

2010 SCI CHAPTER OF THE YEAR



2012 Award-winning Publication

# BASECAMP

*Serving members from San Jose to San Francisco, Monterey to Napa, Sacramento to the Pacific*

Safari Club International - San Francisco Bay Area Chapter

Spring 2015



## INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- Hunt Reports
- Member Photos
- Calendar of Coming Events
- Registration for Chapter Hunts
- Wild Game Dinner Registration

## COMING EVENTS

- Wild Game Dinner and Awards, May 31
- Bob Bergstrom Memorial BBQ, Aug. 30
- Board of Directors Meetings  
3rd Thursday of each month  
Please call Beverly Valdez at 650-627-7601.

2014 Purple Heart Hunters, see page 27.

For BaseCamp please email Beverly Valdez, [bev@safariclub-sfbay.org](mailto:bev@safariclub-sfbay.org)

*Jim Redd*



FOUR STAR REALTY  
707-496-3022

California #00665810  
Oregon #200007041



*The*

RANCH SPECIALISTS

[www.ranchagent.com](http://www.ranchagent.com)

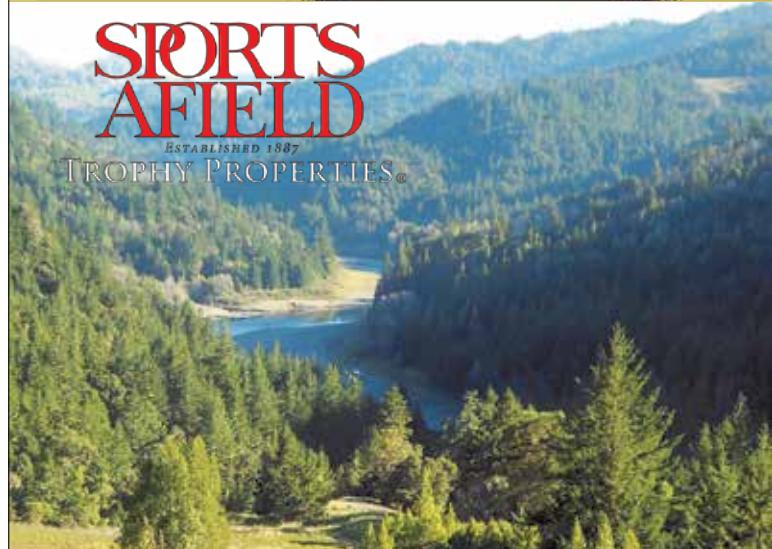
*Kevin Sullivan*

Kevin Sullivan  
Realty, Inc.

707-489-4610

California #045366  
Oregon #200008199

**SPORTS  
AFIELD**  
ESTABLISHED 1887  
TROPHY PROPERTIES®



### Hunting Paradise in No. California

#### The SHAMROCK RANCH

**17,050 Acres±...less than 3 hours from San Francisco**

Phenomenal wildlife abounds: Tule Elk, Blacktail Deer, Wild turkeys, Boar, Quail, Grouse, Bears & more. The profitable hunting guide business includes a fully outfitted hunting lodge enclave. The ranch also features: A professional grade equestrian facility; a profitable cattle operation with hay production; Abundant water: 2 miles of Eel River frontage, year-around creeks & lakes; a 2100' turf airstrip & more. The improvements are spectacular. The main 7 bedroom, 8.5 bath home overlooks an approx. 25 acre vineyard in full production, and reflects superior craftsmanship throughout. There are several other homes & outbuildings. Shown to qualified buyers only. \$20,500,000



### Robinson Creek Ranch

#### **3,200 Acres± in Northern California**

Near Boonville, in No. California's Mendocino County, only about 3 hours from the San Francisco Bay Area. Sweeping meadows, lush pastures & forested hills await. Abundant wildlife, including record book boars/ Creeks & a pond stocked with bass/ Lush pastures which have run 75+ head of cattle / Ridgetop ocean views. The three bedroom home overlooks acres of a former vineyard, now fallow. This is a perfect gentlemen's ranch or hunting ranch. The pastures and abundant water also suggest a good possibility to be outfitted for equestrian use. Call for a brochure or showing. \$4,500,000



# BASECAMP

Spring 2015

## Chapter Officers

President.....	Dwight Ortmann
President Elect.....	Robert Lawson
Vice President .....	Tomas Bermejo
Secretary.....	Cathie Nelson
Treasurer.....	Jim Peters
Past President.....	Tom Mattusch

## Board of Directors

Buck Buchanan	Bob Keagy
Glenn Chrisman	Richard Pierce (alt)
Michael Davidson	Jeana Rolsky-Feige
Tom Enberg	Paul Williamson

## Chairpersons

Awards Dinner .....	Robert Lawson
Base Camp Editor.....	Beverly Valdez
Budget Committee .....	Jim Peters
Conservation .....	Dwight Ortmann
Crab Feed.....	Tom Enberg
Cubs.....	Ed Buchanan
Education .....	Diane Sheardown
BBQ & Shoot .....	Gayla Bergstrom
Fundraiser Co-Chair.....	Tomas Bermejo
Fundraiser Financial Liaison.....	Jim Peters
Humanitarian .....	John Ware
Legislative.....	Bob Keagy
Marketing & PR .....	Richard Pierce
Membership.....	Tom Mattusch
Veteran's Activities.....	Glenn Chrisman
Sables .....	Jeana Rolsky-Feige
Chapter Administrator.....	Beverly Valdez

## Past Presidents' Council

Tom Mattusch.....	10-13
Dwight Ortmann.....	06-10
Jim Peters.....	05-06
Ilah Uhl (deceased).....	04-05
Stanford Atwood.....	03-04
Tomas Bermejo.....	02-03
Mike Nice.....	01-02
Bill Gouin.....	00-01
Ilah Uhl (deceased).....	99-00
Glenn Chrisman.....	98-99
Gabe Tabib .....	97-98
Dean Miller (deceased) .....	96-97
George Cobb.....	95-96
Joe Bullock .....	94-95
John Peterson (deceased) .....	93-94
Al Lawson (deceased) .....	92-93
Brenton Scott .....	91-92

## SPECIAL NOTICE



### BECOME A FAN!

If you are on Facebook, become a FAN of SCI-SFBay now to get the latest breaking news first. Just look for Safari Club - SF Bay.

You can also become a FAN of SCI National. Just enter SCI in the Facebook search box and join.

## CIRCULATION AND ADVERTISING POLICY

These new ad rates will be effective as of the next BaseCamp (Q4 2013). We have added several new categories of ads for individuals so that you can show your support for this award-winning newsletter!



### Business Ads

Full page, 4x per year: .....	\$350	Bronze .....	\$25
Half page, 4x per year: .....	\$200	Silver .....	\$35
Quarter page, 4x per year: .....	\$75	Gold .....	\$50
Business card, 4x per year: .....	\$35		

- All ads run for one year, (four issues) printed in black and white.
- Special pricing for color pages is available by contacting the editor.
- Advertisers must submit electronic artwork to the Chapter Office 10 days before submission deadline.
- Business card size ads for members for sale of personal property such as sporting equipment or clothing will be accepted. There are no fees for these ads and they will be run for a single issue only unless resubmitted for additional issues. Must follow all guidelines for submission.

## 2014-2015 BOARD



President Dwight Ortmann



President Elect: Robert Lawson



Vice President Tomas Bermejo



Secretary Cathie Nelson



Treasurer Jim Peters



Past President Tom Mattusch

## BOARD MEMBERS

Buck Buchanan

Glenn Chrisman

Michael Davidson

Tom Enberg

Bob Keagy

Richard Pierce (alt)

Jeana Rolsky-Feige

Paul Williamson

## PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

My fellow San Francisco Bay Area SCI members,

The wild turkey season is upon us and the SCI National Convention is vague memory in the past It will be in Las Vegas again next year February 3 - 6 and will be celebrating the 44th anniversary of the Annual Hunter's Convention! Be sure to add it to your 2016 calendar for lots of fun and a great learning experience!

Your own San Francisco Bay Area fundraiser was also a successful event on March 7th. Thank you to all of you who supported the fundraiser – it was lots of fun and there was lively bidding on the many unique and exciting hunts and trips offered. And, it's always nice to meet with old and new friends. Mark your calendar for March 5, 2016 and start telling your friends and neighbors to do the same!

The dollars raised at the annual fundraiser, and all our other activities throughout the year, go toward the chapter's conservation, humanitarian, education, and legislative missions.

For the past two years our primary conservation project has been helping to put collars on deer showing signs of hair-loss syndrome. This study will help all hunters, and non-hunters, continue to enjoy these beautiful animals as the CA DFW scientists are searching for causes and solutions to this often fatal problem. As a member you read an update about this in our Summer 2014 BaseCamp newsletter. We are planning another update this summer so stay tuned.

Humanitarian efforts are undertaken by all of us throughout the year as you participate in the Feed the Hungry events – particularly at the Salvation Army in San Jose and the Samaritan House in San Mateo. Right now we need your help! See page 6 for directions on bringing your donations to my office. Or contact Beverly at the Chapter office and she'll help you get donations collected. Please donate as much as you can!

We are one of the few chapters that has a very active Veteran's program and, thanks to Glenn Chrisman's hard work, we were presented with the Pathfinder Award at the SCI Convention this year. Each year we support between two and four activities for wounded veterans hunting and fishing experiences. You will read about two recent Veteran's adventures in this newsletter. As always, we need your support to continue at this high level of support — see the form on page 26 to donate directly to the Veteran's program.

Our Sables is also one of the strongest in the country with a very active outreach for education. Each year the SF Bay Sables sends youth and teachers to the American Wilderness Leadership School sponsored by SCI. Cathie Nelson and Jeana Rolsky are heading up the effort this year so give them a call or, as always, contact the office. The Sables also set up local educational events for children and first time hunters in conjunction with our youth program.

The chapter continues to support a dynamic youth program helping to teach youth to shoot and hunt safely. Buck Buchanan is a Master Instructor certified by CADFW. He makes his time available to teach our youth and first timers on safe firearms handling as well as helping to educate them on the importance of hunting in conservation – a two pronged approach to education.

As a 501c3 we are not a political organization but we make it part of our goals to let you know about the many actions being taken in Sacramento and Washington DC that have an impact on our hunting rights. We also provide a small donation to the SCI California Political Action Committee (PAC).

These are only a few of the many things your chapter does with the funds raised not only at the annual fundraiser but throughout the year.

The next event your chapter is planning is the Annual Wild Game Dinner and Awards Banquet on May 31st this year. See pages 9 to 11 to register; remember to send in your hunting photos and be sure to donate your extra wild game for the dinner. This is always a good time for families and friends. And at this dinner we will be having the special drawing for the Sako rifle / scope and Steiner binoculars. We have only a few tickets left so if you want a chance at winning this gear, see page 29.

Membership growth is vital to our continued support of these core programs. Please support your chapter's activities – bring a friend or two and sign them up to be a member.

Hunt often, hunt safely

Dwight Ortmann President.

## MEMBER PHOTOS



**Left:** Pamela Atwood Western Savanna Buffalo in Cameroon. **Below:** Stan Atwood 48 inch Lord Derby Eland. **Center left:** Joe "Sparky" Bullock Hartebeest in Cameroon. **Center Right:** Pamela and Stan Atwood Last Day of Duck Season at Pato Loco. **Bottom Left:** Joe "Sparky" Bullock Lord Derby Eland.



## WILD GAME DONATION REQUEST

### DONATE YOUR WILD GAME - CLEAR THE FREEZER FOR THE COMING SEASON!

Your game and fish donations are needed to support our on-going humanitarian efforts. We donate to the San Jose Salvation Army, the Peninsula Italian-American Social Club, and to the San Mateo Samaritan House. These organizations are always in need to help the homeless and hungry – do your part by donating!

Deliver your donations to Dwight Ortmann's office at 2596 Bay Road in Redwood City (conveniently located just off 101 at Woodside Rd exit) Monday to Friday 9am to 4pm. Or contact Dwight for additional information at 650-556-5882.

## CALENDAR OF EVENTS 2015

**May 31, 2015**

Annual Wild Game Dinner and Awards at 3 Flames in San Jose



**August 30, 2015**

Bob Bergstrom Annual BBQ at Coyote Valley Sporting Clays in Morgan Hill

**September 27, 2015**

Feed the Hungry at San Jose Emmanuel House

**November 1, 2015**

Annual Fall Appreciation Dinner

**January 23, 2015**

Annual Crab Feed at Millbrae Community Center

**March 5, 2015**

Greater Bay Area Fundraiser at Crowne Plaza Foster City



**Top Left:** Sables Members at SCI Convention. **Top Right:** Dwight Ortmann A good Duck Day. **Bottom Left:** Rob Lawson—wild pig—40yd Archery Shot. **Bottom Right:** Edie Ortmann—redfish.



### CHAPTER FISHING TRIP ON HULI CAT Friday November 13, 2015. \$110 per person

Enjoy rockfish, lingcod and Dungeness crab on the Huli Cat. This is a special rate only for SCI National and Chapter Members, must be current on dues.

We'll meet at the Huli Cat in Half Moon Bay at 6am for a 7am departure (11/13/15); return will be about 3pm. You will need your fishing license, which can be purchased on board. Rubber boots and layered clothing is recommended. Bring your own lunch. Conditions favorable we may have a crab feed directly after!

Learn more about the Huli Cat at [www.hulicat.com](http://www.hulicat.com) or on Facebook. Contact Captain Tom at [tommattusch@comcast.net](mailto:tommattusch@comcast.net) to reserve your space!

### Golden Ram Sportsman's Club

A Family-Oriented Members' Club  
125,000 Acres of Private Land  
Members-only Access  
Hunting, Camping & Fishing

Individual, Family & Corporate Memberships

Private Big Game Ranches  
Private Duck Blinds

Guided Hunts: Wild Hogs, Trophy Tule Elk  
& Trophy Columbian Black Tail Deer

[www.goldenramhunting.com](http://www.goldenramhunting.com)

Tel.: 916-941-7880

[info@goldenramhunting.com](mailto:info@goldenramhunting.com)



Photo by Kenn Lipke

Since 1971

**Anthony and Geno Caccia**  
**Sincerely thank our fellow SCI members for protecting  
hunters' rights and promoting wildlife conservation.**



*James*  
**CACCIA**  
**PLUMBING**  
INCORPORATED

***TRUST > INNOVATION > EXCELLENCE >***



**Since 1979 our family has been specializing in the  
installation, repair, and maintenance of plumbing systems in  
San Francisco and San Mateo County.**

**917 N. Amphlett Blvd  
San Mateo, Ca 94401  
Contractors Lic #374369**

**Call 650-665-5050  
[www.cacciaplumbing.com](http://www.cacciaplumbing.com)  
[service@cacciaplumbing.com](mailto:service@cacciaplumbing.com)**



***San Francisco Bay Area Chapter  
Safari Club International***

***Game Awards &  
Wild Game Banquet***

---

**Sunday, May 31, 2015  
Three Flames Restaurant  
1547 Meridian Avenue  
San Jose, CA 95125  
408-269-3133**

Social Hour and Hors d'oeuvres 4:00 to 5:00

Gourmet Wild Game Buffet 5:00 to 6:30

Big Game Awards 6:30 to 7:30

Auction & Raffle to follow

Dress: Hunting Attire or Casual

---

**To donate wild game or fish, please drop off between 9am and 4pm at:  
2596 Bay Road, Ste A, Redwood City, CA 94063 or call (650) 364-8141**

---

REGISTER ONLINE by visiting [www.safariclub-sfbay.org](http://www.safariclub-sfbay.org)

For Reservations: Phone/Fax: 650-627-7601  
email: [bev@safariclub-sfbay.org](mailto:bev@safariclub-sfbay.org)

\$65.00 donation per person / \$40 youth under 15 / Free under 5

Mail check payment to:

SCI-SF Bay Area Wild Game Dinner, 423 Broadway #624, Millbrae, CA 94030

For credit card payment Fax to: 650-627-7601 Email to: [bev@safariclub-sfbay.org](mailto:bev@safariclub-sfbay.org)

Visa\_\_\_\_ MasterCard\_\_\_\_

Exp. date\_\_\_\_\_ Card#\_\_\_\_\_

Name\_\_\_\_\_ Card CCV:\_\_\_\_\_

Address\_\_\_\_\_ Phone:\_\_\_\_\_

City\_\_\_\_\_ Zip\_\_\_\_\_

Please list names of people attending dinner:

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

**WILD GAME DINNER &  
BIG GAME AWARDS BANQUET**

**May 31, 2015  
4:00 PM**

Three Flames Restaurant, 157 Meridian Avenue, San Jose

**WILD GAME AWARDS QUALIFICATIONS:**

1. Trophies must have been taken in the calendar year 2014.
2. All big game species listed in the SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL BOOK OF RECORDS are eligible for entry
3. There is no minimum score to qualify.
4. Each entry will be judged based on the photo alone. The hunter may also submit a scoring sheet.

If you wish to have the trophy scored you can submit the results; SCI scoring is most preferred.  
Scoring is NOT required. The following can possibly assist you.

Geoff Vassallo - Wilderness Taxidermy (510) 490-4333

Alex Rolsky - Imbert & Smithers Sport Shop (650) 593-4207

Stan Swart (408) 897-3262

**Note:**

- » All entries for the awards will be judged based on their unique attributes including difficulty of hunt, type of firearm, number of entries, and hunter experience.
- » Awards for fish will be based on species, line used, size and/or length

5. Awards will be presented for the following categories: NORTH AMERICA, AFRICA, INTERNATIONAL NON-AFRICA, EXOTICS and SELF-GUIDED, and JUNIORS plus others determined by the Wild Game Awards committee.

6. No award fee is required; however, attendance at the WILD GAME AWARDS BANQUET is required. Banquet reservations are on a first come, first served basis. Banquet fee is \$65 per person and \$40 per junior under 15. The club will pay for the first two awards; any other plaques beyond two will be the responsibility of the awardee @ \$20 per plaque.

7. A PDF or JPEG file of your photo/form must accompany each entry. Images can be made from your photo for \$7.50 per photo if submitted with entry. Photos will not be returned. All materials can be submitted electronically to: [bev@safariclub-sfbay.org](mailto:bev@safariclub-sfbay.org).

**JUDGING AND SCORING**

All entries must be received by May 17, 2015 to [bev@safariclub-sfbay.org](mailto:bev@safariclub-sfbay.org) or by mail to Rob Lawson, Wild Game Awards, 423 Broadway #624, Millbrae, Ca 94030

**If you have any questions or would like to help with the Awards committee call**

Rob Lawson (650) 504-3400

SCI office phone/fax (650) 627-7601  
423 Broadway #624, Millbrae, Ca 94030

## WILD GAME DINNER AND AWARDS



### SCI SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA CHAPTER NOMINATION FORM:

As a member of the SCI San Francisco Bay Area Chapter I wish to nominate the following:

Sportsman of the Year: \_\_\_\_\_

Member of the Year \_\_\_\_\_

Lioness \_\_\_\_\_

Comments: (Why you feel this member should have this Award)

---

---

---

---

---

---

---

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_

**(Must be a chapter member in good standing at least two years prior to the nomination)**

**Return to**

**Rob Lawson, Wild Game Awards, 423 Broadway #624, Millbrae, CA 94030  
Or e-mail: [bev@safariclub-sfbay.org](mailto:bev@safariclub-sfbay.org)**

**No later than May 17, 2015**



## GREATER BAY AREA FUNDRAISER



Photos on this page courtesy of Chip Hollister; contact chollister3@yahoo.com.

## ANNUAL CRAB FEED 2015

Yum! Annual Crab Feed 2015

Our 4th Annual Crab Feed was a great success and a lot of fun. In striving to continually make it better we made some changes from prior years. This year it was held at the Millbrae Recreation Center which offered us ample room and a very central location. Sports Memorabilia was added to the Silent Auction which made for a great presentation and was well received. This is a keeper for next year. Some very nice prizes went out to the lucky ticket holders as well! Aside from the yummy fresh cracked crab, salad, garlic bread, dessert and wine, this year's menu included pasta, which got great reviews — Another keeper for next year. Thanks to the whole crew for their help: Beverly Valdez, John Ware., Dave Noble., Dave Enberg, Anthony and Geno (the Caccia brothers), Jeana Feige, and Mary-Ann Enberg. Thanks to anyone else who helped out where needed. Next year (January, final date coming soon) we plan on more fun and more of everything – SO MARK YOUR CALENDARS!!!

Thank you for your continued support.

Tom Enberg.,  
Crab Feed Chairman



## GETTING BACK TO MY HUNTING ROOTS – BY BUCK BUCHANAN

While I was waiting to board a flight to Hawaii for a long needed vacation with my wife. I was going over the 10 day schedule in my head and paused to ponder the 1 day upland game bird hunt with Hawaiian Safaris & Fisher Outfitters. Yes my wife gave me her blessing to pursue my passion for hunting while she would be enjoying the spa and a massage.

As a baby boomer I look back on my 50 years as a hunter. Big game is my main focus in the continental US, Alaska, Hawaii and, of course, Africa. The African safaris always include the big cats and buffalo for the adrenaline rush. Some of the nasty tactical encounters still give me cold chills to this day, definitely got my money's worth! Those are long stories for another day. Memories came flooding back of all the past hunts with family and friends.

Thinking back I always had the "Hunting Gene". As a very young child, lizards, frogs, snakes, gophers and bumble bees were pursued. Pretty much anything that walked, crawled, slithered or flew. Being only 5-10 years old my hunting tools of choice were home made sling shots, bow and arrows and spears. When I turned 11 my Uncle Bob gave me his personal Mossberg .22 rifle for Christmas. I felt like I was floating



on air that day. I can still remember mounting the gun, looking through the scope and aiming at the cue balls on the pool table out in the garage and thinking I could hit anything I could see.

With the new responsibility of firearms ownership my father signed me up for a Hunter Education Safety Class post haste, I remember getting a score of 98%. My first opportunity to use my new rifle came on a visit to my uncle's property in Garberville California. While the family was socializing and preparing for the afternoon BBQ, I went off into the woods in pursuit of whatever game would cross my path. Wild critters beware, 12 year old Buck Buchanan is stalking the woods with his trusty .22 Mossberg rifle. For this hunt I prepared some special .22 ammo. That was my first attempt to personalize ammo for my most prized possession. Thinking I might come in contact with game that would need lots of killing power I removed a .22 long rifle hollow point cartridge from my pocket, along with

some pocket lint... and sat down on a fallen log. I began to whittle the small hollow point with my pocket into a huge cavity the likes of a volcano crater. That should do the trick on tough critters.

As I sat whittling away the woods came alive, woodpeckers were hammering the trees, interesting bird calls I could not identify and gnawing type sounds. Having finished my ammo modifications I headed off in the direction of the scratching-gnawing noises deeper into the oak forest. Then I heard a barking clucking animal call. Looking and listening intently, a bit of movement in the trees. I remember sneaking as stealthy as a young gangly kid can, using the available cover to hide my movement. Then closing into the sounds an oak branch explodes, seeing flashes of silver gray in the green foliage, leaping from branch to branch coming to rest clinging to a oak tree trunk 30 yds away. AW-HA called a tree squirrel which then proceeded to scold me for disturbing his day. As he ratcheted up the tree trunk in short spurts, clucking as if was a squeeze toy. I got into shooting position, kneeling down on one knee, wrapping the leather sling around my arm as I had practiced at the shooting range. I took a careful, somewhat steady aim on his head as he spurted up the tree. Just as he reached thick foliage he stopped to scold me one more time. The cross hairs settled between his ears "CRACK". Tumbling end over end, he landed with a resounding thump and then the woods were quiet again.

Sprinting to the base of the tree to claim my prize I found him – here lay my first worthy game animal

## GETTING BACK TO MY HUNTING ROOTS – BY BUCK BUCHANAN

taken with 1 shot from my own .22 rifle. Picking up the gray squirrel by the tail to examine the results of my shot I realized maybe I didn't need my special ammo, his little head was mush, glad I didn't hit him in the body. Walking briskly with a spring in my step I proudly showed my trophy squirrel to my Dad and 3 uncles. Uncle Louie took me aside and showed me how to dress and skin "My Squirrel". Making the cut in the middle of the back to pull the skin off in two directions like a sock. Removing the insides to the outsides, pulling the tail bone out with a pair of sticks to save the bushy tail. It is obvious to me today that my uncle Louie knew how to dress out a squirrel but not how to cook'em! We tossed the cleaned squirrel on the BBQ grill and roasted till it was dry and tough as squirrel leather. Maybe the beer my uncles were drinking had something to do with the cooking time. The moist center meat had a special favor I remember to this day. I was hooked on squirrel hunting.

Over the next few days I pursued squirrels from sunup till dusk. It seems there was a lot to learn about hunting tree squirrels verses shooting. Locating a squirrel was the easy part; getting a clean shot was something else. I discovered they were active at different times of the day, somewhat predictable. The weather played a big part, windy days equal few sightings. When they were feeding they were relatively easy to approach. Once breakfast was over they became skittish and would run through the tree tops like the Flying Wallendas trapeze artists. They are masters of hide and seek. Once they put some



distance on me they would climb to the tippy tops of a tree and hide. I knew what tree they were in but seeing them was something else. Young eyes and 50's era rifle scopes and binocular were some help but tree squirrels are sneaky. As you walk around the tree trying to spot them they scoot around keeping the tree trunk between them and you. Squirrel balling was another tactic, sitting motionless in a tight little furry blob, blending into the foliage. I learned to look for their shiny little black eye or the feathery part of their tail against the blue gray sky. Some of the more memorable hiding tactics were seeing the tip of an ear and 1/2 an eye ball peeking over the top of a limb or around a tree trunk. Or the times when they would cling upside down on the bottom of a branch hiding in the thick green moss. Gray squirrels spend a lot of time foraging on the forest floor foraging at eye level but looking up into the tree tops for hours on end will put a hurtful kink in your neck. Neck ache is one of the hazards to squirrel hunting in addition to slipping and falling in steep terrain, busting through the thick ground vegetation and trying to keep dry on rainy days. After

returning from a successful hunt at the age of 15, my Aunt Wanda looked at me with a distressed look on her face asking if I was alright, looking as if I just lost a street brawl. Yes Aunty I've just been out hunting and playing "tag, you're it" with the tree squirrels.

As Paul Harvey would say, "And Now For The Rest Of The Story"

Fast forward 50 years. If you have hunted deer, bear and pigs in California you know all about how many tree squirrels you come in contact with on a morning hunt. Thinking how easy it would be to blast away a few with your high power rifle but alas alerting all the wildlife for miles around. This year I did not harvest a deer so after the A-Zone season closed in September, Delores and I were camping on the Golden Ram hunting property in Sonoma County.

The weather was beautiful, I was up early to be in the woods just after first light to hunt up some gray tree squirrels for a squirrel fricassee dinner. Drawing on my knowledge gained over the decades, I consider myself "The Squirrel Whisperer". Knowing how to use calls, their

## GETTING BACK TO MY HUNTING ROOTS – BY BUCK BUCHANAN

biology and behaviors, everything about how to hunt them. My old .22 Mossberg has been retired to a youth training rifle. I currently use a Ruger 10-22 with a custom sporter barrel, Kidd custom trigger, and Leupold EFR 3X9 AO rimfire scope that will group 5 bullets into 3/8th inches at 50 yds. I hunt smarter now days. Locate the game by their calls; traverse side hill in instead of running up hill and falling down them; use roads and skids trail instead of going cross country, and shoot off shooting sticks verse youthful offhand shots.

The tree squirrels were very active feeding and collecting food for the coming winter season. I did well, harvesting 3-4 tree squirrel per hunt lasting 2-4 hours, covering 2-3 miles. I hunt with the same 15 lb back pack used for hunting big game, still hunting through the woods is my style. It was a great camping and small game trip.

Three week later we were camping in same area in October. I went out as usual for a morning hunt but something was different. The tree squirrels were not talking much, my calls went unanswered. Squirrels sighted never stopped once they saw me. It turned into a foot race once they knew the hunt was on. They ran and flew through the tree tops generally out distancing me. When they hid in the tree top they turned into "Ghost Squirrels" simply vanishing. Even modern optics could not pull their image out of the foliage, after 20-30 minutes searching with 10 power Zeiss bino's it's time to move on and find a less wary squirrel.

Unfortunately they were all on high alert only giving me a few running shots that didn't connect. After two days of hard hunting, the tree squirrels had the upper hand, nothing in the game bag. Tucking my tail between my legs I stumbled back to camp to lick my wounds. On the third

morning I changed tactics, leaving the oak and bay trees to climb 700 feet in elevation to the pine forest.

The woods were misty and still. What's the gnawing sound in the distance? Zeroing in on the sound, I see a tree squirrel feeding on the pine cones. At least I have located the sneaky rascals. Spending 10-15 minutes with the binos it was possible to find about 1 in 4 or 5 squirrels. Once they knew I was near they went "Ghosting Silent" again. Time to move on to find another. After 5 hours and 6 miles later I made it back to camp with my limit of four, looking again as if I barely survived a sever beating. My wife came out of the trailer with a worried look on her face asking why I was so late getting back and if I was alright. Of course dear I was just hunting and playing "Tag – You're It" with the tree squirrels of my youth.

## WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!

Mario Ambra  
Bret Chandler  
Scott Cornelius  
Gary Depalma  
Mike Gardner  
Edward Roos  
Adrian Simi  
Jodee Sussman  
Carrie Wilson



## SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA 2014 YOUTH PHEASANT HUNT – BY BUCK BUCHANAN

On November 1st three SCI Youths hunted Pheasants at Hastings Island Hunting Preserve in Rio Vista. For two of the kids this was their first ever hunting experience with mentor Buck Buchanan and Rob Lawson as guide. Rob's dogs Holly and Hanna really made the hunt a success as it had rained hard the night before making conditions tough. Weather broke clear for the Saturday morning hunt, the sun came out, wind was minimal.

After a hardy breakfast at the clubs cafe and getting field passes for the kids., It was time for a brief safety orientation, gearing up and time to head out to the fields. Rob let the dogs free and the hunt was on.

The kids were ready to experience Pheasant hunt at it's finest. The dogs rocketed into the first field with unbelievable energy. Working every yard of the field covering ground at a blistering pace. Rob says we hunt the Gentlemen's way, let the dogs work



the field, wait for them to go on point then move the kids into position for the flushing of the birds.

The hunt started a bit slow as the fields were really wet, the first few birds preferred to flush a bit wild before we got into position. The kids soon started to figure out where they needed to be to get a shooting opportunities. As the hunt progressed the birds held sometimes and ran like the wind just as often. The 3 boys took four Pheasants with many more opportunities. They commented that it was a lot harder than it looks to drop the birds on the wing. The birds were unpredictable which ways they would flushed. Sometimes they flew where we wanted but times flushed back

through the hunters not giving us a safe shot.

After the 3 hr hunt I told the group they had walked 3 miles according to the GPS but the dogs probably covered 5 times that distance. Holly and Hanna were slowing up a bit at the end but were still ready to hunt. All in all it was a great day to be in the field hunting. All the kids said they can't wait to hunt again. We will be getting out again in Dec, Jan and February.

Max Drscher jotted down his impressions about his first hunting experience.

- Got there early Saturday morning
- It was very cold
- Buck handed me a Remington 870 express 20 gauge I – a gun that has been known for its legendary performance
- Tons and tons of wide open fields with hunters on them looking for pheasants
- Large abundance of birds made a fun afternoon



## SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA 2014 YOUTH PHEASANT HUNT – BY BUCK BUCHANAN

- This was my first pheasant hunt so I was very excited to shoot my first bird out of the sky
- It was fun to watch the dogs run around trying to catch the scent of the birds and they didn't even seem to get a tired going into our fourth hour
- The dogs were very well trained
- Started slow early into the hunt but by the second hour the birds started to make their way to the creeks and there was a lot of action
- The first bird I got the dog scared off and the bird ran toward the creek – they run really fast
- Our guide told me to run after it and I pushed it toward the creek



- I got to the creek and all of a sudden the bird flushed out toward the no shooting zone but I popped it before it could escape
- It was a really fun memory that I will remember for the rest of my life
- I'm looking forward to going back
- After the hunt was over the staff plucked the pheasants and we brought the two pheasants home and my family enjoyed a nice dinner



Here are the nutritional values of some favorite wild game.  
Provided by "Wild Gourmet"

DEER	ELK	SQUIRREL	DUCK	BASS
120 CALORIES	94 CALORIES	102 CALORIES	105 CALORIES	97 CALORIES
23G PROTEIN	19.5G PROTEIN	18.1G PROTEIN	16.9G PROTEIN	16G PROTEIN
2.4G FAT	1.2G FAT	2.7G FAT	3.6G FAT	3.1G FAT
85MG CHOLESTEROL	47MG CHOLESTEROL	71MG CHOLESTEROL	65MG CHOLESTEROL	58MG CHOLESTEROL

After the couple of hours in the predawn hours driving into the public land area again, and eventually stopping where a tree had blown over blocking the two-track, and deciding to hike the rest of the way in to Upper Dry Creek Lake, soon enough we were on the goats, (at least with a spotting scope). We had located what we believed to be the same two billies we'd seen the day before. One of them was down a little from the crest of the mountain, making it a more realistic target. After a few hours of spotting, comparing, discussing size, and seeing if any other goats moved into the bowl, the choice was up to me. John estimated the goat at 8 and 1/2 inches. Definitely an above average, good trophy for the area, but not a monster. I decided that if I'd shoot him on the last day, I should shoot him on the first day, so we devised a plan of attack.

Scott and I would hike across the valley, through the trees until we got above tree line, locate the goat, and shoot him. Simple.

Heading up the mountain I was full of optimism. We had a goat in our sights and no place to go but up.

One hour and several hits of the O2 Unleashed can later, we were making good progress up the mountain. Scott was encouraging, and I only heard "Just up to that next rock and we'll be able to see him." about six times. As the trees gradually thinned, I realized as we stopped to discuss our route for the next bit of ascent, that my head was pretty much at the level of his feet and he wasn't that far away. This mountain had gotten steep!

Above the tree line the mountains look smooth like a very steep sand dunes but this was very deceptive as I learned when we grew closer and the grains of sand turned into ankle turning unstable sharp broken rocks from the size of a softball to the size of a wheelbarrow. Several times I stepped on a rock that looked firm and large only to feel it begin to shift under my feet. Once I was unable to



recover and a large boulder careened down the side of the mountain. Not exactly stealthy stalking. Scott and I consulted in whispers and agreed to hope that the goats would just assume another goat was causing the rocks to shift, and continued up, up, up.

Eventually we arrived at the landmark where we had spotted the goat from across the valley. He had moved on, but Scott was pretty sure there was only one way to go, up. We were above tree line and within a few hundred yards of the ridge line, we

just had to hope he hadn't gone up and over since that would be even more difficult to track him. It was reassuring to know that Scott knew what was on the other side of the ridge line, as he had been here many times before.

After another hour or so we had our quarry with in sight. Unfortunately he had spotted us as well – it was something of a stare down with him at the top of an intermediate ridge facing us head-on, as if daring us to prove that we were a threat. In

hushed tones Scott and I discussed our options. We were about 200 yards away. Due to the steep and unstable nature of the mountainside I was unable to get into a position where I could comfortably hold the scope on the goat for more than a minute or two before I began to slide downward. This made it impossible to utilize the preferred strategy, waiting indefinitely for the goat to turn broad-side.

I felt like I could be comfortable with the shot as the goat was facing us downhill the bullet would continue to travel upward through the length of its body. After discussion and agreeing with this option, a decision was made. With a deep breath and careful squeeze I took the shot.

While I fought with my rifle—the bolt had jammed—the goat disappeared behind the ridge. We were pretty sure he was hit well. As we climb towards the ridge I didn't feel we needed to be in a rush and to be honest the climbing this far had taken a lot out of me. I fully expected that we would find him there expired.

Unfortunately that was not to be and instead we saw him making his way across the drainage and up the other side. He was clearly hit and not doing well with blood on one front leg and lower chest, but also showing no signs of slowing down. If he made it over the mountain top and down the other side out of sight, even if he did die shortly we might never find him so we quickly set up for a follow-up shot. He was at about 400 yards. Given the rush and the continuing difficult terrain I found myself unable to simultaneously hold steady on the goat, keep myself from sliding down the mountain and



line my body up correctly with the rifle. I picked the most important two out of three and was rewarded with a second confirmed hit on the goat, and a hit on me as the scope smashed back into my glasses leaving my forehead with a nasty criss-crossed scope mark, and the goat continuing his rapid escape.

By now I had blood streaming down my forehead, noticed one of the lenses on my glasses had popped out and fallen down a narrow crack between two sharp fractured boulders and I was again fighting my rifle, the bolt stuck again. By any fair measure the goat was winning this battle.

My arm was just long enough to squeeze down between the rocks and recover my glasses lens. After a few minutes of reassembly, we were back in pursuit. Over the course of another hour or so we continued to follow the goat taking increasingly unlikely shots in the hopes of putting him down for good. Scott warned that if we didn't drop him soon, he would get up into the "rough stuff". I looked at him honestly confused. Seriously? It gets rougher than this?, I thought, but said nothing. Scott must have read the expression on my face, and he explained that in the next drainage there were steep cliffs, and it was quite possible the goat would bedown in an area inaccessible, or fall off a cliff when he died. Neither were

good outcomes for us.

Finally we watched as the goat come to rest and the end was near. He tried to keep his head up but eventually it fell to his chest for good. I was happy to see the end of his suffering. He was still a good 300 to 400 yards away across an active avalanche chute, and straight up another couple hundred yards.

In the final account I had taken seven shots, four connecting, the longest confirmed hit at 530 yards. This did not seem like an achievement but rather an embarrassment as the goat surely deserved a quicker and cleaner demise. The sun was setting, we had a light sprinkle of rain, and it was time for next steps.

I made the difficult decision to leave the final upward ascent and field-dressing to my guide Scott, who seemed as fresh as he was this morning. I proposed he field-dress the goat, and we would come together tomorrow to retrieve him. It was well past sunset, getting dark rapidly, and I really didn't want to be coming down this mountain in pitch-black with a loaded pack. Sure I had a couple of flashlights, but they didn't help with planning a route back down to tree line that would avoid cliffs and other possible obstacles. I had no problem imagining a false step and a 20-foot fall.

Scott went up to the goat to take care of it while I started the descent using the rapidly fading daylight while it lasted. While it was clearly the wiser decision I couldn't help but be disappointed in myself. This was not the celebration or elation I've felt at the successful conclusion of other hunts.

## UNEXPECTED AND UNPREPARED, A MOUNTAIN GOAT STORY: PART 2 – BY JOHN WARE

As it turned out Scott and John had other plans. As I headed down the mountain I spotted John on the other side of a small secondary drainage making his way up to where the goat had fallen, empty pack board on his back. As I sat about 1,000 yards below them I watch their flashlights bob about as they dressed the goat and cinched him onto the pack-board. In a feat of superhuman strength John and Scott packed the entire goat carcass off of the mountain that night.

We met up at the tree line where I first laid hands on my goat, (our goat really) and learned that the billy we had been pursuing was actually a nanny. There is good reason that goat tags are either sex as this one had two guides with many decades of experience fooled. I guess she did have a beard.

Although this meant I could sleep in the following day, it seemed to put an exclamation point on my less-than-stellar performance. It did turn out to be the best decision as the next day the mountains were completely covered with snow and the climb back up would have been even more treacherous. And it would be hard to find a white goat under a foot of snow.

By most accounts this hunt would be considered a success. We scouted and located mountain goats one day and on the next day we successfully climbed the mountain, killed a goat, and brought it home. But for some reason this hunt felt gray, not the usual black and white. Not the usual success or failure.

We arrived back at the ranch after midnight. We left the goat sitting in



the back of the Rhino, it would be plenty cool to keep the meat until morning.

After a good nights sleep we regrouped and found some rocky landscape that seems like an appropriate place for a few posed pictures. I wore a Wild Sheep Foundation shirt for the pictures to commemorate my first goat and at least some claim to the title of mountain hunter and a far deeper understanding and respect for those who could undergo this level of challenge for days or even weeks at a time. One long day was plenty for me—this time. I never said never-again.

We went into Butte to check the goat in with the local wildlife authorities. The horns taped about 8 1/2 inches in length just as John had estimated through the spotting scope. She was age of 7 1/2 years and we can only assume she had had several years of successful reproduction despite being without a kid this year.

After relaxing the rest of that day we agreed to spend a few days with



John pursuing black bear on his elk hunting lease in the nearby Bridger Mountain area about half a day's drive away. The land owner had spotted a bear near the road the night before, but unfortunately he (the bear) wasn't there waiting for us when we arrived. We arrived at a well-built and fairly new mountain cabin which can accommodate 3 to 6 hunters. It was really comfortable, even in the chilly nights.

For the next three days we were bear hunting and seeing lots of land with many, many elk. Sometimes it felt like we were actually scouting for elk – we saw so many and frequently spent time reviewing them in detail to see which ones would be good for the coming hunt season. The Cargill's main business is guiding for Elk on this ranch, and I'd highly recommend it to anyone who wants a good chance at a 300"-360" in true free-range conditions.

Over three days we saw a total of eight bears, including three sows with cubs of varying ages. It was truly a privilege to seeing the lumbering sow and her playful cub running here and there around her. We spotted one bear foraging and apparently randomly charging imagined foes on a hillside at about 850 yards. Although he wasn't huge he would've made a fine first bear so we put a stalk on him. He saw us before we saw him

and there was no time to take a reasonable shot.

We found him in the next day in the same area but as we crossed over a valley out of sight he disappeared for good. On the last night we headed down into a deep valley, heavily wooded. We had a few moments of excitement as we spotted what we first took to be a huge color phase russet bear, only to discover a few of the rancher's cows had taken up residence in this valley.

By now we had discovered of the joys of hunting with someone who has hunted the same land for more than 20 years; every turn in the road, every tree stump, every overlook, had some story of a memorable success or failure. As it grew increasingly dark I was already mentally composing my "good-sportsmanship-we-made-a-good-effort-and-had-a-good-time" speech as suddenly John slammed on the brakes excitedly whispering "A bear, a bear" as he grabbed his binos. At first I thought he was simply acting out another story of another previous hunt.

Beverly confirmed "There really is a bear, get your gun, get ready, get out" as John slid out of his side of the Rhino. I got out of my side, and tried to stabilize myself for an off-hand shot while scanning the woods, still not seeing the bear who is "right there, he is right there!". Finally John got me pointed in the right direction and I found him in my scope.

To this day I don't know whether it was failing confidence in the rifle, "bear fever", or the insistent "Shoot him, shoot him now, he's going to go." in my ear, but I cleanly missed the bear, probably shooting over him

by a good foot. A fast following shot was not an option as I fought with the bolt of my gun, again stuck. We pursued on foot, hoping for a second shot, but after a half-hour, and it truly getting dark, we abandoned the pursuit. A careful search the next morning revealed no blood, and no bear. My good-sportsmanship-we-made-a-good-effort-and-had-a-good-time speech rang a little hollow, but that is hunting.

After packing the truck and settling up with the Cargill's we thanked them all for a great hunt, and pointed the truck towards Oregon, where we would spend a few days pursuing coyote before heading home. That is a story for another day.

Contact John, Scott, and Sherry at:

Iron Wheel Guest Ranch  
<http://www.ironwheel.com/>  
 Cargill@ironwheel.com  
 406.494.2960  
 406.491.2960

Be sure to say "Hi" from Beverly and I.

## Wildlife is Striving thanks to Hunting and Guns

### HOW IT WORKS



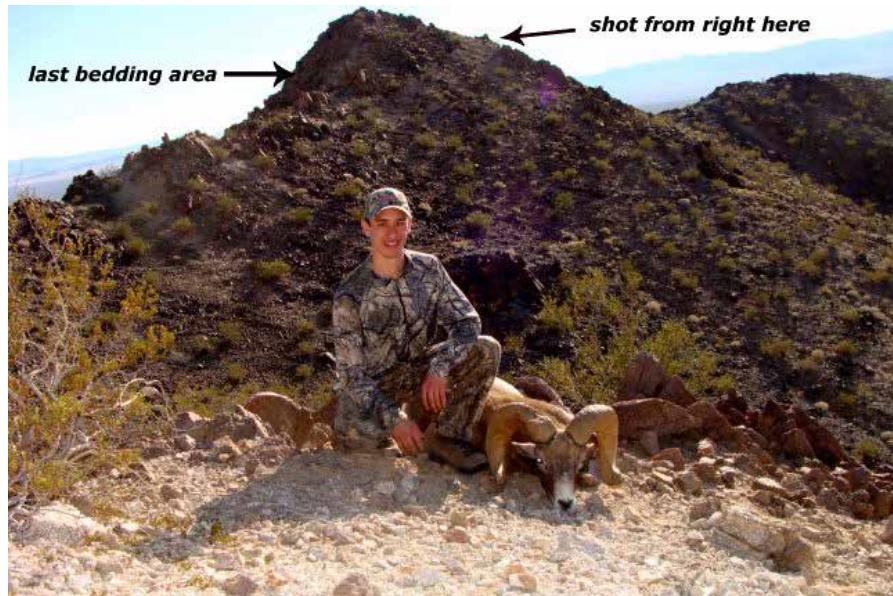
Since the late 1930's, hunters, target shooters, and the firearms industry have been the nation's LARGEST contributors to conservation, paying for programs that benefit America's wildlife and all who love the

National Shooting Sports Foundation

It was June 18th, 2014 and my week long logging into the California Department of Fish and Game website was on. For hunters in California this is the time of year you see if you've won the hunting lottery. For the past four years I've increased my excitement by also checking on my two sons applications, which have proven to be very fruitful - two youth antelope tags and a late season Tehama Wilderness Youth Deer tag.

In 2009 I was graced with the frustration of being the first alternate for a coveted California Desert Bighorn Sheep in California. This is the hardest tag to draw in all of North America and being SO close was almost unbearable. In June of 2010 I went through the same ritual and knowing that sometimes Fish and Game release the results a little ahead of the posted schedule keep me going back to the website repeatedly. It was about 8:30 am and when I punched my name into the results and the first line I read was - Hunt Code 505: Desert Sheep San Gorgonio Unit - Successful! Of course, I had to keep reading it over and over as I was completely in disbelief.

The rest of that summer was spent training on our backyard coastal mountain and getting ready for this



hunt of a lifetime. In January of 2011 I was able to experience the magical euphoria you can only get while sheep hunting down in the Southern California desert by successfully harvesting a magnificent 10 year old full curl ram, named Pop's, with Terry Anderson of San Gorgonio Wilderness Outfitters (you might have read that article). At this point I thought I had hit the pinnacle of hunting. And everything else that I'd experience would be second fiddle to this.

Flash forward to June of 2014, both of my boys Ryan (18) and Taylor (20) where now in the regular draw (no more youth tags). I did my research and utilized my established connections with Terry and the rest of the sheep community to get a read on the state of our desert bighorn population, even though Ryan had 2 points and Taylor 4 with very little chance of getting drawn, and I was ineligible ...this was more of a ritual, as I had mentioned. The spring/summer of 2014 would prove to be a very costly to our sheep herds with a major breakout of pneumonia

that had caused the closure of two units and threatened to shut the sheep hunt all together. Through the dedication of many volunteers and direct involvement from Fish and Game they were able to save the hunt but had concluded that the numbers of tags would be greatly reduced. The previous year there were 23 tags statewide. This year that number was reduced to 13. There were only two units that offered a random draw and one of them was the Marble Clipper unit that kept all four of their tags, the same as the previous year. So this unit would provide at least a chance, albeit like getting hit by lightning twice.

So around the 18th of June, once again the annual ritual was on! My son Taylor's app was the first one I pulled up. The first line on his results tab READ - 501 Desert Sheep - SUCCESSFUL! I almost fell off my chair. At the time Taylor was driving up to Lake Shasta with his girlfriend for a camping trip. I immediately snapped a picture of his results and texted him. He had to pull over as he nearly drove off Interstate 5. There's

## LIGHTING STRIKES TWICE IN PACIFICA CALIFORNIA FOR FATHER AND SON – BY JOHN MCGANNON

no way we could have drawn 2 desert bighorn tags in four years, at the same address! But we did.

The sheep hunter community is easily the tightest collection of passionate people in the hunting spectrum. When you find yourself up on that landscape and seeing and feeling everything that goes into this experience its easy to figure out why. With today's social media word travels fast...very fast. It took about 5 minutes before my phone was ringing off the hook. One of those calls was from Terry Anderson, who was in complete disbelief. Another was from Regina Abella from CAF&G, asking if I would be available to speak and share my experience at the mandatory orientation meeting, which, if you know me, you have been tortured by the repeated recollection of my sheep hunt, repeatedly! The amount of pure excitement in that room was nuclear...and I was going to be able to experience this again, with my son!

To say he was a little jacked up was an underscore of mammoth proportions. Its a good thing you have almost six month before you go hunting because you need that much time just to calm down. Taylor and I made several trips to various shooting ranges sighting in his .300 mag for the typical 300-400 yard shot in windy conditions. He also stepped up his conditioning by filling a large backpack with 45 lbs of weights. He would climb up and down our mountain, which only goes to 1000 feet but at a pretty steep grade. I was on my way back from my cheffing duties up at the Bohemian Grove when I got a phone call from him telling me that he thought he needed to go to the emergency room. I asked, "what happened"? Well, after

doing his hill climb he thought doing some pull ups in the garage would be a good idea, except he decided to do those with his 45 lbs backpack on. Additionally, he used a pull up bar that clips over the framework around the door. The problem was the garage door had a very thin 3/4-inch molding, not the 4 inch that is upstairs and after doing two pull ups the frame exploded sending him crashing down on the concrete, landing on both knees. I told you, this experience causes a lot of adrenalin. After a quick repair at the hospital and a week of rest he was back at it.

Taylor is a second year college student pursuing an engineering degree which keeps him very busy so the only real time he could have gotten away was when they were on Christmas break. So the day after Christmas Taylor, our buddy Tony and myself were heading back down to the desert with a sheep tag in hand. Tony had also accompanied me on my hunt. Tony had to work until 8 pm on the 26th so we picked him up, Taylor slept in the back seat and I drove through the night. We arrived

@ Terry's camp @ 4 am down in the Marbles. We unhooked the trailer, unloaded the truck and at 5 am Terry said we weren't going out until 6, so why not take a nap.

One hour later we were heading to our spotting location. They had seen a band of about 8 rams with 2-3 potential shooters the previous couple of days. We set up about 1 1/2 miles from the mountain and just scooped and scooped. Finally, we spotted a lone Ram that appeared to be heavy and full but he had quickly disappeared into an unknown drainage. We ran to the far end of the range to see if we could a better glimpse of him and just before last light we spotted him bedded down on a steep slope and now he had the company of a ewe, so he wasn't going to be going anywhere. We backed out of there as to not disturb them. After returning to camp and a hearty meal it wasn't very hard to fall asleep, which I am sure was good for Taylor. He was too tired to have his mind racing about what he was about to experience. 5 am came quickly and by 6 we were back at



## LIGHTING STRIKES TWICE IN PACIFICA CALIFORNIA FOR FATHER AND SON – BY JOHN MCGANNON

our spotting location. It only took a couple of minutes to locate him and he was within 100 yards of where we left him. His girlfriend was also with him, so for the next four hours we watched them move, eat, move, eat, lay down etc. Finally he crested the ridgeline giving us the chance to hike the 2 1/2 miles to him. As we hiked in single file towards his last known location the ewe came crashing over the ridge and was running down towards us. We all looked at each other, thinking, did we blow her out of there? Did she see us? Did the ram see or hear that commotion? She went out of sight and we keep moving on. As we approached the ridgeline that we last saw him, Taylor looked to our right and he pointed as the ewe went off away from where we thought the ram would be. If she ran the other way he would have definitely blown out of there.

There was about four or five ridges that were coming off the main ridge and we weren't sure where he was. So we slowly crested the ridge tops, peaking over and then glassing the terrain below. This was tedious and slow moving, as he could have been tucked into fold in the landscape. Andrew and Tim where guiding us, they were in front, then Taylor and me holding up the rear. I was manning a video camera, a GoPro (on my head), a still camera, my Iphone and a walking stick. As we were climbing from one ridge to another we came across several recent beds and sign. After the forth ridge proved empty there was only one other place he could have been. With the camera rolling I saw Tim and Andrew wave back to Taylor to get up here, NOW! His backpack came flying off, he



laid down on Tim's pack and sighted the ram as he was running down the canyon to the other side. The ram came running up to a flat spot across the canyon (about 175 yards). He almost came to a stop; as I saw this I told Taylor, "shoot" which he did instantly. At first it appeared that he didn't connect. The ram took four or five more steps and then made that famous backwards step. At that point I knew he hit him. As he stood there, I again said, "shoot" and he did, dropping the ram in his tracks. A prouder moment I have never had. With the pressure of this opportunity in his hands he preformed flawlessly.

After the high fives, and hugs we regained our composure and loaded up our scattered gear. As we crested the ridge we found that we had stalked to within 22 yards of where this royal monarch was bedded. I don't think Taylor's feet ever touched the ground as we hiked down to the bottom and back up to where we would meet his part of California history. As we approached the 12 1/2 year old icon the look on Taylor's face will forever be etched in my mind. Upon further investigation we

confirmed that Taylor, in fact hit the ram with a fatal shot with the first shot and then anchored him with the second, saving us all additional miles for the pack out.

This ram was definitely in the waning moments of his life. He only had four teeth left in his mouth, one ankle was swollen to twice the size of the other and his scarred roman nose spoke of many unsuccessful battles at the hands of the younger rams. He also had sinusitis that created the big chunk missing from his right horn. That horn was one head butt away from breaking off completely. This was the PERFECT ram to be removed from this high desert mountain. The numbers game, with four years of serious drought, doesn't do justice to the magnificence of this animal or the experience that will forever be a part of OUR lives.

One thing for sure WE have been truly blessed to be allowed to partake in such a rare privilege. After speaking with several members of CAF&G we've been told that Taylor and I are the only father/son to have ever harvested a California Desert Bighorn Sheep in the states history.

So the next time your stuck in a thunderstorm know for sure that Lighting does strike twice! And if you ask Taylor's brother Ryan, maybe even three times...

At that point, it may be time to move to Arkansas...

## A FITTING TRIBUTE – BY GLENN CHRISMAN

For the fifth consecutive year, six combat wounded veterans were invited to the “Field of Dreams – John Montelli Memorial Hunt”. This hunt was conducted on prime habitat private ranch lands near Conifer, Colorado in mid-November, 2013.

So, who was John Montelli you might ask, and why is he being remembered in such a special way? Simply put, John Montelli Sr was a hunter and a highly decorated Viet Nam War Marine Corps veteran. He survived the war, but many years later succumbed to the ravages of Lou Gehrig’s disease. As a way of honoring his father and, very importantly, honoring and supporting his current day counterparts, John Montelli Jr has worked with our friends at Field of



Dreams to conduct these hunts. What better way can a son remember a fellow hunter, a warrior, an American hero and his much loved father?

Along with their special significance, these hunts have been highly successful, in fact 100% successful! Thus far every single participant has punched his tag with a quality mule deer, including an occasional “old mossback”. This year the hunt will be held on three big ranches, totaling about 12,000 acres, in the same area of Colorado and will be expanded to host ten veterans. Included will be three Viet Nam vets and a 92 year old WWII Navy veteran who fought in the South Pacific and is still “rarin’ to go”. How special is that!!!



For those who don’t know, “Field of Dreams” based in Colusa, CA, is one of three excellent 501c3 organizations your SF Bay Area Chapter has chosen to support because they are geared up to raise significant sums of money to conduct excellent hunting and fishing trips for combat wounded veterans. In addition to the mule deer hunt, they have two more major outings scheduled for 2014 which your Chapter will help support.

## YOUR DONATION CAN HELP US CONTINUE SUPPORTING OUR VETERAN'S SUPPORT PROGRAM

Any contribution (large or small) will help us make a continue to provide exceptional trips for vets who have given so much for our nation. Donate online at the website ([www.safariclub-sfbay.org](http://www.safariclub-sfbay.org)) or print this form, fill in the information, and mail or fax it to us with your tax-deductible gift. Checks should be made payable to “SCI San Francisco Bay Area Veteran’s Fund.” You may also use your credit card.

Please accept my contribution to SCI San Francisco Bay Area Veteran’s Fund to support the Veteran’s Hunting program.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_ E-mail: \_\_\_\_\_

Amount of Contribution: \$ \_\_\_\_\_  Check enclosed  Charge to:  VISA  Master Card

Card Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration date: \_\_\_\_\_ CCV: \_\_\_\_\_

Name as it appears on credit card: \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Please print and mail this completed donation form with your check or credit card information to: SCI San Francisco Bay Area Veteran’s Fund, 423 Broadway #624, Millbrae, CA 94030 You may fax this form with your credit card information to: (650) 627-7601

## PURPLE HEART ANGLERS

February 16, 2015  
Safari Club International

To whom it concerns,

In 2014 SCI sent Purple Heart Anglers a check for \$500.00. We thank you for the help and trust. The \$500.00 SCI donation is what we used to help purchase the initial twenty bird pheasant card at Camanche Hills hunting Preserve in Ione CA. We also provided a breakfast or lunch for the participants. The birds are \$29.00 each so the card total was \$580.00 and meal is around \$15.00 per person. We hunt Sunday and Monday afternoons because it's not as crowded, which gives us an opportunity to take our time and be safer because the club is less crowded at that time. We have had fourteen hunts since opening day in October with 22 participants including one hunt open to any person with disabilities. We have had these pheasant hunts as a result of that donation and will have more this year as the hunting season goes until March 15, 2015. We had Vietnam veterans and veterans from all eras and conflicts including Iraqi and Afghanistan and the different branches of service. We had one participant (photo attached) who lost a leg and damaged the other when the tank he was a gunner on was blown up and over by a 500 lb. bomb and the tank landed on him. We also had a father bring his son, a young man age 13 who has a mild form of Autism. The photos I have attached are from some of the hunts. They are a good representation of what we do. Some of the participants have not hunted for several years so we provide them with shotgun and



shells when necessary. Some of the participants have Purple Hearts for being wounded by an enemy and some have other medals for valor or doing something extraordinary. Not all of the disabled veterans who participate in PHA hunting events were given medals. The one thing that they all share is they have served in the military of the United States and as a result of their service have a disability, PTSD, TBI or even having a limb amputated. Thanks to the support given by SCI we provided an opportunity for them to get out for a day and do something they enjoy. Our job is to be of service to those men and women who have been of service to our country and with your support we will have a great 2015.

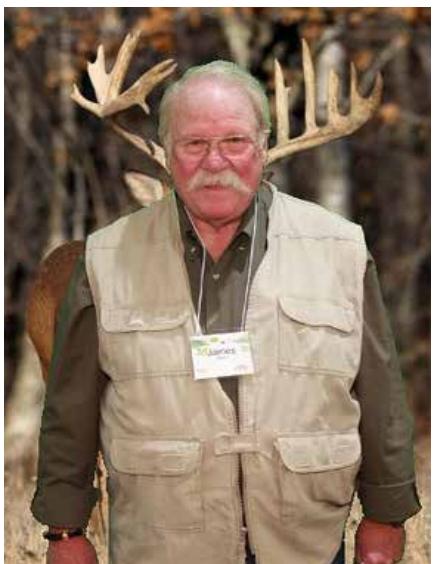
Thank you to SCI and those members who have been in our military. It is appreciated.

We ask that you consider supporting Purple Heart Anglers again in 2015.

Please let me know if you require any further information.

Thank you  
Randy Houston  
President, Purple Heart Anglers.

## GREATER BAY AREA FUNDRAISER PHOTO BOOTH FUN



## 2014 SCI Gun of the Year Fundraiser Drawing

Drawing planned for May 31, 2015

Do not need to be present to win

### First Prize



### Second Prize

Steiner Predator  
Xtreme 10x42  
Binoculars



\$25 / ONE TICKET: \$ \_\_\_\_\_

\$100 / FIVE TICKETS \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Check  Visa  MasterCard  Discover

# \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Name (Please Print): \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP (req) \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Mail checks to the Chapter office: SCI SF BAY, 423 Broadway #624, Millbrae, CA 94030

Sales are limited to 100 tickets on a first-come basis. Tickets are available to Chapter members and non-members.

There is no limit to the number of tickets you can purchase.



# "Continuing Our Outdoor Heritage"

## SCIF San Francisco Bay Area Sables Membership Application

### Sables Mission

To further the understanding of our outdoor heritage, including the positive role of hunting, through the creation and support of wildlife conservation education programs that are consistent with the educational mission and purposes of SCI and SCIF.

### Sables Member Values

Sables are leaders in educating others about the value of hunting and in promoting our hunting and outdoor heritage.

### Sables Goal

To increase public participation in hunting and outdoor recreation activities.

*Join online at*  
[www.safariclub-sfbay.org](http://www.safariclub-sfbay.org)

### Join Sables

- Yes, I want to support the conservation and education goals of SCIF Education Advocate - Dues \$50 annually
- Yes, I want to take advantage of the special 3 year membership offer - Dues 3 years for \$75
- Yes, I want to be a Life Member of SCIF Sables and show long term support for SCIF conservation and education goals with a \$500 single payment (\$250 for SCI Life Member)
- Other Education Donation \$ \_\_\_\_\_



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State/Prov \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_

Home Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Work \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Email \_\_\_\_\_

Chapter Affiliation \_\_\_\_\_ San Francisco Bay Area

Referred by: \_\_\_\_\_

Hunter  Non-Hunter

Bill my credit card:  MC  Visa  AMEX  Diners  Discover

Account No. \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name on Card (print) \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Check enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ Make Checks Payable to  
"Safari Club International Foundation"

Please mail to check and membership form to:

SCIF San Francisco Bay Area Sables  
423 Broadway #624  
Millbrae, Ca 94030  
Fax to: 1-650-627-7601



## MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION (NEW OR RENEWING MEMBERS)



www.safariclub-sfbay.org  
650.627.7601

2009  
Chapter of the Year  
2012  
Publication of the Year

**Serving members from San Jose to San Francisco, Monterey to Napa, Sacramento to the Pacific**

(Please Type or Print Clearly)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ SCI Member # \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_ Zip: \_\_\_\_\_

Primary Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ Alternate Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

Fax: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Firm name: \_\_\_\_\_

Firm address: \_\_\_\_\_

\*Preferred communication:  Phone  Fax  Email

Would you be interested in serving as an officer or on a committee in this chapter?

Yes () No () If yes, in what area would you like to be involved? \_\_\_\_\_

Applicant Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Sponsor: (required) \_\_\_\_\_

	San Francisco Bay Area Chapter Dues Only	Safari Club International Dues Only	Combined San Francisco Bay Area Chapter and Safari Club International Dues
1-Year New Member	\$20	\$35	\$55
Electronic Renewal (1-Year)	\$20	\$35	\$55
Standard 1-Year	\$20	\$65	\$85
3-Year	\$50	\$150	\$200
3-Year Electronic Renewal	\$50	\$90	\$140
Life	\$300	\$1,500	\$1,800

\* You must be a life member of SCI to join the chapter as a life member, you must be a three-year SCI member to join the chapter three-year program. You may join the chapter at any level that is consistent with your National membership. Special memberships are available for senior and international members. Please contact us for more information!

\*\*\*\*\*JOIN OR REWEW ONLINE\*\*\*\*\*

Pay by Paypal online at <http://www.safariclub-sfbay.org/membership.pdf>

\*\*\*\*\* PAY BY CHECK \*\*\*\*\*

Please return this form together with your check to: | Safari Club International – SF Bay Chapter  
423 Broadway, #624  
Millbrae, Ca 94030-1905

\*\*\*\*\* PAY BY CREDIT CARD \*\*\*\*\*

Fax to: San Francisco Bay Area Chapter – SCI at (650) 627-7601

( ) MasterCard ( ) Visa

Amount: \$ \_\_\_\_\_.00

Card Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Expiration: \_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_/\_\_\_\_ CCid: \_\_\_\_

Name on card: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_

## MISSION STATEMENT FOR SAN FRANCISCO SAFARI CLUB INTERNATIONAL

To promote good fellowship among those who love the outdoors and the sport of hunting, shooting and fishing.

To promote conservation of the wildlife of the world as a renewable resource in which hunting is one management tool among many.

To help conservation efforts by supporting worthwhile projects, both verbally and financially, when possible.

To educate our youth in the safe and proper use of firearms and to interest and teach them in conservation and preservation of the forests and animals, which are our national heritage.

To share the latest hunting experiences and information of our members so that other members may profit from same.

To operate the association as a non-profitable organization, originated for the enjoyment of the members, and with the thought in mind that perhaps we can be of assistance in helping to conserve and preserve the animals which we love to hunt today for those who will come to love the sport tomorrow.



San Francisco Bay Area Chapter of SCI

423 Broadway #624

Millbrae, Ca 94030

Tel and Fax: (650) 627-7601

[www.safariclub-sfbay.org](http://www.safariclub-sfbay.org)