vlam was "in the zone" and I knew this had to be a monster Kudu. Now, the pressure on me increased! We stalked the Kudu for a time, and then the Kudu stopped and looked right at me.

"Take him," Vlam whispered. I quickly placed my 300 Win Mag on the sticks and at 100 yards pulled the trigger. It was a solid

frontal shot in the chest, but he turned and ran. Then, I heard him fall to the ground or was it a tree limb that broke.

Excitedly, Vlam turned to me and said, "Congratulations on your world class Kudu!" I was reassured, but I was



Shawn and Kudu

not certain the Kudu was down. As I walked to where I thought he went down, nothing was there! How could I have missed the target I thought! About then, Nicholas, one of the trackers, said he had found the Kudu, and I was so relieved. As Vlam radioed for the truck to come to us, I had a sense of total joy and excitement.

Handshakes, pictures and celebration followed. My dream had come true and Trudi's face said it all as she marveled at the beautiful animal. After loading the Kudu in the truck, I could tell my Kudu had surpassed even Vlam's expectation for a great Kudu.

Hunting in Africa is about timing. It had taken two days to find a kudu that met Vlam's standards and after about two (2) hours after taking my Kudu, Vlam spotted a Waterbuck that exceeded his specifications. Vlam handed me my rifle and said, "Take it now!!!"

This was a fairly easy shot of 70 yards, and the Waterbuck went down immediately. As we approached my trophy Waterbuck, I was struck by the difference in the amount of hair on a Waterbuck as compared to how little hair was on the Kudu. The waterbuck, like the kudu, was a spectacular animal. Again, congratulations, handshakes and pictures ensued.



Shawn and Waterbuck

When talking with Sam about hunting with Vlam, Sam who has hunted with Madubula nine times, told me, "If Vlam says shoot an animal, don't ask questions, just shoot!" I now know why.

Vlam had already put me on two world class trophies on my wish list; however, the "don't ask questions" part of the statement became evident when a small animal that was not on my wish list appeared in front of us. Vlam excitedly exclaimed, "You should shoot that Klipspringer!"

I responded with, "a Klip what?" and then remembered Sam's admonition and took the shot and another trophy was in the books! During our hunt, I also took an old, male Giraffe.



Shawn and Klipspringer



Shawn With His Old Bull Giraffe

Now, I had four (4) trophy animals, but Trudi had not taken a single shot. This was about to change. Trudi wanted to take a Warthog. We had spotted several male Warthogs, but none met Vlam's requirements.

On the last morning of the hunt, we decided to setup in a ground blind. We had sat quietly for four hours watching Impalas, Hartebeests, and Baboons passing our position as they ventured to the waterhole. Warthogs also passed by, but again, we heard, "too small".

By this time, Trudi was ready to take almost "any" Warthog. Then, to our right appeared three (3) mature male Impalas. I could tell by the look on Vlam's face that these were trophy size Impalas. Vlam whispered to Trudi, "Get ready to shoot!"

Slowly, Trudi raised her Remington .270 and placed it upon the shooting sticks. I was amazed at how she seemed very calm and collected. I watched the three (3) Impalas through my binoc-

Continued on page 4

Our South African Adventure

ulars, not knowing which Impala she would take. Soon, Vlam leaned over to Trudi and whispered, "Take the Impala on the left." Without hesitation, Trudi pulled the trigger and hit the Impala. The Impala jumped into the air and I thought she had only wounded him. Knowing an Impala could run for miles, I feared the worst.



Trudi and Impala

To my delight and to Vlam's surprise, the Impala ran 15-feet and lay on the ground. I watched him kick his back feet; then, he went still. Trudi was smiling and I think Vlam couldn't believe her shot. It was a dead center heart shot at 120 yards. This was Trudi's first animal taken on her first safari and it was in Africa! "Not a bad way to start hunting!" I thought. I was so proud of her! Vlam and I talked about what a great

shot it was. As Trudi looked at her Impala, she asked me if her shot was really all that good of a shot.

My reply was, "He's dead, isn't he???"

Soon it was time for us to pack up and head back to Johannesburg where, with the help of Anne Gaines-Burrill of Hunter's Support, I had a surprise for Trudi. We were going to celebrate our 10th Anniversary while we were in South Africa, and I had emailed Anne and asked for her help.

Anne had planned our last day in Johannesburg to include shopping at Cambanos where, among other purchases, we selected a beautiful tanzanite pendant for Trudi to begin our anniversary celebration. Then we took a side trip to another of Anne's friend's (Bella) Zulu-Nyala Lodge & Gift Shop where we continued our anniversary celebration by selecting a pair of stunning tanzanite earrings to go with the pendant. After I purchased the earrings for Trudi,



**Anniversary Dinner
In South Africa**

she excitedly showed them to Bella's husband who commented to me, "Oh, I see you are a wise man! You just purchased 'hunt insurance'! Tanzanite will 'insure' that Trudi will want to come back again!"

That evening, Anne had made reservations for us at the Butcher Block restaurant in Sandton. When we arrived, we were quickly shown to our table which was beautifully decorated with a unique rose ball bouquet and rose petals on a white linen tablecloth. In honor of the giraffe we had taken, there were special "giraffe" favors on our table. As Trudi commented on the luxury, we began to notice that our table was the only table which was so elaborately decorated. Anne's special touch had led to an anniversary celebration to remember!

As Trudi and I reflected on our adventure to RSA, besides sharing a wonderful adventure and taking some beautiful trophies, we accomplished three additional (3) goals. 1. We delivered much needed basic medical supplies to the native people. 2. We delivered to a local school much needed basic school supplies. 3. We donated approximately 2,200 pounds of fresh protein laden meat



**Anne of Hunter's Support,
Bella, Trudi and Wolfie**

to the locals. I had been to Africa before and seen how poor some of the children live. Trudi and I decided that we would follow the tradition of the "SCI Blue Bag" projects and we filled our excess baggage with gifts and supplies for native children. We felt glad that we had given something back to the locals.

Many thank-you's go out to numerous Kentucky-Indiana SCI members who answered our questions and shared their ideas on how to make our adventure successful. Another special thank-you goes to Anne of Hunter's Support for taking us under her wing and making our time in Johannesburg memorable. Lastly, a triple "A" rating goes to Madubula Safari Outfitters and Vlam Myberg who took good care of us.



New "Conservation Corner"

By Mike Maddox
President Kentuckiana SCI Chapter

You and I are members of Safari Club International because of our commitment to preserve for future generations both the legal right and the opportunity to hunt. SCI has striven to keep us up to date on legal issues, and our Chapter has received favorable recognition for introducing young hunters and huntresses to hunting and the shooting sports in a safe and responsible manner.

Kentuckiana SCI Chapter's Youth Hunter Education Weekend has proven to be a highly successful and a much appreciated opportunity for youth to garner outdoor experience. Our sponsorship of Archery in the Schools Programs, a 4-H Shooting Sports Program, our Annual Prairie Dog Safari and other such events have given us success in the shooting sports and hunter education areas.

We would like to do more to enhance the "opportunity to hunt" through the "conservation word." Commencing with the "2012 First Quarter" issue of the *Kentuckiana Hunter*, we will devote a portion of our attention to conservation and/or habitat improvement education. We hope to create a forum for members to ask questions or share ideas. In upcoming newsletters, we will feature conservation articles from our members or relevant "how to/when to" articles from the Department of Fish and Wildlife or other such organizations.

If you have had particular success with habitat improvement or wildlife food plot projects, share your secrets with the *Kentuckiana Hunter*. **The better your neighbor's wildlife is, the better your wildlife will be.** Let us know how you improve your wildlife habitat and opportunity to hunt. Send your articles, questions, or suggestions to Sam Monarch, P.O. Box 147, Hardinsburg, KY 40143 or email at smonarch@btsel.com

Wine . . . Women . . . & Weapons . . . Montana 2011

By Sherry Maddox



Huntresses and Guides!

I wasn't sure where Colstrip, Montana was, but I was excited about hunting in this state for the first time! In January of 2010 at the Sables Luncheon Show and Auction, I was one of four women who purchased a Montana hunt donated by Russ Smith Outdoor Adventures. All four women agreed that we could hunt during the October/November 2011 time

frame and dates were set and the planning began.

Let me set the stage for the hunt. There were four women: Mary Lynn West, Sables Past President, Mona Meryman, Sables Past President, Veronica Kosich, Sables Life Member and me, Sherry Maddox, Sables President. As you may suspect from the introduction, all four of us are serious about hunting! . . . And, of course, there were four weapons of choice for the 7 day hunt! . . . And, yes, there was enough wine for dinner and celebrations in the evenings!

Our hunt included pronghorn antelope and mule deer; unfortunately, only Mona drew a pronghorn antelope tag, so for the rest



Montana Mule Deer

of us, the focus was on mule deer. We arrived in Colstrip, Montana on Friday, October 24th and settled into the townhouse that would be our hunting camp for the week. Laughter was heard throughout the townhouse as each huntress unpacked and settled in.

After assuring rifles were sighted in and ready, we sat down to the first of many delicious dinners prepared by our camp cook, Brenda. Joining us at dinner was Russ Smith, guide and owner, Alan and Mike, both of whom would be guiding hunters during the mule deer season. Introductions, safety, and an overview of where and how we would be hunting were discussed at the dinner table. Everyone went to bed with anticipation of what our first day in the field would bring.

Without going into day to day details, the weather was unseasonably warm, and we had very little rain although before we arrived, there had been a very wet rain. We had a lot of wind and enjoyed the sunshine and beautiful Montana skies.

Day One at 6:15 A.M., Mona and Mary Lynn set off with Russ to the Kelly Ranch while Veronica and I, along with our guide, Alan, headed for the Broadus Ranch. Mona claimed first blood on Day Two with a beautiful mule deer buck. With blood on the ground, Russ opened the "big" bottle of wine and the celebration began.

On Day Four, Mona shot a nice pronghorn antelope and with that her hunt was complete. Mona's Montana pronghorn measured between 14 ½ and 15 inches with thick bases and prominent cutters. This was the second pronghorn Mona had shot, the first on a women's hunt in New Mexico.



Mona and Her Mule Deer Buck

Over the seven days, we covered a lot of territory looking for big bucks. Having shot a nice mule deer buck in Wyoming a few years earlier, my sights were set on a bigger trophy. During the afternoon of Day Six, a big buck was spotted going over the edge of a small ridge. Alan and I stalked across and tried to guess which way he went. In this case, we guessed wrong. The buck had circled back and crossed the road in front of the truck while Veronica watched, unable to let us know what had happened. Regrettably, we never saw that buck again.

The final day of the hunt, Veronica and I split up and she went out with Mike, who was in camp early to hunt elk. Mike had made a successful shot on a beautiful bull elk earlier in the week and he was ready to guide hunters. Veronica had never taken a mule deer and as she put it, she really wanted to take a "respectable representation of the species," and on the final morning, she successfully shot a nice buck.

Although we saw hundreds of mule deer, to include many bucks, the big one I wanted wasn't to be found. Alan was really disappointed that the big bucks were not showing themselves, but I can say without a doubt it was still a great hunt! I didn't shoot a deer, but I had a great week and created new memories and shared laughs with good friends and fellow huntresses.

Being a part of Sables, both as a Life Member and current President, has given me new opportunities to make life-long friends and hunting buddies. We share a passion for the outdoors, support conservation education, and carry on our mission to promote our outdoor heritage.

I am proud to be a hunter.

NOTICE - HELP WANTED

Kentuckiana Hunter needs more "hunting authors"!

All of the articles published in our newsletter are written by fellow Kentuckiana SCI members.

Share your hunting experiences with friends and preserve your hunting memories

by writing an article for the newsletter!

Ask your son or daughter to tell us about their first deer/turkey/elk/etc.

or their last deer/turkey/elk/etc.

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SCI Blue Visits Zimbabwe

By Sam Monarch

An American cannot visit Africa without being shocked at the extent and depth of the poverty faced by vast numbers of people. Alice and I have made several trips to Africa and the conditions under which so many children are reared is virtually impossible for one American to describe to another as we have no basis for comparison. It will suffice to say that our very poorest are wealthy by comparison.

When Alice and I became aware of the SCI Blue Bag Project, we decided that from then forward, our unused baggage allowance would carry presents to children who have so little. In April of 2011, our grandchildren, Tom and Clay Monarch, with our help and the help of our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter, put together a three bag Blue Bag Project for the 33 children who lived on the farm where we hunted. Tom's and Clay's Blue Bag Project was an unbelievably heart-warming and much appreciated success.

When Alice and I began to plan an early Fall 2011 trip to Zimbabwe, our thoughts turned to how can we stretch the airline baggage allowance so we could take more clothing, shoes, school supplies, etc. to the desperately poor children in Zimbabwe. When we shared our plans with our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter, the response was that it would again like to co-sponsor the Blue Bag Project and the shopping for soccer balls, t-shirts, flip-flops, toothbrushes, crayons, coloring books, pencils, etc. began.

Our outfitters, Arnold Payne and Ticky Drummond of Impala Safaris, were very excited about the idea and promised to locate a school with children who needed help. Our baggage allowance was 4 bags. Typically, Alice took one bag, I took one, and the rifle made 3, but that only left one bag for the children. We discussed the fact that Impala Safaris would do our laundry daily and decided that we really did not need as much as we usually packed such that we ended up with 2 duffel bags for the children.

After we reached safari camp in the Hwange National Park near Victoria Falls, Zimbabwe, Ticky and Albert (our PH) began the process of deciding which children in the area were in the greatest need of help. Unfortunately, it was like deciding who on the Titanic needed a life raft the most. The most affluent children in the area lived in one room duplexes with an outside "kitchen" and communal water/toilet facilities while other children lived in round huts with no windows, no electricity, no bathrooms, and only an outside fire pit to cook over.

Ticky and Albert, with help from our local trackers, soon located the Jabulani Secondary and Primary Schools which were started by Mrs. Sefiwe Ndhlovu, a teacher of over 30 years. Ms Ndhlovu, who greeted us warmly, advised that she had an enrollment of approximately 350 children and all 350 of them were needy.

When we arrived at the school, it was lunch time, but no lunch was being served as the school could not afford food, let alone a



Junior High School



High School



Lions In The Mist Near Children's Path



Elephants Near The Children's Path



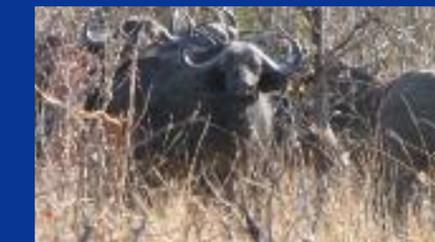
Inside a Classroom



Mrs. Ndhlovu, Alice and Sam With A Few Of The Children With Blue Bag Presents



Children Walking To School



Cape Buffalo On Children's Path



Primary Students



Elementary School



Primary Classroom



Children's Current Restrooms Facilities

lunchroom. The children could bring lunch from home if there was any food for them to bring; however, we saw very few children with anything to eat. Our trackers pointed out one group of children who were not eating that we had seen (miles away) walking to school before seven most mornings and walking home again after five.

Through the use of her personal funds and donations, Ms. Ndhlovu's had built one thatch roofed three-room primary school and one adobe block two-room high school and both were overcrowded. She was most proud of the new toilet/bath house which was under construction. The government had agreed to give the school "water" and for the first time the children would have flush toilets and showers. Children who had no bath facilities at home could now take showers at school.

Ms. Ndhlovu took us on a tour of the school and I was surprised to see that there were no desks and only a couple dozen or so chairs for the 350 children to sit in to work. Virtually all of the children sat on the floor and learned from the teacher's lectures and use of the chalk board. The only books were a few paperback books which had been donated by UNICEF.

The head mistress was very cheerful and very upbeat. She was proud that these children were being offered an education. She advised

that her greatest problem was one of attendance as only about 1/2 of the children show up at school on any given day as the parents/caregivers see little need to educate the children. Further, the children must walk miles to and from school past vast herds of cape buffalo, elephants, and lions as there is no free public transportation and their parents have no cars. Even if they had had cars, there would be no money for gas.

Even though our arrival and unloading of the SCI Blue Bags with presents had made the children's eyes sparkle and had peaked their curiosity, all of the children remained respectful and attentive to Ms. Ndhlovu and their teachers. Before our tour began, we discussed the contents of the two SCI Blue Bags with the head mistress and she was excited with First State Bank's donation of 10 pounds of peppermint candy and Sheriff Todd Pate's donation of 2 dozen color-changing drinking cups, not because of their "magical" powers, but because the children had to drink water out of their cupped hands from an outside spout.

Ms. Ndhlovu was delighted to have rulers, flash cards, pencils, coloring books with printing in them, crayons, jump ropes, new soccer balls and a pump (they had a couple of old flat balls but could not afford a pump), and other school supplies, but I wondered, with so many who

needed so much, how would the 90 t-shirts and 25 pairs of flip-flops, 50 toothbrushes, 2 dozen bandanas, and other personal items be distributed. Ms. Ndhlovu sensed my concern and said, "I will give the personal items to the orphan children first, then to those who have lost their mothers, and then to those who have lost their fathers."

I agreed that giving to the orphans first sounded like a very good idea and inquired as to how many orphans there were. She responded that 1/2 of the children were orphans - having no living parent and many, many more had only one parent. Children were being reared by grandparents, aunts, uncles, cousins, or neighbors. I had known that HIV was devastating to the black population of Zimbabwe, but Ms. Ndhlovu's comments to the effect that AIDS was killing a whole generation and that nothing of significance was being done to prevent its spread was shocking.

As we moved through the primary classrooms, Ms. Ndhlovu warmly introduced us to each group of children and told them that we were hunters from America and that we had brought gifts to them.

At the conclusion of the tour, Ms. Ndhlovu assembled the children to show them the gifts and explain who we were. I held my breath as she began to explain that the children would see us, and people like us, riding in the back of safari trucks and that we were hunters and that we came to shoot their animals.

Then I was impressed at how well and how simply she explained that the hunters paid for the animals that they shot, but the hunters then gave all of the meat, all the edible parts, to the their families, and the hunter kept only the non-edible horns and hides for themselves. She went on to explain to the children

that they needed to protect the wild animals and to take care of those animals because if the animals were gone, the hunters would not come back to spend their money and people would lose their jobs and there would be no gifts. She concluded by saying that hunters were good for them. I thought to myself, "How could anyone possibly explain wildlife management in more practical terms!"

The children were wonderful and very well behaved! Mrs. Ndhlovu was fantastic! She gets very little (almost no) support from the government and is struggling to keep her school open and our SCI Blue Bag gifts were very much needed and appreciated. She and her staff were great with the children who were exceptionally respectful to them and to us.

Jabulani School is located across the road from the Victoria Falls Airport and is very easy to find. If you know of anyone heading in that direction or anyone who wants a really good cause to donate to, these children desperately need help as this school may be their only link to a brighter future.

Scottish Highland Roe Deer Stalking

By Ivan Schell

After salivating over numerous stories in hunting magazines about hunting in Scotland, I was about to have the "Highland" hunting experience. My spouse, Ann, offered to take me overseas for my upcoming birthday and wanted to know the place I would most like to visit (and hunt, if possible). I thought for about 2.5 seconds and responded, "Scotland!!"

During the month of June (my birth month), the only legal hunting in Scotland is roe buck hunting, so Ann arranged through one of our hotels in the Scottish Highlands to contact a professional deer stalker. At the appointed hour on the afternoon of my birthday, June 13, Alex MacDonald, professional deer stalker, showed up to retrieve me from the Inverloch Castle



View Of Loch Linnhe
From Roe Hill

Hotel. Alex was attired in a camo jacket with traditional Scottish wool pants and French rubber boots. Not to be outdone, I had acquired a "proper" all weather Barbour Deer Stalking Coat and hat for the hunt. (See photos.) Even though it was 90° at home in Louisville, the high temperature in the Highlands was about 50°.

The first order of business was to sight in my "hired" rifle because I didn't want to drag a rifle around Scotland and deal with the repressive firearm laws of Great Britain. The rifle turned out to be a well constructed Tikka .22-250 with a suppressor and a trigger pull of about 1 lb. We would be using Federal 50 grain ammo, which frankly surprised me because the use of .22 center fire rifles and varmint loads for deer is frowned upon in the U.S. The roe buck, however, is a very small deer, typically between 50-60 pounds for a mature buck. Under British law, the rifle is the only weapon one can use for deer stalking. Bows and arrows or spears are outlawed now (unlike in France where virtually anything goes).

According to the *Deer Stalking Handbook* by Graham Downing published in 2008, the European roe deer is part of the native fauna of the Scottish Isles dating to or before the last Ice Age. By 1700, they were hunted out of existence outside the Scottish Highlands, but have now repopulated most of Britain except Ireland.



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noyance of foresters. The Scottish National Forest Service, which clear cuts sections of woods and then reseeds them, is very interested in keeping the roe deer in check. Our first stop for the hunt was a clear cut area in the selected forest where the deer were attacking the new browse.

We found a glassing spot up a dramatic incline in the clear cut from which we could see a couple of miles in each direction and across an emerald valley. It wasn't long before Mark spotted a doe with a tiny fawn. The roe deer's summer coat is glowing chestnut red. Later in the late fall, they develop a thick, well insulated coat of brown-grey, the dense pelage making them appear fat, but during this hunt, the reddish coat was easily distinguished from the surrounding vegetation.

We studied this deer until about 8 P.M. and, not seeing any males around, decided to head to the opposite side of the valley using Mark's Toyota 4 Wheel drive. Once on the opposite hillside, we chinked steeply through a section of mature forest adjacent to another clear cut. At 9:30 P.M. a buck materialized from the forest edge into the clear cut; unfortunately, he was 260 yards away according to my rangefinder.



Field Dressing A Buck

Mark concluded that there was no way to get any closer, so I propped the Tikka across a dead fallen log and squeezed off a round at the diminutive target. The rest wasn't nearly as steady as it needed to be. Fortunately, I missed the deer completely (rather than wounding it) and the buck bounced rapidly into the cover of the conifers. Once he had reached safety, the buck barked his displeasure at having to cut short his dinner.

Soon, it was off to another clear cut and the spotting of the second roe buck for the evening. Because the buck was feeding several hundred yards below us in a tiny clearing, we slid down the mountain. The roe, sensing something amiss, was making its way up the hill. I'm not sure which of us was more surprised when we emerged from the cover and stared at each other, eyeball to eyeball, at 15 yards. In any event, the buck made a speedy exit, and we headed for home at 10:30 P.M. and the end of shooting light. In Scotland at this time of year, the sun rises at about 2:30 A.M. but we elected to begin our stalk around 6 A.M., hopefully to avoid unnecessarily bumping deer.

The next morning our hunt started early . . . but not indecently so. For this hunt, we changed tactics and moved to open hillsides covered with red and green vegetation overlooking the Loch Linnhe (lake) adjacent to Fort Williams. (See accompanying photos.)

Notwithstanding our plan to avoid bumping the deer, because the deer were already out on the hillsides, we had one blown stalk after another bumping deer before we could spot them. Finally, after three hours of slogging over soaked tundra like one encounters in Alaska or the Northwest Territories of Canada, I managed to find a nice roe buck in my Swarovski about 200 yards out.

Mark immediately shunted us down the left side of the hill beyond the buck's line of sight. With Mark pulling the Tikka along on his hands and knees like a military sniper and me trailing behind, we reached a short rise about 70 yards out. Mark edged up high

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“Thank You, Sam!” . . . What Was Sam Thinking!

By Alice Monarch

“Thank you, Sam!” the auctioneer said triumphantly as he finally secured a winning bid for the donated safari to Zimbabwe: Zimbabwe was the country that everyone in the banquet hall knew was in the midst of economic collapse and political upheaval! As southern Africa is our favorite place to visit, Sam and I had been following the horror stories out of Zimbabwe, yet Sam had just placed the winning bid for a safari there!

There had been vivid images of the unrest on the internet and stories like the story of a lady who wanted to ride a bus to a neighboring town and how she had been trying to secure a seat on a bus with a grocery bag full of Zimbabwe money: a grocery bag full of Zimbabwe money would not buy her a seat on that bus. The lady returned to the bus station the next day with a live chicken for trade and in exchange, she received a ticket to ride! We had read that the inflation rate in 2008 was a staggering 165,000% and the people were faced with bare grocery shelves and severe shortages of fuel and other basic goods. Again, the auctioneer’s words flashed through my mind, “Thank you, Sam!” . . . and I had wondered, “What was Sam thinking!”

More recent stories on the internet had related that the unrest had subsided but the people were still starving and out of work as many farmers had left Zimbabwe and many of the other businesses had followed. When the farms were shut down and small plots of land were doled out to government supporters: those supporters had small plots of land but no jobs.

With few productive farms, few businesses, and even fewer jobs came increasingly fewer tax dollars! The government’s solution

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Scottish Highland Roe Deer Stalking

enough to see the buck and moved the rifle into position. As Mark rolled aside, I slid into position and stared through the scope at the roe buck which was staring right back at me.

With no time for any fooling around, I centered the cross-hairs and sent the 50 grain varmint bullet into the 55 pound buck’s chest. He made it about 30 yards and piled up on the hillside. After a physically demanding and “proper” stalk, I was delighted and relieved. Although roe deer don’t get as large in the Highlands as they do in England, this animal is a trophy in my book. (See photo.)

Alex and Mark arranged with the Inverloch Castle Hotel chef to prepare a delightful medium rare roe deer tenderloin for Ann’s and my dinner that night, proving that even in Scotland you can “kill it and grill it.” (See photo.)

This was a fun hunt, and I’ve already started planning my return to Fort William for a Red Deer Stalk during the September roar a year or two down the road.

If you are interested in going, check out Alex’s website www.achnacarrycountry.co.uk



Success On The Hill



Venison
Medallions
Medium Rare

had been to borrow money and print money! [Sam and I had discussed this situation in relation to what has been happening in our own economy, but still, the auctioneer had chanted, “Thank you, Sam!” . . . and I had pondered, “What was Sam thinking!”]

Sam had known all of the above and more before he bid on the safari to Zimbabwe, **so what was he thinking?** Over the years, we had talked to other hunters who had braved the reported political turmoil to hunt in this beautiful country and visit the spectacular Victoria Falls. We had quizzed outfitters who lived and hunted in Zimbabwe and we knew of food and fuel shortages; however, all told wonderful stories of unbelievable, once in a lifetime hunting in a beautiful country with grateful people, but on this night, the night of the Kentuckiana SCI Fundraising Banquet, the person who had Sam’s attention was Arnold Payne of Impala African Safaris, who had donated the Zimbabwe safari! I had met Arnold casually that night, but what I did not realize at the time was that Sam had talked with him about Zimbabwe off and on during the evening.

After the bidding was complete and the auction was over, I made my way over to Sam who had been serving as host to our second table of guests and I asked him face to face, “**What were you thinking?**”

Sam just smiled and said, “Don’t panic. We’ll look into it. If we find it is safe, we’ll have a bargain safari. If not, we just made a very nice donation to our Chapter.” Then his sheepish grin grew and he retorted, “Woman, where’s your adventuresome spirit?”

Now that Sam had bought the hunt, I wanted to know more, much more. Arnold is a native Zimbabwean who has made his home in Arizona, USA, but who has very strong Kentucky ties. Arnold Payne is a 5 time All-American Track Star for the University of Kentucky who became a professional athlete after graduation and before beginning his hunting/photographic safari business. He had graduated from the University of Kentucky; he had been a success in Kentucky; I knew he had to be telling us the truth! When Arnold spoke of Zimbabwe, his African accent caught my attention and I could see the love for his native homeland in his eyes, but the statement that he made that convinced me to “brave” the adventure was, “I would not leave my mom and my dad in Zimbabwe if it were not safe for them to be there.”

Arnold’s parents are missionaries and they live in Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, the town that would be our reference point in Zimbabwe. They had seen the abject poverty and hard times the people had

Ticky Drummond, PH



endured but things were calming down, but the people were poor, desperately, hopelessly poor. Most of the jobs had disappeared as large farming operations were gone and many businesses had left the country. The Zimbabwe Dollar had collapsed and the US Dollar and South African Rand had become the of-

ficial currency of Zimbabwe.

For months, I kept the phone and internet humming with questions to Arnold. He and our outfitter/PH, Ticky Drummond, were going to be at the SCI Convention in Reno and we were actually going to get to meet (and interrogate) Ticky personally before our safari. **Ticky was delightful!** Sam’s questions were about hunting and the quality of wildlife. Ticky was young but he assured Sam that he had quality animals on the 70,000 acre, family owned, hunting preserve/farm and it was obvious that he was very experienced in the hunting department.

Then it was my turn. . . Yes, much of what we had heard about the political unrest was true! (I gasped for air.) Yes, there had been times when the store shelves had little on them and most of the people were desperately poor. (I pulled back and cut my eyes toward

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“Thank You, Sam!” . . . What Was Sam Thinking!

Sam.) Yes, there had been fuel shortages and the public infrastructure was in much need of repair. (Breathe, Alice, Breathe!) Yes, he had billions and billions in Zimbabwe Dollars and he would give me as much as I wanted for souvenirs. (The auctioneer’s words and my thoughts from months ago hit me again, “Thank you, Sam!” . . . and again, I had questioned, “What was Sam thinking!”)

Ticky and Arnold let me go on and then they told me “the rest of the story”. The current split-power arrangement of the government was an improvement. There had been food and basic needs shortages but the shelves were no longer empty. Fuel was somewhat of a problem but Ticky and his family brought fuel and supplies in from South Africa. The prices in Zimbabwe Dollars had skyrocketed, but the new monetary system of using South African Rand and US Dollars was working very well and prices were stabilizing.

Then, as we were flipping through Ticky’s hunting album, we came to a picture of his lovely wife and beautiful children. “Where do they live?” I quizzed.

“On the farm, you’ll meet them,” Ticky smiled, “They are at home now.” He could read my eyes, “I would not go off and leave them if I did not believe they were safe.”

“I can’t wait!” I beamed. I was, at last, convinced that we, too, would be safe.

When we landed at the Bulawayo Airport, we were immediately struck by the much needed “infrastructure” repairs as the paint had long since peeled off the building and it seemed that the airplane dodged potholes on the runway but the people who worked at the airport were warm and friendly, “Welcome, how can I help you,” came from the first person we met and the hospitality kept coming!

We had trouble with one of the locks on the gun case and the “TSA equivalent person” asked, “Who is your outfitter?” “Ticky Drummond,” we responded.

“Oh, I get him for you,” and he disappeared and momentarily Ticky appeared. After we exchanged hugs and warm greetings, Ticky and the agent worked together to solve our problem! [What! The agent did not want to pat us down! The agent trusted an outfitter to come behind security lines! **What was the agent thinking! I loved it!**]

The drive to camp was an education in itself. The good news appeared to be that there were ¼ to ½ acre land plots all along the road that appeared to have homes on them. The bad news was that the highly productive farmland that had previously provided good jobs and abundant food for the grocery shelves was now an unproductive wasteland. The other bad news was that these “homes” were, for the most part, small round, “door less” adobe huts with no running water or electricity. Most of the people were walking and a fortunate few had bicycles or donkey carts. Most of the cars that we saw were either really, really old or really, really nice vehicles. Seeing people living under such harsh conditions, seeing roads in much need of resurfacing, and the dangling powerless power lines was heartbreaking.

Shortly after we arrived on the Drummond property, “Bubiana”, we began to see our first wildlife though we had driven over 3 hours cross country. Shortly after we drove onto Bubiana, we were greeted by a huge herd of impala that crossed in front of us while a family of warthogs scampered off to our left. As we neared the lodge, 2 kudu cows with their ½ grown calves were peeking out through a break in the bush and several waterbuck were grazing



Fairy Tale Manor

. . . and the lodge was spectacular! The stately, white manor house with “open arch” windows surrounding the veranda under a brown



Skokie Calling Us To Dinner

thatched roof reminded me of pictures I had seen in fairytale books long ago.

The grounds around the lodge were meticulously manicured and as we made our way up the knoll to the lodge, I could see the smiles on the faces of Skokie, our caretaker/server/roustabout, and Sunday, our tracker, who greeted us warmly and helped us to our beautiful suite. We soon met Kenneth, our chef, and Cindy (Skokie’s assistant) who seemed thrilled that we were there. Our presence meant food on the table (literally), tips, and jobs for their people.

Ticky was right about the hunting: huge herds of impala crossed our path daily and kudu, waterbuck, warthog, eland, wildebeest, bushbuck, baboon, giraffe, zebra, klipspringer, leopard, elephant, etc. were there in abundance and greeted us with regularity. What we had not counted on was this particular season’s extraordinarily vast amounts of rainfall which had created a breathtakingly beautiful landscape with an incredibly lush barricade of vegetation which made hunting very difficult.

Sam and I hunt with muzzleloaders which were fine for the vegetation problem because the likelihood of seeing anything much beyond our self-imposed 150 yard limit was improbable. The hunt we had purchased came with an impala and a baboon for each of us but Sam was primarily hunting for a big klipspringer and a trophy Livingstone Eland while I wanted a zebra. I knew that the hunt for zebra with a muzzleloader would be challenging but I had no idea! Ticky or Sunday would spot a zebra and we would be off stalking for hours at a time, always coming close but never getting a shot.

On about the 4th morning, we took off after yet another herd of zebra with a beautiful stallion leading the herd. I was really beginning to get the hang of tiptoeing through the bush and as I caught up with Ticky, he quietly sat up the shooting sticks and I placed the muzzleloader gently on top. I located the stallion and for the first time, I was ready to pull the trigger. I whispered to Ticky, “Is he clear?”

There was no verbal response but Ticky placed his hand gently across the scope. Assuming that I was set up on the wrong zebra, I glanced at Ticky who had his finger placed across his lips signaling for silence. As he gingerly took the muzzleloader then the shooting sticks, he motioned for me to follow Sunday who had a panic stricken look on his face. “Elephants!” Ticky whispered, “Hurry!”

As I followed Sunday at a fast walk, I could hear brush cracking in the distance behind us.



Sunday, Our Tracker, Sam & Ticky

As Sunday’s fast walk turned into a dead run, this time, I had no difficulty keeping up and Ticky was right behind me. As the brush cracking got closer and louder, we finally broke through the vegetation and onto the jeep trail and ran for the truck. As Ticky jumped into the cab of the truck, Sunday and I leaped into the back with Sam who was waiting for us. “What happened?” he quizzed.

“Elephants!!” Sunday and I said simultaneously as we gasped for air. Between spurts of the truck engine trying to start, we could hear the distinct shattering of brush and trees. As the racket coming from the bush grew louder and louder, Ticky got the truck started and we sped down the jeep trail toward a curve in the trail. As Ticky braked for the turn, the “bad gas” problem cropped up again and

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“Thank You, Sam!” . . . What Was Sam Thinking!

the truck died! I thought we'd probably traveled far enough to discourage the elephant, but that was not the case.

The elephant was still coming and he was gaining on us. “Run, Ticky, run!” Sunday screamed at the top of his lungs, “Run, Ticky, run!” When I heard the terror in Sunday's voice, I was ready to panic, but, literally, in the nick of time, Ticky got the truck started, we made the turn, and headed down into the ravine as the giant crashed through large trees as though they were toothpicks. The massive creature looked serious as he had his ears laid back and his huge tusks pointed up as he trumpeted toward us, but as the truck started up the embankment on the other side of the ravine, the monster tired of us and turned away. Relief was evidenced by a sudden burst of laughter and shouts of triumph as we made our way down the trail looking for the next zebra.

Throughout the week, we saw more leopard tracks and heard more leopard growls than one can imagine and we came across two leopard kills while out stalking: one young giraffe had been killed a few days earlier and a young zebra had been slaughtered the night before our find. We actually saw a large leopard out sunning himself. Sam had stalked everything from klipspringer to impala to eland and, like the many zebra I had stalked, the animals had either become spooked by the cry of the “Go Away Bird” or the watchful eye of a member of the herd or they had simply faded into the thick vegetation, but our luck was about to change.

The day after the elephant chase, we spotted another herd of zebra in the distance and the stalk was on. As we neared the herd, the sun was going down at our backs and the wind was in our faces and the zebra did not have a clue we were there. As I “set up” on the zebra, Ticky gave the all clear and the muzzleloader filled the air with white smoke. As the smoke cleared, we all gave shouts of joy as the biggest zebra lay still on the ground.

After pictures, we loaded the zebra and headed for the skinning shed. There had been many long stalks and I had a good feeling of accomplishment, but that feeling was soon to be enhanced as I realized what would happen to the zebra. Not many people eat zebra; however,



Alice With Her Zebra

that evening as word spread that the zebra was headed for the skinning shed, the native workers began to make their way there. The hide would be carefully tended to and prepared for shipping for us. All of the rest of the zebra would be available to the natives on a first come, first serve basis. The first person in line would get his/her choice of cut of meat until every ounce of flesh was gone or the person could have his/her choice of the heart or the liver which are cuts of meat commonly eaten around the globe; however, as the line of waiting persons continued, the intestines, the head, the lungs, the stomach, everything was claimed, even the hooves were taken to be boiled.



Sam With His Impala

Sam and I had noticed the poverty of the native population as we had traveled from the airport to Bubiana and the scene at the skinning shed told more of the story. The people who worked on Bubiana were among the lucky ones! They had jobs! They were provided with adobe housing better than what we had seen along the road and they had food provided for them on Bubiana as they stayed there for 26 days straight before heading for home for 6 days off. Having fresh meat from the hunters and fresh eggs and vegetables from the farming side of Bubiana to supplement their putu (boiled corn meal) was a bonus.

By the last day of our hunt, Sam had not had an acceptable shot at an animal on his wish list though we had seen plenty disappear into the foliage. After talking with Sunday about the native's use of the zebra, Sam decided to take an impala which would provide more meat for the workers. Sunday was excited when the impala went down: he allowed as how impala was much better than zebra. Sunday told Sam that this time he would go with the impala to the skinning shed and then he would get first choice.

Sam and I were sad when the time came for us to leave. We did get to meet Ticky's wife, Anneke, and their children when they joined us one evening and they, too, were delightful! His mom, Di, is very much involved in the family business and she is lovely! We became particularly fond of Ticky and of Sunday and Skokie, all who took wonderful care of us. Life on Bubiana is good: it is the life of a slower paced, simpler, but more elegant era. We saw no TV's or internet and people talked more. There was a lot of laughter and we could hear workers humming songs as they worked around the grounds.

Early in the hunt, Sunday had spotted an animal beside the private road that ran through the 70,000 acres of Bubiana and we stopped to take a closer look. In the distance, I saw a tractor pulling 2 wagons filled with people who were singing harmoniously. I asked Ticky, “Is there a school nearby?”

“No, why do you ask?” he responded.

I pointed to the wagons, “Those children seem so happy: are they on a picnic or what we call a hay ride?” I questioned.

“They're not children: they are the farm workers here on Bubiana. They are on their way to the fields.” he commented. As the tractor and wagons neared, I could tell from the sound of their voices and the looks on their faces that all was well on Bubiana.

The 3 hour drive to camp going into Bubiana and the 9 hour drive cross country to Victoria Falls after our safari and our visit at Victoria Falls told the

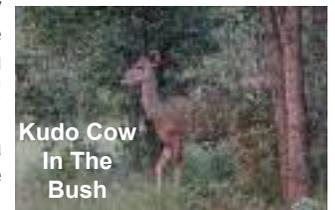


Victoria Falls

rest of the story. Most of the native people with whom we came in contact want what people around the world want: they want dignity and respect. They want jobs so they can have food on the table, a roof over their heads, and a future for their children.

One afternoon, after our visit to the beautiful and magnificent Victoria Falls, Peter (Arnold's assistant in Zimbabwe) took us shopping at an open air market. As I began shopping, Sam found a seat and was immediately surrounded by the local native artists. All wanted to sell him something and he directed their attention to me. As I made my selections over the next couple of hours, I noticed that the men congregated around Sam and they were deep in conversation. (They were all bilingual!) One native artist, Norman, summed up the situation nicely when he said, “It is time for people to quit fighting and be friends. You and me, we are good for each other! You and me, we are friends!”

As we boarded our plane in Victoria Falls after 10 wonderful, adventure filled days in Ticky's, Arnold's, Skokie's, Sunday's and Norman's beautiful homeland, I reflected on the auctioneer's words of months and months earlier and my fearful initial reaction to the news that Sam had bought a safari to a place with such a horrible reputation. The auctioneer had said triumphantly, “Thank You, Sam!” and I had wondered, “What was Sam thinking?” I now know what Sam was thinking, and I now say, “Thank You, Sam!”



Kudo Cow In The Bush

2012 CHAPTER FUNDRAISER

Saturday, February 25, 2012

Holiday Inn Hurstbourne • Louisville, KY

Silent Auction and Raffles - 5:30 pm

Dinner - 7:00 pm

Live Auction - 8:00 pm

**MARK YOUR
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All proceeds from the fundraiser will support programs that include:

- KY Hunters for the Hungry
- Archery in the Schools
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- Sensory Safari for Non-Sighted Children
- Boy Scouts of America
- Youth Outdoor and Hunt Experiences

Kentuckiana Chapter SCI also sponsors many other worthy conservation, education and outdoor recreation programs for Youth, Adults, and Active Military Families.

Tickets are \$60.00 per person or \$100/couple and can be purchased in advance.

Call Sherry Maddox at 502-253-9679 or Tom Hebert 502-419-6767

Special rates for corporate tables of eight are also available.

Check our website for updates to include a description of auction items at: www.kentuckianasci.org

Women In The Outdoors Fall Turkey Hunt

By Mary Free-Phelps

Again this year, Free Farms hosted a "Fall Turkey Hunt" for Women in the Outdoors. On Friday, October 21st, Randy and I held a "Meet & Greet Social" to give the lady participants a chance to meet their turkey hunting guides and go over the plans for the next day's hunt. We served finger foods and other refreshments and held a silent auction and a gun raffle. Prior to the social, Randy set up a shotgun range so that when the gals arrived, they could pattern their shotguns if needed.

Saturday morning greeted us with surprisingly cold temperatures that were down in the 20's, but the ladies toughed it out with no complaints. Even though Randy and I had pre-scouted our farm and the neighboring farms that allowed our ladies to turkey hunt, not a single turkey was seen on Saturday morning. Notwithstanding the absence of turkeys, all the ladies reported seeing a bumper crop of squirrels.

After the morning's hunt, the ladies returned to Free Farms for lunch and then it was off for the afternoon hunt. Mary Cannon shot a nice gobble

on her assigned farm just west of Leitchfield, Kentucky. Linda Wilson, who was hunting on our farm, Free Farm, shot at a hen but missed.

What historically has been scheduled as a two day event has turned into a three day event. Originally the ladies stayed overnight on Friday night and only hunted on Saturday. Then the ladies found out that I allow the guides to come back and hunt on Sunday because they had given up hunting on opening day to serve as guides for our event. With lots of begging and pleading and many thanks to the patient guides who don't seem to mind, our fall turkey hunt has evolved into a three day event.

This year's participants were: Marilyn Biszmaier (Louisville, Kentucky), Linda Wilson (Central City, Kentucky), Mary Cannon (Leitchfield, Kentucky), Tammy VanMeter (Leitchfield, Kentucky), Deborah Groothaus (Big Clifty, Kentucky), Lorine Grimes (Cecilia, Kentucky), Debby Hanna (Edgewood, Kentucky), Andrea Johnson (Pinellas, Florida), Judith Gresham (Louisville, Kentucky).

