

KENTUCKIANA



HUNTER



KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER - SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

FIRST QUARTER 2015



Photo by Alice Monarch

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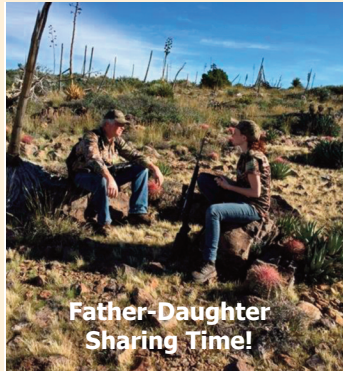
Visit Our Web Site: www.kentuckianasci.org

President's Message

By Larry Richards, Chapter President

E-mail: Lw577nitro@twc.com Phone: 502-727-7700

As I write this message for our award-winning newsletter, the holidays are upon us and the time for giving thanks has arrived! I also realize that we are in the midst of hunting season. Work has had its hand on my schedule, but I have had the time to get afield in several states and Mexico. The Mexico trip was particularly special to me because it was a hunt shared with my 16-year-old daughter, Mallory. It brought home to me the real reason why I became involved in SCI.



**Father-Daughter
Sharing Time!**

The reason I so strongly support our organization's efforts in the hunting community is Mallory. Her right to hunt with her children and their children's right to hunt and enjoy the outdoors are under serious attack from so many sources over which we must prevail. Our chapter's main focus has been and shall continue to be: support and further our youth's opportunities and exposure to the sport. The moments Mallory and I shared during this hunt were far more special than the two deer we took. I believe the included picture speaks volumes to that fact. No phone, no internet, and no electricity for a whole week were catalysts in bringing us closer as father and daughter as we shared a mutually tough experience. Each of us took a lot from the week that we will remember fondly.

As the season progresses, please take the time to look

around you for the opportunity to take a youngster hunting! Take the time to share what you know with them and help stoke the fire in them that burns in each of us. Our future lies with them! Proof of our success or failure will come from the young generation that we mentor today.

Our Annual Fundraising Banquet is the way we support the projects that help the youth of today get experiences and opportunities that, without our help, may not be available to them. The National Archery in Schools Program is a shining example of the effect we can have. That program has gone into afterburner nationally and we are part of the movement locally. Our Annual Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Event is one of the highlights of our Chapter's year. We put tremendous effort and time into this event and its entire focus is upon the youth we can expose to the hunting and shooting sports.

Please take a moment and give some thought to personally helping us this coming year in our efforts. Whether you help by attending our annual banquet/fundraiser to help us fund these programs or by giving us some of your time to help with the various events we sponsor, it is appreciated. I hope to see more of our membership involved on a personal level to help expand and increase our ability to work with the youth who are what our efforts are really all about! By the time you read this, my wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year for you will be a belated wish but it is just as sincere!

Please do not hesitate to call me or email me with any suggestions or opportunities you may have for our Chapter. This 20th Anniversary is a huge milestone for us, so please, come out and celebrate it with us.



Officers and Board of Directors

Officers

President - Larry Richards - lw577nitro@twc.com
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Jim Warren - jimandmjw@aol.com

About The Cover . . . "Chocolate" Of Clover Creek Hunting Farms

The cover photo depicts one of Chocolate's many perfect retrieves during our recent Military "appreciation" Pheasant Hunt (see story in this issue). Chocolate is being handled by his hunting partner and club owner, Jeff Tate.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

*Come Celebrate
Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI's
20th Anniversary!!*

*Attend the
Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI's
Fundraising Banquet
Saturday, February 21, 2015*

At the Holiday Inn Hurstbourne in Louisville

Join Your Fellow Chapter Members
Bring Your Family & Friends To A Family Friendly Evening
Visit with Exhibitors • See Wildlife Mounts • Enjoy a Great Dinner

Visit the Chapter Website www.kentuckiana.org
& Preview the Live Auction Items
*Great Hunts Become Great Values
(Non-Hunt Items for Everyone's Taste)*

This Year's Theme Is "The Roaring Twenties"
Celebrate Kentuckiana SCI's 20th Anniversary
Dress: Casual or "Roaring Twenties"

For Tickets, Call: Sherry Maddox 502-253-9679

My First Osceola Turkey

By Mike Maddox



I had only hunted Eastern Turkeys but that changed when Mike Graham and I received an invitation from Mark Eley to fish for huge bass at the Juniper Club near Astor, Florida. Ocala National Forest surrounds the Club that is located on 3000 prime acres adjacent to Lake George, and as our primary focus was fishing, Mark, Mike and I decided to pull my fishing boat. Even though the fish stories from this place were unbelievable, I was more interested in hunting a species of turkey I had never hunted: the Osceola Turkey.

After hours of driving, we turned off the main highway onto the Club property. The woods and vegetation were unbelievably thick, and Mark commented that there were bears on the property which statement triggered a new dimension to hunting turkeys: I am used to being the predator and not the prey!

As we approached the lodge, the woods opened up to an orange grove with grass cut like a golf course, which proved to be a prime bugging and strutting area for the Osceola Turkey. 26 other fishermen, who were joining us at Juniper Lodge, soon greeted us, and Mark showed Mike and me to our room. Our room at the end of the hall gave us a clear view of the orange grove that was known to have Osceolas. Later, as we walked the grounds, it became apparent that this was a fisherman/hunter's paradise.



Juniper Lodge

The lodge, which had been established in the late 1800's by Louisville, Kentucky businessmen, had a huge porch overlooking the spring-fed glen that led to Lake George. Juniper Lodge was not your typical fishing camp. Pictures of previous members with trophy fish lined the walls and a full staff of cooks, waitresses, dock persons, and groundkeepers welcomed us. Only 4 or 5 of the 26 guests had signed up to hunt. The rest wanted to focus on huge bass!

Sunday morning just at daylight, I heard a gun go off. I knew that one of the members and his guest had scouted for turkey on Saturday and set up at the orange grove. Mike and I dressed and rushed to the big porch in time to see two people in camo walking down the road, one with a bird slung over his shoulder. Wow! What a bird! It had huge spurs and felt like it weighed 20 some pounds.

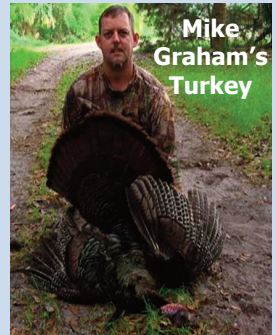
After congratulations and pictures, the bird was put away. All I could think about was my chance at an Osceola. There had been more gobblers in the group where this first bird had been taken. Getting the scoop on how these birds reacted after they flew down made it clear that one of us should hunt the orchard again. I gave Mike Graham first choice for Monday morning; so, Sunday evening we set up Mike's blind at the end of the orchard and another for me down the road. I could not wait for first light!

When morning arrived, neither Mike nor I needed an alarm

clock as we were awakened by the anticipation of the hunt. We got ready, stopped by the kitchen for snacks and fruit set out for early risers, then gathered our gear and with flashlights headed to Mike's blind. It was placed just inside the woods where all the birds seemed to go as they fed out of the field. I knew if the birds followed the same pattern, Mike would have a shot. After I dropped Mike off, I proceeded about 100 yards through the dense woods to my blind.

As the sun rose in the sky, the woods awakened with all kinds of sounds. Owls were hooting and squirrels were barking and there was rustling in the brush: I had a new awareness of rustling knowing there were bears around, then after a few minutes, things went quiet. I let out a small cluck with my call and the owl went crazy hooting every time I made a sound. All of a sudden, I heard, "Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!" and my heart stopped knowing an Osceola was so close! Once he woke up, he really made noise! Soon, he pitched down to the ground. Unfortunately for me, he went toward Mike.

I kept calling but could not get that bird's attention. He had a direction in mind and he was not going my way. Quiet again surrounded the woods, and for a few minutes, I heard Mike calling, then again silence; then, BAM! A gun fired and I knew Mike must have had a shot! Sure enough, my phone vibrated and I heard, "I got a bird!" As I walked back to Mike's blind to take pictures and share in the excitement of his first Osceola, Mike had a great bird lying on the ground. His only opportunity had been through a small hole in the vegetation at about 35 yards, but that was all it took.



Mike Graham's Turkey

What a morning! There had been 4 gobblers in the flock from which Mike had shot his bird and his bird was not the biggest one! It was the only one he had a shot at. His statements got me really excited because I now had a chance at one of those Osceolas if they followed their routine.

In anticipation of the birds returning to roost in the nearby tall trees that evening, I moved Mike's blind closer to the orchard's edge and hunted until 5:30 P.M. Why would I leave so early, you might wonder. I did not want to miss dinner, which was served promptly at 6 P.M. Unfortunately, the birds did not return while I was there, but the groundskeeper informed me that the birds came to roost around 7:30 P.M. Excitement returned!

Dinner was the time for the group to share their stories for the day and brag about the huge bass they'd caught or the one that got away! They tallied each person's catch for the day and combined totals for weekend. Starting with Sunday night dinner, all the fish totals were called out and marked on the board. Mike Graham called out his kill of the second Turkey for the week. Imagine 26 men setting around tables and one getting to share his story. It was an evening tradition and that night was Mike Graham's turn to take the stage and share his adventure.



Dinner Is Served

As Mike recapped his morning hunt, all I could think about was the strategy for my hunt the next morning. As hunters, we try to impose human capacity on animals and overthink how they will move. I decided to leave the blind in the same location as I had a great field of view. I wondered if after two birds had been taken in almost the same location, if they'd wise up and take a different route.

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My First Osceola Turkey

The next morning I headed to the blind hoping for the previous day's pattern. As daylight broke, an owl in the distance hooted and a distant gobbler responded. As it grew lighter, a hen flew down to the center of the orchard and was followed by four gobblers. I was on full alert just hoping they'd eventually come my way. The Osceolas started bugging and working away from my blind. I sat and watched. This was what they'd done both previous mornings. It was just a matter of time!

The birds moved over a small rise and I started to cluck on my call. Nothing happened but I sat in silence hoping the birds would turn and come my way. After about 45 minutes, using my binoculars I saw a gobbler at the other end of the orchard. I hit the box call real loud and watched his head pop straight up at the sound. At least he could hear me! I called some more and could see him working in my direction, then he disappeared for a few minutes. I hit the call again and just over the rise up popped 3 heads! My heart started pounding! That rise was about 75 yards from my blind.

I started calling softer and more of each bird became visible as they worked closer to me. They got within 60 yards and stopped at the sight of my decoys. The gobblers changed their body language and became edgy and nervous as they walked in my direction. I shut up and watched. They worked back and forth but stayed near the orchard. I started a soft purr and cluck and all 3 let out a gobble and puffed into strut. They were getting excited as I worked them into a tizzy with more purrs and clucks. They turned circles in unison and gobbled at the same time like they were choreographed. Only problem was they stayed about 60 yards away.

I stopped calling and they settled down and nervously started bugging in my direction. There appeared to be a magic line they would not cross. I ranged a tree close to them at 42 yards. If any of the three got to that tree, I was going to shoot. After about 15 minutes, one large bird worked his way to that tree and I had a bead on him. I knew this bird was mine! Just a few more steps! Finally, I put the red dot scope on the bird's neck and pulled the trigger. Not one feather came out of the bird! He made an about face and ran straight for the woods! Perfect, I just educated those birds one more time!

My morning hunt was over! I should have checked my sights before I attempted to hunt. Big mistake! My first chance at an Osceola and I blew it! After lunch, I went to the range and found my shotgun was shooting eight inches low and to the left. My story at dinner was not one of which I was proud, but now that my gun was sighted in, I would try again the next morning.

Mike was going on a guided fishing trip so next morning, he, too, was up early. As he met the other fishermen, I headed to the blind. After settling in and letting things get quiet, light started to break and with the dead silence, loud sounds of rustling branches started and I wasn't sure what made those noises but I had turkeys to hunt. I let out a small cluck on my call. To my surprise above my blind was a big owl perched on a tree that hooted so loud it sounded like it was in the blind with me. Again he hooted and his Hoot shocked a gobbler into a gobble about 100 yards away. An instant replay 4 days in a row! I clucked and the owl kept hooting and the gobbler keep gobbling. I wasn't sure who was the most excited: the owl, the gobbler, or me! That went on for a minute or two and then I heard the gobbler pitch down to the ground. Silence overtook the area.

In the middle of the excitement, a hen pitched down in the orchard and was feeding away from me. I watched her head bob as she picked the ground for bugs. After about ten minutes, she'd

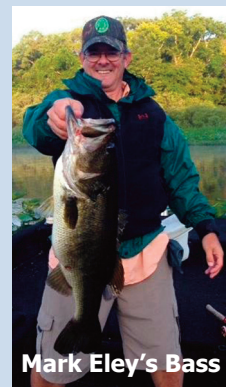
worked her way up the field. I thought if that gobbler worked his way to the orchard, I might have a chance to call him into my decoys. She soon disappeared over a little rise, and all of a sudden, at 50 yards, fast-paced movement came from my left. It was a huge bobcat: he was really skinny but had a very long body. I thought the hunt was over! If that hen caught sight of him, she'd be gone.

The bobcat soon faded into the brush. I thought if nothing spotted him except me, the hen may still be there. About 10 minutes later, the hen came into my view on the left. The gobbler had not made a sound since he pitched down. As I was watching the hen, I caught movement out to the right about mid-field. It was another bird but with the shade from the sun coming up, I couldn't tell what it was. Soon, through my binoculars, I could tell it was a huge gobbler with a beard dragging the ground.

I thought, "This is my chance!" I started soft calling him and instantly he started gobbling and turning circles in the field. All I could see was the top of his tail up in full strut. He was one of the boss toms! I teased him with more calls and he responded with answers and more spins showing off his stuff, but he was locked in place and would not budge.

Finally, I just shut up and watched as he worked his way to the opposite end of the orchard where he met up with 4 hens. No wonder I could not pull him in my direction! For the next hour and a half I watched him stay in full strut and pair up with each hen and fade off into the woods and then back out in the orchard for another round with another lover. This went on until all the hens were mated and they all faded out of sight. What a show! He had a productive morning and I got the show of a lifetime, but no bird! I headed to the lodge and changed into my fishing clothes.

I got my boat and headed to Lake George right past where I had watched the gobbler mate all morning. The sun was hot and lunch would be served soon. I fished for an hour and didn't get a bite so I headed back using my trolling motor. As I eased down



Mark Eley's Bass

the glen toward the boat dock, I could see where the gobbler had strutted and mated. The sun was so bright, I could hardly see, but I thought I saw the birds in the shade. Sure enough, the gobbler was in full strut, but the hens were not paying any attention to him. Evidently, they never left the field but just moved around the corner. As I watched, the birds just kept feeding. I thought I might have a chance to sneak up on them if I approached from the direction of my blind.

I flipped the trolling motor on high and proceeded to the boat dock. I passed the person who had shot the first bird and signaled that I was going after a big bird. I rushed to my room, threw on my hunting camo, and ran in the direction of my blind. I figured if I hugged the shady wood line, I could get close to the birds. As I slowly worked my way half bent-over to the woods, I feared a bird would bust me. I stopped about 20 yards from the corner knowing the birds were there. I stooped down and raised my binoculars and saw a hen working toward me. I froze! She came around the corner and stopped dead still but didn't alarm. She looked right at me 15 yards away. She knew something wasn't right but just turned and went back in the direction from which she came, clucked once and disappeared into the woods.

I creped to the corner and looked down the tree line and about 20 yards away, the gobbler walked out of the woods, turned, and walked away from me. He never saw me! I ease my shotgun up and put the red dot on the back of his head. This time when I pulled the trigger, feathers went everywhere and he went

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Where Does The Money Go?

By Sherry Maddox

SCI Vice President & Kentuckiana SCI Treasurer

SCI as an organization continues to look for new opportunities and new benefits for members and chapters. There is a concentrated focus on the development of individual member benefits ranging from free access to the *Online SCI Record Book* to membership discounts from Global Rescue to name two.

There are also benefits a chapter receives from SCI and some of those benefits have been featured in past issues of the **Kentuckiana Hunter**. A business practice unique to SCI and one that contributes to the success of a chapter is the high percentage of revenue from fundraising events that is retained at the chapter level. An SCI chapter is required to conduct an annual fundraising event each year. As per the SCI By-Laws, 30% of the profit is sent to Safari Club International leaving 70% of the funds raised at the chapter level. Being able to retain this percentage of the fundraiser proceeds with autonomy as to how these funds are allocated far exceeds similar like-minded organizations. The chapter, in turn, has a responsibility to fund programs and projects that are consistent with the mission of SCI.

All conservation organizations have a central focus, mission, and vision; moreover, they have a process by which to submit a

request for the funding of a local or regional program or project. It is not to be insinuated that funds do not come back to the local level for other conservation organizations, but SCI chapters have the distinct advantage of having locally accessible funds to support local programs and local projects. The local SCI chapter's budgeting process is simplified by knowing that 70% of the funds raised are readily available.

However, that is not the whole story! In addition to the chapter retaining 70% of the net proceeds from the fundraiser, each fiscal year various grants are available to a chapter by simply submitting a "grant request". Criteria is established for each grant and, in past years, our chapter has received Education and Humanitarian Services grants which have been applied to various programs to include *Archery in the Schools*, *Military "Thank You" Hunts*, *Safari Blue Bags*, *Kentucky Hunters for the Hungry*, and much more.

The Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI has supported many education, conservation, and humanitarian programs and projects over the years, and we have submitted and received numerous grants annually from SCI, which grants are above and beyond our original 70%. For example, our *Youth and Apprentice Hunter Education Program* received a 3-year grant totaling \$15,000. Our Kentuckiana SCI Chapter's allocated grant monies were used toward the purchase of youth model equipment and supplies. Remarkably, after 10 years of hosting the *Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend*, our chapter still charges no registration fee for any youth or apprentice adult to attend.

I would be amiss if I did not emphasize the significance of our Chapter membership's support in our chapter's ultimate success. The positive impact we can have on our youth, conservation, and hunting in our local communities in Kentucky and Southern Indiana is limitless. Yes, we retain 70% of the fundraiser proceeds up front, and we can, and do, reclaim an additional 15% through grants for our local projects (which is unique to SCI); however, we need for our membership to grow, and thereby, increase both the man power and the funds available to support our local projects.

I am proud to be a hunter.

Continued From Page 4

My First Osceola Turkey

tumbling and flopping. There was a small pond nearby and he flopped into the water! Every time he flapped his wings, it looked like a backstroke and he went further out with each flap. I shot him again as there are alligators all over the glen and they love these ponds. The pond was covered with some kind of small green dot growth and my bird was six feet out in the pond. All I could think was I finally got my Osceola and a gator is going to have him for lunch!

I rushed around, found a long dead branch, and being careful not to get too close to the water, drug him to the bank and quickly grabbed him. I had worried about bears now I was thinking a gator was going to come out of nowhere and grab my turkey and possibly me. My Osceola was soaked and covered with the small green dots, but I had my Osceola Turkey! My friend to whom I had given hand signals heard the shots and saw me walking toward the lodge with the bird over my shoulder, so he pulled anchor and headed back to the dock to share my excitement.



Mike's
Wet Turkey

My prized Osceola looked like a drowned rat with green dots, feathers stuck together and skin showing. He did, however, have an 11¼ inch beard and one inch spurs. After pictures, I wrapped the bird in a towel and put him in a freezer to preserve him for mounting.

I had a much different story at dinner telling how I had successfully stalked my first turkey, and as a bonus, it was an Osceola! I had stalked turkeys before and each time the bird's keen vision and hearing had out foxed me. Finally, this time, I got the bird!



Good Friends And
Good Times

Join the Fun in Las Vegas Attend the 2015 SCI Convention

Visit SCI's Website: www.showsci.org

Convention Dates: February 4 - 7, 2015

- Shop on the convention floor at the **Ultimate Hunter's Market**
- Attend auctions, seminars, meetings, banquets, book signings, & much more

Schedule of Events Special to Kentuckiana SCI

- Wednesday Evening, February 4, 2015
"Chapter Awards Night"
 - ✓ The **Kentuckiana Hunter**, our Chapter's Newsletter, will again be recognized as the **World's Best Chapter Newsletter** in our category (50 - 150 Chapter members - 12 pages or less)
- Thursday Evening, February 5, 2015
"Night of the Hunter Awards"
 - ✓ **Kentuckiana Chapter Member Clay Monarch** will be honored as the male **2015 SCI & Cabela's Young Hunter of the Year!**

Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend 10 Years and Counting

By: Alice Monarch

In 2005, a few Kentuckiana SCI volunteers planned the first "Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Program" and gathered together what personal equipment they could find and, with good intentions, planted the seeds for what is now the model "Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Program" for other chapters around the world. The 18 youngsters who attended that first event are now headed into the challenging world of adulthood and will soon have "youth" of their own. The goal was to instill a passionate desire in those original attendees (and all who've come after them) to teach their "youth" to be good stewards of the land and its wildlife and to protect the freedoms we hold so dear.

Just before school started last Fall, 30 adult instructors and volunteers, 2 youth instructors, 30 apprentice attendees, 50 youth and novice adult "Orange Card" hopefuls, and a host of supportive parents and friends gathered at Rick Davis's Farm near Henryville, Indiana for the 10th Annual "Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend". Sherry Maddox soon had everyone registered and bright new t-shirts handed out. There was excitement in the air as this year's Event Organizer, Mike Graham, climbed onto the trailer and welcomed everyone and introduced our host, Rick Davis. Chapter President Larry Richards and Veteran SCI Member Mike Ohlmann soon joined Mike Graham and added their welcomes.

With a few words of encouragement to the attendees and volunteers, Mike Graham directed everyone to a special group event that was being held down by the lake. A group of **Quail Forever** volunteers gave an informative talk about quail and quail hunting then demonstrated how highly trained bird dogs work. A quail was hidden in the tall grass and 3 dogs hunted for the bird. It was a beautiful sight to watch how once the first dog got on point, the other two "honored" his point.

Mike Graham soon set all of us up for a group photo and then we were off to our appointed spots. The "Orange Card" hopefuls and their supporters gathered in the "barn" classroom for their training. Before the weekend was over, attendees would learn about woodsmanship, marksmanship, indigenous game species identification and anatomy, tracking, blood trailing, field care for trophy and meat for processing, responsible use of firearms and hunting safety, optics, backpacking, and more. In conjunction with the *Indiana Department of Natural Resources* and its instructors, Robert Brewington and Michael Stockelman, and our certified instructor, Jim Warren, taught the "Hunter Education and Safety Course" for those needing "Orange Cards".

During the two-day event, all levels of attendees received on-range instruction in **Shotgun** taught by Instructor Mike Maddox and Youth Instructor Clay Monarch; **Rimfire** (CMP Proficiency Level) and **High Power Rifle** taught by Instructors Ivan Schell, Bob Edwards, Larry Richards, and Mike Ohlmann; **Muzzleloader** taught by Instructors Sam Monarch and Lowell Stevens and assisted by Ivy Stevens; **Archery and Crossbow** taught by Instructor Tom Hebert and assisted by Nancy Stevens and Slade Stevens; **Tracking and Blood Trailing** taught by Instructors Joe Kurezi, Jr. and John Miller; **Anatomy and Shot Placement** taught by Instructor Mike Ohlmann; **Backpacking** taught by Youth Instructor Tom Monarch; and **Tree Stand** taught by Instructor Keith Graham. Instructor Sherry Maddox introduced all attendees to **SCI** and to our **Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI** and provided an overview of SCI's mission to be **First for Hunters**.

In addition to her other duties, Sherry Maddox could be found helping Kathy Ohlmann, Randy Phelps, Mary Phelps, and Alan Kirshenbaum with kitchen duty and the food, which was especially good! This year, designated "people movers", Louie Manion, Andy Endis, Sherry Maddox, and Mike Graham helped move the small groups from station to station on schedule, and it worked great!

My role in all of this has evolved over the years and it may be the best job in the business! Those of you who know me, know that I have now followed Sam all over the world for over 50 years of marriage, and I wanted something to do while I was being an "observer", so I picked up a camera. All of a sudden, I had a reason to be up close and in the middle of the action! As the unofficial/official photographer during this year's "Youth & Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend", I had a reason to go and observe what everyone else was doing! It was wonderful, and at times, breathtaking!

One of those breathtaking moments was watching a pretty young girl reluctantly climb up and onto a tall tree stand and, then, after a little more instruction, fearlessly turn, climb back down and run to the next type of tree stand. Another of those special moments was seeing the smile of accomplishment on a grandmother's (who received her "Orange Card" with her granddaughter) face as the smoke from her first muzzleloader shot cleared. There was a small girl (who I thought would never be able to pull the bow back) who beamed as she shot two bull's-eyes in a row. And, there were priceless expressions of excitement on the faces of energetic boys of all ages who were having the times of their lives!

As I moved from station to station and into and out of the classroom, there was an overwhelming sense of pride in being part of something so well planned and flawlessly implemented. The knowledge and professionalism of the instructors and volunteers are remarkable. Every attendee, literally every single one, was treated with utmost respect and patience. Most of our instructors and volunteers have an extended history with SCI, and it shows! These incredible individuals make an awesome team and they volunteer hours and days at a time for that common goal of teaching our "youth" to be good stewards of the land and its wildlife and how to protect the freedoms that we hold so dear. To our perpetual host, Rick Davis, and to the many Kentuckiana SCI leaders, instructors, youth instructors, and volunteers, I salute you, "Job well done! You are making a difference!"





The Book Of Genesis And A Tall Tale

By Walt Cato

"And God blessed them, and God said unto them, "Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it; and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." The First Book of Moses, "Genesis, 1-28."

Colonists in North America took literally the mandate in the Book of Genesis to subdue the earth. Virgin timber was cut down and the land converted to plowed fields. Game and fish were exploited for market and subsistence. As game became depleted near population centers, recognition for conservation was reflected in early legislation such as an ordinance enacted in Portsmouth, Rhode Island in 1646 which prohibited deer hunting and, in the late eighteenth century in that part of Virginia which became Kentucky, Daniel Boone's proposed passage of conservation measures to prevent decimation of large game. But the mind set of early settlers moving west into the wilderness of Kentucky was that game was provided to them by the Almighty for their sustenance and they could kill until there was no more to kill. In 1775 the population of Kentucky had been documented at 150 [*Explore Kentucky History Online. Kyleidoscope@kdl.kyVI.org*]. By 1800 it was 220,955 and by 1830 it had exploded to 687,917 [*History of Kentucky in the 19th Century.voyagesphotosmanu.com/kentucky_19th_century.html*]. This population flood tide, loss of habitat and unregulated shooting, more or less, eliminated big game from Kentucky by the early 1800's. By then, buffalo (bison), bear and elk were only a memory. Whitetail deer, too, had been shot out to the point that in much of the state there were no longer huntable numbers. As a result of conservation efforts begun in the 1940's, the deer population has greatly increased in Kentucky. By contrast in 1916, the statewide deer population was estimated to number 1,000 animals, but by 2004 the total season kill, a fraction of the total population, was 124,752. In the mid-nineteenth century Kentucky, hunters were faced with the passage of a century without huntable big game of any kind. The mandate in Genesis to "replenish the earth" was not generally obeyed.

The great majority of people in early day America were rural. In 1790 farmers comprised 90% of the labor force in the United States. By contrast, in 1990 farmers made up 2.6% of the labor force. The farmers/settlers, for the most part, lived on subsistence farms; that is, the farmer and his family existed on what they raised. The abundance of game and fish on undeveloped and newly developed land resulted in at least a partial dependence on the inclusion of game meat on the subsistence menu. The idea of nature providing a bounty for people to live off the land is appealing. Even into the present century and in spite of a profusion of fast food restaurants and grocery stores, one can hear statements like that of a lawyer native to Barren County, Kentucky, who asserted: "All you need to make a living practicing law in Glasgow is a set of the Kentucky Revised Statutes and a deer rifle." He could not have made that statement in 1850.

While big game lasted in Kentucky, extraordinary stories were told about the numbers of deer, buffalo (bison), bear and elk taken by characters who became legendary. With each retelling it can be surmised that the number of animals taken, the number of points on the antlers of a giant stag, the weight of a bear, the length of a mountain lion, the ferocity of a giant bull buffalo (bison) and the accuracy of the shooter increased

exponentially. Big fish, of course, were (and are) frequently the subject of such stories and the facts of the taking of a fish of unbelievable proportions was often embellished by preposterous facts such as the account of two Civil War veterans taking a gigantic catfish on a trotline wherein the following was quoted:

"Yr' Honor, we tied tha' cat t'th'boat an' rowed it asho'. In 'bout er hour th' packet com' by an' we weighed that feesh." The old stranger's excitement mounted visibly. He quivered and doused his Saratoga with a last sucking smack. "Th' purser on the' packet says, 'Boys, dress that cat an' I'll giv' yu tin cints er poun' lak' hit lays. Claybank says t'me - says, 'Hol' off - that ain' enuff.' I ripped out m'knife an' slit that catfeesh's belly an' Jedge, what ya-all reckon we foun' in ther?" His voice rose in shrill exultation. "A packet o' love letters tied up with er blue ribbon, an' er diamon' ring wuth fo'hunnerd dollahs." (The Battle of the Saratogas, Blood Lines, Nash Buckingham.)

The identity of rural populations with land, water, game and fish and natural wonders gave birth to such tall tales. Stories about unbelievable numbers of game and fish were told, embellished, and retold. The following tall tale had as its basic subject a story this columnist read in an outdoor magazine years ago and changed and adapted as a bedtime story for his children, using as its protagonist the columnist's grandfather who was raised in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas in the late 19th century. It is a good example of tall tales told by families around the fireside prior to radio and TV entertainment.

The Thanksgiving Hunt

Once upon a time when my grandfather was about your age, Ty, Thanksgiving Day dawned very cold in the Ozark Mountains in Arkansas where he lived. His name was Jo. Times had been very hard and his family had no money. Jo's father, Fenn, was away from home on business in Ft. Smith and would not be back for Thanksgiving. When Jo went to the kitchen for breakfast, there was a tear in his mother's eye. She was a young woman then, Ty, but became your great-great-grandmother. Her name was Arminia. When Jo asked his mother what was wrong, she told him that there was no turkey for Thanksgiving. In fact, they had no food at all except for a few sweet potatoes. She looked Jo in the eye and put her hands on his shoulders and stated, "Jo, you're going to have to take your rifle and see if you can shoot something for dinner. Maybe you'll see a possum or a rabbit."

Jo took his rifle off the gun rack. It was a Winchester .22 pump much like the .22 pump in our gun case which you want



for your own, Ty, when you get a little older. But Jo had only one cartridge and it was not the brand he usually shot in the rifle. He was afraid it wouldn't shoot to the same point of aim as his regular brand of cartridges.

Jo didn't have warm insulated clothes like you have, Ty. He had on bib overalls that were too long and for that reason had rolled-up cuffs. His mother stuffed some paper bags from the general store into his overalls to act as additional insulation with his denim coat and its thin flannel lining.

Off went Jo with his rifle. He hunted slowly and quietly, as his daddy had taught him, in the fields and in the woods, but by early afternoon he had seen no game. He was cold and hungry. It would have been easy to give up and return home to the warmth of the kitchen fire. But he kept thinking how sad his mother would be if he could not provide supper for Thanksgiving and so he decided to hunt awhile longer, until dark if necessary.

Jo came upon a briar patch with a large oak tree growing beside it. He carefully peered into the briar patch and, sure enough, he saw the eye and then the rest of the body of a cottontail rabbit sitting in his form. He slowly cocked the hammer of his Winchester and started to line up on the rabbit when he saw a slight movement on one of the overhanging oak limbs. He looked up and there were three wild turkeys on the limb sitting side by side. He was astonished at the sight of the three large gobblers.

With great deliberation he moved the muzzle of his rifle from the rabbit to the turkey sitting nearest the tree on the limb. As he centered the front bead in the rear sight notch, he knew his cartridge might not send its bullet to the point of aim but he decided to shoot anyway.

At the crack of the rifle, Jo was amazed to see that the bullet had indeed missed the turkey but had hit and broken off a large limb above the turkeys' limb. The top limb collided with the bottom limb with a great crash, breaking the bottom limb off. When the limbs came to rest on the ground they held the turkeys legs between them as if in the jaws of a vise. The force of the fall had killed the turkeys too and the entire load of turkeys and limbs had landed on and killed the rabbit and six quail which had also been in the briar patch.

Jo was ecstatic as he trussed the legs of the turkeys, quail and rabbit and slung them on a pole to carry home. Then he noticed something oozing out of a large hole in the oak tree where the turkey limb had been. Upon close examination he was delighted to discover that it was wild honey and he took out a comb of about 10 pounds from the tree and put it in one of the bags his mother had wrapped around him for insulation.

As Jo waded into a branch to be forded on the way home he stepped on the slippery shell of a large snapping turtle partially buried in the mud of the creek bottom. Jo's feet flew out from under him and he fell into a deep hole in the creek. Clutching the turtle, he came up sputtering and quickly climbed out of the cold water. Noticing some movement in his rolled up cuffs, he turned them down and discovered that they were chock full of large crawfish, their tails being as delectable as lobster. There were four dozen of them. From his overall pockets he emptied a dozen big bluegills and feeling something large inside the bib of his overalls he extracted a 12 lb. flathead cat. Jo liked fried catfish, especially flathead, better than any other kind of fish and he was particularly excited about his impromptu catch.

Heading toward home, he chanced upon a kitchen garden which had been planted the previous spring and then abandoned when its owners moved away. The quantity of produce it held belied its lack of cultivation. There were green brussels sprouts, like tiny cabbages, turnips with purple tops and creamy bottoms, collard greens, and beautiful firm heads of bib lettuce. Jo gathered bagsful of these vegetables and then noticed alongside

the garden three trees, one loaded with apples so deep red as to appear almost black, the second with russet colored pears which his mother particularly relished (just as your mother does, Ty) and the third tree bearing a heavy burden of paper hull pecans. Jo filled bags of these too.

Virtually invisible beneath the mountainous pile of three turkeys, six quail, the rabbit, honeycomb, the snapping turtle, bluegills, crawfish, catfish, vegetables, fruit, nuts, and his rifle, he staggered into the warm kitchen. It was dark and snow had begun to fall. His mother had become frightened that he had gotten lost or hurt. She was so glad to see him safe that she burst into tears. When she recovered and they examined the game and fish and honey and vegetables, fruit and nuts, she and Jo laughed and danced around the kitchen. Then the two of them dressed and cleaned their provender and his mother cooked the best Thanksgiving dinner either of them ever had.

And that, Ty, is the end of the story.

Tall tales can be described as part of the fabric and romance of the outdoors tradition in America. Diligent, unswerving conservation efforts are necessary to maintain this tradition and appreciation for game, non-game and our natural places. Perhaps the eminent conservationist, President Theodore Roosevelt, said it best in his statement that:

Here is your country – do not let anyone take it or its glory away from you. Do not let selfish men or greedy interests skim your country of its beauty, its riches or its romance. The world and the future of your very children shall judge you accordingly as you deal with this sacred trust. (Theodore Roosevelt, 1913.)



About the Artist, Candace Cato

The painting depicted with this article is an original watercolor by local artist, Candace Cato, daughter of Chapter Member and frequent newsletter contributor, Walt Cato, Esquire. Candace's original pencil sketch of the bounty harvested by the young hunter, also accompanying Walt's story, "The Book of Genesis and a Tall Tale", was inspired by hearing her father tell this "tall tale" when she was a child.

Habitat Improvement Checklist By KDFWR

January

- Contact wildlife biologist to discuss upcoming planting season
- Take soil samples to determine soil nutrient needs
- Prepare firebreaks for upcoming prescribed burns
- Order seeds for spring planting

February

- Mow Korean lespedeza or clover fields to encourage new growth
- Burn or mow fescue sod in preparation for converting to other cover types
- Disk fields in preparation for renovation to clover & grass
- Erect, clean, or repair nest boxes; check predator guards
- Install nesting platforms for geese

March - Mid-April

- Prescribe burn in preparation to eradicate fescue
- Sow clover or lespedeza
- Sow cool season grasses
- Apply lime and fertilizer per soil test to wildlife food plots
- Strip disk to promote bare ground & new forb growth

To speak with a Wildlife Biologist, call 1-800-858-1549

“LEGAL BRIEFS”

By Ivan Schell, Esquire



PREDATORS

As the Indiana coyote season is in full swing and the Kentucky nighttime coyote season (starting February 1) approaches, predator control is a hot topic across the US and even in the UK. Coyote derbies have been under attack in Idaho and Washington State. The New York Times published a story (12/4/14) asserting that the killing of wolves does not ultimately impact their numbers. (They apparently overlooked the fact that hunters extirpated wolves in the western US during the last century). Wolves have been relisted as an endangered species in Wyoming by order of a federal court (HSUS v USFWS). Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota have joined the USFWS to fight off a challenge to the delisting of the Western Great Lakes wolf population (HSUS v. Jewell). Even in London, England where foxes allegedly outnumber tour buses, (NYT 12/6/14) snipers using suppressed .22 rifles thin fox numbers while antis are trying to rescue them. Coyote hunting locally is still recognized as a legitimate predator management tool by Kentucky and Indiana state wildlife agencies. Licensed hunters need to remember that in Kentucky shotguns (and not rifles) are legitimate tools to harvest nocturnal fur. In Indiana, the season began at noon on October 15 and continues thru noon on March 15. Rifles may be used by Hoosiers but they must also use a continuously burning light visible for 500 feet.

ELEPHANTS

As previously reported in this column, SCI's attempt to enjoin the USFWS from suspending the importation of elephant trophies was rejected in June by the federal district court in D.C. (SCI v. Jewell). Subsequently the NRA joined SCI in appealing the decision to the D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals. After making their oral arguments, the NRA and SCI voluntarily withdrew their appeal. SCI claimed that the withdrawal was because of the delay the appeal would cause in hearing the main case. Wanting to avoid a loss on appeal may have also been a factor. The motion of USFWS to dismiss SCI's case was heard on November 18 in the federal district court and was taken under advisement by the court. No decision has been issued as of the date of this report.

NEW KENTUCKY REGULATIONS

Furbearers – In Kentucky, trappers no longer are required to wear orange while tending their traps. CITIES tags must be attached to furbearers prior to the shipping of their skins outside the state; and, river otters and bobcats must be telechecked before removal from the state.

Waterfowl – Grassy Pond – Powell's Lake unit of Sloughs WMA is now open to walk-in hunters (not just those who reserve blinds). In addition, Canada Geese can now be hunted in the Northeast Goose Zone (Bath, Menifee, Morgan and Rowan Counties) from the third Saturday in December thru January 31.

An attractive, tasty, easy to serve side dish for your wild game dinner, be it fowl or venison!

Joyce's Asparagus Bundles

Recipe By: Joyce Cook



Ingredients: (serves 4)

- 1½ pounds asparagus spears, trimmed to 4 or 5 inch long tips
- extra-virgin olive oil for drizzling
- kosher salt & a few grinds of black pepper
- 4 slices of center cut bacon or pancetta
- chopped chives or scallions (optional garnish)

Directions: (Preheat oven to 400 degrees.) Lightly coat asparagus spears with extra-virgin olive oil. Season with salt and pepper. Gather asparagus spears in bundles of 4 and wrap each bundle in bacon or pancetta. Roast for 20 minutes or until the bacon/pancetta is fully cooked. Drizzle Hollandaise sauce over bundles. Serve immediately.

Hollandaise Sauce

- 2 extra-large egg yolks at room temperature
- 1½ T. freshly squeezed lemon juice
- ¾ t. kosher salt
- pinch of cayenne pepper
- ¼ t. freshly ground black pepper
- 6 T. unsalted butter

Directions: Place egg yolks, lemon juice, salt, black pepper and cayenne pepper in blender for 15 seconds. Melt butter in a small saucepan until sizzling hot. With the blender on low, slowly add the hot butter to the egg and lemon mixture and blend for 30 seconds or until sauce is very thick. Yield ½ cup.

Valor Traditional School National Archery In The Schools Program Update

By Tom Hebert

Mike Mason, instructor and coordinator for Valor Traditional School's **National Archery in the Schools Program** reports that they are off to a great year! Last year, they only had 13 archers at the end of the season, but this year they have a total of 28 (8 returning students and 20 new students including 3 home-schooled kids). The home-schooled kids saw Valor students at some of the competitions last year and asked about joining the team. Not bad considering there are only about 80-90 students between the 4th-12th grades at Valor Traditional!

Valor attended their first warm-up archery tournament just before Thanksgiving and had two more tournaments planned before Christmas break. Coach Mike wanted to have his team well prepared for the big tournaments in the Spring.

So far Valor's archery team is working toward becoming self-supporting and has done fundraising through snow cone sales during car shows along with charging a \$50 signup fee. They plan to have the archers participate in other one-day fundraising events such as selling doughnuts in the mornings or snow cones during lunch, as well as one big event such as selling candy bars or something similar.

Mike is fairly confident their archery program will soon be completely self-sustaining. He related that he was still in a bit of shock that the archery program could be launched and gain steam so quickly! As soon as Mike can solicit more parental help, he plans for Valor to host its own tournament. Mike was confident that they would have a great year and expressed his gratitude to the Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI for its financial and personal assistance in getting the program started!



Coach Mike Mason Supervises As Students Practice



Valor Traditional School NASP Participants

CALENDAR OF UPCOMING EVENTS

January 21 – 25

- Louisville Boat, RV, & Sports Show
Location: Kentucky Exposition Center, Louisville, KY
Visit 3rd District League of Kentucky Sportsmen Booth

January 30 – February 1, 2015

- Louisville Deer & Turkey Expo
Location: Kentucky Exposition Center, Louisville, KY
Visit 3rd District League of Kentucky Sportsmen & QDMA Shared Booth

February 4, 5, 6, & 7, 2015

- Annual Safari Club International Convention
Location: Las Vegas, NV

February 21, 2015

- Annual Kentuckiana SCI Fundraising Banquet
Location: Holiday Inn Hurstbourne, Louisville, KY

February 27, 2015

- QDMA Louisville Banquet
Location: Holiday Inn Hurstbourne, Louisville, KY

April 10, 11 & 12, 2015

- NRA Annual Convention
Location: Music City Center, Nashville, TN

May 8 & 9, 2015

- Annual QDMA Convention
Location: Galt House, Louisville, KY

August 1 & 2, 2015

- Kentuckiana SCI Youth/Apprentice Hunter Education Weekend
Location: Rick Davis's Farm, Henryville, IN

In the Planning Stages

- Kentuckiana SCI Day in the Country Picnic
- Kentuckiana SCI Hog & Dog Safari
- Kentuckiana SCI "Top Gun" Championship

Renew Your SCI & NRA Memberships Today. Let's All Work Together to Protect Our Freedom to Hunt!

Military Pheasant Hunt

By Mike Maddox

Our Kentuckiana Chapter of SCI is honored to have sponsored another great pheasant hunt at Clover Creek Hunting Farms in Breckinridge County, KY for some very deserving military soldiers. Jeff Tate, owner of Clover Creek Hunting Farms, his lab, Chocolate, and Chapter volunteers, were ready to show our military men some really fun shooting.

The group met at Jeff's lodge around 8:00 A.M. on Saturday morning, December 13th, 2014 and soon everyone was introduced to our team of volunteer members who were there to help run the event. I opened the event with some logistics and Sam Monarch welcomed the group and expressed our Chapter's appreciation to the men for their service and dedication. He also spoke briefly about our Chapter and our participation in the "Hunters for the Hungry" program.

The men were then divided into two groups of six. The first group went to the field while the second group brushed up on their shooting skills with our clay bird thrower. Chapter Member Shelby Shelman came to assist Sam Monarch with shooting practice. Shelby is really good at working with the men and providing pointers as to how to improve their shooting skills.

Once the first group walked to the field, Jeff provided them with a field safety briefing and gave instructions as to how the hunt would work. Chapter Members Tom Hebert and Andy Endris walked the outside perimeters as "clean up" gunners while the military men kept military straight hunting lines. It wasn't long before shots were fired and from a distance, we could see birds falling; meanwhile, the second group worked on their shooting skills with our Chapters clay thrower that had a wobbler attachment so it oscillated in all directions. One never knew where the bird would go when the button was pushed to throw the bird. It really presented a realistic shooting experience for the shooter.

A number of the men in Group Two had a lot of rifle experience and one was a certified rifle instructor, but most of them wanted to brush up on their shotgun skills. As I visited with one soldier, our conversation quickly migrated to duck hunting and he described his hunting success at the Land Between the Lakes. It was apparent that he had some experience shooting birds.

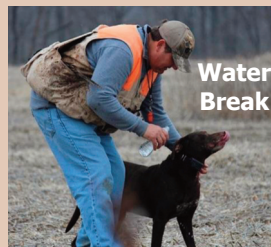
As Group One returned, I could see the smiles on their faces. We had put out



Hunting Teams & Chapter Volunteers

30 birds for them, which provided for a lot of shooting. Each man was sharing his stories of how no bird got away and telling of the fun they had on the hunt. They pumped up Group Two as they were preparing to experience the same.

Group Two headed to the field and Jeff did the safety briefing. Not long after, shots were heard and birds were, again, falling from the sky. It was cool as the weather was about 45 degrees, but it was actually very warm walking and hunting the birds. As they hunted, Chocolate began to pant and needed to be hydrated. One of the soldiers gave Jeff his bottle of water for Chocolate as this pointing lab really worked hard pointing and retrieving every bird.



Water Break

As Group Two returned, it was a repeat story about the fun, the shots and almost misses but none got away. The men started thanking our team for the invite saying it was a bunch of fun. I heard a number of men saying they wanted to come back with their children to have that same experience. We soon gathered both groups for some pictures prior to serving lunch.



Team Two

Lunch was a feast, with fried chicken, mash potatoes, macaroni and cheese and green beans. The once jubilant lodge became almost silent as everyone chowed down.



Lunch Is Served

During lunch, the pheasants were dressed and put into plastic bags for each soldier to take home.

It was a wonderful day: ideal weather for the hunt, bunches of fast flying pheasant to shoot, delicious food to eat all while being

able to meet nice people and share fun experiences. I want to thank Major Bryan Combs for helping me coordinate the shoot by gathering such a great group of deserving men to share in this event. I also want to thank Chapter Member Alice Monarch for taking all the pictures of the event. She is a real trooper going out with each group and getting some terrific photos.



Good Times

Our Chapter will try to have the shoot again next year as it is a great way to show our appreciation for the brave men and women who put their lives on the line to protect the freedoms we value so highly.



Morning Greetings



Getting Ready For Warm Up



Team One