



Kentuckiana Hunter



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2011 CHAPTER FUNDRAISER BANQUET AND AUCTION

Chapter Members and Guests

Mark you calendar and plan to attend the Kentuckiana
Chapter SCI 2011 Fundraiser Banquet and Auction.

Saturday, February 26, 2011

Holiday Inn Hurstbourne

I-64 and Hurstbourne Lane

5:30 pm Cocktails and Silent Auction

7:00 pm Dinner

8:00 pm Live Auction

The fundraiser committee is asking the members and other interested parties to assist in securing donations for this event. Kentuckiana Chapter SCI has funded numerous programs and projects and the requests continue to come in.

Our recent focus on education programs to include our Hunter Apprentice Weekend and funding several Archery in the Schools programs in the region are just a few of the successes.

Help the chapter with another successful fundraiser. If you are interested in helping with planning the event or be able to secure a donation for the event please contact Sherry Maddox at 502-253-9679 or Tom Hebert at 502-419-6767.

Additional information regarding the fundraiser will be available soon. Watch your mail and the website: www.kentuckianasci.org

Together we can assure our hunting heritage is passed on to the next generation.

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" A True Story" - An Advisory

By Anne Gaines-Burrill

Introduction by Sam Monarch

When Alice and I went on our first African safari in 2002, Mike Ohlmann, who had been to Africa, advised us to contact Anne Gaines-Burrill of *Air 2000 / Hunter's Support* to assist us with our foreign gun permits, intra-Africa air travel, hotel accommodations, shopping, and the like. We did and Anne Gaines-Burrill became our "instant best friend" in Johannesburg, South Africa! Not only did Anne have our gun permits and accommodations in perfect order, she greeted us warmly at the airport and helped us through the Customs maze of the huge foreign airport in "First Class" style and drove us to our hotel. The next morning, Anne picked us up promptly at our hotel and drove us to the airport and assisted us in getting on our intra-Africa flight to our hunt destination. On our first safari, in addition to *Hunter's Support*, we used the services of *Air 2000* which was a pleasure as we flew from one hunt destination to the other, turning a long 12+ hour cross country drive into an enjoyable two hour flight adventure. Before and after each of the ten African safaris we have enjoyed, Anne and her staff have taken wonderful care of us! Anne has become a "true friend" in Johannesburg, South Africa! Anne recently forwarded to us the following true story (except for names) and asked that we share it with our readers and future adventurers. Without further introduction, we present:

Evacuation Insurance and Medical Insurance – A True Story

By: Anne Gaines-Burrill – Air 2000 Hunters Support Service in Johannesburg, South Africa

I would like to paint a picture that starts off five years ago. The hunter, who for this article will be Joe, and the outfitter, who will be Koos, met at a Safari Club Chapter Meeting in the United States. The pair struck up a mutual business relationship and Joe decided he wanted to come to Africa for his first plains game safari and booked a safari with Koos. For three years, all the dealings were on a business footing with hunt contracts in place and all the boxes were ticked where Joe confirmed that he had Medical Insurance in place in case of an emergency.

Four years down the line, Joe, having come for the past few years, makes his annual visit but this time Koos does not get a hunt contract in place or check to see if Joe has insurance. Why would he do that; all has been fine up to now; Joe has been a very reliable client.

Joe falls ill and ends up in a private hospital where he uses his credit cards for collateral to cover his medical expenses and lists his friend, Koos, as his "next of kin". Not thinking anything will happen to his now good friend Joe, Koos signs the admittance form at the hospital.

Joe tragically passes away from natural causes. The hospital expenses exceed the credit card

limits and Koos finds himself being called on to pay the outstanding balance to the hospital.

Joe's relatives in the United States do not have the funds to repatriate Joe's remains. So they decide to have him cremated here in South Africa and his remains returned by freight to the United States.

I was called upon to take Joe's firearms into storage as we had assisted Joe on his arrival into South Africa with his firearm permit. Also, I had to get an extension to his existing firearm permit as it was expiring and the undertaker needed extra time to get everything in order for the repatriation.

The funeral parlor had to have someone to identify the body before cremation so I found myself using his initial firearm application passport photo to identify him. I then had to assist in the organization of the shipping of his mortal remains, personal baggage and firearm back to the United States.

One of Joe's relatives is claiming his uncle was "lured" to South Africa without being advised of the importance of medical and evacuation insurance and therefore will be calling on Koos to pay all the expenses involved.

Please, I ask all outfitters and hunters alike to make sure that the hunter is covered by Travel, Medical and Evacuation Insurance before leaving home. If Joe had had this insurance in place, this situation would not be talked or written about. Joe would have been honored by his family and friends at a home funeral, instead of being identified by a stranger and a clerk from the United States Embassy.

Outfitters, please make contact with the service providers like Global Rescue, Med Jet, Travel Guard and any other medical insurance company and make it work for your clients and give yourself and your clients peace of mind.

Questions can be addressed to Anne Gaines-Burrill of *Air 2000 / Hunter's Support*

Air2000@global.co.za



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Spotlight on Our Sponsor Wild Skies



Secluded, Private, Comfortable Cabins Perfect for Family, Friends or Clients

Whether you hunt big game such as Mule Deer, Elk or Bear or enjoy fly fishing private river frontage in a wilderness setting or want a ride in and ride out snowmobile cabin location, the experience of a lifetime awaits at Wild Skies' year-round cabins located on the Northern end of the Flat Tops in the Rocky Mountains of Northwest Colorado in Game Management Unit 12.

Wild Skies has the following hunting/vacation promotion available: A seven day, six night unguided 2010 bear archery hunt (Aug 28th - Sept 2nd or Sept 3rd-9th or Sept 20th-26th) or a Rifle season 2 (October 23-27th am) over-the-counter elk or elk/bear combo hunt, or a rifle season 3 (Nov 6-14th) over-the-counter elk or elk/bear combo hunt, or rifle season 4 hunt (Nov. 17th -21st). If a group of 5 hunters one is free or all 5 get 20% off the (4/5 day hunt) price of \$1,695 a hunter for a cost of \$1350 per hunter (not including taxes) or \$2500 (not including taxes) per hunter on a 9 day hunt including meals during an 11 day/ 10 night stay available Rifle season 3, Nov 6-14th (stay is from the afternoon of Nov. 5th-15th am).

Accommodations in a 2,000 sq. ft. four season, log cabin which can sleep up to 12 individual hunters. The cabin borders the Routt National Forest on three sides and is located on 70 private, heavily wooded acres on the Flat Tops National Scenic Byway between two mountain passes. The cabin exudes comfort with its refined rustic elegance and mechanical systems including radiant in floor heat and completely remodeled kitchen.

Perfect for family, friends or clients, the cabin offers ½ mile of river frontage where some of the purest species of cutthroat trout can be found along with excellent brook and rainbow trout. Within a few miles of the cabin are numerous back-country hiking/horseback riding/mountain biking trails which lead to hundreds of miles of streams, rivers and over one hundred lakes, ponds and reservoirs for fishing. It is the perfect storm of locations for Black Bear. The river offers some of the best riparian habitat for berry growth which attracts the bears, local rancher herd sheep on some of the nearby public lands (bears love lambs) and the vegetation bears forge for their hibernation is found in aspen groves which are abundant not only on the property but also in the surrounding national forest.

The cabin is centrally located on the northern end of the Flat Tops: one hour from Steamboat Springs Resort - world renowned for skiing, spas, restaurants and festivals (especially in the winter) and it is also one hour from Craig, Colorado, home of the Northwest Museum-with the world's best collection of gunslinger, cowboy and wild west cultural artifacts.

For the hunter that is looking for prime hunting and fishing with great accommodations and doesn't mind venturing out on

his/her own, this is your opportunity. The cabin is a secluded, higher end, fit and finish cabin/mountain home in GMU 12 in NW Colorado. There is a corral onsite if you wish to bring a horse or horses can be rented a mile from the site. You can drive right up to the cabin and hunting is done on foot or horseback. This area is home to the largest elk herd in the world (38,000+ animals). On July 30th the Colorado Division of Wildlife will know what amount, if any, of leftover tags there are for Mule Deer and elk; thus, there is the possibility of purchasing additional licenses. There are no trophy fees but you will need to apply for a bear license on July 13, 2010. The licenses are sold over the phone and although they are over-the-counter licenses, they are limited, and once they are sold out they are gone.

*** Or take a 5 day family/friends on a snowmobiling trip and get 2 nights free. The cabin comfortably sleeps 12-20 ***

The cabin offers ride in/out snowmobiling, cross-country skiing and snowshoeing in addition to ice fishing. Local snowmobiling clubs maintain over 178 miles of trail and groom 40 miles of the Nat'l Scenic Byway. The terrain is varied and contains wide groomed trails along with steeps and powder meadows. During the weekdays in the winter you might have the entire area to yourself and on the weekends you might not see more than 2-4 snowmobilers on average.

Vacationer/Hunter is responsible for all licenses, taxes, transportation, processing, taxidermy, horse rental, and field preparation.

Lisa Bennett Wild Skies Tel: 970-926-0216 E-mail: lisa@wildskies.com

View Photos at: www.wildskies.com

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"A Bad Day Hunting is Better than a Good Day at Work" . . .

(A Good Day Hunting Can Also Be a Bad Day at Work)

by John Abraham of Madubula Safaris



John Abraham and Wife Lauri
Receiving the SCI Professional Hunter
of the Year Award

Introduction by Mike Ohlmann

Contrary to the general wisdom of the popular saying, "A bad day hunting is better than a good day at work," a good day hunting can also be a bad day at work as was recently documented by Professional Hunter John Abraham. Nearly all of our members will quickly recognize the name of John Abraham as the winner of the "Safari Club International Professional Hunter of the Year Award" and owner of Madubula Safaris. John is a longtime friend and huge supporter of our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter.

As all who have hunted with Madubula Safaris can attest, John runs a "5 Star" safari company and he and all of his staff are extremely dedicated, highly trained, highly skilled and all-around first rate individuals. The substantial number of record book entries logged each year by Madubula clients is indicative of the quality of animals regularly encountered in Madubula hunting concessions.

Knowing the Madubula Safari team, it is of no surprise that John would locate a monster leopard for a hunting client and then get him into a position for a good shot. From this point forward, the details of how the hunt unfolded certainly hold some hairy and unfortunate twists; however, it also illustrates how the skill and dedication of this high quality team of individuals

produced some very noble actions and ultimately saved the day but this story is best told straight from the source.

Firsthand account by John Abraham:

August 31st had the Land Cruisers all packed and ready to leave. Despite the next day being my birthday, I had elected to head out to start pre-baiting for a safari I had been looking forward to all year!

This was going to be one of those rare safaris. Firstly, I was going to be guiding one of the very best friends a man can wish for: a man whose faith, kindness and generosity just seem to make everyone he comes in contact with a better person. Secondly, the safari was planned in some of Africa's very best big game concessions, offering totally wild, free range hunting with the possibility of huge trophies. Lastly, it was going to be a big safari - 2 rhinos, 2 lion, 4 buffalo, 2 hippo, 2 crocodile, a leopard and all the plains game we could find!

Tuesday, September 2nd had us out early checking baits. Our clients were chartering in and I wanted to check all the baits before they arrived so we could plan our day. On one of the baits, we found a set of the largest leopard tracks I have seen in 20 years of hunting anywhere in Africa. The front pug mark measured over 4 1/2".

Soon, we headed to the airstrip and cleared the game off the dirt runway with two land cruisers. The King Air 200 landed in a cloud of dust, and there were hugs and handshakes of old friends reacquainting and we were off to camp.

I was excited but in two minds. Should we rush and build a blind and sit that afternoon or rather take things easy and slow and begin the hunt the next day. I'm not one who likes to sit around, so I decided we would begin that afternoon. We left camp and headed straight to the bait. A great blind was set up and the distance from the shooting port to the bait ranged 54 yards. On the back to way to camp, we stopped and sighted the rifles dead on at 54 yards.

At 4 pm, the trackers had us situated in the blind. It was sweltering in the confines of the blind without a breath of air to cool us down. As the sun began to set, the unmistakable sawing cough of a big male leopard broke the afternoon silence. We sat motionless, sweat dripping and hearts beating. As the sun sank lower, nothing seemed to be moving. In the distance, an impala gave his alarm snort. A few minutes later, the francolin in the river bed cackled their alarm but still nothing. Light was fading fast. It was beginning to look like we would have to call in the truck and try it all again tomorrow. As we looked out the shooting port for the last time, as if by magic, he was there! Massive, silent, he dwarfed the full grown male impala carcass we had up as bait. "If you're comfortable, shoot him, shoot him now." I whispered.

At the shot, he folded and fell out of the tree hitting the soft river sand with a solid thump. We sat in silence, nothing, not a movement. "How do you feel about your shot?" I whispered.

"Good," said my friend, "right on the shoulder." We later learned that the shot had entered low on the right shoulder of the leopard breaking the shoulder and continuing on through the front of the chest to lodge just under the skin in front of the offside shoulder.

I radioed the guys in the truck and ten minutes later, they were there. Light had faded; we had a leopard on the ground that we had to collect before the resident hyena destroyed him. As soon as my three trackers arrived at the blind, we set off to claim our prize. We expected to find him under the tree, instead in the beams of the flashlights, all we found was a mark where he had hit the ground. Pug marks disappeared in a thick patch of brush five yards away.

As we were contemplating what to do, Bongani heard a rustle in the bush. "Hyena," said Vincent. I moved around slightly to the right and suddenly I heard him! First, there was the rustle of dried grass; then, the harsh furious grunting of a huge wounded leopard! He broke cover at four yards! My first shot with my 475 #2 Jeffries took him square in the chest.

"It's over," I thought as he folded, only to see him keep coming! At less than three feet, I shot him straight down between his shoulders but he was too close. Out of ammo, I watched as if in slow motion, as the wounded leopard reached out and sank his claws into my Russell boot and pulled me

toward him turning his massive head sideways to sink his long yellow fangs into my knee. The leopard's momentum knocked me down. As he chewed on my knee, I tried desperately to punch him off but this resulted in a bite through my wrist.

One of the best sights I have ever seen suddenly appeared! Bongani rushed in and kicked the leopard in the head, getting him to let go. Amazingly, with his dying breath, the leopard turned and sank his huge fangs through Bongani's lower calf. I was on the ground and Bongani was on top of me with a giant leopard attached to his leg. Bongani did all he could do, grabbing my prized Jeffries double by the stock, he smashed the barrel into the back of the leopard's skull. Finally, the leopard rolled off dead with my shattered rifle stock beside him.

Four seconds from start to finish and the damage he had inflicted was far greater than we had thought. I radioed my right hand man, friend and fellow PH, Vlam. How he made it from camp to where we were 21 miles away that quickly still amazes me. Always calm and reliable, Vlam took over and Bongani and I were rushed to the closest hospital two hours away.



Finally by 2 am, we were cleaned up, stitched closed and sent back to camp. When told of our encounter, my wife and son immediately caught a plane and joined us in camp. Two days later, we realized I was in trouble. My leg was swollen red and the dressing was continually oozing.

Always advising our hunters to purchase Global Rescue Insurance, I never dreamed the day would come that I would be calling for their help for me. One phone call was all it took. They simply took over. An ambulance was arranged to transfer me to the landing strip. A fully equipped medical plane was there for me. They had me on a stretcher on the plane in minutes. The paramedics were excellent explaining everything to my wife while at the same time looking after me. Upon landing at Lanseria in Johannesburg, there was another ambulance waiting for me with more well trained friendly paramedics. I was driven straight to Milpark Hospital in Johannesburg which is considered to have the best trauma center in South Africa. Global Rescue personnel had picked me up at 8:30 that morning and by midday I was admitted, x-rayed and heading to surgery. Global Rescue had arranged everything, even my admission. What an absolutely professional and efficient service they provide!

One of South Africa's top orthopedic surgeons was taking care of me. What a relief! Surgery went well and the next day we waited in anticipation for the Doctors visit. "Bad News!" he told us, when he opened up my knee to remove the bone fragments from a fractured lower femur, he found massive amounts of tissue damage and infection had set in. The Doctor had removed all the dead tissue and bone fragments. Now, we had to fight the infection which was spreading into my joints.

Six days in the hospital, countless injections, IV's, antibiotics and finally, "I'm home!" Prognosis is that recovery will take at least three months! Fortunately, the leopard's attack was at the end of my hunting season.

I would like to say, "Thank You!" to Bongani who saved my life, to all who helped, to all of my family and friends all over the world for their constant prayers, caring and communications, to Global Rescue and especially to my beautiful, supportive wife who has been by my side ever since.

John

Follow up by Mike Ohlmann:

John is reported to be doing well and spending some quality time with Lauri and their sons, Kye and Talon. The Madubula Safari team all send their best and are looking forward to seeing all of their friends here in the States during their January hunting conventions in Reno, Dallas and Huston.

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"You Can Never Have Enough Gun or Bow"

Author: Lieutenant-Colonel Michael A. Abell



*Lieutenant-Colonel Michael A. Abell
and His Black Bear*

I'm not sure who first said, "You can never have enough gun," but the real deal is that kinetic energy is your friend, especially when you're shot ain't what you wanted it to be... I figured out that is even more true with archery tackle on this trip.

First Sergeant Marshall "Mark" Ware and I set off again this year for Colorado during the Labor Day Holiday. Last year, we hunted the first elk archery season out there and we both killed a nice bull elk and saw black bears. So this year, we decided we'd hunt second archery elk season, which is also first bear season and try to draw a bear tag.

Well, I cannot tell you how many times I've entered into a discussion about the economy and it's terrible effects on our nation and my beloved fellow Americans, but I can tell you it's had one positive effect... folks aren't hunting like they used to. There were 40 additional tags available for black bear in the unit we hunt in the Gunnison National Forest. Only problem... they were first come, first served, over the counter. Second problem, the only way we could draw one over the counter in July was on-line. Third problem, my hunting partner would be on a much needed vacation in Florida with his wife and son during the day of the draw. So, picture this, here I am sitting at my work computer... 1100 hours approaches and I've got two applications for over the counter bear tags loaded on split screen and I'm waiting for the minute hand on my Citizen Eco-Drive to click over to vertical, 1100 hours for us military men... bang... I hit send on Mark's application, then on my application; within minutes, I have two "over the counter" black bear tags for Mark and me. I'm pumped up!

Labor Day weekend rolls around and Mark and I have loaded up his new "Cowboy Cadillac" Dodge Pickup and the drivers cock pit looks like Darth Vader's bathroom. Wow, this thing is high tech! We hooked up the trailer with the chest freezer on it, and we're headed west. We drive straight through to the Denver Super Wal-Mart. We smile and cajole the night manager and she sells us our over the counter elk tags. We are now legal to hunt elk and bear.

The elation of having the tags wears off in an instant and we decide, in a sleep deprived poor decision cycle, to sleep in the Wal-Mart parking lot. Mark pulls up next to an island in the parking lot, gets out and into the landscaping, crawls into his sleeping bag, checks his Kimber .45 Pro Carry, and goes right to sleep... Yes, you heard me right, in the landscaping on the ground next to the truck. I think, "Well, he is a bit off center, a little more than me, which is significant by normal folks standards", shrug my shoulders, and get into the truck. I take off my boots, stick my feet on the dash, and I'm out like a light. One minute later...

HOLY MARY MOTHER OF GOD, what is that sound! I'm bouncing off the windows, seats, radio, and center console like a house cat shoved in a microwave on high power! Mark's iPhone alarm is going off to the tune of, "BATTLE STATIONS! BATTLE STATIONS!" I'm scrambling and cussing up a blue storm trying to find this evil devil phone when I bail out of the truck screaming and thinking the pain is over...

HOLY MARY MOTHER OF GOD, the truck alarm now starts going off as well, "BWANG! BWANG!" and in the background, I can still hear his devil phone, "BATTLE STATIONS! BATTLE STATIONS!" and next I see the Wal-Mart Rent-a-Cop coming our way.

As I'm high stepping across the parking lot in a full-on Post Traumatic Stress Disorder moment, the Rent-a-Cop is in mortal danger and doesn't yet know it! Mark is hopping around in his sleeping bag yelling, "Sir, what the hell! Sir, what the hell!" He has his Kimber pointing out the hole in the top of the sleeping bag and looks like one seriously mean, well armed, killer caterpillar!

I'm serious when I say the eyes on the Wal-Mart Rent-a-Cop looked as big as golf balls. He simply turns around at the sight of Mark and me and goes back from whence he came.

Finally, I calm down and start walking back toward the truck. Mark has turned off the "BWANG, BWANG" of the truck alarm, but the devil phone is still blaring, "BATTLE STATIONS, BATTLE STATIONS". Well, that one minute of sleep was awesome. What a night! We decide to find a Waffle House and then drive straight into elk camp on the other side of Somerset, Colorado. Over waffles and egg sandwiches, we realized that we somehow didn't account for the time change in setting the alarm and that Mark had locked me in the truck with his key fob. Thus, the two alarms woke me up and nearly cost the Wal-Mart Rent-a-Cop his life.

We roll into camp before lunch and are greeted by two of our favorite people in the world, Jim and Linda Hockenberry. If ever there were to people who were more blessed by God, I don't know who they are. I'm not sure they've ever met anyone they weren't friends with, because once you meet them, well, you are their friend. Shortly after arriving in camp, their son, BJ, shows up. He's been guiding on the adjacent side of the valley, horseback pack-in hunts. He is as happy to see us as we are to see him. He is a great hunter and well known to be the best tracker in the valley; Jim taught him of course.

We catch up about life since last year and decide it's time to hunt. Mark and I set off for the same spots as last year; Mark will hunt "Teepie" and I will hunt "Emery's Pond". The scenario is the same as last year, we walk about half a mile on Jim's ranch in any direction and reach the fence and then we cross the fence into the Gunnison National Forest. Jim has hunted it for decades and has all the best spots within 5 miles of his ranch named: there's Teepie, Emery's Pond, Muskrat Pond, Dirty Meat Gang, Arrow Wallow, Big Pine, and more that I don't remember.

Jim gives the same advice as last year... "Look-it, listen-here, the elk in the basin have been chased in by other hunters on public land all around us. They've stayed because we've got good cover, good water, and good food... Don't call, sit real still until mid morning when even the birds stop singing, then come in for lunch and a nap, maybe shoot your bow, then get back out and quietly in your stand by 3:00 pm. Stay on stand until you cannot see your sight pins anymore, come on in for dinner. Do that all five days and I guarantee you'll see elk, probably get a shot."

Last year, we had six hunters in camp, and we took six elk following Jim's advice. We have eight hunters in camp this year. Mark and I are the only ones with bear tags.

We head out and hunt that evening. Mark has three young bulls in range for the last hour at dark but decides not to shoot. I see nothing. The other six hunters arrive late and don't get the extra early evening hunt in, but they probably slept better than we did.

The next morning, the other six hunters head to the main house for breakfast while Mark and I choke down a Cliff Bar, coffee, have a movement, and hike out to our stands. My walk is almost exactly a mile at 8,000 feet. My take is slow and am in the stand 45 minutes before dawn. By the time the sun crests and it's light, I am freezing. It was 90 degrees F in Kentucky when we left and it's 38 F on stand before the sun comes up. I'm shivering uncontrollably, but trying to be quiet about it. I see nothing, but two hours after the sun comes up, it's warm lusty rays finally crest the ridge in front of me and hit my face. I'm fully warmed by the sun by about 9:00 am and fall into a deep sleep on the stand. (I don't know why I'm so tired. Oh yeah, the USS Missouri BATTLE STATIONS wake up at the Wal-Mart in Denver the night before, right!)

"Aww, heck, I'm stiff, what's that sound? Aww, Crap, I've been sleeping! Darn me, I'm so weak! What's that sound? Aww, HELL! There's a ginormous black bear to my right less than 30 yards!"

Okay, here's where I go into my discussion with myself, the same one I've had dozens of times in nasty places in the Middle East... "Okay Self, breathe deep and quiet, he doesn't know you're here, be cool, he's about to drink, range

him, great 24 yards, easy shot, breath deep through the nose, fill the lungs, his head's back up, he's checking his security, that's cool, wait until he drinks again, okay, he's drinking, draw the bow, level the bubble, center the peep, pin on target, squeeze easy..." WHAP! A 433 grain arrow traveling 290 FPS hits him in the vitals. He whirls about and runs and crashes up the hill.

I'm elated and check my watch, 1030 hours, I regain my composure and climb down. I pull out my Kimber .45 Pro Carry and go check for blood. No blood!... Wow!... Really! Check the arrow; it's covered in blood, huh? Well, he is hit hard, so I decide since it's my first bear, I'll let him lay and go have lunch.

Everyone in camp is buzzing with the news that on the first morning I've shot a bear. All the normal questions abound, "How big is he?" "Did he make the death moan?" "How far was the shot?" "Did you hear him go down?" I try to answer as best I can, but I'm fired up and nervous.

After lunch, Jim, BJ, their friend Dan, and I go to track the bear. Jim tells me I didn't find blood right away because of their thick heavy coat, "Takes about a 100 yards to really start dripping don't worry." We track about 70 yards and find good blood, about 200 yard and we find my bear deader than a door nail lying flat on his back as if he's trying to get a sun tan. This is when I realize what I've done... this is a Pope and Young bear! The shot was good, not great. The bear was quartering away hard, the arrow went in behind the diaphragm, hit the liver on its way in, cut through the diaphragm, and took out one lung, very fatal, but took a while to make him dead, hence the 200 yards. B.J. has the #6 black bear in Colorado history and is ranting and raving about the size of my bear. He's convinced it's the second biggest bear they've ever taken in their camp, second only to his. I can only agree, what the hell do I know, it's my first bear hunt. What I can tell you is that even after we field dressed the bear it took four grown men to roll him down the mountain. After getting the bear back to camp, I can say it was "hard work".

I showered up and went back on stand to find the bull elk of my dreams. Wouldn't you know it, about 1700 hours another huge bear showed up on the exact same line as my bear. This bear was more brown and blond versus the jet black of my bear. He stopped a yard closer, 23 yards, and all I could do was hope Mark was having the same luck at Teepee.

We later took the measurements and my bear hide squared 6'4" and his skull was way more than enough to go P&Y. Everyone was pumped back in camp. After skinning the bear, we hung him overnight to cool. Later that night, one of the men in camp, Buddy Boone, direct descendant of Daniel, came in and handed Jim an arrow covered in blood and said, "I've got a present for you!" He had a gorgeous big 5x5 bull down. After seeing Buddy's bull we all went to bed very excited about the next day... until the next day came.

Well, the weather turned foul on us on day two and never stopped. It was a mixture of brief perfect conditions, thunder storms, freezing cold, gale force winds and weird rainbows in sunny drizzle for the last four days. Mark is one tough customer and hunted every single minute of daylight regardless of conditions. He had rutting moose all around him every day, bears challenge him on his way to the stand in total darkness, and elk running the ridge 300 yards behind him all week and never got a shot. You cannot say, no one can say, he didn't give it his all.

On the third night, we had one of those discussions around camp, boastful discussions, about who was going to fill their tags in the morning. Strangely enough, I was quiet until I got up to head to bed and said, "Jim get the meat wagon ready about 0900 hours, I'll have an elk down by then."

That was met with some, "Yeah right!" and "Sure you will!" and uproarious laughter, but I simply smiled and went to bed. I was fine with the big bear as my harvest this trip. The weather was nasty and no one else save, Buddy Boone, had done any good and I had a Pope and Young Bear hanging in the cooler on my first bear hunt! That's just too much.

Again, the fourth morning was cold and quiet, but right as the sun was coming up, it turned nasty. I hunkered down in my API climber in my aspen tree and rode it out, waiting for the sun to crest the ridge. Even behind the clouds, it warmed things up considerably. At 0800 hours on the dot, a mature cow, yearling cow, and a calf came thundering down the meadow to my left toward my waterhole. They milled about and never set still. I had my bow ready to draw and was trying to stop shivering from the cold and get a range, but they never stopped nervously moving. The wind was right and I had a young aspen tree to my left whose branches and leaves totally concealed me, so I have no idea why they were so nervous. My only guess is other hunters chased them over the mountain into my quiet meadow. About the time they were going to leave, the yearling cow started to walk calmly toward the waterhole. I draw my bow just as she was about to come clear of the aspen that concealed me. OH CRAP! She stopped! She turned! What do I do? Wait... I can see a vertical crease in her golden hide through the aspen to my left, that's the crease behind the shoulder. I can hit her lungs from here if I can snake my arrow through the opening in the tree limbs. I let her fly.... WHAP! AWESOME! I pushed that arrow through the hole in the limbs! YES! She spins and almost falls down and comes out where I can see her... OH NO! That was not her shoulder crease! It was her hindquarter crease! I shot her through the hindquarter! The thickest muscle in her body! She almost fell on impact though... That arrow hit her hard... She's wobbling now... Her mother is calling to her... She runs away... I hear a crash... I shake convulsively... What just happened?

I gather myself and head back to camp for lunch. It's 0815 hours and I need the meat wagon. Guess I was right. Jim and BJ decide to give cow "some time" and I agree. We head out a full five



Mike and His Cow Elk

hours after I shot her. The track is easy to follow in some places but hard in others, but we find her. I am so very happy to be tagged out in such terrible conditions. We are also lucky and blessed that the rain didn't wash away the blood trail. About the time she was hanging in the skinning shed, a hard rain started back up.

I take a break, relax, and gather myself before I skin her out and let her hang to cool the meat before further processing. When I cut the hindquarter off, it falls to the ground. I didn't have to separate the leg from the hip socket because my arrow had cut the femur in half and was sticking out the back of her rump.

We've all heard the saying, "You can never have too much gun" ... well friends, I'm here to tell you that you can never have too much bow either. Kinetic energy simply makes up for bad shots and quick humane kills must always be the goal.

Meanwhile, Mark has had a gigantic bull moose in full rut courting a cow around him the last two days and a bear at the base of his stand refusing to move except in full darkness in the morning. Mark didn't leave, he stood there until the bear did... Hmmm. He never has a shot at an elk or a bear, but spent every hour of daylight the entire week on stand, what a hard#\$%.

I'm so very grateful to Jim, Linda, and BJ for another wonderful trip. I followed Jim's advice two years in a row and tagged out both years. I left them a deposit for next year before I left for home again this year. When I get home, I'm very happy to see my, far too pretty for me wife, whom I missed greatly, but I cannot help but think, "358 days until I drive back to Colorado."

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Bear Bait

by
Alice Monarch

The pledges "I will follow him anywhere" and "till death do us part" take on new meaning when you begin to get a little age on you. I had been forewarned to the "follow him anywhere" part at the beginning of our marriage. Our honeymoon had been a cross-country antelope hunting adventure into the vast unknown. For a naive country girl who had never ventured far off the Rock Quarry Road in rural Breckinridge County, Kentucky, I was excited but scared to death as the familiar roads leading to home faded into the distance, but that was in 1965, and I was young, and he was invincible, and I was in love.

However, nearly 35 years later, the "death" portion of "till death do us part" seemed so certain that just the thought of following him on this latest adventure put terror in my heart! When my husband, Sam, suggested that just the two of us "float" the Kanektok River ("The Chosen River") in the Alaskan wilderness and fish for rainbows, grayling, char, and salmon, I reflected that I knew he was still invincible, and I was still in love, but the young thing was giving me some trouble because as one ages, one tends to contemplate danger and nurture fears of the unknown. I had seen the beautiful pictures and listened to the gripping tales of the many float trips Sam and his brother and friends had made down wilderness rivers in Alaska, but I had always been content to share the adventure from the comforts of home.

Now, for the first time, I was being invited to share this wild Alaskan adventure in person! I was truly thrilled and honored that Sam wanted to share his love for the Alaskan bush with me; however, as he excitedly laid out the plans, I could hardly breathe. Flashbacks of their stories of mosquitoes and of deciding which of the braided river channels they should follow and of dodging huge boulders in the middle of a rapid put fear in my heart! They commented on how "wonderful" it was that they rarely saw another human, but the stories that raised my blood pressure the most were the stories of their up close and personal encounters with grizzly bears!!

As I quizzed Sam about the "accommodations", he assured me that the two of us could set up camp as we had done dozens of times before as we fished throughout the South. I knew he had maneuvered the raft through the braids of Alaskan rivers many times before. He assured me that the mosquitoes wouldn't bother us when we were on the raft or when we were wading while fly fishing. Sam commented that the only time mosquitoes were a problem was when you were on shore and we had bug spray and a "netted cook tent" to take care of that problem. And, the bear issue. . . we would take a shotgun with "double aught buckshot". Sam reassured me that he had never led me wrong before and after his dissertation on how bears avoid humans, I outwardly allowed as to how silly I was being, but inwardly I was screaming at the top of my lungs, "You are going to be bear bait!!!!"

The planning stages were great fun as we secured our plane tickets, planned our menu, shopped for supplies, practiced casting, and the like, but time was passing like a whirlwind and thoughts of ten whole days floating amongst the boulders and the bears in the wilderness kept my heart beating rapidly. The two of us had been to Alaska years earlier, but we had rented a really nice small Winnebago and had never been very far from civilization. This time a float plane was going to drop us in a primitive area (no motor boats or residents allowed) on a lake at the source of the river and we were going to camp, fish, and float the river and meet a small plane on a dirt runway in the remote Eskimo village of Quinahawk some ten days and ninety-two miles downriver! It was going to be just the two of us, alone, communing with nature: I gasped for air and inwardly screamed, "What was I thinking!!!"

When the big day came and we were telling our son good-bye, I hugged him a little longer, just in case, and we

headed for the airport. The first flight was long but the plane was nice and big and it landed on the big paved runway in Anchorage. The second plane was smaller, but it landed on a nice but much smaller paved runway in Dillingham where we were greeted warmly by the Bingham family who owned "Fresh Water Adventures" and who were going to fly us to our next destination where we were going to land on water!

The warm reception in Dillingham, the shopping trip for perishable groceries in the native village, and seeing the well built "Grumman Goose" we were flying in to the lake erased my fears. I was ready to get on that float plane and get to fishing! However, just as we were about to depart, the Ranger showed up to give us our welcome to the Alaskan Wilderness and respect the bears pep talk! The Ranger's "reassuring" pep talk made the hair on the back of my neck stand up! I knew I was I was going to be bear bait!!!! I carefully studied Sam's face. I reflected that I had followed him this far, I was still in love, and, yes, yes, he still looked invincible!



*The Kanektok River Fowing
from Pegatti Lake*

The flight to the lake was breath-taking: stories and pictures of the Alaskan Wilderness cannot begin to capture the excitement and true beauty of being there. As we circled our "lake runway", the Kanektok River looked like a pretty blue ribbon softly lying in flowing curls on the tundra. The mountains surrounding the crystal clear lake looked as if they had been painted in the picture with perfect brush strokes. As the Grumman Goose gently sat on Pegatti Lake and eased toward shore, my eyes filled with tears of excitement and enchantment. How could anything be so beautiful! Bring on the bears, I, too, was invincible!

Within minutes, our gear was unloaded alongside two huge rolled up tubes, some bungee cords, a pile of aluminum poles, and a hand pump! Before I had time to say, "Where is the raft?" the pilot revved up the engines in the Goose, waved good-bye, and was gone! As I watched our only contact with the outside world effortlessly lift off the crystal blue lake and disappear into the wild blue yonder, my thoughts again turned to the bears! There were plenty of places for them to hide nearby. I looked to our gear: yes, yes, there was the shotgun and all was well.



*Alice by the Grumman Goose
on Pegatti Lake*

Sam, who had no fears, was already busy working with those big tube things! I inquired, "What are these things for?" "This is our raft," he said, "Here you can use the hand pump while it's still easy."

I laughed, "You're kidding, right?"

"No," he said knowingly, "It's a catamaran raft: we just pump up these tubes and strap them together with those poles. It makes a great raft." And, to my surprise, it did!

Sam suggested that we camp by the lake for the night and fish a little near the source of the river before beginning our float downstream. We set up camp and organized our gear. Just as we were finishing, we spotted a float plane in the distance setting up to land on the lake. "Yes!" I inwardly shouted, "Someone else is crazy enough to be here!!!" It was fascinating to watch this amphibious plane land softly on the lake and then rise out of the water like the Loch Ness Monster and roll onto the beach beside us.

The plane carried the "Dave Duncan and Sons" Alaskan outfitter team, who specialize in taking fishing parties down remote rivers in Alaska. Brad Duncan (one of the Duncan Sons) emerged from the plane with a smile and asked if we'd mind if they set up camp nearby as he had a fishing party arriving in a few days and they had come ahead to set up camp. Brad's wife and children were going to join them for the weekend before his clients arrived. As Sam welcomed them, I secretly embraced the sense of relief that all this added activity would keep the bears away!

Soon, the float plane came again carrying Brad's wife and children who were delightful. They invited us to dinner and we enjoyed stories of big fish and big bears. Their stories were like Sam's stories of bears. The theme was respect the bears.

As we ended the evening, I suddenly felt very tired but the sun was still up. As I speculated that it must be at least eight o'clock, Sam looked at his watch and it was nearly midnight! Wow! We were experiencing the "Land of the Midnight Sun" in person and it was spectacular!

When morning came, we said goodbye to our newfound friends and prepared to head down river. To my surprise, all of our gear fit nicely on the raft as Sam carefully placed, balanced, and secured each piece of gear with the remaining bungee cords while making a comfortable, lounging seat for me in the middle of all of it. As we floated down river, the view was straight out of National Geographic and all was right with the world. I, again, reflected that Sam was definitely invincible, I was still in love, and the young thing was overrated!

We hadn't floated long before we encountered our first "braid" in the river. The Ranger had cautioned that if we took the wrong braid, the water may remain deep enough for us to simply float back into the main channel; however, if we took a braid that became too shallow, we could end up dragging our raft back upstream which I understood could have been quite a chore. At first, when we approached suspicious looking braids, I would study Sam's face to see if

he were concerned. Soon, I just sat back, enjoyed the ride, and watched for bears.



One of Many Awe-Inspiring Bears

AND, I didn't have to wait long! Sam beamed, "Get your camera!" There, within a few feet of shore and not far from where we were going to be floating was a monster bear! He was magnificent! He was huge! I couldn't breathe! I drew my feet in closer and scooted back as if that were going to make the distance between the bear and me greater! What an experience! Again, there was the rush of tears of excitement and enchantment as we neared this wild, awe-inspiring creature. Within seconds, we were beside him! He raised his massive head and looked straight at me . . . and . . . he kept right on meandering down the riverbank.

He was the first of a dozen or more bears we saw as we floated down river and we saw bear tracks everywhere but we (the bears and me) soon developed a mutual respect for one another. One night while we slept, a bear came into camp and rummaged through the garbage we had set away from our tent but he, like the other bears, was not interested in us. Knowing he had been in the neighborhood and chosen to leave us alone was strangely reassuring. I loved seeing the beautiful bears but we tried to keep out of each other's space.

Morning, noon, and night are confusing in the land of the midnight sun. With only two hours of near darkness each night, we often found ourselves having hot breakfasts mid-morning, leisurely shore lunches in late afternoon, and gourmet dinners just before mid-night. Each night we would find the perfect spot to set up camp and our netted cook tent worked great. Sam did most of the cooking while I organized our gear and did the dishes. Fresh water was not a problem as we were literally hundreds of miles from civilization and we had some purification processes for drinking water. We had purchased two 2 1/2 gallon galvanized buckets in Dillingham that were handy for heating bath water while the netted cook tent kept the mosquitoes at bay. Privacy was really not a problem as we had the river to ourselves, but I kept in mind that if we had a problem, the Duncan party was still upriver.



Sam Preparing Dinner in our Cook Tent

As we floated downstream, we stopped periodically at "honey holes" and cast for Dolly Varden, Rainbow Trout, Arctic Grayling, and Sockeye (Red) Salmon. It didn't take long to realize why these native Alaskan game fishes are among the most sought after sport fish. Perhaps the cold swift water gave these beautiful creatures their extra strength, but all four species would make the line zing off the reel as the long, willowy fly rods would arc to the near breaking point adding to the excitement of landing one of these hard fighting fish.

We caught some of the most beautiful fish! The beautiful Leopard Rainbows were as they had been touted "one of the most respected. . . challenging. . . hard fighting" trout in the wilderness waters, but the most spectacular fish was the most delicate of the sport fish: the Arctic Grayling. Grayling are not very big but their sail-like dorsal fin and iridescent colors make them special. We also caught several beautiful, peach spotted "sea-run Dolly Varden", a char with a snow white strip on the front of its fins. The Dolly Varden, like the Grayling and Rainbows, were feeding on salmon eggs while following the salmon upstream.



Sam With the Best Sockeye of the Trip

We both caught an abundance of each species, but Sam caught a prize fish: a gigantic Sockeye salmon! Watching the "fly" follow the gently swaying, looping line as it left Sam's fly rod was literally like witnessing poetry in motion, but the pace picked up as the massive, red flash leaped out of the water in response to the hook being "set". As the fly rod arced, the excitement on Sam's face grew as he knew he had an enormous Sockeye on the line. After quite a fight, Sam landed a brilliant red male that was nearing his end as was evidenced by his green head, humped back, and hooked jaw.

After measurements and pictures were taken, the huge Sockeye (as well as the other fish we caught) was released unharmed back into the frigid, swift running waters of the Kanektok River to allow this beautiful salmon to finish his migration to his birthplace upstream. We tried to leave the Sockeye, Rainbows, Dolly Varden, and Grayling, like the young fox that came near camp, the busy beavers swimming near their bank dens, the soaring eagles that nested in the trees along the river, the lone moose in amongst the bushes, the lanky caribou making their way across the soft, treeless tundra and the bears, the awe-inspiring bears, as undisturbed as possible. Day after day, as we floated effortlessly down the rippling waters toward the Bering Sea, reality hit me. . . What if I had let fear keep me at home! What if I had missed it!

"I will follow him anywhere" and "till death do us part" have really taken on a new meaning. During the ten years since that wonderful float down "The Chosen River", I've followed Sam on several near "death do us part" adventures. I must confess that I am not young any more, but I have noticed that we do look younger and happier in hunting and fishing pictures than we otherwise do. Sam is still invincible and I now realize that if there is a hint of danger in the air, we become more invincible and more in tune with the world around us and our experiences are

greatly enhanced. And . . . I am still in love.



Alice with an Artic Grayling



Sam with a Dolly Varden



Sam Fly Fishing by a Beaver Bank Den



Alice and Rainbow Trout

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Long Shots

by

Josie Monarch

I remember, clear as a bell, what I was doing the week before our big trip this past summer. I had my first "real" summer job and I was busy copying papers, shredding old papers, answering customer's questions, manning the phones, and working the drive-thru window at First State Bank, but I was also answering the questions of my co-workers, "How long is the drive?"

"About twenty-twoish hours," I would answer, thinking of how worth it that long drive would be.

"Have you packed yet?" my co-worker inquired.

"I should probably get on that," I responded realizing that time was growing near, "I have just a few last minute things left to do."

"Who all is going again?" she quizzed.

"My Dad, Poppa, Samuel, he's my brother, Chase, my cousin, Uncle Sam, Aunt Alice, Tom and Clay, who are both cousins, and me!" I loved that answer! A whole week with my family was terribly exciting for me.

At home, our South Dakota prairie dog hunt was all we could talk about, think about, dream about! In preparation, we made up 150 pounds worth of sandbags, which was an interesting experience. Rifles were cleaned and packed into cases and ammo was packed away. Practice shooting sessions were a fun way for us kids to hone our shooting skills. We were counting down the days to June 19th!

We packed Dad and Samuel in one duffle and myself in a single backpack which was quite a feat since I'm a teenager and most definitely live by the Girl Scout motto "Always Be Prepared". Space was at a premium, considering that the Tahoe would be filled to the brim with our bags, Chase's and Poppa's bags, all the gear, guns, ammo, and of course, all five of us.

June 18th, the day before we were going to leave, I was at work. In the time between answering the phone and shredding papers, the only thing running through my mind was leaving for South Dakota, and what had made it possible. Kentuckiana Safari Club International was sponsoring our trip northwest to hunt prairie dogs. Four years earlier, I had attended my very first SCI event and had spent two days at the White Oak Elk Ranch participating in the Kentuckiana SCI Youth Hunter Education Weekend. I loved it and that was that! I've attended every year since as a youth mentor. Without SCI and its mentors, I wouldn't know many of the friends I've made and I'd be lacking several community service hours that I've earned through SCI. Most importantly, I would not know half of what I do today about hunting, conservation, and the shooting sports.

Saturday, the 19th, we set out! Chase, Samuel, Dad, Poppa, and I, all in the Tahoe, headed west. We listened to a book on tape about Sitting Bull (Tatanka-Yotanka) and General George Custer which was interesting because we were going to be hunting on the reservation of Sitting Bull's people. I slept quite a bit more than I wish I had. Occasionally, I would attempt to do my summer reading, and often I snapped pictures out the window. We all enjoyed the scenery, marveling at how flat and productive the land was and staring in wonder at the rolling clouds. For lunch, we met up with Uncle Sam, Aunt Alice, Tom, and Clay. We did the same for dinner, and we all stayed the night in Sioux City, Iowa. So ended our first day on the road.



Samuel, Uncle Sam, Josie, Tom, & Chase Taking a Break

The next day we drove and drove. Sometimes we'd stop for a break, but we were on a mission, and the only thing that mattered was reaching Grand River Casino and Resort outside of Mobridge, South Dakota. I measured the distance we had come and the distance we still had to go in billboard mileage. If Wal Drugs was 300 miles away on its last billboard, and now it's only 295 miles away (they really were that close together), it meant that we were making progress. One of our little breaks turned into an excursion into Cabela's, where the whole Monarch Clan met up, along with a few of our fellow prairie dog hunters. Another time we stopped just to watch a crop duster, something we kids had seen only in movies. It goes to show how much of a cultural experience this was, how badly Dad and Poppa

wanted us to experience it all, soak it up like a sponge, and remember it.

At Grand River, we met our fellow hunters and an outing for dinner was quickly organized by our leader, Mike Ohlmann. On our way back to the hotel, we went by a prairie dog town which got us all ready for the coming day of hunting. We were all excited and trying to go to sleep back at our rooms was nearly impossible; so instead, Chase, Samuel, Tom, Clay, and I did what we would do every night for the remainder of the trip. We raided the vending machines and our coolers and met in Tom and Clay's room, and we turned up the TV. Channel surfing was a favorite, but Texas Hold 'Em and Blackjack passed the time quite nicely, along with the occasional round of Slap Jack.

The next morning, June 21, found us on a prairie dog town. It was overcast and cool outside, which was a welcome change from the heat and sun of Kentucky. Shooting was slow, but we were also unknowledgeable as to what

exactly this was all about. The stories we had heard had led me to believe that dogs would be a few yards away and that killing hundreds of dogs was as easy as snapping your fingers. Reality presented us with very few, very tiny targets, 200 yards away on our closest shots that morning. After a fun lunch with the whole hunting party, we moved to a different town and the temperatures warmed up as the clouds moved out. Shots were a bit closer, and there were many more dogs out. Mostly though, that first day was Samuel, Chase, Poppa, Dad, and I all talking and enjoying being together.



Mike Ohlmann, Poppa, Clay, & Josie



Dad Takes a Turn at the Shooting Bench

On the 22nd, we set up on yet another town. Samuel, Chase, and I were the three shooters in our group. We all agreed that we enjoyed a challenge and the shots were just that! Shots were still at least 100 yards away, but there were many prairie dogs out. Another thing that made shooting difficult was our inability to judge distance. The land was so flat that our range finders were inaccurate to say the least, so at times, we reverted to stepping off distance. We were most definitely getting better at shooting at long ranges though. The farthest any of us had shot before was about 225 yards at Uncle Sam's shooting range. 100 yard shoots soon became easy as pie when they presented themselves, as were the 200 yard shots. Shots out to 300 yards weren't hard and they weren't easy either... I guess there isn't really a word for it but once a shot was out past 350 yards, it was just plain fun! Wind and distance had everything to do with how we aimed and most of the time, pulling the trigger was met with a "Dead Dog!!!" from our spotters, usually Dad or Poppa.

Day three was our last day to hunt. It was Wednesday the 23rd, and we hunted on our own once again before lunch. Chase, Samuel, Dad, Poppa, and I all had several long shots. My longest shot was every bit of 450 yards, maybe more! I was so proud of myself, and Dad and Poppa were proud of me, too!

We all met back at **The Prairie Dog Café** in McLaughlin for lunch. Afterwards, our little group was joined by Jesse, our guide. The first thing we did was go to the very spot where Sitting Bull's cabin had stood. This was where Sitting Bull and some of his friends had been murdered when the reservation police came to arrest Sitting Bull. We saw the first of Sitting Bull's graves and a memorial to him. Then the shooting got underway. Once again, we had a blast!



Josie, Poppa (Charlie Monarch), Chase Elder, Dean Monarch (Dad), and Samuel Monarch at the site of Sitting Bull's Cabin

We hunted until about an hour before dusk, then Jesse took us to some places for me to take pictures of some amazing views. South Dakota is one of the most breath taking places I have ever seen! We finally got back to the lodge after dark. We went to a late dinner and then the nightly ritual commenced!

The next morning we left early and drove straight home, stopping rarely. We listened to another book on tape while I re-played the amazing events of this adventure in my mind, determined to remember every detail. I had heard the



Poppa, Chase, Uncle Sam, Josie, & Mike O. after Lunch in McLaughlin

adults say that prairie dog hunting was a once in a lifetime adventure, so I figured that this was where my adventure ended. Fortunately, Poppa called Dad two days after we came home to announce that he had just bought a new rifle for our trip next year! I don't think I have stopped smiling since!

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Kentuckiana Chapter and SCI Support Wounded Warriors

By Mike Ohlmann

After learning of a great program being planned and in dire need of equipment to provide fall deer and spring turkey hunts for wounded military personnel as a part of their rehabilitation and personal enrichment while also offering some quality outdoor time with fellow soldiers it seemed like a program well worthy of our consideration and the extra effort required to pull it off in time for the first hunt on Nov. 5. Five days later, Friday 10/29 we declared "mission accomplished!", thanks to quick board action, a \$500 grant from SCI's Humanitarian services and some terrific assistance from chapter member LTC Mike Abell and Dick' Sporting Goods.

Our membership will be proud to know that our partnering with the Kentucky Department of Military Affairs and the KY National Guard in the start up phase of this noteworthy Wounded Warrior Hunting initiative has provided an essential piece to a plan that will provide for 22 physically and mentally wounded soldiers and 22 healthy comrades as guide/assistants to spend some quality time out of doors this fall and 44 more wounded and assisting healthy soldiers to hunt in the spring turkey season.

Furthermore this is designed to be an ongoing program providing some great experiences and recovery assistance to deserving service men and women for many years to come. These hunts will be conducted over several weekends each spring and fall by the Commonwealth of Kentucky Department of Military Affairs (DMA) and the Kentucky National Guard (KYNG) on exclusive access properties that has been managed for prime hunting and outdoor recreation.

In the planning phase it was decided that due to the wide variety of injuries that might be involved that large portable blinds and heavy duty double seat tree stands would both be needed and also that the significant \$2250 plus expense on a minimum number of these items was a major obstacle.

Recognizing the many benefits this program could offer, ultimately to hundreds of soldiers, the KYSCI board unanimously voted to support the program. However being this late into our fiscal year and too far away from our spring fundraiser our resources are very limited. We applied and received a SCI Humanitarian Services Grant which increased our buying power but we were still far short of the need.

We next reached out to our good friends at Dick's Sporting Goods who for many years have been very generous to our chapter with discounts and donations to other worthwhile programs such as; our Fundraiser, our Youth Hunter Apprentice program and our other military support program, "Operation Outdoorsmen Over Seas". Good fortune prevailed and they had what we needed in stock and offered at great discounted prices so we were able to obtain 5 extra large pop up style blinds and 3 deluxe double tree stands within our budget.

Col Abell amassed several KY Guardsmen to assist in the pickup and delivery of the equipment and the blinds and stands will be in place and ready for the first hunt November 5th.

We salute our troops and wish them all the best afield and we will follow up in future editions of KYSCI Hunter with reports of the hunts.



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Bitten By the Bug

By:
Cheri Miller

It all began on March 6th 2010 at the Kentuckiana Chapter Safari Club International Banquet and Auction. When the auction was over, dinner was finished, and everyone was winding down for the night there was one last item to conclude the night. While everyone was busy chatting at their tables, Mike Ohlmann was occupied with mixing up the names of everyone that attended the Fundraiser Banquet for the Grand Door Prize. When he reached in and pulled out a card with a name on it he said "Mike Ohlmann... no just kidding. This is even better, Cheri Miller. Cheri, stand up so everyone can see who you are." I said "No way." At the same time John said "Son of a!@#@!" As I stood, Jim Warren who was sitting at Rick Davis's White Oak table with us said to John "What are you going to do now?" John responded, "I guess we are going to Africa."

We spent a few hours that night calling and waking up family and friends telling them of the trip that we had just won. It had always been a fantasy of both of ours to travel to South Africa on Safari. Just one that we had never dreamed would ever happen. Neither of us slept to much that night.

After contacting the generous outfitter of Thaba Mahaka Safaris, Leon Small, who donated the hunt to the Kentuckiana SCI chapter for the banquet we spent the next five months planning the trip. After booking a flight and contacting Leon with the information, we discovered that their may be a problem. Our flight was leaving Louisville and going through Detroit and Amsterdam on the way to Johannesburg, South Africa. Dutch customs had many rules that we were not aware of so it was a good thing that we started early. We had to get permission from the Dutch Custom's Authorities in order to even bring our weapons through Amsterdam, even though we would not even touch them and they would just be moved by the staff of the airport from one plane's hold to the others. We sent the necessary paperwork and waited.

On the morning of July 31st our phone rang at 5:30 am. It was our paperwork from the Dutch Custom's Authority coming through on our fax, finally. We were so happy that we were not even that upset about being woken up an hour earlier then we had to be! We now had everything in place to leave on our trip on August 23rd.

On August 23rd we left the house for the airport with our two boys Kristopher, who is nine, and Charlie, who is eight. Neither one of the boys had ever flown before. Kristopher was nervous until he got in the seat and we started to taxi, then he calmed right down. Charlie, who had been fine up until we started to taxi, got nervous and it was a white-knuckled grip on the armrest for him until we were in the air. We had a short layover in Detroit and then went on to Amsterdam; the second take-off was much smoother with both boys acting like they had been on planes all the time. The flight to Amsterdam was about eight hours, good thing for the boys they have movies and games on the plane.

We met up with Sandy, John's sister, and her business partner, Jeannette in Amsterdam. Leon Small had graciously allowed them to join us at his normal observer rate. He said "the more the merrier." They had landed in Amsterdam before us and Jeannette met us when we exited the plane in Amsterdam and helped us find that final flight to Johannesburg. The layover in Amsterdam was only a little over an hour, so by the time we got off the plane they were already boarding the one to Johannesburg. We tried to get some sleep on the flight into Johannesburg, but we were all excited and I am not sure anyone got much except the boys.

Upon landing in Johannesburg, we obtained our luggage, everything that is except the rifles. We waited for a

while and then John was paged overheard to the information desk at baggage claim. This is where we learned that the rifles stayed behind in Amsterdam, even though we did all the required paperwork and had it on the outside of the rifle case, just as we were told to do by the Dutch Custom's agent that sent us the paperwork. From there the officer behind the desk took us to the South African Police Department inside the airport. Along the way, we caught up with Leon Small. Leon and John entered the Police Department where a nice officer explained that our rifles would arrive on the same flight the next night. (It is kind of scary that it happens enough on flights through Amsterdam that the South African Police know exactly when the rifles would actually arrive.) They also showed us a metal case that had come through Amsterdam the previous week that was flat as a pancake with the rifles still inside! (We would not recommend ever traveling through Amsterdam if it can be avoided. Along with this turmoil, it was the filthiest airport I have ever been in and I have been in quite a few in my lifetime so far being a military brat. There were mice running around like they owned the place.) They needed a key to open the case to check the serial numbers on the rifles and then they would deliver them to where we were hunting.

We then left the airport with Leon and headed to our home away from home for seven days. Our flight had landed in Johannesburg at 11:55 pm local time. It was dark and late, but we were wide awake. On the ride we stopped three times: once to pick up Norman (our skinner/tracker) once for food and once for gas. On one bumpy road in the dark, I know Leon was hoping that we had all fallen asleep. Instead we were watching what we could of the scenery in the dark, when out of nowhere a duiker was standing in front of us in the road. There was a collective "awe" as the animal was hit by the van in which we were traveling. Five hours after leaving the airport we arrived at our destination and went to bed.



John With his Eland

On day one we were awakened to a big breakfast at 10:00 am after about five hours of sleep cooked by our wonderful chef, Victor. Even with only a few hours of sleep we were not tired. After finishing breakfast we loaded up. Leon borrowed a .270 from the neighbor so we could start hunting while we waited for our rifles to arrive. After sighting in the rifle at the range, Sandy and Jeannette were taken to one shooter house to take pictures with Gerhard, another professional hunter that Leon had hired to help him out. Leon then took John, Kris, Charlie, and me to another shooter house. We were not there long before Charlie was back asleep. It was not to very long after that the guineas were all over the place. Then a single Eland came in, slowly at first and then more comfortably. It was an old cow by herself. Leon told John to take her as she would probably not make it through the winter by herself. Boom! She ran about 50 yards after the shot and then we woke up Charlie to tell him it was time to

get up and find the animal that his dad had just shot. He had slept through the whole thing, the rifle firing right next to him did not even wake him up. We knew he was a hard sleeper but even we had no idea how hard! Leon, Gerhard, Norman, and Joe (another tracker who was employed by the owner of Shamanzi Game Lodge) loaded the huge beast up into the back of the land rover. It stalled out the wench that was pulling it in and John stepped in to help push. We returned to camp for a great supper.

Day two had just as much excitement. We got up and ate breakfast. Before heading out for the day Leon asked the boys if they would like to feed a baby Eland. They had it in a fence on the grounds that we were staying on. It had been separated from its mother and they were caring for it. The boys enjoyed this rare opportunity. It is something that very few people can say they have done. Once the baby Eland was fed we headed out. It was not long until we ran into a herd of Gemsbok. While John was waiting for a nice bull to become clear to shoot with nothing behind him, he slipped out of sight with what we thought was the entire herd. Then another big bull appeared in his place. Leon told John "Shoot, I've been looking for him for three weeks." John was looking through the brush in the scope

looking for a place to thread the bullet through with Leon repeating over and over "Shoot, John, Shoot! Boom! The shot knocked the Gemsbok off his feet. Leon told John "he's spine shocked, stay on him." He did not get back up. We were told by Leon at the skinning shed that he was a record book animal.



John's Gemsbok

After lunch, John and Leon then left to meet the South African Police at the main road to get our rifles, a .338 ultra mag. for John and a 30.06 for me. Gerhard took Kris, Charlie, Sandy, Jeannette, and me riding around the compound. We saw zebra and I almost got my blue wildebeest, if he would have only turned and then stopped! Instead he hid behind an ostrich. When the ostrich left he stayed head on and when he did turn, he started running and did not stop.

At this time John and Leon were on their way back to camp so we headed that way too. When we arrived Leon said we were going to a neighboring preserve (the neighboring farm was an actual preserve with no hunting allowed). When we arrived, there were Cape Buffalo everywhere! There was also a baby Sable that had been bottle

fed. He was not as friendly as the baby Eland at our camp. We then met the owner, Harry, who took us back on the property where we got pictures taken with Sables behind us. I was not too thrilled to be standing there with the Sables to my back as I could hear the horns of two of them scuffling around behind us. We then rode the perimeter of the neighbor's preserve with his permission looking for crocodiles and hippopotamuses in the Limpopo River. We did not get lucky enough to see any. We could have thrown a stone into Botswana but Leon told us not to cross the river into Botswana ever. We then returned back to the owner's cabin area where we saw three White Rhinoceroses. They got very close to the vehicle. They were to close for comfort at only about two to three feet from us! It was the only time I did not have to tell the boys to get away from the edges of the vehicle. They moved as close as they could to the middle on their own! The one big male Rhinoceros was stomping the ground and snorting close enough to us that we could have touched him, although no one was brave enough to. John had Tic-Tacs in his mouth and took one out and threw it at the Rhino. Did you know that Rhinos don't like mint? We didn't either. The Rhino took one whiff of that Tic-Tac and took off! So, the boys will now tell you that you stop a charging Rhino with Tic-Tacs! After that excitement we were ready to head back for another great supper.

On day three, we were back out again only with our own weapons in our hands this time. Joe spotted some Kudu down the road. John and Leon were then out on foot, while the rest of the crew waited with us in the land rover. John said Leon was almost running though the bush. They would go for a while and then Leon would stop, sneak out to the clearing to peek out to see if the Kudu were still there. They got to what Leon said was about 100 yards and then set up on the shooting sticks. John was out of breath. Leon



John and His Kudu

said that John kept putting the rifle down to catch his breath and then putting it up again. Leon asked, "What power is your scope?" John said that he looked and noticed that it was all the way down. He turned it up. Leon said John looked in the scope again, put the rifle down one last time looked at him and smiled. Then John put the rifle back up. Boom! From the distance that we were from them, you could not tell if the shot was good or not. Gerhard waited on a signal from Leon and then we headed that way in the vehicle. The Kudu had gone about 20 yards and was laying dead. John and Leon later decided that the walk from where they shot to where the Kudu was standing was the longest 100 yards they had ever walked. Luckily John brought his range finder and after lunch we went back to the marked spot that he had shot from. The 100 yards turned out to be 253 yards. Just like that on day three John had shot everything that he had come to shoot. Leon and the rest of the crew at the camp said we must be the one shot Millers.

That same afternoon we were back out and came across a herd of Impala. It was finally my turn. Leon said that the ram would have been in the front or he would be in the rear of the herd. I was hoping the rear, since the front had already passed. We watched the herd cross the road when a nice ram stepped out. From the angle we were at John and I saw it before Leon and I was waiting for the ok to

shoot. I followed the ram across the road in the scope when Leon said he was good to take. Leon grunted once, twice, three times (getting louder each time) before the ram stopped walking to look at us again. I put the crosshairs on him. Boom! There lay my Impala kicking where he had once stood. Leon commented that he must have been deaf since he had to call so many times.

After returning the Impala to camp we noticed a flat tire on the land rover. Jeannette, Sandy, Kris and Charlie stayed behind at camp. John, Leon, Gerhard, Norman, Joe and I headed out in Leon's truck which was not big enough for the whole crew when we spotted some Blue Wildebeest. So this time it was Leon and I out on foot to get me to a shooting spot. We spooked some guinea along the way and the Wildebeest eluded me once again.



Cheri With Her Impala

On the forth morning after breakfast we went out again with a newly fixed tire. We turned out of the camp onto the main road and then made a right on the next road and there they were. The Blue Wildebeest right down the road in front of us. Leon and I were out again. We stalked quickly and quietly through the brush and ended up setting up in a spot where I got to kneel with the shooting sticks. There were two nice bulls in the group. I waited for the other Wildebeest to clear out from behind one or the other and the one on the right ended up being a clear shot first. Boom! Wildebeest down. Leon said, "Stay on him, he's going to jump up, you spine shocked him." "No, I did not. I hit right there." I said pointing at my side in the rib cage area. "Never mind," he said as the bright red blood flowed from the Wildebeest's side and he let out a "death bellow."



Cheri and Her Blue Wildebeest

We loaded the Wildebeest, took him back to the skinning shed and hung around camp until lunch.

Leon ran to the nearest town for some supplies (and marshmallows for the boys) and Gerhard took us all out to a blind to see if we could get Kris into a warthog. John fell asleep and called some in, but they were little. When it got to dark we called it a night and went back to camp.

On day five we headed back to the same blind. Ostriches, a Gemsbok, and two small male warthogs came in to the waterhole beneath us. A single Waterbuck came in for just a minute, but stayed in the bush and we really did not get a good look at him. When the two young males left, we noticed that four more had come in. It was big sow with three weaned piglets. Kris stayed on that sow for a good ten minutes in the scope while a Gemsbok stood behind her

and her piglets ran around like crazy. He was shaking so bad that Leon had to set the rifle back straight in the shooting sticks. It was crazy. Ok. No wait there's a piglet. Ok, wait for her to turn. Ok. No wait, the Gemsbok is behind her. Until finally ok, whenever you are ready. Boom! I saw the warthog buckle (good he hit her); she rolled 10 yards into the waterhole and took off. When we got to the place she had been standing when he shot, there was a lot of bright red blood. We let Leon and Kris take the lead in following the trail. It was very hard to miss with lung tissue scattered in the trail. Kris's warthog had run about 60 yards and lay dead next to the clearing. He had hit both lungs and skimmed the heart with the same 30.06 that I had used for my kills. This was Kris's first ever kill! He had been hunting with us but had never gotten a good shot. Leon said "One shot family."

After lunch we went to what I dubbed "Lake Placid", calm, smooth waters that was full of crocodiles to go fishing while we were waiting to hear back from the neighbor on a rifle for Charlie as the 30.06 was too big for him. Kris got a huge catfish, one as big as he is, on the line but the line broke before we could get the net under it. John was the only one to actually land a catfish. When we got bored with fishing and were still waiting to hear from the neighbor, Gerhard taught us a game that they play when they are bored. He got a stick that was flimsy, like a whip and packed some clay from close to the water on it and flung it across the lake. He said normally they get on opposite sides and try to hit each other with the clay/mud mix. Instead Kris, Charlie, John, Gerhard, and I took turns trying to see who could fling the mud the furthest. I believe Charlie won!



Kris's Warthog

That night back at camp waiting for supper, Leon took Kris aside to have a talk with him. After their talk Kris came to John and me all excited. Leon had invited Kris to come back when he was older to do a professional hunter apprenticeship with him. We hope Kris gets the opportunity to do this since both boys think they are professional hunters already!

On the sixth morning Charlie headed out with Leon alone to a small ground blind where they had seen a big warthog. When we picked them up at lunch, they did not have any luck and had only seen a few guineas and velvet monkeys. Charlie knew this was the last full day of hunting and was getting worried. It was a lot of pressure on him to keep us in the "one shot family" status that we had been dubbed. After lunch, we took Charlie and Leon to another small waterhole where only the two could sit in the tree line safely without spooking the animals. The rest of us rode around with Gerhard hunting for good pictures and Ostrich feathers. I even found part of a Duiker skull and Gerhard found a Wildebeest skull with the horns still intact that Leon told the boys that they could have. It is currently with the rest of the trophies getting processed. We saw a monitor lizard that was about 4 feet long and a huge ostrich that was a good head taller than any that we had seen and solid white! Gerhard told us when it gets older it will turn a pinkish color.



Charlie and Leon with Charlie's Warthog

When it got dark we headed back to Leon and Charlie. On the way we saw a female Duiker and a Black-Backed Jackal. When we arrived we were told by Leon that Charlie had shot and missed a ram Impala and a Warthog. I was on the verge of saying "Well, that's ok you still have tomorrow morning." All I got out was "Well," when Charlie let a huge grin slip out. "You little liar, where is it?" I believe that is the fastest I had ever gotten out the land rover the entire trip! They had the warthog hiding in an inside out tire to trick us! Charlie made a good clean shot right in the neck with the neighbor's .22 Magnum and dropped the pig where it stood. We could not have been prouder of him as it was his first time hunting and his first kill ever!

The seventh day was bittersweet as we were packing to leave later that night. The night before we had threatened to lose our passports so we could not leave. We saw some nice warthogs and some baboons along the side of the road. On the way out we

dropped off Gerhard, visited the taxidermist doing the initial work on the hides for their entry into the United States, and a souvenir shop. Kris cried and the rest of us including Leon had tears in our eyes when Leon, Victor, and Norman left us at the airport.

On the plane Charlie and Kris were both asleep before the plane even started to taxi and I was asleep before we were very high in the air. As soon as the boys woke up they started asking question about when deer season opened. This is one experience that those two boys as well as John and I will never forget! Hopefully, Leon and Gerhard will get to the United States sometime for us to show them some great hospitality in our country like they showed us in theirs!

We have been bitten by the African Hunting Bug and will probably begin planning our next trip as soon as we have the trophies back and mounted from this one!

We would like to thank the Kentuckiana Safari Club International Chapter, Mike Ohlmann, Leon, Gerhard, Victor, Norman, Joe, and the rest of the crew at Shamanzi Game Lodge who all worked so hard to make our first trip to Africa such a memorable one. We would also like to give a special thanks to Rick Davis of White Oak Elk Ranch as this trip would not have been possible without him!

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2010 Women's Hog Hunt

by
Mary Free-Phelps



This year we tried something different. Every year, that I put together this hog hunt, most of my gals, say that the men in their lives want to attend also. So Caryonah Hunting Lodge gave us the option if the men wanted to hunt they could, at the same rate, as the ladies, on the "women only" hunt. Or if the men did not want to hunt, but wanted a weekend getaway with their sweetheart, the rate was \$50, which covered breakfast and lunch those days. All men opted for a weekend getaway, with their sweethearts.

We arrived at Caryonah Hunting Lodge, just in time for a scrumptious lunch. After lunch, some of the ladies double checked their rifle optics, down at the rifle range. Then we spent the rest of the afternoon fishing in the lakes, around the lodge. The fishing was very active. We had plenty of fish to clean for our supper, which we prepared on the pavilion, with the new complete outdoor kitchen, that Bobbi Jo had built, since our last hog hunt.

Next morning all the ladies were paired with guides, 2X1. It was slow morning. Each pair of ladies was set on stand by their guides. The guides then leave the ladies, and walks through the tickets and ditches to drive the hogs to them. The first drive produced no hogs. Another guide drove around the 2000 acre ranch to locate hogs. Heather Chismar and Mary Free-Phelps were the closest to the first pack of hogs located. We had to stalk our way to them. Because this was Heather's first hog hunt, Mary let Heather take the first shot. WOW, was it action packed. Heather shot the largest hog (about 275 lbs), it ran about 30 yards, then turned and charged her. Mary saw the hog charging, and fired a shot, and missed, Heather shot her hog again, at point blank, and it dropped at her feet. The rest of the hogs had turned also, to follow the lead hog, which was now dead, at Heather's feet. Seeing that Heather, had survived that ordeal, Mary pick another hog, and shot it dead too. The rest of the hogs ran about 50 yards away, and milled around, waiting for the two downed hogs to join them, before they slipped off into the woods.

Our guide radioed Joan Garrison's and Susanne Brown's guide to stalk to our area, to see if they could down two of the remaining 3 hogs. Joan and Susanne successful downed their hogs, without incident.



After lunch, Mary Cannon, Marilyn Biszmaier, Pat Hendrixson, and Tammy went back out to find their quarry. Marilyn Biszmaier harvested her first hog. Mary Cannon shot a Four Horn sheep, Tammy Knopp killed a Barbarossa sheep and Pat Hendrixson killed a big horn ram.

The men fished while the wives hunted. We had another delicious fish fry that evening. The men that attended the event were, Randy Phelps, Dave Biszmaier, Hulen Cannon, Mike Mize, and Josh Knopp.

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Kentuckiana Chapter SCI Calendar of Events

Kentuckiana Chapter Officers and Board of Directors Elections

Date: Nomination being currently taken to be closed by Nov 20, 2010
 Location: Election ballots due by Dec 15th On-line and Mail in.
 Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

QDMA Fundraiser Banquet

Date: Dec 8, 2010
 Location: TBD
 Information: www.derbycityqdma.com

Kentuckiana Chapter Membership Meeting

Date: Jan. 8, 2011
 Location: TBD Speaker to Be Announced
 Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

SCI International Convention

Date: Jan. 26 through 29, 2011
 Location: Reno, Nevada
 Information: <http://www.showsci.com>

Louisville Sport Boat and RV Show

Date: Jan. 27 through 30, 2011
 Location: Kentucky Exposition Center, Louisville Kentucky
 Information: <http://www.louisvilleboatshow.com>
 Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

Chapters annual "Operation Outdoorsmen Overseas" Hunt

Date: Feb. 12, 2011
 Location: Clover Creek Hunting Farms
 Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

Kentuckiana Chapter Prairie Dog Safari

Date: Arrival afternoon of 18 June hunting the 19th 20th and 21st and departing morning of 22nd, 2011
Location: Standing Rock Sioux Reservation, South Dakota
Contact: Mike Ohlmann Email: mike@mikescustomtaxidermy.com

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